Learning About the Past

by RatchetFangirls

Summary

When a mysterious force pulls the Sherlock characters and the NCIS team into a single room, a discovery is made about Sherlock's past. How will John deal with both his wife and best friend being trained assassins? And how will the Yarders react to meeting Sherlock's 'family'? More importantly, how will they react to his personality?

Notes

I own nothing! I will be changing the script to fit with this Headcanon and storyline. I apologize if any characters seem out of character. Also, Abby is related to Sherlock through DNA and not adoption, just to avoid confusion. Victor is an antagonist, but he is already dead. It is more of just his memory outside of the script.
The Collision of Worlds

Sherlock sighed, looking at the worried faces of John and Mary Watson. He had just left his older brother on the plane after tearing up his list. They reminded him of how his other family back in America acted after he decided to leave the country. They were worried of course, but they respected his wishes. But since then, there had been basically no contact between them. Except for his cousin, Abby. She was the only bright spot in the Holmes family nowadays, a place formerly held by himself, surprisingly.

Looking back at the Watsons, he knew that they were going to eventually make him talk about why he overdosed, as they had not seen the list. He would prefer them not to, though, as he never understood why doctors thought that talking about his problems will make them all better, when it just made him relive the sadness and pain.

Soon after, they arrived at 221B Baker Street where John and Mary looked at him pointedly. Sherlock sighed, a part of the note Mycroft had probably taken from the ground listed things that they wouldn't understand, things from the time he was happy with his family at NCIS. One name had immediately caught the elder Holmes's eye when he looked at it.

Victor Trevor. Sherlock almost snorted. He was amazed that he had ever loved that man, amazed that he was willing to spend the rest of his life following him around. But Victor was anything but good news. Sherlock should have listened when his family at NCIS recommended he stay away from Victor. But no, he had been blind at the time due to his complete affection towards the man. So much so that it had eliminated his ability to deduce anything bad about him.

Therefore, Sherlock was blind to Victor Trevor's true allegiances. Trevor had been working against him the whole time, only willing to spend time earning Sherlock's trust and love because he was being paid to do so by someone who is still unknown. It was discovered however, what Trevor's mission was.

He was to earn Sherlock's trust before slowly coming onto him and start flirting. After he earned his love, Trevor was to create a union so that whomever he was working for had access to the Holmes' internal network. After that, he would start to act differently, stronger willed, so to say. He would continue with his...overpowering behavior until Sherlock had a case of what could only be known as Stockholm Syndrome. Then, it would be easy to off Sherlock and worm his way into the network before killing his elder brother, Mycroft, as well.

It didn't exactly go as planned. Victor had managed to succeed in everything, even giving Sherlock a case of obvious Stockholm Syndrome, except killing Sherlock. His plan had backfired, and he was shot multiple times through the abdomen by Leroy Jethro Gibbs.

But, sadly, that did not stop Sherlock's affection for him. Ever, to be completely honest. Some people thought it was so depressing to see him so sad that they managed to get him Trevor's skull, which he still keeps today. After that, Sherlock had run away to England, where his attention was grabbed by the many drugs being sold around him.

Because of this, Sherlock was never the same again. Where he used to be praised for solving a murder, he was called a freak. His smiles were eventually replaced by snarls and sneers because of the world around him. He became cold and uncaring, the exact opposite of what he used to be.

Then, he met John. John, who cared about him and he cared about. John, who didn't insult him as soon as he started deducing things about him. John, who reminded him so much of his family at
NCIS.

While the past trauma did hurt, it hurt even more when combined with his stay in the Serbian torture chamber. Even after all this time, the wounds he received refused to stay closed and caused pain at some of the slightest movements. This was probably because he has not been resting, but it was only his transport...right?

He was snapped out of his thoughts by a huge flash of light that engulfed him and the Watsons. Little to his knowledge, Mrs. Hudson, Mycroft, Molly, the Yarders, and the NCIS team from his thoughts were also similarly surrounded. He recalled feeling immense pain from his injuries and losing consciousness along the way.

When he finally regained awareness, he opened his eyes to several worried faces, while others were covered in disgust. He saw that either he was the only one to pass out, or the last to wake up.

"Hello, brother of mine. It is good to see that you have finally woken up." Mycroft offered his greeting professionally.

"Wait, you are his brother?" Donovan asked in amazement before muttering. "Oh God, there are two of them."

"Hello, Mycroft," Sherlock did not meet his eyes in his own way of defiance. "What happened?"

"It appears that we have been transported into a room to watch a bit of the past. Your past. There was a note that came with us, and I believe it is trustworthy. We should watch it. Also, you were the only one coming here to have...passed out. Please be honest with me and tell me how much you've been eating and sleeping." Mycroft stated in an odd show of affection.

He was ignored.

"Sherlock!" one of the many worried faces, one of those the Yarders did not know, came rushing up to him and gave him a big hug. He wanted to wince, but he held it back. She would most certainly notice.

If that didn't shock them, the fact that he slowly returned the hug would definitely.

Donovan was at a loss for words at how the heartless freak she thought he was hugged the goth girl.

John and Mary both smiled at the interaction. It was obvious that the two knew each other, and they were glad to see Sherlock showing the emotions he held close to himself.

Also surprising them, Mycroft chuckled a bit, "I do believe some introductions are going to be necessary."

Lestrade looked at him gratefully, as he was also both stunned and pleased at Sherlock's display.

"I shall start." the elder Holmes decided. "My name is Mycroft Holmes, and I occupy a minor position in the British government. Sherlock here is my younger brother." He finished. "That is all we really need to know about each other right now, as we can get to know each other more personally when we do not have something to do."

The Ice Man turned to Sherlock.

Donovan raised an eyebrow. Shouldn't he be bragging or deducing some poor person to tears?

Mycroft, however, just rolled his eyes fondly. It seemed to be that he trusted whoever sent that letter enough to let down his guard and let his true emotions shine through.

John went next. "I'm John Watson, an ex-army doctor and Sherlock's best friend. Mary's my wife"

"Mary Watson, formerly Morstan, and John's wife." that was all she said about herself.

"Mrs. Hudson. I am Sherlock's landlady." she smiled kindly at them all.

"Greg Lestrade, Detective Inspector of Scotland Yard. I sometimes need Sherlock's help." he admitted that part plainly, and some of the NCIS team had to suppress giggles that wanted to escape.

"Philip Anderson. I believed in Sherlock so much I lost my job, but I used to be on forensics." he missed the goth girl's huge smile pointed his way.

"I am Sergeant Sally Donovan of Scotland Yard."

"My name is Molly Hooper, and I am a pathologist." she smiled at them all as well.

Now, it was the NCIS team's turn.

"Special Agent Leroy Jethro Gibbs from NCIS located in Washington D.C. I am the leader of my team. Since he did not say it himself," Gibbs glanced at Sherlock. "Sherlock used to be one of my agents."

This caused quite an uproar. John was currently lecturing Sherlock on how he is John's best friend and he could always tell him anything. There was a little bit of anger behind his voice, though, since the two most important people in his life had secret lives. Donovan was in shock. The entire time Sherlock went to crime scenes, he was actually allowed there? No one had ever bothered to check. Also, she had insulted a federal officer. She swallowed. Hopefully that would not be shown here. The rest of the British, except Mycroft, were in similar states.

Once they calmed down, Tony picked up where Gibbs had left off. "I'm Very Special Agent Tony DiNozzo and the senior field agent of our team." he smiled cheekily.

"My name is Special Agent Timothy McGee." he greeted shortly.

"I am Leon Vance, the director of NCIS." he nodded in greeting.

"Abby Sciuto. I am the forensic scientist at NCIS. I am adopted, though biologically I am Sherlock's and Mycroft's cousin." she smiled.

John grinned and shook her hand. It was nice to meet someone who liked Sherlock, even if he was still a bit angry with him.

The rest of the Yarders were sitting there with their mouths hanging open. In their head, they each wondered if she had the same skill at deducing things like her cousins.

"I am Dr. Donald Mallard, although you are welcome to call me Ducky. I am the medical examiner at NCIS."

"I'm Jimmy Palmer, another medical examiner." he grinned at them.

The NCIS team glanced at each other in worry. They knew that Sherlock had changed after Victor's
death, but this seemed much worse than how he was back then. Someone must have been using his insecurities to get to him, and Abby swore to herself that she would give whoever it was a piece of her mind.

After they finished the introductions, the television in the middle of the room came to life and the fell silent while staring at the beginning of Sherlock’s association with NCIS.
Kate's Death

Chapter Summary

The group watches Kate's death in the episode 'Twilight'.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing! I changed parts of the script to make it fit with the plot of the story. I also am not the original owner of said script. Sorry if any of the characters are out of character!

EXT. STREET – DAY

"So, this is the Freak's past?" Donovan asked in a slightly uncaring way.

Everyone in the room stared at her with dropped jaws, shocked by the way she acted around Sherlock's old family.

"Why do you call him that?" Abby's usually tapped voice turned flat, as if she realized that some of the Yarders didn't like Sherlock as much as they did at NCIS.

Ducky hummed, narrowing his eyes at the sergeant, "It appears that she might be jealous of him."

The NCIS team smirked, knowing Ducky knew how to psychologically analyse people.

Donovan's mouth was left open like a fish's, "That's stupid, be jealous of him? He is a freak!"

Ducky raised an eyebrow, "I've kept close with Sherlock, and he's mentioned you, a lot. It seems that he does a lot of your job for you, it must be a struggle to get that promotion? Or maybe you don't like him because you used to like him and he didn't like you in the same way?"

Donovan let out an indignant squeak.

"And for your information," Abby spoke in a harsh tone, "He isn't even there yet, that is the building our friend Kate died,"

Donovan flinched back, realizing her mistake. Looking around the room, she saw the Freak's family and their somewhat smug smirks at her reaction, and that made her much angrier.

Gibbs snarled slightly, in his intense-brooding mode.

GIBBS: Did you figure it out?

"Figure what out?" John asked, confused. He was still incredibly pissed at Donovan.

"We were trying to stop a terrorist at the time. You see, he was trying to use a drone to do
MCGEE: I did. The drone is on one of three radio frequencies. It'll take a few minutes to jam each of them. But when I hit the freq, it's on. The drone should go off-target.

TONY: It'll take hours to search these warehouses, Boss.

GIBBS: Give me the shotgun.

(SFX: SHOTGUN BLAST)

(SFX: VOICES SHOUT)

GIBBS: Tony, get the fire escape. Kate, with me. McGee, start jamming.

The NCIS team looked sadly at their fallen friend. She didn't deserve to go that way, or that early.

Donovan looked at her. So this was the woman who died on the rooftop. She wondered if Sherlock had anything to do with it.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/ALL RUN IN THE ALLEY/SHERRINFORD HOLMES ON THE ROOF)

"He looks a lot like..." Donovan trailed off, after receiving many glares.

"Yes, yes he does. But it doesn't matter." Tony said firmly.

"Why? He must have at least been in association with a terrorist. Shouldn't that make him suspicious?" Donovan sneered snidely.

"Listen here, lady." Abby's voice was full of an unusual rate for her. "It does not matter if Sherlock was his brother, Sherlock is his own person."

"So he's the Freak's brother? That explains a lot."

"Why don't you just shut up a moment?" Gibbs said finally.

Everyone in the room either gaped at the tone or stifled their laughter.

"So you have another brother," John said in a tone often used by parents reprimanding their child, "Anything else I should know about?"

Sherlock answered a little too quickly, "No."

"You sure?" John continued, getting in practice for when Mary and his baby arrive.

Mycroft quickly interrupted, obviously not wanting to tarnish his brother's reputation, "I'm sure this can be solved later?"

They quickly went back to the screen.

(SFX: RAPID GUNFIRE)

John shivered, having memories of Afghanistan pop into his head. Mary laid a comforting hand on his shoulder.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION)

(SFX: DRONE ENGINE STARTS)

(SFX: GUNFIRE CONTINUES)

MCGEE: Boss, they fired the drone!

GIBBS: Jam it, McGee!
MCGEE: I can do this. I can do this.

Sherlock leaned over to McGee, obviously not wanting others to hear him, and said, "Don't worry, you've got this, I've had faith in you for a long time now,"

Everyone heard it, and their reactions varied:

Mycroft frowned slightly, not happy with Sherlock's sentiment towards his former colleague.

Donovan made a disgusted face.

John and Mary look upon the youngest Holmes with something akin to pride.

McGee himself was overjoyed with the faith that remained over all these years.

Gibbs allowed himself a small smile.

Tony and Abby gave Sherlock a blazing smile and a double thumbs up.

Lestrade looked as if his birthday had come early, jumping up from his seat and throwing his hands toward the ceiling in a thankful manner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER – DAY  (MUSIC OVER ACTION/SCENES OF PIER/ SHERRINFORDF
HOLMES)

Everyone stared at the screen, completely mystified between the physical similarities between the Holmes brothers.

"He is the terrorist behind all this, isn't he?" Mary asked, giving pitying looks towards the Holmes brothers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – DAY

TONY: (QUIETLY)  One down, boss. No visual on anyone else.

(DOOR OPENS)

GIBBS: Let’s do it.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION)

(SFX: GUNFIRE)

(SFX: TERRORIST SHOUTS IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(SFX: GUNFIRE CONTINUES)

Nobody interrupted, they were all too entranced and horrified by the action on the screen.

TONY: Clear.

GIBBS: McGee, this thing is still flying!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY – DAY
MCGEE: Okay, one freq down, two to go!
(SFX: GUNFIRE EXCHANGE)
MCGEE: Boss, one of them shot my transmitter!

"What did you do?" Molly asked in a worried whisper.

The NCIS Crew gave small smiles and told her it'll be on the screen. They liked her, she hadn't responded negatively towards anything Sherlock said or did and it was quite obvious she liked Sherlock, even if he hadn't realized it himself yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – DAY

TONY: You know how to fly this thing?
GIBBS: No, but I know how to crash it.

"I like your style," Anderson replied humorously, scratching at his beard.
(SFX: GUNFIRE)
(INTERCUT DRONE CRASHING INTO THE OCEAN)
GIBBS: McGee, are you okay?

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEY – DAY

MCGEE: I got one terrorist inside! I don't know if I got him, but he stopped shooting.
GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) Hold your position. We'll flush him.

"Did you get the bastard?" Lestrade asked.

Gibbs nodded.
MCGEE: Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOFTOP – DAY

GIBBS: I'm out.
KATE: Me, too. (SHOUTS) Shooter!
(KATE DIVES ON THE ROOFTOP)
(SFX: GUNFIRE)

Everyone gasped, even those who knew what was coming.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Hudson fretted, obviously upset by what was on the screen.

Abby bit her lip nervously as she looked at the screen.

"Is that it then," Lestrade paused sadly "Is she dead?"
TONY: Kate? (LONG BEAT) Are you okay?
KATE: Ow! I just got shot at point blank range, DiNozzo. What do you think?

Everyone who didn't know what happened next sighed in relief.

TONY: You're not going to be going to Pilates class tomorrow?

(SFX: KATE GROANS)

GIBBS: Protection detail is over.

TONY: You did good.

GIBBS: For once, DiNozzo is right.

KATE: Wow. I thought I'd die before I ever--

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

Some people gasped out loud as the bullet entered her head.

"That poor dear," Mrs. Hudson wiped her eyes sadly after a moment of silence.

"You took him down, right?" Anderson questioned.

The NCIS team nodded solemnly, this television viewing making her death feel fresh.

Sherlock glanced at them, worried for a split second that seeing this might make them hate him for his association with her killer. A smile from McGee reminded him that all had been forgiven long ago.

McGee smiled at Sherlock, a bit worried. Why was he suddenly so unsure if they blamed him or not? He used to be so confident. The agent vowed to himself that he and the team would right the wrongs done by Sergeant Sally Donovan.

John winced slightly. It was obvious that she used to be very close to some of the people in this room. Her last words made it so much worse.

The only one who did not have a negative reaction was Donovan. It seemed that she thought that this was only either a way to get blackmail or a television show, they couldn't tell which.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – DAY

SHERRINFORD HOLMES: Sorry, Caitlyn.

"That bastard." Gibbs and Lestrade voiced in unison before staring at each other in surprise.

Gibbs gave a nod in acknowledgment, which the other returned. It was a silent agreement to protect their family as hard as they could, as they were now the 'men of the team'. The father figures to both of their families, and technically, though Sherlock, now related. They would have to get to know each other better.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP – DAY

GIBBS: Sherrinford!
"So that parts all done then." Mycroft announced, after staying silent for the majority of the time.

McGee nodded, a little apprehensive. He was nervous about Sherlock's obvious change in personality. Surely, with a friend as caring as John, he would be taking his medication for his Asperger's Syndrome, right? So, that couldn't be it.

He made eye contact with Tony, who had also noticed the shift in his personality. They nodded to at each other. A family meeting was necessary.

"So," Tony started to approach the subject. "How have you been, Shirley Temple?"

John and Mary gave a short laugh, and all those who really cared about Sherlock filed the nickname away for later use.

"Shirley Temple?" Lestrade inquired.

"I'm a bit of a movie buff." Tony chuckled. "You know, the classics. And when Sherlock joined our family, it just got him perfectly, you know? With all that hair..."

Lestrade nodded, he agreed.

Suddenly, Abby rushed forward and gave Sherlock a big hug. "I've missed you so much!"

Caught by surprise, Sherlock could not suppress a wince as Abby touched the wounds from Serbia that just refused to heal.

Noticing this, Abby frowned and returned to her seat. She made frantic eye contact with the rest of her team, and they all knew what had to be done.

They needed a campfire. Immediately.

"Could you please give us a moment?" McGee inquired pleasantly as he dragged Sherlock out of the room. Tony, Gibbs, Abby, Jimmy, Ducky, and Vance all followed.

John shot nervous looks off to where they disappeared to. What happened?

It couldn't be anything serious....right?
Campfire

Chapter Summary

The NCIS team has their campfire.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing! Sorry if anyone is out of character. Also, sorry if this takes forever. I have not figured out how to save anything to drafts yet, and things have been deleted a few times.

Sherlock stared at the team, who were currently making a circle and looking right back at him. There was a rather tense atmosphere, and no one said anything for a few moments.

"How have you been?" Tony decided to start off pleasantly.

The detective raised an eyebrow. "Fine..." he answered slowly.

"You have been acting strangely. Not like yourself." Gibbs looked him up and down, as if analyzing him.

"It's been a long time. Things happened, and people change." he argued.

They were silent for a couple of moments.

"Not this much." Ducky eventually announced. "You are reminding me of a few people I met while I was younger, but for everyone's sake, I will not go into detail. Have you been taking care of yourself? Not only do you look a lot....thinner, you also are acting as if you haven't been treating your Asperger's."

Sherlock stiffened slightly, glancing at the door as if someone from the other room could hear their conversation. "I haven't really be able to."

"And why is that, my dear boy?"

"I'm not allowed to use it anymore. It was on a doctor's orders." he mentioned.

Abby gasped slightly, tears springing into her eyes. "Why would you do that, Sherlock? You will always have us, at least. And even so, why did you not tell us?"

Ducky also looked alarmed.

"I lost contact with a lot of people...I also did not want a lot of moments full of overwhelming emotion. And...perhaps I didn't want to disappoint anyone." the detective answered after a long while's contemplation.
"What did Sherlock do?" Tony inquired.

Abby and Ducky looked at Sherlock, as if asking permission. He just made a gesture as if to say he didn't really care anymore.

"He overdosed." the forensic scientist eventually stated.

"Why?" Gibbs, who had been silent for a while now, asked. McGee nodded, agreeing with his boss.

"It was a stimulant, as you know. It slowed down my mind. Now, today, I tend to avoid anything that slows me down, but back then, I wanted my mind to just shut off for once." Sherlock answered. He had given up on this topic, as they already knew a lot about it. Other topics...he would have to see how much they really know, if anything at all.

"What was in your mind at the time?" McGee questioned.

"I think you know some of the things. People were also rather close minded about certain subjects. It started around the time I left, and I knew that I was getting an immunity to it. I didn't particularly want to be immune, so I started using more until the overdose happened. The doctors didn't want to waste their time giving a freak a new prescription, so here I am now." Sherlock laughed bitterly.

"Those doctors are bastards," Abby enveloped him in a hug, noting that he stiffened once more.

Ducky stared at him for a good long moment before deciding, "I'll have to get you a new one myself, or would you rather have John do it? He is fond of you."

Sherlock shook his head rather violently. "John doesn't know."

The ME nodded, and started taking notes on the different possibilities.

"Do you recall which doctors they were? Their names?" Vance asked. "What they did was illegal, even in Britain."

"Or appearances?" Jimmy added.

"It is not important." Sherlock sighed. "They are all dead now anyway. I never really figured out why..." He looked thoughtful.

Jimmy's eyes widened. "They are dead?"

"Murdered." the detective added. "No arrests were ever made, although the ones on the case kept on saying that they had enough evidence to arrest someone. They never told me who, and I never decided to figure it out. It wasn't important." he seemed to be changing his mind on the importance.

The agents looked at each other in inquiry.

"It seems like it might have been someone close to Sherlock, who would want to get back at them for not helping him." Gibbs started slowly.

They all started adding to the theory.

"What about the evidence? Who could it have been to make them ignore it?" Abby mentioned.

"Probably someone important." Jimmy put in his opinion.

Tony's eyes widened. "Like someone in the government!"
Everyone stared at each other in shock, each figuring out who it most likely was. Mycroft Holmes. They didn't think he did any killing himself, just getting his agents to do it.

"I guess everyone is capable of murder." Gibbs decided, and everyone who knew about the Hernandez case glanced at him for a moment.

"Let's ignore it." Vance decided, a sly smile on his face. "Since, you know, the British seems to think it is not important."

The rest of the agents agreed, and as far as they were concerned, they got what was coming for them.

"I heard you faked your death, Shirley Temple." Tony added idly.

"You heard correctly. I was taking down a criminal by the name of James Moriarty when he gave me a choice. Either I was supposed to let John, Lestrade, and Mrs. Hudson get shot by snipers, or I can kill myself by jumping of St. Bart's." he explained.

They slowly nodded, proud that Sherlock found people he cared that much about.

"Is he gone?" Gibbs inquired.

"He supposedly kill himself right before I faked my death. But, either him or someone posing as him took control of the screens of London. I didn't get a chance to begin my search before I arrived here."

The agents nodded again, vowing to themselves to help get to the bottom of this.

"Finally," Abby stated. "Every time someone would touch you, you would either wince or stiffen. Why is that?"

Sherlock sighed; he had hoped she hadn't picked up on that. Just his luck.

"You are wounded." Gibbs figured it out.

That got their attention. Sherlock had not argued immediately, and that means that Gibbs was most likely right.

"Why don't you let Dr. Mallard take a look, Sherlock?" Vance stated.

"It is not important. It is only transport." the detective denied.

Ducky sighed. "Sherlock..."

"We can do this one way or another, Holmes." Gibbs had his game on, with a full glare.

Sherlock instinctively started taking off his suit jacket. The agents all gasped when the shirt finally fell off. There was evidence that a whip was used, with several knife marks and burns. It looked as if someone had tried to heal him, but the stitches were all ripped out. There was also a large amount of infection, and the ME was surprised that he was not unconscious.

"Why didn't you tell us this?" Abby's eyes narrowed. "None of your Yarder friends seemed to notice either."

"Why don't we go into the other room and lay you down on the couch?" Ducky decided. "Jethro, if you could do the honors while I search for some medical equipment around here."

"I'll go warn them." McGee went through the door.
Gibbs started leading the man he thought of as a son towards the door. Sherlock tried to fight, but it looked as if he had gotten quite dizzy from it. He tripped slightly, and the detective fell into an unconscious state. Gibbs caught him instinctively.

Apparently, the ME was right about the amount of infection. The team all filed out into the main room after Gibbs.

"Oh, dear God, how did I not notice this?" John looked slightly sick at the gruesome sight. "Bloody hell..."

Donovan gasped dramatically, probably hoping to get some sympathy, but they all ignored her. They heard the words "disgusting" and "freak" before she fled the room.

Once she was by herself, she had a slightly malicious look on her face. The Freak was not so high and mighty it seems.

Lestrade and Mrs. Hudson looked at each other and Sherlock. They could not believe they had missed this. And Sherlock called them idiots...

Anderson hoped that one day he would be forgiven for all of his sins against the detective.

Mycroft was surprised. Sure, he was there for part of the torture, but Sherlock said he would continue taking care of himself.

No one seemed to think to comment on the fact that it didn't look like Sherlock was eating or any other things that constitute "taking care of himself."

Ducky came back in, arms full of proper medical equipment. "It seems like whoever brought us here knew about this..." he noticed that Sherlock was unconscious. "Dear Lord..."

"I could help." John volunteered. "It might go faster that way."

"Of course, dear boy. I am not one to refuse a helping hand."

They set to work. Wounds were cleaned as well as possible, and they were stitched up once more.

"You don't think..." John said quietly to Ducky alone, glancing down at his friend's trousers.

"That is a question that can be solved later. A doubt Sherlock would appreciate such an invasion of privacy."

The two doctors agreed.

"I also have a new stimulant for him." Ducky put it in the coffee table.

"What for?" John looked confused.

Ducky sighed. "I still can't believe he didn't tell you. Sherlock has Asperger's..." he trailed off, unsure of the reaction.

The blogger shoved his anger down and instead decided to nod thoughtfully. This was not the place to blow up completely.

Donovan, who came back in, was in shock. She could get fired if anyone discovered she was insulting someone with a disability on something he can't control! But, if no one knew earlier, no one would know now, right?
"Should we wait for him to wake before we continue, or..?" Molly trailed off, looked at her long-time crush.

"I don't believe Sherlock would enjoy the next part, so I doubt he would mind." Mycroft observed. Abby and Mycroft sat with Sherlock, and the two Watsons smiled at the reunited family. The television turned back on.
Chapter Summary

The NCIS team and the Yarders watch Kill Sherrinford Part 1.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing! Sorry if anyone is out of character. I altered the script, which I don't own, to suit this story.

(B&W: Dinozzo and Abby hugging through rain-streaked window.)

(The morgue is dark, light entering from the hallway. Faint 'dings' as elevator doors open and close. Ducky enters. He hangs up his umbrella and takes off his coat and hat. The doors hiss close. Ducky moves to the slab and opens the body bag on it, revealing Kate, looking as though she is sleeping. He turns the light on and gazes down at her body for a moment. A look of pain and sorrow crosses his face, and he looks away with a slight sigh. He takes his glasses off.)

(Shot of Kate's face)

Everyone in the room stiffened. She had her really close to the Americans, obviously. And this was most likely a private moment. They didn't have the right to be seeing this....

Ducky: Oh, Caitlin. I am so sorry.

(He stares down at her.)

(Shot of Kate)

(Cut to outside the NCIS bullpen. It is raining. Gibbs stares at Kate's empty desk.)

Gibbs looked shocked slightly. He remembered that he hadn't really been thinking pleasant thoughts at the time, but he didn't think it would be this important.

Kate: (off screen) Why me, Gibbs?

"What was that?" Anderson questioned, confused.

"It's Kate's voice...." Abby offered up sadly. "Although I don't know why her voice is even there...."

"Perhaps whoever brought us here wants to reveal what we thought about Kate immediately after her death." Tony hypothesized.

The NCIS team looked at each other apprehensively.
(Cut to Kate, standing in the room, bullet hole still obvious on her forehead.)

John winced, being reminded of the many times he had seen something similar to that in Afghanistan. Only they weren't standing and talking.

Kate: (angrily) Wasn't stopping one bullet enough for you?

"It wasn't your fault..." Abby was tearful. "Gibbs..." she gave him a big hug. "You need to stop feeling guilty over every little thing. Or big thing, for that matter."

Most of every one in the room was shocked. The NCIS team just assumed that he either hadn't thought of Kate, or it had been similar to theirs. The Yarders were looking at them sadly.

Donovan, however, looked startled. It seemed like everyone the Freak hung out with had problems. Everyone.

(Gibbs doesn't reply)

Kate: (shouting) Why did I have to take two?

(Gibbs shakes his head)

Gibbs: I-I don't know.

Everyone decided to be silent until the moment was over, as they knew that Gibbs would not appreciate any commenting on it.

Kate: (disbelieving) You don't know? Come on, Gibbs. What's that famous gut tell you?

(Gibbs eyes dart back and forth as he searches for an answer)

Kate: (yelling) Why did I die instead of you?

Ducky narrowed his eyes. That didn't seem like Kate; it seemed more like Gibbs subconscious taking the form of Kate to get him to think about certain subjects.

(The elevator door opens. Kate is suddenly gone, leaving Gibbs there alone. Dinozzo and McGee step off the elevator, walking businesslike over towards Gibbs.)

Dinozzo: Found Sherrinford's sniper's nest, Boss.

Mycroft and Abby flinched slightly. Abby had returned to what John had dubbed "the Holmes couch". Sherrinford hadn't always been bad, really....

McGee: Roof of the abandoned office building to the east.

(Tony takes an evidence bag from an inner jacket pocket.)

Dinozzo: Didn't polish his brass.

"That isn't normal..." Lestrade noticed.

"No, no it certainly isn't." Gibbs agreed.

(Gibbs looks up)
Gibbs looked at McGee. Now that he wasn't being all nice, he was rather irritated by that comment.
"Sorry, Boss."

(Tony gives him a look.)

McGee: I-I didn't mean that you couldn't see that, Boss.

Gibbs: (with a shrug) I can't, without my glasses.

(Tony and McGee exchange looks)

The Yarders looked impressed. The Americans seemed to know each other very well.

Gibbs: (turning back to the evidence) Lapuas. Match-grade sniper ammo. You guys find any bullets?

Dinozzo: Uh, none that matched the casings. I left three guys on the roof searching.

(A beat of silence as Gibbs continues to examine the casings through the bag)

Dinozzo: McGee and I'll go back to the roof, Boss.

"Not in those wet clothes!" Mrs. Hudson went all mother hen on them. "Please tell me you put on some other clothes before you caught your death!"

Ducky smiled. He really liked this woman and knew that they would probably get along well together.

"We did." Tony and McGee grinned. Sherlock really was able to find the best of people in the world.

Well, the best of people and Donovan.

(Gibbs hands the bag back to Tony, who flinches, expecting a blow)

Gibbs: Tony, you're soaking wet. Go put some dry clothes on.

Mrs. Hudson looked at Gibbs approvingly, who nodded in acknowledgement.

(He pats Tony on the back)

(Tony stares at Gibbs in disbelief and then looks at McGee.)

"I assume this isn't normal behavior for you?" Mary inquired.

"It isn't." he answered shortly.
(Cut to Gibbs from outside the window)

Gibbs: Sherrinford's rooftop wasn't much higher than ours.

(CG1 of bullet leaving the sniper rifle, passing through Kate's head, and continuing on towards, it seems, the viewer.)

Everyone in the room flinched or let out a small scream. They were not expecting that. Then again, they also weren't expecting to see Kate's death from that angle.

(Back to Gibbs)

Gibbs: Rooflines behind were lower. No telling how far a full metal jacket bullet would go after killing Kate.

McGee: (quietly, to Tony) How's he know it's a full metal jacket?

"Her head was intact." Molly's quiet voice made an appearance.

The NCIS team waved to her. She, Mrs. Hudson, the Watsons, Lestrade, and even Anderson had been added into their family.

