

From SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE ADVENTURE OF THE ELUSIVE EAR
Comic
DR. WATSON, Male (30s-50s)

Right. You listen to me, Holmes! I know how much you're in love with your own cleverness, but I've been meaning to have a word about the state of affairs in this household! Now then, I am well aware of just how stupid I am. I get daily reminders from you about how mind-numbingly slow and thick I must be because I can't solve murders based on the depth to which the parsley has sunk into the butter on a hot summer day. However, despite my vast and apparently unending ignorance, may I point out that I am the only one here actually making money. I get paid fifty pounds for every story of yours I write up in *The Strand Magazine*. When was the last time you got paid for a case? And no, don't you dare say, "the work is its own reward." No, it isn't! *Money* is its own reward! Pounds, sovereigns, half crowns. A bloody farthing, for God's sake! I'm the only one paying the bills and your most recent cases haven't given me a bloody thing to write about! I mean...

(pulling out his notebook)

...just listen to these. Last Thursday, Mrs. Pickford of 73 Govan Lane lost her cat, Mr. Jingles. You cleverly retrieved the cat from a dustbin where it had fallen asleep. You followed up this triumph when Mr. Hainsely of 14 Broadchurch Road reported his wife missing and suspected murdered, and you found her in the alley behind her usual pub in a drunken stupor and brought her home. And just yesterday, Lady Claybourne's supposedly stolen emerald necklace was found in the pocket of her own nightgown, where she had forgotten she put it because she's getting a bit senile. You see the problem? I can't possibly write up any of those as a new adventure! You think people want to sit down and read "The Adventure of the Sleeping Pussycat?" "The Adventure of the Not Actually Stolen Jewelry?" We need something with an edge! Something foreign, dangerous, a master criminal, like Professor Moriarty! The Napoleon of Crime! Sitting like a giant spider at the center of London's underworld, plotting and scheming the most bizarre and outlandish crimes imaginable. That's precisely what we need! Except someone in this room, and I'm not pointing fingers, someone in this room threw him off a waterfall! In other words Holmes, and I can't put it any more plainly, I'm not saying that psychopathic criminals don't have their downside, but they're a damned sight more interesting than sleeping pussycats!

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