

# Subtitling Sherlock:

Exploring the problems connected to audiovisual translation

Nadine Oosterveer  
3726290  
Willem Schuylenburglaan 84  
3571 SL Utrecht

26 June 2015

Bachelor thesis  
English Language and Culture  
Supervisor: Onno Kusters  
Second reader: Roseline Supheert

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## Summary

When it comes to audiovisual translation, subtitling is the preferred method in the Netherlands. This thesis will explore the issues that can emerge during subtitling. The theoretical framework describes the history of the practice and goes into some of the rules and regulations that subtitlers have to abide by. To gain even more insight in subtitling, an episode of the BBC's series *Sherlock* is used as a case study. The subtitles provided for the episode reveal that it can be rather difficult to provide a translation that conveys enough of the original message – including jokes and figures of speech – without being too lengthy.

## Introduction

Subtitles are a big part of everyday life in the Netherlands – almost all television programmes and films in a foreign language are subtitled. It is this form of translation that Dutch people encounter most. Like all forms of translation, subtitling has its own, very specific issues. Because these specific problems make subtitling worth exploring in depth, I decided to focus my translation thesis on the practice. In order to explore the problems that are connected to subtitling I will not only give theoretical information about the subject but also provide my own subtitles for part of an episode of the TV series *Sherlock*.

Subtitling does not only have to handle problems that are traditionally associated with translation, but also has to deal with other constraints. Subtitles have to be synchronic with what is said and shown on screen. The time for which they can be displayed is limited, as is the reading speed of the viewer. Space is finite as well; subtitles are not supposed to cover the entire screen. As a rule, a subtitle will be a maximum of two lines long and contain between a maximum of 32 and 41 characters (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 9).

Sherlock Holmes may be the world's most renowned detective of all time. His stories have been translated into almost eighty known languages, as well as into braille, Dancing Men (a code used in one of the Holmes stories), Pig Latin and Morse (Hobbs). Many of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories about the consulting detective have also been adapted to the screen. One of these recent adaptations is the BBC series *Sherlock*. The adventures of Sherlock Holmes, portrayed by Benedict Cumberbatch, and John Watson, played by Martin Freeman, are set in modern-day London rather than its nineteenth-century counterpart. The first series, consisting of three ninety-minute episodes, was broadcast weekly between 25 July and 8 August 2010. The three episodes of the second series aired on 1 January, 8 January and 15 January 2012 and were based on three of Holmes's best-known stories; the short story "A Scandal in Bohemia" was adapted to "A Scandal in Belgravia", the episode "The Hounds of

Baskerville” was based on the novel *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and the series finale, “The Reichenbach Fall” found its origins in the short story “The Final Problem”, which features the infamous confrontation between Sherlock and his archenemy Moriarty (Singer). Because these stories are so well-known to the British audience, there is presumably a rather large difference between the foreknowledge of the original target audience and that of for example a Dutch audience. This discrepancy creates what Christiane Nord calls pragmatic translation problems. According to Nord, pragmatic translation problems can arise because of differences between the foreknowledge of the receivers of the source text and that of the receivers of the target text (*Text Analysis* 174-5). If there are certain references to the original Conan Doyle story in the TV series *Sherlock*, how do you convey those references to an audience which is much less aware of that original? The history behind the series, combined with the fact that it is so inherently British in its setting and (social) conventions make *Sherlock* a very interesting subject for a thesis about subtitling.

For this thesis, I decided to focus on the second episode of the second series, “The Hounds of Baskerville”. I will not be providing subtitles for the entire episode, but focus on scenes that include features that are particularly interesting in relation to a thesis on subtitling. Beside the extensive historical background created by its origin novel *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, the episode contains other factors that make it interesting for a thesis about subtitling in general and subtitling into Dutch in particular. In the episode, Sherlock makes many extremely fast-paced deductions. As Benedict Cumberbatch himself stated in an extra on the second series DVD, “[h]e thinks and talks in those moments faster than I can talk at my fastest talking moments, which is quite fast” (*Sherlock Uncovered*). This speed of the deductions create an extra challenge for subtitling. One of the deduction scenes in the episode consists of about 400 words. In the episode this speech takes up approximately 75 seconds – that is over five words per second. To create subtitles for such a fast-paced speech is quite a

challenge. Another feature of this episode that makes it interesting as a topic in subtitling research is the fact that it is very much centred around the word “hound”. There is no true equivalent for the word in Dutch (it is usually translated as “*jachthond*”, which literally translates back into English as “hunting dog”). The word turns out to be an acronym, the name of a secret project to create a new chemical weapon, named after its lead scientists Hansen, O’Mara, Usłowski, Nader and Dyson. This creates an even more complex translation problem; when do you stop translating the word “hound” to make room for the acronym H.O.U.N.D.?

I will first provide a theoretical framework discussing the history of subtitling in the Netherlands and the problems involved in the process of creating subtitles. I will then proceed to analyse some of the specific translation problems that occurred during the subtitling of “The Hounds of Baskerville”, followed by a conclusion. Subsequently, I will produce the subtitles for the aforementioned episode, including annotations where necessary. Lastly, a transcript of the episode will be provided.

## Theoretical Framework

The tradition of subtitling can be traced back to the insertion of what were called intertitles in some of the earliest silent films. Intertitles already appeared in early twentieth-century films and consisted of shots of text on cards that were inserted between different pieces of film (Ivarsson 3). When films were shown in other countries, the original intertitles were simply cut out and replaced by intertitles in the target language. The advent of the so-called “talkies” however, created problems. Early on films were sometimes shot in several versions, each in their own language. When this proved to be much too expensive, the two methods of audiovisual translation that are still most widely used arose: subtitling and dubbing (Luyken et al. 29-30).

Audiovisual translation combines image and sound. In the case of dubbing, voice actors are hired to read out the translated script, lip-synchronized with the original footage (Luyken et al. 31). Early methods of subtitling included copying or stamping subtitles onto the film negative (Ivarsson 5). The practice became much easier with the invention of chemical subtitling in the 1930s (Luyken et al. 31). Since subtitling was also a lot cheaper than dubbing, this method became the prevalent one in small language areas, including the Netherlands. Even nowadays, in Western Europe larger language areas, such as German- and French-speaking countries, still prefer dubbing over subtitling (Ivarsson 4). In 2007 an estimated 80 percent of all foreign television and film content shown in Germany was dubbed rather than subtitled (Meyer-Dingräfe). By contrast, in the Netherlands in 1991 94 percent of all foreign language content was subtitled (Luyken et al. 33). Koolstra, Peeters and Spinhof stated that about one-third of all television programmes broadcast in the Netherlands has a foreign origin (325). These numbers are relatively old – Koolstra, Peeters and Spinhof cite sources from the late 1990s – and newer figures are hard to find, but with internationalisation becoming a more prominent feature in modern society it is not unreasonable to expect that

these numbers have only increased over the last fifteen years. As stated above, subtitling in the Netherlands became prevalent on historical grounds. This history may well be the reason it is also the preferred method of audiovisual translation. According to Luyken et al. in 1991 more than 80 percent of Dutch viewers preferred subtitles to dubbed television programme (35). In 1999 this number had risen to 93 percent, according to Spinhof and Peeters (qtd. in Koolstra, Peeters and Spinhof 347). Again, more recent numbers are hard to find, but Luyken et al. already stated that it is “reasonable to expect that subtitling could become progressively more acceptable to film and television viewers” (125). Of course, even in a subtitling country such as the Netherlands, content meant for children who cannot read or cannot read well enough still needs to be dubbed. In research by Van Lil (qtd. in Koolstra, Peeters and Spinhof 346) 90 percent of the children who had just learned how to read stated that subtitles disappeared too quickly. For children aged 11-12, this number was only 10 percent. This would suggest that any content aimed at children aged 11 or over could easily be subtitled instead of dubbed. This is not always the case; television stations such as Nickelodeon broadcast dubbed versions of TV series such as *iCarly* or *Ned's Declassified School Survival Guide* during the day. After 9pm, they broadcast the original American series with Dutch subtitles (“Over Nickelodeon.”). A possible reason for this could be that these shows are popular with both children below and over the age of twelve. To cater to all of their tastes, Nickelodeon broadcasts the dubbed versions as well as the original ones.

Modern subtitling comes in various types, forms and formats. When divided into linguistic types, there is, first of all, interlingual subtitling, meant to make foreign content understandable for an audience that speaks a different language. However, there is also intralingual translation, sometimes also called rewording, which is “an interpretation of verbal signs by means of other signs of the same language” (Jakobson 114). Intralingual subtitles do not translate the oral content into another language, but display what is said or sung in the



written form of the same language. This type of subtitling can be helpful for people who are hearing-impaired, but also for educational purposes – people trying to learn a foreign language, for example, might benefit from both hearing and reading the foreign language at the same time. Lastly, there is bilingual subtitling, which sometimes occurs in areas where two major languages are spoken. In Belgium for example, films in cinema are sometimes subtitled both in Flemish and French, to appeal to a greater audience (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 14-8).

Audiovisual translation and subtitling are processes that have to take into account many different factors. According to Díaz-Cintas and Remael, subtitles “must interact with and rely on all the film’s different channels” (45). In film and television, several communication channels are at work. Delabastia distinguishes between the following four:

1. Visually presented verbal signs, such as credits or text messages shown on screen.
2. Visually presented non-verbal signs, such as nodding or shaking one’s head.
3. Acoustically presented verbal signs, such as dialogue.
4. Acoustically presented non-verbal signs, such as laughter or background noises  
(qtd. in Díaz-Cintas and Remael 46-7; qtd. Sokoli 3).

All of these factors must be taken into account, although not all of them are equally important when it comes to subtitling. For example, consider the sentence “That one is looking a lot better than that one”. In order to obtain meaning, this phrase needs visual information. Only then it has what Chaume calls “semiotic cohesion” (qtd. in Díaz-Cintas and Remael 50).

Semiotic cohesion can only work with subtitles when they are synchronic with what is shown on screen – so no indefinite or personal pronouns in the subtitles when the images denoting their meaning are not shown. However, subtitles should not convey any superfluous information either – when a character is pointing at something and says “I want that one”, the subtitles do not have to specify what “that one” is as its meaning is conveyed by the image.

Díaz-Cintas and Anderman laid out three rules for comprehension and readability of subtitles, the first two of which are:

1. When the visual dimension is crucial for the comprehension of a particular scene, subtitlers should offer only the most basic linguistic information, leaving the eyes of the viewers free to follow the images and the action.
2. Conversely, when important information is not in the images but in the soundtrack, subtitlers should produce the fullest subtitles possible, to ensure that the viewers are not left behind. (Díaz-Cintas and Anderman 23).

To create the best combination of comprehension and cohesion, timing is essential. Ideally, subtitles are inserted at, or a quarter of a second before the onset of speech (as recommended by the Dutch broadcasting station NOS). They can stay on screen for a maximum of 1.5 seconds after the utterance is finished (Luyken et al. 45). However, they are not to be displayed for too long – when this is the case, viewers tend to reread the subtitle. The viewer probably does not have time to reread the entire subtitle again. When the rereading is interrupted by the appearance of the following subtitle, this can cause confusion (De Linde and Kay 15) To avoid unnecessary rereading it is recommended that subtitles should never be on screen for longer than six seconds (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 89). When a character speaks for longer than six seconds, the subtitles should be divided into smaller units, in accordance with the natural structure of the utterance. At the same time, a subtitle should be displayed long enough for the viewer to be able to read it. If they are shown for less than 1,5 seconds, a flashing effect may occur (Luyken et al. 44). This means that the subtitle appears and disappears so fast that the viewer has no time to read it, but merely perceives it as a flash of illegible text. It is also important to keep in mind that the length of the subtitle should be in proportion to the length of the utterance. For example, if an utterance takes up six seconds, the subtitle should not consist of just two words (“Huisstijl Hoek & Sonépouse”). Preferably,

subtitles also do not stay on screen during a change of scene (unless, of course, there is a voice-over). When they do, this can cause an effect called overlapping. Subtitles that overlap a scene change can cause confusion and can be conceived to be aesthetically displeasing (Luyken et al. 45).

The third ground rule for subtitling formulated by Díaz-Cintas and Anderman reads: “The presentation of the subtitles, the way in which the words of each subtitle are arranged on the screen, and on each subtitle line, can help enhance readability” (Díaz-Cintas and Anderman 23). When it comes to readability, there are different ways to display subtitles, each with their own pros and cons. In the Netherlands, subtitles are usually white letters contoured with a black dropshadow, so that they are legible on both light and dark backgrounds (Koolstra, Peeters and Spinhof 347-8). Instead of using a dropshadow, which is slightly see-through, contouring of the letters can also be opaque, to make the contrast even clearer. However, when there is too much similarity in colour to the background, contoured subtitles can still be lost. To prevent this, subtitles can also be boxed. In that form of display, the subtitles are presented in a box that is usually black. Even though this makes them easier to read, an opaque black box that covers the bottom of the screen can be problematic. To avoid covering the screen too much, there is also the possibility of what is called a ghost-box. This box is slightly transparent, so that neither the legibility of the subtitles nor the visibility of the screen image are at issue (Luyken et al. 46). The format used in subtitling can also vary. Even though the name suggests that they are at the bottom of the screen, sometimes they can be – or rather, need to be – positioned at the top. This occurs for example “if the subtitle in the conventional position should obscure an important area of the picture ... or if textual information ... already occupies the lower screen” (Luyken et al. 47). Subtitles in the Roman alphabet can be outlined either to the left of the screen, or centred. Another important aspect of subtitles is the division of the words between the two available lines. The most common

rule when it comes to the division states that grammatical units should be kept together (“Huisstijl Hoek & Sonéponse”) so that the natural structure of the sentence is not interrupted.

For example:

I wish that I could stay a little bit longer,  
but I really have to go.

instead of:

I wish that I could stay a little  
bit longer, but I really have to go.

Beside this rule, there are multiple other conventions, for example related to spelling, grammar and punctuation. Hoek&Sonéponse Ondertiteling BV provides a style guide that contains a whole list of rules related to conventions like these. For example, when a sentence cannot be displayed in one subtitle, the custom is to provide an ellipsis of three dots. This particular use of three dots (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 112) is a convention used by many companies, but whether or not the continuation of the broken sentence should also start with dots differs from company to company. Some companies use three dots, some use two and Hoek&Sonéponse does not use any. Another rule in the Hoek&Sonéponse style guide states that whenever there is a change of speaker within a subtitle – in other words, when the top line is uttered by a different character than the bottom line – a dash is used to show this change and there is no space between that dash and the first letter (“Huisstijl Hoek & Sonéponse”). For subtitlers the difficulty with these conventions lies in the fact that not all companies have them written down and not all companies use the same ones. Above all else, it is important to be consistent.

With all of the technical and conventional aspects in mind, the subtitling process begins. It starts with spotting. (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 30). The subtitler or a technician watches the film and determines when subtitles should be displayed on screen. They can make

use of special software, in which they simply press a button to start the in-time (the moment at which the subtitle needs to appear) and press it again to determine the out-time (the moment at which the subtitle should disappear). They do this for the entire film. Because there is always some delay between hearing when a subtitle should start and finish and pressing the button, a lot of software has the possibility of advancing all of the in- and out-times with for example a quarter of a second (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 30; BZO). When all of the in- and out-times are programmed, the actual subtitling can begin. If there is enough time and they have not programmed the in- and out-times themselves, subtitlers can first watch the entire film before starting the process, so that they are aware of the storyline, relations between characters and any terms that may have need of a special translation. When there is a tight deadline, however, this is not always possible (Díaz-Cintas and Remael 31). With the particularities of the film and all of the medium's constraints in mind, the subtitler can then begin to translate, usually by playing the film, pausing it whenever a subtitle is needed, translating and writing down the subtitle, and playing it again. Even if a script is available, it is still advisable to translate directly from the film and only use the script when part of the dialogue is not clearly audible, because scripts are not always 100% reliable. After writing all of the subtitles, the subtitler rewatches the film, with the subtitles, as the audience will see it, and does some final checks concerning timing and spelling (BZO). Once they are satisfied, they can then send the saved subtitle file to the client, who can then distribute the subtitled film.

### Textual Analysis

Hans G. Höning states that in order to gain the competence that is necessary to create a translation, a translator should always analyse a text before translating it, focussing on elements that are relevant for the translation process. This translation-relevant text analysis serves as an instrument to improve the translators' translation competence (130).

In order to analyse a text, Höning asks three questions:

1. Who is speaking where, and why him?<sup>1</sup>
2. What is the text about and why is it written this way?
3. What should be translated here?

The following textual analysis of the *Sherlock* episode “The Hounds of Baskerville” will use these questions to gain the insight that is needed to create subtitles for the episode.

Höning's first question reads “Who is speaking where, and why him?” This question is not easily answered in the case of “The Hounds of Baskerville”, because it is an episode from a television series and not a written text. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, is narrated by Dr John Watson (Doyle 1). The *Sherlock* episode however, is not narrated by anyone – there is no voice-over narration. It does not focus on one specific character either. As viewers, we do not only see scenes that include Sherlock Holmes and John Watson, but also scenes in which they are not present, such as those between Henry Knight and his therapist Louise Mortimer. As it is a television series, every character is portrayed as he or she is (or pretends to be) instead of being portrayed as they are seen by a narrator. There is not just one speaker – there is, instead, a variety of speakers. For the process of subtitling it is important to distinguish between them, so that the Dutch viewer knows what subtitle corresponds with what line by which speaker. The style guide by Hoek&Sonéponse

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<sup>1</sup> Unless indicated otherwise, all translations from sources in Dutch are mine, NAJO.

advises to keep the lines of one speaker together as much as possible. This will also help to prevent the so-called ABBA-constructions, such as the one below:

Speaker A: Are you going still going out?

Speaker B: -I think I'll stay at home,

Speaker B: since the weather is so bad.

Speaker A: -A little rain won't kill you.

This continuing shift of speakers within one subtitle works confusing and should therefore be avoided ("Huisstijl Hoek & Sonéponse"). To be able to do so, a subtitler must always be aware of which character is speaking.

The second question asked by Hönig is "What is the text about and why is it written this way?" "The Hounds of Baskerville" is loosely based on Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Sherlock and John are paid a visit by Henry Knight, a man in his late twenties who lost his father when he was seven years old. According to Henry, his father was murdered by what he describes as "a gigantic hound" ("The Hounds of Baskerville"). Sherlock and John follow him back to Dartmoor, where they try to find out more about the hound and the mysterious army base Baskerville from which it seems to have originated. In the end, the "hound" turns out to be not a gigantic dog, but an acronym, H.O.U.N.D. It turns out that project H.O.U.N.D. was a secret project in the eighties, in which scientists tried to create a new chemical weapon. The project was named after its lead scientists Hansen, O'Mara, Usłowski, Nader and Dyson; H.O.U.N.D. For a subtitler, this creates an interesting yet difficult situation: the word hound, meaning dog, cannot go untranslated, while the acronym, that consists of names, cannot be translated. At some point in the episode the translation for the word hound must make room for the acronym H.O.U.N.D. Another distinctive feature of this *Sherlock* episode is the fact that "The Hounds of Baskerville" can be rather scary. Mark Gatiss, the co-producer of the series, stated that they wanted to stay faithful to the original Conan Doyle story: "[Conan Doyle] wrote 'Hound', he said, to be 'a

real creeper', so I wanted to maximise all those moments and basically treat it as a horror story, [though] obviously from a rational point of view'" (Jeffrey). This clash between horror and rationality creates an interesting situation for Sherlock. As a man of reason, he is startled when his senses tell him something his mind cannot believe; he sees a monstrous hound, but he knows it cannot be really there. For the first time in his life, Sherlock is afraid – but even worse, he doubts himself. As he says himself: "I've always been able to trust my senses, the evidence of my own eyes, until last night" ("The Hounds of Baskerville."). Both the fear and the doubt must be displayed clearly in the subtitles, as these emotions are central to the episode's storyline and character development. "The Hounds of Baskerville" has more instances of Sherlock showing his more human side – when he is upset, he tells John "I don't have friends" ("The Hounds of Baskerville."). Later he elaborates "I only have one"; John is his only friend. Even though this is just a brief line in the episode, it does enforce the bond between John and Sherlock and must therefore be subtitled in such a way that the Dutch viewer understands this. Another important relationship in this episode is the one between Sherlock, John and their client Henry. While John mainly feels sorry for Henry, whom he thinks made up the hound to cover up his childhood trauma, Sherlock is mostly his sceptical, sarcastic self. However, as he shares the scary experience of seeing the hound with Henry, he becomes more sympathetic towards him. This can not only be seen in Sherlock's actions, but also the way he speaks to Henry. In the beginning Sherlock treats him as any other client; with sarcasm, disinterest and scepticism. Later on his tone and choice of words change – he becomes slightly less distant and more caring about Henry as a person. This change must also be displayed in the subtitles, for example by making the forms of address less formal. A last important element in this episode is the use of wordplay and text on screen. As mentioned above, the word "hound" that is central to the story turns out to be an acronym and there are more instances where words have a different meaning than you would expect or even have no



meaning at all. There are instances in which a translation of the text on screen is necessary for the understanding of the episode – it is up to the subtitler to determine in which instances this is the case and in which instances a subtitle is superfluous.

Hönig's last question, "What should be translated here?", concludes the textual analysis and initiates the actual translation process. In the case of *Sherlock*, the answer to the question is to translate the dialogue of the episode "The Hounds of Baskerville" in such a way that the storyline and character developments are understandable for Dutch viewers, losing as little of the original content as possible and always making clear which character speaks in which subtitle. Elements such as levels of formality and wordplay must be translated in such a way that they convey the same in the target text as they do in the source text. Because of the limited space and time, it may not always be possible to translate everything that is said, but it is important to translate that which is needed to keep the story understandable and enjoyable for the Dutch viewer.

### **Translation problems**

As foreseen in the textual analysis, several translation problems arose during the process of subtitling “The Hounds of Baskerville”. Some were small and only occurred once or twice. These particular translation difficulties will be dealt with in the footnotes that accompany the translation. Some, however, occurred more frequently and will be discussed below. The translation problems will be divided into several categories as distinguished by Christiane Nord. According to Nord, there are four types of problems:

- 1) Pragmatic translation problems that arise from differences in the communicative situations in which the source text and target text are embedded
- 2) Culture-specific translation problems that emerge out of differences in norms and conventions between the source culture and the target culture.
- 3) Language pair-specific translation problems that emerge from differences in the structures of the source language and the target language.
- 4) Text-specific translation problems that arise while translating an individual text, the solution of which cannot always be applied in other translations. (Nord, “Tekstanalyse” 147)

Nord states that these translation problems should be solved in the order as they are presented above, working your way down from the pragmatic macro-level to the linguistic micro-level. By going through the problems in a top-down way some problems may even solve themselves. A language pair-specific problem for example, may be solved because pragmatic conventions demand a certain translation (Nord, “Tekstanalyse” 147). For this reason, the problems that emerged during the translation of “The Hounds of Baskerville” will be dealt with in this order. Not every problem will be discussed due to limitations in the word count, but the most important ones from every category will be discussed below, with one or two examples.