Dinozzo: Didn't you see Kate?

McGee: I didn't want to.

Dinozzo: Her head was intact.

McGee: So...she didn't look bad?

Dinozzo: No. No, not at all, probie. In fact, a little mortuary putty right here... (taps McGee's forehead) and she'll be good as new. Course, she was having a bad hair day, though, right back here, 'cause a full metal jacket'll put a hole the size of a grapefruit right about there... (smacks the back of McGee's head)

The Yarders raised their eyebrows.

"What was that?" John and Lestrade asked in unison.

"We call it a Gibbs-slap." Abby started explaining.

"It is customary for us," Tony grinned.

McGee: Tony. Please.

Dinozzo: (pats McGee on the shoulder) I'm sorry, kid.

Gibbs: Three rounds? Only one hit?

Dinozzo: He must've popped off a couple of rounds while you were weaving across the roof.

"He was standing still...." Mycroft mumbled under his breath.

Gibbs: I was standing still when Kate was shot.
Dinozzo: McGee lasered the distance at nearly 600 meters.

McGee: 572.

"Always a perfectionist, aren't you, Timmy?" Abby ran her fingers through her youngest cousin's hair, who was still unconscious.

McGee blushed slightly while Tony burst out laughing.

Dinozzo: Slight shift in the wind, he misses you, he hits Kate.

"No wind..." Mycroft continued to mutter.

(Flashback)

(Gibbs on roof, panning gun around. Kate dead on the ground. Focus on an American flag. It is perfectly still.)

"The bastard was aiming for her!" Lestrade realized.

Abby nodded. "He was...quite a sadist, really. Wasn't always. He used to be a good person. Very supportive. Then...." she trailed off, looking sad.

Mycroft nodded earnestly.

The NCIS team felt a bit guilty. They hadn't really stopped to think about the feelings of the family members, including their very own forensic scientist, that he left behind.

(End flashback)

Gibbs: There was no wind.

Dinozzo: What're you saying, he was aiming at Kate? You're the one he wants to kill!

McGee: He had a thing for Kate.

"Wait, what?" Mycroft looked confused and alarmed at the same time.

"He had a sort of crush, I guess..." Abby started explaining.

"Change the subject!" a couple of the British laughed at his expression.

Dinozzo: What are you talking about?

McGee: She told me that he was always coming on to her. In autopsy, when he kidnapped her and let her go.

Dinozzo: She never told me that.

McGee: Gee, what a surprise.

Dinozzo: What? (smacks McGee's head) Huh?

"There it is again...." John raised an eyebrow.
Gibbs: Don't do that, Tony.

(Tony looks confused)

(Gibbs examines a hole in a briefcase.)

Gibbs: When was this hit, Tim?

McGee: When I was pinned down.

Gibbs: Sherrinford have a shot at it?

Mycroft stiffened. Unlike what most people thought, he did care about things. And one of those things was his family.

(Flashback)

(McGee behind car. Shots ring out. He scrambles for cover. Flashes of the terrorist. A hole is blown in the briefcase after McGee returns fire.)

(End flashback)

McGee: Our car was between the controller and the terrorist. There was no way he could have hit it. Boss, I'm-I'm sorry, I should have realized it was Sherrinford.

Dinozzo: Why didn't he pop McGee?

"That is nice." Mary said sarcastically.

Abby slapped Tony up the head.

"It was a valid question!" Tony cried out. "Why try to shoot the tiny target rather than the person using it!"

McGee: Oh, thanks, Tony.

Dinozzo: All I'm saying is, you're a sizable target. The controller isn't.

McGee: You saying I'm fat?

Dinozzo: No. I mean, maybe a little around the waist, under the chin.

Gibbs: He didn't have an angle on Tim.

"So that gunmen saved you?" Anderson inquired.

McGee nodded. "Yes, I suppose he did."

Dinozzo: Wow. You owe that shooter from the warehouse a thank you. He saved your life.

Gibbs: (talking through his observations of the controller) The bullet entered here. Could've ricocheted into the car.

McGee: Well, I'll get on it.
Gibbs: Abby should be here by now. Tony, see what you can pull off that brass.

(Gibbs hands Tony the evidence bag. He walks away. The two agents stare after him. Gibbs looks around agitatedly before walking quickly off.)

Gibbs stared at his agents.

"Sorry, boss....You were just acting so weird..." Tony sighed.

Gibbs: I'm going for coffee. Can I get you boys some?

(They stare, dumbfounded.)

Dinozzo: No.

McGee: Thanks.

(Gibbs nods and leaves)

Dinozzo: That's a first.

"You don't have a lot of time to be a nice guy in a job like this." Gibbs explained.

McGee: He called me 'Tim.'

Dinozzo: He patted my back.

McGee: It's kind of nice.

Dinozzo: Nice? I don't want nice. It's not Gibbs if he's nice.

Donovan was shocked. Why would he not enjoy being treated nicely for once? What a freak.....

(Tony turns away, leaving McGee standing there)

(Cut to a Hummer driving by a fence in the rain. Gibbs walks along a sidewalk. He stares up at the sky and then looks in both directions and zips up his jacket. He walks by the window of Abby's lab, and we see her inside, head in hands.)

(Cut to Abby, inside lab. She's staring at a caricature of herself as a vampire, complete with fangs and batwings. The camera pans around until we see Kate, with a long platinum blond wig and black lipstick)

"Did she dress up often with you?" Anderson asked.

Abby laughed, "Everyone around me was forced to dress up,"

Kate: You're a mess, girl. Red eyes, no makeup. If ever there was a time for black lipstick, it's now.

(Abbie smiles and wipes a tear away. She picks up black lipstick and begins to apply it)

(Kate comes up in the mirror behind her)
Kate: Remember when we first met? (laughs) I couldn't believe you were a forensic scientist. I thought Goths had bats for pets, or vice versa.

Donovan sneered. There was no way that she had gotten that job without someone bribing or blackmailing someone. It was just too....freakish.

Abby: I really liked you, Kate. A lot.

Kate: Don't start that again. Where're your pigtails. I love you in pigtails. (Abby starts putting them in) That's better. You were persistent, Abs. First the dark lipstick, then the black nail polish. Next thing you know, I have a tat on my bum. Oh, God. Ducky's gonna see it! (she and Abby both laugh) I'm dead, and I'm embarrassed.

"If it helps, I tried not to think about it too much." Ducky mentioned. "I know Kate would not have appreciated it..."

Molly understood. If Sherlock really had died from the Fall, it would have been the worst autopsy of her life.

(Cut to Tony at the entrance to the lab, listening to Abby laugh)

"It was good to hear some laughter after what happened," Tony explained.

Dinozzo: Abby.

(Abbie stops laughing and looks at him)

Abby: Hey, Tony.

Dinozzo: You okay?

Abby: I will be, soon as I tie up my pigtails. There. What can I do for you? (a beat) What?

Dinozzo: You're weirder than Gibbs.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

"Sorry, boss,"

Abby: How so?

Dinozzo: He's being nice.

Abby: Gibbs is always nice.

Dinozzo: To you and Ducky, maybe, to me...growls at, smacks on the head.

Abby: (rising) Which makes you feel wanted.

Lestrade looked critically at Gibbs and nodded. It seemed that he knew exactly how to make someone feel like the belonged almost immediately.

Dinozzo: Yeah.
Abby: What d'ya got for me?

(a moment of silence. Tony hands Abby the evidence bag with the 3 casings)

Dinozzo: .308 casings from Sherrinford's sniper's nest.

Mycroft stiffened once more. At the time, he found the idea that it could have been Sherrinford ludicrous. They had just assumed it was him instantly. But now, he was sort of glad they did. Who else would have died had they not?

(He hands the bag to her)

Abby: (exasperated) You would have to give me the most popular caliber in the world.

Dinozzo: Well, hey, I just found them. Can you tell what kind of gun he used?

"A .308." Mary said cheekily.

John laughed heartily before looking at his best friend and sighing. He wished that Sherlock would just wake up, as it might help him open up more.

Abby: (rolls eyes) A .308.

Dinozzo: What model .308?

Abby: You don't know?

Dinozzo: Would I be asking?

Abby: Well, how'm I supposed to know?

Dinozzo: Because you're the firearms expert.

McGee laughed. "He's got you there, Abs."

Donovan thought about how she must be incompetent at her job. Surely, a good forensic scientist would know to do that?

Abby: That I am. (pulls a latex glove from a box) And when I'm done, I will tell you: the propellant, the primer, the percentage of nickel and copper in the brass, whether or not all three rounds were fired from the same weapon, which you assume, but I can prove or disprove. I will tell you who manufactured the ammo, the batch number, and perhaps where it was sold. I will also, with some degree of accuracy, tell you if it was fired from a lever action, a bolt action, a semi-automatic, or an automatic weapon. However, there is no way in hell I can tell you which of the 87 different .308 models fired those rounds!

Dinozzo: The rounds are Lapua.

"Sorry, guys, there was just a lot on my mind." Abby blushed.

"That does seem to be a common problem for us Holmes...." Mycroft mumbled quietly, but everyone heard it.

"What do you mean?" Lestrade sounded interested and slightly worried. Everyone but Donovan was
"For practically anyone with Holmes blood in them, their mind is generally genetically enhanced. It came from some experiments done on some of our ancestors in the 19th century and just sort of stuck as the generations passed. Basically, we are able to do a lot of things, shown by Sherlock and Abigail here, but the flaw if the experiment was that there was no real way to control it. Eventually, we adapted to be able to 'delete' unimportant things from our minds, but if too much information and data were to be shoved in there, we could go into some intense sensory overload. It is one of the reasons the prescription drug we gave Sherlock is a stimulant, as it would save him from a couple painful experiences." the elder Holmes brother explained.

There was silence for a couple of seconds.

"Bloody hell...." Lestrade sighed.

"Is there anything else we should know?" John worked his way through his temper. "Like, of anything ever happens and we need to do something, but we don't know what?"

"I will let you know if anything needs to be explained." Mycroft agreed.

**Abby:** What?

**Dinozzo:** Lapua made the ammo. Logo's on the round.

**Abby:** (tearfully) Tony, I'm gonna miss her.

(They hug)

**Dinozzo:** Me, too.

**Abby:** And, I never thought it would be...Sherrinford to do it....(she trails off, obviously thinking about her cousin)

"That must have been really painful for you...." Mary looked down.

"It was, but we worked through it eventually." Abby agreed.

**DiNozzo:** Sometimes people aren't who you think they are.

(Crosshairs: Tony's head through rain-streaked window. Focus shifts to Abby and the picture goes to B&W)

**END ACT I**

**B&W: Gibbs and a woman smile at each other**

"Who's that?" Donovan asked, rather rudely.

Leon Vance answered. "She was the director of NCIS before me."

"Where is she now? Fired?"

Jimmy glared at her, along with everyone else. "She died valiantly. For her country."

John looked shocked. There was certainly a lot of death in their past.
Gibbs walks along sidewalk in the rain, carrying a cup of coffee. His path leads right in front of the windows to Abby's lab.

The sound of a bullet whipping past Gibbs' head. He ducks slightly. The bullet shatters the glass in one of the windows. The gunshot rings out. Gibbs drops the coffee and runs.

"You got shot at? Poor dear...are you all right, darling?" Mrs. Hudson inquired.

"I'm fine, thanks." Abby stood up as if to prove it.

(Cut to inside the lab. Tony has knocked Abby down and is lying on top of her.)

Dinozzo: You hit?

Abby: (strained) No. You're heavy.

Everyone snorted a little.

"You're dealing with this well," Lestrade commented dryly.

Dinozzo: (as he gets up) Sorry. (he drags her against a metal lab bench)

(He draws his gun and she feels his leg)

Abby: God, no wonder you're so heavy. Tony, you're all muscle.

Mycroft's eyes widened and looked disturbingly at Tony and Abby.

McGee looked at Tony.

"Yes, McJealous?" Tony smiled, "all muscle;"

Dinozzo: Abby, shh!

Abby: Packing a nice booty, too.

"With a nice booty," Tony continued.

"Abigail...change the subject," Mycroft said, causing more rounds of laughter.

Dinozzo: Hey, is this how you deal with getting shot at?

Abby: I don't know, it's my first time.

Gibbs: (os) Abby!

Tony: Boss, down! (the lights go mostly out, and Gibbs ducks to run towards Tony and Abby) Taking fire.

(Gibbs hits another 2 light switches and ducks)

(Cut to outside. We see a dark SUV. A close-up of the driver's side reveals that the window is down and a sniper is aiming out of it. It is Sherrinford.)

Abby looked away from the screen, not wanting to see the look on his face.
"He shot at his own cousin?" John looked disgusted.

"Yes, fortunately, Abigail was unharmed." Mycroft commented.

(Crosshairs: Searching for a target, and the lights go out)

(Sherrinford pulls the muzzle back, takes the brass from the chamber and tosses it onto the road. He rolls the window up and drives away.)

Donovan looked very disturbed. He had no qualms about anything.....she was surrounded by freaks....

(Cut to inside the lab)

Gibbs: (to Abby) You okay?

Abby: Yeah.

Gibbs: Close off Anacostia Park between the bridges. It's a crime scene. (Dinozzo nods and starts to move off, but Gibbs grabs his leg) Hey! What if he has a night-vision scope?

"Be careful..." Molly warned...

Dinozzo: That's a good point, Boss. (he crawls away)

Gibbs: I will get you bulletproof glass.

"No such thing..." Mary mumbled so that only John could hear her.

Abby: There's no such thing, Gibbs.

Gibbs: Okay. Bullet-resistant glass. (he pulls something from her hair)

Abby: Sherrinford didn't shoot at you and hit Kate by mistake, did he? He's after me now. I grew up with him, Gibbs! He once told us that he only attacks his enemies!

"You grew up with him?" Anderson inquired.

"Yes," Abby nodded. "It was a home meant for multiple generations, but after my biological parents died and I was adopted, my aunt and uncle invited us to live with them. No one was ever alone there..." she laughed good-naturedly.

Gibbs: Perhaps by being part of this team made you a traitor in his eyes...(Abby cries softly) I was walking by that window when he fired.

"The first real traitor we've had in a long time was Sherrinford.....he almost tore the entire agency apart...." Mycroft sighed.

"That is one of the reasons some agencies had trouble believing is when we said it was Sherrinford." Abby explained.

Abby: You're just saying that to make me feel safe.

Gibbs: (pulls her into his arms) I'll keep you safe, Abby. (kisses her head) I promise.
Everyone was silent during the personal part, seeing Gibbs act like the parent He doesn't usually let others see.

(Cut to morgue. Ducky is writing on a specimen jar. He moves to stare down at Kate's face. Her eyes open and she smiles a bit.)

"This is another one of those imaginary things, right?" John inquired.

"Yes," Ducky agreed. "Although, any body has plenty to say; Kate was no exception."

Kate: I appreciate your keeping me covered in front of the others. Especially Tony.

Tony looked slightly offended.

Ducky: Yes, I know how modest you are.

Kate: (chuckles) Were. I'm dead now, Ducky. Shouldn't be. Could've killed Sherrinford right here, in autopsy.

"Really?" Lestrade questioned. "Why was he in autopsy?"

"Sherrinford had smuggled himself in via body bag..." McGee started to explain.

"He took Ducky, Kate, and an old ME assistant named Gerald hostage." Tony finished.

The other agents understood now why the hate for him already existed before Kate's death.

(Flashback)

(Kate grabs scalpel, threatens Sherrinford, he overpowers her.)

(end flashback)

Ducky: Why did you hesitate?

Kate: His eyes. There was something in his eyes that made me not want to kill him.

Mycroft and Abby sighed. There used to be many things in his eyes that made people not want to kill someone him, but over time, they started to vanish. Perhaps if he had met Kate sooner, before he was caught in that mess, it would have turned out differently.

Ducky: His eyes were ice to me.

"If Kate was your subconscious, why are you disagreeing with it?" Jimmy asked.

"Mr. Palmer, I believe that I was just trying to find a reason as to why she hesitated. What she might have said." Ducky explained.

(Sound of the door hissing open)

(Ducky looks back a bit, and covers Kate's face as Gibbs enters.)

Gibbs: Sherrinford fired into Abby's lab.

Ducky: Good Lord. His own cousin?
"I thought she, at least, would be spared from him." Ducky frowned.

Gibbs: It had to come from across the river, from Anacostia Park.

Ducky: Was Abigail hurt?

Gibbs: No, she's a little shook up. Tony's with her.

Abby gave Tony a big hug, much to the surprise of Donovan. How could he tolerate a freak?

Ducky: In the lab? (walks to opposite end of autopsy)

Gibbs: In the squad room, writing up an incident report.

(Gibbs stares at Kate's covered body on the slab)

Gibbs: You should've brought in another ME, Duck.

Ducky: Couldn't. (approaches with a bottle of alcohol) Not for Caitlin. (pours the spirits into two glasses)

Gibbs: I've lost men in combat. You hope you won't, you know you will.

John nodded sadly, knowing it was true.

Ducky: This is different.

Gibbs: But it shouldn't be. Kate was an agent. She knew she had to lay her life on the line.
(Ducky starts to say something, but Gibbs keeps talking) But you're right. It's different.

"It was more personal. You had lives with each other both on and off the battlefield." Mary reassured.

The NCIS team nodded gratefully.

Ducky: Well, you just said it. You've lost men. Have you ever lost a woman? (chuckles) Let's face it, Jethro, you and I are a couple of old chauvinists. Women will never be equal in our eyes until they're equal in death.

Gibbs: Why, Ducky? Why Kate? Why not me?

Ducky: Well, maybe he meant to hit you.

Gibbs: No. No, him sniping at me means he's after my people. Women first.

"That part has always concerned me. Why was it him, instead of anyone else close to him, such as Abigail or Sherlock, to become a terrorist? They were raised under the same conditions, yes? So, what circumstances led to it?" Ducky sighed.

Everyone else worriedly thought over this.

Ducky: Then he's torturing you. One has to wonder: what made him such a sadist when our young Abigail turned out so pure?
Gibbs: I don't give a damn. I just want to kill the b*st*rd.

(Cut to evidence garage. Abby's head is buried in the trunk of a car. She's wearing an orange NCIS jumpsuit)

Abby: Hey, McGee, take a look at this.

(McGee closes a door and places a large piece of metal on the ground before walking around to the back of the car. Abby holds up a casing.)

Abby: I think it's a .308.

"What else would it be?" Donovan sneered.

"Hey!" Gibbs raised his voice, "Before taking a shot at her intelligence, think it over. If there was a second shooter, we can't assume that they were using the same weapon. She was doing her job."

(McGee just stares at Abby's butt)

Gibbs meditatively smacked McGee over the head.

Abby: Stop staring at my butt and get me an evidence jar.

Everyone wondered how she knew that but left it to the Holmes genes she had in her.

(He gets her one)

McGee: Drop it.

(She drops it in and he twists the lid shut...only to go back to staring at her butt)

Tony laughed joyfully and patted him on the back, taking full advantage of his embarrassment.

Abby: Oh! I found another one!

(Gibbs is looking over McGee's shoulder now. He turns around quickly)

"How did you get there so quietly?" Anderson turned, face full of brief shock.

Mycroft decided not to mention his obvious it was that he was there.

"No, no," Abby put her finger over Gibbs lips, "You're not allowed to say, it spoils the Gibbsyness."

Lestrade just looked at him with the expression 'teach-me-your-ways-oh-great-leader'

McGee: Boss, uh, we-we-we found a .308 slug.

"Are you afraid of him?" Donovan scoffed.

"You know what, Donovan," Lestrade interrupted the scene, "You were the most nervous little butt-kisser when you first got here, so eager to please. Now you've changed. I think you should still be nervous of your boss because they can do things like this: Donovan, you've been fired, clear your desk by Monday."

Donovan's eyes and mouth were wide open in fury, but nobody cared, most of them were outwardly
"Oh, and tell Sherlock I have a job offer for him," Lestrade finished.

Donovan gasped, "I'm being replace by him?! The Freak?!"

The entire room glared at her, Everyone who was sitting on the same couch as her quickly moved to the floor by the NCIS crew, leaving her steaming with anger.

Anderson looked interested, wondering him he could have a relationship similar to that of the NCIS team with the detective. That is, if he is forgiven.

(Gibbs nods)

(Abby stands up and turns around with another slug in the tweezers in her hand)

Abby: Two. They were plugged in the trunk.

(McGee gets another evidence jar and she drop the slug in)

Gibbs: (examining other evidence jars) These fired by that dirt bag in the warehouse?

Abby: Yes. Those I found in the right side of the car. (She points and Gibbs moves to look) .9 mil. slugs.

Donovan briefly regretted her comment earlier.

McGee: (as Gibbs runs his finger around a large hole in the car's side) Sherrinford missed with his first shot, hit the controller with the second.

Gibbs: Where were you before you took cover?

McGee: (moving around the car) Uh, right here. (squats down to demonstrate)

Gibbs: (judging bullet trajectory) Tony's right. You do owe that terrorist a thank you.

"You don't hear that every day." McGee chuckled.

(McGee looks at the hole, then away)

(Flashback)

(The terrorist shoots at McGee. He dives for cover behind the trunk. The bullet hole is superimposed over current McGee's forehead)

(End flashback)

(McGee looks at the bullet hole again and stands up.)

Dinozzo: (entering) He didn't polish his brass again. Metro PD found a .308 casing in the park next to tire tracks.

Gibbs: And?
Dinozzo: Nothing. I was waiting for you to tell me to tell them to bring the evidence here ASAP.

"Do you really have to be told?" McGee laughed at the look that appeared on Tony's face.

Gibbs: What, I have to tell you that Dinozzo?

Dinozzo: You always do.

Gibbs: Tell Metro PD to...

Dinozzo: (interrupting) Already did, Boss. (Gibbs gives him a dirty look and gets on the elevator) Oh, and by the way, the director wants to see you up at MTAC. (gives a thumbs up)

"Are you trying to get him mad?" Molly inquired.

"Yup. I needed him to be Gibbs again." Tony answered.

Donovan looked at him in disgust. Does he want to be yelled at?

(Tony smiles superiorly)

Abby: Why are you baiting Gibbs?

Dinozzo: Trying to get him to stop being nice.

McGee: I like him nice.

(Tony and Abby regard McGee for a beat and then smack him simultaneously on the back of the head)

Lestrade and Anderson chuckled. They would have to implement that move into their system; it seemed to teach good discipline.

(Cut to Gibbs entering MTAC. Agents with headsets are staring at monitors depicting an apparently empty road in a desert.)

(Gibbs sits next to the director.)

Director: What do you have? (as Gibbs and the director talk, the camera pans across the array of screens in MTAC)

Gibbs: Brass from Sherrinford's sniper's next, three bullets, tire tracks in Anacostia Park. Sherrinford fired a shot across the river into our forensics lab.

Director: Unusual for a sniper not to polish his brass, isn't it?

Gibbs: Yes, sir.

Director: I've received calls from every director I know promising to hunt down this sniper as if he'd killed one of their own.

"That is a lot..." Molly commented. "Did you catch him quickly?"
Gibbs shrugged. "I would have preferred to get him quicker, but we got him in the end."

**Gibbs:** FBI might be the most help. Sherrinford Holmes is their mole.

**Director:** I endorsed your recommendation to award the Presidential Medal of Freedom to Special Agent Todd.

"That's nice. If anyone deserves it, she does." Mrs. Hudson beamed.

Ducky agreed. "She fought valiantly with honor." he smiled.

**Gibbs:** (nods) Thank you, sir.

**Director:** According to your after-action report, no one actually saw the sniper who killed Agent Todd.

**Gibbs:** Sherrinford was on a rooftop 600 meters away.

**Director:** Extraordinary shot.

**Gibbs:** No, sir, not really.

"And how would you know?" Donovan scoffed.

Gibbs didn't even have to lift a finger as his team rushed to his defense.

"For your information," McGee glared at her, "He was a sniper in the Corps!"

"Two tours!" Abby held up two fingers as if to provide more emphasis.

"That is more than you will ever be able to say about yourself." Tony sneered, they really did not like her.

**Director:** You were a sniper with the Corps, weren't you?

**Gibbs:** Two tours.

**Director:** Vietnam?

**Gibbs:** I'm not that old, sir. Panama. Desert Storm.

Donovan winced, but no one paid her any attention.

**Director:** Thought you were older.

**Female Agent:** (os) Target vehicle approaching.

**Male Agent:** (speaking in Hebrew) Acquiring target.

"Who are these people?" Molly asked, having not wanted to interrupt the anger from earlier.

"Other agents," came Gibbs' gruff reply.

**Voice over speakers:** We have a hard lock.
Male Agent: Target confirmed. Engage.

Voice over speakers: Weapon free.

"Who's operation was this?" Mary inquired, looking interested.

"Actually, it was Sherlock's. He never claimed much credit from it though, as he said he had been helped immensely." Mycroft explained idly.

Everyone was shocked for a bit, except John, who only laughed. It seemed as if nothing could surprise him anymore.

Donovan glared at her lap. Mycroft must be lying. Even if it was Sherlock's, there was no way that he did not brag about it.

(as this was going on, the camera cuts between a view of the screens showing a white van and the people in MTAC.)

Voice over speakers: Good lock on target.

(The crosshairs on the screen run along until they find the vehicle. The van explodes in a ball of fire)

Male Agent: (in Hebrew) Confirming target hit. Thank you very much.

(Agents shake hands and murmur congratulations to each other. Gibbs watches)

Most everyone cheered slightly, Donovan was still so wrapped up in her own problems she didn't care.

Female Agent: (os) Good job, everyone.

Director: Where was I?

Gibbs: Avoiding using Sherrinford's name and the word 'sniper' in the same sentence. Sir.

Director: Your anger is understandable, Jethro. You lost a good agent. You want payback.

Everyone narrowed their eyes at his words and implications.

"What does he mean?" Anderson stared at the screen.

Gibbs: Don't you, sir?

Director: That's a passion I can't afford.

Everyone now understood, him having the high stress job of being the director and all.

John was caught up in his own mind, Sherlock did the same thing as this director person very often.

Gibbs: You honestly think it wasn't Sherrinford?

"It was him though," Molly argued, "We saw him,"

Mycroft looked over at her, "We had believed Sherrinford to be too trustworthy to be the real
terrorist and assumed that it was someone else," he explained.

**Director:** No, but there are those who do.

"I.E. Europol officers" Tony corrected the statement for those still in the dark.

**Gibbs:** (laughs) Those who ran him? Those who thought they had the Holy Grail of moles? Those people covering their asses right now.

Mycroft gave a silent, long and painful sigh before automatically assuming his regular posture.

**Director:** Make sure you cover yours when you bring him in.

**Gibbs:** Won't be a problem, sir. I won't be bringing him in.

**Director:** (looks sideways at Gibbs then starts to rise) Anyway, you're not my problem anymore, Jethro.

**Gibbs:** You firing me, sir?

"Who would ever fire the Gibbs?" Abby gasped dramatically.

Tony and McGee grinned. Even with his sometimes questionable methods, no one would ever fire Gibbs.

**Director:** I've been offered a deputy director's position at Homeland Security.

**Gibbs:** You'd leave NCIS, sir?

**Director:** Well, the agency could use some younger blood.

**Gibbs:** Well, who'd be replacing you, sir? (a smile tugs at the director's lips) Not me.

**Director:** (laughs) Much as I like you, Jethro, I would not shoot NCIS in the head. (walks away) He's you're problem now, Director.

(A woman stands up and turns around.)

"That's the woman from earlier...." Molly mumbled under her breath.

**Jennifer Shepard:** Hello, Jethro.

(Flashback)

(Flashes of people in bed together, and a brief shot of the Eiffel Tower)

"Oh, I so do not envy you," Lestrade covered his face, obviously wondering what he would do if one of his exes was his boss.

(End flashback)

**Shepard:** Should we skip the 'You haven't changed a bit' bull?

**Gibbs:** Why start lying to each other now, Jen?
Shepard: Any problem taking orders from me?

Gibbs: As director, or as a woman?

Shepard: Either.

Gibbs: (shakes head slightly) That was six years ago. (rises) The past won't be a problem. (descends the stairs and looks her in the eye) You were a damn good agent. Especially under cover.

"Was that flashback part of the undercover bit?" Tony realized what he said too late as Gibbs's hand collided with the back of his head.

Abby was silently laughing, toying with a bit of her cousin's hair.

Shepard: Jethro.

Gibbs: Madam Director.

(They smile at each other for a moment before the shot becomes B&W)

END ACT II

(B&W: Sherrinford's sitting in the driver's seat of a car, puts a cell phone down)

"Did he call someone?" Mary said, very worried about what might happen.

(Sheppard and Gibbs emerge from MTAC)

Shepard: You have no physical evidence linking Sherrinford to the shootings, no wonder agencies here and abroad have doubts.

"Yes," McGee looked towards the Yarders who were looking slightly shocked, "He was that good with cleaning up his evidence,"

"Must be the Holmes in him," Donovan sneered, "Cleaning up the evidence of their crime before they could get into trouble."

Everyone instinctually burst out with arguments, but Mycroft sat in the back silently, knowing he had called hits on other people who harmed his family before.

Gibbs: This b*st*rd already killed one of my people, he's trying to kill more, and I'll tell you something else: No suit with a tight sphincter is getting in my way, and that includes you, Jen.

Gibbs winced slightly seeing how easily his passion caused him to disregard his old friend.

(He continues down the stairs, but she stop at the top of the steps)

Shepard: Special Agent Gibbs. (he turns and walks back up to her) On the job, it is 'Director Sheppard' or 'Ma'am.'

"Oh!" everyone echoed each other, feeling Gibbs' pain.

Gibbs: Okay, what about off the job?
Shepard: There won't be any 'off the job,' Agent Gibbs.

Tony glanced at Gibbs, "I don't think I've ever seen someone shot down so fast, boss,"

Gibbs hand swung around in record time and slapped him.
"I don't think I've ever seen you slap someone so fast, boss," he continued.

Gibbs: That's too bad. I missed you, Jen.

Shepard: Don't make this difficult, Jethro.

Gibbs: (short nod) Fair enough. Won't happen again. Director. (she walks down the stairs in front of him)

Shepard: We will continue with this conversation in private.

Gibbs: Gotta change my clothes, we can talk in my car on the way to the house.

"That is the only thing private, your house?" Lestrade asked, turning to look at Gibbs.

Tony spoke instead, "Well that and the male bathroom,"

"I don't even want to know,"

"And the elevator!" Abby cheered.

Shepard: Gibbs!

Gibbs: Hey, I got a dead agent, and a sniper on the loose. I do not have ten minutes to spare. Tony. Where are we?

Dinozzo: McGee and Abby are working firearms analysis. I'm matching tire tracks to vehicles. (he peers at Sheppard from over the photograph he is looking at)

Tony peers nervously at Gibbs, who, while he looked annoyed, did not smack upside the head.

"It's no fun if you know it is coming." Gibbs explained idly.

Gibbs: No one is to leave the building. McGee's on protection detail with Abby. I'll be back in an hour.

(Tony peers around the side of his desk at Sheppard's legs as she and Gibbs head for the elevator. He smiles wolfishly.)

Kate: (os) Your mother should have washed your mind out with soap.(she is dressed as a Catholic school girl, with an exceptionally short skirt) Gibbs leaves with a woman, and your only thought is "Nooner."

Disgusting. Donovan thought this generally, crossing her legs.

