

**SIDE 6 : LESTRADE and HOLMES**

P67 "LESTRADE. What's she going on about, then, Mr. Holmes? What's all this business about ghosts?" To P68 "HOLMES. The combination was simple. 3-6-4."

MRS. DILBER. Let me out of here!

*Mrs. Dilber rushes to the door, which opens forcefully as Lestrade bursts in with a bobby (Actor One) close behind.*

LESTRADE. Gladly, madame! Heard the whole thing at the key-hole, Mr. Holmes. Every last word of her confession. Pigeon-livered, am I? It was all just as you said! Wasn't it, sir?

MRS. DILBER. Take me away, Inspector. I admit it! I'm the murderer! But take me from this 'orrible, 'aunted place! He was here. He was here!

LESTRADE. Was he, now?

MRS. DILBER. You know now, Mr. Holmes, don't you?

HOLMES. Know what?

MRS. DILBER. There are such things...as ghosts.

LESTRADE. Take her away, Constable Bradstreet.

CONSTABLE. Yes, sir! Right this way, ma'am.

MRS. DILBER. Yes! Thank you, thank you! *(Mildly flirty with Bradstreet.)* Take me, please!

*The constable takes Mrs. Dilber from the room.*

LESTRADE. What's she going on about, then, Mr. Holmes? What's all this business about ghosts?

HOLMES. I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps she really saw one. Who is to say?

LESTRADE. Surely you don't believe in ghosts, now. Do you?

HOLMES. I prefer the term Spirit. Which is something Ebenezer Scrooge had in abundance.

LESTRADE. Indeed. Awful to think a kindly man like that would meet such an end. Murdered. On Christmas Eve, no less.

*Holmes chuckles.*

HOLMES. Oh, Scrooge wasn't murdered, Lestrade.

LESTRADE. But you said there was a murderer on the loose!

HOLMES. And there was. But that didn't mean a murder had been committed.

Don't you remember? We found Mr. Scrooge in his chair reading a newspaper dated December 22. Rigor had clearly set in. The

room was quite cold and it preserved him, as he sat here with a smile on his lips.

LESTRADE. So Scrooge...?

HOLMES. Died three days ago. On his birthday. Quite peacefully, too. A life well lived.

*Lestrade is astounded!*

LESTRADE. So the poison candles didn't kill him!

HOLMES. They never would have.

LESTRADE. What do y'mean?

HOLMES. Oh, really Lestrade. Poisoned candles? It's the most ridiculous scheme I've ever heard of. Utterly absurd. Never would have worked, though they might make you hallucinate a bit. But you'd have to practically eat the candles to have them prove fatal.

LESTRADE. So, the housekeeper tried to commit murder against a man who had already passed away!

HOLMES. Mrs. Dilber isn't exactly a criminal mastermind.

LESTRADE. Well, they can't all be Professor Moriartys, now, can they?

HOLMES. Thank goodness.

LESTRADE. Scrooge went out on his own terms, didn't he?

HOLMES. He was a brave soul. He chose to change his ways and do good for his fellow man. His example is a gift to us all.

LESTRADE. And speaking of gifts, I guess we'll never know what happened to Scrooge's will!

HOLMES. Oh, I have it right here.

*Holmes produces the will.*

LESTRADE. Ha! Where'd you find that, then?

HOLMES. In the safe. Behind the portrait of his sister, Fan. Anything he truly valued he would have kept close to her—the person he most cherished.

LESTRADE. And how'd you open the safe?

HOLMES. The combination was simple. 3-6-4.

*He mimes turning the combination.*