

CHARACTERS:

SHERLOCK HOLMES

DR. WATSON

JOURNALIST 1

JOURNALIST 2

ELIZABETH

MRS GAMAL

(An awards ceremony. The host starts by asking the audience for a big round of applause. There are some journalists on present waiting for the awards ceremony to begin.)

HOST: Ladies and Gentlemen, to kick off this wonderful event we have the award we've all been waiting for: Detective of the year! There are so many detectives nowadays, but this award could have been made just for him. He has successfully solved more than fifty cases and is here today to accept the award. Please welcome to the stage the super famous detective and our Detective of the Year: Mr Sherlock Holmes!!!

(Enter Sherlock. He goes to centre stage holding his award.)

SHERLOCK: Thank you so much. First of all, I would like to call my colleague up on stage with me. I wouldn't have received this award without him. Furthermore he's my stalwart and he deserves this award as much as I do. Please, welcome... Dr. John H Watson!

(Dr Watson comes up on stage. He walks in a funny way and seems nervous. He stands next to Sherlock, and he looks like he's about to say something)

WATSON: Oh! Thank you!

SHERLOCK I wish you would say something more, my dear Dr Watson. I'm so shy when it comes to answering questions. I thought you could help me.

WATSON: *(Unsure.)* Err... Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Well, it seems this is going to be very difficult, so, if any of the journalists here could help us out of this awkward situation...

JOURNALIST 1: Ok I'll start. You have been working together for a long time...

SHERLOCK: Well, we've only been working together for three years ...

WATSON: ...but I've known Holmes for twenty years.

JOURNALIST 2: Really? I didn't know that.

WATSON: It seems like a lifetime ago that we started working together.

- JOURNALIST 2:** Who do you think is the smarter one of the two?
- SHERLOCK:** Elementary, the smarter one of us is... my dear Watson.
- WATSON:** Don't be so modest. You are the clever one. This award is for you!
- JOURNALIST 1:** How did you meet each other?
- WATSON:** We met at school when we were teenagers.
- JOURNALIST 2:** (*Shocked.*) Really?
- SHERLOCK:** Yes, we solved our first case there: do you want to hear about it?
- JOURNALIST 1:** We do!
- WATSON:** I'll start. I can still remember the smell of the school. I transferred there when I was sixteen years old with a suitcase containing just a few clothes. It was a cold, snowy day in early December. Since my old school had closed, I was sent to a new one in the middle of the year. It was in the heart of London. And suddenly a thin figure appeared in front of me.
- SHERLOCK:** You are the new boy, I guess?
- WATSON:** (*To the audience*) He was just as you see him now. Tall and thin. At the time he seemed to be taller than he is now, but maybe I'm wrong. I remember he was wearing a school uniform but it was too big for him. He was so slim, and he had vacant eyes. But even back then there was something intelligent about him. (*Acting*) "Good morning" My name...
- SHERLOCK:** That uniform looks good on you. Wait! Let me see...Your name is James Watson... You're from the north of England, your father is a doctor, and you spend a lot of time writing, am I correct?
- WATSON:** My name isn't James, it's John.
- SHERLOCK:** James... John... What's the difference?
- WATSON:** There's a huge difference!
- SHERLOCK:** Did I get the rest of it right?
- WATSON:** Yes! You were absolutely right. How did you do that? Is that some kind of magic trick?
- SHERLOCK:** No magic. Pure deduction. The name tag on the suitcase says J. Watson.
- WATSON:** Now I understand.
- SHERLOCK:** (*To the audience.*) I chose the most common name beginning with a J. John would have been my second option.
- WATSON:** Of course.
- SHERLOCK:** Your particular shoes are not made in the city. I saw a very similar pair when I was in the north of England.

WATSON: How do you know I'm a writer then?

SHERLOCK: I just saw the calluses on your finger. A writer's trademark.

WATSON: Really?

SHERLOCK: And finally... Why is a sixteen-year-old boy like you reading a book on medicine that is so hard to find in bookshops?...

WATSON: My dad is a Doctor.

SHERLOCK: My name is Holmes, by the way, Sherlock Holmes. *(To the audience)* You can't imagine the way he was looking at me by this point. He thought I was completely mad. He made a good impression on me. Short...

WATSON: Hey!

SHERLOCK: I meant small! Clumsy!

WATSON: Hey!

SHERLOCK: Uncoordinated. Anyway, he looked like an exceptionally good person, and I knew he was going to be my best friend. *(To Watson)* We're late for physics class, Watson. We need to sharpen your mind.