Dinozzo: Was not.

Kate: Was, too. I've always known what you were thinking, Tony. (He doesn't reply, checking
her out instead) What? What are you up to? (his tongue pokes out between his teeth as he ogles. She looks down and squeaks) Tony! I just died, and you're having a sexual fantasy?

Dinozzo: (a pause and a smile) I can't help it. (a wind blows, revealing Kate's panties)

The males immediately closed their eyes, not willing to receive glares from the female population.

Kate: (furious) Dinozzo!

Dinozzo: Sometimes I used to picture you naked.

(a scream)

This time Gibbs did slap Tony.

(A boy, no older than twenty, dressed in fatigues with a visitors badge is standing nearby, having obviously just walked in. Tony doesn't notice him. He looks at where he's staring, then back at him. He finally notices, but is caught unawares.)

"Is that Sherlock?" was the general response to this.

Molly blushed slightly before looking at the screen, "He looks so much younger,"

"Which makes me wonder," Lestrade turned to Mycroft, "How old was he when he started working with you?"

"For me," Mycroft corrected, "Not with me,"

"Because you can't get off your ass half the time," John muttered.

"I can definitely tell little brother has worn off on you." Mycroft commented idly, examining the tip of his umbrella.

Dinozzo: I'll call you back. (hits the receiver of his phone twice and turns his attention to the new boy) Hi. I was just... (shrugs a little)

Sherlock Holmes: Having phone s*x?

"Excuse me," Donovan was now paying attention, "Watch your mouth,"

"If you were paying attention the entire time," Tony interrupted, "What I was actually doing was arguably worse, and you were speaking to an unconscious person,"

Dinozzo: (trying to laugh it off) Phone s*x? No. Ah, charades.

Even Donovan raised an eyebrow at the blatant lie.

Sherlock: Charades? Like, uh... (moves his hands like he was running an old-fashioned video camera)

Dinozzo: (accusingly) You've played.

Sherlock: Never on the telephone.

"It's impossible to play charades on the phone," Molly argued.
Dinozzo: Yeah, yeah. My partner and I were coming up with quotes for Saturday night.

"Oooo, what's Saturday night?" Abby teased.

Sherlock: (he nods, obviously not believing him) You play charades on Saturday night?

Dinozzo: To kill time before I go clubbing. Who are you?

Sherlock: Sherlock Holmes. Europol. (shows him his ID)

"You were part of Europol?" Lestrade asked, looking like someone just offered him a fried rat.

Dinozzo: You're Sherlock Holmes? Like, Mycroft Holmes, Europol's director, and Sherrinford Holmes' younger brother?

Sherlock: (sarcastically as he walks towards Gibbs' desk) Very good, the way you made that connection. You must have been doing some.....research on the subject.

All of the Yarders looked shocked at the sarcasm he used. The NCIS Crew plus Mary, John, Mrs. Hudson and Mycroft all looked used to it.

Dinozzo: What can I do for you, Mr. Holmes?

Sheelock: Nothing. I'm here to see Special Agent Gibbs.

"Shot down so quickly!" Abby joked, causing roars of laughter.

Dinozzo: How do you know I'm not Gibbs.

"He is Sherlock," Lestrade said, "He probably deduced your real name before you even talked to him,"

"Because he's a freak," Donovan muttered to herself. Everyone was ignoring her at this point.

Sherlock: (ironic laugh. he sits in McGee's chair and stares at him) Gibbs?

Dinozzo: He'll be back in an hour. You sure I can't help you?

Sherlock: (tut-tuts) I don't think so.

(Tony stares at him and he smiles confidently back at him)

Dinozzo: We got off to a bad start. (clears throat) I'm Special Agent Tony Dinozzo. I wasn't playing charades, I was...remembering my partner.

"You do realize that doesn't sound good either, right?" Palmer asked, looking towards Tony, who just shrugged in response.

Sherlock: (frowns up at him) Naked?

"My point," Palmer continued.

Tony now Gibbs-smacked him, "Like you've never done it, autopsy gremlin,"

Before Palmer could come up with a counterargument, Ducky stepped in, "I do believe, Mr. Palmer,
that the case of Agent Lee counts,"

Palmer shut up and turned bright red.

The British people were now, once again, shocked by the relationship the NCIS Crew had and hoped to be able to replicate it in the future.

Dinozzo: No. (a beat) Yes. I- I was just...Look, I'm not the only man who does it.

Sherlock: Women do it, too, from what I've gathered.. (eyes him) With handsome men. (he turns and goes back to his desk, and he calls after him) And even an occasional woman.

"Damn," Lestrade said, leaning backwards into the chair.

"Finally," John said sarcastically, "You've realized,"

"I knew he was sarcastic, but bloody hell!" Lestrade shook his head.

Dinozzo: Now you're teasing me.

Sherlock: Didn't your partner tease you?

Dinozzo: Not about s*x. Kate was kinda puritanical.

Sherlock: Sorry.

The British people were now astonished.

"There are so many things wrong with that!" Donovan argued.

Abby's eyes narrowed, "What do you mean?"

"Well, the freak," she got many glares at this, "Always could piss you off by telling you everything about everybody, it was f*cking annoying. And he apologized. He never apologizes,"

The NCIS team was so proud of Sherlock.

McGee said confidently, "Rule 6: Never say you're sorry, it's a sign of weakness,"

"Rules!" Donovan continued ruthlessly.

John nodded quietly, as if that explained a lot.

Dinozzo: But that didn't matter, I wasn't interested in her we were...(pauses to watch him push his hair out of his face) partners.

Sherlock: She wasn't attractive.

Dinozzo: She was...but not to me.

Sherlock: Then why did you imagine her naked?

"Yep," Tony laughed, "I have confused the great Sherlock Holmes,"

Everyone gave a laugh at that.
Dinozzo: (laughs and shakes a finger at him) Mr. Holmes, you can sit there and slouch provocatively for an hour if you'd like, or you can tell me what you need, and maybe I can help.

Sherlock: You can't help because I'm here to stop Special Agent Gibbs from killing a Europol officer.

Everyone stopped laughing at this.

"You mean to tell me that he was one of the people not to want him dead?" Anderson questioned, slightly shocked.

"Sherrinford was his brother, do you think he'd want him dead?" Abby answered brutally.

The leaders, Lestrade, Vance and Gibbs, all met eyes at the amount of confusion and misunderstandings flying around. They knew that they had to do something about it.

Dinozzo: Sherrinford Holmes?

Sherlock: Yes.

Dinozzo: (beckons his close) I'd wish you luck, but I want the b*st*rd dead, too. Why did Mycroft Holmes put his two brothers in Europol?

Sherlock: Maybe he just only puts the people he....trusts close to him.

"Sounds like a lonely life," Lestrade said, meeting Mycroft's eyes.

"With someone in my position," Mycroft said, eyes actually leaving his umbrella to meet those of the man, "There are not many who would not stab me in the back. As you can see, even one of my brothers, Sherrinford, did exactly that,"

Everyone, sans Donovan, winced at the reminder that the cold and aloof man was actually quite lonely.

(Cut to Gibbs' basement. Jen Shepard is sitting there)

Shepard: This the same boat you were building 6 years ago?

"You build boats?" Anderson asked, curious.

Gibbs nodded stiffly.

Gibbs: Nope.

Shepard: What happened to it?

Gibbs: Burned her.

Donovan looked startled. Why would he do that? Even if he didn't want it, he could have made a considerable profit from selling it.

Shepard: (confused) Why would you...? (enlightenment dawns) You named it after an ex-wife.

Lestrade and Gibbs winced simultaneously.
Gibbs: Let's go.

Shepard: Which one?

Gibbs: You know damn well which one.

Shepard: Why didn't you change the name?

Gibbs: Because it wouldn't matter. Every time I went out on her, I'd think of Diane.

The NCIS team, minus Gibbs, all met each others gazes. It was painful to think about her as well, and it was kind of weird that she was also mentioned in this episode. Her death was so similar to Kate's....

Shepard: You could've sold it.

Exactly. Donovan straightened her back slightly.

Gibbs: And watched some other guy sail off on her?

Shepard: You didn't care who sailed off on Diane. (long pause) Leroy Jethro Gibbs. You are a strange man.

"She wasn't the only one to tell me." Gibbs smirked slightly, obviously satisfied with the achievement.

Gibbs: (incredulously) Me? Hah! You were a good agent, Jen.

Shepard: (annoyed) Were?

Gibbs: Yeah. Director's job is pure politics.

Shepard: I'm good at politics. NCIS needs someone who can shake the money tree on the hill and work the sister agencies.

Gibbs: Wait. You won't call a boat a 'she', but it's 'sister' agencies?!

Abby laughed. Trust Gibbs to notice that.

Shepard: I'm a schizoid libber. Comes from working with chauvinists like you.

Gibbs: I can't believe you would give up fieldwork for 'rubber chicken' dinners.

Shepard: I don't think they serve that dish at Palena.

Gibbs: Never heard of it.

Shepard: Why would you? It isn't take out.

Gibbs: So, which of the tight sphincters is taking you out to dinner? Please, tell me it's not Fornell.

"Fornell?" Lestrade inquired.
"FBI. He shares an ex-wife with Gibbs." Tony grinned.

McGee looked between him and Gibbs, but no hit ever came.

(a pause)

Shepard: CBS Early Show. They want background before I go on TV.

Gibbs: Jen. Jen, you can't do that.

Shepard: (incredulous) Excuse me?

Gibbs: Sherrinford is a chauvinist. He is taking out the women I work with before me.

"And you think he'll go after Shepard." Anderson nodded along with Gibbs.

"Why would he, though? If he did, she would be saved for last. She was one of the people who wanted proof before claiming that Sherrinford was innocent." Mycroft pondered.

Shepard: Jethro. People who know don't believe Sherrinford Holmes is the sniper, and you haven't provided any evidence to prove them wrong.

Gibbs: Have you ever doubted me?

Shepard: Professionally? Never.

Gibbs: Why are you doubting me now?

Shepard: I have to establish a working relationship with these people.

"Understandable." Lestrade nodded.

Gibbs: Who you gonna side with, Jen? Them, or me?

Shepard: Give me a tough question.

(Cut to workers installing new glass in the lab windows)

(McGee wanders around and lets out an exasperated sigh)

McGee: What is with this music?

"She is respecting Kate." Mycroft answered immediately, much to Abby's amusement.

"Thanks, but she explained it to me." McGee blushed.

Abby: I'm playing it out of respect for Kate.

McGee: I thought you're from New Orleans?

Abby: I moved there from England with my adopted parents when I was around 12. So?

McGee: Well, don't they play jazz at funerals?

Abby: Coming from the cemetery after the body has been buried. On the way to the cemetery,
we play a dirge. Do you know what a dirge is, Timmy?

McGee: Creepy music?

Tony smacked McGee up the head. "Smooth moves, McJagger."

McGee rolled his eyes as several people chuckled quietly.

Abby: Can you go back to the squad room and let me do my job?

McGee: I can't.

Abby: (suspicious) Why?

McGee: Gibbs...Gibbs told me to watch over you.

"Why are you so hesitant to say it?" Molly inquired.

McGee gestured vaguely at his boss, causing the Watsons and Molly to laugh slightly.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow at him.

Abby: Oh. That is so sweet! (turns back to her computer, leaving McGee nonplussed)

(Cut to squad room. Tony has multitudes of papers on his desk)

Sherlock: You're from a wealthy family.

"Here we go," John laughed, getting ready for the amazing deductions he missed during the time of the Fall.

"What a freak..." Donovan mumbled, looking away and covering her ears with her hair.

The NCIS team looked extremely amused at her obvious attempts to 'bully' Sherlock.

Dinozzo: Really.


"Really?" Mary looked interested.

"Yeah...I went to a school in Rhode Island. I can't believe he left out Baltimore, though..." Tony grinned.

Dinozzo: How would you know that?

(The elevator dings os. Sherlock smiles secretively)

*So he's not bragging about it?* Donovan looked surprised. Something was off about this.

John was looking rather proud.

(Jen and Gibbs enter from the elevator)
(Sherlock goes to greet Jen)

Sherlock: Hello, Jen.

Sheppard: Hi. (they embrace each other.)

The Yarders looked shocked again. How come Sherlock didn't have all these good relationships now?

It hit them like a truck when they realized that she, along with some other acquaintances of theirs were dead.

Sherlock: Did I miss it?

Sheppard: Yes, you did, but we didn't.

(Tony goes over to Gibbs)

Gibbs: You first.

Dinozzo: Sherlock Holmes, Europol. Mycroft and Sherrinford Holmes' brother, the one we heard about in their files. He's here to stop you from whacking Sherrinford. Yours?

"You read the files?" Donovan looked disgusted.

"We were investigating his brother. It was necessary." Abby snapped.

Gibbs: Director Jenny Shepard. Same mission.

Dinozzo: Which agency?

Gibbs: Ours.

"That was definitely a huge bombshell," Tony laughed a little wearily.

The Yarders looked at him questioningly.

"It was like: Surprise! Here's your new boss!"

Dinozzo: (thinks he's joking but soon realizes he's not) Yeah?

(Sherlock and Jen come over)

Shepard: Special Agent Gibbs, Sherlock Holmes, Europol.

Sherlock: Sherlock. Director Shepard has spoken often of you.

Gibbs: Really?

Shepard: Sherlock and I worked anti-terrorist ops since 9-11. You saw one today in MTAC.

Gibbs: That was yours?

Donovan felt even more upset at this confirmation.
Sherlock: I only acquired the intel.

"By what?" Anderson gave a humorous laugh, "Staring down and deducing the enemy?"

The whole room (except the obvious) burst out in rounds of laughter at this.

"Would he do it any other way?" Mycroft said in a tone that suggested 'any other way' was something vile and disgusting.

This did not help the amount of laughter in the room.

(Phone rings)

(Sherlock reaches down)

Sherlock: 'Scuse me.

John looked proud.

(Gibbs watches him walk out. Tony stares at Jen.)

Shepard: Yes, I really am the new NCIS director.

Dinozzo: (nods) Yeah. (she turns and leaves) Wow. (Gibbs follows her, smacking Tony on the head in the process) Ow.... Good to have you back, Boss.

(Gibbs walks along, and we hear Sherlock talking in Hebrew on the phone.)

"Sherlock..." Lestrade started to say, but his attention was recaptured by the screen.

Sherlock: (in Hebrew) I have a relationship with the new NCIS director

The Yarders all turned their shocked expressions on the unconscious body.

(the camera stops on Sherlock) and may be able to convince her of your innocence. But not Special Agent Gibbs. He's a man with blood in his eyes.

(Cut to Sherrinford on the phone in his car)

"THAT FREAKY SON OF A MOTHERF*CKNG B*TCH!" Donovan shouted at the top of her lungs.

"Hey," Gibbs made a intense expression and Donovan quieted, still glaring at the unconscious man.

Mycroft continued to look at the screen sadly.

"Did you honestly expect anything else?" Mary argued, siding with the man who so quickly become her friend, "This is his brother, and it's obvious that he believes he is innocent. You all know this, so calm down,"

John grabbed his wife's hand proudly. They grinned at each other.

Sherrinford: (this time he speaks in Swedish) Let me worry about Gibbs. Do not forget to switch languages. We can't let our messages be deciphered so easily.
"How many languages do they know?" Anderson broke in suddenly, wanting to find more about his (hopefully) future partner.

Vance looked from the TV to meet his eyes, "All of the Holmes, and forgive me if I'm wrong," he directed this towards Mycroft, "Speak Polish, Russian, Italian, Arabic, Norwegian, Spanish, French, German, Hebrew, Swedish, Greek, Korean, Japanese, and Mandarin Chinese."

Mycroft simply nodded, "That with the addition of Punjabi, Serbian and Nepali,"

"How?" Lestrade wondered aloud.

"Your doing that thinking aloud thing again," Donovan corrected, before sourly turning away when she remembered she was fired.

"That's a lot of languages," John said, stating the obvious.

Everyone else was still trying to remember all of them.

**Do you have the passport and money?**

(Cut back to Sherlock)

**Sherlock: (German) Yes.**

(Cut to Sherrinford)

**Sherrinford: (Japanese) Use the drop.**

(Cut to Sherlock)

**Sherrinford: (Korean, over phone) Tonight.**

**Sherlock: (nods) (Greek) I want to see you.**

Everyone remained silent as the plan was revealed. Not because they didn't know what to say, but because it somehow felt wrong to say anything. But they did narrow their eyes at how Sherrinford had obviously manipulated Sherlock.

(Cut to Sherrinford)

**Sherrinford: (French) Too risky. Gibbs will have you followed. We'll meet in Paris after the mission is over.**

(Cut to Sherlock)

**Sherrinford: (Spanish, over phone) I promise.**

**Sherlock: (Norwegian) Sherrinford...I don't want to lose you, too.**

Gibbs now quickly averted his eyes from the screen, somehow feeling guilty for his former-agent's loss of a brother.

"Gibbs!" Abby reprimanded this in record time, "You're getting that look again, you know how much I hate that look! My cousin, Sherlock's brother, not you Gibbs, was an evil man! He killed people, he killed Kate! You didn't even kill him! Sherlock killed him himself!"
Everyone froze.

"So the freak killed his own brother, I'm not even surprised." Donovan quickly retreated into one of the other rooms.

The NCIS team, who already knew Sherlock killed his brother and therefore were not as shocked as the Yarders, quickly moved to lock the door she went through.

"How you feeling, Gibbs?" Abby asked, quickly hugging him.

She got a hug back.

Sherrinford: (Arabic, over phone) You won't.

Sherlock: (Italian) What about Abby? Is she coming?

Sherrinford: (Russian, over phone) Abby is working against me. With Agent Gibbs. I can't trust her anymore.

Abby's joy of locking Donovan out of the room was destroyed by this. She couldn't help the tears that escaped her eyes despite the fact that she already knew what her cousin thought of her.

She received many hugs.

(Cut to Sherrinford)

Sherrinford: (Polish) Goodbye for now, Sherlock.

(He terminates the call and the screen turns B&W)

Everyone shook their head, heavily angered by the scene.

END ACT III

(B&W: Ducky in the crosshairs)

(Cut to Sherlock. He terminates the call on his cell phone and looks out the window)

(He turns back in and walks over to his pack, businesslike)

Gibbs: Mr. Holmes: Whose get cut off if Sherrinford is not a Europol mole, but a terrorist?

Sherlock: Mine, I suppose, since I'm his control officer.

"That young?" Lestrade gasped slightly.

"Yes," Mycroft agreed. "I'm sure you would understand that he was one of my best agents; the other...competent ones are mostly either retired or dead."

They took a moment to soak this in.

"But why was Sherlock Sherrinford's control officer? Isn't Sherrinford older than he was?" John asked the good question.

The older Holmes brother nodded. "Sherrinford was the oldest, and he was going to be Sherlock's
control officer. But he went MIA for nearly two years, so I elected to give it to Sherlock during his
time spent away."

Ducky pondered this. "I never knew this. Did you ever find out where he was?"

Mycroft sighed. "We have a few guesses, but he was never willing to share. Too traumatized, he
said."

"Then, it could have something to do with my question about how he turned out so evil." the ME
decided.

Everyone in the room nodded, agreeing with his statement.

**Gibbs:** Ah, they promote control officers young in Europol.

**Sherlock:** They have to. The good ones are dead at your age.

John flinched again, wondering just how many times Sherlock's been at death's door before he even
met him.

**Gibbs:** (looks up and smiles) Do you know how I located Sherrinford's terrorist cell?

**Sherlock:** GPS fix off his encrypted cell phone. He wanted to you know the terrorists' location
so you could stop the missile instead of him, which would have necessitated blowing his cover.

Tony chuckled. "He always had a good argument for everything."

The Yarders nodded, they knew this.

**Gibbs:** Only an NSA satellite can GPS an encrypted phone. Sherrinford didn't know I had
that asset.

**Sherlock:** You give him less credit than he gives you. Who hung up first? You or him?

(Flashback)

(Gibbs in MTAC, getting a lock on Sherrinford's phone, both hanging up simultaneously)

Mary had a thoughtful look on her face.

(End flashback)

**Sherlock:** Sherrinford knows a fix takes only nineteen seconds. When Sharon visited Bush,
Sherrinford's Hamas cell kidnapped Agent Todd. Why didn't he kill her instead of freeing her
to warn the Secret Service?

"To create the illusion that he was innocent..." Mycroft deduced. "He was planning on killing her
later..."

The NCIS team shared looks of alarm. Who knew how many other sadistic things he had planned?

**Gibbs:** (overlapping) I don't know. Why don't you arrange a meet and he can tell me?

"Wait, how did you know Sherlock was in contact with Sherrinford?" Lestrade questioned.
Gibbs looked at the other team leader, "Sherlock seemed well-informed, even for a genius. And the whole 'You give him less credit than he gives you' line was a dead giveaway. Also, he knew that I hung up."

The Yarders looked very impressed at Gibbs' intuition.

**Sherlock:** Sherrinford Holmes is a Europol operative undercover in Hamas. He hasn't turned on us, or you. He didn't kill Agent Todd.

**Shepard:** Gibbs, even if you're right, we owe them proof.

Gibbs looked down quietly, knowing he did owe them that.

**Sherlock:** That's all we ask. Don't kill the wrong man.

**Gibbs:** Like Europol did in Norway?

Suddenly, everyone was pleased Donovan had been excluded from the ending of this.

"What happened in Norway?" Anderson looked as if he swallowed a mutated bug covered in fecal matter.

**Sherlock:** (banging hand on desk) That stink cost us dearly.

**Gibbs:** Not as dearly as the Palestinian waiter you killed.

"Sherlock didn't kill the waiter, right?" Molly looked slightly intimidated by this fact.

Mycroft shook his head, "Our operation ended with the waiter's death, Sherlock was elsewhere at the time."

(a tense pause)

**Shepard:** Sherlock, assure your deputy director that even though Sherrinford Holmes is a suspect, no action will be taken unless we have evidentiary proof. (Sherlock nods, and Jen turns to Gibbs) Proof before action. (Gibbs stares at her before getting up)

(Cut to lab. Abby test fires sniper rifles. McGee sits at a desk, bored)

Ducky laughed. "This reminds me of many times during my school days as a young lad."

They all laughed at once, everyone experiencing something similar in theirs lives.

**McGee:** You were my sweet superhero, Kate.

(McGee's vision of Kate, in tight black leather, comes flying over his head and flips to land on her feet in front of him on the desk, looking like a Trinity out of The Matrix)

Tony wolf-whistled. "Wow, Timmy." he looked kind of proud, as if his little boy was growing up.

Gibbs tapped him on the head, not at full force, but noticeable.

The two male agents looked at him weirdly.

**Kate:** (smiles) You're a naughty boy, Timmy.
McGee: Oh my God, I'm becoming Tony.

"Hey!" Tony gasped in mock-offense. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Only you would think of something like this."

"What about you?" the senior field agent challenged.

McGee was quiet.

(Kate giggles. She does a back flip off the desk, her outfit changing in midair to become something more like a dominatrix, with cop hat and a whip.)

John and Mycroft stiffened slightly, thinking about Irene Adler.

"Oh my," Mrs. Hudson was remembering her time spent as an exotic dancer.

"If you described her as puritanical, why is she doing all of these things?" Molly inquired, much more confident than when she arrived originally.

"What you see of Kate are just the daydreams of lovesick teenage boys." Abby explained idly.

"Teenage?" McGee and Tony deadpanned.

"Well, sometimes you certainly act like it!"

McGee: Oh, wow!

Abby: Wow what?

McGee: (snapping out of reverie) Um, I, um, I-I, um...

Abby: Stop 'ah-umming,' McGee, spit it out.

McGee: I was, uh, thinking about Kate.

"That isn't the complete truth..." Anderson snickered slightly.

Abby: Me, too. I kinda still feel like she's here, you know?

(Goth-Kate smiles at Abby from a corner of the lab.)

(Cut to McGee staring at Dominatrix-Kate wagging a finger at him)

(McGee keeps walking in a daze and Abby smacks him on the head. He looks around guiltily.)

"It was so obvious what you were thinking about." the forensic scientist laughed at the indignant look on the agent's face.

(Cut to view of Tony and Gibbs in the elevator)

Gibbs: I want you on Sherlock's ass.

Dinozzo: He's not really my type, Boss. I don't swing that way, either.

The room roared with laughter.
"Why'd you mention the type first, Tony?" Abby raised an eyebrow. "It makes you look as if you really do swing that way and are just covering it up in the next sentence."

Tony blushed slightly, thinking about his college days when he did many things that he may or may not regret. Some were good, but others he didn't want to really think about.

The Yarders looked impressed at Abby. She certainly seemed to have the same deducing ability as the Holmes, which would make sense, since Mycroft said it was a genetic anomaly.

"Besides, isn't Sherlock 'married to his work'?" Anderson inquired.

"Actually," McGee checked to make sure Sherlock was still actually unconscious. "He's bisexual. He's had some girlfriends, but mostly boyfriends." he chuckled darkly, for some reason unknown to the Yarders at that time. "He even formed a union with a guy. His name was Victor Trevor."

While the Yarders looked amazed that Sherlock had at one time been very active with relationships, platonic or not, they were also rather glad Donovan was not in the room. She used to be the resident homophobic, and if she knew about this, no one would ever hear the end of it.

John was shocked. Why hadn't Sherlock told him this? "Where's this Trevor fellow now?"

While this was going on, the NCIS team was sharing dark glances with each other, as they were the only ones in the room who really knew what sort of a monster he was.

"Trevor's dead." Tony's voice sounded rather hallow, but the Yarders just assumed incorrectly that it was from grief.

"Oh," John wasn't even surprised anymore. It seemed that a lot of people died around here.

If only they knew, was a common thought among the Americans.

(Gibbs smacks his head)

Gibbs: To tail him.

Dinozzo: I knew that.

Abby giggled, back to her normal self. "You so didn't."

Gibbs: He's been in contact with Sherrinford. That's the only way he could know I hung up on him.

Dinozzo: Ooh. I don't want you to get pissed...

Gibbs: I thought you wanted me pissed.

"Contradicting yourself, Agent DiNozzo?" Vance sounded amused.

Dinozzo: I did. It was kinda weird when you were being nice. Not that you're not nice, I mean, uh...

Gibbs: Will you spit it out, Dinozzo?

Dinozzo: What if Sherlock's right and Sherrinford knew you traced the call? Maybe he wasn't the sniper.
Gibbs: He is right. Sherrinford wanted me to raid the warehouse. He set me up. And it cost Kate her life.

"He's a sadist..." Mary mentioned quietly.

No one wanted to interrupt this scene, as it was full of intense emotion.

(Gibbs gets off the elevator. Tony starts after him)

Dinozzo: Is he a mole or a terrorist?

Gibbs: Whatever works to play his game.

Dinozzo: And if Sherlock leads me to Sherrinford?

Gibbs: Shadow him and call me.

"I'm glad that didn't happen." Tony shuddered at the thought. "They are so ninja-trained...I would have been dead meat..."

Dinozzo: So you can bring him in?

Gibbs: Yeah, so I can bring him in...

(Gibbs walks away and the elevator doors close on Dinozzo)

Gibbs: ...to autopsy.

Everyone was slightly alarmed, and those who knew about the Hernandez case made frantic eye contact.

"Shouldn't you interrogate him first, at least?" Lestrade questioned after getting over his shock. "He might lead you to something bigger."

"He wouldn't give up anything; he was trained that way. Sherrinford would rather be a martyr." Gibbs growled slightly.

(Cut to Abby in the firearms lab)

Abby: The FBI database gave me six weapons whose rifling patterns fit the bullets you recovered. (smacks McGee's hand away) I've been able to eliminate all but three: two SWAT weapons, the Tango-51 and Bravo-51, and this...


"You're old friend..." Ducky went into deep thought.

(He picks it up reverently and then aims it at a wall)

McGee: It looks sweet the way you hold that, Boss.

Anderson tilted his head, "You know, he actually does,"

Lestrade's hand came around and Gibbs-smacked him.
The NCIS Crew looked amused at this, Lestrade shrugged in response.

Gibbs: Sweet?

McGee: Uh, yeah, it's a, uh, expression, it means...

Gibbs: Yeah, I know what it means, McGee. You think Sherrinford looked sweet when he shot Kate?

"I felt so guilty after that," McGee covered his face with his hands.

Abby nodded, "Yes, I would to," she said sarcastically.

(he replaces the rifle)

McGee: Of course not, Boss.

Abby: Uh, my vote is for the Tango or Bravo-51. What d'you think, Gibbs?

Gibbs: Your test runs show more gouging than Sherrinford's. He was hand-loading and moly-coating.

"Yeah!" Abby cheered, "Gibbs for the win!" her hands were in the air.

"Yeah!" this was unexpectedly Molly, who also started cheering for Gibbs.

"YEAH!" they yelled in unison.

Abby: You are so good.

McGee: Moly-coating?

Abby: Yeah. Molybdenum disulfide. It's a lubricant. It decreases barrel wear and increases accuracy.

Gibbs: McGee, run a trace on Tango and Bravo 51 sales, last six weeks, tri-state area. Check the Bravo first.

McGee: On it, Boss.

(he exits)

Gibbs: Any prints on the brass?

Abby: No. Is your gut telling you something?

The Yarders looked confused by this.

"What do you mean: 'his gut'?

"Boss here relies heavily on his instincts," Tony answered, acting as if instead of 'instincts' he said 'ninja intuition'.

Gibbs: Yeah. I need coffee.
Abby: No, Gibbs. Come on. This isn't just another investigation. Todd was your agent, but Kate was my friend, so can you stop it with the John Wayne stare and tell me what your gut says?

Gibbs: (overlapping) What don't I believe in, Abby?

Abby: UFOs, mystics, coincidence, saying you're sorry, excuses, I could go on all night.

Everyone gave a small laugh at that.

Gibbs: As a Marine sniper, I used hand-loaded Lapua.308, boattail, full metal jacket, moly-coated bullets.

(a pause)

Abby: Gibbs...

Gibbs: Know what a sniper calls a Bravo-51?

Abby: No.

Gibbs: A 'Kate.'

The whole room was deathly quiet as they waited for the next scene.

(He leaves, and Abby stares after him solemnly)

(Cut to a black man leaving a pharmacy carrying a paper bag.)

"Who's this?" Anderson questioned, looking at the screen.

"That was my medical assistant before Mr. Palmer over here," Ducky gestured, "He had to quit once Sherrinford shot him in the shoulder."

The whole room, once again, quietly steamed at the terrorist.

Donovan, oblivious as always, banged on the door to be let back in.

(He runs across the street and gets into his car)

(Once inside, he dumps some pills into his hand and takes them.)

(A hand reaches out from the back seat and clamps onto his left shoulder. He jerks forward in pain. A gun is now pointed at his head. Recovering, he looks in the rearview mirror, and sees Sherrinford reflected in it. This is Gerald, Ducky's former lab assistant, whom Sherrinford shot in the shoulder.)

Everyone flinched at the obvious yet simple torture being displayed on the screen.

(Flashback)

(Sherrinford shooting Gerald in the shoulder at the NCIS autopsy room)

John winced, having brief flashbacks to the war in Afghanistan. Mary grasped his hand firmly.
Sherrinford: My shoulder hurts when it rains, too, Gerald.

"You arrogant, selfish bastard!" Surprisingly, it was Molly who yelled this, causing everyone to look back at her with something akin to shock.

