

SIDE 1 : CRATCHIT and HOLMES

P.17 “CRATCHIT. *It’s quite a story, actually.*” To P18 “HOLMES. *What do you want with me? Fiend!*” (can stop before elderly woman scream part)

wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner was Scrooge!

SCROOGE. Bah Humbug!

CRATCHIT. But then, one night, a Christmas night, many years ago, he was transformed. He woke upon a Christmas morning with the spirit of a new man!

Scrooge yells to an unseen boy.

SCROOGE. You there! Young boy! What day is this?

CRATCHIT. After that, he became like a second father to me, became as good a friend, as good a man, as this city ever knew.

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas!

Scrooge disappears.

CRATCHIT. It’s quite a story, actually.

HOLMES. Fascinating. Are we done?

CRATCHIT. I called upon him three days ago on the occasion of his birthday. He has been confined to a wheelchair as of late and his sight has dimmed, but we had a happy visit. The old fellow told me that he was soon to receive a valuable gift. A rather famous diamond, he said, called the Blue Carbuncle.

HOLMES. I’ve heard of it.

CRATCHIT. A present from an old friend—though he would not say who—in gratitude for the many good deeds Scrooge had done. Of course, old Scrooge decided to give it away, and told me he planned to change his will. But as yet, no new will has turned up. And then, he showed me a letter he received...

Cratchit slides a piece of paper across the table. Sherlock can’t help himself. He reads it.

HOLMES. “YoUr GhoSts HavE ReTurNed. THis WILL be your lAst ChrIstmaS”

These words were cut from the agony column in *The Times*. A left-handed person trying to appear right-handed, as you can tell from the angle of the blade.

CRATCHIT. And the word “WILL” is in larger letters than the others. Of course, Mr. Scrooge laughed it off.

HOLMES. (*Suspiciously.*) Tell me, Dr. Cratchit. Did you suspect he had chosen you as the beneficiary of his new will?

CRATCHIT. Over the years Mr. Scrooge has been quite generous to the children of St. Bernard's hospital, and made sure no boy or girl would suffer as I once did.

HOLMES. Regarding his death. Were there any signs of foul play?

CRATCHIT. No. But... The note. The missing will. If he met his end unfavourably, I must know.

HOLMES. Yes. Mind you, old age can be the most cunning of murderers. Ask Scotland Yard for assistance. Lestrade is the best of a bad lot. If something has happened—

CRATCHIT. I've spoken to the police. They wouldn't entertain my suspicions after I discovered the body. The police said only that they would send someone round to fetch the remains.

HOLMES. And so you came to me. I'm sorry, Dr. Cratchit. But, at this time I am not able...

Holmes spies a cloaked figure seated at another table, back to him.

I am not able to... I am...not...

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes?

Holmes, agitated, springs toward the figure.

HOLMES. What do you want with me? Fiend!

It is an elderly woman (Actor Four). She screams.

Forgive me, madame...

ELDERLY WOMAN. AH! And a merry Christmas to you! Heathen!

She hits him with her bag and storms out of the restaurant.

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes? Mr. Holmes, are you all right?

HOLMES. I'm sorry, Dr. Cratchit. Very sorry, indeed.

He exits the restaurant into the street. Cratchit follows.

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes! Mr. Holmes, sir! Please. Mr. Holmes, sometimes a man can tell a doctor things he wouldn't tell another soul.

Holmes stops in his tracks.