WATSON: How can you sharpen my mind?

SHERLOCK: A trained mind never rests, Mr Watson.

WATSON: What can I do?

SHERLOCK: Problems of logic, mathematical equations, and riddles.

WATSON: Riddles?

SHERLOCK: Yes. You're in a room where all the windows face south. A bear comes in through the window. What colour is the bear?

WATSON: Red. The bear is red.

SHERLOCK: Why red?

WATSON: The sun is hotter in the south, so the bear is terribly burnt.

SHERLOCK: That is the most absurd answer I've ever heard!

WATSON: Hey! Who is that pretty girl? Is she a student here? She the face of an angel.

SHERLOCK: This is Elizabeth, a very good friend of mine.

WATSON: Is she English? She doesn't look like she is.

SHERLOCK: Is it because of her curly dark hair? She's English, but I think she has Egyptian roots.

ELIZABETH: Hi Sherlock! I'm running late for physics class as well.

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, let me introduce you to my new friend.

WATSON: Hello, it's nice to meet you!

SHERLOCK: He's the honourable, but clumsy, John Watson.

- ELIZABETH:** Did you solve the case of the strange lady?
- WATSON:** What are you talking about? What case about a strange lady?
- ELIZABETH:** Rumour has it that the restless spirit of a dead student who killed herself years ago because she couldn't pass her exams, haunts the school.
- WATSON:** Is that true?
- SHERLOCK:** We still don't know, my dear Watson. Three nights ago, we were in our dormitories when we heard a strange noise coming from the main corridor. We went to see what it was and saw a Lady wearing a scarlet cape, carrying a scarlet parasol, walking up and down the corridor. I asked her who she was.
- WATSON:** Wow! It sounds very scary! Did she reply?
- ELIZABETH:** No, she just looked around, closed her parasol, and laughed with the most bloodcurdling laugh you have ever heard.
- WATSON:** And then?
- SHERLOCK:** Then she disappeared.
- WATSON:** Oh that's giving me goosebumps. That was three nights ago, you say?
- SHERLOCK:** Yes, my dear Watson.
- ELIZABETH:** After that we saw the literature teacher walking along the same corridor. We asked her to be careful, but she ignored us and then...
- SHERLOCK:** ...she was found dead the next morning. No one knows where she was that night. She didn't even leave a note. And the strange lady disappeared into thin air.
- WATSON:** That's the creepiest story I have ever heard!

(A lady enters dragging a sack.)

- MRS. GAMAL:** Children! Could you explain why you are not in class right now?
- SHERLOCK:** We were just showing the new pupil around the school, Mrs Gamal.
- MRS. GAMAL:** He has plenty of time to see the school properly. But now you should all be in class. Come on!
- WATSON:** With all due respect, Mrs Gamal, there's no need to be rude.
- MRS. GAMAL:** Go!
- WATSON:** She's a real character isn't she? Who is she?
- SHERLOCK:** She's the housekeeper. She's Egyptian and she's nice... sometimes. I wonder what she is carrying in that sack?

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth please... Don't be so mean!

(On the other side of the stage, Watson is trying to find the toilets. He looks terrified)

WATSON: Ok, here I am, in the main corridor... Oh God, it's so dark, and I cannot see a thing. It is so damn dark. *(A noise can be heard.)* Ahhh! Okay, I need to breathe! 3, 2, 1, 1, 2, 3... What's the matter with me? *(He takes a few deep breaths.)* Okay, I'm feeling better now. *(We see a silhouette behind him.)*

ELIZABETH: Watson is taking a long time. The toilets are not that far away.

SHERLOCK: I think he must be in the main corridor frightened. Fear is difficult to control. We'll give him five minutes. If he hasn't come back by then, we will go look for him.

ELIZABETH: So...What can we do in five minutes?

SHERLOCK: Any suggestions?

ELIZABETH: Oh yes!

WATSON: Okay. It must be here. There's a door right here on the left-hand side. Yes, the toilets are here. Oh gosh, I'm bursting. *(He turns, sees the silhouette, and screams.)*

(Back in the bedroom Sherlock and Elizabeth are about to kiss.)

SHERLOCK: Watson! He's in trouble.

ELIZABETH: Oh no! What's happened?

(They go to look for him.)

SILHOUETTE: *(With a theatrical magical voice)* Sir, I need your help.

WATSON: Who are you?

