

SIDE 3 : SCROOGE, HOLMES, and WATSON (primarily for WATSON)

P. 70 "HOLMES. *If your invitation stands, I should like to come to dinner, after all.*" To P.72
"HOLMES. *Merry Christmas, Watson.*"

EMMA WIGGINS. Mr. Holmes. My father! He's been released!
He's inside now! I have him back. He's free, sir, he's free!

HOLMES. I'd like to meet him, Emma. So I can tell him personally
what a remarkable daughter he has in you.

EMMA WIGGINS. Thank you, sir.

She exits.

CRATCHIT. It's just like one of those stories in the *Strand*, Mr.
Holmes. I don't know how you do it.

HOLMES. Elementary, my dear Cratchit. Elementary.

CRATCHIT. By the way, a letter arrived this morning. Someone
knew you'd be here.

HOLMES. Miss Adler.

The Countess appears, elsewhere.

THE COUNTESS. Dear Sherlock,

If you're reading this, you've solved the mystery, recaptured the
diamond, and read Ebenezer's will. The Blue Carbuncle has found
its rightful home, and you have saved the day. I shall return to
London in a year's time, at Christmas. Perhaps then, we can make
up for lost time and sing a few carols of our own. Until then, I remain
yours, Irene Adler,

HOLMES. The Countess of Morcar.

The Countess disappears.

CRATCHIT. Now then, will you join us inside for Christmas?

HOLMES. Thank you, Doctor. But I'm afraid I can't stay. I have an
appointment to keep. With an old friend.

*Watson enters. He has on an apron and is rushing about
at home.*

WATSON. Take over stirring, Mary! I'll see to the door. It's probably
just the neighbor wondering if we're—

He sees Sherlock, who holds a wrapped bottle in hand.

Holmes.

HOLMES. If your invitation stands, I should like to come to dinner,
after all.

WATSON. Well, yes. Of course. Come in, come in.

HOLMES. This is for you.

WATSON. A Christmas Spirit?

HOLMES. A Christmas Present. I should have come sooner, but somehow, I lost my way.

WATSON. You needn't apologize.

HOLMES. Yesterday, I said a great many things I regret. I'm sorry I disappointed you. I won't do it again. You have my word.

WATSON. It's all right, old man. It's all right.

HOLMES. So I still have your friendship?

WATSON. Sherlock. You never lost it.

HOLMES. That's the greatest gift of all, John.

WATSON. But what about Moriarty's ghost?

HOLMES. Oh, I don't think I shall worry about Moriarty anymore. We have bigger cases to tackle. Together. As Holmes and Watson.

WATSON. May I ask what caused your change of heart?

HOLMES. I solved a mystery, Watson. You see there was a man named Scrooge who—

WATSON. Ebenezer Scrooge?

HOLMES. Yes, did you know him?

WATSON. When I was just a boy. The meanest old fusser on the street. Everyone was afraid of him. Until one Christmas morning I saw him at his window, shouting—

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

Watson acts within his recollection.

WATSON. Why it's Christmas Day, sir!

SCROOGE. Christmas Day? I haven't missed it! The Spirits have done it all in one night. Of course they have! Oh my fine boy, do you know the poultry shop on the corner?

WATSON. I do, sir!

SCROOGE. Intelligent boy! Remarkable boy! Go and fetch the turkey hanging in their window!

WATSON. The one as big as me, sir?

SCROOGE. Indeed! I'll send it to Bob Cratchit! I'll give you a shilling—no two shillings—if you're quick about it!

WATSON. Right, sir! Merry Christmas, sir!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas, indeed! Merry Christmas everyone!
Ha ha!

WATSON. And from that day on he was a changed man.

HOLMES. Quite a story.

WATSON. Yes, a Dickens of a tale. Told many times and many ways, but I never tire of it.

Watson picks up a wrapped box.

Oh, Holmes, before I forget, here's a little something for you, too.

He hands Holmes a present, which is unwrapped quickly. It's—

HOLMES. A deerstalker. Why, Watson. However did you guess?

WATSON. Will you wear it?

HOLMES. As if my life depended upon it.

WATSON. Merry Christmas, Holmes.

HOLMES. Merry Christmas, Watson.

Some music plays from inside. "We Wish You a Merry Christmas."

Shall we go inside and sing?

WATSON. Sherlock Holmes and a Christmas carol? Now, I've seen everything!

HOLMES. So you have, Watson. So you have.

ACTOR TWO. And so have you!

SCROOGE. Sherlock Holmes had no further visits by ghosts.

HOLMES. And he was better than his word.

ACTOR TWO. He did it all and infinitely more.

ACTOR THREE. He became as good a friend—

ACTOR FOUR. As good a man—

ACTOR ONE. As good a detective—

ACTOR THREE. As this good old city ever knew.

HOLMES. It was all quite—elementary!