

**SIDE 7 : CRATCHIT, MARTHA, and HOLMES**

P38 "MARTHA. Timmy! Oh, Timmy! It's the goose! The goose! You've got to see it!" To P39  
"MARTHA. Lord have mercy! Wait... What's a Blue Car-frumple?"

HOLMES. This hat has not been brushed for weeks. He's exhausted his wife's affections.

CRATCHIT. Perhaps he's a bachelor?

HOLMES. His ring finger has cut into the felt on this side.

CRATCHIT. And the gas?

HOLMES. One tallow stain, even two, might come by chance—I see five. He's brought into frequent contact with burning wax—he walks upstairs at night with his hat in one hand and a candle in the other.

Are you satisfied, Watson?

CRATCHIT. Cratchit, sir.

HOLMES. I beg your pardon?

CRATCHIT. You called me Watson.

HOLMES. I did not.

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes. Perhaps you'd like a second opinion from a more familiar doctor?

*Martha Cratchit (Actor Four) enters. She is a bundle of energy and in high dudgeon! She carries a goose on a platter. There is great warmth between the brother and sister.*

MARTHA. Timmy! Oh, Timmy! It's the goose! The goose! You've got to see it!

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes, allow me to introduce my dear sister, Martha.

HOLMES. Miss Cratchit.

MARTHA. Hallo, hallo, hallo. Timmy! Who's your handsome friend, then?

CRATCHIT. Martha, this is Sherlock Holmes!

MARTHA. Sherlock Holmes, eh?

CRATCHIT. Yes. The famous detective.

MARTHA. Never 'eard of him.

CRATCHIT. Martha!

MARTHA. And is there a Mrs. Sherlock Holmes?

CRATCHIT. You'll have to forgive my sister, Mr. Holmes!

MARTHA. Why for? He's obviously not married, he's got no ring on his finger! And I'll wager he hasn't got a lady in his life, as evidenced by his lack of concern for his general appearance. Though he's a man of some means as he likes to travel—his shirt is an Italian make, and those kind of shoes are only sold in Switzerland, if I'm not mistaken.

CRATCHIT. I say, maybe you two should get to know each other, after all.

HOLMES. Thank you just the same.

MARTHA. All right, all right! Don't have to be such a Scrooge about it.

HOLMES. Excuse me?

CRATCHIT. Martha has never quite taken to Mr. Scrooge. She remembers him from a time before his change.

HOLMES. You don't believe in Mr. Scrooge's redemption?

MARTHA. If a man can turn over a new leaf that quickly, he can always turn back. Some people don't change.

HOLMES. I wonder.

MARTHA. Oh... I see. You've already found true love, but your heart's been broken. Just my luck. The interesting ones are always unavailable!

CRATCHIT. Martha—

MARTHA. If she is "The Woman," go after her! True love is hard to come by. Believe me.

CRATCHIT. Martha, please! Apologies, Mr. Holmes. Now, what of the goose?

MARTHA. Oh, yes. The goose! I nearly forgot. See here! Lookit what I found in its crop while I was preparing the bird! Is this a thing?

*She holds out her palm, revealing a brilliant blue stone.*

HOLMES. By Jove, Miss Cratchit! This is "a thing," indeed.

CRATCHIT. Mr. Holmes, is that...?

HOLMES. It most certainly is. The Blue Carbuncle.

MARTHA. Lord have mercy! Wait... What's a Blue Car-frumple?