SILHOUETTE: I'm dead, but I can't rest. Help me please!

WATSON: How can I help you? Please tell me! But first... will you tell me who you are?

SILHOUETTE: I'm Mrs Ramsay, the literature teacher. I've come to warn you. Please leave things alone or you will end up the same way I did. Dead!

(She vanishes.)

SHERLOCK: Watson! Watson! My friend, where are you? Oh, he's not in the bathrooms. Watson!
Watson! I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if something happened to my friend.
Watson!

ELIZABETH: Keep calm Sherlock! He probably went back to the room!

SHERLOCK: We would have seen him on our way. Look! There are some strange drops on the floor.

ELIZABETH: Is it blood?

SHERLOCK: No, it's not. Okay, let's follow the drops.

(They follow the drops, and they find Watson curled up into a ball in the floor.)

SHERLOCK: Watson, my friend! I was so worried about you! What happened to you? Why did you scream like that?

WATSON: I was in the bathroom when suddenly, I saw her...

ELIZABETH: Who?

WATSON: Mrs Ramsay.

ELIZABETH: *(Madly)* That's a lie! She's dead. She was found dead! Everybody knows that!

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, calm down! Why are you acting like that? Please continue Watson!

WATSON: She appeared right in front of me, and I could see her eyes. They were very weird, Holmes. They looked so cold, as if they were not from this earth. She was like a monster. Oh god, I think she's the most terrible sight I've ever seen. Oh my friends, I'm so scared now.

SHERLOCK: You said she was like the ghost of Mrs. Ramsay. How did you know it was her?

WATSON: She told me *(He does an impression of her)* She said: I'm Mrs Ramsay, the literature teacher.

SHERLOCK: Did she say anything else?

WATSON: She said that someone was going to kill us if we didn't mind our own business, just like she was killed.

ELIZABETH: Liar!

SHERLOCK: Don't worry, Watson. We are here now, and we won't let anything happen to you. What is that?

(Watson has stained his trousers.)

WATSON: Oh! It's so embarrassing. Mrs Ramsay appeared just before I got to the toilets and...

ELIZABETH: Oh! That's disgusting!

SHERLOCK: Don't worry, my friend. Let's hurry back to our room so you can get changed.

WATSON: Oh my god! Thanks for looking for me. If not I would have been here all night and....
Aaaaah!

(Mrs Gamal appears.)

ELIZABETH: Aaahhh!

MRS. GAMAL: Shut up, you little good-for-nothings! You are going to wake up the whole school.

WATSON: Oh gosh, Mrs Gamal, oh gosh, my heart! What are you doing here at this time?

MRS. GAMAL: I'm minding my own business.

ELIZABETH: That was mean!.

MRS. GAMAL: I am not mean. I am tired. I haven't finished my work yet. I was just on my way to bed.
And you? What are you all doing at this time of night in the main corridor?

WATSON: The strange lady was here just a moment ago, do you know her?

MRS. GAMAL: The strange lady? Who are you talking about?

ELIZABETH: She's a ghost who comes to the main corridor at night. Last time, our literature teacher disappeared the following morning. Mrs Gamal, surely you must have heard about her before.

MRS. GAMAL: I'm getting too old for all this malarkey.

SHERLOCK: She is about your age, your height and her shape is very similar to yours.

MRS. GAMAL: Do you have any idea how many people look like me, especially women? I'm five feet five. I am a very average person. Do you have any suspects?

SHERLOCK: Not yet, Mrs Gamal. But I think it's very strange that you work here, and you didn't know anything about the strange lady.

MRS. GAMAL: I spend my whole day working. You kids should do the same. You will be doing exams soon and you spend your time doing nothing. Every time I see you, you are pretending to be detectives. You have your heads in the clouds.

ELIZABETH: We are awfully close to discovering who the strange lady is, and what happened to the literature teacher.

MRS. GAMAL: *(She laughs loudly.)* Oh, to be young again! Come on, the other children need to sleep, and they certainly won't be able to with you three running around all night.

WATSON: But Mrs Gamal... I think you are very...

MRS. GAMAL: Go!

(Back at the awards ceremony.)

SHERLOCK: Well, are you having a good time? Mrs Gamal avoided looking at me in the eye during our whole conversation. After that, we went to our rooms, and we had two good pieces of evidence: First of all: the laugh was unmistakable. The strange lady and Mrs Gamal had the exact same laugh.

JOURNALIST 1: Why didn't you call the police that night?

