

## VIOLET AND MARY SIDES - CHOOSE ONE

### VIOLET

Holmes is confronted by the serpentine Professor Moriarty at the White Cliffs of Dover where they plummet to the sea. Sherlock inexplicably survives. You travel to France where you are led on your journey by the lovely, yet under-utilized Irene Adler on a breathtaking chase on horseback to Vienna. The three of you make your way via hot air balloon to Istanbul where, Moriarty reappears shooting Holmes and kidnapping you. There is a lovely expression of tenderness between Sherlock and Irene before he passes on in her arms. Meanwhile Moriarty tortures you and threatens the life of your wife, Mary. You find it within yourself to confront the villain off the side of a minaret, despite your Acrophobia. In the end we learn that the gypsy from the beginning of the tale was actually Sherlock Holmes in disguise. Your friendship remains intact, the day saved and the rest is merely, well--How was that?

### MARY

Hamish, I am frightened. Not of the darkness of an unknown end or any pain and agony that I would endure. No, I fear never seeing you again; of having the lights go out for good without ever saying goodbye. And I am saddened at knowing you'll blame yourself for my loss. It is Spring here. The faintest signs of it reach their way to me. The smell and light of new life penetrate the darkness. This gives me reason, however foolish, to believe we shall be in each other's embrace once more.

**VIOLET**

You've no reason to apologize to me. I too suffered a loss. We were to be married upon his return from Nigeria, but his arrival was preceded by a painful telegraph and his medals.

**WATSON**

How did you bear it?

**VIOLET**

Time and tide. I made a change and devoted myself to someone else's family. They keep me busy and on occasion, they keep me sane.

**WATSON**

I'm sorry--

**VIOLET**

There you go apologizing again for what is not your fault. You seem unable to show yourself the least bit of kindness.

**WATSON**

I don't feel I deserve it.

**VIOLET**

Of course you do.

**WATSON**

Thank you. You have shown me what I cannot give myself. And you must leave?

**VIOLET**

Yes.

**WATSON**

Will you return to England?

**VIOLET**

In time. And perhaps we will have a brilliant love affair that would make the loss of your sweet departed wife dissipate into the ether until which time you meet in some charmed afterlife. Or perhaps we'll be ships in the night gliding past, never knowing what could have been. Will I see you there?