

# Austin Powers in Live and Let Shag

By Tracy Revels, PhD

The following script was performed at the Greenville, SC Sherlock Holmes Birthday Gala on 11 January 2003. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of the author, Dr. Tracy Revels. It may be of interest to the reader to know that a name previously associated with "The Survivors of the Gloria Scott" was "The Knights of Shag." Although the reference to "shag" here was to

## Cast of Characters

Holmes  
Mycroft

Watson  
Irene Adler

Mrs. Hudson  
Sebastian Moran

Austin Powers  
Dr. More-Evil-Ty

WATSON: I must say Holmes, preventing the theft of Prince Edward's family jewels has got to be your finest case yet! You'll be knighted for---good heavens, what is that parked in front of our door?

HOLMES: It appears to be a hansom cab bedecked with the Union Jack.

WATSON: With purple fringe on the top? How bizarre. Wait, what's that I hear?

MRS. HUDSON: HELP!

HOLMES: Quickly, Watson. Some fiend is assaulting our landlady! Help me break down the door.

WATSON: Couldn't we just use our key?

HOLMES: Hi-yah! (Judo sound)

WATSON: Guess not. See here you villain, unhand that woman!

POWERS: That's not a woman. That's a man, baby!

MRS HUDSON: Ouch!

POWERS: Why-won't-this-wig---come-off? EEEEEOOOWWHHHH!

HOLMES: A swift kick to the bradshaw. Good show, Mrs. Hudson!

MRS. HUDSON: Oh, I do wish you'd find another line of work, Mr. Holmes. I can't stand it when these blokes attack me. Why did he think I was a man?

WATSON: Your little mustache, maybe?

MRS. HUDSON: Just because it's nicer than yours is no cause to be nasty, doctor!

POWERS: I'll tell you why I attacked her---I thought she was the man who is due any minute to kill Sherlock Holmes.

HOLMES: I beg your pardon.

POWERS: You see, I'm from the future. Dr. Evil has used his time machine to come back to 1895 to kill Sherlock Holmes. He'll be wearing some clever disguise, but I'll be on the lookout to stop him.

WATSON: I don't understand. Why would a physician from the future want to kill Holmes?

POWERS: Because Mr. Holmes is my.... great-grandfather! If he dies, I will never be born.

WATSON and HOLMES: (Explode in laughter)

POWERS: Yuck it up all you like, but it won't be very funny when Dr. Evil uses his "brain zapper" on you.

HOLMES: I believe your brain has been zapped already, you dentally challenged moron.

MRS. HUDSON: There's the doorbell. I'll see who it is.

POWERS: Careful! Oh no---its FAT BASTARD!

HOLMES: That's no way to speak to my brother. Come in, Mycroft. Take a load off. Or, in your case, take several loads off.

MYCROFT: Sherlock, I've just learned that there is a plot afoot to kill you.

POWERS: See! I told you so.

MYCROFT: Irene Adler has been hired by Sebastian Moran to do the deed.

POWERS: Wait---it isn't possible!  
She's my great-grandmother!

MRS. HUDSON: Ahem! Mr. Holmes,  
is there something you should tell  
us about?

WATSON: Yes, what were you really  
up to during the "Great Hiatus"?  
Looking in on Mecca? Visiting a  
lama? Rightttt.....

HOLMES: This is ludicrous. Let's go  
over to The Woman's house and  
straighten it out.

POWERS: Great. We can take my  
shag-wagon.

HOLMES: I have enough tobacco,  
thank you. (Everyone makes  
clipping sounds)

HOLMES: I wonder what The  
Woman is really up to.

IRENE: Well, by my calculations,  
those fools should be here any  
minute, walking right into our trap.

MORAN: Very good, my dear.  
You're sure you know what to do?

IRENE: Of course. My powers of  
seduction are at their height.

MORAN: Don't I know it!

IRENE: So is that your air-gun or are  
you just happy to see me? Wait---  
they're here! Hide! Oh, hello Mr.  
Holmes.... to what do I owe the  
honor?

HOLMES: Miss Adler, there appears  
to be a misunderstanding. I believe  
you know everyone except our new  
companion, Mr. Austin Powers.

POWERS: Rrrwwhhhhh! Just call me  
Oedipus! You are one foxy great-  
grandma!

WATSON: If you want to get back to  
the future, you'd better keep quiet.

POWERS: But my mojo is off the  
scale! Yeah, baby!

IRENE: Ah...charmed, I'm sure. Mr.  
Holmes, before we talk business,  
can I have a moment alone with the  
good doctor. I need him to  
prescribe something for my  
headaches.

WATSON: I'll be glad to help. Let's  
go in your room for a consultation.

POWERS: Is he really a doctor?

HOLMES: He did attend medical  
school, so he's licensed to kill.

POWERS: I hope he knows what  
he's doing, because according to  
my calculations, Lackin Powers, my  
grandfather, is conceived tonight!

MRS. HUDSON: Now maybe I  
understand why we had to pick up  
the roses and wine on the way.

MYCROFT: Sherlock, can I have a  
word with you?

SHERLOCK: Yes, Mycroft?

MYCROFT: Maybe we'd better have  
a quick discussion about the birds  
and the bees.

SHERLOCK: I know all about bees. I  
plan to raise them when I'm  
retired.

MYCROFT: Sherlock, you are  
clueless. Powers, you are dead.

POWERS: I don't understand it. The  
mojo was always so strong in our  
family. That's why my grandfather  
changed his name to Powers! It  
only makes sense that I---the  
international man of mystery---am  
descended from the world's  
greatest detective. But maybe  
there's been a mistake.

EVIL: Your fatal mistake, Powers!  
Aha, I've taken you all by surprise!

HOLMES: It's Moriarty, back from  
the grave!

EVIL: No, I'm Doctor More-Evil-Ty---  
and I like the Victorian world so  
much I think I'll stay in it, even after  
I'll killed you, Holmes, and erased  
Powers from existence. Prepare to-

MORAN: BANG! Ha, I.... dammit, I  
missed again!

POWERS: But you shot More-Evil-  
Ty!

MRS. HUDSON: He's not dead, just  
stunned. Funny, he looks familiar.

MORAN: I think his great-  
grandfather is the Evil Dr. Boob.

EVERYONE: Inventor of the Boob  
job?

MORAN: That be him! POWERS:  
Whoever he's related to, he's under  
arrest and going back to 2003 with  
me!

MYCROFT: And you're under arrest,  
Moran, for trying to kill my brother.  
And you're under arrest too, Mrs.  
Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON: What for?

MYCROFT: Impersonating a man!  
Come along now, both of you.

MORAN and HUDSON:  
Ratsafrazaratanhower  
(Mumbling)

POWERS: Well, gramps, it was nice  
to meet you.

HOLMES: Mr. Powers, before you  
go, let me solve a little mystery for  
you. I am NOT your great-  
grandfather.

POWERS: But if you're not, who is?

HOLMES: Peek around that door.  
(Passionate sounds!)

IRENE: Doctor, your canon will  
always be remembered!

WATSON: Oh, be-have! Yeah baby,  
yeah!!!!!!