SHERLOCK: We couldn't accuse Mrs Gamal of anything. But I was positive that she was the strange lady but... Unfortunately, we had nothing that could be proven.

JOURNALIST 1: What was the other evidence?

SHERLOCK: Watson, could you explain that for me, please?

WATSON: The other evidence.... Emmmm.

SHERLOCK: The accent.

WATSON: Yes, my dear Holmes thought the strange lady was hiding her real accent.

SHERLOCK: She was pretending to be French.

WATSON: So, she was hiding another accent.

SHERLOCK: Egyptian.

JOURNALIST 1: Oh, that's very clever.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but we still didn't know if Mrs Ramsay was dead, or alive and pretending to be a ghost.

JOURNALIST 1: Perhaps the literature teacher was rich, so Mrs. Gamal wanted to steal all of her money. That was probably the reason she killed her.

WATSON: That could very well have been true, but the next morning there was an unexpected event.

SHERLOCK: Mrs Gamal was found dead in her room.

JOURNALIST 1: No!

WATSON: Someone had poisoned her. They found a glass of wine and an empty bottle on her bedside table. There were no signs of any kind of violence.

SHERLOCK: It was terrible.

WATSON: Rest in peace.

(The children are back in their room.)

SHERLOCK: There must be a loose end somewhere. Oh, this is so dramatic! There have been two murders in our school, and I suspect it's not going to end here.

WATSON: Brown!

SHERLOCK: What are you talking about, Holmes?

WATSON: The bear in the riddle. If the room looks south, they must be in Spain. The only bear you can find in the north of Spain is brown.

SHERLOCK: That's a good hypothesis Watson, but alas you are completely wrong.

ELIZABETH: What are you guys talking about? What bear?

SHERLOCK: I'll will explain later, Elizabeth.

(The three children are in their room.)

WATSON: Oh! I'm so bored. I might go for a walk. Do you want to join me?

SHERLOCK: Er, no, we're very tired; we'd prefer to rest a bit. Go ahead. We'll be fine.

WATSON: Are you sure?

ELIZABETH: Completely sure... Bye.

WATSON: Okay, okay. I see what you guys are up to.

(Watson leaves. Sherlock and Elizabeth are alone together.)

ELIZABETH: My dear Sherlock. We're finally alone. I like your friend, don't get me wrong, but sometimes he gets in the way.

SHERLOCK: I totally agree.

(On the other side of the stage, Watson is getting ready to go for a walk, but when he opens the school door we can hear thunder and lightning.)

WATSON: Oh no! It's raining cats and dogs. I should go back to the room. *(He goes to the room, but he can hear Sherlock and Elizabeth laughing inside.)* No....it's not a good time to go back in. I'll just wait over here for a while.

(Time passes. We see a silhouette running across the stage.)

WATSON: Hey! Who's there? That's Elizabeth's room. Elizabeth, are you in there?

(The silhouette slaps Watson in the face and runs.)

SILHOUETTE: Get out of my way! If I ever see you again, I'll kill you!

WATSON: I'm not afraid of you. Do you hear me? *(Following her.)* Hey! Where are you? On no, I've lost her. What is this? Oh! A gem! What a beautiful gem. I have to tell my friends what happened. Sherlock! Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH: Oh no! He's back!

WATSON: I'm so sorry to disturb you, but the strange lady - or Mrs Ramsay or Mrs. Gamal or whoever she is - was in your room. I saw her go in, so I ran after her, but she didn't stop and then she dropped this gem. Isn't it amazing? It looks like an incredibly old gem, very valuable! May I keep it?

ELIZABETH: No, give me back my gem right now!

(They start to fight over the gem. It falls to the floor and Elizabeth grabs it. She reacts in a very weird way. She looks hypnotised.)

ELIZABETH: Oh! Was she in my room then?

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, what can you tell us about this gem?

ELIZABETH: Well. It's a long story. Four years ago I went to Egypt with my aunt, who just so happens to be the literature teacher who was murdered.

SHERLOCK: Are you serious? Why didn't you tell us about that?

ELIZABETH: We stopped speaking to each other after that trip. I don't remember how, but we ended up in an old cemetery. And I found this gem. My aunt said she wanted it, but I told her that I had found the jewel so I wanted to keep it. And then she hit me!

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, this gem might be the key to that unlocks all of this. How could you forget that you had an historical gem with you? Oh god! Now we are in trouble, because I'm sure this is what the lady is looking for and she won't stop till she finds it.