### *Pragmatic translation problems*

Pragmatic translation problems may emerge because of differences in the place and time at which the source text and target text are created. They may also arise because the foreknowledge of the source audience is different than that of the target audience. In the case of “The Hounds of Baskerville”, there probably is indeed a difference in foreknowledge.

According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Arthur Conan Doyle’s *The Hound of the Baskervilles* on which the episode is based is “one of the best known of the Sherlock Holmes novels” (“The Hound of the Baskervilles”) and it ended on the 128<sup>th</sup> place on the BBC’s Big Read list, an initiative to find the “the nation’s best-loved novel” (“The Big Read”). Even though Sherlock Holmes is a well-known character in the Netherlands as well, the story of “The Hound of the Baskervilles” and the rest of the canon are probably less widely known here than they are in Britain. Even though the episode “The Hounds of Baskerville” is a modern adaptation, there are still some references to the canon that may not be as familiar to the Dutch audience as they are to the English one. For example, almost all of the last names of the characters in the episode are directly taken from the novel, except for Henry’s. In the novel, Henry Baskerville is a baronet, a British hereditary dignity ranking lower than a baron but higher than a knight (“baronet”). Henry’s last name in the episode, Knight, is a reference to his status in the original. In English, this reference is easy to spot, since the word “*knight*” is both an actual word and a last name. In a Dutch book translation, it might have been possible to change Henry’s last name to something like “*De Ridder*” (lit. “*The Knight*”), to preserve the reference to Henry’s status in the Conan Doyle story. In subtitling however, you have to take into account the fact that the audience is presented with both the source text (the audio) and the target text (the subtitles) at the same time. It is nearly impossible to translate a name in a subtitle without causing confusion, so the link between Henry the knight and Henry Knight unfortunately gets lost in the subtitles of “The Hounds of Baskerville”.

Another pragmatic translation problem that emerged during the subtitling of the episode resulted from differences in place. Because of the setting, “The Hounds of Baskerville” refers to some typically English features. When Sherlock refuses to take Henry’s case, he says “Off to Devon with you, have a cream tea on me” (“The Hounds of Baskerville.”). Devon cream tea is an afternoon tea meal, served with scones with jam and clotted cream (Salmans). Since the Dutch do not know the tradition of afternoon tea, there is no true Dutch equivalent to the Devon cream tea. Because the emphasis of the sentence is on “*Off to Devon with you*” and the space for the subtitle was limited, I decided not to translate “*have a cream tea on me*” and translate the entire sentence as “*Hup, terug naar Devon met jou*”. Even though it is a shame the reference is lost, in this case I felt it was not necessarily problematic. Another rather big problem was the translation of the word “*moor*”. This typical English landscape does not exist in the Netherlands and therefore, there is no Dutch word that has the same meaning and connotations. The Encyclopaedia Britannica defines a moor as follows: “tract of open country that may be either dry with heather and associated vegetation or wet with an acid peat vegetation. If wet, a moor is generally synonymous with bog.” (“moor”). This definition creates two possible translations into Dutch; “*hei*” (“*heath*”) and “(*hoog*)*veen*” (“*mire*” or “*bog*”). Dartmoor has many bogs and mires (“Bogs and Wetlands Factsheet.”) but “upland heathland is dominated by ... heather and western gorse and covers most of the open moor on Dartmoor which is not covered by the deep peat of blanket bog” (“Upland Heathland”), making both “*veen*” and “*hei*” appropriate descriptions of the landscape in Dartmoor. However, in Dutch “*veen*” is more of a type of soil and less of a type of landscape, contrary to “*hei*”. I therefore decided to translate “*moor*” as “*hei*”.

### *Culture-specific translation problems*

The category of culture-specific translation problems contains, among others, problems that arise because of differences in conventions of politeness. In Britain, speaking politely is part of the national etiquette (Johnson). Pleases and thank-yous are omnipresent in British speech, much more so than they are in Dutch. One of the scenes in “The Hounds of Baskerville”, in which John talks to the owner of the inn, features many polite phrases – in this case, many instances of “*there you go*” and “*ta*” (short for “*thank you*”). In a normal translation, this repetition of interjections may seem strange or overdone to Dutch people. However, since the script must be translated into subtitles, different rules apply. The rules by Hoek&Sonépouse state that such interjections should not be translated at all – it is often just disturbing and even if a viewer does not know the exact translation of the interjection, its meaning often becomes clear in the context (“Huisstijl Hoek&Sonépouse”). Because the polite phrases are not subtitled, they are less overtly presented to the Dutch viewer. This may take away some of the local colour, but as the viewer is still presented with the (widely known) phrases in the original audio this does not seem to be a reason to throw overboard the rules by Hoek&Sonépouse.

### *Language pair-specific translation problems*

Language pair-specific translation problems arise because of differences between the structure of the two languages involved. In the case of subtitling “The Hounds of Baskerville” for a Dutch audience, the main issue was translating the personal pronoun “*you*”. In English, this pronoun can denote the second person singular and the second person plural. The plural can be easily translated into its Dutch equivalent “*jullie*”. However, for the singular form a translation proves to be more challenging. Unlike English, in Dutch there is a distinction between the formal second person singular and the informal second person singular. The formal pronoun is “*u*” while the informal one is “*je*” or “*jij*”. Because this distinction is not visible in English, it is

up to the translator or subtitler to decide which translation is most fitting in the context. When Henry visits John and Sherlock for example, I decided to have John call him “*je*”, which is consistent with the fact that he calls Henry by his first name from very early on. Sherlock on the other hand uses “*u*” in the beginning, as he calls Henry by his last name. When Sherlock switches from “*Mr. Knight*” to “*Henry*”, I changed the subtitles from saying “*u*” to saying “*je*” from then on. Henry, in turn, switches from calling Sherlock by his last name and saying “*u*” to calling him by his first name and therefore also using “*je*” after Sherlock and John’s arrival in Grimpen.

#### *Text-specific translation problems*

The most prominent text-specific translation problem was the translating of the word “*hound*”. It is the use of that word that draws Sherlock’s attention to the case. He even refers to it: “Why do you call it a hound? Why a hound? ... It’s odd, isn’t it? Strange choice of words – archaic. It’s why I took the case. ‘Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound.’ Why say ‘hound’?” (“The Hounds of Baskerville”). Unfortunately, there is no equivalent translation into Dutch. The word “*jachthond*” (hunting dog) that is usually given as the translation for “*hound*” does not have the same archaic feeling. Another option, “*hellehond*” (“*hellhound*”), was considered, but discarded because it sounded slightly too supernatural. Even though the creature described by Henry is a monster, he wants to prove that what he saw was real and not just some kind of myth. Translating “*hound*” as “*hellehond*” would decrease Henry’s credibility and make it unlikely for Sherlock to be interested in his case. Because the target text, the subtitles, are presented at the same time as the source text, the audio, I decided to simply translate “*hound*” as “*hond*” (“*dog*”) in most instances, because this was the most neutral option, the one that not immediately favours a certain view on the hound. The first exception to this comes in the scene mentioned above.

Because it focuses on the choice of the word “*hound*”, I did not translate it, but merely put it in quotation marks;

SHERLOCK: Waarom noem je het een ‘hound’

HENRY: Wat bedoelt u?

SHERLOCK: Vreemde woordkeuze, ouderwets. Daarom heb ik de zaak aangenomen.

‘Meneer Holmes, het waren de voetafdrukken van een gigantische

“hound”.’ Waarom ‘hound’?

This translation may look strange presented like this, without context, but when accompanied by the audio it is much easier to understand. The other situation in which “*hound*” is not translated as “*hond*” is when it concerns the acronym H.O.U.N.D. Because this acronym stands for names of scientists, I did not translate it at all and merely display it as “*H.O.U.N.D*” in the subtitles.

## Conclusion

The aim of this thesis was to explore the problems that are connected to subtitling. It became clear in the theoretical framework that subtitling as a practice has a long history, starting with the intertitles in silent films. Because small language areas such as the Netherlands have an historical preference for subtitling over dubbing, this form of audiovisual translation has become the prevalent one. The process is not easy; there are many rules and regulations that must be abided by and conventions, though existent, may differ slightly from company to company. Creating subtitles for the *Sherlock* episode “The Hounds of Baskerville” proved to be quite the challenge. The subtitles had to be understandable for the Dutch audience, preserve idiomatic expressions and jokes whenever possible and could not be too wordy due to lack of time and space. While I would normally opt for a rather extensive translation in order not to lose any of the original content, I now had to develop a new strategy that was less wordy. I had to make myself familiar with the specific limitations of the medium; in subtitling there is hardly any room to explain unfamiliar terms such as “*moor*”. Instead I had to choose a term that may not have the exact same meaning and connotations, but is sufficiently understandable to the viewer. Whenever there was no single Dutch word for one English word, the challenge was to find the shortest possible translation. Although it was sometimes rather difficult to come up with an elegant solution for some of the translation problems, the process itself was highly interesting. Not only did it serve an educational purpose; at times, it was also an entertaining experience.



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**Annotated Translation: “De honden van Baskerville”**

GRACE: Hallo.

GRACE: Is er iets?

GRACE: Wat is er lieverd?  
Ben je verdwaald?

*(Begintitel)*

SHERLOCK: Nou, dat was saai.

JOHN: Heb je zo in de metro gezeten?  
SHERLOCK: -Geen enkele taxi wilde me meenemen.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

SHERLOCK: Niets?  
JOHN: -Militaire staatsgreep in Oeganda.

JOHN: Alweer een foto van jou met die...

JOHN: Portefeuillewisseling.  
SHERLOCK: -Niets belangrijks?

SHERLOCK: Ø<sup>2</sup>

SHERLOCK: John, ik moet ze hebben. Haal er wat voor me.

JOHN: Nee.  
SHERLOCK: -Haal er wat voor me.

JOHN: Cold turkey, dat hadden we afgesproken.  
Trouwens, je hebt iedereen afgekocht.

JOHN: Binnen een straal van drie kilometer<sup>3</sup>  
verkoopt niemand ze aan je.

SHERLOCK: Stom idee. Wie heeft dat verzonnen?

SHERLOCK: Mevrouw<sup>4</sup> Hudson!

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<sup>2</sup> The ST featured the phrase “*Oh, God!*”. The rules by Hoek&Sonépouse state that such interjections should not be translated – it is often just disturbing and even if a member of the audience does not know the exact translation of the interjection, its meaning often becomes clear in the context (“Huisstijl Hoek&Sonépouse”).

<sup>3</sup> The ST used “*two-mile radius*”. Because a mile does not mean much to a Dutch viewer, I decided to change the unit of measurement to kilometres and change the amount accordingly (2 miles = 3.22 km).

<sup>4</sup> The rules by Hoek&Sonépouse state that the abbreviations “*Mr*” and “*Mrs*” should not be followed by periods (“Huisstijl Hoek&Sonépouse”). However, they do not say that you have to use these English forms of address. I decided to use the Dutch forms instead, because I thought it sounded more natural not to have English forms of address in sentences that are all in Dutch.

JOHN: Het gaat juist zo goed. Je mag nu niet stoppen<sup>5</sup>.  
SHERLOCK: -Zeg me waar ze liggen. Alsjeblieft. Zeg het.

SHERLOCK: Alsjeblieft.  
JOHN: -Ik kan je niet helpen, sorry.

SHERLOCK: Ik geef je de winnende lotnummers van volgende week.

SHERLOCK: Het viel te proberen.

MRS. HUDSON: Ø

SHERLOCK: Mijn geheime voorraad!  
Wat heeft u gedaan met mijn geheime voorraad?

MRS. HUDSON: Ø

SHERLOCK: Mijn sigaretten! Wat heeft u ermee gedaan?  
Waar zijn ze?

MRS. HUDSON: Maar ik mag nooit aan je spullen komen!  
Als ik de kans had...

SHERLOCK: Ik dacht dat u niet mijn huishoudster was?  
MRS. HUDSON: -Dat ben ik ook niet.

MRS. HUDSON: Wat dacht je van een lekker kopje thee?  
En misschien kun je die harpoen opbergen.

SHERLOCK: Ik heb iets sterkers nodig dan thee.  
Zeven procent sterker.

SHERLOCK: U bent weer bij meneer Chatterjee geweest.  
MRS. HUDSON: -Pardon?

SHERLOCK: De broodjeszaak. Dat is een nieuwe jurk,  
maar er zit bloem op de mouw.

SHERLOCK: U zou zoiets nooit aantrekken  
als u ging bakken.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Duimnagel: minuscule restjes folie.

---

<sup>5</sup> In the ST the phrase reads “*don’t give up now*”, which can be seen as a play on words; do not give up giving up smoking; to preserve the joke I translated it as “*je mag nu niet stoppen*” (“*you can’t stop now*”) as the Dutch expression is “*stoppen met roken*” (“*stop smoking*”).

- SHERLOCK: Kraskaarten. We weten allemaal waar dat toe leidt, nietwaar?
- SHERLOCK: Kasbah Nights. Vrij gewaagd voor de vroege maandag ochtend.
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb een blog geschreven over het identificeren van parfums.
- SHERLOCK: Het staat op de website – u zou het eens moeten lezen.
- MRS. HUDSON: Alsjeblieft.
- SHERLOCK: Ik zou m'n hoop maar niet vestigen op die cruise met meneer Chatterjee.
- SHERLOCK: Hij heeft een vrouw in Doncaster waar niemand vanaf weet.
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Nou ja, niemand behalve ik.  
MRS. HUDSON: -Ik heb werkelijk geen idee waar je het over hebt.
- JOHN: Waar ging dat verdomme allemaal over?  
SHERLOCK: -Je begrijpt het niet.
- JOHN: Ga achter haar aan en bied je excuses aan.
- SHERLOCK: Excuses<sup>6</sup>?
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: John, ik benijd je zo.
- JOHN: Je benijdt mij?  
SHERLOCK: -Je brein. Het is zo vredig, nauwelijks gebruikt.
- SHERLOCK: Het mijne is als een machine, onbestuurbaar. Een raket die vastzit op het lanceerplatform.
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb een zaak nodig!
- JOHN: Je hebt er net één opgelost!  
Zo te zien door een dood varken te harpoeneren!

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<sup>6</sup> In the ST, John says “Go after her and apologise.”, after which Sherlock repeats the verb “Apologise?”. Because Dutch does not have a one-word translation for “apologise” I decided to translate John’s line as “bied je excuses aan”, after which Sherlock only repeats the word “excuses” (“apologies”). This way, the length of the subtitle corresponds to the ST; both consist of one word.

- SHERLOCK: Dat was vanmorgen.  
Wanneer komt de volgende?
- JOHN: Niets op de website?
- SHERLOCK: Beste meneer Sherlock Holmes, ik kan Bluebell nergens vinden. Kunt u me alstublieft helpen?
- JOHN: Bluebell?  
SHERLOCK: Een konijn, John!
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Wacht, er is meer! Voordat Bluebell verdween, gaf hij licht 'als een fee' volgens de kleine Kirsty.
- SHERLOCK: En de volgende ochtend was Bluebell weg!  
Hok gewoon dicht, geen sporen van braak...
- SHERLOCK: Wat zeg ik allemaal? Dit is geniaal!  
Bel Lestrade. Zeg dat er een konijn ontsnapt is.
- JOHN: Maak je een grapje?
- SHERLOCK: Het is dit, of Cluedo.
- JOHN: Dat spelen we nooit meer.  
SHERLOCK: -Waarom niet?
- JOHN: Omdat het slachtoffer het niet gedaan kan hebben.  
SHERLOCK: -Het was de enige mogelijke oplossing.
- JOHN: Dat staat niet in de spelregels.  
SHERLOCK: -Dan kloppen de spelregels niet!
- JOHN: Belt één keer.  
SHERLOCK: -Met volle kracht, ongeveer een halve seconde.
- BEIDE: Cliënt.
- (Nieuwe scène)*
- PRESENTATOR: Dartmoor. Plaats van mythen en legenden, maar houdt zich hier wellicht nog iets anders schuil?
- PRESENTATOR: Iets heel echts? Dartmoor herbergt namelijk ook één van de meest geheime overheidsinstellingen,

- PRESENTATOR: Het onderzoekscentrum voor  
chemische en biologische wapens...
- PRESENTATOR: dat nog gevoeliger zou zijn dan Porton Down.
- PRESENTATOR: Sinds de Tweede Wereldoorlog doen geruchten de ronde  
omtrent de Baskerville-experimenten:
- PRESENTATOR: Genetische mutaties,  
dieren gefokt voor het slagveld.
- PRESENTATOR: Velen geloven dat zich in dit fort,  
in het hart van deze oeroude wildernis...
- PRESENTATOR: onvoorstelbare gruwelen bevinden.
- PRESENTATOR: Maar de grote vraag is:  
zijn ze nog steeds allemaal binnen?
- HENRY: Ik was nog maar een kind.
- HENRY: Het was op de hei.
- HENRY: Het was donker,  
maar ik weet wat ik gezien heb.
- HENRY: Ik weet heel goed waardoor mijn vader vermoord is.
- SHERLOCK: Wat heeft u gezien?
- HENRY: Dat ging ik net vertellen...
- SHERLOCK: Ja, in een tv interview.  
Ik doe mijn eindredactie liever zelf.
- HENRY: Natuurlijk. Sorry.
- JOHN: Neem de tijd.  
SHERLOCK: -Maar wel opschieten.
- HENRY: Kent u Dartmoor, meneer Holmes?
- SHERLOCK: Ø
- HENRY: Het is een fantastische plek. Uniek<sup>7</sup>.  
Enigszins somber, maar prachtig.

---

<sup>7</sup> The ST reads: "*It's like nowhere else*". This would literally translate as "*het is als nergens anders*". Not only is this too long for the subtitle, it also sounds extremely unnatural in Dutch. I therefore decided to translate the entire phrase as "*Uniek*" ("*unique*"). This single word takes up less space but still conveys the same message.



SHERLOCK: Kan me niet schelen. Ga door.

HENRY: We wandelden veel, nadat mijn moeder was overleden, mijn vader en ik. Elke avond gingen we de hei op.

SHERLOCK: Ja, mooi. Door naar de nacht waarin uw vader gruwelijk werd vermoord. Waar was dat?

HENRY: Er is een plek, een lokaal herkenningspunt, genaamd Dewer's Hollow.

HENRY: Dat is een oude naam voor de duivel.

SHERLOCK: Dus?

JOHN: Heb je de duivel gezien, die nacht?

HENRY: Ja.

HENRY: Het was gigantisch. Gitzwarte vacht, met rode ogen.

HENRY: Het kreeg hem te pakken, scheurde hem aan stukken.

HENRY: Ik kan me verder niets herinneren. Ze vonden me de volgende ochtend, dwalend over de hei.

HENRY: Het lichaam van mijn vader is nooit gevonden.

JOHN: Rode ogen, gitzwarte vacht, gigantisch... Hond? Wolf?

SHERLOCK: -Of een genetisch experiment.

HENRY: Lacht u, meneer Holmes?

SHERLOCK: -Hoezo, maakte u een grapje?

HENRY: Mijn vader had het altijd over de dingen die ze deden op Baskerville.

HENRY: Over de monsters die ze daar creëerden. Mensen lachten hem ook uit.

HENRY: De tv-mensen namen me tenminste serieus.

SHERLOCK: Dat legde het toerisme in Devon vast ook geen windeieren.

JOHN: Henry, wat er ook gebeurd is met je vader, het is twintig jaar geleden.

JOHN: Waarom kom je nu pas naar ons?

- HENRY: Ik weet niet of u me kunt helpen, meneer Holmes, aangezien u het zo grappig vindt.
- SHERLOCK: Door wat er vannacht gebeurd is.  
JOHN: -Hoezo, wat is er vannacht gebeurd?
- HENRY: Hoe weet u dat?  
SHERLOCK: -Ik weet het niet, ik neem het waar.
- SHERLOCK: U heeft de eerste trein uit Devon genomen<sup>8</sup>.
- SHERLOCK: U dronk een kop zwarte koffie en at een teleurstellend ontbijt.
- SHERLOCK: Het meisje schuin tegenover u vond u leuk. U haar in eerste instantie ook, maar nu niet meer.
- SHERLOCK: U verlangt enorm naar uw eerste sigaret van de dag. Ga zitten. Rook. Het zal me een genoegen zijn.
- HENRY: Hoe heeft u dat allemaal waargenomen?
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Uw kaartje is geknipt-  
JOHN: -Niet nu Sherlock-
- SHERLOCK: Alsjeblieft. Ik zit hier al eeuwen opgesloten.  
JOHN: -Je zit op te scheppen.
- SHERLOCK: Natuurlijk. Ik ben een opschepper. Dat doe ik<sup>9</sup> nou eenmaal.
- SHERLOCK: Servetje voor de gemorste koffie. Zonder melk, aan de kleur van de vlek te zien.
- SHERLOCK: Ketchupvlekken rond uw mond en op uw mouw.
- SHERLOCK: Een warm ontbijt – of wat daar in de trein voor door moet gaan, waarschijnlijk een sandwich.
- HENRY: Hoe weet u dat het teleurstellend was?

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<sup>8</sup> This is the start of one of Sherlock's fast-paced deductions. To prevent a flashing effect, the subtitles should be on screen for at least 1.5 seconds. That's why some of Sherlock's lines are less wordy than they are in the ST – there simply is not enough time and space to translate all of it.

<sup>9</sup> The ST says "*That's what we do*". Even though it would be possible to translate the plural personal pronoun, shifting from singular to plural between these two lines sounds rather strange in Dutch. I decided to translate the first person plural pronoun from the ST as a first person singular pronoun in Dutch, so that it matches the personal pronoun used in the sentence before it.