Molly brightly blushed.

(Cut to Ducky staring at Kate's body in autopsy)

Ducky: Good night, Kate.

(He puts the sheet over her head and slides her into the refrigeration chamber)

(A phone rings. Ducky answers)

Ducky: Autopsy

(Cut to Gerald's car. Sherrinford still has the gun to his head.)

"That son of a b*tch," Lestrade muttered angrily, leaning backwards.

Gerald: Hello, Dr. Mallard.

(Cut to autopsy)

Ducky: Gerald! How are you, my dear fellow?

(Cut to car)

Gerald: I've been better.

"Yeah, I'd imagine," Anderson looked at his lap humorlessly.

(Cut to autopsy)

Ducky: Oh, what's wrong?

Sherrinford: (over phone) He's having flashbacks.

(Ducky freezes at the voice)

"I recognized the voice from somewhere, but I could not place it." Ducky offered his explanation half-heartedly.

John was in deep thought. Please don't let this Gerald fellow die.

Ducky: Oh... who are you?

Sherrinford: (over phone) Oh, I'm hurt. You don't recognize my voice?

Ducky: (realizing) You b*st*r*d.

(Cut to car)
Sherrinford: (laughs) You do remember me.

"It would be hard to forget." Mary sounded detached.

(Cut to autopsy)

Ducky: If you harm Gerald.

Sherrinford: (over phone) I have no intention of harming Gerald. (cut to car) I think one ruined shoulder is enough. It certainly is for me. (he pats Gerald's shoulder, causing him to wince again).

"Bastard!" Molly and Abby hissed in unison, before looking at one another in surprise.

Ducky: (over phone) What do you want?

Sherrinford: A professional courtesy. One doctor to another.

(Cut to autopsy)

Ducky: Yes, well, I'd be most willing to provide a free autopsy.

"I would as well." Molly sounded slightly vicious.

"Same," Jimmy agreed.

"Everyone would!" Anderson cheered.

(Cut to car)

Sherrinford: (laughs) Dr. Mallard, I want to prove I didn't kill Caitlin.

(Cut to autopsy)

Ducky: By taking Gerald hostage?

"That is slightly suspicious....." Mycroft let out a humorless laugh.

Sherrinford: (over phone) Gerald is free to go if you listen to my side of this tragedy.

Ducky: I'm listening.

(Cut to car)

Sherrinford: It's a long story, and I don't want to have somebody trace this call.

The older Holmes brother winced. If only Sherrinford was not trained like that, he would still be alive and innocent. Everyone would be at peace, and their entire family would be together again. He stopped his thoughts of what could have been and continued listening.

Ducky: (over phone) Well, no one is here but me. (cut to autopsy) And Caitlin.

Sherrinford: (over phone) It must have been a difficult autopsy for you. (cut to car) I'm truly sorry, doctor.
Ducky: Oh, get on with it.

"He was so fake..." Ducky sighed.

Sherrinford: (over phone) You'll meet me alone.

Ducky: What happens to Gerald?

Sherrinford: Come alone, and you can exchange places.

Gerald: Doctor, don't come, he'll kill you!

"I'm sure he was going to do that anyway." Mary commented.

"Yes, the thought had crossed my mind. But Gerald was so young, and he had a lot to live for, even with his shoulder." the ME explained.

Everyone looked inspired by him.

Sherrinford: (on phone) Learn to trust, Gerald. (cut to car) I may have shot you in the shoulder, (cut to autopsy) but I've never lied to you. Doctor?

"You did earlier by saying you didn't kill Kate." Abby growled uncharacteristically.

Ducky: You have my word.

Ari: Thank you.

Shepard: Jethro. I know it's been a difficult day for both of us.

Gibbs: That's what my DI used to say. Never believed him. (she starts to leave.) Jen. You going to dinner with CBS?

Shepard: I am.
Gibbs: Don't do that interview. Please.

Shepard: (with a slight nod) I'll see if I can delay it a few days.

"So, she believed it was Sherrinford, but still wanted you to get evidence." Anderson repeated.

"She had to build interagency relationships." Gibbs shrugged. "I've moved on, now that he's gone."

Gibbs: Good.

Shepard: Good night, Jethro. (turns to leave)

Gibbs: Night.

(Shepard summons the elevator. The doors open on Ducky.)

Shepard: Ducky! How nice to see you again!

Ducky: And you. Congratulations.

"Why didn't you tell them?" Molly inquired.

"I would be taking a the risk of getting Gerald shot. I wasn't ready to do another autopsy of a friend." Ducky replied.

(cut to Gibbs)

Shepard: Going home?

Ducky: Uh, yeah.

Gibbs: Ducky. (he dashes for the elevator, but the doors close before he reaches it)

(cut to Gerald's car)

Sherrinford: So, are you back at work, Gerald?

Gerald: Next week.

Everyone looked disturbed at the awkward conversation.

Sherrinford: I've always found that work is the best... (distance shot of street. a pair of headlights approaches)

(Sherrinford smiles)

(A vintage car pulls up on the opposite side of the street.)


"Did he figure that out through deduction?" Anderson looked awed, even if it was a terrorist.

"Probably," Mycroft nodded stiffly.

(Gerald does so, and we see the effect from the outside)
Sherrinford: Roll down your window.

Gerald complies

Sherrinford: Now, wait in the good doctor's car while we talk.

"Wouldn't he kill him too?" John inquired.

"We didn't know exactly what he would do, but it was better to give Gerald a small chance at life than immediate death."

Gerald gets out of the car slowly as Ducky walks towards it.

Aerial shot of the two walking towards each other

Crosshairs: Ducky walking towards the crosshairs. The screen turns B&W

TO BE CONTINUED...

Everyone shared nervous glances as the screen went dark.

Donovan banged on the door. She wanted to get in, if only to insult the Freak and get gossip for her ring of friends.

No one really wanted to let her in, though, and they stared at each other, wondering what their next move should be.
Kill Sherrinford Part 2

Chapter Summary

The NCIS team and the Yarders continue on to watch Kill Sherrinford Part 2.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing! I borrowed the script, and I tweaked it so that it fits with the story. Sorry if anyone is out of character! Ducky/Mrs. Hudson

The door in which Donovan was pounding on suddenly opened.

"About time," she grumbled, before seeing their stunned faces. "What, didn't one of you weirdos open it?"

"No..." Abby's mouth hung open.

"Everything around here is so freakish..." she grumbled as she sat down. Even if she did not enjoy this, it would provide good blackmail and gossip for later.

Perhaps whomever dropped us off here wants Donovan to see it as well, even though she was separated from us. Ducky pondered.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

"KILL SHERRINFORD (PART II)"

GERALD: You shouldn't have come, Doctor.

"He's right." Gibbs scowled slightly. "You should have informed us first so that we could have your six."

"I did not want to take any chance with Gerald's life. I wanted him to have the greatest chance of surviving, and if one of his agents caught you, he would have been a dead man." Ducky elaborated.

DUCKY: Couldn't let the b*st*rd put a bullet in your good shoulder or you'd never return to work. Do you have your cell phone?

GERALD: Sherrinford took it.

DUCKY: Keep walking. Don't turn back until you're behind the wheel. Where is Sherrinford?
"The car. Where else would he be?" Donovan sneered.

"I needed a precise location." the ME glared slightly, he truly did not like this woman.

"Plus, he could have moved." McGee added.

"And he was being thorough, which I doubt you have ever been." Abby defended her family.

Anderson held back a laugh. She had never been particularly thorough, just coming along like someone who did no work on a project but still got credit.

**GERALD: In the back seat.**

**DUCKY:** Well, when I reach your car, I'll lean in through the open window. That's your cue to drive off, fast!

Ducky's eyes closed. He wondered what would have happened if Gerald had actually been able to drive the car.

**GERALD: Doctor Mallard...**

**DUCKY:** Go straight to NCIS. Tell Gibbs everything that's happened.

**CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT**

**DUCKY:** (RECORDED VOICE) You've reached Doctor Donald Mallard. Please leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

(SFX: BEEP TONE)

**GIBBS:** (INTO PHONE) I said no one was to leave the building.

Lestrade nodded at the man. Anyone who left the building would be in danger of being killed.

**ABBY:** (INTO PHONE) Ducky, please call, okay? We're really worried--

**GIBBS:** (LOUDLY INTO PHONE) No one includes you, Doctor Mallard!

Donovan scowled in disgust. Did this man have no appreciation for his friends? Why were they even with him?

**ABBY:** (INTO PHONE) We're worried including Gibbs... or he wouldn't be yelling. (TO GIBBS) Look Gibbs, it's not Ducky's fault, okay? He probably did Kate's autopsy on auto pilot and then just drove himself home the same way.

Molly nodded. "If it was a close friend, I could see doing that." she stated solemnly.

"Thanks," Abby grinned slightly to her new friend.

"But driving? Dr. Mallard, isn't driving dangerous when someone is on autopilot?" Jimmy inquired.

"No more dangerous than your texting. Yet people still decide to do it." Ducky sighed.

**MCGEE:** Boss! An outside call came into autopsy twenty three minutes ago. I'm tracing the number!
CUT TO: EXT. STREET - NIGHT

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GERALD RUSHES TO THE MORGAN/DUCKY WALKS TO SHERRINFORD'S CAR)

(GERALD CLIMBS IN AND OUT OF THE CAR)

SHERRINFORD: You look surprised.

"I think anyone would be if they got into the car with him and was not immediately killed."
Anderson pondered.

DUCKY: I expected to be shot.

SHERRINFORD: Doctor, please. I would never harm a fellow physician.

"Sherrinford was a physician?" John looked shocked.

"Yes. Edinburgh Medical School." Mycroft answered. "He was good at it too. You'd always know you'd be okay if Sherrinford was stitching a wound or performing a surgery. His medical degree was initially given for a different reason, but his skills did become quite useful."

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GERALD ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE THE MORGAN)

"People these days. Absolutely no idea how to use a clutch...." Mrs. Hudson sighed slightly.

"I agree." Ducky nodded. "He was stripping my gears."

DUCKY: (SHOUTS) Use the clutch! Good God, man!! Use the clutch! You're stripping the gears!

(SFX: GEARS GRINDING B.G.)

SHERRINFORD: This is too painful, Doctor.

"It is rather....worthy of wincing." Mycroft winced slightly. "A spectacular failure."

"Are you trying to say wince-worthy?" Abby laughed. "You and Sherlock really need to figure out idioms, proverbs, and words people say nowadays if you are going to survive."

"Abigail, what are you talking about? My way of speaking is perfectly fine."

"It really isn't."

"I'm supposed to be learning what?" Sherlock, now finally awake, sat up in confusion. "What the-"

The occupants of the room were staring at him, not really believing their eyes. He was acting as if nothing was different, even though they found out he was tortured.

"You passed out." John stated bluntly. "Again, I might add. Do try to keep the stitches in."

Sherlock just stared at him for a second, not comprehending exactly what he knew.

"Yes, I do know about Serbia." his eyes scanned his best friend. "I am rather hurt that you did not tell me about it, but all that matters right now is that you need to know that I care for you and want to
know what is going on in your life. I also know about the stimulant issue....again, same thing." John pushed down his temper, something he found himself doing often lately.

"Okay...." Sherlock nodded slowly. "I was unaware that my actions hurt your emotions...was it not good?"

"Definitely not good."

"Then I shall try to improve," the consulting detective nodded to himself.

The British who cares about him looked proud and slightly inspired.

"Hey, Shirley Temple," Tony started, much to the amusement to the British. It wasn't everyday that you saw Sherlock being called that. "The new stimulant is on the table. I suggest you use it."

Sherlock nodded and stood up, disregarding John's surprised yelp. The doctor did not think his best friend should be up and about. No, he should be healing...that was it...

But the consulting detective left the room with the drug and came back a little bit later, looking quite all right.

DUCKY: (SHOUTS) Gerald, turn it off!

SHERRINFORD: Obviously Gerald does not have an intimate relationship with a standard transmission.

John raised an eyebrow. It seemed that the word 'Obviously' was well-liked by the Holmes.

Donovan scrunched up her nose in a rather unattractive manner at the same realization.

"Sherrinford was acting like Sherlock did while he was off his stimulants." Abby had some tears in her eyes.

"Are you insinuating that Sherrinford may have been a terrorist solely because he was denied access to his stimulants?" Mycroft inquired.

"Wait." Lestrade cut in. "He has them too?"

Abby laughed. "Remember how we told you that the anomaly that gave us our brains was genetic? This is too, we all use them."

The Yarders looked stunned again.

"But, yes," Abby turned back to her cousin. "While it is true that Sherrinford did this partially because of the events that took place prior, he was MIA for a long time. During that time, I doubt he had access to his stimulants. And when he finally came back, he never used them again, and voila! A terrorist."

Mycroft nodded stiffly. "I'll look into it."

Donovan sneered. So the Holmes were genetically terrorists? They should all be executed so they can't contaminate the human race anymore.

John's blood ran cold. If Sherlock was off his stimulants and was acting like Sherrinford, did that mean that killing Magnussen was the start of a reign of terror? He silently thanked everyone in the room for letting him have them, as he did not wish to see his best friend do that, and you can't lie to
DUCKY: Unbelievable.

SHERRINFORD: The price of growing up in America. That was so unnecessary, Doctor. Gerald is free to leave... in his own car.

MUSICAL BRIDGE TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

MCGEE: Boss, that call came from Gerald Jackson's cell phone!

ABBY: I'd almost forgot about Gerald.

Donovan looked disgusted. How dare she? The Freak and his family had no respect for other people...

"Makes sense..." Lestrade allowed. "You'd be more focussed on the man killing your friends..."

Abby looked grateful while Donovan snarled.

MCGEE: He's been in rehab a year.

A few of them winced.

ABBY: Maybe he heard about Kate and he called Ducky.

MCGEE: They're in a pub somewhere consoling each other.

"You are sounding incredibly hopeful..." John raised an eyebrow.

"I was trying to convince myself that they were okay." Abby frowned.

ABBY: Yes!

GIBBS: I don't like it.

ABBY: Why?

MCGEE: (OVERLAP) Why?

GIBBS: I don't need a reason why!

"The Gibbsyness...." Abby smiled excitedly.

CUT TO: EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SHERRINFORD: Did you buy it in such pristine condition?

"Are they talking about cars?" Lestrade asked incredulously.

DUCKY: God, no. The frame had severe termite damage

SHERRINFORD: That's right. The Morgan has a wood frame.

DUCKY: Mm-hmm. The top was in rags. The body dented. The rocker panels rusted out. It
was a disgrace.

"Ducky's like Tony, only with older cars..." McGee noticed.

Ducky chuckled. "My dear boy, people my age still fantasized about having the best car when they were children."

McGee and Tony stared at him in surprise.

**SHERRINFORD: Who did the restoration?**

**DUCKY:** I did.

"You must be very skilled." Mrs. Hudson beamed.

Ducky smiled, "Why, thank you, Mrs. Hudson."

"Call me Martha, please."

Sherlock looked between the two, staring in confusion, which Donovan took delight in seeing.

"What is he doing?" he whispered to John.

John burst out laughing, "Flirting..." he whispered back.

**SHERRINFORD: Of course you did.**

**DUCKY:** Do you doubt me?

**SHERRINFORD:** Not at all, Doctor. I was thinking of the irony. That hands so skilled at dissecting the dead are also capable of restoring life... at least to a machine.

"He has a sick sense of humor." Mary frowned.

"I suppose he did..." Abby looked thoughtful.

**DUCKY:** What do you want, Sherrinford?

**SHERRINFORD:** A test drive.

**(PHONE RINGS)**

**SHERRINFORD:** Now who at NCIS could be calling Gerald at this hour? Hmm? Oh well... Gerald is sure to arrive there shortly. Doctor? Oh, your cell phone. Now buckle up, Doctor. It's a dangerous night.

"Of course he took your phones..." Lestrade groaned.

**(SFX: CAR ENGINE STARTS)**

**CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT**

**MCGEEX:** I'm getting voice mail.

**ABBY:** They probably can't hear their phones because they're in a pub.
Donovan sneered. Was she really still on that? What a stupid freak....

Anderson raised an eyebrow at her. He knew exactly what she was thinking, and he also knew that she would probably believe that to be true if she hadn't already seen Sherrinford.

MCGEE: Do you want to leave a message?

GIBBS: No. Get a GPS fix. (BEAT) Snap it up, McGee!

MCGEE: One second, Boss. Got it.


"A pub isn't likely to be there..." John stated with a small smile.

"No, not it isn't." Abby agreed, grinning widely.

ABBY: See. They're together.

GIBBS: There's no pub there.

ABBY: Well maybe Gerald lives there.

MCGEE: That's negative. He lives on Peabody.

ABBY: So they're parked. They're talking.

"I do believe that you are just denying the situation the was undoubtingly occuring." Mycroft sighed.

"It is nice to be optimistic once in a while." Abby argued. "It is not like I wanted them to be in danger."

"But it isn't realistic." the elder Holmes brother explained. "Had you assumed that to be true, and Sherrinford wasn't trying to appear innocent..." he left it hanging.

"Yes, Mycroft." she bit her lip.

The others watched, mystified by the inner-workings of the Holmes.

"I think that it is okay to be so unreasonably optimistic once in a while." John interjected. "It isn't like they wouldn't check anyway."

"That may be so, but some officers and agents may be incompetent," his eyes quickly darted to Donovan and back. "And not bother doing so."

MCGEE: Want me to go with you, Boss?

GIBBS: No. Tony's out. Stay here with Abby.

ABBY: For nobody leaving the building, there are a lot of people leaving the building.

Sherlock looked at his cousin. "There were, wasn't there?"

She nodded in agreement.
CUT TO: INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

(MUSIC PLAYS B.G.)

KATE: Why don't you visualize him naked? Does he intimidate you?

Tony covered his face. He knew what this scene was.

"So," Abby grinned. "Now that we have discovered your bisexuality," she said this in a way that meant no offense. "Have any boyfriends?"

"I think you very well know the answer to that." Tony grinned, amused. "Besides, you all figured it out years ago."

TONY: No one has been born yet who can intimidate Anthony DiNozzo.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

"I am currently looking back and correcting my mistakes." Tony closed his eyes in concentration.

KATE: You're forgetting your mother. And Gibbs.

TONY: Mothers don't count, and Boss is just scary.

KATE: And that lawyer. Marla?

TONY: Divorce attorney. Worse than mothers.

KATE: Well, Sherlock's not your mother. He's not a divorce lawyer. He definitely intimidates you.

"I intimidated you?" Sherlock asked, surprised.

"Didn't." the senior field agent said stubbornly.

Mycroft decided to interrupt. "You were arguing with your subconscious about whether or not you should visualize my brother without clothes on?"

Tony hesitated. "Yes." he answered confidently.

The elder brother rubbed his temples, feeling a migraine coming on.

TONY: Does not.

KATE: Does too.

TONY: Does not.

KATE: Does too.

CUT TO: EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT

(SFX: RAIN FALLING B.G.)

GIBBS: Okay, where are they now?
(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Same place, Boss.

"Sherrinford dropped the phones, I assume." Molly made a face.

"Yup," Abby popped the 'p'.

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) Olive and Twenty ninth.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Get a fix on my cell.

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) Okay.

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) You're right on top of them!

"Apparently not." McGee sheepishly corrected.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Damn it, McGee! They are not here!

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) They have to be, Boss.

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) Gibbs. Is there a pub?

John laughed heartily.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) No!

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) There is no pub! No people - there are no cars!

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) Okay, I was just checking.

"Jeez." Abby made a 'surrender' gesture.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) How accurate is this fix, McGee?

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Within twenty five meters.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION)

KATE: It's going to happen again, isn't it? Ducky's going to take a bullet for you.
Gibbs groaned slightly. He really didn't want them to hear this.

**GIBBS:** He won't kill Ducky.

**KATE:** Why not? Because you couldn't live with the guilt? Maybe Sherrinford knows that. Maybe that's his plan. Maybe the only way to save Ducky, Abby, and McGee is to kill yourself.

Their eyes widened.

"If that's his subconscious..." Jimmy looked nervous, eyes flitting from Gibbs to the rest of the team.

"Gibbs." Vance said lightly. "Perhaps we could, ah, talk after everyone goes to sleep? I know you don't like large groups of people. Or small groups, for that matter."

He nodded stiffly, and nobody mentioned it. They didn't think he'd appreciate it, even though some of them had tears in their eyes.

Donovan, however, filed it away for blackmail.

**(MUSIC OUT)**

**(MUSIC IN: EXT. PARK - NIGHT)**

**(SFX: TELEPHONE BEEP TONES/ CELL PHONE RING TONE)**

**(CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT)**

**(PHONE RINGS)**

**MCGEE:** (INTO PHONE) Special Agent McGee.

**(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)**

**(SCENE CUT)**

**GIBBS:** (INTO PHONE) I found Ducky and Gerald's cell phone in the park.

**(SCENE CUT)**

**MCGEE:** (INTO PHONE) Why would they leave their cell phones in the park?

Donovan looked disgusted. How could he get a job at a federal agency? He wasn't even able to pick up on the fact that they wouldn't leave them there!

**GIBBS:** (V.O./FILTERED) They wouldn't McGee!

**(SCENE CUT)**

**MCGEE:** (INTO PHONE) Do you want me to come down there?

**GIBBS:** (V.O./FILTERED) If I wanted you to....

**(SCENE CUT)**
GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) ... come down here, I would have told you so. Put a BOLO out on Ducky's Morgan. Get his license plate from his file.

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) Gibbs, Sherrinford has Gerald and Ducky.

"I was really worried." Abby smiled sadly, wiping away some stray tears from her eyes. "I felt like my whole world was falling apart. Sherrinford gone to the dark side, and both Sherlock and Mycroft in the building. They didn't even come to visit me."

They looked awkwardly at each other.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) They're not dead, Abs.

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) How do you know?

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Because Sherrinford dumped their cell phones in the park, not their bodies.

"Thankfully," Mrs. Hudson nodded in approval.

Ducky flashed her a smile.

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) Ah... Boss? Gerald's here.

GERALD: Sherrinford's got....

( SCENE CUT)

GERALD: (V.O./FILTERED) ...Doctor Mallard.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) How'd you get away?!

GERALD: (V.O./FILTERED) I didn't.

(SCENE CUT)

GERALD: (INTO PHONE) Sherrinford let me go.

"More like he wanted to appear innocent." Lestrade snarled. He really hated this guy.

(END TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

CUT TO: INT. SWIMMING POOL HOUSE - NIGHT
DANA: Excuse me. May I?

TONY: You certainly may.

"Were you hitting on Dana?" Sherlock looked disturbed.

"Perhaps." Tony winked mysteriously.

The Holmes clan looked him up and down judgmentally.

"That's disturbing." Abby said in a weird voice.

(DOOR OPENS/ CLOSES)

CUT TO: INT. NCIS SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

GERALD: I've never driven a stick.

Mrs. Hudson shook her head, "Some people these days," she gutted.

Ducky agreed wholeheartedly.

ABBY: Are you serious?

MCGEE: What? You can drive a stick?

ABBY: Yeah, since I was like ten.

"Isn't that illegal?" Donovan sneered.

Sherlock looked her in the eye, "Yes,"

"I'm not even surprised you did it too,"

GERALD: What were you driving when you were ten?

ABBY: A red forty-seven Ford half-ton pickup with four on the floor and Bubba riding shotgun.

Lestrade nodded his head, "Impressive,"

MCGEE: Bubba?


Molly gasped, "I love coon dogs!"

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) I don't believe in coincidences, Tony.
TONY: (INTO PHONE) I know, Boss.

TONY: (V.O./FILTERED/MUFFLED) You've beat that into me.

"Quite literally," Tony said while smacking himself upside the head to prove his point.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Haven't I beat that into you?

Donovan looked confused.

"Bad reception?" Molly winced.

"Yeah." Tony sighed.

TONY: (INTO PHONE) That's what I said.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) What did you say?

TONY: (INTO PHONE) I said the reception sucks!

"No, you didn't." Abby accused playfully.

He stuck his tongue out at her.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Stay with them. I'm on my way.

TONY: (INTO PHONE) What if they split up?

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) What about your gut?

TONY: (INTO PHONE) It wants a pizza.

"Mine does too." Anderson whole-heartedly agreed.

"We should totally try to find food after this episode." Tony grinned.

They fist-bumped.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT
GIBBS: Oh, god. What do we have?

MCGEE: Sherrinford picked up Gerald to force Ducky into a meet.

GIBBS: You warn him?

GERALD: I did. But you know Doctor Mallard. He came anyway.

"I wasn't going to leave him..." Ducky mentioned once more.

GIBBS: It's not your fault, Gerald. Sherrinford's the b*st*rd. Ducky made the decision to go, not you. Debrief him. Write it up. I'll be with Tony at the Embassy Hotel.

ABBY: Um, Tony's at the Embasero.

"Telephones..." Lestrade sighed.

Gibbs nodded along with him. Modern technologies were useless.

GIBBS: Why did he say the Embassy?

ABBY: Cell phone garble.

GIBBS: All right, from now on everyone is using phonetics, like we did in the Corps.

Donovan looked confused for a moment, not understanding what he meant. She quickly tried to cover it up though.

ABBY: Um... golf-India-bravo-bravo-sierra. Can I please go back to my lab? I'm flipping out here with nothing to do.

GIBBS: Okay, but don't leave...


"I do believe he meant for phonetics to be used to avoid confusion on the telephone." Sherlock looked amused.

"Yeah, but there was a perfect opportunity to have fun." Abby rolled her eyes.

Sherlock leaned over to John. "She is completely mad." he whispered so that no one else could hear.

John burst out laughing. It was unusual to see the detective act like this, but it was not necessarily a bad thing.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

CUT TO: INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

"Was this that drop Sherrinford mentioned?" Molly inquired.

"Yup," Tony popped the 'p'.

DANA: Mind if I join you?
SHERLOCK: One more lap and you'll have it all to yourself.

DANA: How's the water?

SHERLOCK: Lovely. Have a nice swim.

DANA: Thank you.

"So, who is Dana?" Tony looked confused. "I never figured it out."

"She is an agent of mine." Mycroft admitted. "A cousin, but she does a pretty good job. Born in Austria. That is all I can say, I'm afraid."

"Cool." the senior field agent nodded.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/TONY TAKES PICTURES)

(SHERLOCK WALKS FROM THE POOL HOUSE/TONY WATCHES DANA)

TONY: (SOFTLY) They're switching robes.

(TONY RUSHES TO THE ROBE AND SEARCHES THE POCKET)

"Stealthy." Sherlock sarcastically acknowledged.

"Why thank you, Shirley Temple." he grinned.

DANA: Hey! What are you doing?

TONY: Going for a swim.

DANA: There's a locker room.

TONY: I'm fine.

"Because people normally change out of the locker room." Abby face-palmed. "You do know she was trained by Mycroft, right?"

"I had a good cover up story!" Tony defended.

"This, I've got to hear."

DANA: Where's your swimsuit?

TONY: Don't have one.

DANA: I should call security.

TONY: You didn't see the sign.

"Where are you going with this?" Mary inquired.

"You'll see." McGee groaned. "He wouldn't shut up about it for months."

DANA: What sign?
TONY: I must have been blocking it. Uh... remember I was waiting outside and you wanted to come in?

DANA: Oh, I remember.

TONY: The Hackensack Nudist Society. From ten twenty seven until eleven fifty one the pool is ours. And it's our third annual convention. Here's Agnes and Agnew right now. He's our President and Agnes is our social secretary. Hey guys. You look funny with clothes on.

The Yarders slowly started to laugh, but Donovan looked disgusted.

"That was brilliant!" Anderson cheered.

DANA: Inventive. Funny even. But I'm married.

TONY: So am I!

(DOOR OPENS/ CLOSES)

CUT TO: EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TONY: (INTO PHONE) Boss, can you hear me?

"What happened to the phonetics?" Molly asked.

"Probably got the problem resolved." Mary whispered back.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) Across the street.

TONY: (INTO PHONE) Boss?

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) Yeah!

TONY: (INTO PHONE) Gotcha.

CUT TO: INT. CAR - NIGHT

TONY: Sherlock slipped a phony French passport and some cash (SNIFFS) to the woman with the Star of David (SNIFFS) I told you about. I love you, Boss.

"I still can't believe you actually did that." Sherlock looked pained.

"I might have won that small battle, but what would have happened if I lost?" Tony questioned.

"Sherrinford would have made it to Paris, and you never would have heard from him again." the detective deadpanned.

GIBBS: How do you know the passport's a phony?

TONY: Sherrinford's photo, but not his name?

GIBBS: What name's he using?

TONY: Aren't you curious to know how I got it?
GIBBS: I assume you improvised like a good agent should.

"You just got shot down so fast." McGee started to laugh.

TONY: But what an improv! I swear to God I could get a gig on SNL. Okay, dig this. I pretend like I'm this real goofy guy trying to get--

GIBBS: You pretended?

Sherlock continued where Gibbs left off. "I don't believe he was."

"It just comes naturally to him, you know?" McGee agreed.

Gibbs laughed silently to himself for a couple of seconds.

TONY: That hurt, boss.

GIBBS: What's the name?

TONY: Well....

GIBBS: The name?

TONY: René Saurel. (SPELLS) S.A.U.R.E.L.

GIBBS: Description?

TONY: All I saw was the name and the photo.

GIBBS: The woman?

TONY: About five foot nine, dark hair, blue and white jogging outfit. Big gym bag. Real pretty girl. Looked enough like Sherlock to be his sister. Real pretty.

"Cousin." Mycroft couldn't help but correct. "God forbid she was actually our sister."

"Annoying, is she?" John inquired.

"Emotionally compromised and distracted."

"Ah...." the blogger should have known.


"The Mafia?" Sherlock looked offended.

"You heard me." Gibbs didn't take it back.

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Okay, what alert category?

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Terrorism!

Donovan scoffed. Shouldn't that have been obvious?
Vance frowned at her. He wondered how she ever got a position in Scotland Yard in the first place. It was doubtful that she got in on her own accord.

It gave him something to figure out, at least.

**MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) On it.**

**TONY: That ought to get Custom's attention.**

**GIBBS: Well, let's make sure he doesn't get that far.**

**TONY: Boss, that's her.**

**GIBBS: Stay with Sherlock.**

**TONY: What if this Dana girl's meeting Sherrinford? I mean, you're going to need backup. Let me rephrase that.**

**GIBBS: Out!**

**TONY: (V.O.) Thanks for the pizza, boss!**

Anderson and Tony sighed in unison. Obviously, they both wanted pizza.

**GIBBS: Thank the night shift. I swiped it from them.**

**CUT TO: EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

**(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GIBBS FOLLOWS THE TAXI CAB)**

**(GIBBS BRAKES TO A STOP)**

**(SFX: CAR TIRES SCREECH)**

**GIBBS: (SHOUTS) Sherrinford! Get out, Sherrinford!**

**DUCKY: Good grief, Jethro. Put that weapon down. I've had enough excitement for tonight. Sherrinford abducts me. Gerald strips my gears. And now you play chicken on a wet street.**

"The gears were really worth the mention?" McGee asked, looking at him.

"Well," Gibbs said, "It is when you are trying to get rid of a terrorist."