ELIZABETH: That's nonsense. How would she know that I have the gem with me?

SHERLOCK: Mrs Ramsay, your aunt. She knew that you had this gem.

ELIZABETH: But she's dead. I saw her body.

SHERLOCK: Did you? Oh... well.. I really don't know, but if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's that "she" knows you have the gem! We have to tell the police!

ELIZABETH: Enough! I need to rest *(She looks possessed.)* I'm taking the gem back to my room.

WATSON: Elizabeth. This is not your gem, you stole it.

ELIZABETH: I FOUND it a long time ago. And now you want it?! Everyone wants it, but this gem is mine, okay? Do you guys understand? The gem is mine!

WATSON: That's so rude.

ELIZABETH: Now leave me alone, I need to rest. Let's talk about it tomorrow, okay?

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, please believe me, my love, you are in grave danger if you leave this room with that gem. Stay with us tonight. I'm begging you, please.

ELIZABETH: Just leave me alone. *(She leaves.)*

WATSON: We have to do something. The lady will come back for her gem. She is in danger.

SHERLOCK: Have you seen her? It was like she was hypnotised. I think it has some sort of magical powers. Evil ones. Oh Watson, for the first time in my life, I don't know what to do!

WATSON: *(To the audience:)* It's a shame we're in 1881. If it was three centuries later, we would have the Internet and we would have found out that this gem had a terrible Egyptian curse on it, which makes people go mad with greed to possess it.

SHERLOCK: Watson *(reading an encyclopaedia)* This gem is from the Seneferu Egyptian dynasty. It is cursed. People go mad with greed to possess it!

WATSON: *(To the audience)* We have books. That's good enough. *(To Sherlock)* Maybe we can go to the police and tell them all about it.

SHERLOCK: Watson, I know you have good intentions, but who's going to believe a couple of students talking about gems, Egypt and things like that?

WATSON: You're right Sherlock! What can we do?

(We hear Elizabeth shouting.)

ELIZABETH: Help! Help!

SHERLOCK: It's Elizabeth! Oh, something has happened to her! We have to try to help her!

WATSON: Remember she has the gem. And we saw everything. It might be a trap.

SHERLOCK: *(They call out to her.)* Elizabeth!! Elizabeth! Can you hear us? Say something if you can hear us!

WATSON: Oh! Love is blind!

ELIZABETH: Sherlock! Watson! I'm over here.

WATSON: She's inside the wall. There must be an entrance somewhere. Can you help me, Sherlock? Come on, push with me... Come on one, two, three... Go! Nothing!

SHERLOCK: Let me try! Oh...there's a sort of key here. *(The wall opens.)* Skill is stronger than strength!

WATSON: Okay, come on! It looks like a secret passage. Oh no!! Tell me those aren't bats.

SHERLOCK: I'm afraid they are, my dear Watson. We must hurry.

WATSON: There are so many! Do they bite?

SHERLOCK: Who knows, my dear Watson... Who knows?

WATSON: White.

SHERLOCK: Pardon?

WATSON: I know the answer to the riddle. The bear is white!

SHERLOCK: Good for you. Do you know why?

WATSON: Well... no... It was the one colour I didn't choose.

SHERLOCK: Keep thinking, Watson. Answers without explanations don't count.

WATSON: This riddle is going to give me a headache. And so are these bats!

(They hear Elizabeth crying out.)

SHERLOCK: I heard her over there. Come on! She needs help!

(They get to a cave. Elizabeth is tied to a stick and the strange lady is close by, she takes off her cape and everyone can see who she really is...)

WATSON: Mrs Gamal! I thought she was dead.

SHERLOCK: I was convinced she was still alive. She was looking for the gem.

WATSON: I thought Mrs Ramsay was the strange lady.

SHERLOCK: Watson, Mrs Ramsay is dead. Mrs Gamal killed her, and she pretended to be Mrs Ramsey in front of you, because you had never met her. It was her plan to mislead us.

ELIZABETH: Mrs Gamal, I didn't do anything. I will give you back the gem. Please, just let me go.

MRS. GAMAL: You have committed sacrilege. You need to die for your sins to be forgiven.

ELIZABETH: But Mrs Gamal, I didn't know what the gem was. Please, let me go!

MRS. GAMAL: Shut up and give me my damn treasure. *(She grabs the gem off of her.)*

WATSON: Oh my god! She's going to kill her.

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth... Elizabeth... I don't know what to do! What can we do?

WATSON: Why don't you think of something?