- SHERLOCK: Serveren ze een ander soort ontbijt in de trein?
- SHERLOCK: Het meisje schreef haar nummer op een servetje.  
Aan de hoek te zien zat ze schuin tegenover u.
- SHERLOCK: Toen u met het servetje de koffie opruimde,  
veegde u per ongeluk wat cijfers uit.
- SHERLOCK: U heeft ze overgeschreven,  
dus u wilde het nummer bewaren.
- SHERLOCK: Maar net gebruikte u het servetje als zakdoek –  
U bent dus toch niet zo geïnteresseerd.
- SHERLOCK: Dan zijn er nog de nicotinevlekken op  
uw trillende vingers. Ik herken dat.
- SHERLOCK: Geen mogelijkheid om te roken in de trein,  
geen tijd voor u in de taxi stapte.
- SHERLOCK: Het is net kwart over 9. U bent wanhopig.
- SHERLOCK: De eerste trein van Exeter naar Londen  
vertrekt om 5:46, die heeft u genomen
- SHERLOCK: Er moet vannacht dus iets belangrijks gebeurd zijn.  
Heb ik het mis?
- HENRY: Nee. U heeft gelijk.  
U heeft volkomen gelijk.
- HENRY: Allemachtig, ik had gehoord dat u snel was.
- SHERLOCK: Dat is mijn werk.  
En nu mond houden en roken.
- JOHN: Je ouders waren allebei overleden  
toen jij zeven jaar oud was?
- HENRY: Ik weet het...
- JOHN: Dat moet nogal traumatisch geweest zijn.  
Zou je dit verhaal misschien verzonnen kunnen hebben...
- JOHN: om het te verklaren?
- HENRY: Dat zegt dokter Mortimer ook.  
JOHN: -Wie?

SHERLOCK: Zijn therapeut.  
HENRY: -Mijn therapeut.

SHERLOCK: Uiteraard.

HENRY: Louise Mortimer. Door haar ben ik teruggegaan naar Dartmoor.

HENRY: Ze denkt dat ik mijn angsten onder ogen moet komen.

SHERLOCK: En wat gebeurde er vannacht bij Dewer's Hollow?

SHERLOCK: Je ging daar naartoe op advies van je therapeut en nu raadpleeg je een detective.

SHERLOCK: Wat heb je gezien waardoor alles is veranderd?

HENRY: Het is een vreemde plek, de Hollow. Je voelt je er zo koud, zo bang.

SHERLOCK: Als ik poëzie wilde, zou ik John's mailtjes naar zijn vriendinnen wel lezen. Veel leuker.

SHERLOCK: Wat heb je gezien?

HENRY: Voetafdrukken –

HENRY: Precies op de plek waar mijn vader verscheurd werd.

JOHN: Van een man of een vrouw?

HENRY: Geen van beiden. Het waren-  
SHERLOCK: -Meer niet? Voetafdrukken. Is dat alles?

HENRY: Ja, maar het waren-  
SHERLOCK: -Sorry, dokter Mortimer wint.

SHERLOCK: Jeugdtrauma gemaskeerd door een verzonnen herinnering. Saai! Tot ziens en bedankt voor het roken.

HENRY: En de voetafdrukken dan?  
SHERLOCK: -Waarschijnlijk pootafdrukken.

SHERLOCK: Het kan van alles zijn en daarom is het niets. Hup, terug naar Devon met jou.

HENRY: Meneer Holmes, het waren de voetafdrukken van een gigantische hond.

SHERLOCK: Zeg dat nog eens.

HENRY:  
SHERLOCK: Ik vond voetafdrukken, ze waren-  
-Nee, je precieze woorden.

SHERLOCK: Herhaal je precieze woorden,  
precies zoals je ze daarnet zei.

HENRY: Meneer Holmes, het waren de voetafdrukken  
van een gigantische hond.

SHERLOCK: Ik neem de zaak.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Fijn dat je dit onder mijn aandacht hebt gebracht.  
Het klinkt erg veelbelovend.

JOHN: Wat? Net waren voetafdrukken nog saai,  
nu zijn ze veelbelovend?

SHERLOCK: Het heeft niks te maken met de voetafdrukken.  
Je luisterde niet, zoals altijd.

SHERLOCK: Baskerville, ooit van gehoord?  
JOHN: -Nauwelijks, het is erg geheimzinnig.

SHERLOCK: Klinkt als een goede plek om te beginnen.  
HENRY: -Dus u komt?

SHERLOCK: Nee, ik kan momenteel niet weg uit Londen.  
Te druk.

SHERLOCK: Maar geen zorgen,  
ik zet mijn beste man op de zaak.

SHERLOCK: John stuurt alles wel door,  
aangezien hij het meeste zelf niet begrijpt.

JOHN: Waar heb je het over, druk? Je hebt geen zaak!  
Daarnet klaagde je nog...

SHERLOCK: Ik heb Bluebell! De zaak van het verdwenen,  
lichtgevende konijn. De NATO is in rep en roer.

HENRY: Dus u komt niet?

JOHN: Ø

*(John geeft Sherlock zijn sigaretten)*

SHERLOCK: Die heb ik niet meer nodig.  
Ik ga naar Dartmoor.

SHERLOCK: Ga maar vast Henry, wij komen later.

HENRY: Dus u komt wel?

SHERLOCK: Een twintig jaar oude verdwijning,  
een monsterlijke hond?

SHERLOCK: Ik zou dit voor geen goud willen missen!

*(Nieuwe scène)*

JOHN: Zo te horen heeft mevrouw Hudson  
de vrouw in Doncaster ontdekt.

SHERLOCK: Wacht maar tot ze hoort over die in Islamabad.

SHERLOCK: Paddington Station, alstublieft.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

JOHN: Daar is Baskerville.

JOHN: Dat is Grimpen Village.  
Dus dan is dat Dewer's Hollow.

SHERLOCK: Wat is dat?

JOHN: Een mijnenveld?

JOHN: Technisch gezien is Baskerville een legerbasis,  
dus ze willen mensen vast graag buiten houden.

SHERLOCK: Dat blijkt.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

FLETCHER: Zegt het voort.  
Kom nog eens terug.

FLETCHER: En onthoud; blijf 's nachts weg van de hei  
als uw leven u lief is!

*(Sherlock doet zijn kraag omhoog)*

SHERLOCK: Ik heb het koud.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

HENRY: Dat gedeelte verandert nooit.

LOUISE: Wat dan wel?

HENRY: Er is nog iets anders. Een woord.

HENRY: Liberty.<sup>10</sup>

LOUISE: Ø<sup>11</sup>

HENRY: Er is nog een woord.

HENRY: In. I-N.

HENRY: “Liberty In”. Wat denkt u dat dat betekent?

*(Nieuwe scène)*

GARY: Sorry dat we geen tweepersoonskamer voor jullie hebben.

JOHN: Dat geeft niet. We zijn niet...

JOHN: Ø

GARY: Bedankt. Ik pak je wisselgeld even.

JOHN: Ø

GARY: Alsjeblieft.

JOHN: Wat me opviel op de kaart van de hei: een schedel en botten?

GARY: Oh, dat ja.

JOHN: Piraten?

GARY: Nee, nee. Ze noemen het het grote Grimpense Mijneveld.

JOHN: Juist ja.

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<sup>10</sup> I chose not to translate the word “*Liberty*” into “*vrijheid*”, because it will later turn out to be the name of a city in Indiana (In) in the United States.

<sup>11</sup> In the ST, Louise repeated the word “*Liberty*”. The rules by Hoek&Sonépouse state that the repetition of the same subtitle should be avoided. Instead the original subtitle should be displayed longer (for the entire duration of the following line) (“Huisstijl Hoek&Sonépouse”). For that reason, and because the line is not translated anyway, I chose not to include subtitles for Louise’s line.

- GARY:                   Het is niet wat u denkt.  
Het is het onderzoeksterrein van Baskerville.
- GARY:                   Het bestaat al iets van 80 jaar.  
Ik weet niet of iemand nog weet wat daar is.
- JOHN:                   Explosieven?  
GARY:                   -Niet alleen explosieven.
- GARY:                   Als je daar inbreekt mag je van geluk spreken  
als je alleen maar opgeblazen wordt.<sup>12</sup>
- GARY:                   Dus als u van plan was een ommetje te maken...  
JOHN:                   -Ik zal het onthouden.
- GARY:                   Het is niet zo best voor het toerisme,  
dus gelukkig hebben we die hellehond!
- GARY:                   Heeft u de documentaire gezien?  
JOHN:                   -Pas geleden, ja.
- GARY:                   God zegene Henry Knight en zijn helse monster.
- JOHN:                   Heeft u hem ooit gezien? De hond?
- GARY:                   Ik niet. Fletcher wel.
- GARY:                   Hij doet de rondleidingen voor de toeristen.  
Hij heeft ‘m gezien.
- JOHN:                   Dat is handig in zijn vak.
- GARY:                   Ik zeg net dat we een beetje overweldigd zijn, Billy.
- BILLY:                  Klopt, door al die monsterjagers.  
Het gaat zo snel tegenwoordig,
- BILLY:                  Eén bericht op Twitter en hup.
- BILLY:                  We hebben geen WKD<sup>13</sup> meer.
- GARY:                   Ø

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<sup>12</sup> Gary is not speaking directly to John, but rather about people in general. Therefore he uses the informal pronoun “je” instead of the more formal “u” in these lines.

<sup>13</sup> Vodka-based drink that is mainly popular in the UK – probably comparable in popularity and target group to Smirnoff Ice in the Netherlands. However, since it does not really matter in the context of the episode, I decided to leave the brand name as is.



BILLY: Met het monster en die verdomde gevangenis  
weet ik niet hoe we 's nachts nog kunnen slapen. Jij wel?

GARY: Als een baby.

BILLY: -Dat is niet waar. Hij snurkt.

BILLY: Snurkt die van jou?

JOHN: -Hebben jullie chips?

*(Nieuwe scène)*

FLETCHER: Ø

SHERLOCK: Mag ik erbij komen zitten?

SHERLOCK: Het is toch niet waar?

Je hebt 'm toch niet echt gezien, dat beest?

FLETCHER: Bent u journalist?

SHERLOCK: -Ik ben gewoon nieuwsgierig.

SHERLOCK: Heb je 'm gezien?

FLETCHER: -Misschien.

SHERLOCK: Heb je bewijs?

FLETCHER: Waarom zou ik dat aan u vertellen?

Neem me niet kwalijk.

JOHN: Ik heb Henry gebeld-

SHERLOCK: -De weddenschap gaat niet door, sorry.

JOHN: Ø

FLETCHER: Weddenschap?

SHERLOCK: Voor mijn plan moet het donker zijn.

We hebben denk ik nog een half uur licht...

FLETCHER: Wacht, wat voor weddenschap?

SHERLOCK: Ik had met John om 50 pond gewed

dat je geen bewijs had voor het zien van die hond.

JOHN: Ja, die kerels van de bar zeiden van wel.

FLETCHER: Jij gaat je geld verliezen vriend.

SHERLOCK: Ø

- FLETCHER: Ik heb 'm gezien. Ongeveer een maand geleden, bij de Hollow.
- FLETCHER: Het was mistig, dus ik zag het niet heel goed.
- SHERLOCK: Juist. Geen getuigen, neem ik aan?
- FLETCHER: Nee, maar –
- SHERLOCK: -Die zijn er nooit.
- FLETCHER: Wacht. Kijk.
- SHERLOCK: Is dat het? Dat is toch geen bewijs? Sorry John, ik win.
- FLETCHER: Wacht, wacht, dat is niet alles.
- FLETCHER: Mensen gaan niet graag naar de Hollow, weet je.
- FLETCHER: Het geeft ze een naar gevoel.
- SHERLOCK: Spookt het? Moet dat me overtuigen?
- FLETCHER: Doe niet zo dom. Zo zit het niet...
- FLETCHER: maar ik durf te wedden dat er wel iets is,
- FLETCHER: iets wat ontsnapt is uit Baskerville.
- SHERLOCK: Een kloon, een superhond?
- FLETCHER: -Misschien.
- FLETCHER: Joost mag weten waar ze ons hier al die jaren aan hebben blootgesteld.
- FLETCHER: Ik vertrouw ze voor geen meter.
- SHERLOCK: -Is dat het beste wat je hebt?
- FLETCHER: Ik had een vriend bij het Ministerie van Defensie<sup>14</sup>.
- FLETCHER: We zouden een keer een weekend gaan vissen maar hij kwam pas veel later opdagen.
- FLETCHER: Hij was zo wit als een doek.
- FLETCHER: Ik zie hem zo weer voor me.

---

<sup>14</sup> Here I applied the strategy which Grit calls “benadering” (“approach”). Using this translation strategy means you replace a term with a similar expression in the TT (Grit 192). The British Ministry of Defence may not be the exact same as the Dutch Ministerie van Defensie, but they are similar enough in this context.

- FLETCHER: “Ik heb vandaag dingen gezien”, zei hij,  
“die ik nooit meer wil zien. Vreselijke dingen.”
- FLETCHER: Hij was op één of andere geheime legerbasis geweest,  
Porton Down of Baskerville of ergens anders.
- FLETCHER: In de supergeheime laboratoria had hij  
vreselijke dingen gezien, zei hij.
- FLETCHER: Ratten zo groot als honden...
- FLETCHER: en honden...
- FLETCHER: Honden zo groot als paarden.
- JOHN: We hadden vijftig gezegd toch?
- JOHN: Bedankt.
- (Nieuwe scène)*
- BEWAKER: Pas, alstublieft.
- BEWAKER: Dank u wel.
- JOHN: Je hebt papieren voor Baskerville. Hoe?  
SHERLOCK: -Niet speciaal voor deze plek.
- SHERLOCK: Ze zijn van mijn broer.  
Volledige toegang.
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb ze al eeuwen geleden...
- SHERLOCK: verkregen, gewoon voor de zekerheid.
- JOHN: Fantastisch.  
SHERLOCK: -Wat is er?
- JOHN: We worden betrappt.  
SHERLOCK: -Niet waar. Niet meteen-
- JOHN: Binnen vijf minuten. “Hallo, we dachten,  
we komen even rondwandelen...
- JOHN: op jullie supergeheime legerbasis.”
- JOHN: “Wat geweldig, kom binnen,  
de thee is net klaar<sup>15</sup>!”

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<sup>15</sup> The ST reads “*kettle’s just boiled*”. A literal translation would be something along the lines of “*het water heeft net gekookt*”. However, this does not sound like anything any Dutch person would ever say in this context.

- JOHN: Als we tenminste niet worden neergeschoten.
- BEWAKER: In orde. Dank u wel meneer.
- SHERLOCK: Ø
- BEWAKER: Rechtdoor meneer.
- JOHN: Mycroft's naam opent deuren - letterlijk!  
SHERLOCK: -Dat zei ik toch. Hij is de overheid.
- SHERLOCK: Ik schat dat we ongeveer twintig minuten hebben voor ze merken dat er iets mis is.
- LYONS: Wat is er aan de hand? Zijn er problemen?  
SHERLOCK: -"Zijn er problemen meneer."
- LYONS: Ja meneer, sorry meneer.  
SHERLOCK: -U verwachtte ons?
- LYONS: We zagen meteen dat u er was, meneer Holmes. Korporaal Lyons, beveiliging. Zijn er problemen?
- SHERLOCK: Ik hoop het niet, korporaal.
- LYONS: We krijgen hier gewoon nooit inspecties. Dat gebeurt gewoon niet.
- JOHN: Ooit gehoord van een steekproef? Kapitein John Watson, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.
- LYONS: Meneer. Majoor Barrymore zal niet blij zijn. Hij wil u beiden zien.
- JOHN: Ik ben bang dat we daar geen tijd voor hebben. We moeten direct aan de volledige rondleiding beginnen.
- JOHN: Dat is een bevel, korporaal.  
LYONS: -Ja meneer.
- SHERLOCK: Leuk detail.  
JOHN: -Dat<sup>16</sup> heb ik al eeuwen niet meer gedaan.

---

Because John implies that the water has just boiled for tea, I decided to translate it into the much more natural sounding *"de thee is net klaar"*.

<sup>16</sup> In the ST, John says *"Haven't pulled rank in ages"*, referring to him saying he is an army captain (and thus, higher in rank than a corporal). The only translations I found for this idiom in Dutch were *"misbruik maken van zijn macht"* (*"abusing his power"*), which I found too strong in this situation, or *"op zijn strepen staan"*. This second translation would create a very strange, unnatural sentence in Dutch (*"Ik heb al eeuwen niet meer op mijn*

SHERLOCK: Heb je ervan genoten?  
 JOHN: -Zeker weten.

SHERLOCK: Hoeveel dieren houden jullie hier beneden?  
 LYONS: -Een heleboel.

SHERLOCK: Is er ooit één ontsnapt?

LYONS: Dan zouden ze weten hoe ze de lift moeten gebruiken.  
 Zo slim fokken we ze ook weer niet.

SHERLOCK: Tenzij ze hulp hebben.

FRANKLAND: En wie zijn jullie?  
 LYONS: -Sorry dokter Frankland, ik leid deze heren even rond.

FRANKLAND: Nieuwe gezichten, leuk.

FRANKLAND: Pas maar op dat je hier niet voor altijd blijft.  
 Ik kwam hier alleen een kraan repareren!

JOHN: Hoe ver gaat die lift naar beneden?  
 LYONS: -Een heel eind.

JOHN: En wat is daar?  
 LYONS: -We moeten het afval ergens bewaren. Deze kant op.

JOHN: Dus wat doen jullie hier precies?

LYONS: Ik dacht dat u dat wel zou weten,  
 aangezien dit een inspectie is.

JOHN: Ik ben geen expert.

LYONS: Van alles. Van stamcelonderzoek  
 tot het genezen van verkoudheid.

JOHN: Maar vooral wapens?  
 LYONS: -In één of andere vorm, ja.

JOHN: Biologisch, chemisch?  
 LYONS: -De ene oorlog is nog niet voorbij of er begint een nieuwe.

LYONS: Nieuwe vijanden om tegen te vechten.  
 We moeten overal op voorbereid zijn.

STAPLETON: Laten we de volgende keer Harlow 3 proberen.

---

*strepn gestaan*”). Therefore I decided to merely use the demonstrative pronoun “*dat*” (“*that*”) to refer to John’s pulling rank.

LYONS: Dokter Stapleton.

STAPLETON: Wie zijn dit?

LYONS: Hoogste prioriteit, mevrouw.  
Bevelen van bovenaf. Een inspectie.

STAPLETON: Echt waar?

SHERLOCK: We horen volledige medewerking te krijgen.  
Wat is uw rol op Baskerville?

STAPLETON: Ø

JOHN: Volledige medewerking, was dat niet het idee?

STAPLETON: Dat kan ik niet zeggen.  
Staatsgeheimen.

SHERLOCK: Dat kunt u wel.  
En ik raad u aan dat ook te doen.

STAPLETON: Ik heb veel vingers in de pap<sup>17</sup>.

STAPLETON: Ik gooi graag dingen door elkaar, vooral genen.  
Af en toe echte vingers.

SHERLOCK: Stapleton. Ik wist dat ik uw naam kende.

STAPLETON: -Dat betwijfel ik.

SHERLOCK: Mensen zeggen dat toeval niet bestaat.  
Wat moeten hun levens saai zijn.

*(Sherlock laat een briefje zien met daarop het woord "Bluebell")*

STAPLETON: Heeft u met mijn dochter gepraat?

SHERLOCK: -Waarom moest Bluebell dood, dokter Stapleton?

JOHN: Het konijn?

SHERLOCK: Verdwenen uit een dicht konijnenhok, heel verdacht.

JOHN: Het konijn?

SHERLOCK: Het werk van een bekende.

STAPLETON: -Denkt u dat?

---

<sup>17</sup> The ST says "I have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies". I decided to use a similar expression that also featured the word "vingers" ("fingers"), not only to preserve the imagery but also to be able to keep the joke in Stapleton's next line; "I like to mix things up – genes, mostly; now and again actual fingers."

SHERLOCK:            Waarom?  
                          Omdat hij licht gaf in het donker?

STAPLETON:           Ik heb geen idee waar u het over heeft.  
                          Wie bent u?

SHERLOCK:            We hebben genoeg gezien korporaal.  
                          Hartelijk bedankt.

LYONS:  
SHERLOCK:            Is dat alles?  
                          Dat is alles.

SHERLOCK:            Deze kant op, toch?

STAPLETON:           Wacht eens even!

JOHN:                 Hebben we op een militaire basis ingebroken  
                          om een konijn te onderzoeken?

*(Sherlock krijgt een SMS)*

SMS:                    Waar ben je mee bezig? M

SHERLOCK:            Drieëntwintig minuten.  
                          Mycroft wordt traag.

FRANKLAND:           Hallo... alweer.

LYONS:                 Ø

BARRYMORE:           Dit is schandalig!  
                          Waarom ben ik niet ingelicht?

JOHN:                 Majoor Barrymore, toch? Heel goed.  
                          We zijn erg onder de indruk, toch?

SHERLOCK:            Ontzettend.

*(Sherlock krijgt weer een SMS)*

SMS:                    Wat is er aan de hand Sherlock? M

BARRYMORE:           Dit soort bureaucratische onzin  
                          hoort niet op Baskerville.

SHERLOCK:  
BARRYMORE:           Het spijt me, majoor.  
                          -Inspecties?

SHERLOCK:            Nieuw beleid.  
                          Jullie moeten ooit gecontroleerd worden.

SHERLOCK: God weet wat jullie hier zouden uitspoken.  
Doorlopen.

LYONS: Meneer! De legitimatiepapieren kloppen niet.  
BARRYMORE: -Wat?

LYONS: Ik werd net gebeld.  
BARRYMORE: -Is dat zo? Wie zijn jullie?

JOHN: Er is duidelijk een fout gemaakt.

BARRYMORE: Duidelijk niet, Mycroft Holmes.

JOHN: Computerfout, majoor.  
Komt allemaal in het rapport.

BARRYMORE: Wat is hier verdomme aan de hand?

FRANKLAND: Het is in orde, majoor.  
Ik weet precies wie deze heren zijn.

BARRYMORE: Ø

FRANKLAND: Ik herkende hem eerst niet,  
maar ik had meneer Holmes hier niet verwacht.

FRANKLAND: Goed je weer te zien, Mycroft.

FRANKLAND: Ik heb meneer Holmes ontmoet  
op de WHO-conferentie in...

FRANKLAND: Brussel, geloof ik?

SHERLOCK: Wenen.

FRANKLAND: Juist, Wenen.

FRANKLAND: Dit is Mycroft Holmes, majoor.  
Er is duidelijk een fout gemaakt.

BARRYMORE: Op uw verantwoordelijkheid, dokter Frankland.

FRANKLAND: Ik zal ze uitlaten, korporaal.  
LYONS: -Prima, meneer.

SHERLOCK: Dank u wel.

FRANKLAND: Dit gaat over Henry Knight hè?

FRANKLAND: Dat dacht ik al.



