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The Hound of the Baskervilles

By Arthur Conan Doyle

1

Know then the legend of the
hound of the Baskervilles.
Know then that the great
hall of Baskervilles
was once held by Sir
Hugo of that name
a wild, profane, and godless man.
An evil man, in truth
for there was with him a certain
ugly and cruel humour
that made his name a
byword in the county.

- Our friend learns swiftly.

- Aye.

He's already learned to
fly like a wildfowl
and now he swims like a waterfowl.
Shall we see how he roasts?
Fetch him.

By morning, our friend will know better
than to condemn the sport of his master.

Come on out. Come on.

Here he comes, Sir Hugo.

Here he is, Sir Hugo.

Now our waterfowl has
become guinea fowl.

Guinea pig, more likely.

Bird or beast, we'll soon make
him sing like a nightingale.

Now, sir...

This may teach you to
criticize my pleasures.

If 'twere anyone but my
own daughter, Master...

You should be proud
that a Baskerville
should so much as look
at your miserable child.

Pay up!

No, no! The game was spoiled
before the wager was laid.

Do not crowd me, sirs, I pray you.

I will not pay.

What about the wager?

If I must, I must.

- But not in gold.

- Not in gold?

In kind, with a plaything

I was keeping for myself.

I accept. Where is the girl?

Girl? What talk is this of a girl?

I know of no girl.

Enough!

You shall see her at once, and before

Sir Richard bursts with passion.

See to it that there be no

fighting among your herd of rams.

The bitch has got away.

What does she think I am,

that she does this to me?

Damn her!

I have her now.

You there! Let loose the pack!

And you, my hunter at the door...

- set the hounds on her.

- But, sir, you cannot...

The hounds! Let loose the pack!

- Yeah, I'll get her.

- My friend, you cannot do this.

I'll get her!

May the hounds of Hell take

me if I can't hunt her down!

Come on.

Come on, what's the matter

with you? Come on, will you?

Now, you witch!

No.

"And so, the curse of Sir Hugo

"came upon the Baskervilles

"in the shape of a

hound from Hell

"forever to bring misfortune

"to the Baskerville family.

"Therefore, take heed

"and beware the moor in those dark

hours when evil is exalted

"else you will surely

meet the hound of Hell
"the hound of the Baskervilles."
"So ends the legend."
And what, may I ask, do you
think of that, Mr. Holmes?
There must be hundreds
of similar folk stories.
I fail to see why I should find
this one of singular interest.
What do you say, Watson?
I'm sure Dr. Mortimer's
intentions are for the best
but there seems little to be
gained from what he's told us.
I had hoped, sir, that the facts
I have laid before you
might have intrigued
you as a detective.
I was obviously mistaken.
Good day to you, sir.
Dr. Mortimer, it was
something more important
that brought you from
Devonshire to Baker Street
something that occurred on Dartmoor
on Friday, the 13th of June.
You've known about it
all the time, then?
I know nothing, except that
you live on Dartmoor
have a copy of the Devon County
Chronicle in your briefcase
dated June 14.
That newspaper is published on Saturdays,
but goes to press on Thursday.
You've kept it for something
vitally important.
The headlines aren't interesting,
so it must be in the stop press.
Whatever it was happened on
Friday, the 13th of June.
- But this is remarkable.
- Superficial.
There's nothing remarkable

about using one's eyes.

Now, sir, would you be prepared to give us the relevant facts?

Why, yes.

Under the circumstances, I think I would.

- Proceed.

- Thank you.

This is just the stop press.

"Devonshire knight found dead.

"The body of Sir Charles Baskerville discovered on Dartmoor early today.

"Foul play not suspected."

The account in the next edition is much fuller.

Now, where are we?

Yes, here we are.

"The death of Sir Charles Baskerville has caused much sadness

"in the small village of Grimpen, Dartmoor.

"Dr. Richard Mortimer, a well-known Devonshire personality

- "said today that"...

- If you'll pardon me, Dr. Mortimer...

I want just the plain facts in your own words.

Please.

Very well.

The plain facts of the matter are that a fortnight ago Sir Charles Baskerville was found dead on the moor.

- Who found him?

- His servant, Barrymore.

He and his wife are housekeepers up at Baskerville Hall.

He fetched me at once and took me back to the body.

Where was the body? Dartmoor, I know, but exactly where? It's a large place.

Near the abbey ruins up on the hill, not far from Baskerville Hall.

The place where Sir Hugo

died in the legend
and the circumstances
were exactly the same.

You mean Sir Charles
had been attacked?

- That his throat had been torn out?

- No. The body was untouched.

But his face...

Never in all my medical career have I seen
such a look of horror on a dead person.

Sir Charles must have been
terrified when he died.

But he was alone.

The strange thing was, there
were no footprints, Mr. Holmes.

That cannot be quite true.

There were the servants', for
instance, your own, and Sir Charles'.

Yes, of course, but what

I meant to say was

there were no other footprints.

Facts are only of value when they're
clear, concise, and correct.

Pray, continue.

And there was another
strange thing.

Sir Charles must've been tiptoeing
back to Baskerville Hall when he died.

I could tell that because the footmarks
showed only the toes of his boots.

There were no heel marks.

I'm something of an archaeologist
in my spare time

and so I'm used to looking
for the extraordinary.

You have not yet told us
what Sir Charles died of.

Before you do, sir, I suggest
it was heart failure.

The inquest found that he
died of arteriosclerosis
a disease of the coronary arteries.

A condition of the heart
that can lead to heart failure.

Yes. I think it must be
hereditary with the Baskervilles.
They all seem to suffer
from the same weakness.

