

SIDE 2: SCROOGE and HOLMES

P.52 "HOLMES. Scrooge, tell me! Are these the shadows of things that will be? Or are they the shadows of things that may be only? What would you have me do, Spirit?" To P.53

"SCROOGE. Then prove it, you ol' Humbug! Remember all that has passed between us! The game is afoot! Ha ha!"

EMMA. I was paying my respects to Dr. Cratchit, he's beneath that tree. Do you remember him?

WATSON. Cratchit, yes. Used to run a hospital for children. Closed up, didn't it?

EMMA. It did. Dr. Cratchit cared for me after my father died in prison. Poor Father never had his name cleared.

WATSON. Bah. Scotland Yard. I hear it's worse than ever since they promoted Lestrade to Chief Inspector.

HOLMES. Oh, dear Lord.

WATSON. We always knew he had no talent.

EMMA. Doctor. What ever happened to...to Sherlock Holmes?

WATSON. Oh, he's among these stones somewhere, I think. He was...a disappointment. Haven't heard his name in years. I never understood how he could have fallen so far. But then, perhaps some mysteries have no solutions.

EMMA. I sometimes wonder, what if—

WATSON. No. Don't. Banish those words from your mind. "What if?" We will never know "what if." Forget about Sherlock Holmes, Miss Wiggins. I have.

They part. Watson walks by Holmes and for a moment it seems he looks right at him, though not on an earthly plane...

HOLMES. Watson?

WATSON. ...He wasn't the man I thought he was.

Watson exits. Holmes turns to Scrooge.

HOLMES. Scrooge, tell me! Are these the shadows of things that will be? Or are they the shadows of things that may be only? What would you have me do, Spirit?

SCROOGE. It is not for me to say, Sherlock Holmes. Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead.

HOLMES. But if the courses are departed from—

SCROOGE. Then the ends may change.

HOLMES. I fear I am past all hope.

SCROOGE. Waste your gifts at your own peril. And risk the welfare

of all those who would care for and rely upon you in years to come. No, sir, it is not too late! You may change these shadows with an altered life and a thankful heart.

HOLMES. But without Moriarty—

SCROOGE. You do not need Moriarty to be Sherlock Holmes. Your greatest adversary is yourself, man!

HOLMES. Then what must I do? To be well and truly changed? To rid myself of despair?

SCROOGE. You must care for your brothers and sisters! You must use your gifts as they were intended! You must do what you were always meant to do. You must be Sherlock Holmes and—

HOLMES. Solve a mystery.

SCROOGE. Exactly, man! Now do it! Solve the mystery surrounding my death. Find out—

HOLMES. Who stole the Blue Carbuncle. And why...

SCROOGE. You know the suspects. You've heard their stories. You've seen the clues. It all adds up. In fact, I believe deep down you already know the solution, don't you?

HOLMES. Of course I do.

SCROOGE. And how is that possible?

HOLMES. Because, I am Sherlock Holmes!

SCROOGE. Then prove it, you ol' Humbug! Remember all that has passed between us! The game is afoot! Ha ha!

With a crack of lightning and the deafening ring of a bell, Scrooge vanishes. Holmes is alone on the street. Light snow.

ACTOR ONE. The fog is lifted, now. The cold night air snaps Holmes back to his senses.

ACTOR FOUR. He must have been dreaming. He is a man of rational thought.

ACTOR ONE. He cannot, he will not, he does not—

HOLMES. Believe in ghosts.

ACTOR FOUR. ...Or does he?

ACTOR ONE. Still, if he has been sleepwalking, he now finds himself exactly where he needs to be.