**GIBBS: Where's Sherrinford?**

**DUCKY: Well gone I imagine. We were parked about ... well, a ways back. He received a cell phone call and then told me to drive down the street for ten minutes.**

"A distraction." Mary mumbled to herself.

**GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) McGee! Congress Cab number seventeen picked up a female fare at the Embasero Hotel ten minutes ago. If he's en route, I need his twenty. If he's dropped his fare, then get me an address. And take the BOLO off Ducky's Morgan. He's safe.**
DUCKY: Our paths didn't cross by accident.

GIBBS: Sherrinford's cell call came from that woman in that cab I was tailing.

DUCKY: He sent me down this street so that you would run into me.

GIBBS: Yeah! A cab keeps going. Picks him up. They're gone!

DUCKY: Sherrinford abducts me to get you off her tail.

"He's good." Molly frowned.

"Yeah, he was." Sherlock agreed.

They looked at each other briefly, just staring, before moving their eyes back to the screen.

GIBBS: Maybe. What'd you talk about?

DUCKY: Well, my Morgan for a while. He was surprisingly knowledgeable. Then Edinburgh Medical School. Yeah, we were both alumni. A few decades apart...

GIBBS: Anything important, Ducky?

DUCKY: He swore he didn't kill Caitlin. Made a very logical and passionate defense.

"He was obviously lying." Mycroft raised an eyebrow. "Although, perhaps it wouldn't be so obvious from an insider's perspective."

"I agree." Ducky nodded. "Seeing it from here makes figuring everything out so much easier.

GIBBS: You believe him?

DUCKY: He was very persuasive. Said he knows you'll never believe him.

GIBBS: He's right about that.

The NCIS team nodded in agreement.

DUCKY: (OVERLAP) And that it's a shame that one of you has to die. He's arrogantly confident that it won't be him. But said on the off chance that it is, to keep looking for Caitlin's killer.

GIBBS: He's a slick b*st*rd, Duck. But he's right. One of us is going to die.

Donovan looked up in a sort of vague interest. She needed blackmail material if she was to stay off the streets, and perhaps this could be part of it. Gibbs was sounding extremely freakish. Wishing for someone to die, even if they did such horrible things? She would have to look for more.

Mycroft, noticing her change in behavior, looked to Abby and Sherlock, but they were too wrapped up in their brief conversation to notice. He would have to keep an eye on her.....keep her out of trouble......

DUCKY: Jethro! Jethro!

(SFX: CAR TIRES SCREECH)
MUSIC IN: EXT. HOTEL - RAINING

SHERLOCK: Espresso? Take it. It's not a bribe.

TONY: How long have you known I was...

"The stupidest question I have ever asked," Tony said, embarrassed.

This caused laughter, Sherlock winked at him.

SHERLOCK: Following me? Since I left the Navy Yard.

"It is quite obvious when the same car is the fifth car behind from the navy yard to your destination," Sherlock said cheekily.

Tony hid from the gaze of his boss.

TONY: I don't think so.

SHERLOCK: Blue sedan. You laid behind a white station wagon for a while, then a telephone van. You lost me at the traffic circle on...

He hid his entire face now.

TONY: Okay. You knew.

SHERLOCK: Take it. It's chilly out here. You shouldn't feel bad. I was trained by the best.

"The very best," Mycroft muttered.

"Gotta love Mr. and Mrs. Holmes," Abby commented fiercely.

TONY: You know, that's what I like about Europol.

SHERLOCK: Our training?

TONY: Modesty.

"Exactly," Donovan said simply, looking at Tony.

SHERLOCK: Um... there's a slice in there. (BEAT) Toda.

TONY: Prego.

Sherlock and Tony regarded each other and nodded.

SHERLOCK: I lost my sister, Enola, in a Hamas suicide bombing. She was twenty-five and the best of us. Enola had compassion.

John's mouth fell open. "Sherlock...I didn't know. I'm sorry." he wouldn't know what he would do if Harry died, no matter what sort of relationship they were currently having.
"I didn't want you to know." the detective explained shortly. "It wasn't that hard to keep from you."

"But you are my best friend." he confirmed once more. "I should have known."

"It is very far in the past now." Sherlock attempted to reassure.

John rolled his eyes. "I'm supposed to be the one comforting you."

"Is that how it works?" the consulting detective raised an eyebrow.

"Yup." the blogger popped the 'p.'

**TONY:** I'm sorry.

**SHERLOCK:** After Enola's death all wanted was revenge.

**TONY:** Is that why you joined Europol?

**SHERLOCK:** I was Europol long before Enola's death. Old...

"But if this was in the past, even for that time, and you were no older than twenty..." John figured it out. "Bloody hell."

*Child soldiers?* Donovan looked to Mycroft eagerly, looking for his reaction.

"I was not allowed to actually be an officer until I was eighteen." Sherlock confirmed solidly.

"Before that, I was just a normal kid with a habit of learning languages and a love for self defense and deduction. No one could be arrested that way, and by eighteen, I was ready to become a full-fledged agent. It's a system that works."

"But what about your childhood?" John glared at the elder Holmes brother.

"It was of my own choice." the detective argued.

**TONY:** Family tradition?

**SHERLOCK:** British sense of duty.

"Yeah, that's it." Anderson grinned. "British sense of duty."

Lestrade nodded. Most definitely.

**TONY:** So come on. Who recruited you? Your father? Uncle? Brother? Girlfriend?

**SHERLOCK:** Aunt. Sister. Gay lover.

Anderson hesitated. "You're good."

"Tell me something I don't know." Sherlock challenged.

"The Earth goes around the Sun." he grinned in victory.

The detective sighed in defeat and turned his head back to the screen, much to John's and Mrs. Hudson's amusement.

**TONY:** You're good. You almost got me off the question. Almost.
SHERLOCK: I volunteered. Laila Tov.

TONY: Buona notte.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

(SFX: CABINET DRAWER OPENS)

KATE: (V.O.) Why haven't you come down to see me yet? (ON CAMERA) If you don't peek at the back of my head, I'll just look like I'm asleep. (SIGHS) I'm so lonely I'd even welcome a visit from Tony.

"Even?!" Tony sounded outraged. "She liked me plenty, McInsulting!"

"It was my subconscious! It wasn't like I could control it." McGee defended.

"So now your subconscious is being mean to me." the senior field agent pouted.

ABBY: McGee! Didn't Tony match the tire tracks to a Chevy Suburban?

MCGEE: Uh, yeah. Bridgestone Duelers. Factory issue. Uh, what are you doing?

ABBY: We caught a break. N-O-R orbited a new Keyhole. They're doing calibration tests using the seventh hole of the Norfolk Naval golf course.

"That's good. Means that it's almost over, yeah?" Mary inquired.

"Yup." Abby responded. "Almost."

MCGEE: Why the seventh hole?

ABBY: See? That's why I dig you, McGee. You think specific. Whatever the reason, we are grateful because that orbit took the Keyhole over Newport News! I inputted the warehouse coordinates...

MCGEE: That's the rooftop! That's me... Tony, Gibbs, Kate.

ABBY: Is that the building where Sherrinford's sniper nest was?

MCGEE: It is. Sherrinford's not there.

"I doubt my brother would have allowed himself to be caught on video." Mycroft idly mentioned. "He always researched every aspect of something, whether it be a location or a weapon, for possible detriments. Sherrinford would have known that that video was going to include those warehouses."

"So, someone finally did their research." John whispered to Sherlock, who ducked his head to hide his amusement.

ABBY: What do you expect? A video of him shooting?

MCGEE: Well, I was hoping.

ABBY: Only in flicks, McGee.
MCGEE: Okay, then why are you so excited?

ABBY: I don't know. Maybe it's being alone with you on a rainy night.

"Abigail..." Mycroft shot her a warning glance.

"This is in the past! It shouldn't count." Abby pouted.

"Count for what?" Lestrade asked.

"The amount of times Abby talks about something romantic and/or sexual." Sherlock answered in a monotone voice.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow. "Abby?"

"It started when I started learning what sex was, Gibbs. Cause unlike them, I don't prioritize keeping my emotions in check." the forensic scientist smirked at them.

MCGEE: Abby...

ABBY: Oh, look! Could it be? A black Chevy Suburban driving down the alleyway.

MCGEE: Uh... can you read the license plate?

"Depends," Molly looked thoughtful.

ABBY: That depends more on angle than resolution.

( SFX: KEYBOARDING)

ABBY: It's not a dress, McGee. You can't look up it to see what you want. Ha! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, McGee!

"It's not a dress? Seriously?" Jimmy inquired.

"Don't criticize such good examples, Autopsy Gremlin." Tony instructed, wrapping an arm around the shoulders of the man.

MCGEE: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I've got to put a BOLO out on the plate.

ABBY: We did good, huh?

"It was all you." McGee grinned.

Abby laughed. "What do you think I meant when I said 'we,' Tim?"

Donovan snarled. These freaks and their freakish arguments. Why wouldn't they accept the credit?

MCGEE: You did great.

CUT TO: EXT. STREET - NIGHT

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GIBBS WATCHES THE APARTMENT)

(PHONE RINGS)
GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Yeah, Gibbs. Slow down, McGee. Take a breath. Start with the address. Seven, two, four, tango, Julia, alpha. Got it.

(SFX: TELEPHONE BEEP TONES)

(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

(SCENE CUT)

(PHONE RINGS)

SHEPARD: (INTO PHONE) Shepard.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) I need a partner for the night. You up for it?

"You are asking your boss to come with you?" Lestrade looked awed.

"She was a good agent." Gibbs shrugged, as if he explained everything.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Jen?

(SCENE CUT)

SHEPARD: (INTO PHONE) Jethro, don't you know any other women?

Tony looked between his boss and the screen. Sheppard thought he meant sex?

The Yarders looked faintly amused by the display, but Donovan sneered, obviously thinking about what a slut she had to be in order for her to just assume that immediately.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) None I can call for backup. You didn't think I meant...

(SCENE CUT)

SHEPARD: (INTO PHONE) That's what you have a whole team of agents for.

"They were busy, and I liked working with Jen." Gibbs shrugged.

"Whatever happened to respect?" Donovan finally broke, unable to contain her comments any more. "She said to call her 'Director.'"

"Generally, as people become closer, they don't force as much respect." Abby stated forcefully. "A way of communicating to them that you are now equals. Not that you would know anything about that."

Donovan was outraged. How dare she?

"Donovan." Sherlock finally interjected. "As I recall, even Anderson called you by title. If you were having an affair, why would this be so blatantly unequal? It should be equal, unless you were looking to gain something from it. Gossip, perhaps? Or maybe it would show some sort of status....staking out the dominant spot...." he continued contemplating.
"You freak! Normal people don't go around talking about people's personal lives and creating rumors!" she attempted to fight back.

"Then, by your definition, you wouldn't be normal. I'm certain everyone knows that you are the biggest gossip I have ever met. Additionally, did you not make many rumors surrounding John and I? Therefore, seeing as you believe normal to be a very strict category, even you would be what you call a freak." he concluded.

She opened and closed her mouth like a fish, and John quickly got a high-five from his best friend.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Well, McGee's on protection duty with Abby.

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) DiNozzo's tailing Sherlock. And since I lost...

"She's not going to like that..." Sherlock noticed.

"I don't think he cares." John hissed back.

"That is true." the detective looked his former boss up and down.

SHEPARD: (INTO PHONE) DiNozzo's what?

(SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) He's tailing Sherlock.

SHEPARD: (V.O./FILTERED) Well where are you?

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Outside!

Donovan sneered. Waiting outside a woman's house? What a freak.

"Shut up." all three of the members in the Holmes family looked at her.

"I didn't even say anything, you freaks!" she screamed at them.

"You've been thinking....unsavory thoughts ever since you got here." Mycroft countered.

"Those are my own personal thoughts! I am allowed to have opinions on things!"

"Not when you directly shame every single person in this room by shooting dirty looks at them and overall being what children would call a...bully." the deputy director of Europol raised an eyebrow. "Especially what you have done to my dear younger brother. I do believe that that would be enough for both verbal and emotional abuse, in the United States, at least. And since my brother is an American citizen and you've been insulting him in front of the American law enforcement...I do believe it would fall into NCIS jurisdiction if I were to file a case against you for these things on my brother's behalf since he is a former-NCIS agent." he finished.

She blushed and looked around frantically. It would ruin her if they filed a case against her, far beyond where she already has fallen. Somehow, she would have to prevent this. By any means necessary.
"It would fall under our jurisdiction." Vance smirked.

"But it is not worth it." Sherlock cut in. "She's already been fired, and she is unlikely to ever find another well-paying job again if I know you, Mycroft. Additionally, I am not a fan of getting revenge. Not anymore, at least. I'm done with going after people. Not after I had to leave to take down Moriarty's network. That was vengeance. I do not wish to do it again. Not after Bodnar. And definitely not after what I almost did to Tony." he concluded.

"Fine," he narrowed his eyes. "Although, there is a line that she cannot cross. If she does, you will not stop me."

"I get that." Sherlock argued. "But for some reason, I don't think she will." he looked Donovan up and down.

"But for some reason," Mycroft parroted, "If she were to, I don't think you'd tell me."

"You don't know that." the detective glared at him.

"I do. Trust me, I do." the elder Holmes brother looked pained.

"Whatever," Sherlock turned back to the screen.

Abby, who was quiet until now, burst out. "Mike, did you really just say 'unsavory'? That sounds so ancient!"

"Please don't call me that." Mycroft sighed. "I was named Mycroft, you know."

"And I was named Abigail. Doesn't mean I like it." the forensic scientist retorted.

What did he almost do to DiNozzo? Donovan thought, still not learning her lesson. One of his only close friends? she was definitely getting some blackmail out of that one.

And there was nothing Mycroft Holmes could do to stop her.

(END TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

CUT TO: INT. CAR - MOVING

SHEPARD: What are the chances that Sherrinford is still at this house?

GIBBS: Zero. Ducky was a diversion so your friend Sherlock could pass cash and documents to him.

"Come on." Sherlock complained slightly. "I gave it to Dana."

"And it was going to Sherrinford." Tony cheekily replied.

SHEPARD: Sherlock's a control officer doing his job. You'd do the same if the roles were reversed.

Gibbs shrugged. "But the roles were not reversed."

GIBBS: He's using you, Jen!

"I was." Sherlock answered curtly. "But she was using me too."
"Mutualism." Mycroft pondered.

"Exactly."

SHEPARD: And I'm using him. A half dozen Hamas suicide bombers will not be blowing up our boys in Iraq because of Sherlock.

GIBBS: He's Metsada, isn't she?

SHEPARD: The Europol code name for that division is Komemiute.

GIBBS: Whatever they name it, they specialize in assassinations.

"Really?" John raised an eyebrow. He became close to two assassins? Just his luck. He pushed his anger down, knowing that he can easily reprimand him later. When he has finally healed.

"I told you that he killed people." Donovan sneered.

Mycroft glared at her and Sherlock before sighing in exasperation.

"Didn't we already make it clear that he killed Sherrinford?" Abby fought back.

"But this is multiple." she scoffed. "Maybe some were even...illegal."

"Are you insinuating that my brother is a murderer? A psychopath? Homicidal maniac?" Mycroft looked angry.

Donovan looked confident, knowing that Sherlock was too much of a coward to tell Mycroft anything. "I'm not insinuating anything."

"How about you shut you mouth?" Lestrade suggested. "Your arguments with everyone take too much time."

SHEPARD: Excuse me. Weren't you a Marine sniper?

GIBBS: If I have to go through your friend to get Sherrinford, I will.

SHEPARD: Sherlock knows that.

"What doesn't he know?" McGee deadpanned.

"That the Earth goes around the Sun." John snickered. What could he say? It was the perfect moment to bring that up.

Sherlock gave him a Seriously? look.

The NCIS team all had a good laugh about that.

GIBBS: You really do like him.

SHEPARD: He's damn good. And I owe him. He saved my life in Cairo two years ago.

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

SHEPARD: I can't believe this. I've been Director less than twenty four hours and I'm back
on the street.

"It's funny, the way Gibbs can do that." Vance smirked.

"What can I say, Leon?" Gibbs responded.

**GIBBS:** It's great, isn't it?

**SHEPARD:** No, Jethro. It isn't.

**GIBBS:** Come on! Come on! You love it.

**SHEPARD:** Truthfully? I'd rather be in bed. Sleeping.

"Me too." Anderson groaned. He really didn't want to get out of bed this morning.

"I personally want Sherlock to be doing exactly that." Mycroft examined his umbrella. "I've been watching you, little brother."

"Because you are a stalker."

"Do we really need to get into this again? I'm just using my resources to make sure you don't accidentally kill yourself." the elder Holmes brother sighed dramatically.

Vance raised an eyebrow. He hadn't heard this before; he made eye-contact with his team. They nodded. "I believe that it is getting late." he looked at his watch. 11:34 P.M. "After this episode, I believe we should turn in for the night."

Lestrade nodded, looking at his family. Molly looked quite tired, but she seemed to be too shy to voice her opinion. Anderson was still groaning, and he knew that Sherlock probably needed to sleep for days to make up for staying awake for so long.

**GIBBS:** Remember that stake out in Marseille? August. Stuck in that attic with no air, photographing everyone who boarded that Lebanese trawler. That second night... that's the first time we--

Tony looked at McGee and mouthed *We what?*

McGee blushed and moved his eyes back to the screen.

**SHEPARD:** Okay. Shut up.

**GIBBS:** Hand me the binocs. They're underneath the seat.

**SHEPARD:** What?

**GIBBS:** That's Sherrinford's SUV.

"Uh oh...was everyone okay?" Molly inquired.

Gibbs nodded. Everyone was okay in the end, at least.

"Good," Mrs. Hudson nodded.

**SHEPARD:** (SHOUTS) Shooter!
(SFX: GUNSHOT/ GLASS BREAKS)

GIBBS: Stay down!

(SFX: GUNSHOTS)

(SFX: GLASS BREAKS)

(MUSIC OVER ACTION)

(SFX: GUNFIRE)

SHEPARD: I expected Holmes to be older.

GIBBS: He is.

(MUSIC OUT)

MUSIC IN: INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

DUCKY: (V.O.) Gunshot number three is located under the right clavicle. Appears to be a distant wound from the absence of sooting and stippling. Gunshot number four is located six centimeters to the left. (ON CAMERA) Appears to be a distant wound from the absence of sooting and stippling.

Mary looked away. She didn't like looking at these...hits. It reminded her too much of the time when she was an assassin. John put a comforting arm around her shoulders just like she did when he thought about Afghanistan.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. NCIS GARAGE - NIGHT

MCGEE: It is a miracle, Boss. He was shooting to kill her, not you. Just like he did with Kate and Abby. It's funny how he always went after women. (V.O.) Not that I'm implying he should have shot at you rather than...

"I was so nervous back then..." McGee laughed.

"You still are, McTimid." Tony teased.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. LAB - NIGHT

ABBY: (OVERLAP) You're not going to like this Gibbs. All the three oh eight full metal jacket rounds recovered from the shooting came from this Bravo Fifty-One rifle dropped by the sniper you shot last night.

"So...not Sherrinford?" Mary looked confused. "I thought we had already concluded that it was him."

"Elaborate hoax." Gibbs scowled.

"Brilliant, he was." Mycroft looked off into the distance, as if thinking of something from long ago.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT
TONY: (OVERLAP) ...Two years ago. Mohamed Esfiri was a homegrown terrorist. Born in Cleveland. He was an ardent follower of radical Imam who promised martyrdom to all who died in the Jihad...

"Mohamed Esfiri?" Mrs. Hudson looked towards the NCIS agents. "He was in connection with Sherrinford, I presume?"

"Probably." Anderson interjected, wanting to get it over with. He knew nothing good was going to happen.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. SQUAD - NIGHT

SHEPARD: (OVERLAP) ... Since Miss Sciuto has confirmed that the sniper rifle we recovered last night was the weapon used to murder Special Agent Todd, and with no evidence to the contrary, it appears that Mohamed Esfiri was the sniper. I believe it's safe for your team to go home, Gibbs. Special Agent Todd's funeral is in Indiana tomorrow afternoon. SecNav has offered us his private jet to fly us there. Go home. Get some rest.

(ALL WALK O.S.)

SHEPARD: What about you, Jethro?

GIBBS: Mohamed didn't kill Kate. He didn't shoot at Abby.

"If we are watching these videos, why didn't you have them back then?" Sherlock inquired. "I mean, if they were available to you, you could have just used this to prove your case. Would have gotten it over with before he laid a finger on Abby."

"We didn't have these then." Gibbs mentioned. "Not sure how they are here anyway."

"They shouldn't exist." Tony explained. "Sherrinford would never have let himself be video-taped."

"By why do they?" the detective looked around the room, as if searching for an answer.

After a while, he looked back at everyone. He looked terribly lost, as he had not been able to find the answer.

"I believe that question may answer itself in due time." Mycroft mentioned, looking his brother up and down. "You have been....quite unstable recently, brother mine."

"I don't care about your opinion." Sherlock stood up and continued searching.

John sighed; perhaps some things would never change.

"Come back, Shirley Temple!" Tony grinned.

"We have to get this video over with." Jimmy added.

Eventually, and reluctantly, the detective sat back down.

SHEPARD: You are not infallible, Jethro, no matter what your gut is telling you. Sherrinford isn't trying to kill you, but this obsession might.

GIBBS: Hey, Jen?
SHEPARD: What?

GIBBS: Why did he only shoot at your side of the car last night?

SHEPARD: I suppose you were right. He was trying to kill women who work with you.

GIBBS: How did he know you were in the car? I called you at the spur of the moment. I parked in the dark. He couldn't see through our windshield even with a scope. That guy was sent to die, not to kill.

"A suicide attack?" Mary narrowed her eyes.

It's too late for this. Anderson rubbed his eyes.

SHEPARD: No. No one's going to do that.

GIBBS: Come on, Jen. Hamas suicide bombers blow themselves up all the time. It doesn't matter how a martyr dies as long as it's for the Jihad. Mohamed last night - he died for rivers of honey and seventy-two virgins.

SHEPARD: I'm not saying you're right, but if you are, how do we prove it?

"She believes you." Abby grinned.

"Always was." Gibbs replied shortly.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

GIBBS: We? Did you just join my side?

SHEPARD: Jethro, I've always been on your side. What do we do?

GIBBS: Kill Sherrinford before he kills me.

"Good idea." Donovan said sarcastically. "But how are you going to do that legally, hmm?"

"I think you would be doing everybody a favor if you shut up." John said idly, doing his best to mock Mycroft.

Sherlock and Abby found this quite amusing.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

CUT TO: INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/DRAWER SLIDES OPEN/MCGEE UNCOVERS KATE)

TONY: I told you she looked good. Probie wouldn't believe me, Kate. He thought you'd look like the Return of the Living Dead.

MCGEE: I did not.

TONY: Don't lie to the dead, McGee. Not nice.
Tony wiggled his finger as if to provide emphasis.

MCGEE: I was a little afraid.

TONY: Kid was terrified. But it took a lot of guts to come down here... alone. Showed how much he cared for you.

MCGEE: I really did like you, Kate.... a lot.

Mycroft and Sherlock met each others' eyes. They had probably both been involved in the creation of the monster that replaced their brother. And he took away Kate from these people. Did that mean the problem stemmed from them? Perhaps they had to look into themselves...find an answer deep within.

And, most importantly, make sure nothing like this happens ever again.

(DOOR CLOSES)

CUT TO: EXT. PARK - NIGHT

(SFX: RAIN FALLING B.G.)

FORNELL: It's raining, Gibbs.

GIBBS: Uh-huh.

FORNELL: You smell like a wet dog.

"That's nice." Sherlock sarcastically stated.

GIBBS: Well, there was one here underneath the bench when I got here. I put him in the gazebo.

FORNELL: Why aren't you in the gazebo?

GIBBS: Dog smells like hell.

FORNELL: So why didn't you leave him under... never mind.

GIBBS: If I ask you something, Tobias, are you going to lie to me?

FORNELL: Depends on the question.

GIBBS: What's Sherrinford Holmes's real mission here?

"He wouldn't know." Mycroft winced. He had taken care to not share too much information with anyone else. "Not a lot of people would."

FORNELL: I'm going to lie to you. Europol lies to the CIA. They lie to us. I lie to you. I don't know who you lie to, being the bottom of the armed Fed Food Chain and not married.

Tony and McGee hid their snickers. Trust Fornell to burn Gibbs hard.

GIBBS: So you don't know.
Fornell: Correct. I do not know. You ever go to the movies?

Tony shook his head, thinking that Gibbs could not see him.

Gibbs, however, did notice that he did it. He glanced at Donovan; he knew that she might go off again if he did anything she would consider "freakish." Perhaps it would be beneficial to tone it down for a while....

Gibbs: I build a boat.

Fornell: Well, you and that dog are going to need one. Why don't you get out of the rain, Jethro, and go watch a movie!

Gibbs: You have a film in mind?

Sherlock mouthed to the rest of the NCIS team. He's actually going to do it?

They stealthily nodded, not knowing that Gibbs was aware of the communication behind his back.

Fornell: It's not in theaters anymore. But you can rent a DVD.

Gibbs: Sounds like a good idea. A good thing to do on a rainy afternoon. What's the name of this film?

Tony: (V.O.) The Peacemaker.

Cut to: Int. Squad Room - Day

Tony: George Clooney, Nicole Kidman. Directed by Mimi Leder. Made it in ninety seven. It's a real action flick. Clooney and Kidman have to find a stolen nuclear weapon before it's used by terrorists. I can't believe you never saw it!

"Do I look like I would care about that?" Gibbs demanded.

"No, Boss."

Sherlock: Where is Gibbs?

Tony: You know, that's the first question you asked me when we met.

"No, it isn't," Mycroft mentioned idly.

"Yeah, Sherlock pointed that out to me..." Tony scratched the back of his neck.

"I was asking about phone sex." Sherlock said bluntly.

"You weren't even awake when we saw that part!"

The detective stared at him for a few moments. "I was there initially, wasn't I?"

"Yeah...." the senior field agent sighed.

Sherlock: No. The first question was, were you having phone s*x?

Shepard: Sherlock! Deputy Director Holmes is on teleconference for you.
TONY: Oooh, Deputy Director Holmes? Wouldn't be daddy, would it?

"Nope." Mycroft sighed.

Abby laughed. "That would be awkward."

"Quite." he responded.

SHERLOCK: Holmes is a common name where I come from.

"Really?" John raised an eyebrow. "Cause I haven't met many."

Sherlock laughed. "You're right."

"Then, you lied. It isn't a common name." Donovan sneered.

"I did not lie. I was merely referring to the fact that I came from my family. In the Holmes family, there would be a lot of people named Holmes, wouldn't there?" he smirked slightly.

A couple of them laughed incredulously.

"Well played." Anderson nodded. They were on better terms now than they were before the Fall.

TONY: You didn't answer my question.

TONY: Did they lose a nuke, Boss?

GIBBS: According to the Deputy Director, Europol doesn't have nukes.

"I doubt that." Vance raised an eyebrow.

"I assure you, director." Mycroft mentioned. "Europol does not have access to nuclear weapons. If we did, people would definitely know by now."

"But you are so good at lying and keeping secrets." the director of NCIS refuted.

"While I do acknowledge that, you must also understand that we are working for the European Union. If some of the countries have them, we wouldn't be able to use them." Mycroft smiled placidly. "People might panic, yes?"

Donovan got the feeling he was lying, but she really didn't like the idea of nukes being in the hands of freaks.

TONY: Boss?

GIBBS: They have a power plant in Dimona where a small amount of plutonium is missing.

TONY: Hamas is making a bomb?

GIBBS: They have a core. No detonator. Sherrinford was to buy a Krytron trigger. He delivers it to the Hamas cell with the plutonium.

"So, that's why he was in the States." Lestrade looked vaguely ill. "He was trying to build a nuclear weapon for a terrorist organization."

"That is correct." Mycroft nodded in acknowledgment.
"I must congratulate you on your observational skills." Sherlock sarcastically brought up. "You must have looked into such depth to discover this."

Lestrade sighed, bringing his hand up to his face. John and Mary laughed merrily.

"I must also add that we were going to intercept them." the deputy director mentioned.

TONY: Europol grabs him.

GIBBS: Only he's a little behind schedule. They're getting nervous. Deputy Director Holmes is up there right now ordering Sherlock to cooperate.

TONY: He his daddy?

"No!" Mycroft looked incredibly frustrated.

GIBBS: No idea. I didn't ask.

CUT TO: INT. LAB - NIGHT

GIBBS: Do you know why Sherrinford left his brass behind?

SHERLOCK: You are a broken tape, Gibbs.

"What?" Anderson looked confused. "Do you mean a broken record?"

"Certain idioms and proverbs are not important to me." Sherlock explained shortly. "I usually delete them."

Donovan looked away, bile in her mouth.

"Another thing to add to the list, then." John grinned. "Astronomy, Proverbs,"

"Shut up." the detective ignored him.

The Yarders found this very amusing.

TONY: Record. A broken record.


SHERLOCK: That's what you shot as a Marine sniper. At Europol we use Sierra Six point five hollow points.

GIBBS: How do you know what I shot, Mr. Holmes?

SHEPARD: He had to deduce as much as he could about you for Sherrinford.

"But how did he figure that out?" Anderson looked confused, trying to figure it out.

"He used evidence to find logical conclusion." Mycroft explained.

"Meaning," Abby translated. "He made proved whether a hypothesis was correct or incorrect based on trial and experimentation."
John grinned. "That's how he does it?"

"In theory."

TONY: Not just the boss. That's how you knew where I was born and went to school.

SHERLOCK: Sherrinford's missions involved NCIS. As his controller, of course I did dossiers on everyone he might interact with.

What a stalker... Donovan looked away, unable to hide her disgust.

Mycroft frowned at her once again.

SHEPARD: It's S.O.P at Kumemiute.

GIBBS: Director. Abs. Tony. Give me a minute alone with Mr. Holmes, please?

(ALL WALK O.S.)

GIBBS: You found out about my first wife and my daughter.

A dark cloud settled over the NCIS team.

Donovan raised an eyebrow. Him? Able to find a wife and have a daughter? First wife? What a freak.... She vaguely wondered what happened to them and if she could place the blame anywhere.

Abby looked at Donovan. What would happen when the Hernandez case came up? Any of the...unethical things they have done before? What about Sherlock and Bodnar? Even Trevor? Harper Dearing? What was she going to do with that information?

Was it possible to prevent her from seeing it?

SHERLOCK: Yes. I'm sorry.

GIBBS: Then we know why Sherrinford is shooting at women then, don't we?

SHERLOCK: If he wanted you to know he is the sniper, why didn't he use your rifle? An M-Forty?

GIBBS: The Bravo Fifty-one he fired is called a "Kate!"

SHERLOCK: I still don't believe Sherrinford is the sniper. What you have said should be investigated.

"You wouldn't believe that he was the sniper." Ducky reassured once more. "You grew up with him, and you were blinded to his true allegiances."

Happened more than once. Sherlock frowned. He really needed to work on not letting that happen.

GIBBS: Well, when the media gets wind of this, it's going to create a furor.

SHERLOCK: Are you threatening to go to the media?
GIBBS: No, not me. This could stay between Europol and NCIS.

SHERLOCK: In exchange for what? Setting up Sherrinford for you to kill?

"That would be illegal!" Donovan shouted. "He was only a suspect at the time."

"I didn't think you would defend a freak..." Mycroft placidly stated.