Is there a successor
to the family title?

Yes. Sir Henry Baskerville.
He's due to arrive in London
tonight from Johannesburg.

Why have you come to me,
when you really don't believe
that I can help you?

- I don't think I know what you mean.

- I think you do.

Excuse me.

Although you knew the cause of death,
you've implied a more horrible death
that he might have seen the hound of
Hell, the curse of the Baskervilles.

Do you really believe that legend?

There are many things in life and
death that we do not understand.

Then I suggest you consult a
priest instead of a detective.

Do you think I can influence
the powers of darkness?

Of course not.

I thought you might prevent Sir
Henry from going into danger.

If there is an evil
curse on the family

it can be just as powerful
in London as in Devonshire.

- Where will he be staying?

- At the Northumberland Hotel.

Does this mean that you'll
investigate the matter?

I have not said. My
commitments are heavy.

I beg of you, Mr. Holmes, this
is a matter of life and death.

There can be no harm done
by my seeing the man.

Shall we say 10:

morning, at the hotel?

Good. That will suit admirably.

Thank you, Mr. Holmes.

You will not find me ungenerous
in the matter of fees.

My professional charges
are upon a fixed scale.

I do not vary them, except
when I remit them altogether.

Good day.

Good day, Mr. Holmes.

- Thank you, Doctor.

- Not at all, Doctor.

Good day, Dr. Watson.

I must say, you never cease
to surprise me, Holmes.

First you tear him apart, and
then you say you'll help him.

My dear Watson, you ought
to know me better.

I had to burst the balloon,
deflate his pomposity
to find one significant clue.

I saw nothing of significance
in anything he said.

I'm surprised you
bothered with him.

Nevertheless, one important
point did emerge.

Didn't you notice anything
odd in what he said?

The only thing I noticed was
that he said Sir Charles
was tiptoeing about
Dartmoor at night.

That's just it, Watson. Well done,
my boy. But he wasn't tiptoeing.

He was running, running
for his life

running in panic until
he burst his heart.

Would you mind sorting out a
large-scale map of Dartmoor...

while I find some more tobacco.
This, I think, is a two-pipe problem.
Come in.
So you finally managed to get here.
I didn't know we'd kept you.
Kept me? I sent for you
over 20 minutes ago.
- I think perhaps you've made a mistake.
- I've made a mistake, all right.
The mistake I made was in
ever coming to this hotel.
What did you find out
about my other boot?
They were both here last night.
But nobody knows: the porter,
the maid, the boot boy.
Nobody in this hotel of yours knows
where the other one's gone to.
You're the manager.
Perhaps you'll tell me what
you do with all your boots.
I'm a few minutes late, I'm afraid.
Those confounded horse buses.
However, I see you've all met, we
might as well get down to business.
We have not been given an
opportunity to introduce ourselves.
I'm so sorry. Please, let me.
Sir Henry, let me introduce
Mr. Sherlock Holmes...
Dr. Watson. Sir Henry Baskerville.
I'm afraid you're a
little late, Mortimer.
I've already managed to make
quite a fool of myself.
Gentlemen, I must ask you
to accept my apologies.
Dr. Watson. Mr. Holmes.
- How do you do?
- Glad to meet you both.
- I'm sorry if I've embarrassed you.
- Say no more.
- It was quite understandable.
- Yes, indeed.

I hope that the missing boot
will turn up very soon.

So do I.

I can understand somebody wanting
to steal a pair of boots, but one?

There it is.

- Please, sit down, gentlemen.

- Why, thank you.

Now, Mr. Holmes...

Dr. Mortimer has, no doubt, explained
why he's asked us to come here.

He has, and I may as well tell you,
I consider him to have been...

somewhat hasty in
asking your advice.

Surely, it was only to
protect your interests.

He has told you of the legend of
the hound of the Baskervilles?

Yes, but I don't attach any importance
to that sort of old wives' tale.

A man after my own heart.

You intend to go down to Devonshire
and live at Baskerville Hall?

I've already come a very long
way to do exactly that...

and nothing is going to stop me.

- You can understand that, surely.

- I can indeed.

The estate must be worth a vast amount.

Exactly how much, Dr. Mortimer?

You will forgive me if I ask
a very personal question?

- Of course.

- Well?

When everything's settled up,
I suppose, close on 1 million.

Did anyone else benefit
under Sir Charles' will?

Yes. He left the
Barrymores 1,000...

which I thought was
rather generous...

and I myself received something.

- How much?

- Is this really necessary?

I would not have asked, otherwise.

Very well.

He left me 40,000.

Then, you see, I was Sir

Charles' best friend.

- Were there no other relatives?

- No.

Sir Henry is the last

of the Baskervilles.

That's why I'm anxious to

safeguard his interests.

Very wise of you.

One thing is certain, Sir Henry.

On no account must you go

down to Devonshire alone.

That's taken care of.

Dr. Mortimer's coming with me.

Dr. Mortimer will have his

practice to attend to.

I can look after

myself, Mr. Holmes.

I must impress upon you that I believe
your life to be in considerable danger.

Now, look, if you attach so
much importance to this...

why don't you come down to
Dartmoor with me today?

- You can pack before the train leaves.

- You're going today?

I can't possibly leave town until
the end of the week at least.

- Watson?

- Yeah.

You're free at the
moment, aren't you?

Yes, I am...

if you think I could do the job.

You're the very man. That's settled.

You'll go down with him.

We'll keep in touch by telegram.