- FRANKLAND: Ik wist dat hij hulp zocht...
- FRANKLAND: maar ik had niet verwacht dat hij naar Sherlock Holmes zou gaan!
- FRANKLAND: Geen zorgen, ik weet wie u bent. Ik zit constant op uw website.
- FRANKLAND: Ik mis alleen de pet nog.
- SHERLOCK: Dat was mijn pet niet.
- FRANKLAND: Ik herken hem nauwelijks zonder die pet!
- SHERLOCK: Dat was mijn pet niet!
- FRANKLAND: Ik ben ook fan van uw blog, dokter Watson.
- JOHN: Ø
- FRANKLAND: Dat Roze gebeuren en die ene over de aluminium kruk!
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Kent u Henry Knight?
- FRANKLAND: Ik kende zijn vader beter. Hij had allerlei gekke theorieën over Baskerville.
- FRANKLAND: Maar hij was een goede vriend.
- FRANKLAND: Luister, ik kan nu niet echt praten.
- FRANKLAND: Hier is mijn mobiele nummer<sup>18</sup>. Bel me als ik kan helpen met Henry.
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb het nooit gevraagd, maar wat doet u hier eigenlijk precies?
- FRANKLAND: Ik zou het u graag vertellen, maar dan zou ik u moeten vermoorden.
- SHERLOCK: Ik zou u het graag zien proberen.
- SHERLOCK: Vertel eens wat over dokter Stapleton.

---

<sup>18</sup> Frankland calls his mobile telephone number his “*cell number*”, which later turns out to be an important choice of words as “*cell number*” is American English. Unfortunately, it is not possible to show this in the subtitle.

FRANKLAND: Spreek nooit kwaad over collega's.  
SHERLOCK: -Maar u spreekt ook geen goed over haar.

FRANKLAND: Daar lijkt het wel op hè?

SHERLOCK: Ik neem contact met u op.

FRANKLAND: Prima.

JOHN: En?

SHERLOCK: Ø

JOHN: Wat was dat met dat konijn?

*(Sherlock doet zijn kraag omhoog)*

JOHN: Kunnen we dat een keer niet doen?

SHERLOCK: -Wat doen?

JOHN: Dat mysterieuze gedoe met je jukbeenderen en je kraag omhoog zodat je er stoer uitziet.

SHERLOCK: Dat doe ik helemaal niet.

JOHN: -Echt wel.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

JOHN: Dus, het mailtje van Kirsty.  
Het vermiste, lichtgevende konijn.

SHERLOCK: Kirsty Stapleton, van wie de moeder gespecialiseerd is in genetische manipulatie.

JOHN: Door haar gaf het konijn van haar dochter licht in het donker.

SHERLOCK: Waarschijnlijk een fluorescerend gen, toegevoegd aan het DNA van het specimen.

SHERLOCK: Heel eenvoudig tegenwoordig.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Dus we weten dat dokter Stapleton geheime genetische experimenten uitvoert met dieren.

SHERLOCK: De vraag is, heeft ze gewerkt aan iets wat dodelijker is dan een konijn?

JOHN: Eerlijk is eerlijk,  
dat is nogal een breed spectrum.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

SHERLOCK: Ø

HENRY: Hallo, kom binnen.

JOHN: Dit is...

JOHN: Ben je... rijk?

HENRY: Ja.

JOHN: -Juist.

HENRY: Het zijn een paar woorden  
die ik steeds weer voor me zie.

HENRY: Liberty.

JOHN: Ø

HENRY: Liberty en in.

HENRY: Dat is alles.  
Ben je daar klaar mee?

JOHN: Zegt jou dat iets?

SHERLOCK: 'Liberty in death', is dat geen uitdrukking?  
De dood, de enige ware vrijheid.

HENRY: Wat nu?

JOHN: Sherlock heeft een plan.

SHERLOCK: Ja.

HENRY: -Juist.

SHERLOCK: We nemen je mee naar de hei.

HENRY: Ø

SHERLOCK: En dan kijken we of je aangevallen wordt.

JOHN: Wat?

SHERLOCK: Dat zet de boel wel op scherp.

HENRY: 's Nachts?

HENRY: Je wilt dat ik daar 's nachts naartoe ga?

JOHN: Dat is je plan?

JOHN: Geniaal.

SHERLOCK: Heb jij een beter idee?

JOHN: -Dat is geen plan.

SHERLOCK: Luister, als er daar buiten een monster is,  
staat ons maar één ding te doen:

SHERLOCK: Uitzoeken waar het woont.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

*(John blijft alleen achter op de hei, waar hij de morse-code "UMQRA" opschrijft)*

SHERLOCK: We kwamen nog een vriend van je tegen.

HENRY: Ø

SHERLOCK: Dokter Frankland.

HENRY: Oh, Bob, ja.

SHERLOCK: Hij leek nogal bezorgd over je te zijn.

HENRY: -Hij is een piekeraar.

HENRY: Hij is heel aardig voor me geweest sinds ik terug ben.

SHERLOCK: Hij kende je vader.

HENRY: Ø

SHERLOCK: Maar hij werkt op Baskerville.  
Had je vader daar geen moeite mee?

HENRY: Vrienden zijn vrienden, toch?  
Ik bedoel, kijk naar jou en John.

SHERLOCK: Wat is er met ons?

HENRY: Ik bedoel, hij is behoorlijk rechte doorzee en jij...

HENRY: Ze praatten nooit over het werk,  
oom Bob en m'n vader.

HENRY: Ø

*(De hond verschijnt)*

HENRY: O mijn god. Zag je dat?

JOHN: Hoorde je dat?

HENRY: We hebben hem gezien.

SHERLOCK: Nee. Ik heb niets gezien.

HENRY: Wat? Waar heb je het over?

SHERLOCK: Ik heb niets gezien.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

HENRY: Hij moet hem gezien hebben.  
Ik zag hem ook. Het moet gewoon.

HENRY: Waarom?

HENRY: Waarom zou hij dat zeggen?  
Hij was er, hij was er echt.

JOHN: Henry, je moet even gaan zitten,  
probeer rustig te worden, alsjeblieft.

JOHN: Ik zal je een slaapmiddel geven, goed?

HENRY: Dit is goed nieuws John. Echt goed.

HENRY: Ik ben niet gek. Er is echt een hond.

HENRY: En Sherlock heeft hem ook gezien,  
wat hij ook zegt. Hij heeft hem gezien.

JOHN: Nou, hij is er slecht aan toe.

JOHN: Compleet overtuigd dat er op de hei  
een gemuteerde superhond rondzwerft.

JOHN: En dat is niet zo, toch?

JOHN: Als ze gemuteerde superhonden konden maken,  
zouden we dat weten.

JOHN: Ze zouden te koop zijn,  
zo werken die dingen.

- JOHN: Ik zag iemand seinen op de hei.  
In morse, denk ik.
- JOHN: Het lijkt niet erg logisch te zijn.
- JOHN: U.M.Q.R.A.  
Zegt jou dat iets?
- JOHN: Oké, wat hebben we?
- JOHN: De voetafdrukken die gevonden zijn  
door Henry en de gids.
- JOHN: We hebben allemaal iets gehoord.
- JOHN: Misschien moeten we gewoon kijken  
wie er een grote hond heeft.
- SHERLOCK: Henry heeft gelijk.
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb hem ook gezien.
- JOHN: Wat?  
HENRY: -Ik heb hem ook gezien.
- JOHN: Wacht eens even, wat heb je gezien?  
SHERLOCK: Een hond, in de Hollow.
- SHERLOCK: Een gigantische hond.
- JOHN: Sherlock, wees rationeel.
- JOHN: Jij kunt al helemaal niet...  
Laten we bij de feiten blijven, oké?
- SHERLOCK: Als je al het onmogelijke hebt weggestreept,  
moet wat overblijft, hoe onwaarschijnlijk ook, waar zijn.
- JOHN: Wat wil dat zeggen?
- SHERLOCK: Kijk naar me. Ik ben bang, John.
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Ik kan normaal altijd afstand houden,  
me afsluiten van gevoelens.
- SHERLOCK: Maar kijk, mijn lichaam verraadt me.

SHERLOCK: Interessant, emoties.

SHERLOCK: Het vuiltje aan de lucht,  
het addertje onder het gras.

JOHN: Prima, Spock, doe maar rustig.

JOHN: Je bent nogal gespannen de laatste tijd,  
dat weet je.

JOHN: Ik denk dat je je vanavond  
gewoon een beetje druk maakt.

SHERLOCK: Ik maak me druk?  
JOHN: -Het was donker en eng.

SHERLOCK: Ik? Er is niks mis met mij!

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Er is niks mis met me! Begrijp je dat?

SHERLOCK: Wil je dat ik het bewijs?

SHERLOCK: We zoeken een hond, een grote hond,  
dat is jouw briljante theorie.

SHERLOCK: Goed, uitstekend, waar zullen we beginnen?

SHERLOCK: De sentimentele weduwe en haar zoon,  
de werkloze visser. Het antwoord is ja.

JOHN: Ja?

SHERLOCK: Ze heeft een West Highland terriër, Whisky.  
Niet echt wat we zoeken.

JOHN: In hemelsnaam Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: De trui die hij aanheeft is nauwelijks gedragen.  
Hij voelt zich er niet lekker in.

SHERLOCK: Misschien komt het door het materiaal,  
waarschijnlijk door het afgrijselijke patroon.

SHERLOCK: Een kerstcadeau, waarschijnlijk.

SHERLOCK: Dus hij wil bij z'n moeder  
in een goed blaadje komen te staan.





- SHERLOCK: maar geen haren boven haar knieën,  
dus een kleine hond, een terriër.
- SHERLOCK: En dat klopt, een West Highland terriër  
genaamd Whisky.
- SHERLOCK: ‘Hoe weet je dat in godsnaam Sherlock?’  
Ze zat in de zelfde trein als wij en ze riep hem.
- SHERLOCK: Dat is niet vals spelen, dat is luisteren.
- SHERLOCK: Ik gebruik mijn zintuigen,  
in tegenstelling tot anderen.
- SHERLOCK: Dus zoals je ziet, het gaat prima met me.
- SHERLOCK: Laat me met rust.
- JOHN: Waarom zou je naar mij luisteren,  
ik ben je vriend maar.
- SHERLOCK: Ik heb geen vrienden.
- JOHN: Ik vraag me af waarom.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

*(Henry ziet de woorden “Liberty In” voor zich)*

*(Nieuwe scène)*

- VROUW: Nu doet u het weer!
- MAN: Ik blijf steeds hangen met m’n riem!
- JOHN: Ø

*(John krijgt een SMS)*

- SMS: Henry’s therapeut zit momenteel  
in Cross Keys café.

*(John stuurt eens SMS terug)*

- JOHN: Dus?

*(John krijgt weer een SMS)*

- SMS: Ondervraag haar?

*(John stuurt een SMS terug)*

JOHN:                    Waarom zou ik?

*(Er komt een waarschuwing in beeld)*

WAARSCHUWING: Afbeelding downloaden.

JOHN:                    Oh, je bent een slecht man.

*[Scène tussen John en Louise Mortimer, niet ondertiteld]*

*(Nieuwe scène vanaf 00:50:02)*

*(Sherlock kijkt uit over de hei)*

*(Nieuwe scène)*

SHERLOCK:            Goedemorgen!  
Hoe voel je je?

HENRY:                Ik heb niet zo goed geslapen.

SHERLOCK:            Wat jammer. Zal ik koffiezetten?  
Kijk, je hebt een vochtplek.

HENRY:                Luister, over gisteravond.

HENRY:                Waarom zei je dat je niets gezien had?  
Ik bedoel, ik zag die hond maar even, maar-

SHERLOCK:            ‘Hound’.

HENRY:                -Wat?

SHERLOCK:            Waarom noem je het een ‘hound’?

HENRY:                -Wat bedoel je?

SHERLOCK:            Vreemde woordkeuze, ouderwets.  
Daarom heb ik de zaak aangenomen.

SHERLOCK:            ‘Meneer Holmes, het waren de voetafdrukken  
van een gigantische “hound”.’ Waarom ‘hound’?

HENRY:                Ik weet het niet-

SHERLOCK:            Ik sla de koffie even over.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

SHERLOCK:            Heeft die morse nog wat opgeleverd?

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: U.M.Q.R.A was het toch?

JOHN: Niets.

JOHN: Vergeet het, het was niets.  
SHERLOCK: -Zeker weten?

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: En Louise Mortimer?  
Heeft dat nog wat opgeleverd?

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Jammer. Ook geen informatie?  
JOHN: -Probeer je grappig te zijn?

SHERLOCK: Om het ijs te breken.

JOHN: Grappig past niet bij je, blijf maar ijzig.

SHERLOCK: Ø

JOHN: Het is al goed.  
SHERLOCK: -Nee, wacht.

SHERLOCK: Wat er gisteravond met me gebeurde  
heb ik nog nooit meegemaakt.

JOHN: Ja dat zei je. Sherlock Holmes was bang.  
SHERLOCK: -Nee, het was meer.

SHERLOCK: Ik twijfelde.

SHERLOCK: Ik heb altijd kunnen vertrouwen op mijn zintuigen,  
op wat ik zag, tot gisteravond.

JOHN: Je gelooft toch niet echt  
dat je een soort monster hebt gezien?

SHERLOCK: Dat geloof ik ook niet.  
Maar ik zag het wel, dus de vraag is: hoe?

JOHN: Je hebt een aanknopingspunt.  
Succes ermee.

SHERLOCK: Ik meende het, wat ik eerder zei.

SHERLOCK: Ik heb geen vrienden.

SHERLOCK: Ik heb er maar één.

JOHN: Juist.

SHERLOCK: Ø

SHERLOCK: Je bent fantastisch, geweldig!  
JOHN: -Je hoeft niet te overdrijven.

SHERLOCK: Je bent geen groot licht,  
maar als geleider van licht ben je niet te kloppen.

JOHN: Bedankt. Wat?

SHERLOCK: Mensen die niet geniaal zijn,  
kunnen het genie in anderen stimuleren.

JOHN: Daarnet zei je nog sorry.  
Verpest het nou niet.

JOHN: Wat voor stimulerends heb ik gedaan?

SHERLOCK: Wat als het geen woord is,  
maar individuele letters?

JOHN: Denk je dat het een acroniem is?  
SHERLOCK: Geen idee, maar

SHERLOCK: Wat doe jij in godsnaam hier?

LESTRADE: Ook goed om jou weer te zien.  
Ik ben op vakantie.

SHERLOCK: Dat geloof ik niet.

LESTRADE: Hallo John!  
JOHN: Ø

LESTRADE: Ik hoorde dat jullie in de buurt waren.  
Wat doen jullie hier?

LESTRADE: Achter die hellehond aan, zoals op tv?

SHERLOCK: Ik wacht op een verklaring, inspecteur.  
Waarom bent u hier?

LESTRADE: Zoals ik al zei, ik ben op vakantie.

SHERLOCK: U bent hartstikke bruin,  
u hebt uw vakanties al gehad.

LESTRADE: Misschien wilde ik er nog wel één.

SHERLOCK: Dit komt door Mycroft.  
LESTRADE: -Nee, kijk...

SHERLOCK: Natuurlijk! Hij hoort 'Baskerville'  
en hij stuurt meteen z'n bewaker om me te bespioneren.

SHERLOCK: Noem je jezelf daarom Greg?

JOHN: Zo heet hij.  
SHERLOCK: -Echt waar?

LESTRADE: Ja, als je ooit de moeite had genomen  
om daar achter te komen.

LESTRADE: Luister, ik ben niet je bewaker.

LESTRADE: En ik doe niet alles wat je broer zegt.

JOHN: Jij bent precies wat we nodig hebben.  
SHERLOCK: Waarom?

JOHN: Ik heb niet stilgezeten.  
Ik heb iets gevonden.

JOHN: Ik wist niet of het belangrijk was,  
maar het begint erop te lijken van wel.

JOHN: Dat is een behoorlijke hoeveelheid vlees  
voor een vegetarisch restaurant.

SHERLOCK: Uitstekend.

JOHN: Een grote boze inspecteur van Scotland Yard  
die wat telefoontjes kan plegen.

JOHN: Dat komt nu wel van pas.

*[Scène waarin Lestrade Gary en Billy ondervraagt, niet ondertiteld]*

*(Nieuwe scène vanaf 00:56:42)*

JOHN: Hij is eigenlijk heel blij dat je er bent.  
Stiekem.

LESTRADE: Mooi zo. Hij vindt het vast prettig,  
alle bekende gezichten om hem heen.

LESTRADE: Is ook aantrekkelijk voor z'n...

JOHN: Asperger?

LESTRADE: Geloven jullie dat ze die hond hebben afgemaakt?  
SHERLOCK: -Ik zie niet in waarom niet.

LESTRADE: Hopelijk heeft het geen kwaad gedaan.

LESTRADE: Ik zou niet weten waarvoor  
ik ze zou moeten aanklagen.

LESTRADE: Ik ga met de plaatselijke politie praten.

LESTRADE: Dus dat is dat. Ik geniet hiervan.

LESTRADE: Lekker om Londen uit je longen te krijgen.

JOHN: Dus dat was hun hond,  
die mensen op de hei gezien hebben?

SHERLOCK: Schijnbaar.

JOHN: Maar dat is niet wat jij gezien hebt.  
Dat was geen gewone hond.

SHERLOCK: Nee. Hij was gigantisch,  
hij had rode ogen en hij gloeide.

SHERLOCK: Zijn hele lichaam gloeide.

SHERLOCK: Ik heb een theorie, maar om die te testen  
moet ik Baskerville binnen zien te komen.

JOHN: Hoe? Je kunt die papieren niet nog eens gebruiken.

SHERLOCK: Misschien is dat niet nodig.

*(aan de telefoon)*  
SHERLOCK: Hallo broertjelief.  
Hoe gaat het met jou?

*[Scène waarin Sherlock en John opnieuw het terrein van Baskerville betreden, niet ondertiteld]*

*(Nieuwe scène vanaf 00:58:40)*

BARRYMORE: Natuurlijk wil ik dat.

BARRYMORE: Natuurlijk wil ik u onbeperkte toegang geven tot het gebouw, waarom niet?

SHERLOCK: Het is een simpel verzoek, majoor.  
BARRYMORE: -Ik heb nog nooit zoiets bizars gehoord.

SHERLOCK: U moet me 24 uur geven.  
Daarover heb ik onderhandeld.

BARRYMORE: En geen seconde langer.

BARRYMORE: Ik moet dit bevel misschien opvolgen, maar ik hoef het niet leuk vinden.

BARRYMORE: Ik weet ook niet wat u verwacht te vinden.

SHERLOCK: Misschien de waarheid.  
BARRYMORE: -Waarover?

BARRYMORE: Ik begrijp het al.  
Ik had het moeten zien aan de jas.

BARRYMORE: U bent er zo eentje van de complotten.

BARRYMORE: Ga maar op zoek naar de monsters, de dodelijke stralen, de aliens.

SHERLOCK: Heeft u die?

SHERLOCK: Ik vroeg het me gewoon af.

BARRYMORE: Een paar, neergestort in de jaren 60.  
We noemen ze Abbott en Costello.

BARRYMORE: Succes, meneer Holmes.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

*(Henry heeft een flashback naar rode, gloeiende ogen)*

*[Scène waarin John wordt opgesloten in één van de laboratoria, niet compleet ondertiteld]*

*(Zelfde scène, ondertiteld vanaf 01:06:13)*

SHERLOCK: Gaat het?

JOHN: Jezus Christus. Het was de hond Sherlock, hij was hier, ik zweer het.

JOHN: Hij moet-

JOHN: Heb je hem gezien? Dat moet wel!

SHERLOCK: Het is goed. Alles is in orde nu.  
JOHN: -Nee het is niet in orde!

JOHN: Ik heb hem gezien. Ik zat fout!

SHERLOCK: Laten we geen voorbarige conclusies trekken.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Wat heb je gezien?  
JOHN: -Dat zei ik al, ik zag de hond.

SHERLOCK: Gigantisch, rode ogen?  
Gloeiend?

SHERLOCK: Dat gloeien heb ik verzonnen.  
Je zag wat je verwachtte te zien.

SHERLOCK: Je bent gedrogeerd. Wij allemaal.  
Kun je lopen?

JOHN: Natuurlijk kan ik lopen.  
SHERLOCK: Kom op dan. Tijd om deze geest te bezweren.

*[Scène tussen Sherlock en Dr. Stapleton, niet ondertiteld]*

*(Nieuwe scène, ondertiteld vanaf 01:07:41)*

STAPLETON: Weet u zeker dat het goed gaat?

STAPLETON: U ziet nogal bleek.  
JOHN: -Het gaat wel.

STAPLETON: Het was het GFP gen van een kwal,  
mocht u geïnteresseerd zijn.

JOHN: Ø

STAPLETON: In de konijnen.

STAPLETON: Aequoria Victoria, als u het echt weten wilt.

JOHN: Waarom?  
STAPLETON: -Waarom niet?

STAPLETON: Dat soort vragen stellen we hier niet.



STAPLETON: Er ging iets mis. Mijn dochter kreeg per ongeluk één van de proefdieren, dus die arme Bluebell moest weg.

JOHN: Uw empathie is overweldigend.  
STAPLETON: -Ik weet het. Soms haat ik mezelf.

JOHN: Kom maar op. U kunt me vertrouwen, ik ben dokter. Wat houden jullie hier nog meer verborgen?

STAPLETON: Luister, als je het kunt verzinnen, is er vast iemand ergens mee bezig. Natuurlijk.

JOHN: Klonen?  
STAPLETON: -Uiteraard. Dolly het schaap, weet u nog?

JOHN: Menselijke klonen?  
STAPLETON: -Waarom niet?

JOHN: En dieren? Geen schapen.

JOHN: Grote dieren.

STAPLETON: Het formaat is geen probleem.

STAPLETON: Er zijn alleen morele en wettelijke grenzen, en die kunnen allebei heel flexibel zijn.

STAPLETON: Maar niet hier op Baskerville.

SHERLOCK: Ø

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Er zit niets in. Het is niet logisch.  
STAPLETON: -Wat verwachtte u te vinden?

SHERLOCK: Een drug, natuurlijk.

SHERLOCK: Het moet er wel zijn, een soort hallucinerend middel.

SHERLOCK: Maar geen spoor ervan in de suiker.

JOHN: Suiker?

SHERLOCK: Ø<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> In the ST, both John and Sherlock repeat the word “*sugar*” here. To comply by the rules by Hoek&Sonépouse I left out Sherlock’s line “*Yes, the sugar*” and instead combined the affirmative “*yes*” with the next line (“*Huisstijl Hoek&Sonépouse*”).

