

SIDE 4 : WIGGINS and HOLMES

P13 “EMMA WIGGINS. Mr. Holmes? Mr. Holmes! It is you! I thought it was! You’re back!” To

P.14 “EMMA WIGGINS. I thought we could always count on you, sir... I guess I was wrong.”

ACTOR ONE. A tale of Sherlock Holmes.

ACTOR TWO. A tale of Christmas.

ACTOR THREE. A tale which happened once upon a time—

ACTOR FOUR. Once upon a time—

ALL. (*Softly.*) Once upon a time, on Christmas Eve...

A Caroler (Actor Four) sings “Good King Wenceslas” outside the restaurant. Holmes exits into the street.

HOLMES. Off with you! You sound like a bag of drowning rats.

CAROLER. Penny a song, sir! Everyone loves a Christmas Carol.

HOLMES. I. Do. Not. Off with you!

The caroler flees. A young woman in a bonnet, Emma Wiggins (Actor Two), tentatively approaches Holmes.

EMMA WIGGINS. Mr. Holmes? Mr. Holmes! It is you! I thought it was! You’re back!

HOLMES. What?

EMMA WIGGINS. Don’t you recognize me? Emma Wiggins! From your Baker Street Irregulars!

HOLMES. Wiggins?

EMMA WIGGINS. Oh, I need your help, sir. My father’s been arrested. Police say he’s a thief! You’ve got to help him, sir!

HOLMES. If your father committed an offense then he must answer for his crime and pay the penalty in full.

EMMA WIGGINS. But he didn’t do it! Won’t you help? After all, you’re Sherlock—

A GHOSTLY VOICE. HOOOLMESSSSSS...

Holmes braces himself.

HOLMES. Who’s there?

The voice fades.

EMMA WIGGINS. Mr. Holmes?

HOLMES. Did you not hear that?

EMMA WIGGINS. You’ve got to help me, sir! Please!

HOLMES. Leave me be, Wiggins.

EMMA WIGGINS. But Mr. Holmes! My father!

HOLMES. I said leave me be!

EMMA WIGGINS. I thought we could always count on you, sir. .
I guess I was wrong.

She runs off.

HOLMES. Bah.

Holmes returns to the restaurant. A man (Actor One) is seated nearby.

THE MAN. If I'm not very much mistaken, you are Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

HOLMES. You are.

THE MAN. What?

HOLMES. Mistaken.

The man rises with some difficulty. He is supported by a cane. He approaches Holmes.

THE MAN. No, I'm quite sure you're him. Your landlady Mrs. Hudson said I might find you here.

HOLMES. I'll have a word with her.

THE MAN. Mr. Holmes, I know tonight is Christmas Eve and I wouldn't dream of disturbing you.

HOLMES. And yet you are.

THE MAN. Ha. Bit shorter than I imagined from Dr. Watson's stories in the *Strand Magazine*. Those accounts are what made me think you're the only person what can help me.

HOLMES. I deplore Watson's narratives. Testaments to inaccuracy. I bear no resemblance to the character in the *Strand Magazine*. Watson paints me as an eccentric and incurable addict in a deerstalker hat, with a fiddle, prancing about London with a comical pipe between my teeth. I wouldn't wear a deerstalker if my life depended upon it. Now, if you don't mind—

Holmes coughs violently. The man offers his scarf.

THE MAN. Here, now, take my scarf. You're hardly dressed for his weather, sir. You're shivering.

Holmes takes the scarf.