Sir Henry, I am not a man
to overestimate danger...

but I must insist upon one thing:
Under no circumstances...
are you to venture out onto
the moor alone at night.
Very well.
As things have gone this far,
I'll do as you say, for now.
But I'm not yet convinced
that I need the services...
of a detective at all...
unless it'd help me
find my other boot.
Sir Henry, keep perfectly still...
if you value your life.
Move your head. Carefully.
I can't.
You must.
Leave it to me now.
No! Look after him.
Brandy, Mortimer, quickly.
Here you are.
What a filthy thing. Horrible.
You've had a lucky escape...
but we must make certain never to
be caught off our guard again.
Are you suggesting that that thing
was put in there deliberately?
The powers of evil
can take many forms.
Remember that, Sir Henry, when
you're at Baskerville Hall.
Do as the legend tells...
and avoid the moor when the
forces of darkness are exalted.
Are you sure you don't want
a ride to the village?
Quite sure. It'll only take
you out of your way...
whereas it's a short
walk across the moor.
You'd be better off
to go along with us.
Kindly wait until you're spoken to,
and get on with what you're doing.

Whatever you say, but don't blame me if you get your throat cut.

- What are you talking about, man?

- There's been an escape.

- An escape? When?

- Night before last. Man named Selden.

Nasty customer, from all accounts.

What's all this about?

Forgive me, Sir Henry, you wouldn't know about it.

One of our largest prisons, called Dartmoor...

lies only seven miles across the moor.

It appears that one of the prisoners has broken out.

Selden. Yes, I remember the case.

He murdered a number of street women.

I thought people hanged for murder here.

There was some talk of him being insane...

so they sentenced him to life imprisonment instead.

Won't do him no good, though, escaping.

He'd only starve himself to death out there, or something worse.

- What do you mean by that?

- Why, nothing, sir.

Just my foolishness.

I feel you should let us take you into the village.

He might be anywhere out there.

Don't worry about me.

I can look after myself.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

All right, Perkins.

A curse upon the family...

unhappiness and death to his descendants.

That's what he left, Sir Henry.

Certainly has a lot to answer for.

What about this one here?

That was another
picture of Sir Hugo.

It disappeared under mysterious
circumstances some months back.

- You mean it was stolen?

- In the middle of the night.

And what steps were
taken to recover it?

Your uncle called in the police from
Exeter, but they could find no trace.

One picture of that scoundrel
is more than enough.

What do you say, Watson?

Your glass is empty. Please...

You must be bored to tears by all
this rigmarole about my family.

- You must think me a terrible host.

- Not at all.

- I've found it extremely interesting.

- Have you?

It's very nice of you to say so.

- Barrymore.

- Sir?

Would you and your good wife
care to join me in a toast?

That's most kind of you, Sir Henry.

Let us drink to my first
day at Baskerville Hall...

and to my firm belief...

that the family curse is
nothing but a legend...

and that the hound of Hell
will never again bring fear...

to those on the moor at night.

I must ask you to excuse my
wife's behaviour, Sir Henry.

She was most upset by
Sir Charles' death.

Her nerves have been in
a bad way ever since.

I'm very sorry to hear that.

Watson, can you give her

something for her nerves?

Yes. Yes, of course. I will.

Barrymore?

Since you've mentioned
Sir Charles' death...

perhaps you could tell us
a little more about it.

You were the first to discover
the body, weren't you?

That's correct.

It was terrible, sir.

I never saw such a dreadful
look on anybody's face before.

You found Sir Charles' body up
near the old Abbey, I understand.

What made you go up
there to look for him?

I didn't, sir.

I was on my way to tell Dr. Mortimer
that he was missing, and then I...

Then I saw Sir Charles
lying there dead.

But what made you decide to go across
the moor to look for Sir Charles?

I've had a look at a
map of the locality...

and surely it would've been quicker to
have taken the trap and gone by road.

There's a shortcut
across the moor, sir.

Barrymore...

did you go across the moor because you
half expected to find Sir Charles...

because of the legend?

You know about the legend of the hound
of the Baskervilles, don't you?

Do you believe it?

Do you really believe that
there is a creature out there?

I don't know what to believe, sir.

What I know is that

I've heard it...

heard its terrible howl on the
night before Sir Charles died...

and I never want to hear such
a sound again in all my life.

- Can I help you, sir?

- No, thank you.

It's got away. Damn it. I
could've done with that.

Excellent specimen of
Coleoptera scabrus.

I collect them, you know.

- Why, it's Sir Henry.

- It is.

Yeah, the Baskerville mouth. I could
have recognized you anywhere...

even among the natives.

Frankland is the name.

Frankland, Bishop of
the outer isles...

for what they're worth.

Very glad to meet you, sir.

Won't you come in?

Thank you.

Yes. How good.

How very good to see a new
owner of Baskerville Hall.

That's not quite what I meant...

Poor Sir Charles.

What a splendid fellow he was.

So you knew my uncle?

Knew him? My dear fellow,

we were the greatest friends.

How many times Sir Charles and I
have discussed life, you know...

over a glass of sherry.

In that case, perhaps you'd care to
join me in a glass of sherry now.

Now you've mentioned sherry...

I think perhaps I
might like a glass.

I saw Bishop Frankland coming
up the drive, Sir Henry.

Barrymore...

still the faithful retainer.

Thank you.

- For you, Sir Henry?