- SHERLOCK: Ja, een simpele eliminatie.
- SHERLOCK: Ik zag de hond, ik zag hem  
zoals mijn verbeelding hem verwachtte te zien.
- SHERLOCK: Een genetisch gemanipuleerd monster.
- SHERLOCK: Maar ik kon mijn ogen niet geloven,  
dus er waren zeven mogelijke verklaringen.
- SHERLOCK: Drugs was de meest waarschijnlijke.
- SHERLOCK: Henry Knight zag hem ook, maar jij niet.  
Jij zag hem niet.
- SHERLOCK: We hebben sinds we hier zijn  
exact hetzelfde gegeten en gedronken...
- SHERLOCK: behalve één ding: Jij drinkt geen suiker in je koffie.
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Ik nam de suiker uit Henry's keuken.  
Het is perfect in orde.
- JOHN: Misschien is het geen drug.  
SHERLOCK: Nee, het moet een drug zijn.
- SHERLOCK: Maar hoe hebben we het binnengekregen?
- SHERLOCK: Er moet iets zijn...
- SHERLOCK: Iets wat diep verborgen ligt.
- SHERLOCK: Ga weg.
- STAPLETON: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Ga weg. Ik moet naar mijn gedachtenpaleis.
- STAPLETON: Ø
- JOHN: Hij gaat voorlopig niet veel zeggen.  
We kunnen net zo goed gaan.
- STAPLETON: Zijn wat?  
JOHN: -Zijn gedachtenpaleis.
- JOHN: Het is een geheugentechniek,

- JOHN: een soort mentale kaart.  
Je maakt een kaart van een locatie,  
niet per se een echte plek...
- JOHN: en dan plaats je je herinneringen erin.
- JOHN: In theorie kan je nooit iets vergeten,  
je moet het alleen terugvinden.
- STAPLETON: Dus deze denkbeeldige locatie kan van alles zijn?  
Een huis, een straat?
- JOHN: Ø
- STAPLETON: Maar hij noemde het een paleis.  
JOHN: Dat past ook wel bij hem, toch?

*(Sherlock ziet allerlei woorden voor zich.<sup>20</sup> Uiteindelijk herinnert hij zich “Liberty, Indiana, H.O.U.N.D.”)*

*[Scène waarin Henry, in een vlaag van verstandsverbijstering, een pistool afvuurt in het bijzijn van Louise Mortimer, niet ondertiteld]*

*(Nieuwe scène vanaf 01:12:16)*

- SHERLOCK: Ø
- JOHN: Ja, ik doe het al.
- SHERLOCK: Project H.O.U.N.D.  
Ik moet er ooit over gelezen hebben.
- SHERLOCK: Een experiment van de CIA in Liberty, Indiana.

*(Dr. Stapleton typt haar gebruikersnaam en wachtwoord in.)*

SHERLOCK: Ø

*(Dr. Stapleton zoekt op “H.O.U.N.D.” Er verschijnt een tekst op het scherm)*

- TEKST: Geen toegang.
- STAPLETON: Tot zover mijn toegang, ben ik bang.
- JOHN: Er moet een wachtwoord zijn.
- STAPLETON: Dat lijkt mij ook,

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<sup>20</sup> I decided not to translate any of the words Sherlock finds in his mind palace, because almost all of them are either untranslatable (“*Liberty pattern*”), foreign expressions (“*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*”), become clear from the context (while the words “*Liberty Bell*” are shown, a bell sounds) or do not need to be translated because they are the same in Dutch (“*India*” and “*Indium*”).

- SHERLOCK: maar dat is van Majoor Barrymore.  
Een wachtwoord.
- SHERLOCK: Hij zat hier toen hij het verzon.  
Beschrijf hem voor me.
- STAPLETON: U heeft hem gezien-  
SHERLOCK: -Maar beschrijf hem eens.
- STAPLETON: Een slavendrijver, nostalgisch.
- STAPLETON: Het soort man dat uitzonden zou worden  
tijdens de Suezcrisis.
- SHERLOCK: Uitstekend. Ouderwets, traditioneel.  
Hij zou de namen van z'n kinderen niet gebruiken.
- SHERLOCK: Hij houdt van zijn werk, hij is er trots op.  
Dit is werk-gerelateerd, dus is er op ooghoogte?
- SHERLOCK: Boeken. Jane's Defence Weekly,  
de gebonden edities. Hannibal, Wellington, Rommel.
- SHERLOCK: Churchills *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*,  
alle vier delen. Churchill, hij is fan van Churchill.
- SHERLOCK: Exemplaar van *The Downing Street Years*,  
vijf verschillende biografieën van Thatcher.
- SHERLOCK: Midden van de jaren '80 zou ik zeggen.  
Vader en zoon, Barrymore senior.
- SHERLOCK: Medaille, Orde van Voorname Dienst<sup>21</sup>.
- JOHN: Qua datum zou ik zeggen,  
Falklands veteraan.
- SHERLOCK: Dan lijkt Thatcher waarschijnlijker dan Churchil.  
STAPLETON: -Dus dat is het wachtwoord?
- SHERLOCK: Nee, voor een man als majoor Barrymore  
voldoen alleen voornamen.

(Sherlock typt eerst "Margaret", bedenkt zich en typt dan "Maggie".)

TEKST: Goedgekeurd.

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<sup>21</sup> The ST says "*Distinguished Service Order*". Instead of looking for an equivalent Dutch medal or translating it literally, I found the Dutch translation on the Dutch Wikipedia page about this British medal of honour ("Orde van Voorname Dienst (Verenigd Koninkrijk)")

*(Er verschijnen teksten in beeld over project H.O.U.N.D.)*

- TEKST: Extreem beïnvloedbaar
- TEKST: Angst en stimulus
- TEKST: Geconditioneerde doodsangst
- TEKST: Verspreiding door de lucht
- STAPLETON: Ø
- TEKST: Paranoia
- TEKST: Enorme hersenbeschadigingen
- TEKST: Meervoudige moord
- JOHN: Ø
- SHERLOCK: Project H.O.U.N.D.
- SHERLOCK: Een nieuwe hallucinerende drug  
waardoor de gebruiker extreem beïnvloedbaar wordt.
- SHERLOCK: Ze wilden het gebruiken om personeelsdoelen  
uit te schakelen.
- SHERLOCK: De vijand compleet verwarren  
door middel van angst en stimulus...
- SHERLOCK: maar ze zijn gestopt in 1986.
- STAPLETON: Door het effect op de proefpersonen.
- SHERLOCK: En wat zij anderen aandeden.  
Langere blootstelling dreef ze tot waanzin...
- SHERLOCK: en maakte ze onbeheersbaar agressief.
- JOHN: Dus iemand is doorgedaan met experimenteren?
- SHERLOCK: In een poging het te verfijnen misschien,  
al twintig jaar.
- STAPLETON: Wie?
- JOHN: Zeggen die namen je iets?
- STAPLETON: -Nee, niets.
- SHERLOCK: Vijf hoofdwetenschappers,

SHERLOCK: twintig jaar geleden.  
Misschien staat onze vriend verder naar achteren.

SHERLOCK: Iemand die in 1986 oud genoeg was  
om er bij te zijn.

SHERLOCK: Misschien iemand die 'cell phone' zegt,  
omdat hij in Amerika heeft gewoond, weet je nog?

*(Flashback naar scène waarin Frankland zegt "Here's my cell number".)*

SHERLOCK: Hij heeft ons zijn nummer gegeven,  
mochten we hem nodig hebben.

STAPLETON: Ø

STAPLETON: Maar Bob werkt niet eens aan...  
Hij is viroloog, dit is chemische oorlogsvoering.

SHERLOCK: Maar daar is hij begonnen.

SHERLOCK: En hij is er nog altijd van overtuigd  
dat die drug echt kan werken.

SHERLOCK: Aardig dat hij ons z'n nummer heeft gegeven.  
Laten we wat afspreken.

*[Rest van de scène niet ondertiteld. John wordt gebeld door Louise Mortimer, die vertelt dat Henry weg is gegaan met een pistool]*

*(Nieuwe scène vanaf 01:17:11)*

HENRY: Het spijt me zo, pap.

SHERLOCK: Nee Henry, nee!

HENRY: Ga weg!  
JOHN: -Rustig Henry, relax.

HENRY: Ik weet wat ik ben, wat ik probeerde te doen!  
JOHN: -Leg het pistool neer. Het is goed.

HENRY: Nee, ik weet wat ik ben!  
SHERLOCK: -Dat geloof ik best.

SHERLOCK: Het is je allemaal heel zorgvuldig uitgelegd, toch?

HENRY: Ø

SHERLOCK: Iemand moest ervoor zorgen

- SHERLOCK: dat jij je mond hield...  
dat je een kind bleef,  
om de droom in stand te houden...
- SHERLOCK: omdat je het je begon te herinneren.
- SHERLOCK: Herinner het je nu,  
je moet het je herinneren.
- SHERLOCK: Wat is er hier gebeurd  
toen je nog een jongetje was?
- HENRY: Ik dacht dat het mijn vader te pakken had,  
de hond. Ik dacht...
- HENRY: Ik weet het niet meer!  
JOHN: -Nee, Henry, in godsnaam!
- SHERLOCK: Herinner het je.  
'Liberty In.'
- SHERLOCK: Twee woorden die een klein, bang jongetje  
twintig jaar geleden heeft gezien.
- SHERLOCK: De puzzelstukjes begonnen op hun plek te vallen,  
over wat er hier echt gebeurd is die nacht.
- SHERLOCK: Het was geen dier hè?  
Geen monster.
- SHERLOCK: Een man.

*(Henry herinnert zich wat er gebeurd is in de nacht dat zijn vader vermoord werd)*

- SHERLOCK: Je kon het niet aan,  
je was nog maar een kind.
- SHERLOCK: Dus je maakte er iets heel anders van.
- SHERLOCK: Maar toen begon je je het te herinneren,  
dus je moest worden gestopt.
- SHERLOCK: Tot waanzin gedreven,  
zodat niemand je zou geloven.
- LESTRADE: Ø
- JOHN: Het is goed.

HENRY: Maar we hebben de hond gisteravond gezien,  
we zagen hem!

SHERLOCK: Er was een hond.

SHERLOCK: Eentje die voetsporen achterliet en getuigen afschrikte,  
maar dat was maar een gewone hond.

SHERLOCK: We zagen hem zoals onze gedrogeerde hersenen wilden  
dat we hem zagen. Angst en stimulus, zo werkt het.

SHERLOCK: Maar er is nooit een monster geweest.

*(Er klinkt gehuil en er verschijnt een enorme hond)*

HENRY: Ø

JOHN: Greg, zie je dit?

LESTRADE: Ø

JOHN: Oké, hij is niet gedrogeerd, dus wat is dat?

JOHN: Wat is dat?

SHERLOCK: Oké, hij is er nog steeds.

SHERLOCK: Maar het is maar een gewone hond!

LESTRADE: Ø

*(Een man met een gasmasker voegt zich bij het gezelschap. Sherlock hallucineert en ziet het  
gezicht van zijn aartsvijand Jim Moriarty voor zich)*

SHERLOCK: Niet jij!

*(Hij trekt het gasmasker van het hoofd van de man en ziet dat het Bob Frankland is)*

SHERLOCK: De mist.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: De drug zit in de mist!

SHERLOCK: Verspreiding via de lucht,  
dat stond in die gegevens.

SHERLOCK: Project HOUND, het zit in de mist.  
Het is een chemisch mijnenveld.

*(De hond staat op het punt om aan te vallen)*



FRANKLAND: In hemelsnaam, maak hem af!

*(John schiet de hond neer)*

SHERLOCK: Kijk naar hem Henry.

HENRY: Ø

SHERLOCK: Kom op, kijk ernaar!

*(Henry kijkt naar de monsterlijke hond, die toch niet zo monsterlijk blijkt te zijn)*

HENRY: Het is gewoon...

*(Henry valt Bob Frankland aan)*

HENRY: Jij schoft! Twintig jaren van mijn leven die nergens op sloegen!

HENRY: Waarom heb je me niet gewoon vermoord?

SHERLOCK: Naar dode mannen wordt geluisterd.  
Hij moest meer doen dan je vermoorden.

SHERLOCK: Hij moest ervoor zorgen dat al je verhalen over je vader ongeloofwaardig leken...

SHERLOCK: en hij had alle middelen binnen handbereik.

SHERLOCK: Een chemisch mijnenveld.  
Druksensoren in de grond...

SHERLOCK: die je steeds opnieuw drogeerden  
als je hier kwam.

SHERLOCK: Moordwapen en plaats delict in één.

SHERLOCK: Bedankt voor deze zaak.  
Het was fantastisch.

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Ø

JOHN: Timing.

SHERLOCK: Niet goed?

HENRY: -Nee, het is in orde.

HENRY: Dit betekent dat mijn vader gelijk had.

HENRY: Hij was ergens achter gekomen.

HENRY: Daarom heb je hem vermoord!  
Omdat hij gelijk had.

HENRY: Hij betrapte je bij het experimenteren.

*(De hond gromt, iedereen schrikt en kijkt de andere kant op. Bob Frankland rent weg. De anderen achtervolgen hem)*

SHERLOCK: Ø

SHERLOCK: Het heeft geen zin, Frankland!

*(Frankland stapt op een mijn. Berustend tilt hij zijn voet op. Er is een ontploffing zichtbaar)*

*(Nieuwe scène)*

JOHN: Ø

SHERLOCK: Dus ze hebben hem niet laten inslapen, de hond.  
JOHN: -Ze konden zich er niet toe zetten, denk ik.

SHERLOCK: Ik snap het.  
JOHN: -Niet waar.

SHERLOCK: Nee. Sentiment?  
JOHN: -Sentiment.

JOHN: Wat gebeurde er met me in het lab?  
SHERLOCK: -Wilde je daar saus bij?

JOHN: Ik was niet bij de Hollow geweest,  
dus waarom hoorde ik die dingen daarbinnen?

JOHN: Angst en stimulus, zei je.

SHERLOCK: Je moet ergens anders gedrogeerd zijn,  
in het lab misschien.

SHERLOCK: Je hebt die oude leidingen gezien,  
zo lek als een mandje.

SHERLOCK: Die vervoerden het gas, dus... Ketchup of bruine-

JOHN: Wacht eens even, jij dacht dat het in de suiker zat.  
Je was er van overtuigd.

SHERLOCK: We moeten maar eens gaan.  
Over een half uur gaat er een trein, dus als je wilt...

JOHN: O god, jij was het.  
Jij hebt me in dat verdomde lab opgesloten.

SHERLOCK: Dat moest wel. Het was een experiment-  
JOHN: Een experiment? Ik heb doodsangsten uitgestaan!

SHERLOCK: Ik dacht dat de drug in de suiker zat,  
dus ik deed de suiker in je koffie.

SHERLOCK: Toen heb ik alles geregeld met majoor Barrymore.

SHERLOCK: Het was geheel wetenschappelijk,  
letterlijk onder lab-omstandigheden.

*[Flashback naar de scène waarin John opgesloten zat in het lab, nu vanuit Sherlock's oogpunt, niet vertaald]*

*(Vervolg van de scène vanaf 01:26:10)*

SHERLOCK: Ik wist wat voor effect het had op superieure hersenen,  
dus ik moest het uittesten op gemiddelde.

SHERLOCK: Je weet wat ik bedoel.

JOHN: Maar het zat niet in de suiker.

SHERLOCK: Nee, maar ik wist niet dat je al blootgesteld was  
aan het gas.

JOHN: Dus je zat fout.

SHERLOCK: Ø

JOHN: Het zat niet in de suiker, je zat fout.

SHERLOCK: -Een beetje.

SHERLOCK: Het zal niet meer gebeuren.

JOHN: Nog langetermijneffecten?

SHERLOCK: Als je alles hebt uitgescheiden  
word je vanzelf weer de oude. Wij allemaal.

JOHN: Ik denk dat ik dat al gedaan heb.

JOHN: Waar ga je heen?

SHERLOCK: Ik ben zo terug.  
SHERLOCK: Ik moet een man spreken over een hond.

*(Nieuwe scène)*

MYCROFT: Oké, laat hem maar gaan.

*(Moriarty wordt vrijgelaten. Overal in zijn cel staat de naam "Sherlock")*

*(Einde aflevering)*

**Source Text: “The Hounds of Baskerville”<sup>22</sup>**

GRACE: Oh, hello.

GRACE: Are you all right?

GRACE: What is it, dear? Are you lost?

*OPENING CREDITS.*

SHERLOCK: Well, that was tedious.

JOHN: You went on the Tube like that?!

SHERLOCK (*irritated*): None of the cabs would take me.

*(New scene)*

SHERLOCK (*impatiently*): Nothing?

JOHN: Military coup in Uganda.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

*(John chuckles in amusement when he sees something in one of the papers.)*

JOHN: Another photo of you with the, er ...

*(He points to a photograph of Sherlock wearing the deerstalker hat. Sherlock makes a disgusted noise. John moves on to another newspaper.)*

JOHN: Oh, um, Cabinet reshuffle.

SHERLOCK (*furiously*): Nothing of importance?

*(He slams the end of the harpoon onto the ground and roars with rage.)*

SHERLOCK: *Oh, God!*

*(He looks round at John intensely.)*

SHERLOCK: John, I need some. *Get me some.*

JOHN (*calmly*): No.

SHERLOCK (*intensely*): Get me some.

JOHN (*more loudly*): No. *(He points sternly at him.)* Cold turkey, we agreed, no matter what. *(Irritated, Sherlock leans the harpoon against the table.)*

JOHN: Anyway, you’ve paid everyone off, remember? No-one within a two mile radius’ll sell you any.

SHERLOCK: Stupid idea. Whose idea was that?

*(John looks round at him and clears his throat pointedly. Sherlock looks towards the door.)*

SHERLOCK (*shouting*): *Mrs Hudson!*

*(He starts hurling paperwork off the table, desperately searching for what he needs.)*

JOHN: Look, Sherlock, you’re doing really well. Don’t give up now.

SHERLOCK (*frantically as he continues his search*): Tell me where they are. Please. Tell me.

SHERLOCK: Please.

JOHN: Can’t help, sorry.

SHERLOCK: I’ll let you know next week’s lottery numbers.

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<sup>22</sup> This transcript was taken from a Livejournal page by Ariane Devere. It was checked against the episode by me, NAJO. Some of the scene descriptions have been edited or deleted to limit the length of the transcript.

*(John chuckles.)*

SHERLOCK *(exasperated)*: Oh, it was worth a try.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh!

SHERLOCK *(rummaging about in the fireplace and speaking almost sing-song)*: My secret supply. What have you done with my secret supply?

MRS HUDSON: Eh?

SHERLOCK: Cigarettes! What have you done with them? Where are they?

MRS HUDSON: You know you never let me touch your things!

*(She looks around at the mess.)*

MRS HUDSON: Ooh, chance would be a fine thing.

SHERLOCK *(standing up and facing her)*: I thought you weren't my housekeeper.

MRS HUDSON: I'm not.

MRS HUDSON: How about a nice cuppa, and perhaps you could put away your harpoon.

SHERLOCK: I need something *stronger* than tea. Seven percent stronger.

SHERLOCK: You've been to see Mr Chatterjee again.

MRS HUDSON: Pardon?

SHERLOCK *(pointing with the harpoon's tip)*: Sandwich shop. That's a new dress, but there's flour on the sleeve. You wouldn't dress like that for baking.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Thumbnail: tiny traces of foil. Been at the scratch cards again. We all know where *that* leads, don't we?

*(He sniffs deeply as he finally stops aiming the harpoon at her.)*

SHERLOCK: Mmm: 'Kasbah Nights'. Pretty racy for first thing on a Monday morning, wouldn't you agree? I've written a little blog on the identification of perfumes. It's on the website – you should look it up.

MRS HUDSON *(exasperated)*: Please.

SHERLOCK: I wouldn't pin your hopes on that cruise with Mr Chatterjee. He's got a wife in Doncaster *(he adopts a south Yorkshire accent to say the town's name)* that nobody knows about.

JOHN *(angrily)*: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Well, nobody except me.

MRS HUDSON *(upset)*: I don't know what you're talking about, I really don't.

JOHN: What the bloody hell was all that about?

SHERLOCK *(rocking back and forth)*: You don't understand.

JOHN *(sternly)*: Go after her and apologise.

SHERLOCK *(staring at him)*: Apologise?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

SHERLOCK *(sighing)*: Oh, John, I envy you so much.

JOHN: You envy me?

SHERLOCK: Your mind: it's so placid, straightforward, barely used. Mine's like an engine, racing out of control; a rocket tearing itself to pieces trapped on the launch pad. *(Loudly, frantically)* I need a case!

JOHN *(equally loudly)*: You've just solved one! By harpooning a dead pig, apparently!

SHERLOCK: That was this morning!

SHERLOCK: When's the next one?

JOHN: Nothing on the website?

SHERLOCK: "Dear Mr Sherlock Holmes. I can't find Bluebell anywhere. Please please please can you help?"

JOHN: Bluebell?

SHERLOCK (*irritated*): A rabbit, John!

JOHN: Oh.

SHERLOCK (*sarcastically*): Ah, but there's more! Before Bluebell disappeared, it turned luminous ...

SHERLOCK: ... "like a fairy" according to little Kirsty; then the next morning, Bluebell was gone! Hutch still locked, no sign of a forced entry ...

SHERLOCK: Ah! What am I saying? This is brilliant! Phone Lestrade. Tell him there's an escaped rabbit.

JOHN: Are you serious?

SHERLOCK: It's this, or Cluedo.

JOHN: Ah, no!

JOHN: We are *never* playing that again!

SHERLOCK: Why not?

JOHN: Because it's not actually possible for the victim to have done it, Sherlock, that's why.

SHERLOCK: Well, it was the only possible solution.

JOHN (*sitting down again*): It's not in the rules.

SHERLOCK (*furiously*): Then the rules are wrong!

JOHN: Single ring.

SHERLOCK: Maximum pressure just under the half second.

JOHN and SHERLOCK (*simultaneously*): Client.

(*New scene*)

PRESENTER (*voiceover*): Dartmoor. It's always been a place of myth and legend, but is there something else lurking out here – something very real?

(*Footage of "Keep Out" signs.*)

PRESENTER (*walking along a narrow road*): Because Dartmoor's also home to one of the government's most secret of operations ...

(*The footage shows a large sign saying:*

AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING A RESTRICTED AREA

BASKERVILLE)

PRESENTER (*voiceover*): ... the chemical and biological weapons research centre which is said to be even more sensitive than Porton Down. Since the end of the Second World War, there've been persistent stories about the Baskerville experiments: genetic mutations, animals grown for the battlefield. There are many who believe that within this compound, in the heart of this ancient wilderness, there are horrors beyond imagining. But the real question is: are all

of them still inside?