SHERLOCK: Watson that is not helpful. Why can't I think of anything?

MRS. GAMAL: Get ready to die!

ELIZABETH: Help! Help!

WATSON: Sherlock, there are two of us and only one of her. Come on! We can do it.

SHERLOCK: Yes, you are right, my dear Watson. Let's face her.

(They start to act)

SHERLOCK: Ok, here's the plan, Watson. Mrs Gamal only cares about the gem and right now she's praying I'll take the gem and try to escape. She will come after me. Then you can untie Elizabeth and try to run away.

WATSON: Are you sure my dear friend Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: This is the only chance we have.

WATSON: Okay, 1, 2, 3 let's go! *(Sherlock goes over to Mrs Gamal, grabs the gem and runs away.)*

MRS. GAMAL: Oh my gem! Damn kid! Watch out, because I'm going to kill you! You don't know the way back to the passage and I will get you sooner or later. *(She takes a gun out of her cape.)* Give me back my treasure!

ELIZABETH: Sherlock, be careful! She has a gun! *(To Mrs. Gamal)* You wouldn't shoot him.

MRS. GAMAL: Do you want to see what I am capable of? *(Watson gestures to Elizabeth to shut up.)*

ELIZABETH: Sherlock, run as fast as you can!

MRS. GAMAL: I'll come back and kill all you damn children. *(She leaves, and Watson unties Elizabeth.)*

WATSON: Come on!, Sherlock is in trouble. We have no time to waste.

(We hear a gunshot.)

ELIZABETH: Aaaaah! Hurry up! We need to stop her!
(They all go to the passage, and a chase ensues. Finally, they find Mrs Gamal and Sherlock. She is pointing the gun at him.)

SHERLOCK: I could give you the gem, and then you would just have to let us go. We won't say anything to the police, I promise! Please think again.

MRS. GAMAL: I don't believe you! You will tell the police it was me who killed Mrs. Ramsay.

(Sherlock sees his friends arriving at the cave.)

MRS. GAMAL: Oh, there they are! Now would be a good time to kill all of you. No one will ever find you here.

SHERLOCK: If you let us go, I'll give you the gem. If you don't, I'll throw it out down this hole.

MRS. GAMAL: You're not as clever as you think, Holmes. You've been cursed by the gem. Come on! Do it! Throw it away if you can!

SHERLOCK: I can't! I have been cursed!

WATSON: Come on Elizabeth, we need to get the gem off him.

(Elizabeth and Watson try to help Holmes, but they too fall under the curse and they all start fighting over the gem. During the fight, the gem flies out of their hands and lands at Mrs Gamal's feet. She picks it up and disappears)

SHERLOCK: She's gone! We have to get out of here!

WATSON: The police will find her. Come on, we have to report her.

SHERLOCK: That's strange...

ELIZABETH: We have to go back to school and call the police. *(On their way back Mrs Gamal appears again.)*

MRS. GAMAL: Holmes! *(She shoots the gun to kill Holmes, but Elizabeth gets in the way and is shot.)*

ELIZABETH: No!

MRS. GAMAL: She was the first one, now it's your turn. *(She tries to shoot them but there are no more bullets. Then Watson and Sherlock seize her.)*

SHERLOCK: Take her to the police. *(Watson takes her off stage.)* Hurry Up! Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Please don't close your eyes. Wake up! Don't leave me now. Stay with me!

ELIZABETH: Don't be sad...

SHERLOCK: One day we will be reunited in another world. A much better world...

ELIZABETH: I'll be waiting. Don't be late... like you always are.

(She dies.)

SHERLOCK: Elizabeth, Elizabeth! No!

(Back at the award ceremony.)

JOURNALIST 1: Wow! That is an impressive story! Everything was so terrible!

WATSON: So, that was the first time we worked together.

SHERLOCK: And I never found love again. I'm still waiting for the better world where I will be united with Elizabeth.

WATSON: I'm sure you will find her again, Holmes. I'm sure of that... White! I know why the bear is white!

SHERLOCK: Why is that, Watson?

WATSON: Well, the only room with an all-south view must be at the North Pole. So it must be a polar bear.

SHERLOCK: Bravo, Watson! You have the makings of a great detective. Twenty years later! I'm lucky to have a friend as clever as you are.

(He leaves.)

WATSON: *(To the audience.)* Thank you very much for the award, we're very grateful. Thanks for coming and we hope to see you soon. Have a nice evening. *(He leaves.)*

The End.