- No, thank you, Barrymore.
"That's the best sherry
in Devon," I always say.
Sir Charles knew his creature
comforts, all right.
Seen him with some very
attractive creatures at times.
Yes, he knew a woman when he
saw one, did Sir Charles.
Yes. Poor fellow.
May he rest in peace.
What a loss.
Thank you. I think I should
like another glass, yes.
Watson, I don't think
you've met the Bishop.
- Bishop Frankland, Dr. Watson.
- How do you do?
Watson, you say the name is?
Yes, I knew a Watson in Caprina.
Yes, a notorious white slaver. Nice
fellow, though. Relation of yours?
No, sir. Not that I know of.
But, of course, it is possible.
You've come to approve the new
Lord of the manor I imagine?
- It's not necessary.
- Thank you.
But why have I come?
- Yes, of course. The jumble sale.
- Jumble sale? What on earth's that?
It's a colloquial expression,
Sir Henry. A sale of oddments.
And I was wondering if you had
anything you could spare for us.
An odd tablecloth or an old
suit or some cast-off silver?
I'm sure I can.
I'll ask Mrs. Barrymore.
That's very kind of you.
May I give you the address in
which you could have them sent?
I'm sure we shall all be
very grateful to you...

very grateful, indeed, if
you'd have them sent there.

Now, I shan't apologize
for the tract.

It's really rather charming.

"All things bright and beautiful."

Thank you.

I'm just going down to the village to
leave instructions at the post office.

If you'll excuse me,

my Lord Bishop.

Of course. I'd give you

a lift on the tricycle

but I wanted to chat

with Sir Henry.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

I'm afraid you'll be expected
to open the sale, Sir Henry...

and judge the prettiest

mother and baby.

Do you know, dear old Sir

Charles, he loved doing that?

Yeah. He did, indeed.

I remember one occasion when

one of the babies wet...

Dear.

Don't move. Stay where you are.

I said not to move, sir.

You've no call to use that kind
of trap. It's unnecessarily cruel.

A man's got to live.

There are ways of killing

animals without torturing them.

Why don't you use a gun?

- I'm sorry.

- Besides, cartridges cost money.

Some of us haven't got any to spend.

It's a poor life on the moor, Sir Henry.

I'm afraid you've made a mistake.

My name is Watson...

though I'm staying

at Baskerville Hall.

- With Sir Henry?

- Yes.

Tell the new squire his new
neighbour would like to meet him.
I farm the lower pastures near the hall.
Have done for nearly a year.
Poor land it is, too.

- What name is it?

- Stapleton.

Very well. I'll tell Sir Henry.

I wonder, could you tell me how
to get to Baskerville Hall?

- I seem to have lost my way.

- You'll bear right at the fork.

Thank you.

Mr. Watson...

Don't step off the track or you'll
find yourself in Grimpen Mire.

Once in there, you'll
never get out.

Thank you.

Good morning.

I wonder, could you tell me, am I on
the right path to Baskerville Hall?

The track seems to end here.

Watch out!

The mire!

I say!

Cecile, come back!

Hold on.

You wait, my girl, I'll teach
you to come when I call.

Get the cart down as
near here as you can.

Be quick about it. Will you
do as you're told, girl?

I told you to watch out.

- Who is that girl?

- My daughter.

The moor's no place for a girl.

What was she frightened of?

There's a convict
escaped from the prison.

I'll help you to the cart.

Watch where I step.

Thank you.

Now that you're here, would you like to come in and see Sir Henry?

- It's as good a time as any.
- How about Miss Stapleton?
- Would she like to come in, too?
- She'll wait where she is.

Very well.

Well, good morning, Miss Stapleton.

Hello.

If you're looking for the new owner, he's not at home.

Go away.

I haven't introduced myself yet.

I'm Henry Baskerville.

- May I ask...
- Please, go away.

My father will be out in a moment.

So your father's gone into the hall?

- Let's join him.
- No. Don't.

Here. You wait a minute.

- Leave me alone!
- Just a minute! Calm down!

Now, why did you run away?

Why did you run away?

I've done nothing to frighten you.

- My father.
- What about your father?
- He would have seen us.
- What of it?

Now, would you let me go?

Cecile!

Where have you been?

Come on, girl. Where have you been?

- Good morning.
- Morning.
- Sir Henry Baskerville, isn't it?
- Yes.

I've been looking forward to meeting you.

My name is Stapleton.

Welcome to Dartmoor.

- You're very kind.

- I run the home farm.

You'll be very welcome
whenever you're that way.

We must be getting on our
way, mustn't we, Cecile?

- Good day to you, sir.

- Good day.

Come on!

Watson, here.

Move the candle about. Quickly.

I swear I saw a light
out there on the moor.

As soon as you picked
up the candle.

Someone out there is signalling
to the house. Come.

Whatever happens, Sir Henry,
you must stay with me.

- We're still in line with the light.

- Yes, but we're not near enough yet.

Keep close to me. Don't go off left,
or you'll be in Grimpen Mire.

Right?

Come on.

Come out! We're armed!

They've gone.

Whoever they are, they
must have heard us.

Watson!

Come on! There's still a chance.

No, no. Quiet. Listen.

He's down there somewhere.

What was that, Watson?

What was that?

It's my heart.

Drink some of this.

Will you be able to get
back if I help you?

I'll try.

Come on, then.

That is for me to
decide, Sir Henry.

I suggest that you

have a little rest.

- Good night.

- Good night.

I really don't know why you
bothered to send for me.

After all, as a doctor, you're
just as capable as I am.

Does your diagnosis confirm mine?

He has a similar heart condition
to his uncle, agreed.

Hereditary, no doubt, but
nowhere near so far advanced.

All the same, I'd like to leave him
in your charge until I get back.

If you insist.

Anyway, my night's sleep is ruined, but
I really can't see that it's necessary.

Nevertheless, I'd appreciate
it if you would stay.

It's essential that I
go back to the moor.

All right. I'll stay.

Why have you left Sir Henry alone?