*(The footage switches to an indoor scene where Henry is sitting in front of the camera talking to an offscreen interviewer. A caption at the bottom of the screen shows him as “Henry Knight, Grimpen resident”.)*

HENRY: I was just a kid. It-it was on the moor.

*(There’s a cutaway to a child’s drawing of a huge snarling dog with red eyes. The caption says, “Henry’s drawing (aged 9)”.)*

HENRY: It was dark, but I know what I saw. I *know* what killed my father.

SHERLOCK *(to Henry)*: What did you see?

HENRY: Oh. *(He points to the television.)* I ... I was just about to say.

SHERLOCK: Yes, in a TV interview. I prefer to do my own editing.

HENRY: Yes. Sorry, yes, of course. ’Scuse me.

JOHN: In your own time.

SHERLOCK: But quite quickly.

HENRY: Do you know Dartmoor, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: No.

HENRY: It’s an amazing place. It’s like nowhere else. It’s sort of ... bleak but beautiful.

SHERLOCK: Mmm, not interested. Moving on.

HENRY: We used to go for walks, after my mum died, my dad and me. Every evening we’d go out onto the moor.

SHERLOCK: Yes, good. Skipping to the night that your dad was violently killed. Where did that happen?

HENRY: There’s a place – it’s... it’s a sort of local landmark called Dewer’s Hollow.

HENRY: That’s an ancient name for the Devil.

SHERLOCK *(quirking an eyebrow)*: So?

JOHN: Did you see the Devil that night?

HENRY *(in a whisper)*: Yes.

HENRY *(voiceover)*: It was huge. Coal-black fur, with red eyes.

HENRY *(tearfully)*: It got him, tore at him, tore him apart.

HENRY: I can’t remember anything else. They found me the next morning, just wandering on the moor. My dad’s body was never found.

JOHN: Hmm. *(He looks across to Sherlock.)* Red eyes, coal-black fur, enormous: dog? Wolf?

SHERLOCK: Or a genetic experiment.

HENRY: Are you laughing at me, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Why, are you joking?

HENRY: My dad was always going on about the things they were doing at Baskerville; about the type of monsters they were breeding there. People used to laugh at him. At least the TV people took me seriously.

SHERLOCK: And, I assume, did wonders for Devon tourism.

JOHN *(uncomfortably)*: Yeah ...

JOHN: Henry, whatever *did* happen to your father, it was twenty years ago. Why come to us now?

HENRY: I’m not sure you can help me, Mr Holmes, since you find it all so funny.

SHERLOCK: Because of what happened last night.



JOHN: Why, what happened last night?

HENRY: How ... how do you know?

SHERLOCK: I didn't know; I noticed.

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): You came up from Devon on the first available train this morning. You had a disappointing breakfast and a cup of black coffee. The girl in the seat across the aisle fancied you. Although you were initially keen, you've now changed your mind. You are, however, *extremely* anxious to have your first cigarette of the day. Sit down, Mr Knight, and do *please* smoke. I'd be delighted.

HENRY: How on earth did you notice all that?!

JOHN: It's not important ...

SHERLOCK: Punched-out holes where your ticket's been checked ...

JOHN: Not now, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Oh *please*. I've been cooped up in here for ages.

JOHN: You're just showing off.

SHERLOCK: Of *course*. I *am* a show-off. That's what we *do*.

SHERLOCK: The train napkin that you used to mop up the spilled coffee: the strength of the stain shows that you didn't take milk. There are traces of ketchup on it and round your lips and on your sleeve. Cooked breakfast – or the nearest thing those trains can manage. Probably a sandwich.

HENRY: How did you know it was disappointing?

SHERLOCK: Is there any other type of breakfast on a train? The girl – female handwriting's quite distinctive. Wrote her phone number down on the napkin. I can tell from the angle she wrote at that she was sat across from you on the other side of the aisle. Later – after she got off, I imagine – you used the napkin to mop up your spilled coffee, accidentally smudging the numbers. You've been over the last four digits yourself with another pen, so you wanted to keep the number. Just now, though, you used the napkin to blow your nose. Maybe you're not that into her after all. Then there's the nicotine stains on your fingers ... your *shaking* fingers. I know the signs.

SHERLOCK: No chance to smoke one on the train; no time to roll one before you got a cab here.

SHERLOCK: It's just after nine fifteen. You're desperate. The first train from Exeter to London leaves at five forty-six a.m. You got the first one possible, so something important must have happened last night. Am I wrong?

HENRY: No.

HENRY (*awestruck*): You're right. You're completely, exactly right. Bloody hell, I heard you were quick.

SHERLOCK: It's my job.

SHERLOCK: Now shut up and smoke.

JOHN: Um, Henry, your parents both died and you were, what, seven years old?

HENRY: I know. That ... my ...

JOHN: That must be a ... quite a trauma. Have you ever thought that maybe you invented this story, this ...

JOHN: ... to account for it?

HENRY: That's what Doctor Mortimer says.

JOHN: Who?

SHERLOCK: His therapist.

HENRY (*almost simultaneously*): My therapist.

SHERLOCK: Obviously.

HENRY: Louise Mortimer. She's the reason I came back to Dartmoor. She thinks I have to face my demons.

SHERLOCK: And what happened when you went back to Dewer's Hollow last night, Henry? You went there on the advice of your therapist and now you're consulting a detective. What did you see that changed everything?

HENRY: It's a strange place, the Hollow.

HENRY: Makes you feel so cold inside, so afraid.

SHERLOCK (*rolling his eyes*): Yes, if I wanted poetry I'd read John's emails to his girlfriends. Much funnier.

SHERLOCK (*to Henry*): What did you *see*?

HENRY: Footprints – on the exact spot where I saw my father torn apart.

JOHN: Man's or a woman's?

HENRY: Neither. They were ...

SHERLOCK (*interrupting*): Is that it? Nothing else. Footprints. Is that all?

HENRY: Yes, but they were ...

SHERLOCK (*interrupting*): No, sorry, Doctor Mortimer wins. Childhood trauma masked by an invented memory. Boring! Goodbye, Mr Knight. Thank you for smoking.

HENRY: No, but what about the footprints?

SHERLOCK: Oh, they're probably paw prints; could be anything, therefore nothing.

SHERLOCK: Off to Devon with you; have a cream tea on me.

HENRY: Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!

SHERLOCK: Say that again.

HENRY: I found the footprints; they were ...

SHERLOCK: No, no, no, your exact words. Repeat your exact words from a moment ago, exactly as you said them.

HENRY: Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic ... hound.

SHERLOCK: I'll take the case.

JOHN (*startled*): Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Thank you for bringing this to my attention. It's very promising.

JOHN: No-no-no, sorry, *what*? A minute ago, footprints were boring; now they're very promising?

SHERLOCK (*stopping*): It's *nothing* to do with footprints. As ever, John, you weren't listening. Baskerville: ever heard of it?

JOHN: Vaguely. It's very hush-hush.

SHERLOCK: Sounds like a good place to start.

HENRY: Ah! You'll come down, then?

SHERLOCK: No, I can't leave London at the moment. Far too busy. Don't worry – putting my best man onto it.

SHERLOCK: Always rely on John to send me the relevant data, as he never understands a word of it himself.

JOHN: What are you talking about, you're busy? You don't have a case! A minute ago you were complaining ...

SHERLOCK (*interrupting*): Bluebell, John! I've got Bluebell! The case of the vanishing, glow-in-the-dark rabbit! (*He looks at Henry.*) NATO's in uproar.

HENRY: Oh, sorry, no, you're not coming, then?

JOHN: Okay. Okay.

(*He walks over to the mantelpiece and picks up the skull, taking a packet of cigarettes from underneath it. Putting the skull down again, he turns and tosses the packet across to Sherlock, who catches it and instantly tosses it over his shoulder.*)

SHERLOCK: I don't need those any more. I'm going to Dartmoor.

SHERLOCK: You go on ahead, Henry. We'll follow later.

HENRY (*scrambling to his feet*): Er, sorry, so you *are* coming?

SHERLOCK: Twenty year old disappearance; a monstrous hound? I wouldn't miss this for the world!

(*New scene*)

MRS HUDSON: ... cruise together. You had *no* intention of taking me on it ...

JOHN: Oh! Looks like Mrs Hudson finally got to the wife in Doncaster.

SHERLOCK: Mmm. Wait 'til she finds out about the one in Islamabad.

SHERLOCK (*to the driver*): Paddington Station, please.

(*New scene*)

JOHN: There's Baskerville.

JOHN: That's Grimpen Village.

JOHN: So that must be ... yeah, it's Dewer's Hollow.

SHERLOCK: What's that?

JOHN: Hmm?

JOHN: Minefield? Technically Baskerville's an army base, so I guess they've always been keen to keep people out.

SHERLOCK: Clearly.

(*New scene*)

FLETCHER: ... three times a day, tell your friends. Tell *anyone*!

(*The boys walk past the group and see that Fletcher is standing next to a large sign on which is painted a black image of a wolf-like creature with the words "BEWARE THE HOUND!!" above it.*)

FLETCHER (*to the tourists*): Don't be strangers, and remember ... stay away from the moor at night if you value your lives!

(*Sherlock has been pulling his overcoat around him as he walks towards the pub, and now he pops the collar. John looks round at him pointedly.*)

SHERLOCK (*trying and failing to look nonchalant*): I'm cold.

(*New scene*)

HENRY: That part doesn't change.

MORTIMER: What *does*?

HENRY: Oh, there's something else. It-it's a word.

HENRY: "Liberty."

MORTIMER: Liberty?

HENRY: There's another word. "In." I-N. "Liberty In." What do you think it means?

(*She shakes her head. He sighs in frustration.*)

(*New scene*)

GARY: Eh, sorry we couldn't do a double room for you boys.

JOHN: That's fine. We-we're not ...

JOHN (*giving him some money for the drink he has just bought*): There you go.

GARY: Oh, ta. I'll just get your change.

JOHN: Ta.

(*Gary comes back with his change.*)

GARY: There you go.

JOHN: I couldn't help noticing on the map of the moor: a skull and crossbones.

GARY: Oh that, aye.

JOHN: Pirates?!

GARY: Eh, no, no. The Great Grimpen Minefield, they call it.

JOHN: Oh, right.

GARY: It's not what you think. It's the Baskerville testing site. It's been going for eighty-odd years. I'm not sure anyone really knows what's there anymore.

JOHN (*to Gary*): Explosives?

GARY: Oh, not just explosives. Break into that place and – if you're *lucky* – you just get blown up, so they say ... in case you're planning on a nice wee stroll.

JOHN: Ta. I'll remember.

GARY: Aye. No, it buggers up tourism a bit, so thank God for the demon hound Did you see that show, that documentary?

JOHN: Quite recently, yeah.

GARY: Aye. God bless Henry Knight and his monster from hell.

JOHN: Ever seen it – the hound?

GARY: Me? No.

GARY: Fletcher has. He runs the walks – the Monster Walks for the tourists, you know? He's seen it.

JOHN: That's handy for trade.

GARY: I'm just saying we've been rushed off our feet, Billy.

BILLY: Yeah. Lots of monster-hunters. Doesn't take much these days. One mention on Twitter and oomph.

BILLY: We're out of WKD.

GARY: All right.

BILLY: What with the monster and that ruddy prison, I don't know how we sleep nights. Do you, Gary?

GARY: Like a baby.

BILLY: That's not true. *(He looks at John.)* He's a snorer.

GARY: Hey, wheesht!

BILLY *(to John)*: Is yours a snorer?

JOHN: ... Got any crisps?

*(New scene)*

FLETCHER *(on the phone)*: Yeah ... No. All right? Right. Take care. 'Bye.

SHERLOCK: Mind if I join you?

*(Fletcher shrugs)*

SHERLOCK: It's not true, is it? You haven't actually seen this ... hound thing.

FLETCHER *(looking at him suspiciously)*: You from the papers?

SHERLOCK: No, nothing like that. Just curious. *Have* you seen it?

FLETCHER: Maybe.

SHERLOCK: Got any proof?

FLETCHER: Why would I tell you if I did? 'Scuse me.

JOHN: I called Henry ...

SHERLOCK *(talking over him)*: Bet's off, John, sorry.

JOHN: What?

FLETCHER: Bet?

SHERLOCK: My plan needs darkness. Reckon we've got another half an hour of light ...

FLETCHER: Wait, wait. What bet?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I bet John here fifty quid that you couldn't prove you'd seen the hound.

JOHN: Yeah, the guys in the pub said you could.

FLETCHER: Well, you're gonna lose your money, mate.

SHERLOCK: Yeah?

FLETCHER: Yeah. I've seen it. Only about a month ago, up at the Hollow. It was foggy, mind – couldn't make much out.

SHERLOCK: I see. No witnesses, I suppose.

FLETCHER: No, but ...

SHERLOCK: Never are.

FLETCHER: Wait ...

*(He shows Sherlock a photograph on his smart phone.)*

FLETCHER: There.

SHERLOCK: Is that it? It's not exactly proof, is it?

SHERLOCK: Sorry, John. I win.

FLETCHER: Wait, wait. That's not all. People don't like going up there, you know – to the Hollow. Gives them a ... bad sort of feeling.

SHERLOCK: Ooh! Is it haunted?(!) Is that supposed to convince me?

FLETCHER: Nah, don't be stupid, nothing like that, but I reckon there *is* something out there

– something from Baskerville, escaped.

SHERLOCK: A clone, a super-dog?(!)

FLETCHER: Maybe. God knows what they've been spraying on us all these years, or putting in the water. I wouldn't trust 'em as far as I could spit.

SHERLOCK (*nodding to the phone photograph*): Is that the best you've got?

FLETCHER: I had a mate once who worked for the MOD. One weekend we were meant to go fishin' but he never showed up – well, not 'til late. When he did, he was white as a sheet. I can see him now. "I've seen things today, Fletch," he said, "that I never wanna see again. *Terrible* things." He'd been sent to some secret Army place – Porton Down, maybe; maybe Baskerville, or somewhere else.

FLETCHER: In the labs there – the really *secret* labs, he said he'd seen ... terrible things. Rats as big as dogs, he said, and dogs ...

FLETCHER: ... dogs the size of horses.

(*He is holding a concrete cast of a huge dog's paw print*)

JOHN: Er, we did say fifty?

JOHN: Ta.

(*New scene*)

SECURITY GUARD: Pass, please.

SECURITY GUARD: Thank you.

JOHN (*quietly*): You've got ID for Baskerville. How?

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): It's not specific to this place. It's my brother's. Access all areas. I, um ... (*he clears his throat*) ... acquired it ages ago, just in case.

(*The security guard swipes Sherlock's pass through a reader at the gate room. The screen shows a fairly small photograph of Mycroft and names the card holder as Mycroft Holmes, giving him Unlimited Access and showing his security status as 'Secure (No Threat)'.*)

JOHN: Brilliant(!)

SHERLOCK: What's the matter?

JOHN: We'll get caught.

SHERLOCK: No we won't – well, not just yet.

JOHN: Caught in five minutes. "Oh, hi, we just thought we'd come and have a wander round your top secret weapons base." "Really? Great! Come in – kettle's just boiled." That's if we don't get shot.

SECURITY DOG HANDLER: Clear.

SECURITY GUARD (*handing Sherlock his pass*): Thank you very much, sir.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SECURITY GUARD: Straight through, sir.

JOHN: Mycroft's name *literally* opens doors!

SHERLOCK: I've told you – he practically *is* the British government. I reckon we've got about twenty minutes before they realise something's wrong.

LYONS: What is it? Are we in trouble?

SHERLOCK (*sternly*): "Are we in trouble, *sir*."

LYONS: Yes, sir, sorry, sir.

SHERLOCK: You were expecting us?

LYONS: Your ID showed up straight away, Mr Holmes. Corporal Lyons, security. *Is there something wrong, sir?*

SHERLOCK: Well, I hope not, Corporal, I hope not.

LYONS: It's just we don't get inspected here, you see, sir. It just doesn't happen.

JOHN: Ever heard of a spot check?

JOHN: Captain John Watson, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

LYONS: Sir. Major Barrymore won't be pleased, sir. He'll want to see you both.

JOHN: I'm afraid we won't have time for that. We'll need the full tour right away. Carry on.

JOHN (*instantly*): That's an *order*, Corporal.

LYONS: Yes, sir.

*(At the entrance, which is marked "AUTOMATIC SECURITY DOOR", Lyons swipes his pass through a reader, then waits for Sherlock to walk over and do the same with his own pass.*

*The message "ACCESS GRANTED" appears on the reader.*

*Elsewhere, a message flashes up on a screen:*

```
CCV1 • security authorization requested •
holmes, mycroft • priority ultra
processing CCV1 •
5555*0000*x1 //5894 )
```

SHERLOCK: Nice touch.

JOHN: Haven't pulled rank in ages.

SHERLOCK: Enjoy it?

JOHN: Oh yeah.

*(Reaching the door, Lyons swipes his pass and then steps aside for Sherlock to do likewise. As he does so and another "ACCESS GRANTED" message appears, the authorisation request is sent out again.)*

SHERLOCK: How many animals do you keep down here?

LYONS: Lots, sir.

SHERLOCK: Any ever escape?

LYONS: They'd have to know how to use that lift, sir. We're not breeding them *that* clever.

SHERLOCK: Unless they have help.

FRANKLAND: Ah, and you are?

LYONS: Sorry, Doctor Frankland. I'm just showing these gentlemen around.

FRANKLAND (*smiling at them*): Ah, new faces, huh? Nice. Careful you don't get stuck here, though. I only came to fix a tap!

JOHN: How far down does that lift go?

LYONS: Quite a way, sir.

JOHN: Mmm-hmm. And what's down there?

LYONS: Well, we have to keep the bins *somewhere*, sir. This way please, gentlemen.

JOHN: So what exactly is it that you do here?

LYONS: I thought you'd know, sir, this being an inspection.

JOHN: Well, I'm not an expert, am I?

LYONS: Everything from stem cell research to trying to cure the common cold, sir.

JOHN: But mostly weaponry?

LYONS: Of one sort or another, yes.

JOHN: Biological, chemical ...?

LYONS: One war ends, another begins, sir. New enemies to fight. We have to be prepared.

*(As the door releases, the security authorisation message goes out again, the message changing slightly:*

CCV1 • security authorization //5894

• query • query • query

CCV1 • 5555\*0000\*x1 )

STAPLETON: Okay, Michael, let's try Harlow Three next time.

LYONS: Doctor Stapleton.

SHERLOCK *(thoughtfully)*: Stapleton.

STAPLETON: Yes? *(She looks at Sherlock and John.)* Who's this?

LYONS: Priority Ultra, ma'am. Orders from on high. An inspection.

STAPLETON: Really?

SHERLOCK: We're to be accorded every courtesy, Doctor Stapleton. What's your role at Baskerville?

JOHN: Er, accorded *every* courtesy, isn't that the idea?

STAPLETON: I'm not free to say. Official secrets.

SHERLOCK *(smiling at her)*: Oh, you most certainly *are* free ... *(his smile fades and his voice becomes ominous)* ... and I suggest you remain that way.

STAPLETON: I have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies. I like to mix things up – genes, mostly; now and again actual fingers.

SHERLOCK: Stapleton. I *knew* I knew your name.

STAPLETON: I doubt it.

SHERLOCK: People say there's no such thing as coincidence. What dull lives they must lead. *(He holds up his notebook to her on which he has written a single large word: "BLUEBELL".)*

STAPLETON: Have you been talking to my daughter?

SHERLOCK *(putting his notebook away)*: Why did Bluebell have to die, Doctor Stapleton?

JOHN *(bewildered)*: The rabbit?

SHERLOCK *(to Stapleton, as she stares at him blankly)*: Disappeared from inside a locked hutch, which was always suggestive.

JOHN: The *rabbit*?

SHERLOCK: Clearly an inside job.

STAPLETON: Oh, you reckon?

SHERLOCK: Why? Because it glowed in the dark.

STAPLETON: I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. Who are you?

*(Out in the security system somewhere, the authorisation request changes:*



CCV1 • security authorization

•• alert •• alert ••

potential level 5 security breach

5555\*0000\*x1 //5894 )

SHERLOCK: Well, I think we've seen enough for now, Corporal. Thank you so much.

LYONS (*surprised*): That's it?

SHERLOCK: That's it. It's this way, isn't it?

STAPLETON (*calling after them*): Just a minute!

JOHN (*quietly*): Did we just break into a military base to investigate a rabbit?

(*Sherlock reaches the door and swipes his card. The message goes out:*

• URGENT • URGENT • URGENT •

refer holmes, mycroft

*Mycroft Holmes gets a message and then begins to text)*

What are you  
doing?

M

SHERLOCK: Twenty-three minutes. Mycroft's getting slow.

FRANKLAND: Hello ... again.

LYONS: Er, um, Major ...

BARRYMORE: This is bloody outrageous. Why wasn't I told?

JOHN: Major Barrymore, is it? (*He steps out of the lift towards him.*) Yes, well, good. Very good. We're very impressed, aren't we, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Deeply; hugely.

(*He receives a text message which reads:*

What's going on

Sherlock?

M )

BARRYMORE: The whole point of Baskerville was to eliminate this kind of bureaucratic nonsense ...

SHERLOCK: I'm so sorry, Major.

BARRYMORE: Inspections?!

SHERLOCK: New policy. Can't remain unmonitored forever. Goodness knows *what* you'd get up to. (*Urgently and quietly to John*) Keep walking.

LYONS: Sir!

LYONS: ID unauthorised, sir.

BARRYMORE: What?

LYONS: I've just had the call.

BARRYMORE: Is that right?

BARRYMORE: Who are you?

JOHN: Look, there's obviously been some kind of mistake.

BARRYMORE: Clearly not Mycroft Holmes.

JOHN (*getting out a notebook and starting to write*): Computer error, Major. It'll all have to go in the report.

BARRYMORE: What the *hell's* going on?!

FRANKLAND: It's all right, Major. I know *exactly* who these gentlemen are.

BARRYMORE: You do?

FRANKLAND: Yeah. I'm getting a little slow on faces but Mr Holmes here isn't someone I expected to show up in this place.

SHERLOCK: Ah, well ...

FRANKLAND: Good to see you again, Mycroft.

FRANKLAND: I had the honour of meeting Mr Holmes at the W.H.O. conference in ... (*he pretends to think*) ... Brussels, was it?

SHERLOCK: Vienna.

FRANKLAND: Vienna, that's it.

FRANKLAND: This is Mr Mycroft Holmes, Major. There's obviously been a mistake.

BARRYMORE (*turning back to Frankland*): On your head be it, Doctor Frankland.

FRANKLAND: I'll show them out, Corporal.