She rolled her eyes, tuning everyone out.

GIBBS: No. Setting me up for Sherrinford. And if I'm wrong about this, he won't show up.

SHERLOCK: And if you're right?

GIBBS: Then I'm counting on you to back me up.

"Finest back up anyone could ask for." Tony winked.

CUT TO: INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SHERRINFORD: Are you looking for this, Jethro? I want you to know I wish I hadn't had to shoot Caitlin.

"He's such a manipulator," Anderson snorted in disgust.

The Holmes family continued to stare blankly at the screen, tears in some of their eyes because they knew what would happen next.

GIBBS: Why did you?

SHERRINFORD: To cause you pain.

Gibbs was reminded of how much he truly hated Sherrinford, despite the fact that one of his closest agents had cared for him.

GIBBS: I piss you off that much?

Despite everything, most people left out a little short of laughter.

Lestrade sent an approving smile towards Gibbs.

SHERRINFORD: Not you. My brother. You have the misfortune of reminding me of the b*st*rds.

"Which brother?" John wondered looking at the screen.

The two brothers stared at him like he was dumb and looked back at the screen.

GIBBS: Ah...parents never married?

ARI: That's what makes us all b*st*rds, but he is even more so. From the moment of my return to Europol, he groomed me to be one thing... his mole in Hamas. He sent me to Edinburgh to become a doctor so I could work in the Gaza camps alongside our mother. When he had her killed, I had no trouble joining the Iz Adin al-Kassam.
"What?" The Yarders had joined in with Donovan this time, but only for that singular word.

Donovan continued, "You know, I'm not even surprised that they would call a hit on her," she wiped dirt from her nails while pursing her lips.

John and Mary sat next to each other and met eyes, this was not boding well.

"Didn't we meet her, though?" John inquired.

"You met our stepmother." the detective shortly explained.

**GIBBS: You don't really believe your brother had your mother killed?**

Mycroft shook his head.

**SHERRINFORD: It was a retaliatory Europol strike on a day I was in Tel Aviv... visiting him. After decades of planning, he had his mole in Hamas. He never knew how much I hated him. I wish I could see his face when he realizes he created not a mole but a monster eager to strike at the heart of Europol and the Union.**

Mycroft had now put up his facade, trying not to let his older brother's words bother him.

He was also trying to ignore the betrayed stare Sherlock was giving him.

**GIBBS: Yeah, I almost feel sorry for you.**

**SHERRINFORD: And I for you. When Sherlock told me you were placing flowers on the roof where Caitlin died, I couldn't believe it. Such a romantic touch. Almost too good to pass up. Almost.**

"Bastard," Molly cursed, surprising everyone.

**GIBBS: Why did you?**

**SHERRINFORD: I need you to commit suicide with your own rifle. You never did give me enough credit in our game. I knew it was a trap before Sherlock told me you asked him to cover you. You'd never trust Sherlock. And you need to kill me to taste the sweetness of revenge.**

**GIBBS: I've killed enough men in my life, Sherrinford. It's going to be just sweet watching you die.**

Donovan had both her eyebrows judgementally raised, but she remained silent.

Gibbs slightly regretted his words once he looked at the state of the Holmes.

**SHERRINFORD: Sorry to spoil your--**

**(SFX: GUNSHOT)**

Everyone flinched out of shock.

**(SHERRINFORD FALLS TO THE GROUND)**
GIBBS: Your brother is a Deputy Director in Europol?

"Well, Now we know where you work in government." John decided, still in shock from Sherrinford's death.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

GIBBS: Not Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Yes. He's my brother.

Everyone pretended that they had not heard Sherlock whisper, "And my only sibling left," Donovan filed this away for blackmail.

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

(SHERLOCK SINGS IN HEBREW)

MUSICAL BRIDGE TO: EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

(INTERCUT FLASHBACK SCENES OF KATE/TONY/ABBY/MCGEE)

GIBBS: I was afraid I wasn't going to make it.

Everyone looked in silence at the funeral.

SHEPARD: Sherrinford?

GIBBS: Sherlock's escorting his body to Tel Aviv.

Mycroft and Sherlock shut their eyes tight at the reminder of one of the worst days of their life.

Abby hadn't even wanted to see his body.

(ALL PLACE FLOWERS ON THE COFFIN)

KATE: You're late for my funeral, Gibbs.

GIBBS: Sorry, Kate.

ABBY: Do you mind if I play something for Kate?

Everyone smiled, even though they were watching a funeral.

(JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS)

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/ALL WALK FROM THE GRAVE)

(CUT TO BLACK)

(ENDING CREDITS UP AND OUT)

"Well," Donovan annoyingly sighed, "That was overly dramatic ."
Lestrade looked away from the screen, "Donovan, I may not be your boss anymore, but I can still tell you to shut the f*ck up."

John glared at her hard. "It isn't a television show anyway, this is what happened in real life,"

Donovan quieted at that.

"So.....pizza?" Anderson asked, looking around at the group.

Tony nearly sprinted to the kitchen, "I thought you'd never ask,"

They all went to the kitchen to enjoy their savory meal of fluffy bread with mashed tomato and cheese from heaven itself.

"Sherlock," John looked over at him, "You're going to eat this,"

"No,"

"Sherlock,"

"No,"

"Sherlock,"

"No,"


"Cakehead," Sherlock insulted before settling down with a slice.

Jimmy's eyebrows went past his hairline, "How did I not even know your whole name?"

"William?" Lestrade looked slightly offended that he wasn't told this.

"Well, with that said, Billy," Anderson sat down and looked Sherlock in the eye, "How would you like to take over Donovan's position in our team?"

Sherlock coughed. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Lestrade wants you." he grinned.

The consulting detective looked towards his friends for assistance. John gave him a thumbs up, mouthing Do it.

"Okay..." he said awkwardly, not quite sure what he should do.

The Yarders beamed and Lestrade looked up thankfully towards the sky.

"One condition." Sherlock mentioned.

They looked at him.

"Yeah?" Lestrade asked, slightly nervous about what it would be.

"Don't call me Billy. Or Will. Or William. I hate that name." Sherlock scowled.

"I can deal with that, probie." Anderson grinned.
The NCIS team burst out laughing. They were ecstatic. They all knew that Sherlock would never move back to America; he had too many friends there now. And since he got a job, especially one in the law enforcement, they might work together again someday.

Donovan, however, was furious. This was to be expected, though.

"Well," Molly smiled. "I don't know about you, but I'm going to bed now."

Many of the occupants of the room agreed, and eventually, only Ducky, Vance, Gibbs, Mycroft, John, and Sherlock remained.

"Go to sleep, Sherlock." John managed to say.

"I was unconscious for how long?" Sherlock challenged.

"I don't count being unconscious as sleeping. And the last time you slept was how long ago?" John argued.

Sherlock contemplated his answer.

"Seventy-two hours." Mycroft mentioned idly.

"Seriously?" John did not look amused. "You've got to stop that."

"It's not my fault Mycroft tells on me." Sherlock frowned.

"Sherlock." the elder Holmes brother raised an eyebrow. "I'll tell Mummy."

"Don't." the younger demanded.

"You can't control me."

"Well, you're a tattle-tale."

"Being one is necessary sometimes."

John interrupted, "Girls, why don't you both just go? There is no case and no work to be done here." he practically dragged them out of the room, and they did not fight back.

After they left, the director turned to his agent. "Why don't we go have our talk now, Gibbs?" Vance asked.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I would suggest taking some time off once we get back." the director suggested.

"No." Gibbs refused.

"I concur." Ducky agreed, standing up. "Jethro, take a break. You've been so busy recently, and you almost never take a day off."

"Also." Vance looked him straight in the eyes. "About the...." he didn't say it.

Gibbs looked annoyed. "You know I have a therapist."

"Are you..." he was interrupted again.
"Yes." he snapped before marching off.

Sighing, Vance and Ducky also turned in for the night.
The Yarders and the NCIS team came back into the television room the next morning.

Donovan sneered at everyone who passed her. What were they going to watch now? Which freak show was going to become a murderer next? She couldn't wait to gossip to her friends about this. If she still had any, she thought after remembering that she was jobless. Perhaps she could make a mint writing books about this....with her own personal twist, of course.

"I wonder what we are going to see next." Jimmy idly pondered.

"Sherlock didn't come back to the States for a little while after our first meeting." Tony recalled. "He might not be in it."

Off to the side, Sherlock breathed a sigh of relief. It was always so awkward when he was on the screen.

MUSIC IN: EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

"Oh." Tony looked nervously to his boss. "This."

(SFX: VAN DOORS OPEN)

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/KYLE WALKS FROM THE VAN TO THE FARM HOUSE)

"Who's that?" John inquired, looking to Sherlock.

"Don't look at me." the detective sighed. "I wasn't there; I don't know."

"Really, Shirley Temple? He was pretty infamous..." Tony raised an eyebrow.

Mycroft cut in, "Looking into American threats in the 1990s was not my brother's concern."

Tony just shrugged. "His name is Kyle Boone," he directed this to John.

( DOOR OPENS)

KYLE: Up there.
(MUSIC OVER ACTION/MCGRAW CLIMBS THE LADDER TO THE LOFT)

(SFX: PIGEONS B.G.)

KELLEHER: Tell me this has not been just a total waste of my time, Trooper.

Gibbs held back a groan. He had almost forgotten how frustrating this guy was.

MCGRAW: There's something up here, Sir. I'm just not exactly sure what it is.

KELLEHER: You promised us bodies.

KYLE: One thing at a time, Warden. First we start with my souvenirs.

"Souvenirs?" Molly looked to the NCIS team. "Does he mean-"

"Body parts? Graphic pictures?" Tony guessed. "Yes."

KELLEHER: Souvenirs?

KYLE: When I was sick... they were my favorite sexual organs. Tongues.

Donovan sneered. This guy was sick. He cut off the tongues of his victims? What a freak.

For once, the rest of the room agreed with her thoughts.

(SFX: GLASS BREAKS)

KELLEHER: Where are the girls?

KYLE: Close. But you have to give me a little something in return for them, Sam.

"He trying to make a deal?" Lestrade inquired.

"In a way. He wanted to ensure that he would never be forgotten, etc." Tony sneered.

KELLEHER: The only thing you're going to get from me is your last meal. Take that animal back to death row.

KYLE: What about the victim's families? I'm their last chance for closure.

"His death would be closure." Anderson decided.

Gibbs nodded in agreement.

KELLEHER: What is it you want?

KYLE: Not much. Just the man who put me in these. NCIS Special Agent Leroy Jethro Gibbs

"What did he want with you?" Mary asked, looking concerned.

Gibbs didn't answer, but this was to be expected.

"You'll see," Tony answered for his boss after a few moments of silence.

(FADE OUT)
FADE IN: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

CASSIDY: (V.O.) I will never forget the day that Gibbs caught this psycho.

"Who's she?" Donovan asked.

McGee answered shortly. "She used to work for the team. It was a temporary assignment." he was silent once more.

"If she was so important, why isn't she here now?" she sneered.

The NCIS team didn't answer, but they shot her many glares.

Only a few of the Yarders guessed what that meant.


"MIND GAMES"

TONY: You knew Gibbs back then?

CASSIDY: No! I was a junior at Georgetown and for two years, every woman in D.C. was afraid to go out at night.

Everyone winced once more.

TONY: That must have been tough.

CASSIDY: Yeah. You have no idea. I actually owe Gibbs for the first full night of sleep I got in college.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow. "She got a full night of sleep in college?" he inquired.

The NCIS team sighed in relief. They had a grace period, and Gibbs seemed to be in a good mood.

"I know, right?" Abby grinned. "So lucky!"

TONY: Hmm. I meant dating.

"Tony." Sherlock raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, Billy?"

The senior field agent was met with an icy glare.

"Never mind." Tony retreated.

CASSIDY: Yes. Yes. Dating was tough.

TONY: Need any help with that now, Paula?

"No, I don't think so." McGee glanced at his colleague.
"Oh, yeah, McPlayer? Do you need any help?"

"No, I don't."

CASSIDY: No, Tony. Thank you. I've been there. I've done that.

TONY: Ha ha! Ouch!

CASSIDY: Your problem with women is where you're focused.

TONY: Where?

CASSIDY: Mmm... here. It's a mirror.

TONY: Quick question. The pink ones, do they taste like Strawberry Starburst? I thought you said you weren't seeing anyone!

Donovan sneered. She was surrounded by freaks, but she needed the gossip.

What a dilemma.

CASSIDY: I'm not.

TONY: Hmm?

CASSIDY: It's for my complexion.

TONY: Complexion got a name?

Gibbs slapped Tony up the head.

"Sorry, boss. Won't happen again. I promise. Swear on my life."

"Just shut up." Gibbs looked away.

"Yes, boss."

CASSIDY: Tony, you so don't want to go there.

TONY: Just tell me it's not another agent because I don't really think I could--

(F/X: CASSIDY SLAMS TONY TO THE DESK)

(SFX: TONY SHOUTS/SQUEALS)

"How manly of you." Sherlock idly exclaimed.

"Yes, so very manly." Tony grinned. "The epitome of manliness."

"...I'm sure you know that that was not to be taken seriously."

"I don't really care." the senior field agent grinned confidently.

CASSIDY: His name's Bob, and he's a lawyer.

The NCIS team wrinkled their noses. No good things ever happened when lawyers got involved.

Donovan raised an eyebrow. Why? Lawyers had a lot of money, and dating one would pay off.

CASSIDY: I know. So do I. That's why it's (WHISPERS) purely a sexual relationship.

The Yarders looked surprised for a moment. Donovan sneered. This woman....she didn't seem very good now, did she? Unprofessional. Not ideal.

TONY: Well, what would that make me?

CASSIDY: A big mistake. If you do not give me by birth control pills, I'm going to break your arm.

"She probably would have." Tony winced, rubbing his arm.

"And you would have deserved it."

"That hurt, McInsult."

MCGEE: I've got that coffee.

CASSIDY: Have you been there long?

MCGEE: Uh, long enough to say "No Ma'am," Agent Cassidy.

The occupants of the room raised an eyebrow. He seemed to be using a safe answer.

Donovan scowled. How bad could this woman have been to make grown men, even though they were freaks, to do that? Could it have been friendly jousting?

CASSIDY: Okay. Good answer. (TO TONY) Thank you.

TONY: I let her do that.

CASSIDY: Thank you.

MCGEE: Who's that?

CASSIDY: Kyle Boone.

John leaned forward. He had not recognized the name when he had asked for it, and he had yet to figure out what he did..

The NCIS team scowled. Kyle Boone was one of their most hated criminals.

They were not sure if it was a good thing. Boone had wanted his name to haunt Gibbs for a while to come, but it wasn't traumatic.

TONY: He's an infamous serial killer, Probie. Terrorized the District in the nineties. Come on.

CASSIDY: Twenty two women went missing and five bodies were found.

John winced. So that was what he did.
Donovan groaned. It seemed that she was trying to attract attention to herself.

**TONY:** Guy only made one mistake.

**CASSIDY:** He killed a Petty Officer.

**MCGEE:** Gibbs caught him?

**TONY:** He's scheduled for a Government-sanctioned dirt nap on Saturday.

"Is that how Americans refer to execution?" Lestrade asked, looking amused.

"Not everyone." McGee reassured.

"Tony is a very special person." Abby promised, hands over her heart.

Ducky glanced around the room. He had noticed how many people were uncomfortable when Boone was mentioned. Perfectly natural.

**CASSIDY:** He wants to talk to Gibbs before they flip the switch.

"So...electrocution?" Anderson assumed.

McGee nodded. "He was the first to choose the electric chair rather than lethal injection."

**MCGEE:** Why?

**TONY:** He claims he's going to tell him where the bodies are.

"Why now?" Molly inquired.

"Yeah," Mary agreed, "If he did those things in the nineties..."

"People sometimes have a change of heart in the face of death." Ducky provided.

**GIBBS:** What the hell is that doing on my screen?

**MCGEE:** Uh... I didn't put it there, Boss.

Donovan winced. Gibbs seemed so cruel, so unkind, and McGee seemed to fear him. Yet they stay together, even after many years. They truly were a freak show.

Mycroft looked at her. It seemed as if she had many emotions. Perhaps it could be a good example to his family on how emotions can destroy a person.

**GIBBS:** Who did, McGee?

**TONY:** Probie, let me handle this. Boss, she did it.

**CASSIDY:** We heard you were interviewing... Kyle Boone, and we assumed we would be providing backup.

**GIBBS:** You heard wrong, Cassidy. I'm not interviewing anyone.

Many raised their eyebrows at Gibbs, who just shrugged.
CASSIDY: Oh, well then you might want to let the Governor of Virginia know, since MTAC has him standing by waiting for your call.

GIBBS: Find her a desk.

CASSIDY: Is that one...?

GIBBS: No, it's taken.

Donovan made a face. While they may still be suffering from Kate's death, is it really necessary to have it control their lives and the lives of others?

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

CASSIDY: A whole week of T.A.D. with Gibbs. I can smell the fun already.

MCGEE: Well, it's been a tough month.

TONY: Right now he pretty much hates everyone, Paula. Including himself.

A few people in the room glanced at Gibbs, remembering the last episode. He didn't seem to notice, though, and if he did, he made an effort to ignore it.

CUT TO: INT. MTAC ROOM - DAY

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) I was told by your Director that you would be personally interviewing Kyle Boone this afternoon, Agent Gibbs.

"He's going to do it." Sherlock said confidently.

"And how do you know?" Tony raised an eyebrow playfully.

The Yarders groaned; here we go again. They expected some long, rambling deduction.

"Jenny." the detective fell silent after that one word, surprising even the Yarders.

"Where's the brilliant deduction?" John inquired.

"It was brilliant enough. Jenny was his boss, and she did have some.....interesting experiences with Gibbs." Sherlock said confidently. "Therefore, if Gibbs still does not interrogate him after Governor Norin tried to convince him, she or the governor would contact someone higher up on the food chain to order him to. Simple."

"There it is." John was satisfied.

GIBBS: Director Shepard was misinformed, Governor. Talking to Kyle Boone would be a waste of time.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) Possibly. But if there's even a chance that he would reveal to you the location of his victims, we have to take it.

GIBBS: I disagree, Sir. He's had ten years to think about it. Why the change of heart now?

"Some people try to earn forgiveness in the face of death." Ducky reiterated to his friend sagaciously.
"Yeah, Duck, I figured that out." Gibbs deadpanned.

"It never hurts to hear it twice."

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) In my experience, men facing eminent death tend to re-evaluate the course of their lives. Most seek forgiveness.

GIBBS: You trust me, Sir. Boone had a lot of interests. Forgiveness wasn't one of them.

"Prison could have changed him." Lestrade suggested.

"Impossible." Gibbs denied.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) How can you be so sure?

GIBBS: I spent five months interrogating him.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) That was a decade ago. People change.


Donovan raised an eyebrow. Even if he tortured and killed so many women, he still technically was a human. What freaks.

She did not, however, notice that her own beliefs on what makes someone a person was shrouded in hypocrisy.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) Are you refusing to meet with him?

GIBBS: I'm refusing to entertain a homicidal maniac who tortured and killed twenty-two women, Sir. I have played that game before.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) And the hundreds of family members who lost a daughter, a sister, or a mother? What do I tell them?

"That he'll die for what he did." Anderson stated confidently.

Gibbs looked over him for a minute, clearly showing some appreciation.

GIBBS: That no matter what Kyle Boone says in the next few days, come Saturday, Sir, you're going to make sure he fries.

NORIN: (ON MONITOR) We all owe you a debt of gratitude for bringing him to justice, Agent Gibbs. But uh... you leave me little choice. I am sorry.

Sherlock straightened his back, certain that he was correct. This greatly amused Mycroft as he always enjoyed seeing his brother take pride in having the right answer.

CUT TO: INT. STAIRS - DAY

NCIS TECH: Sir! We've got a high priority transmission coming through for you in MTAC.

GIBBS: From whom?
The consulting detective gave a short laugh.

"You have something to say, Holmes?" Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

"I always have something to say." Sherlock said confidently. "It just might not be appreciated, so I'll keep shut for a while."

The Yarders looked on in disbelief. Sherlock Holmes was never known for not saying something he wanted to say. It made them start thinking things. For example, what exactly happened in the Holmes family in the 19th century to alter their descendants personalities so drastically even over a hundred years later? And what exactly to the medication both Abby, Mycroft, and Sherlock use do to correct the genetic anomaly? The doctors in the room thought this over a bit. If the Holmes would explain it to them a bit more, it could lead to some serious advances in the mental health system.

\textbf{CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY}

\textbf{(SFX: CASSIDY'S CHAIR SLIPS LOWER)}

\textbf{TONY:} Well, look on the bright side.

Abby slowly started to sing. "Always look on the bright side of life."

Slowly, Tony started to join in, leaving the rest of the room staring at them.

\textbf{CASSIDY:} What is the bright side?

\textbf{TONY:} You're only here a week.

\textbf{CASSIDY:} Why couldn't I sit at Kate's desk?

\textbf{TONY:} Mostly because it's still Kate's desk.

\textbf{CASSIDY:} She was a great agent.

"One of the best." Tony beamed proudly.

\textbf{TONY:} Yeah.

\textbf{CASSIDY:} How are you handling it?

\textbf{TONY:} Same way I handle everything. I try not to think about it.

"You know," Mycroft drawled, idly looking at the ring on his right hand, which brought some attention from outsiders to it, "There are more effective ways to handle it without trying not to think about it."

"Thanks, but I'd rather not forget the names of the planets in our solar system." Tony bit back sarcastically.

Sherlock and Mycroft both shared an annoyed glance, and Mycroft twisted the ring on his finger around a bit more.
A couple of the Yarders glanced at each other. Most people wear rings on their right hand after their spouse passed away, so is it possible that Mycroft was also in a relationship with someone no longer with them? They didn't feel much pride in their deduction as it lengthened the kill list surrounding them.

Mary couldn't help but relate her life to theirs. They both were 'agents,' so to say. And with their occupation, people around them die, and perhaps they themselves will also someday succumb to the same fate.

CASSIDY: And when that doesn't work?

TONY: There's always junk food.

"That habit of yours is really unhealthy, Anthony." Ducky reprimanded.

CASSIDY: It doesn't sound very healthy, Tony.

TONY: It's either that or I start building a boat in my basement.

"Sorry, boss!" Tony nearly screeched as he was slapped up the head.

CASSIDY: Did you move from your apartment?

TONY: No. Now you see my dilemma.

Tony looked to his boss fearfully, but a second slap never came.

"Is this really what you talk about when I'm not there?" Gibbs sounded unamused.

His agents guiltily nodded, and to their relief, all he did was sigh.

CASSIDY: Hey, if you ever do want to talk about it, I'm here for you. Okay?

TONY: You mean that?

CASSIDY: Yes, of course I mean it.

TONY: Okay. Well then let me ask you something. What's Bobby like in bed?

The NCIS team groaned again.

CASSIDY: Oh, Kate was right. You are truly, truly pathetic, DiNozzo.

MCGEE: Ah, you two might want to get busy. Gibbs is headed this way and he looks pissed.

CASSIDY: Think he caved into the Governor?

"Not the Governor." Gibbs scowled while Sherlock looked proud at his right answer.

TONY: No way!

MCGEE: No way! If Gibbs doesn't want to do something, he doesn't.

TONY: No matter who's asking. (TO GIBBS) Where you going, Boss?
GIBBS: Sussex State Prison to interview Kyle Boone. Be gone the rest of the day.

"Sussex as in Virginia or Sussex as in Delaware?" John asked curiously.

"Virginia." came Gibbs's curt answer.

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

CASSIDY: Yep, you two sure have him pegged.

"Obviously." Sherlock rolled his eyes.

CUT TO: INT. STATE PRISON - DAY

KELLEHER: We moved Boone to Death Watch on Monday. That's when he decided he wanted to talk. We do things a little different here in Virginia. The condemned get a choice: lethal injection or death by electrocution. Boone is the first one to choose the chair.

GIBBS: He deserves worse.

"Alas, many people do. It is, however, illegal to give them what they deserve," Ducky commented.

O'NEILL: Special Agent Gibbs? I'm Adam O'Neill, Kyle Boone's attorney. I really appreciate your coming. I uh... I understand you're reluctant to, but I truly believe that my client's intentions are sincere here.

GIBBS: The day I arrested your client, we found two human female tongues in his refrigerator.

The occupants in the room looked disgusted once again.

"Where were the others?" Mycroft asked curiously.

"Elsewhere. Some were never found." Gibbs replied.

Donovan winced at Mycroft's question; only a Holmes would do that.

O'NEILL: I'm familiar with the case, Agent Gibbs.

GIBBS: Really? Are you familiar with the names of his victims?

O'NEILL: Look, I'm not here to talk about the past. I'm here trying to save a man's life.

"He doesn't deserve that." Lestrade growled.

"He did get the chair." Vance reassured. "Boone wasn't the one trying to get life in prison; that was all O'Neill."

GIBBS: Boone wants a deal?

O'NEILL: No. Mister Boone wants the chair for his crimes. I'm the one hoping to get him life in prison.

GIBBS: Good luck with that.
O'NEILL: Agent Gibbs, please! I'm just trying to do my job here. Maybe together we can both help the victims' families find some closure.

"Closure would be his death." Abby viciously said.

GIBBS: Be there Saturday. You'll be able to see them get that.

KELLEHER: Right this way, gentlemen.

O'NEILL: Well actually, against my advice, Mister Boone has elected to meet with Agent Gibbs....alone.

KELLEHER: There will be a guard out here if you need him.

GIBBS: I won't.

"Because Boss can beat the crap out of him if he wants to." Tony demonstrated with some ninja moves.

Gibbs only raised an eyebrow at his senior field agent's behavior.

(SFX: BUZZER)

(SFX: DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

CUT TO: INT. DEATH-WATCH CELL - DAY

KYLE: Nice to see you again, Jethro. I wasn't sure if you'd come, but here you are.

GIBBS: You've got two minutes. Start talking.

KYLE: You know, you look almost the same. Except the hair. When did it go gray?

"If he only has two minutes, why is he wasting time on such trivial things?" Molly innocently inquired.

"Trying to make him mad." McGee shrugged. "They do it all the time."

GIBBS: Where are the bodies?

KYLE: We'll get to that. There's just a few things I need to ask you first. I guess they showed you my souvenirs?

The occupants of the room shuddered, thinking about his souvenirs. If there was one thing everyone in the room, including Donovan, could agree on, it was that this man deserved the electric chair and much more.

GIBBS: There weren't twenty in that jar.

KYLE: Your point?

GIBBS: I always thought you were padding your count.

worked on me, Jethro.

"So why did you try again?" Donovan sneered.

The others glared at her.

Gibbs remained calm, surprisingly. It would not do well to provoke her more than need-be. That would what until they got the command to arrest her. Which, Gibbs looked at Mycroft and immediately knew the answer, they probably will.

"People change." he said clearly. "I had been told that that very morning, so I might as well tested it to see if it was true. As you can tell, it wasn't."

Ducky glanced at his friend before looking back to Martha Hudson. She was a wonderful lady. Calm, patient, caring, loving, and so much more. She had cared for Sherlock when no one else would.

He had a feeling they would create a lasting relationship together.

GIBBS: A minute thirty eight.

KYLE: Can't we just chat for a bit? Catch up? Hmm? How's the wife? She left you, didn't she? I tried to warn you about that. Women can't understand men like us.

"Why did he say 'us'?" Tony inquired.

"He liked to think that he was similar to me. I don't see it personally." Gibbs decided that he better stay quiet for a little bit. He was not sure how he had talked for so long without yelling. Being silent was much better.

GIBBS: You've got what, Boone? Three days left? How does it feel?

KYLE: I'm kind of terrified. Weird, considering my former activities.

GIBBS: They say it can take up to four minutes to die in the chair. Me personally? I'm hoping it takes a lot longer.

Everyone in the room silently agreed, not wanting to be at Donovan's wrath. It was disgusting whenever she did it.

KYLE: You really have changed. The old Gibbs was never this abrupt. Did you remarry?

GIBBS: You've got less than a minute.

KYLE: Okay. Okay. Too personal. And what about NCIS Special Agent Caitlyn Todd? Can we talk about her? I saw her picture in The Post. They said she was shot by a terrorist. Did you cut back on the caffeine like I told you?

"And how is that any less personal?" Abby whispered darkly, thinking of several things she wanted to do to him.

GIBBS: See you Saturday.

KYLE: Come on, Gibbs. I was just having some fun with you.
"Warped perception of fun..." Mary raised an eyebrow.

"Sounds like something the freak would at." Donovan sneered, glaring at Sherlock viciously.

Sherlock subconsciously flinched, and that did not go unnoticed by the rest of the room. Was Sherlock's cold exterior finally crumbling under the pressure?

John was nearly blind with fury. "Listen here, you bitch. You have no right at all to insult Sherlock like that. You have been kicked out, glared at, and threatened." the doctor then seemed to get an idea. "Mycroft, I don't care what Sherlock said. Make her pay."

Donovan opened her mouth to protest, but she was silenced by Mycroft as he pointed his umbrella at her.

"Mycroft!" Abby looked between her cousins. Sherlock appeared to be in shock, and Mycroft looked a bit sadistic.

"I know what you are thinking, Abby. I just need to make my message clear." He stood up and advanced on Donovan. "I'm not sure about NCIS, but I'm ensuring that you are in big trouble with Europol. Abuse of colleague? Mind you that you two never were actually employed by the Detective Inspector at the same time, but my brother has been in close association with you for years."

She paled.

"I must also remind you," his voice was suddenly sickly sweet. "That Sherlock is my youngest brother. You could say that I'm....rather protective. And you very well know that Sherlock has not had the easiest life...Sometimes his tormentors go....missing while I'm around. But I can assure you that due to my position, I've never been a suspect. History repeats itself, no?"

"Mycroft." Abby repeated a lot more firmly.

But Mycroft didn't listen. "I know 182 ways to kill you with this umbrella." he idly said, holding the fabric of his umbrella.

Sherlock looked surprised. "Seriously? You're not even trying!"

"I don't have the time to figure out more right now," the eldest responded.

Donovan backed up a bit, and the rest of the room were staring in shock, gripping their guns.

Mycroft then pulled at his umbrella, and the fabric just simply fell off. "For example." what was left of the umbrella gleamed slightly. It was a sword, and it was apparently hidden inside of it.

The agents all pulled out their guns. It didn't matter who he was; they had to stop him.

"Okay, Mycroft. I just can't condone this." Abby leapt up.

Suddenly, the sword was pointed at Abby instead of Donovan. Gibbs growled.

"I know what is wrong with you." she said solemnly.

All he did was cock his head to the side.

Sherlock stood up, and John reached out to stop but missed. "You aren't going to hurt me." the consulting detective confidently approached.
"No," Mycroft shook his head, still holding the sword at Abby.

"So," Sherlock sighed, ambling over.

John growled. What was wrong with Mycroft? And Sherlock should be focused on healing, damn it!

All of a sudden, Sherlock rushed him and held him by the back, and the sword clattered to the ground. Abby simultaneously rushed him from the front. She appeared to stab him with something. Mycroft then collapsed into his brother's arms, unconscious.

"What was that?" Gibbs demanded.

Abby held up the item she had stabbed him with. It was a syringe with a prescription clearly stating Mycroft's name.