Holmes.

I repeat, why have you
left Sir Henry alone?

Dr. Mortimer is with him.

- Anyone else?

- Yes. The Barrymores.

Very well, then.

Forgive me if my dramatic
entrance startled you.

It's good to see you again.

It's been rather lonely up here.

This is fantastic.

How long have you been in Devon?

Four hours and 52

minutes less than you.

I caught the next train
down after yours.

But your telegram...

I wrote that before I left town
and had it delivered later.

So it was you I saw.

You might have let me know
what you intended to do.
I'm sorry, but I didn't
want it known I was here.
You would have tried to prevent me.
You will understand,
I had to find Selden.
Selden, the convict?
- That was madness.
- No doubt, but effectual.
- How did you know he was on the moor?
- I read about it in the newspapers.
The escape was well-reported.
I'm surprised you didn't notice it.
He told me all he had seen
since he's been hiding.
What had he seen?
What did he tell you?
There is more evil around us here
than I have ever encountered before.
I still don't see...
Mortimer's gone.
His ponycart's not there.
- You told him to stay with Sir Henry?
- Indeed, I did.
Which way? For heaven's
sake, which way?
Too late.
- We're too late.
- Sir Henry.
Watch out, Holmes.
It's treacherous here.
We must go back and get help,
then come back for the body.
I'm to blame for this.
- I shall never forgive myself.
- I warned him.
What could have possessed him
to come out alone on the moor?
The last of the Baskervilles.
His life was in our hands.
I shall not rest until I destroy
the thing that killed him.
- You're Barrymore, I take it.

- Yes, sir.

Barrymore, I want you to get a ladder, some rope, and lanterns... and load them on the cart within five minutes.

You understand?

- Yes, sir.

- Good.

- Where's your room?

- This way. I'll show you.

And have those attended to, will you?

Very good, sir.

I'll need a pair of dry stud boots and a heavy coat before we go out again.

Yes, of course.

You know, Holmes, I can't help feeling that if I hadn't left Sir Henry alone...

We're to avenge his death, not mourn over it.

No. This way.

Who's there?

Holmes. For heaven's sake, when did you get here?

I am glad to see you again.

I am more than glad to see you, Sir Henry.

Who was it, Holmes?

Who was the poor devil that died instead of me?

If my deductions are correct, it was the convict, Selden.

He was a murderer, I know, but he shouldn't have died that way.

But why him? The curse is only on the Baskervilles. Is no one safe?

Selden had on the suit you were wearing when we met in London.

- How did he get them?

- He must've broken in and stolen them.

Possibly, but unlikely.

Sir Henry...

why did Dr. Mortimer leave so suddenly tonight?

He told me that he'd
stay until I got back.

Stupid row, really.

He kept on about my uncle's death
and the curse on the family, and...

I asked if he was trying to frighten
me and told him to mind his business.

I should like a few words
with Dr. Mortimer sometime.

Excuse me, Sir Henry. Is there
anything else you require?

No, thank you, Barrymore,
not as far as I'm concerned.

- You've prepared a room for Mr. Holmes?

- Yes, sir.

Will you still be needing the ladder
and rope you asked for tonight, sir?

No. Not now.

But I shall want them and
your help in the morning.

Very good, sir.

- Barrymore.

- Sir?

That room at the end of
the corridor upstairs:

Has it been used lately?

- Not for some time, sir.

- I see.

I think you'll find a candle burning
near the window in that room.

Do kindly extinguish it. It's
serving no useful purpose.

- Very good, sir.

- Thank you.

And now, with your
permission, to bed.

Yes. We could all do with
a good night's sleep.

This, I perceive, is Sir Hugo Baskerville,
the man who started all the trouble.

Yes, it is. How the
devil did you know?

Family likeness. There are certain
features that are unmistakable.

What happened to the picture that hung here?
That one? Nobody knows.
It disappeared some time ago.
Yes.
Yes, of course. It had to.
Stupid of me.
Yes. Good night.
That's strange. There's nothing there.
I could have sworn that that was the spot.
It must be more over this way.
No, Watson. You were right.
This was the place. Look at this.
Here's another trace...
and another.
You can see where they're leading to.
- Barrymore!
- Sir?
Tell Perkins to bring the cart up to the ruins, then follow us.
- Yes, sir.
- We won't find the body down here.
By heavens, what's been going on here?
The Baskerville crest, engraved on the hilt.
Mr. Holmes!
As I thought. Selden.
His body's been mutilated.
Some revolting sacrificial rite has been performed.
What depths a human being can sink to.
What human being could have done this?
That is precisely what I intend to find out.
- You rang for me, sir?
- I did, Mrs. Barrymore. Sit down, please.
- No, thank you, sir. I prefer to stand.
- As you wish.

I want to ask you and your husband a few questions, if you don't mind.

- How long have you been married?

- Married?

- Must be almost five years now, isn't it?

- Is that right, Miss Selden?

Yes, sir. We got married about...

Please, sit down.

Your name was Selden before you married, wasn't it?

And the convict who escaped was your brother?

- How did you know?

- Your brother told me.

- He's dead, sir, isn't he?

- Yes, I'm afraid he is.

How did it happen?

You gave Selden some of Sir Henry's clothes, didn't you?

Well, I...

Someone, or something...

mistook your brother for Sir Henry.

You mustn't blame my husband, sir.

I gave him the clothes.

Sir Henry said I might take them for the village sale.

Buy why should they have them...

when my brother was out on the moor, cold and hungry?

Thank you, sir.

I know he was bad, sir, but he was ill, really...

and he was my brother.

You can't leave someone you love out there, cold and starving.