LYONS: Very well, sir.

(*They go outside.*)

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

FRANKLAND: This is about Henry Knight, isn't it?

FRANKLAND: I *thought* so. I knew he wanted help but I didn't realise he was going to contact Sherlock Holmes!

FRANKLAND: Oh, don't worry. I know who you really are. I'm never off your website. Thought you'd be wearing the hat, though.

SHERLOCK: That wasn't my hat.

FRANKLAND (*to John*): I hardly recognise him without the hat!

SHERLOCK: It wasn't my hat.

FRANKLAND: I love the blog too, Doctor Watson.

JOHN: Oh, cheers!

FRANKLAND: The, er, the Pink thing ...

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

FRANKLAND: ... and that one about the aluminium crutch!

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK (*stopping and turning back to Frankland*): You know Henry Knight?

FRANKLAND: Well, I knew his dad better. He had all sorts of mad theories about this place. Still, he was a good friend.

FRANKLAND: Listen, I can't really talk now.

FRANKLAND: Here's my, er, cell number. If I could help with Henry, give me a call.

SHERLOCK: I never did ask, Doctor Frankland. What exactly is it that you do here?

FRANKLAND: Oh, Mr Holmes, I would love to tell you – but then, of course, I'd have to kill you!

SHERLOCK: That would be tremendously ambitious of you.

SHERLOCK: Tell me about Doctor Stapleton.

FRANKLAND: Never speak ill of a colleague.

SHERLOCK: Yet you'd speak well of one, which you're clearly omitting to do.

FRANKLAND: I *do* seem to be, don't I?

SHERLOCK: I'll be in touch.

FRANKLAND: Any time.

JOHN: So?

SHERLOCK: So?

JOHN: What was all that about the rabbit?

*(Sherlock pulls his coat tighter around him, flipping the collar up.)*

JOHN: Oh, please, can we not do this, this time?

SHERLOCK: Do what?

JOHN: You being all mysterious with your cheekbones and turning your coat collar up so you look cool.

SHERLOCK: ... I don't do that.

JOHN: Yeah you do.

*(New scene)*

JOHN: So, the email from Kirsty – the, er, missing luminous rabbit.

SHERLOCK: Kirsty Stapleton, whose mother specialises in genetic manipulation.

JOHN: She made her daughter's rabbit glow in the dark.

SHERLOCK: Probably a fluorescent gene removed and spliced into the specimen. Simple enough these days.

JOHN: So ...

SHERLOCK: So we know that Doctor Stapleton performs secret genetic experiments on animals. The question is: has she been working on something deadlier than a rabbit?

JOHN: To be fair, that is quite a wide field.

*(New scene)*

HENRY: Hi.

JOHN: Hi.

HENRY: Come in, come in.

JOHN: This is, uh ... Are you, um ...

JOHN: ... rich?

HENRY: Yeah.

JOHN: Right.

*(New scene)*

HENRY: It's-it's a couple of words. It's what I keep seeing. "Liberty" ...

JOHN: Liberty.

HENRY: “Liberty” and ... “in”. It’s just that.

*(He picks up the bottle of milk that’s on the island.)*

HENRY: Are you finished?

JOHN: Mmm.

JOHN: Mean anything to you?

SHERLOCK *(softly)*: “Liberty in death” – isn’t that the expression? The only true freedom.

HENRY: What now, then?

JOHN: Sherlock’s got a plan.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

HENRY: Right.

SHERLOCK: We take you back out onto the moor ...

HENRY *(nervously)*: Okay ...

SHERLOCK: ... and see if anything attacks you.

JOHN: What?!

SHERLOCK: That should bring things to a head.

HENRY: At night? You want me to go out there at night?

SHERLOCK: Mmm.

JOHN: *That’s* your plan? Brilliant(!)

SHERLOCK: Got any better ideas?

JOHN: That’s not a plan.

SHERLOCK: Listen, if there *is* a monster out there, John, there’s only one thing to do: find out where it lives.

*(New scene)*

*(Henry leads Sherlock and John across the rocks towards Dewer’s Hollow. John hears a noise and stays behind. He sees a light repeatedly winking on and off at the top of a hillside a fair distance away.)*

JOHN: Sher...

*(He discovers that he is alone. However, he has recognised that the flashes are Morse code. He starts to write down the letters while speaking them aloud.)*

JOHN *(softly)*: U ... M ... Q ... R ... A.

JOHN *(in a whisper)*: U, M, Q, R, A. *(He tries it as a word.)* Umqra?

JOHN *(whispering)*: Sherlock ...

*(Henry and Sherlock are a long way ahead)*

JOHN: Sherlock ... Sherlock ...

*(Up ahead, Sherlock breaks the silence.)*

SHERLOCK: Met a friend of yours.

HENRY: What?

SHERLOCK: Doctor Frankland.

HENRY: Oh, right. Bob, yeah.

SHERLOCK: Seems pretty concerned about you.

HENRY: He’s a worrier, bless him. He’s been very kind to me since I came back.

SHERLOCK: He knew your father.

HENRY: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: But he works at Baskerville. Didn't your dad have a problem with that?

HENRY: Well, mates are mates, aren't they? I mean, look at you and John.

SHERLOCK: What about us?

HENRY: Well, I mean, he's a pretty straightforward bloke, and you ...

HENRY: They agreed never to talk about work, Uncle Bob and my dad.

HENRY (*unhappily*): Dewer's Hollow.

(*Some distance behind them, John is still following their trail.*)

JOHN (*whispering*): Sherlock ...

(*The Hound appears in the Hollow*)

HENRY: Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Did you see it?

(*Sherlock and Henry hurry back up the hillside. Very shortly afterwards, John finally meets up with the other two making their way back.*)

JOHN (*referring to the howling*): Did you hear that?

HENRY: We saw it. We *saw* it.

SHERLOCK: No. I didn't see anything.

HENRY (*chasing after him*): What? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK: I didn't. See. Anything.

(*New scene*)

HENRY: Look, he must have seen it. I saw it – he must have. He *must* have. I can't ... Why? Why?

HENRY: Why would he say that? It-it-it-it it *was* there. It *was*.

JOHN: Henry, Henry, I need you to sit down, try and relax, please.

HENRY: I'm okay, I'm okay.

JOHN: Listen, I'm gonna give you something to help you sleep, all right?

HENRY: This is good news, John. It's-it's-it's good. I'm not crazy. There *is* a hound, there ... there *is*. And Sherlock – he saw it too. No matter what he said, he saw it.

(*New scene*)

JOHN: Well, he is in a pretty bad way. He's manic, totally convinced there's some mutant super-dog roaming the moors.

JOHN: And there isn't, though, is there? 'Cause if people knew how to make a mutant super-dog, we'd know.

JOHN: They'd be for *sale*. I mean, that's how it works.

JOHN: Er, listen: er, on the moor I saw someone signalling. Er, Morse – I *guess* it's Morse.

JOHN: Doesn't seem to make much sense.

JOHN: Er, U, M, Q, R, A. Does that mean ... anything ...

(*He finally realises how distressed his colleague is looking.*)

JOHN: So, okay, what have we got? We know there's footprints, 'cause Henry found them; so did the tour guide bloke. We all heard something.

JOHN: Maybe we should just look for whoever's got a big dog.

SHERLOCK: Henry's right.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK (*his voice shaking*): I saw it too.

JOHN (*shocked*): What?

SHERLOCK: I saw it too, John.

JOHN: Just ... just a minute. You saw what?

SHERLOCK: A hound, out there in the Hollow. (*He talks through gritted teeth.*) A gigantic hound.

JOHN: Um, look, Sherlock, we have to be rational about this, okay? Now you, of all people, can't just ...

JOHN: Let's just stick to what we know, yes? Stick to the facts.

SHERLOCK (*softly*): Once you've ruled out the impossible, whatever remains – however improbable – must be true.

JOHN: What does that mean?

(*Sherlock looks down at his trembling hand.*)

SHERLOCK: Look at me. I'm afraid, John. Afraid.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Always been able to keep myself distant ... (*he takes another drink from the glass*) ... divorce myself from ... *feelings*. But look, you see ...

SHERLOCK: ... body's betraying me. Interesting, yes? Emotions. (*The grit on the lens, the fly in the ointment.*)

JOHN: Yeah, all right, Spock, just ...

JOHN (*more softly*): ... take it easy.

JOHN: You've been pretty wired lately, you know you have. I think you've just gone out there and got yourself a bit worked up.

SHERLOCK: Worked ... up?

JOHN: It was dark and scary ...

SHERLOCK (*laughing sarcastically*): Me?! There's nothing wrong with me.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

JOHN: Sher...

SHERLOCK (*loudly, furiously*): **THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME!**

SHERLOCK: **DO YOU UNDERSTAND?**

SHERLOCK: You want me to prove it, yes?

SHERLOCK: We're looking for a dog, yes, a great big dog, that's your brilliant theory. *Cherchez le chien*. Good, excellent, yes, where shall we start?

(*He goes into deduction mode.*)

SHERLOCK: How about them? The sentimental widow and her son, the unemployed fisherman. The answer's yes.

JOHN: Yes?

SHERLOCK: She's got a West Highland terrier called Whisky. Not exactly what we're looking for.

JOHN (*quietly*): Oh, Sherlock, for God's sake ...

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): Look at the jumper he's wearing. Hardly worn. Clearly he's

uncomfortable in it. Maybe it's because of the material; more likely the hideous pattern, suggesting it's a present, probably Christmas. So he wants into his mother's good books. Why? Almost certainly money.

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): He's treating her to a meal but his own portion is small. That means he wants to impress her, but he's trying to economise on his own food.

JOHN: Well, maybe he's just not hungry.

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): No, small plate. Starter. He's practically licked it clean. She's nearly finished her pavlova. If she'd treated him, he'd have had as much as he wanted. He's hungry all right, and not well off – you can tell that by the state of his cuffs and shoes.

(*He asks the question he's expecting to come from John at any moment.*)

SHERLOCK: "How d'you know she's his mother?"

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): Who else would give him a Christmas present like that? Well, it could be an aunt or an elder sister, but mother's more likely. Now, he *was* a fisherman. Scarring pattern on his hands, very distinctive – fish hooks. They're all quite old now, which suggests he's been unemployed for some time. Not much industry in this part of the world, so he's turned to his widowed mother for help. "Widowed?" Yes, obviously. She's got a man's wedding ring on a chain round her neck – clearly her late husband's and too big for her finger. She's well-dressed but her jewellery's cheap. She could afford better, but she's kept it – it's sentimental. Now, the dog: tiny little hairs all over the leg from where it gets a little bit too friendly, but no hairs above the knees, suggesting it's a small dog, probably a terrier. In fact it *is* – a West Highland terrier called Whisky. "How the hell do you know that, Sherlock?" 'Cause she was on the same train as us and I heard her calling its name and that's not cheating, that's listening, I use my senses, John, unlike *some* people, so you see, I *am* fine, in fact I've never been better, so just *Leave. Me. Alone.*

JOHN: Yeah.

JOHN: Okay. Okay.

JOHN: And why would you listen to me? I'm just your friend.

SHERLOCK (*savagely*): I don't have *friends*.

JOHN (*softly*): Naah. Wonder why?

(*New scene*)

(*John sees the flashing lights again.*)

(*New scene*)

(*Henry has a sudden mental flash of the word "Liberty" stitched into material, and then the following "In" word.*)

(*New scene*)

(*John is walking towards the flashing light on the hillside. There are several cars parked up there. One of them has slightly steamed-up windows and is rocking from side to side. Its headlights are intermittently flashing on and off. A woman's voice comes from inside the car.*)

WOMAN's VOICE: Oh! Mr Selden! You've done it again!

MAN's VOICE: Oh, I keep catching it with my belt.

JOHN: Oh, God.

*(He turns and heads back towards the pub.)*

JOHN: Sh...

*(As he walks away he receives a text message:*

Henry's therapist currently in Cross Keys Pub

*John writes a brief reply in capital letters, speaking it aloud as he types.)*

JOHN: So?

*The reply comes almost instantly:*

Interview her?

*John answers:*

WHY SHOULD I?

*He gets another alert:*

*Downloading image ...*

*The photograph shows Louise Mortimer, a pretty woman of John's age.)*

JOHN: Ooh, you're a bad man.

*(New scene)*

*(Henry is at his house, when suddenly the bright lights in the garden flash on, scaring Henry)*

*(New scene)*

MORTIMER *(giggling)*: That's so mean!

JOHN: Um, more wine, Doctor?

MORTIMER: Are you trying to get me drunk, Doctor?

JOHN: The thought never occurred!

MORTIMER: Because a while ago I thought you were chatting me up.

JOHN: Ooh! Where did I go wrong?

MORTIMER: When you started asking me about my patients.

JOHN: Well, you see, I am one of Henry's oldest friends.

MORTIMER: Yeah, and he's one of my patients, so I can't talk about him.

JOHN: Mmm.

MORTIMER: Although he has *told* me about all his oldest friends. Which one are you?

JOHN: A new one?

JOHN: Okay, what about his father? He wasn't one of your patients. Wasn't he some sort of conspiracy nutter ... theorist?

MORTIMER: You're only a nutter if you're wrong.

JOHN: Mmm. And was he wrong?

MORTIMER: I should think so!

JOHN: But he got fixated on Baskerville, didn't he? With what they were doing in there ... Couldn't Henry have gone the same way, started imagining a hound?



MORTIMER: Why d'you think I'm going to talk about this?!

JOHN: Because I think you're worried about him, and because I'm a doctor too ...

JOHN: ... and because I have another friend who might be having the same problem.

*(A hand claps down onto John's shoulder from behind him.)*

FRANKLAND: Doctor Watson!

JOHN: Hi.

FRANKLAND *(to Louise)*: Hello. *(To John)* How's the investigation going?

JOHN: Hello.

MORTIMER: What? Investigation?

FRANKLAND: Didn't you know? Don't you read the blog? Sherlock Holmes!

JOHN: It's ...

MORTIMER: Sherlock who?

JOHN: No, it's ...

FRANKLAND: Private detective! This is his P.A!

JOHN: P.A?

FRANKLAND: Well, *live-in* P.A.

JOHN: Perfect(!)

MORTIMER: Live-in.

JOHN: This is Doctor Mortimer, Henry's therapist.

FRANKLAND: Oh, hello. *(He shakes hands with her.)* Bob Frankland.

FRANKLAND: Listen, tell Sherlock I've been keeping an eye on Stapleton. Any time he wants a little chat ... right?

JOHN: Mmm.

JOHN: Oh.

MORTIMER: Why don't you buy *him* a drink? I think he likes you.

*(New scene)*

*(Sherlock is on the moor.)*

*(New scene)*

SHERLOCK: Morning!

SHERLOCK: Oh, how are you feeling?

HENRY *(exhaustedly)*: I'm ... I didn't sleep very well.

SHERLOCK: That's a shame. Shall I make you some coffee? *(He looks up at the ceiling above the door and points.)* Oh look, you've got damp!

HENRY: Listen ... last night.

HENRY: Why did you say you hadn't seen anything? I mean, I only saw the hound for a minute, but...

SHERLOCK: Hound.

HENRY: What?

SHERLOCK: Why do you call it a hound? Why a hound?

HENRY: Why – what do you mean?

SHERLOCK: It's odd, isn't it? Strange choice of words – archaic. It's why I took the case. “Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound.” Why say “hound”?

HENRY: I don't know! I ...

SHERLOCK: Actually, I'd better skip the coffee.

*(He flares out of the kitchen. Henry sighs wearily.)*

*(New scene)*

SHERLOCK: Did you, er, get anywhere with that Morse code?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: U, M, Q, R, A, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK: UMQRA.

JOHN: Nothing.

SHERLOCK: U.M.Q...

JOHN: Look, forget it. It's ... I thought I was on to something. I wasn't.

SHERLOCK: Sure?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: How about Louise Mortimer? Did you get anywhere with her?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Too bad. Did you get any information?

JOHN: You being funny now?

SHERLOCK: Thought it might break the ice a bit.

JOHN: Funny doesn't suit you. I'd stick to ice.

SHERLOCK: John ...

JOHN: It's fine.

SHERLOCK: No, wait. What happened last night ... Something happened to me; something I've not really experienced before ...

JOHN: Yes, you said: fear. Sherlock Holmes got scared. You said.

SHERLOCK: No-no-no, it was more than that, John. It was doubt. I felt doubt.

I've *always* been able to trust my senses, the evidence of my own eyes, until last night.

JOHN: You can't actually believe that you saw some kind of monster.

SHERLOCK: No, I *can't* believe that. But I did see it, so the question is: how? *How?*

JOHN: Yes. Yeah, right, good. So you've got something to go on, then? Good luck with that.

SHERLOCK: Listen, what I said before, John. I meant it.

SHERLOCK: I don't have friends.

SHERLOCK: I've just got *one*.

JOHN: Right.

*Sherlock looks down, then instantly raises his head again in realisation.)*

SHERLOCK: John? John!

SHERLOCK: You are amazing! You are fantastic!

JOHN: Yes, all right! You don't have to overdo it.

SHERLOCK: You've never been the most luminous of people, but as a conductor of light you are unbeatable.

JOHN: Cheers. ... What?

SHERLOCK: Some people who aren't geniuses have an amazing ability to stimulate it in

others.

JOHN: Hang on – you were saying “Sorry” a minute ago. Don’t spoil it. Go on: what have I done that’s so bloody stimulating?

*(Sherlock shows what he has just written in his notebook:*

HOUND

JOHN: Yeah?

SHERLOCK: But what if it’s not a word? What if it is individual letters?

*(He shows him the page of the notebook again, which now reads:*

H.O.U.N.D.

JOHN: You think it’s an acronym?

SHERLOCK *(putting his notebook away)*: Absolutely no idea but ...

*(He turns towards the pub and sees Detective Inspector Lestrade.)*

SHERLOCK: What the hell are you doing here?

LESTRADE: Well, nice to see you too(!) I’m on holiday, would you believe?

SHERLOCK: No, I wouldn’t.

LESTRADE: Hullo, John.

JOHN: Greg!

LESTRADE: I heard you were in the area. What are you up to? You after this Hound of Hell like on the telly?

SHERLOCK: I’m waiting for an explanation, Inspector. Why are you here?

LESTRADE: I’ve told you: I’m on holiday.

SHERLOCK: You’re brown as a nut. You’re clearly just *back* from your ‘holidays’.

LESTRADE: Yeah, well I fancied another one.

SHERLOCK: Oh, this is Mycroft, isn’t it?

LESTRADE: No, look ...

SHERLOCK: Of *course* it is! One mention of Baskerville and he sends down my handler to ... to spy on me incognito. Is that why you’re calling yourself Greg?

JOHN: That’s his *name*.

SHERLOCK: Is it?

LESTRADE: Yes – if you’d ever bothered to find out. Look, I’m not your handler ... and I don’t just do what your brother tells me.

JOHN: Actually, you could be just the man we want.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JOHN: Well, I’ve not been idle, Sherlock. I think I might have found something.

JOHN: Here. Didn’t know if it was relevant; starting to look like it might be. That is an awful lot of meat for a vegetarian restaurant.

SHERLOCK: Excellent.

JOHN: Nice scary inspector from Scotland Yard who can put in a few calls might come in very handy.

*(John slaps his hand down on the bell on top of the bar.)*

JOHN: Shop!

*(New scene)*

JOHN: What's this?

SHERLOCK: Coffee. I made coffee.

JOHN: You *never* make coffee.

SHERLOCK: I just did. Don't you want it?

JOHN: You don't have to keep apologising.

JOHN: Thanks.

JOHN: Mm. I don't take sugar ...

LESTRADE *(to Gary and Billy)*: These records go back nearly two months.

JOHN: That's nice. That's good.

*(Greg continues interrogating Gary and Billy.)*

LESTRADE: Is that when you had the idea, after the TV show went out?

BILLY: It's me. It was me. I'm sorry, Gary – I couldn't help it. I had a bacon sandwich at Cal's wedding and one thing just led to another ...

LESTRADE: Nice try.

GARY: Look, we were just trying to give things a bit of a boost, you know? A great big dog run wild up on the moor – it was heaven-sent. It was like us having our own Loch Ness Monster.

LESTRADE: Where do you keep it?

GARY: There's an old mineshaft. It's not too far. It was all right there.

SHERLOCK: "Was"?

GARY *(sighing)*: We couldn't control the bloody thing. It was vicious. And then, a month ago, Billy took him to the vet and, er ... you know.

JOHN: It's dead?

GARY: Put down.

BILLY: Yeah. No choice. So it's over.

GARY: It was just a joke, you know?

LESTRADE: Yeah, hilarious(!)

LESTRADE: You've nearly driven a man out of his mind.

JOHN: You know he's actually pleased you're here?

JOHN: *Secretly* pleased.

LESTRADE: Is he? That's nice(!) I suppose he likes having all the same faces back together. Appeals to his ... his ...

*(He stops and searches for the right word. John provides an appropriate suggestion.)*

JOHN: ... Asperger's?

LESTRADE: So, you believe him about having the dog destroyed?

SHERLOCK: No reason not to.

LESTRADE: Well, hopefully there's no harm done. Not quite sure what I'd charge him with anyway. I'll have a word with the local Force.

LESTRADE: Right, that's that, then. Catch you later. I'm enjoying this! It's nice to get London out of your lungs!

JOHN: So that was their dog that people saw out on the moor?

SHERLOCK: Looks like it.

JOHN: But that wasn't what *you* saw. That wasn't just an ordinary dog.

SHERLOCK: No. It was immense, had burning red eyes and it was glowing, John. Its whole body was glowing.

SHERLOCK: I've got a theory but I need to get back into Baskerville to test it.

JOHN: How? Can't pull off the ID trick again.

SHERLOCK: Might not have to.

SHERLOCK (*on the phone*): Hello, brother dear. How *are* you?

*(New scene)*

SECURITY GUARD: Afternoon, sir. If you could turn the engine off.

*(Sherlock hands over his ID pass.)*

SECURITY GUARD: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: I need to see Major Barrymore as soon as we get inside.

JOHN: Right.

SHERLOCK: Which means you'll have to start the search for the hound.

JOHN: Okay.

SHERLOCK: In the labs; Stapleton's first.

*(The guard brings the ID card back and hands it over.)*

SHERLOCK (*quietly to John*): Could be dangerous.

*(New scene)*

BARRYMORE: Oh, you know I'd love to. I'd *love* to give you unlimited access to this place. Why not?(!)

SHERLOCK: It's a simple enough request, Major.

BARRYMORE: I've never heard of anything so bizarre.

SHERLOCK: You're to give me twenty-four hours. It's what I've... negotiated.