Slowly, they dropped their weapons. Donovan was shaking in both fear and anger. How dare he?

"He neglected to take his most recent medication." Abby explained.

The agents were horrified. Was this what happened when they don't take it?

"He was supposed to take his an hour ago." Sherlock dropped his brother on the couch. "He's been a ticking time bomb since."

Shakily, the agents returned to their seats.

"How did you last years when he couldn't go an hour?" John asked.

"I don't let a lot of things provoke me."

(SFX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

(SFX: BUZZER)

KYLE: You can't leave. You're here because you're following orders like a good Marine. Right, Gunny? I'll tell you where they are. Where they all are. There's more than twenty-two, Jethro. Lots more.

The agents looked disgusted, the previous moment almost forgotten.

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC IN: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

(SFX: ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

DUCKY: Where is he, Timothy?

MCGEE: Uh who?

"You meant Gibbs, yes?" Mrs. Hudson inquired.

"Yes," Ducky confirmed, smiling slightly.

DUCKY: Gibbs, damn it! (TO TONY) Hey! Do you even know the difference between good
and bad cholesterol, Tony?

"Apparently not." Sherlock smirked.

"Hey!" Tony pouted.

Meanwhile, John was in deep contemplation. He remembered earlier, when Sherlock had flinched at being called a freak. He had never done that before, so why did he do it now? Is it possible that he was always affected that way and just chose to hide it? He harbored a growing concern for his best friend.

**TONY:** No. But I'm assuming it has something to do with taste.

Abby laughed. "Not always, but frequently, yes."

**DUCKY:** Bad is what came back on your last blood test. (TO MCGEE) Dispose of this.

Anderson mourned. "That poor pizza..."

"I know, right?" Tony sighed, agreeing with the man.

"You were eating pizza last time as well..." Molly raised an eyebrow. "I agree with Dr. Mallard."

"Thank you, Miss Hooper. And please just call me Ducky."

"Okay, Ducky," she smiled at him.

**TONY:** Hey hey hey. That cost me sixteen bucks, that pizza.

**DUCKY:** You'll thank me when you're my age.

Mrs. Hudson and Ducky laughed.

"You eat pizza frequently, though. Both of you." Sherlock narrowed his eyes.

"That's because it is good." Ducky grinned. "And back in the day, our generation didn't make the best of choices."

Mrs. Hudson nodded. "Almost everyone was in a smoking habit." she looked at Sherlock disapprovingly. "Which you really should try to get out of."

"Since when did you have a smoking habit?" McGee cried out.

Abby winced. She had noticed that her cousin had taken up the habit almost immediately but chose not to mention it.

"After I left America." the consulting detective deadpanned.

The NCIS agents looked at each other. They should have made more of an attempt to make sure he was all right after what happened with Victor Trevor. All of them had assumed he would want to be alone, and all of them thought that Mycroft would prevent him from doing things he would regret. Apparently, Mycroft was unable to stop him from developing a nicotine addiction. What else could have happened to him?

**MCGEE:** But you eat pizza all the time.
DUCKY: Exactly.

TONY: I don't really see the connection here.

DUCKY: Well, of course you wouldn't. You're not a doctor. Where is Gibbs?


DUCKY: He said he wasn't going.

"I wasn't." Gibbs retorted to the screen. He was still angry that he had to do it, but he could see why they wanted him to. "It created a big mess, but it did end with another behind bars." he smirked.

The Yarders looked confused. They had assumed Kyle Boone would be the only criminal in this moment; who else could have done something? What did they do? And what did Kyle Boone have to do with it?

"Accomplice?" Lestrade theorized.

No one from NCIS answered him.

"Copycat?" Anderson was confident in his answer.

He also received no answer.

TONY: He wasn't.

MCGEE: Until the SECNAV ordered him to.

DUCKY: Who's with him?

"Why should anyone be with him?" Donovan scoffed. Inwardly, she was panicking. She hoped Mycroft would not remember what he had said to her; somehow, she had to get out of this mess.

"During interrogations," Mary coldly glared at her, "Some of the actual interrogators can develop psychological issues from being with a psychopath for so long. I'm not sure if Gibbs developed any, but you can never be so sure."

Anderson narrowed his eyes at Mary. He had been practicing his deduction skills, and something didn't seem right about Mary. It was almost as if she knew it for a fact. Like she had witnessed it first hand or done it herself.

He kept his thoughts to himself.

MCGEE: No one.

DUCKY: Have you any idea the effect that psychopath had on Gibbs ten years ago?

Mary glanced over at Gibbs, who decided to look away in order to ignore her.

TONY: Considering how open Gibbs is about his personal life, uh... no. Not a clue.

Gibbs glared at his senior field agent. He was a private person, that was all. He didn't like people knowing things they didn't need to. That was fine.
DUCKY: Yeah. He should not have gone alone.

MCGEE: Well, Ducky, it's Gibbs. I'm sure he'll be fine.

DUCKY: It's easy for you to say. You didn't have to live through this the last time.

No one commented on this moment. It was obviously quite private, and Gibbs wouldn't appreciate them commenting on it.

(telefone rings)

TONY: (INTO PHONE) DiNozzo. Where? Yeah, I got it, Boss. We're on our way. (TO CASSIDY) Cassidy, saddle up. Gibbs wants you in the field. Boone family farm.

CASSIDY: He wants me?

"Why is she so surprised?" Molly inquired.

"Cassidy wasn't Gibbs favorite. She was sloppy, and she didn't do things the best she could." Tony said, feeling bad for talking about his dead friend's flaws with people who would never meet her.

TONY: That's what he said! Let's roll! The difference between ten years ago and today, Ducky? We have Gibbs back.

DUCKY: There's another difference, Tony. Ten years ago, Gibbs was a very different man.

Gibbs shot Ducky a glare. What did he mean by that? He continued brooding, not wanting to start socially interacting with anyone yet.

TONY: You mean he was actually meaner?

DUCKY: Oh, quite the opposite. He was... he was a lot like you.

"Really?" McGee looked surprised.

Ducky nodded solemnly.

CUT TO: EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

TONY: What do we got?

(SFX: CAR DOORS OPEN/CLOSE)

CASSIDY: I can save you time, Gibbs. My measurements are thirty-four...

TONY: Twenty-six, thirty-four. A hundred and twenty pounds? I'm right, aren't I?

Donovan looked alarmed. Tony was just another freak...

"That is quite impressive." Mrs. Hudson commented.

"Thanks," he grinned.
CASSIDY: Did you weigh and measure me in my sleep?

TONY: I'm a crime scene sketch expert. That's what I do.

"And there is a reason you do it." Mary complimented.

GIBBS: You'll do.

CASSIDY: Gibbs, again. You have such a way of making a gal feel so special.

GIBBS: Put this on. McGee?

MCGEE: Yeah, Boss?

GIBBS: You might want to wear kneepads.

McGee groaned, thinking about all the times he had to do the dirty work. Thankfully, he wasn't the probationary agent anymore.

(SFX: VAN DOORS OPEN)

MCGEE: Do we even have kneepads?

TONY: Equipment inventory is Kate's job! You might want to ask--

The agents winced with sympathy. It seemed as if Tony had forgotten Kate was dead. It was almost as if he still thought she was there.

"Anthony," Ducky brought up.

"Yes?" he winced, knowing what was about to happen.

"Were you still imagining Kate being there like the last moments?" the medical examiner inquired.

"...It made things easier to deal with." he admitted, accepting defeat.

"Another one of your 'coping skills.'" Ducky mused. "We'll have to get you some better ones."

"Thanks, Ducky, but I'm good now." he gave a thumbs up.

"But for the future. If you ever need them again." Ducky said firmly.

It was apparent that they were going to speak of this later.

(TONY WALKS O.S.)

CASSIDY: Do you know what the hell we're doing?

MCGEE: Following Gibbs' lead?

CASSIDY: On what?

MCGEE: Don't know.

Donovan raised an eyebrow. That couldn't be a very effective method.
CASSIDY: You don't know and that doesn't bother you at all?

MCGEE: You get used to it.

CASSIDY: Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

As she should be, Donovan thought viciously. Afraid of becoming a freak.

"Do you have something to say?" Lestrade looked annoyed. "You've been giving negative expressions for hours. If there is something you want to say, say it. We'll find out anyway."

"I don't have to reveal my private thoughts to you." she sniffed.

"You do remember we have the government in this room? The guy who would've killed you if two 'freaks' hadn't saved your ass?" the Detective Inspector was not amused.

Donovan snarled. "It's not like they'd appreciate what I have to say. Wouldn't it be kinder not to say it at all?"

"Since when have you been kind to Sherlock and Abby?" John inquired. He had decided long before that he quite liked Sherlock's cousin.

She was silent.

(SFX: DOORS CLOSE)

CUT TO: INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

TONY: This place must have been gone over a dozen times, Boss. There's no way there's any bodies in here.

"He's not looking for bodies." Sherlock said quietly, under his breath.

"Bingo, Shirley Temple. Would you like a gold star?" Tony grinned cheekily.

"I don't need anything to remind me of my successes." the consulting detective rolled his eyes. "How golden stars ever became associated with success, I have no idea. It is an idiotic construct. Green circles could've been chosen, or maybe blue squares. But gold stars? It gives people an idea that they are successful when they succeed at the smallest, most unnoticeable, least important tasks. There are much more important things."

The senior field agent sighed. "Blue square?" he offered.

GIBBS: I'm not looking for bodies, Tony. He was raised here by his uncle. His mother was a prostitute. She left town when he was twelve.

The agents in the room sat devoid of all emotion. They were not willing to pity a serial killer.

TONY: Then what are we looking for?

GIBBS: Proof. Boone swears it's here. The only place we didn't look is inside this chimney.

"Where would he hide things in a chimney?" Molly inquired.

"You know," Mary made a gesture, "Up it."
CASSIDY: (V.O.) I think I got something. Ow! No. That's just a dead bird.

MCGEE: Oh, that's disgusting.

TONY: I'll bet this wasn't in the brochure when you signed up for NCIS, Probie.

"It's not like the brochure lies." Vance carefully worded his sentence.

"Certain truths were omitted, though." Ducky chuckled.

"They'd never come otherwise." the director finished.

MCGEE: You know you were wrong earlier.

TONY: About what?

MCGEE: She weighs more than a buck twenty.

"Timmy!" Abby smacked McGee up the head.

"What? What did I do?" he inquired frantically.

"Women don't appreciate it when you talk about their weight!" the forensic scientist continued.

Donovan looked confused, but she was still not able to voice her thoughts. This one seemed to know a couple of things people do socially to avoid being a freak. Astounding.

Not that it made her any less of one, however.

CASSIDY: Oh!

MCGEE: Ow!

CASSIDY: Sorry.

MCGEE: She did that on purpose.

"Probably." Abby glared at McGee again.

CASSIDY: (V.O.) Okay. Oh, no. I got it. It's right here by the flue. I got it! I'm coming down.

MCGEE: Finally. You could have taken your boots - oh, geez!


"A scrapbook...." Anderson looked sick. "He's sick."

"We never said he wasn't." Gibbs fell silent once more.

(CAMERA ANGLE CLOSE ON PHOTOS IN THE ALBUM)

CASSIDY: There must be thirty pages there.

TONY: More.

The Yarders paled. How many did this guy kill?
"So glad we don't get many of those anymore." Lestrade sighed.

"Why not?" Tony inquired, generally curious. Every country had their serial killers.

"This guy never let them get that far." he shoved his thumb at Sherlock's direction.

"Oh." the NCIS agents now understood.

"Those are only the ones you know of." the consulting detective mentioned. "Mycroft had me do a few. And Moriarty."

"But not that many, yeah?"

"No." he agreed.

**MCGEE:** What's carved into their backs?

**GIBBS:** That's his calling card.

**CUT TO: INT. DEATH-WATCH OUTER CELL - DAY**

**BRIGGS:** Is something wrong?

"Kyle Boone is wrong." Jimmy grumbled crossly.

**KYLE:** This section on my mother, John, is better. But it still needs work.

**BRIGGS:** I was trying to humanize her, Kyle.

**KYLE:** Don't.

They all winced once more. They were finding it hard to pity him now, even if his mother wasn't very human.

Donovan made a connection. Boone didn't think his mother was very human; she didn't think Sherlock was very human. Even further, she didn't think anyone with Holmes genetics was very human. The government, someone above Mycroft, really needs to find a way to stop them from contaminating the human race even further with their freaky, wrong, inhuman DNA.

**(SFX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN)**

**KYLE:** Did you find it all right, Jethro? I guess you wouldn't be here if you didn't. I don't believe you've met my biographer, John Briggs.

Gibbs grimaced. He had once seen that biography at a bookstore.

Needless to say, he didn't go there anymore. Fornell did most of his shopping, anyway.

**BRIGGS:** Special Agent Gibbs, it is a pleasure. I've been trying to schedule an interview with you for months.

"Good luck with that." Tony coughed.

**KELLEHER:** You're going to have to leave now, Briggs.
BRIGGS: I've been granted special permission by the State of Virginia to be here, Warden.

"The State of Virginia has been overruled." Vance looked amused.

"I was fine with him staying if it meant I didn't have to be there anymore." Gibbs argued.

"Orders, Gibbs."

KELLEHER: Not anymore.

GIBBS: The next time you see Boone, he'll have a thunderbolt shooting out of his ass.

Anderson bit back a laugh. Gibbs certainly had many ways to describe being electrocuted.

BRIGGS: Hey, I was... I was guaranteed full access for the next three days.

"You have to feel bad for him," Donovan sighed, gaining incredulous looks. "He was only trying to do his job."

Abby grew furious, understanding what she was hinting at. She was one of the few who did. "Bullying others was not part of your job!"

"My job was to protect and serve the country. I was only trying to ensure that the people were safe." she simpered confidently.

"How does bullying my cousin keep people safe?"

"By bullying the freak, he is less likely to go out and kill someone else. I would be his target." She sounded very convinced that she was saying the right thing.

Sherlock flinched again, and everyone in the room noticed. John placed his hand on his leg in a comforting manner.

"Aw, did that hurt your feelings?" she laughed. "Good. But you should all know that psychopaths get bored. After a while, he will kill someone. Probably have killed quite a few." the NCIS team looked at each other, knowing that was true. "Like how the Freak killed his own brother. That surely proves that he has lost all compassion, yes?"

"That's quite freakish of you to say." John said coldly.

"You're a freak for thinking that way." she responded simply.

The others in the room looked disturbed at her display.

GIBBS: The warden asked you to leave. Don't make him ask you again.

KYLE: You'll have to excuse Agent Gibbs, John. He's finally gotten a glimpse into the world I've been telling him about.

BRIGGS: The scrap book? You found his scrapbook? When will it be released?

"Briggs is also sick." Molly grimaced.

KELLEHER: Son, if you want to walk out of here under your own power, I suggest you leave now.
(BRIGGS WALKS O.S.)

(SFX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

KYLE: John really is a wonderful writer. You know he spent years trying to understand me. Unfortunately, he just never seemed to measure up.

"He prefers you." Sherlock simply stated. John had still not removed his hand.

Gibbs sighed. "I think he was referring to my understanding of him."

"That too."

GIBBS: To who? Your prostitute mom? Or your father? Some hick john with a few extra bucks in his pocket?

KYLE: Actually, I was referring to you, Jethro.

John laughed, not surprised at all that his friend had the right answer.

GIBBS: The show's over. Where is the dumping ground?

KYLE: You show me my scrapbook one last time and I'll draw you a map even a Marine can follow.

"That would be disrespectful." Mary sighed. "But he's not going to tell you if you don't."

"You don't give in to serial killers. Then, they will just start getting away with more and more."

sitting up, Mycroft winced. "What the hell happened?" he cursed.

The others in the room jumped, not noticing that he woke up.

"You didn't take your medication." Sherlock commented. "Want to explain why?"

Mycroft was silent for a moment. "I was distracted. Fueled by my compassion for both you and Abigail. Caught up in it so much I didn't prioritize keeping the anomaly at bay." he hypothesized.

"Caring truly isn't an advantage."

Donovan rolled her eyes. Of course he'd say that. He wasn't even apologizing for almost killing her.

"It can be." Tony spoke up.

He raised his eyebrows. "Special Agent DiNozzo. What could you possibly have to say?"

"It can be an advantage. If someone cares for you, they'll come to your aid. They'll be there for you when you are down. They will not let you fall into a pit of misery and despair." he explained.

Mycroft scoffed. "Is this what you've been feeding to my brother all these years?"

"You know what? Sherlock was perfectly fine when he was with us. Unfortunate things happened, yes, but he was stable. When he came back to you, he was as high as a kite within weeks." the senior field agent described.

"The drug addiction was a side effect to the loss of his partner, Agent." Mycroft ended the conversation.
Sherlock stared at them awkwardly as several of the NCIS agents stared. The Yarders were becoming more and more confused, but they knew they'd figure it out soon.

**GIBBS:** No. They've suffered enough.

**KYLE:** Well, we're at an impasse.

**GIBBS:** Are you going to keep playing this game with me, Boone?

Lestrade groaned. "I'd leave at that point. Watch him get fried."

The others nodded in agreement.

**KYLE:** I've never considered any of this a game, Jethro. You know that.

**GIBBS:** Whatever. I'm changing the rules.

**KYLE:** How so?

**GIBBS:** I've seen your world. Now you're going to spend what's left of your miserable life in mine.

"How?" Molly inquired.

"Taking him to NCIS HQ." Tony explained offhandedly. "Briggs was furious."

They shared a laugh.

**(SFX: BUZZER/DOOR SLIDES OPEN)**

**CUT TO: INT. NCIS GARAGE - NIGHT**

**TONY:** All right, listen up my little probationary field agents. You are about to witness the transfer of a maximum security prisoner to our humble facility. While he's here, he's our sole responsibility. (BEAT) Oh, I'm sorry. Am I boring you?

"You are taking that way too far." Sherlock raised an eyebrow.

"Well, sorry." the senior field agent grinned. "It's part of my charm."

"I know that much."

"Just checking."

**CASSIDY:** My god, does he ever stop?

"No," the NCIS team groaned in unison.

"Traitors." Tony pouted.

"You seem more fun to be around than some people." John glanced at Donovan.

He laughed. "Thanks, but that is not much of an achievement."

**MCGEE:** I'm just glad it's not me.
CASSIDY: It's ten o'clock. It doesn't make sense bringing Boone here now.

MCGEE: Gibbs is trying to put him on unfamiliar ground. Throw him off balance.

"But didn't that not work all those years ago?" Anderson inquired.

"Things change." Gibbs explained before snapping his jaw shut.

CASSIDY: Because that worked so well ten years ago? What's different now?

GIBBS: I am, Cassidy.

TONY: Stand tall! Wake up, Probies!

"If Sherlock is going to be your probie now," Tony stage-whispered to Anderson. "You're basically his God. You can tell him to do anything, and he'll have to do it."

"Tony," the consulting detective glared.

"What?" the senior field agent looked innocent. "I'm just giving useful advice to your new colleague. Probationary agents are very fragile, you know. It is the responsibility of the others to make sure they don't harm themselves." he solemnly said with what seemed to be a heavy heart.

Anderson grinned. "I can do that."

"You can not." Sherlock said in the exact same tone Anderson had moments before.

(SFX: GARAGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

(SFX: VAN DOORS OPEN)

KYLE: I knew I could count on you, Jethro. It's good to be home again. Yeah, good to be home.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: The guy's been impersonating a statue all night. According to the watch, he hasn't moved a muscle.

"Creepy..." Molly shivered. "Doesn't he twitch at all?"

"When they are trying to appear intimidating, they might not." Mary analyzed. "Perhaps he was trying to get something out of you?" she asked the NCIS team but received no answer.

CASSIDY: Yuck, he's creepy. When is Gibbs going to start his interrogation?

TONY: When he's ready.

CASSIDY: You might want to tell him to hurry. He's got less than forty-eight hours before Boone's scheduled to be executed.

"If you couldn't get him to confess for months, how are you going to do it in two days?" John asked incredulously.

TONY: I've got a better idea, Paula. Why don't you tell him?
"She's not suicidal." McGee said in a monotone voice.

Gibbs looked at him, giving him the 'Gibbs stare.'

"Sorry, boss. I didn't mean it like that."

"Sure, you didn't."

CASSIDY: (CHUCKLES) Because I'm not stupid.

TONY: No. Of all the things you are, stupid definitely isn't one of them.

"Is this really what you all talk about when I am not there?" Gibbs looked annoyed.

"Not all the time." Abby was the one to answer. "Sometimes, yeah, but sometimes I talk about Tony behind his back too!"

"Say what now?" the senior field agent turned to the forensic scientist.

"You heard me."

CASSIDY: Thank you. Okay, what's that supposed to mean?

TONY: Nothing! By the way, how's Bobert?

CASSIDY: Why, are you jealous?

"Never of a lawyer." Tony smirked.

TONY: Oh, of a lawyer? Give me a break.

CASSIDY: He's very rich.

TONY: Money isn't everything.

"No, Anthony, it certainly is not." Ducky agreed.

Mrs. Hudson nodded. "All these people nowadays, running around trying to get so much money that they don't stop and admire what they already have before them! It's ridiculous."

The medical examiner agreed.

CASSIDY: He's got season tickets to the Red Skins. Private sky box.

TONY: I'm happy for him.

CASSIDY: And I almost forgot... he drives a Ferrari. Red.

TONY: Like Magnum. Well, that's nice.

"Magnum?" Sherlock looked confused.

"Come on!" Tony let his jaw drop. "In all of your training done by me, we've never gone over Magnum?" he sounded affronted.

The consulting detective cocked his head to the side. "We might have, but I might have deleted it."
The senior field agent made a noise to describe how annoyed he was.

CASSIDY: Isn't it?


"Agent DiNozzo," Abby mocked his tone of voice.

"Yes?" Tony grinned.

CASSIDY: Well, you enjoy it as long as you can, Agent DiNozzo, because that's as close as you're going to get.

GIBBS: Cassidy? Check Boone's security detail.

CASSIDY: You got it.

TONY: I'll give her a hand with that.

GIBBS: Wait.

"I don't think Cassidy would need help with security detail." Mary commented.

"She was sloppy sometimes, remember?" Tony winced. He didn't like to talk about her like that.

(CASSIDY WALKS O.S.)

(GIBBS HITS TONY)

The agents all shared a laugh.

"Not good timing." John mentioned.

TONY: What was that for?

GIBBS: Letting her get to you.

TONY: Boss, I was not letting her get - I won't let it happen again. Thanks.

GIBBS: It's for Abby. Go find out how many victims she ID'd from Boone's scrapbook.

"If Boone was already getting the death penalty for 22 murders, what would you do in America if he was suddenly convicted of more?" Anderson asked, generally curious.

"The death penalty is as far up as we can technically go legally." Vance answered. "It would give the families closure, though."

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

MUSIC IN: INT. LAB - DAY

ABBY: There were twenty nine women in the scrapbook, McGee. And as far as I can tell, they're in the order that they were killed. Now, Boone has admitted to killing twenty two, which matches with the photos in the files at the FBI center.
"Seven more?" Molly shuddered at the thought. "Those poor families."

They nodded in agreement.

**MCGEE: Uh-huh.**

"You're not listening!" Sherlock accused.

"Sorry," McGee said half-heartedly.

**ABBY: Which would make you think that we'd be left with five Jane Does, but you'd be wrong. Because I know who the first victim was. You're not listening to a word I'm saying. I'm pregnant, McGee. Twins. Haven't told the father yet. It's Gibbs. I know it's wrong, but something about his silver hair just gets me all tingly inside.**

"Abigail!" Mycroft looked affronted. "To even suggest such a thing-"

"I know," she waved him off.

Gibbs looked slightly disturbed.

**TONY: Excuse me for a second. I think I'm going to vomit.**

"I hate to agree with you, but I think I am as well." Mycroft turned away from the screen.

"Now, now," Sherlock mocked his elder brother. "Doing that would prove that you do care about Abigail." he sat up straighter, like his brother usually did. "Love is a chemical defect found on the losing side, and caring is not an advantage."

"It isn't." the elder Holmes retorted. "But it isn't voluntary, either."

"He does care!" Abby shouted dramatically.

"I really don't think that is appropriate behavior, Abigail." Mycroft looked her up and down.

The others watched this as if it was a tennis match.

"Nice." John whispered under his breath to his best friend.

**ABBY: I'm joking, Tony. Except for the part about Gibbs' hair. That is really hot. McGee is ignoring me again.**

Gibbs looked even more disturbed.

"Gibbs! Gibbs! Gibbs! Your hair is fantastic! Hasn't anyone told you that?" Abby laughed.

He shook his head.

**TONY: Easily fixable.**

**(TONY HITS MCGEE)**

McGee winced. "I deserved that one."

"Are you saying you usually don't?" Tony looked surprised.
“Sometimes you just like hitting me!”

“....I'm not going to deny that....” the senior field agent concluded lamely.

**MCGEE:** What?! What'd I do?

**TONY:** Stop ignoring Abby. She's sensitive.

“Sensitive?” Sherlock raised an eyebrow. "I don't think so."

Abby grinned. "It depends on the situation," she corrected cheekily.

"Fine." he allowed that.

Mycroft groaned. Sensitivity was only a weakness that was holding her back from her full potential.

Meanwhile, John was looking them over. Why exactly did Mycroft consider emotions to be a weakness? Things like that are normally nurtured in and not there by nature. It was intriguing, and he also thought over why Sherlock acted the way he did for so long. Was it naturally, caused by not taking his medication? Or was it nurtured in as well? Did something bad happen?

**MCGEE:** I'm sorry. I was concentrating. I think that I know how we can find Boone's victims without Gibbs having to talk to him. There are distinctive geographical and man-made features in several of these pictures. There's a stream... and what may be a bridge. Up here... appears to be a power line.

**TONY:** Or some dirt on the picture.

"So, Gibbs doesn't have to talk to him anymore?" Lestrade inquired.

"Depends on if we found anything." McGee shrugged.

The Yarders sighed. The Americans weren't giving anyone straight answers.

**MCGEE:** If I can make a land plot, create scale by computing the distances between these points, then we can--

**TONY:** Okay, streams and power lines? It would take years searching just one county, McGee. Never mind a state.

"That's why there is something called technology." Sherlock described. "It can do things faster than the normal human can, and it has practically infinite knowledge."

Tony pouted.

"Normal human?" John smirked. "So, not including you, then?" he whispered to his best friend.

"Well, Internet Explorer can be quite slow." Sherlock’s lips twitched.

**MCGEE:** Yeah, for us, Tony. But not for a computer.

**ABBY:** Satellite imagery?

**MCGEE:** Exactly.
Sherlock and John applauded McGee.

**ABBY:** I should have thought of that.

**MCGEE:** I just need to figure out a way to calculate an accurate scale.

**ABBY:** Polaroid cameras have a fixed focal length.

"Why do you know that?" Anderson looked confused.

"I thought it might come in useful sometime....and it did. It wasn't like I deleted it or something." Abby pouted.

"I just did." Sherlock looked annoyed. "You can easily look that up on the Internet."

"So? I don't like relying on the Internet for everything." the forensic scientist argued.

**MCGEE:** That's a good start. Uh... I'm going to need one known measurement.

**ABBY:** Pick one body and I'll pull her stats.

**MCGEE:** Three known vectors should do it.

"What if it doesn't?" Molly inquired.

"Then, we just add more." McGee smiled genuinely.

**ABBY:** Or...

**TONY:** Okay. Okay. Enough with the geek-speak. Gibbs wants to know how many victims we've ID'd.

**ABBY:** All except for the last four of his scrapbook. We're running them against missing persons reports prior to Gibbs putting Boone behind bars. No matches yet. The one that stands out the most is the first victim. She disappeared in nineteen seventy four.

"You're running them against missing persons reports before Boone's arrest, and you're not finding anything." Sherlock looked at her.

"Yes, yes." Abby sighed. "This is why we needed Sherlock!"

The other Americans laughed.

Mycroft sighed. "You should have broadened your search initially. Never take anything for granted."

"Because you won't find them, right?" the consulting detective guessed. "At least not all of them."

"So that means there is another killer." Mycroft added. "Someone who has had enough access to Boone to know where his book is kept."

"Briggs didn't look all that interested in killing, but he has been in close contact with Boone. As the author of his biography, he would know all his secrets, but I think it is American policy to have someone monitoring meetings like that." Sherlock continued.

"In America, there would be only one meeting that isn't recorded or monitored." Mycroft smirked.
He always enjoyed making deductions with his brother.

"A meeting with a lawyer." Sherlock's eyes sparkled. For some weird reason, he was not imagining ripping Mycroft's throat out. It made John and some of the Yarders very relieved.

"O'Neill would be your guy." they concluded.

The Yarders jaws dropped. Sherlock had never deduced out loud like that before; it was quite impressive to see how the minds of the Holmes family worked.

"I told you it would have gone so much faster if they were there." Abby pouted.

"I must remind you that at the time we were at the funeral, most likely." Mycroft narrowed his eyes. "For Sherrinford." he clarified, once he got a couple of confused looks.

They were silent after that.

TONY: Are you sure about that, Abs? Boone was just a kid back then.

ABBY: I know, and it turns out his mother did not abandon him. She was his first kill.

The Yarders looked disturbed, but they didn't comment. It was a tense moment.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

(DOOR OPENS)

DUCKY: You don't have to do this again, you know.

"Who else would?" Gibbs questioned.

"I'm sure Jennifer would have assigned the case to another team if it were truly dire." Ducky responded calmly.

(DOOR CLOSES)

GIBBS: You're wrong, Duck. I do.

DUCKY: He's never going to tell you where those poor girls are.

GIBBS: I know that.

"Then, what's the point in even going? I thought you didn't want to talk to him at all originally." Mary sighed.

They were silent still.

DUCKY: Then why?

GIBBS: Because ten years ago I couldn't break him.

DUCKY: No, but you did what no one else could. You caught the son of a bitch.

"The best thing that could be done legally." Mrs. Hudson sighed.

"Sometimes, you have to do things illegally." Gibbs answered shortly.
GIBBS: I should have killed him.

DUCKY: And in two days that will be rectified. I'm telling you as a friend. It's time to let this one go.

GIBBS: Not yet, Ducky.

DUCKY: You already lost one relationship as a result of this case. She was a wonderful girl. And you neglected--

GIBBS: (LOUDLY) She left me, Duck! I didn't leave her!

DUCKY: No! You made it impossible for her to stay!

Gibbs and Ducky winced awkwardly while the rest of them just stared at the two. Both of them refused to comment on it.

(DOOR CLOSES)

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

CASSIDY: (INTO PHONE) Okay, send him up. Make sure he's escorted. I'll let Gibbs know.

TONY: Comfortable?

CASSIDY: Yeah, as a matter of fact.

"I already knew that." Tony pouted. "It is my desk, after all."

"And she was using it." McGee said in a monotone voice.

"She had her own desk!" the senior field agent whined.

"In a very inconvenient space."

TONY: It was a rhetorical question, lady.

CASSIDY: Wow. I never realized how sensitive you were about your desk.

"It's one of his most precious things." Abby solemnly put her hand over her heart. "That with his piano, his car-"

"They get it, I think." Tony sighed.

TONY: Ah, there's a lot about me you don't realize, Cassidy.

CASSIDY: Where's Gibbs?

TONY: Interrogation.

CASSIDY: Well Boone's lawyer is here. He claims he wasn't notified about his client being moved and he wants to talk to him.