I understand. It might help you to know he also told me...

he would never let them recapture him alive.

Come along, my dear.

Poor woman.

I suppose when Sir Henry and I arrived here at the hall... she found it difficult to

get food to her brother.
They arranged a signal with
the candle at the window...
to show him the coast was clear.
Couldn't they be charged with
helping an escaped convict?
They could, but they won't.
I've satisfied the local police.
What's the next move?
"All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small."
I wonder if that
includes tarantulas.
Tarantulas?
But, Holmes...
- A gentlemen to see you, my lord.
- Good, good. Just in time.
Yes, I'm still having trouble with it.
Will you come and have a look at it?
Of course, I'm not
an engineering man,
but it seems this
eccentric is malaligned.
Or perhaps if this cam were
buffed to another thou or so...
it might make all the
difference, don't you think?
- Or perhaps a shim.
- Graphite grease.
What?
Of course, yes. I have got some.
- Do you know, I never thought of it?
- Allow me.
Thank you.
Yes. Silly of me.
- Yes.
- Thank you.
There you are.
You'll want that. Yeah.
Now let's see.
Wonderful, wonderful.
That's done the trick, yeah.
I wish Mrs. Goodliffe would
leave those windows alone.

Never mind. Take a glass
of sherry before you go.

- Bishop Frankland, I...

- Nonsense.

A little wine, for your stomach's
sake. That's in the Bible.

I think you'll like this.

What do I owe you for your trouble,
and your fare from Exeter, of course?

My Lord, you've mistaken
me for someone else.

No. Only somebody from
Warburton and Crawley...

could have solved that problem.

Nevertheless, I am not from
Warburton and Crawley.

- Not?

- My name is Sherlock Holmes.

I am staying with Sir
Henry Baskerville.

Allow me to shake the hand of the
country's greatest detective.

That case of the Bermondsey
forgery, that was first class.

Thank you. And I am pleased to meet
our most distinguished entomologist.

You've heard of me? How flattering.

I know the directors
of the Regents Zoo...

regard you as the highest living
authority on the study of rare spiders.

Spiders?

It is about that subject
that I have come to see you.

- The species of the genus Theraphosa.

- Tarantula.

Everybody's asking me about
tarantulas these days.

No.

I'm afraid I can't help
you on that subject.

How very disappointing...

because I've found one.

- Found one? Have you, by Jove?

- Dead, fortunately.
Pity. Never mind.
Where did you find it,
somewhere about the village?
- No. In London.
- Up there.
Nevertheless...
it was the same
spider that you lost.
No, impossible. Far too far away.
Are you suggesting that
I've lost a spider?
I'm afraid I am.
You have, haven't you?
You lost a spider sent to you from
the London Zoo about five days ago.
- Are you interested in butterflies?
- My Lord, I must insist.
Will it help if I tell you I am fighting
evil, fighting it as surely as you do?
Yes. Very well. I did
lose a tarantula.
I missed it last Thursday. I've been
worried out of my life ever since.
They're dangerous.
So I understand. But you needn't
worry any longer. The spider is dead.
Now, it is important that you
answer this question correctly.
What visitors did you have on the
day you missed the tarantula?
Visitors?
That's difficult because
Thursday's my at-home day.
I mean, a lot of people like to
look in for sherry and a chat.
Let me see. There was
old Mrs. Smythe.
Poor woman. Drinks.
Yes. Dr. Mortimer before lunch.
Dear old Mortimer. How he talks.
The Stapletons to tea.
The man about the
woodworm in the belfry.

Fascinating little creatures. But the church is full of them, you know?

I'm extremely sorry to hear that.

And the man's name?

- Smith, I think.

- And no one else?

Last Thursday? No.

Thank you, my Lord,
that is all I wish to know.

It has been most kind of
you and most helpful.

And thank you for helping
me with my telescope.

- Not at all.

- Remarkable instrument.

It's surprising what you can
see through a good telescope.

Now, what's going on
in the big world?

There's Sir Henry.

Where's he off to?

Dear me, this is very interesting.

Come have a look.

Come here. Come have a look.

He's gone.

Anybody at home?

Mr. Stapleton?

Why did you come here?

I'm sorry. You must think me
very rude, but I did knock.

I've come to see your father.

He's not here. He's gone
to Baskerville Hall.

Has he? May I ask why?

To invite you and your
friends to dinner tonight.

That's very kind of him.

Would you like some cider?

Thank you very much. I would.

What time are we
expected to arrive?

You mean, you will come?

I'm looking forward to it.

It won't be like Baskerville Hall.

I haven't spent all my life
at Baskerville Hall, Cecile.

- I like your home.

- This is not my home.

My home is in Spain.

You were looking at the
picture of my parents.

My mother was a fine woman...

a fine Spanish woman.

She would hear nothing
of living in England.

She was born in Spain, and
there she would die, she said.

She did die.

We came here to England.

My father spent all the
money we had saved...

to come back to England to become a
gentleman farmer in his own country.

But the land he bought is no good.

The money's gone.

We have a saying at home:

"Weeds are not killed
by the frost."

We still live.

- Have you ever thought of going back?

- I've thought of nothing else.

My father's too proud
to admit he's beaten.

Proud of this.

And so we are left with
the moor and the mist.

- You must be very lonely.

- Yes, I am very lonely.

When you are poor, no
one wants to know you.

I want to know you, Cecile.

Why did you run away from me
yesterday, when we'd hardly met?

Why did you kiss me, Cecile?

Why?

I don't know.

- Tell me.

- I don't know.