BARRYMORE: Not a second more. I may have to comply with this order but I don't have to like it.

BARRYMORE: I don't know what you expect to find here anyway.

SHERLOCK: Perhaps the truth.

BARRYMORE: About what? Oh, I see. The big coat should have told me.

BARRYMORE: You're one of the conspiracy lot, aren't you?

BARRYMORE: Well, then, go ahead, seek them out: the monsters, the death rays, the aliens.

SHERLOCK: Have you got any of those?

SHERLOCK: Oh, just wondering.

BARRYMORE: A couple. Crash landed here in the sixties. We call them Abbott and Costello.

BARRYMORE: Good luck, Mr Holmes.

*(New scene)*

*(Henry has a flashback to the red glowing eyes of the hound)*

HENRY: Oh, God!

*(New scene)*

*(John investigates Stapleton's lab. On one of the doors there's a note saying*

**KEEP OUT**

**UNLESS YOU WANT**

**A COLD!**

*While he is investigating, a bright light suddenly flashes on)*

JOHN: Oh, no! Jesus! Ow!

*(He tries to exit the room, but when he swipes his ID card through the reader it tells him "ACCESS DENIED". An alarm is sounding)*

JOHN: Come on.

*(The lights and the alarm are turned off and everything goes dark.)*

JOHN *(under his breath)*: What the f...?

JOHN: Hello?

*(He tries another door, but again it says "ACCESS DENIED".)*

JOHN: No, come on, come on.

JOHN *(under his breath)*: No, you ... Don't be ridiculous, pick up.

JOHN *(in a whisper)*: Oh, dammit!

JOHN *(softly)*: Right.

*(The sound of claws on floor tiles skitters across the room.)*

JOHN *(under his breath)*: Oh sh...

JOHN *(in a whisper)*: Okay ...

*(There is a snarl, followed by other sounds – claws on the floor tiles, equipment being pushed aside, and then a low ominous growl. John hides in one of the cages in the lab as his phone starts to ring.)*

JOHN *(softly)*: It's here. It's in here with me.

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: Where are you?

JOHN *(softly)*: Get me out, Sherlock. You have got to get me out. The big lab: the first lab that we saw.

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: John? John?

JOHN *(whispering)*: Now, Sherlock. *Please*.

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: All right, I'll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN *(softly)*: I can't. It'll hear me.

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: *Keep talking*. What are you seeing?

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: John?

*(The creature snarls again.)*

JOHN *(softly)*: Yes, I'm here.

SHERLOCK *(insistently, over phone)*: What can you see?

JOHN *(softly)*: I don't know. I don't know, but I can hear it, though.

*(The creature growls loudly.)*

JOHN *(softly, terrified)*: Did you hear that?

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: Stay calm, stay calm. Can you see it?

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: Can you *see* it?

JOHN *(quietly)*: No. I can ...

JOHN *(in a whisper)*: I *can* see it.

JOHN *(flatly)*: It's here.

JOHN *(flatly)*: It's here.

*(Sherlock's face appears on the other side of the cage.)*

SHERLOCK *(worriedly)*: Are you all right?

SHERLOCK: John ...

JOHN: Jesus Christ ...

JOHN: It was the hound, Sherlock. It was here. I swear it, Sherlock. It must ...

JOHN: It must ...

JOHN: Did ... did ... did you see it? You *must* have!

SHERLOCK: It's all right. It's okay now.

JOHN *(high-pitched, frantic and hysterical)*: **NO IT'S NOT! IT'S NOT OKAY! I saw it. I was wrong!**

SHERLOCK: Well, let's not jump to conclusions.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: What did you see?

JOHN: I told you: I saw the hound.

SHERLOCK: Huge; red eyes?

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Glowing?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I made up the bit about glowing. You saw what you expected to see because I *told* you. You have been drugged. We have *all* been drugged.

JOHN: Drugged?

SHERLOCK: Can you walk?

JOHN *(his voice shaky)*: 'Course I can walk.

SHERLOCK: Come on, then. It's time to lay this ghost.

*(New scene)*

STAPLETON: Oh. Back again? What's on your mind this time?

SHERLOCK: Murder, Doctor Stapleton. Refined, cold-blooded murder.

SHERLOCK: Will *you* tell little Kirsty what happened to Bluebell or shall I?

STAPLETON: Okay. What do you want?

SHERLOCK: Can I borrow your microscope?

*(New scene)*

STAPLETON: Are you *sure* you're okay?

STAPLETON: You look very peaky.

JOHN: No, I'm all right.

STAPLETON: It was the GFP gene from a jellyfish, in case you're interested.

JOHN: What?

STAPLETON: In the rabbits.

JOHN: Mmm, right, yes.

STAPLETON (*proudly*): *Aequoria Victoria*, if you really want to know.

JOHN: Why?

STAPLETON: Why not? We don't ask questions like that here. It isn't done.

STAPLETON: There was a mix-up, anyway. My daughter ended up with one of the lab specimens, so poor Bluebell had to go.

JOHN (*cynically*): Your compassion's overwhelming.

STAPLETON (*mockingly*): I know. I hate myself sometimes.

JOHN: So, come on then. You can trust me – I'm a doctor. What else have you got hidden away up here?

STAPLETON: Listen: if you can imagine it, someone is probably doing it somewhere.

Of *course* they are.

JOHN: And cloning?

STAPLETON: Yes, of course. Dolly the Sheep, remember?

JOHN: Human cloning?

STAPLETON: Why not?

JOHN: What about animals? Not sheep ... big animals.

STAPLETON: Size isn't a problem, not at all. The only limits are ethics and the law, and both those things can be ... very flexible. But not here – not at Baskerville.

(*Sherlock throws a microscope slide against the wall.*)

SHERLOCK (*livid*): It's not there!

JOHN: Jesus!

SHERLOCK: Nothing there! Doesn't make any sense.

STAPLETON: What were you expecting to find?

SHERLOCK (*pacing*): A drug, of course. There has to be a drug – a hallucinogenic or a deliriant of some kind. There's no trace of anything in the sugar.

JOHN: Sugar?

SHERLOCK: The sugar, yes. It's a simple process of elimination. I saw the hound – saw it as my imagination expected me to see it: a genetically engineered monster. But I knew I couldn't believe the evidence of my own eyes, so there were seven possible reasons for it, the most possible being narcotics. Henry Knight – he saw it too but you didn't, John. You didn't see it. Now, we have eaten and drunk exactly the same things since we got to Grimpen apart from one thing: you don't take sugar in your coffee.

JOHN: I see. So ...

SHERLOCK: I took it from Henry's kitchen – his sugar. It's perfectly all right.

JOHN: But maybe it's not a drug.

SHERLOCK: No, it *has* to be a drug.

SHERLOCK: But how did it get into our systems. *How?*



SHERLOCK: There has to be something ...

*(The word 'hound' keeps drifting across his mind's eye.)*

SHERLOCK: ... something ... ah, something ...

SHERLOCK: ... something buried deep.

SHERLOCK: Get out.

STAPLETON: What?

SHERLOCK: Get out. I need to go to my mind palace.

STAPLETON: Your what?

*(JOHN: He's not gonna be doing much talking for a while. We may as well go.)*

STAPLETON: His what?

JOHN: Oh, his mind palace. It's a memory technique – a sort of mental map. You plot a map with a location – it doesn't have to be a real place – and then you deposit memories there that ... Theoretically, you can never forget anything; all you have to do is find your way back to it.

STAPLETON: So this imaginary location can be anything – a house or a street.

JOHN: Yeah.

STAPLETON: But he said "palace". He said it was a *palace*.

JOHN: Yeah, well, he would, wouldn't he?

*(Sherlock walks through his memories, trying to remember he can recall in connection with the word "Liberty". Words appear on screen:*

*"Liberty Pattern", "Liberty London", "Liberté-Égalité-Fraternité", "Liberty Bell", "LibertyBellMarch", "JohnPhilipSousa" and many instances of the word "Liberty" in several fonts. He goes on to think of words connected to "In", adding various letters onto the word to form new ones like "Inn", "India", "Ingolstadt" and "Indiumatomic number = 49". He then shifts to the word "hound", calling up images of large dogs ("Ridgeback" and "Wolfhound") and gets distracted by the image of Elvis Presley starting to sing "Hound Dog". Then everything falls into place:*

Liberty,

Indiana

H.O.U.N.D.)

*(New scene)*

*(Henry thinks he is on the moor and shoots a gun at the hound, but then realises he is at his own house and has shot a mirror, nearly hitting Louise Mortimer)*

HENRY: Oh my God.

HENRY: Oh my God. Oh my God. I am so ... I am so sorry. I am so sorry.

*(New scene)*

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Yeah, I'm on it.

SHERLOCK: Project HOUND. Must have read about it and stored it away. An experiment in

a CIA facility in Liberty, Indiana.

*(Stapleton types her User ID onto a computer, then adds her password. A request to “Enter Search String” comes up.)*

SHERLOCK: H, O, U, N, D.

*(She types in the letters and hits Enter. A message comes up saying “NO ACCESS. CIA Classified” and requesting an authorisation code.)*

STAPLETON: That’s as far as my access goes, I’m afraid.

JOHN: Well, there must be an override and password.

STAPLETON: I imagine so, but that’d be Major Barrymore’s.

SHERLOCK: Password, password, password.

SHERLOCK: He sat here when he thought it up.

SHERLOCK: Describe him to me.

STAPLETON: You’ve seen him.

SHERLOCK: But *describe* him.

STAPLETON: Er, he’s a bloody martinet, a throw-back, the sort of man they’d have sent into Suez.

SHERLOCK: Good, excellent. Old-fashioned, traditionalist; not the sort that would use his children’s names as a password. He loves his job; proud of it and this is work-related, so what’s at eye level?

SHERLOCK: Books. Jane’s Defence Weekly – bound copies. Hannibal; Wellington; Rommel; Churchill’s “History of the English-Speaking Peoples” – all four volumes.

SHERLOCK: Churchill – well, he’s fond of Churchill. Copy of “The Downing Street Years”; one, two, three, four, five separate biographies of Thatcher.

SHERLOCK: Mid nineteen eighties at a guess. Father and son: Barrymore senior. Medals: Distinguished Service Order.

JOHN: That date? I’d say Falklands veteran.

SHERLOCK: Right. So Thatcher’s looking a more likely bet than Churchill.

STAPLETON: So that’s the password?

SHERLOCK: No. With a man like Major Barrymore, only first name terms would do.

*(Leaning down to the keyboard, he starts to type Margaret Thatcher’s first name into the “Auth code” box but stops when he reaches the penultimate letter. He deletes everything back to the first letter, retypes it as “Maggie” and hits Enter. The computer announces “OVERRIDE 300/421 ACCEPTED. Loading ...”*

*Information begins to stream across the screen as everything related to Project H.O.U.N.D. becomes available. Certain phrases pop up, like “extreme suggestibility”, “fear and stimulus”, “conditioned terror”, “aerosol dispersal”. A photograph comes up of the project team and Sherlock identifies the five project leaders: Elaine Dyson, Mary Usłowski, Rick Nader, Jack O’Mara and Leonard Hansen. He rearranges the names into another order:*

Leonard **H**ansen

Jack **O**’Mara

Mary **U**słowski

Rick **N**ader

Elaine **D**yson )

STAPLETON: HOUND.

*(More information from the project appears and words and phrases are highlighted such as “Paranoia”, “Severe frontal lobe damage”, “Blood-brain” “Gross cranial trauma”, “Dangerous acceleration”, “Multiple homicide”.)*

JOHN: Jesus.

SHERLOCK: Project HOUND: a new deliriant drug which rendered its users incredibly suggestible. They wanted to use it as an anti-personnel weapon to totally disorientate the enemy using fear and stimulus; but they shut it down and hid it away in 1986.

STAPLETON: Because of what it did to the subjects they tested it on.

SHERLOCK: And what they did to others. Prolonged exposure drove them insane – made them almost uncontrollably aggressive.

JOHN: So someone’s been doing it again – carrying on the experiments?

SHERLOCK: Attempting to refine it, perhaps, for the last twenty years.

STAPLETON: Who?

JOHN: Those names mean anything to you?

STAPLETON: No, not a thing.

SHERLOCK *(looking at the picture)*: Five principal scientists, twenty years ago.

SHERLOCK: Maybe our friend’s somewhere in the back of the picture – someone who was old enough to be there at the time of the experiments in 1986 ...

SHERLOCK: Maybe somebody who says “*cell phone*” because of time spent in America. You remember, John?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

*(Brief flashback to Doctor Frankland giving a card to Sherlock and saying, “Here’s my, er, cell number.”)*

SHERLOCK: He gave us his number in case we needed him.

STAPLETON: Oh my God. Bob Frankland. But Bob doesn’t even work on ... I mean, he’s a virologist. This was *chemical warfare*.

SHERLOCK: It’s where he started, though ... and he’s never lost the certainty, the obsession that that drug really could work. Nice of him to give us his number. Let’s arrange a little meeting.

*(John looks at the last image – a very tight close-up of one of the sweatshirts. Stitched below the “H.O.U.N.D.” legend is the name of the American town and state where the project was based: “Liberty, In”.*

*John’s phone begins to ring.)*

JOHN: Hello?

*(A woman is crying.)*

JOHN: Who’s this?

MORTIMER *(over the phone)*: You’ve got to find Henry.

JOHN: It’s Louise Mortimer. *(Into phone)* Louise, what’s wrong?

MORTIMER: Henry was ... was remembering; then ... he tried ...

MORTIMER: He’s got a gun. He went for the gun and tried to ...

JOHN: What?

MORTIMER: He's gone. You've got to stop him. I don't know what he might do.

JOHN: Where-where are you?

MORTIMER: His house. I'm okay, I'm okay.

JOHN: Right: stay there. We'll get someone to you, okay?

SHERLOCK: Henry?

JOHN: He's attacked her.

SHERLOCK: Gone?

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: There's only one place he'll go to: back to where it all started. (*Into phone*) Lestrade. Get to the Hollow. ... Dewey's Hollow, now. And bring a gun.

(*New scene*)

(*Henry is walking across the moors. He reaches Dewey's Hollow.*)

HENRY (*softly*): I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Dad.

(*He brings a pistol up and opens his mouth as he aims the muzzle towards it.*)

SHERLOCK: No, Henry, no! No!

HENRY: Get back. Get – get away from me!

JOHN: Easy, Henry. Easy. Just relax.

HENRY: I know what I am. I know what I tried to do!

JOHN: Just put the gun down. It's okay.

HENRY (*his voice hoarse with anguish*): No, no, I know what I am!

SHERLOCK: Yes, I'm sure you do, Henry. It's all been explained to you, hasn't it – explained *very* carefully.

HENRY: What?

SHERLOCK: Someone needed to keep you quiet; needed to keep you as a child to reassert the dream that you'd both clung on to, because you had started to remember.

SHERLOCK: Remember now, Henry. You've *got* to remember what happened here when you were a little boy.

HENRY: I thought it had got my dad – the hound. I thought ...

(*He loses control and begins to scream in anguish.*)

HENRY: Oh Je... oh Jesus, I don't – *I don't know any more!*

(*He aims the muzzle into his mouth again.*)

JOHN: No, Henry! Henry, for God's sake!

SHERLOCK: Henry, remember. "Liberty In." Two words; two words a frightened little boy saw here twenty years ago.

SHERLOCK: You'd started to piece things together, remember what *really* happened here that night. It wasn't an animal, was it, Henry?

SHERLOCK: Not a monster.

SHERLOCK: A *man*.

(*Henry's relives the truth. His father was attacked by a man wearing a gasmask and a sweater with a picture of a snarling wolf-like creature, the letters H.O.U.N.D. underneath and "Liberty, In" below them.*)

SHERLOCK: You couldn't cope. You were just a child, so you rationalised it into something

very different. But then you started to remember, so you had to be stopped; driven out of your mind so that no-one would believe a word that you said.

*(Greg Lestrade arrives.)*

LESTRADE: Sherlock!

JOHN: Okay, it's okay, mate.

HENRY: But we saw it: the hound, last night. We s... we, we, we *did*, we saw ...

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but there *was* a dog, Henry, leaving footprints, scaring witnesses, but it was nothing more than an ordinary dog. We both saw it – saw it as our drugged minds wanted us to see it. Fear and stimulus; that's how it works.

SHERLOCK: But there never was any monster.

*(The hound appears, howling and snarling)*

JOHN: Sherlock ...

HENRY: No. No, no, no, no!

SHERLOCK: Henry, Henry ...

JOHN: Sherlock ...

*(Henry begins to scream in terror.)*

JOHN: Henry!

*(The hound snarls.)*

LESTRADE: Shit!

JOHN: Greg, are you seeing this?

JOHN: Right: he is not drugged, Sherlock, so what's that? *What is it?!*

SHERLOCK: All right! It's still here ... but it's just a dog. Henry! It's nothing more than an ordinary dog!

*(The hound lets out a long terrifying howl.)*

LESTRADE: Oh my God.

LESTRADE: Oh, Christ!

*(A tall human figure appears. He is wearing a breathing mask with a clear visor over his face. As Sherlock tries to grab the mask to reveal the man's face, he sees Jim Moriarty grinning manically back at him.)*

SHERLOCK: No!

SHERLOCK: It's not you! *You're not here!*

*(Realizing he is hallucinating, Sherlock now sees that the man in front of him is Bob Frankland.)*

SHERLOCK: The fog.

JOHN *(still aiming his torch up at the hound)*: What?

SHERLOCK: It's the fog! The drug: it's in the fog! Aerosol dispersal – that's what it said in those records. Project HOUND – it's the fog! A chemical minefield!

*(The hound stalks closer to the group, snarling.)*

FRANKLAND: For God's sake, kill it! Kill it!

*(John shoots the hound.)*

SHERLOCK: Look at it, Henry.

HENRY: No, no, no!

SHERLOCK: Come on, *look* at it!

*(The monstrous hound is clearly nothing more than a huge dog. Henry stares at it and then*

*looks at Frankland.)*

HENRY: It's just ... You bastard.

HENRY: You *bastard!*

HENRY: Twenty years! Twenty years of my life making no sense! Why didn't you just kill me?!

SHERLOCK: Because dead men get listened to. He needed to do more than kill you. He had to discredit every word you ever said about your father, and he had the means right at his feet – a chemical minefield; pressure pads in the ground dosing you up every time that you came back here.

SHERLOCK: Murder weapon and scene of the crime all at once.

SHERLOCK: Oh, this case, Henry! Thank you. It's been brilliant.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: *Timing.*

SHERLOCK: Not good?

HENRY: No, no, it's – it's okay. It's fine, because this means ...

HENRY: ... this means that my dad was *right*.

HENRY (*tearfully*): He found something out, didn't he, and that's why you'd killed him – because he was *right*, and he'd found you right in the middle of an experiment.

*(The group is distracted by a sound from the dog. Frankland takes the opportunity of the distraction to turn and run off in the opposite direction. The others run after him..)*

SHERLOCK: Frankland!

SHERLOCK: Frankland!

LESTRADE (*to Henry*): Come on, keep up!

*(They run on.)*

SHERLOCK: It's no use, Frankland!

*(Frankland runs into the minefield surrounding Baskerville. After a few steps he steps onto a mine. He sighs in resignation and deliberately lifts his foot. A massive explosion can be heard.)*

*(New scene)*

JOHN: Mmm. Thanks, Billy.

SHERLOCK: So they didn't have it put down, then – the dog.

JOHN: Obviously. Suppose they just couldn't bring themselves to do it.

SHERLOCK: I see.

JOHN: No you don't.

SHERLOCK: No, I don't. Sentiment?

JOHN: Sentiment!

SHERLOCK: Oh.

JOHN: Listen: what happened to me in the lab?

SHERLOCK: D'you want some sauce with that?

JOHN: I mean, I hadn't been to the Hollow, so how come I heard those things in there? Fear and stimulus, you said.

SHERLOCK: You must have been dosed with it elsewhere, when you went to the lab, maybe.

You saw those pipes – pretty ancient, leaky as a sieve; and they were carrying the gas, so ...  
Um, ketchup, was it, or brown ...?

JOHN: Hang on: you thought it was in the sugar.

JOHN: You were *convinced* it was in the sugar.

SHERLOCK: Better get going, actually. There's a train that leaves in half an hour, so if you want ...

JOHN: Oh God. It was you. *You* locked me in that bloody lab.

SHERLOCK: I *had* to. It was an experiment.

JOHN (*furiously*): An *experiment*?!

SHERLOCK: Shhh.

JOHN (*quieter, but still furious*): I was terrified, Sherlock. I was scared to death.

SHERLOCK: I thought that the drug was in the sugar, so I put the sugar in your coffee, then I arranged everything with Major Barrymore.

SHERLOCK: It was all *totally* scientific, laboratory conditions – well, *literally*.

(*Flashback to Sherlock alone in a room from where he can monitor the lab. Lazily sitting in a chair with his feet up on the table, he watches the screen in front of him which shows John racing across the darkened lab towards the cages as the 'hound' growls. A little later Sherlock wiggles his feet comfortably on the desk while John breathes panic-stricken into his phone. John can't be seen on the screen because he's hidden inside the cage.*)

JOHN (*whispering over phone*): It's in here with me.

SHERLOCK (*into his phone*): All right. Keep talking. I'll find you.

(*There's a momentary silence.*)

SHERLOCK (*into phone*): Keep talking!

JOHN (*over phone*): I can't, it'll hear me.

SHERLOCK: Tell me what you're seeing!

(*He switches on a small recorder and holds it up to a nearby microphone. Savage growling is played into the lab.*)

JOHN (*over phone*): I don't know, but I can hear it now.

(*Back in the present, Sherlock continues his 'explanation'.*)

SHERLOCK: Well, I knew what effect it had had on a superior mind, so I needed to try it on an average one.

SHERLOCK: You know what I mean.

JOHN: But it wasn't *in* the sugar.

SHERLOCK: No, well, I wasn't to know you'd already been exposed to the gas.

JOHN: So you got it wrong.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Mmm. You were wrong. It wasn't in the sugar. You got it *wrong*.

SHERLOCK: A bit. It won't happen again.

JOHN: Any long-term effects?

SHERLOCK: None at all. You'll be fine once you've excreted it. We all will.

JOHN: Think I might have taken care of that already.

JOHN: Where're you going?

SHERLOCK: Won't be a minute. Gotta see a man about a dog.

*(New scene)*

*(Jim Moriarty sits silently and calmly with his eyes closed in the middle of a small windowless concrete-lined cell.)*

MYCROFT (voiceover): All right. Let him go.

*(Jim turns and casually strolls out of the cell. In different sizes and at different angles, there is a word written on the walls: SHERLOCK.)*

*(End of the Episode)*