Will you meet me
tonight at the hall?
We can walk back across the moor.
If you want me to.
Our paths seem to have crossed
this morning, Sir Henry.
I suppose you've come
to talk about the farm.
You have cider? Good. Cecile,
fetch another tankard for me.
Now, quickly about it, girl.
Do sit down, Sir Henry.
Thank you.
I was wondering if you and your guests
would care to join us for a meal tonight?
- Just simple fare, of course.
- Yes, so your daughter's already told me.
I'd be very pleased to. So will
Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson.
Good. It will be a change
for us to have visitors.
To your health, sir.
But how can you be so
certain that someone
took one of the bishop's spiders...
and deliberately placed
it in Sir Henry's room...
that it wasn't in his
luggage from South Africa?
Elementary, my dear Watson. There
are no tarantulas in South Africa.
Whoever placed it there
didn't know that.
Precisely.
But he did know when and where
Sir Henry was arriving...
and where he'd be staying.
He also knew a great deal
about the Baskerville family.
A bite from a tarantula is not
necessarily deadly to a healthy man...
but to a man with a weak heart...
That points to somebody from
this part of the country.

Why not?

There's an fine train service
to and from London...

and as Sir Charles died
here only a month ago...

it's less suspicious for Sir
Henry to die in London.

Sir Charles, I'd almost
forgotten about him.

It's a good thing I
remembered, wasn't it?

All right.

But the person who benefited most
from his will was Sir Henry.

You're not going to suggest
that he killed his uncle?

1 million is a great temptation.

In a case such as this, everyone
is suspect, even Sir Henry.

Dr. Mortimer was the only one who knew
where Sir Henry would be in London...

and when he was arriving.

No. No. The London Times
would have published it.

What about the legend
of the hound of Hell?

Remember, we've both seen
something of its horror.

Watson! You inspire me!

Let me see your map, quickly.

Selden swore he heard his cries coming
from the very depths of the Earth.

The hound of Hell. Let me see.

Really, I must pull myself together.

I should have noticed this long ago.

Holmes. Barrymore told
me you'd arrived.

And about time, too,
if I may say so...

considering what happened to
that convict fellow last night.

A development I deeply
regret, Dr. Mortimer.

I don't.

A man like that
deserves all he gets.
In case you're both
wondering why I'm here...
I've just come over to start
looking through the family estate.
I think I'm wasting my
time, if you ask me.
You know, really, Holmes...
I find it quite impossible
to get on with Sir Henry.
I understand you had a
disagreement with him last night.
Disagreement?
He was downright rude,
if that's what you mean.
Hardly an excuse to leave him alone
when you know he's in danger.
You told me you'd stay with
Sir Henry until I got back.
What if I did?
I don't see why I should be insulted
by the man I'm trying to protect.
After all, I only mentioned
the subject of the legend.
Now, you are very fond of doing
that, Dr. Mortimer. Why?
Weren't you the first to discover
the existence of the legend?
Mr. Holmes...
when I engaged you...
I looked to you to protect
Sir Henry's interests.
I'm beginning to see, for the first time
in my life, I was wrong in my judgement.
- If you care to relinquish the case...
- I never relinquish!
Mr. Holmes...
Please, don't let us
fall out at this stage.
I need your help, unfortunately.
You know a lot about the geography and
history of this district, I believe.
I am considered something

of an authority.

There's an old tin mine
marked here on the map.

- Does it still exist?

- I believe so.

What of it? It's been
derelict for years.

Yes, I rather fear this
map a wee out of date.

Could you show me the
way to the entrance?

What on earth for?

Could you?

I'm afraid not.

I haven't been near there for years.

Perhaps Stapleton can help you.

It lies under his ground.

If he agreed to show me,
would you come with us?

I suggest that you stay away
from the mine, Mr. Holmes.

It hasn't been in use for a long time,
the shaft is in a dangerous condition.

How do you know, if you
haven't been there for years?

It's obvious, isn't it?

Any tunnelling is dangerous if
it isn't in a state of repair.

Still, I feel I must take a look
at it. Will you come with me?

As an archaeologist, your
help will be invaluable.

I suppose, if you're going to make an
issue of it, I shall have to come.

- Good. Good man.

- What do you want me to do?

Identify anything I may find.

Strange things are to
be found on the moor.

Like this, for instance!

- Where did you find that?

- Interesting, isn't it?

Could you tell me how old it is?

I'm not sure.

- About 1700, I imagine.
- 1740, to be exact.
And the blood, how old is that?
I couldn't tell.
Then I will tell you. It
is less than 10 hours old.
Could you tell me anything
else about the weapon?
No? Come, come.
With your knowledge of the legend,
I made certain you ought to know.
It's the dagger Sir Hugo used to
murder the girl in the abbey.
And more recently, it has been
used for some diabolical ceremony.
All right, Watson, we're
all down quite safely.
Good! I'll be waiting for you here!
I don't expect we
shall be very long.
You'd both better follow close
behind me for the moment.
You'll have to watch your step.
It's very slippery down here.
The water seeps through
from the mire.
Don't touch any of the
props, whatever you do!
We'll have the whole
roof down on us.
We should never have come down
here. It's far too dangerous.
What do you expect
to find, Mr. Holmes?
What is one likely to
find under the ground?
Bones, perhaps.
This is dangerous.
You carry on, Mr. Holmes,
while we chock the wheels.
- Certainly.
- Here you are.
Thank you.
We won't need to go any further.

I've found what I came down for.
No good, Watson?
Leave the lanterns
there, Mr. Stapleton.
We must go to the village
and get some help.
I'm afraid it won't
do no good, sir.
Must be a ton of rock
blocking that shaft there.
We must try.
You must resign yourself to the fact
that there's no hope of him being alive.
- Don't you agree, Stapleton?
- You know as much about it as I do.
It's over two hours
since the roof fell.
You've been down there.
We've heard nothing.
Not likely to, with all
that rock in front of us.
That don't mean to
say he's not alive.
Plenty of air in that old mine. Comes
in from them ventilating shafts.
Couldn't we get down one of
them and find him that way?
I wouldn't like to say, sir.
I doubt there's a man as
knows them entrances.
We must try to find one.
Mr. Stapleton, will you lead us back
to the path immediately, please?
I did warn him not to go.
You were there. You
heard me, didn't you?
- There's still a chance.
- A very good chance.
I've been waiting for you
for the last 10 minutes.
Holmes!
- Thank heaven you're safe.
- How did you get out? This is wonderful.
That's gratifying.

When the applause has died down,
I wonder if we could get back to the hall.
I've hurt my leg, I'm
cold, and I'm hungry.
Will you please stop
behaving like a maiden aunt.
If I hadn't known there were a
number of entrances to the mine...
- I'd never have gone down.
- But for a wretched old beef bone...
It is not a wretched old beef bone.
That's just the point.
It's a relatively new one.
- But I...
- No buts.
Would you mind, please,
passing me my tobacco?
Where is it?
You'll find it in the
top right-hand drawer.
An unopened tin.
- You must have put it somewhere else.
- The right-hand top drawer.
- I'm looking in the right-hand top drawer.
- Isn't it there?
I've just told you it isn't there.
Here it is.
Just a minute. I know I put
it there this morning.
Watson, the bottom drawer,
where I put the dagger...
is it still locked?
No.
Holmes, the lock's been forced!
The dagger's not there.
Watson.
How's the leg feeling now?
- Not very good.
- I'm sorry to hear that.
I wasn't able to tell you before...
but Stapleton has asked us
over for a meal tonight.
Has he?
Yes. I thought it was

a very nice gesture.
Still, I don't suppose you'll feel like going with your leg the way it is.
No, I don't.
They'll be very disappointed, and Cecile is waiting for me downstairs.
Of course, I wouldn't dream of going without you.
My dear Sir Henry, if you'd wanted us to come with you... you'd have told us about the invitation much sooner than this.
I beg your pardon?
You'd better be off. You mustn't be late for your peasant friends.
I don't like that, Holmes.
I don't like the people you're mixing with.
I thought, in your new position, you would've cultivated worthier friends.
I hope you enjoy their rabbit pie.
Mr. Holmes, I appreciate the fact that you are here to help me.
Nevertheless, I would remind you that you are also a guest in my house.
- Good night!
- Good night.
- I do think you might...
- Do stop talking nonsense.
You know my methods.
Couldn't you see I was being purposely rude?
I wanted him to go without us.
The dagger's gone.
Don't you realize what that means?
Sir Henry is to die tonight!
Are you sure your leg is all right?
It's got to be, if we're to break the curse he laid on the Baskervilles.
- Holmes?
- Yes.
You learned something from that portrait that I never saw.
The hands, Watson. Why do you

think this painting was stolen?
Because the artist revealed both hands.
Barrymore's confirmed what I suspected.
The fingers of Sir Hugo's
right hand were webbed.

- Stapleton.

- Exactly. Stapleton.

Illegitimate descendent of Sir Hugo,
next in line to the Baskerville fortune.

- No. This way.

- But this is the way to the farm.
Come on.
Swine!

You thought it was going to be
easy, didn't you? Didn't you?
You won't be the first of your
family who thought that...
and you won't be the first
to die because of it.
Remember the legend?
Sir Hugo died here.
His throat was torn out
because of a girl.
And Sir Charles, your dear
uncle, he died here, didn't he?
Died because he
wanted me, like you.
Died because he wanted a woman enough
to bring me here alone at night...
in spite of the hound
of the Baskervilles.
He died screaming.
I know. I watched him.
And now you are here alone...
at night.
You don't understand, do you?
Then let me explain.
I, too, am a Baskerville,
descended from Sir Hugo...
descended from those who died in
poverty while you scum ruled the moor.
We have waited and prayed for
this moment, my father and I.
Now our time has come, and yours.

The curse of the hound is on you.
No, Watson! She won't get far.
Attend to Sir Henry.
All right.
All right, Sir Henry.
The hound is dead, and
you must see it, sir.
No, I don't...
It is best that you should.
There is nothing to fear now.
There's a passage leading
from the mine to this place.
I discovered it after Stapleton
tried to kill me down there.
They used this mask to make
it look more terrifying.
He was starved for weeks, kept in
the mine till the time was ripe...
then given the scent.
They had to have something
of yours to give the hound.
We'd better get Sir Henry
back to Baskerville Hall.
Have you got your cape?
Would you get it for me?
- So the curse has claimed its last victim.
- Yes.
No more will be heard of the
hound of the Baskervilles.
I feel I have already suffered
enough from my infamous ancestor...
and so...
"And so I am sending you
the missing portrait...
"which we found at Stapleton's farm to
add to your collection of souvenirs.
"I hope you will accept it, also
the check which I enclose for..."
Very generous.
After tea, you must write to Sir
Henry that I should be pleased...
to accept both his gifts.
Tell me, Holmes...
when did you first suspect

the truth about this case?

- The truth?

- Yes, that the hound was a real dog...
and not just a legendary myth.

When Sir Henry complained
of a missing boot...

that put me on the
scent, as it were.

As early as that.

That's incredible.

It's elementary, my dear Watson.

A muffin?

Thank you.