"Don't let him!" Sherlock gaped.
"We didn't know it was him at the time..." Tony sighed. "We couldn't deny it to him, technically. But Gibbs works miracles sometimes."

"Why didn't you know it was him? It was fairly obvious." the consulting detective brooded.

"Because we didn't observe well enough. We get better as time goes on, obviously." he grinned. "But Abby didn't notice either. Hindsight, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," Sherlock agreed.

TONY: Oh, Gibbs doesn't like to be.... kept waiting. You'd better go... right in there and tell him yourself. I'll get the suit.

CUT TO: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KYLE: Finally. So where should we start this time, Jethro? My childhood?

"He might just be in there to stare at Boone intimidatingly." Abby stage-whispered.

GIBBS: I didn't bring you in here to talk, Boone.

KYLE: So you decided to let me see my photographs again?

GIBBS: I told you that's not going to happen.

KYLE: Interesting. May I ask why I'm here then?

"That is the question." Anderson sighed. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing." he deadpanned.

GIBBS: The State is hoping that I'll get the location of your victims.

KYLE: I believe that requires some form of communication.

GIBBS: I said the State. Me? I'm not even going to try.

The room laughed despite the tense air surrounding them.

KYLE: But you always try, Jethro. That's why I like you.

"It is weird how Kyle likes him." Mary sighed. "Almost like he wanted to torture and murder him as well."

The Americans stiffened at the thought.

"This case is in the past, Mrs. Watson." Vance assured. "It's not like he's about to rise from the dead."

GIBBS: I've taken you out of the system, Boone. You're going to sit here, alone, without any human contact until you fry. The game ends now.

KYLE: This room brings back so many memories, doesn't it?

CASSIDY: (V.O./FILTERED) Special Agent Gibbs, a word please?
KYLE: Sounds like you replaced your dead female. Any chance I can meet this one? Hmm? Well, I'll be here if you need me.

The room looked disgusted at the psychopath's insensitivity.

Donovan thought about how Sherlock was similarly insensitive. How could she prove to them that the Holmes were more trouble than they were worth? Because, even she would have to admit this, but there would have to be a lot of trouble.

(DOOR OPENS/CLOSES)

CUT TO: INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

(DOOR CLOSES)

GIBBS: What?!

CASSIDY: Boone's attorney is here. The DA's afraid if we deny him access to his client, he'll find a sympathetic judge and have cause to have the execution delayed.

"We can't have that." Lestrade leaned closer.

O'NEILL: (INTO PHONE) I got it. (TO GIBBS) Look, I need a private conversation with my client. Meaning, Agent Gibbs, I want your observation room cleared and all microphones turned off.

Sherlock and Mycroft looked to the room pointedly at the word "private."

"We had no real cause to suspect him! He was just being a lawyer." Tony complained. "And they suck anyway."

GIBBS: That's it, Counselor?

O'NEILL: For now, Agent.

GIBBS: Tony?

TONY: Yeah, hold on a second. (TO GUARD) Search him first...thoroughly.

"Very thoroughly." Sherlock muttered.

CUT TO: INT. LAB - DAY

(MUSIC PLAYS B.G.)

ABBY: Hmm... I'm impressed. It's actually working.

MCGEE: Thank you. Now all we have to do is scan through eight hundred thousand miles of satellite imagery, and pray we get lucky.

"You pray for luck often?" Lestrade raised an eyebrow.

"No, normally we rely on skills..." Tony said coolly.
"There is some luck involved." McGee argued.

"Like what, McLucky?"

"Dogs. Big. Attack Dogs." the agent made a face. "I'm never forgiving you."

**ABBY**: I am a scientist, McGee. Luck has nothing to do with it and or us.

**MCGEE**: Okay, then how do you explain something like Gibbs' gut?

**ABBY**: Well that's easy. Gibbs is lucky.

"True story." Tony confirmed.

John laughed. Abby seemed like a brilliant person. He wondered why Sherlock never mentioned her.

**MCGEE**: But you just said that...

**ABBY**: He's not a scientist.

"Valid point," Anderson grinned.

"Does that mean I'm lucky too?" Lestrade inquired.

"You'd have to be in order to get Sherlock to help you." the forensic scientist nodded.

Lestrade threw his hands up into the air in success.

**CUT TO: INT. CORRIDOR - DAY**

**O' NEILL**: Agent Gibbs, if anything happens to my client while he's here, I want you to know I am going to hold you personally responsible--

**GIBBS**: You have my word he will be in perfect health for his execution. (TO TONY) Escort Mister O'Neill out of my building, Special Agent Cassidy.

**O' NEILL**: You'll be hearing from me.

"From prison. Or death. Or...something.” the consulting detective waved his hand dismissively.

**CASSIDY**: Let's go.

**TONY**: You going back in there, Boss?

**(PHONE RINGS)**

**GIBBS**: Yeah, maybe. (INTO PHONE) Gibbs. (TO TONY) They think they may have found his dumping ground.

"That's good!" Molly smiled, and the room brightened.

**(SFX: ABBY'S VOICE FILTERED B.G.)**

**CUT TO: INT. ABBY'S LAB - DAY**
GIBBS: What am I looking at?

ABBY: Take it away, Mick-Gee! (BEAT) I mean, very Special Agent McGee.

"I'm the very special one!" Tony complained.

"Not true." McGee commented.

"Is too!"

"Not!"

"Too!"

"Not!"

"Your both very special." Abby grinned.

MCGEE: Probable site where the victims were tortured, killed, perhaps buried.

ABBY: You want to know how we did it?

GIBBS: Not really.

ABBY: Good, because it was mostly luck.

"I thought you said you didn't have luck? It wasn't a concept?" Donovan sneered.

"McGee does." she jabbed her finger at him while glaring at Donovan.

GIBBS: Where?

MCGEE: Wilderness area of Great Falls National Park.

GIBBS: Tony, you lead the team.

TONY: All right. Where are you going, Boss?

GIBBS: After ten years I've finally got something on Boone he doesn't already know about.

"But what if he's figured it out somehow? He's not stupid." Sherlock sighed.

"Then, we'll roll with the punches. But only as they come." Gibbs stated factually.

CUT TO: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KYLE: My lawyer was very upset. He wanted to move me back to prison. But don't worry. I told him I like it here.

GIBBS: Don't get too comfortable. You're going back today.

KYLE: Really? What's changed?

"And....he knows." the consulting detective groaned.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY
KYLE: You found something, didn't you?

"See? He knows you found something." Sherlock stated.

"Something. He didn't know exactly what." Abby responded gently.

CUT TO: EXT. CLEARING - DAY

MCGEE: The site where the photos were taken is two hundred and sixty five feet on a track of three hundred ten degrees. We need to get through here.

TONY: Okay. Remember what I told you about the poison ivy, all right? (WHISPERS) Don't tell Cassidy.

"Why wouldn't you tell her?" Anderson looked confused.

Tony laughed. "It was all in good fun," he sighed. "She was new in comparison to McExperience and I. We had too. We just had to."

CASSIDY: What?

TONY: Nothing. Follow me.

(SFX: TONY STUMBLES / SLIDES DOWN THE HILLSIDE)

"Smooth." Sherlock smirked.

"That was pure elegance. Skill." Tony explained.

TONY: I'm okay! I'm okay! This is steep. Watch yourselves. Well, if this is the place I can see why Boone picked it. Off the beaten path, no hard surfaces to reflect sound. Those girls could scream their heads off and no one would hear. Yeah, this is the perfect spot.

The occupants of the room winced.

(SFX: INTERCUT FLASHBACK TORTURE SCENES OF THE VICTIMS)

MCGEE: Guys, we're in the right place.

TONY: No reception. Spread out, tape it off. We'll hike back and call Gibbs.

"No reception just makes it a better location for Boone." Lestrade groaned. "Why are all locations like that lacking reception?"

"An inefficient system." came Mycroft's cool reply.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KYLE: Come on, Jethro! We both know you're in there.

(DOOR OPENS)

GIBBS: Hey.

ABBY: Hey.
GIBBS: What are you doing here?

ABBY: I wanted to see what the monster looks like. He doesn't look that scary.

"They never do." Ducky sagaciously pointed out.

"I know, but it is much easier imaging monsters in their place." Abby explained.

Tony looked confused. "Did you not watch Scooby Doo? The monster is always just a person in disguise. Clever way to teach kids, don't you think?"

The others nodded.

GIBBS: You saw the photographs?

ABBY: Yeah.

"They were horrible." Mrs. Hudson shuddered.

Ducky nodded grimly.

CUT TO: EXT. CLEARING - DAY

TONY: You did good, McGee. I'm proud of you.

"What? No insult?" Sherlock looked confused.

Tony looked frustrated. "I don't normally insult McGoo..."

The NCIS team just stared at him.

"What? I don't!" He defended valiantly.

"You just did." McGee face-palmed.

MCGEE: And?

TONY: And what?

MCGEE: Well usually you add some kind of insult at the end.

The Yarders smiled at the similarities between the two situations, one of which just occurred.

"I was personally expecting a 'McNerd' or 'McGeek' or at least 'McGoo.'" the consulting detective mumbled. "But, I suppose one cannot be right all the time."

At Sherlock's turned back, John made a triumphant pose, much to the amusement to the other occupants of the room.

Lestrade looked proud at his little consulting detective. His new probationary agent. He grinned; he was going to enjoy this for a long while.
Donovan, however, looked so confused. Why was he acting so strangely? He should be acting like a freak, dammit!

TONY: No, I don't! Well, okay, maybe sometimes. But the point is, we're a team...

CASSIDY: (V.O.) Oh, Tony!

(TONY AND MCGEE WALK TO CASSIDY IN THE CLEARING)

"What's gone wrong now?" Molly inquired. "There seem to be so many surprises in American cases..."

"Not all of them are that interesting, my dear." Ducky chuckled. "I believe that whoever brought us here wouldn't want to waste time showing the, as Sherlock would say, boring, dull, and not-worth-anyone's-time ones."

The Yarders chuckled at that statement.

"Oh, come on!" Sherlock complained. "This one isn't all that interesting either, yet it is still being shown!"

Mycro solemnly nodded, examining the end of his umbrella, which made everyone nervous. They now knew what was under there. "I concur. It was hardly worth a glance at. A complete waste of time."

"Well," Mrs. Hudson contemplated this for a second. "Perhaps it wasn't the intrigue of the case but the behavior of you guys," she gestured to the Americans. "Maybe it was put here to introduce Paula Cassidy."

Ducky beamed. "Brilliant analysis, Martha."

They continued flirting with each other, much to the amazement to the rest of the room. John was smiling broadly; it was always good to see Mrs. Hudson acting like a younger woman again. Especially after her old husband, the one Sherlock had ensured the death of.

TONY: Are you all right?

CASSIDY: I was... a little startled.

TONY: By what?

CASSIDY: Her.

"Another one?" Anderson's jaw dropped.

"My brother and I did prove that there was a copycat killer by the name of Adam O'Neill on the loose?" Mycroft looked particularly bored.

He nodded.

"So, did you believe us to be incorrect? Even when you heard our train of thought out loud, which, mind you, normally doesn't happen?"

"It was certainly far out." he agreed.
MCGEE: She couldn't have been dead more than a few days.

CASSIDY: Tony, you're not going to believe this.

TONY: Boone's mark.

Donovan looked annoyed. The Freaks just couldn't be right! They couldn't! She somehow had to prove that they were more trouble than they were worth, but that was becoming more and more difficult as time went on. The agents of both NCIS and Scotland Yard seemed to be siding with them over her! How could they? She had worked with them for how long? Inwardly, she smirked. Sometime soon some dirt will come up that they just can't ignore. They'll have to arrest them! What qualified for the death penalty in America? She wasn't entirely sure, but somehow, she would have to find out. Soon. Or else take it into her own hands.

Mycroft was the only one who noticed her outward expressions. Once in a while, she would glance at his darling younger brother with obvious malicious intent, and it was quite unnerving to an individual such as himself. He would have to keep an eye on her before things got out of hand, before she could do too much damage. It was obvious she was plotting something, something evil. He had vague suspicions about what it was, but he couldn't be sure without more evidence.

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC IN: EXT. CLEARING - DAY

CASSIDY: I - I can't get any reception out here.

TONY: That's not surprising. Butt-nowhere isn't part of our coverage plan.

CASSIDY: I'm going to head back to the truck and try and get the call through.

"If the corpse is fresh and they are attacking women, should she really go alone?" Molly voiced her thoughts.

"No," Tony winced. "She shouldn't have, but we weren't really thinking about the fact that the killer could be there at the time."

She nodded.

TONY: Okay, tell Gibbs we're going to need everything we have and everyone on this one.

Gibbs suddenly slapped Tony over the back of the head.

"Ow!" he gasped in surprise. "What was that for?" he whined playfully.

"Not taking proper precautions."

CASSIDY: I'll be back in twenty minutes.

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

(SFX: BOONE HUMS B.G.)

(PHONE RINGS)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Yeah, Gibbs.
CASSIDY: (INTO PHONE) Gibbs! We found Boone's dumping ground.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) Good work.

The agents nodded. It was a pretty spectacular method of getting there.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Tell Tony he needs to call...

CASSIDY: (V.O./FILTERED) We also found a fresh body.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Gibbs - Gibbs, can you hear me?

CASSIDY: (INTO PHONE) Female. Dead less than a week. She has Boone's mark on her back. I think we're definitely dealing with a copycat killer.

"Finally," Sherlock groaned. "Someone gets it."

Mycroft nodded. "I'm surprised you didn't get it, Abigail."

"I didn't want to come forward with a claim unless I had concrete evidence." she shrugged.

Vance looked at the forensic scientist. "Please share your thoughts on cases in the future; I believe your opinion to by invaluable."

(SFX: STATIC B.G.)

CASSIDY: (INTO PHONE) Gibbs?

CASSIDY: (V.O./FILTERED) Gibbs - Gibbs, can you hear me?

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Yeah, I heard you. I want the area sealed off. I'm on my way.

"I feel like this moment will come to a close soon." Mary said mysteriously to John.

He laughed out loud, attracting the attention of the other occupants of the room.

(TONY: No, nothing has been since Boone showed up at NCIS.)
MCGEE: No. No, I know this girl.

TONY: You know her?! How?

MCGEE: You knew her too. She was the last entry in Boone's scrapbook. One of the Jane Does.

TONY: He's been on death row for ten years, McGee. She's been here less than a week. That's not possible. (BEAT) It can't be!

"It can't be!" Sherlock mocked his tone of voice.

"Shirley...." Tony narrowed his eyes playfully. "Watch it."

CUT TO: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

(DOOR OPENS)


GIBBS: I've got to hand it to you, Boone. I did my best, but you got me to play your game. Congratulations.

KYLE: You found the bodies. Good. Not what you were expecting, was it? You see, there's someone else out there, now. A new threat. And I'm the only one who can help you find him. You'll have to request a stay of my execution.

"So, he was plotting a stay of execution all along!" Lestrade realized.

Ducky agreed. "Most people do not wish to die; those who do, however, need all the help they can get." his eyes flicked around the room.

GIBBS: I'm gonna have to pass on that. No matter how this plays out, you're going to sit in that chair Saturday.

"Just ask Abby." Sherlock found a random book and hit his head on it repeatedly.

"Stop that." John quickly relieved his best friend of the offending object.

KYLE: You can't have changed this much. You have a sworn duty.

GIBBS: Maybe ten years ago. Now... hell, I can wait until Sunday to start an investigation.

Mycroft laughed. "I do appreciate your method of doing things, Agent Gibbs."

Gibbs nodded in acknowledgement.

Abby groaned. "I think you meant 'style,' Mike. You like his style."

"I do not see any reason to diminish the Queen's language in such an unsavory fashion." the elder Holmes brother made a face. "And please refer to me by my given name. Shortened ones are rather unfitting, don't you think?"
Sherlock rolled his eyes. "Because God forbid anything was smaller."

Mycroft smile became sour. "If you are referring to-

"I would never do such a thing!" he defended, high-fiving John behind his back. "I know how much it offends you."

"And that's why you do it."

KYLE: You're bluffing.

GIBBS: You're dead in thirty six hours.

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

KYLE: Yeah, well I'll be here when you change your mind!

"Which will be never." Tony examined his nails as if he were a teenager not interested in the conversation.

CUT TO: EXT. CLEARING - DAY

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/MAN KNOCKS CASSIDY IN THE HEAD WITH THE SHOVEL)

The Yarders and the NCIS agents winced.

"That must have hurt." Anderson was sympathetic.

(CASSIDY FALLS TO THE GROUND)

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/CASSIDY LIES IN THE CAR TRUNK)

"She should punch out the rear light and wave her hand around until someone notices." Abby mentioned.

"It's not like there are a lot of people to notice, Abby. And O'Neill might have punished her in different ways for her actions," McGee winced.

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

TONY: Cassidy! Cassidy! Great! She's lost! Why didn't you give her your GPS thingy, Probie?

MCGEE: She's not lost.

"Good observation." Abby commented.

TONY: What's going on?

MCGEE: She's been kidnapped.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY
GIBBS: McGee, where is my list of every visitor and phone call Boone's had since being in prison?

"And we're finally on the right track." Sherlock sighed.

"Not everyone can have as good a brain as you do." Tony wiggled his finger. "We were doing the best we could at the time."

"That is painfully obvious."

MCGEE: I'm working it, Boss.

GIBBS: Tony? Tony! Back up teams in place?

TONY: Yeah. I never should have let her take off like that alone, Boss.

"No, you shouldn't have." Gibbs glanced at his hand, and Tony was preparing for a smack.

ABBY: The Polaroid of Cassidy is clean. There's no prints, no DNA. I'm sorry, Gibbs. I screwed this whole thing up.

TONY: You screwed it up?

ABBY: We should have known there was more than one killer. I only ran the Jane Does up until the time Boone was captured. All four have gone missing the last three years.

"And that is where you could have gotten the concrete evidence you desired, Abigail." Mycroft commented.

"I did say I screwed up, didn't I?" Abby pouted.

"That, you did."

GIBBS: Concentrate on Boone's contacts over the past three years.

MCGEE: Yeah.

ABBY: We can't lose another agent. I can't take this.

MCGEE: Okay, our best bet is a guy named John Frederick Briggs. In the last three years he's logged two hundred and twenty nine phone calls and visited Boone ninety six times.

"His meetings with Boone would by monitored to make sure things like that weren't happening." Mycroft swiped something away, similar to what Sherlock did while he was in his mind palace.

GIBBS: He's writing Boone's biography.

TONY: He's living it.

MCGEE: He's off to a good start. Dishonorable Discharge from the Army in ninety one. Arrested for Domestic Disturbance in two thousand for beating his girlfriend.

"Not a good chap, but apparently not the right guy." John winced.
GIBBS: Find him!

MCGEE: Home address and cell phone number.

TONY: Find out if his cell has a GPS locator so...

MCGEE: I checked the carrier. It does and it can be remotely activated by the company if it's reported stolen.

GIBBS AND TONY: (IN UNISON) Good job, McGee!

"There was no insult!" Tony mock-gasped. "See? I don't insult you all the time!"

"Just a large portion of it." he deadpanned in response.

"True that."

GIBBS: Let's roll!

MUSICAL BRIDGE TO: INT. CAR - MOVING

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/TONY AND GIBBS FOLLOWING CAR)

(SFX: CAR TIRES SCREECH)

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Okay, Brigg's cell provider is....

(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) ... relaying us his location. He's in movement.

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) He's headed out of D.C. on the One Ninety One.

"You are somehow still going in the wrong direction." Mycroft sighed.

"We had a suspect; we did our job and followed said suspect." Gibbs deadpanned.

(INTERCUT CAR CHASE SCENES)

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) He's getting off the One Ninety at Oakley. If you get off at MacArthur...

(SCENE CUT)

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) ... You might make it before him.

"What are you going to do when you do find him?" Molly inquired.

"He's going to do his job." McGee explained after he figured out that his boss wasn't going to answer the question.

(INTERCUT CHASE SCENES)
GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) How far ahead is he?

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Less than a mile.

"Did you ever suspect O'Neill at all?" Mary inquired. "Since he was there..."

"We messed up a lot in this investigation." Tony winced. "It was one of the hardest ones, and we didn't have Kate or Sherlock. We did have Paula, but it's not the same, you know? I will admit this on the behalf of NCIS; we were distracted."

"I, for one, think that Agent Gibbs was too close to this case." Vance pursed his lips. "That is one of your rules, is it not?"

"Rule 10." Gibbs gritted his teeth. "But it was my case. Rule 38."

"Which one outweighs the other?" the director inquired. "If a situation called for breaking either one, which one would you break?"

"Depends on the situation."

(END TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

CUT TO: INT. CAR - MOVING

TONY: That's got to be him.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/CAR BRAKES TO A STOP)

GIBBS: Keep your hands on the wheel! Keep them up!

BRIGGS: Okay, what the hell is going on here?! .

Lestrade winced. It was kind of obvious that he had no clue what was going on.

GIBBS: Where is she, Briggs?

BRIGGS: Okay. Okay, I have every right to be here! I heard from a guard you found the bodies. I want to see them.

Then, he took back his wince. This guy was sick.

"He wouldn't be allowed to, right?" Jimmy inquired.

"That is correct, dear lad. It was technically an ongoing investigation." Ducky smiled.

GIBBS: Shut up.

(SFX: TRUNK OPENS)

CUT TO: EXT. CAR - DAY

O'NEILL: Hello.

Mycroft and Sherlock looked victorious.
Donovan glared at both of them. This was only putting them in everyone's good book, but they should go down! Taken off their pedestal. Thrown to the dogs. Abandoned in Siberia.

John looked to the former sergeant. She was acting more and more...violent and desperate in her attempts to take his best friend down. So far Sherlock didn't seem to notice it much, but he did. And he would make sure nothing happened to the consulting detective.

CUT TO: INT. BARN - DAY

(O'NEILL DRAGS CASSIDY ACROSS THE FLOOR)

CASSIDY: What did you do to me?

O'NEILL: I hit you in the head with a shovel, my dear.

"The 'my dear' part is creepy." Abby shivered.

CASSIDY: Did you kill that woman we found?

O'NEILL: I did.

"If only Cassidy had a recording device on." Mary sighed.

CASSIDY: How many more are there, O'Neill?

O'NEILL: Let's see, there is uh...there's one, there's two, three, four. You will make five.

CASSIDY: How did Boone turn his lawyer into his replacement?

"O'Neil wanted him." Sherlock mumbled under his breath.

John glanced at Donovan. At Sherlock's quiet response, she had glared daggers into his skull. If looks could kill, he would be dead.

O'NEILL: You really think I'm Boone's lawyer by coincidence? (SHOUTS) Come on! See, I... I sought Boone out.

John chuckled at Sherlock's satisfied expression.

CASSIDY: Why?

O'NEILL: So I could learn from him. Learn from the best. And you... you're my graduation present.

"Who do you think is farther off the deep end?" Anderson inquired. "O'Neill or Boone?"

"I don't actually know." Tony stroked his chin in thought.

"I hardly think it matters." Gibbs ended the conversation. He wanted this episode done with; I thought he had left Kyle Boone far in the past.

(SFX: O'NEILL STRIKES CASSIDY)

O'NEILL: You know, you can scream if you want to. It's allowed. Oh! Kyle says he wants Agent Gibbs to remember him for a long, long time after he's gone. So you and me... we're
going to take this nice and slow.

(F/X: O'NEILL HITS CASSIDY)

O'NEILL: Oh... oh... a fighter, huh? I haven't had one of those before.

"Cassidy was tough." Tony commented.

CASSIDY: Try that thing again with that knife--!

CUT TO: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: You wanted to see your scrap book? Where is my agent?

CUT TO: INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KYLE: Stop it. Stop it!

"Does he really care that much about it?" Lestrade looked disturbed.

"If you haven't noticed, he wasn't all right in the head." Tony sighed.

CUT TO: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KYLE: Look, you don't know what... you don't know what you're doing. Jethro! Don't! I don't know where she is. How can I? Gibbs, please. Just let me see them one last time. Please! (CRYING) I'm begging you!

GIBBS: Where... is she?

KYLE: (LAUGHING) We all know you can't destroy evidence. Pathetic, Jethro. Did you really think that I need that to see them? When they're all up here, anytime I want? Your agent is going to suffer. The obscenities unleashed on her, legendary. And you know why? Because you're the one that stopped me. This is all your fault!

Abby growled at the insult.

Ducky glanced at his friend, but Gibbs didn't regret it at all. He'd probably kill Boone himself if he ever came back.

(F/X: GIBBS THROWS KYLE UP AGAINST THE WALL)

KYLE: He's cutting her tongue out of her mouth right now. And you know the best part? After I'm gone, the bodies are just going to continue to pile up. I beat you!

"So, he wanted to ensure his legacy lived on after death?" Anderson contemplated. "Kind of like Poe..."

Mycroft looked stunned. "That is...a comparison. Poe was interested in having a legacy, and it is believed he wrote a code called the Beale Cipher under the alias of Thomas Beale to be published after his death...it took ages to decipher it. Only I don't believe Poe was interested in cutting women's tongues out and piling bodies up."

Anderson took the compliment he could get.
(SFX: GUN CLICKS)

KYLE: You're supposed to shoot me, you idiot!

"So, Boone wants to be murdered? What sort of a plan is that to get a stay of execution?" Donovan sneered.

"I think we already clarified that he was more interested in ruining Gibbs's life and ensuring he has a legacy." Sherlock corrected.

Donovan looked ready to kill.

GIBBS: That the big plan you spent ten years working on? Get me to murder you and ruin my own life? Wow.

KYLE: He's carving your name in her back right now.

GIBBS: Game's over. (V.O.) Back to death row!

"The electric chair was more painful than any gunshot anyway." Gibbs sighed. "Plus, I can imagine the agony of waiting for it, knowing he failed."

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

KYLE: Gibbs!

CUT TO: INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

KYLE: The Governor call yet? Because they're not going to kill me now. I'm the only one who can identify the killer. Do you think she screamed when he cut out her tongue, Jethro?

"Nope." Tony popped the 'p.' "Cause it never happened."

GIBBS: I don't know. Why don't you ask her yourself?

CASSIDY: I'm afraid your lawyer is going to miss your execution tomorrow.

"I'm surprised whoever made this didn't show her escape." Mary commented.

"Perhaps there wasn't enough time?" John offered.

Mary only hummed.

TONY: He's kind of dead.

GIBBS: Enjoy hell.

KYLE: (SCREAMS) No! No! No!

(FADE OUT)

(ENDING CREDITS UP AND OUT)

(ENDING CREDITS AND OUT)
The agents looked satisfied.

"I wonder what is going to come on next." Molly thought this over.

"Shirley Temple's going to be back, that's for sure." Tony grinned.

The Yarders glanced at each other. They enjoyed watching Sherlock act like an innocent almost-child. Part of that naïve charm seemed to be returning.

It was refreshing, really.

Sherlock groaned at the realization that he will be on.

"Don't like seeing yourself on screen" Abby laughed.

"Not particularly fond of it, no." he agreed.

"Oh, well." she turned to the screen as it came back on.
FADE IN: INT. ANTHROPOLOGY LAB - DAY

BURNS: (ON CAMERA) Welcome to the Smithsonian Anthropology Lab. I'm Doctor Elaine Burns and you're watching the Recovery Channel. (V.O.) Tonight we'll be opening a time capsule from the Civil War. Lights, please. This iron casket represents one of America's first uses of rubber in an industrial process, sealing in the dead from the ravages of weather and time. Now what makes this one particularly special is that all of its seals were found to be fully intact. Gentlemen, what we're hoping to find inside are some of the best preserved remains from the Civil War era. This is unbelievable. This type of preservation is unheard of in a hundred and forty year old body.

A couple of the NCIS agents groaned.

"Are you going to do this every time?" John asked, exasperated. "Just groan and leave us all in the dark?" he laughed.

"Yup!" Abby smiled.

"They do that." Sherlock answered. "Although, I can't say I find this memory particularly positive..."

Tony raised his voice. "It is when you officially became part of the team!" he cheered.

"I like to believe that I officially entered the team when I became a probationary agent. Here, I was just a liaison officer, so no, I was not technically part of the team yet." the consulting detective argued.

"Well...then, it is when you actively started working with us!" the senior field agent corrected.

"Perhaps, but I can't say the memories are too fond." Sherlock sighed.

"Why not?" Mary looked concerned.

Abby answered for her cousin. "It was my fault. At the time, I was off my medication for a short
while. You see, they had run out of mine, and I had to get them transported from London. Quite frustrating, really. I said things I shouldn't have said. I did things I shouldn't have done."

Vance raised an eyebrow along with the rest of the NCIS team. They had not known about this.

"What did you do?" McGee inquired nervously.

"I made 'Lock here come with me to the training room, and we basically fought. I believe I was fighting to kill, but Sherlock beat me. I don't know what I would have done." she admitted frankly.

The rest of the room looked horrified, and Donovan notably decided to make a mental note.

"This medication thing..." John started to say. "It really causes a lot of problems, yeah? It seems like at least one of you are always on the verge of killing someone due to going off of it."

Mycroft nodded. "It is a flaw in our family. You see, in the 19th century, our ancestors' genes were altered in so many ways, and we don't know all of them. Therefore, sometimes we can only hypothesize as to reasons why we do certain things." he started.

Abby picked up. "It is a currently common belief that they tried to change it to make us not require things like food or sleep, but they failed to do so. We believe that they took away the desire to do so but not the want."

"It explains why especially my dearest brother here usually refrains from doing necessary things. He does not feel like he has to or that he needs to, but it will have drastic effects on his body if he ignores it. Just like any other human." the elder Holmes brother explained.

"Thanks for using me in an example." Sherlock sarcastically grumbled.

The rest of the room nodded in understanding.

"So, that would include your medication." John finally got it. "You don't feel like you need it, but you do."

Abby, Sherlock, and Mycroft all nodded.

Donovan, meanwhile, was plotting something. Scheming, actually. Now that she knew one of the Holmes family's weaknesses, she could certainly try to...expose it, right? Perhaps if she were to somehow cut off all their supply of their medication. That would show the world what true monsters they were. What freaks.

(SFX: CASKET OPENS)

CAMERAMAN: Joe. We have a problem.

DIRECTOR: (V.O.) Doctor Burns?

BURNS: Yes?

DIRECTOR: I don't think they carried those in the Civil War.

"What a sound analysis. You, sir, you have a future in the world of observation." Sherlock rolled his eyes.

"Damn," Lestrade looked awed. "I knew that you sometimes were like this when you were actually
talking, but....damn."

John laughed, having known that his best friend could be like this for a very long time. It was comforting to see that he was doing it in public now. He was finally showing his true self to the world.

(FADE OUT)

(THEME MUSIC UP OVER OPENING TITLE/SCENES / CREDITS AND OUT)

MUSIC IN: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY "SILVER WAR"

(SFX: ELECTRIC RAZOR B.G.)

TONY: I friggin' hate Mondays. Friggin' Fat Al's All-you-can-eat Burrito Shack. More like Fat Al's bacteria shack. Come on. I shouldn't have come into work today. Gibbs sees me like this...

"Why are you wearing that?" Donovan looked horrified. That was so unprofessional.

"Did you not hear my rant?" Tony raised an eyebrow.

Sherlock laughed along with him. "Let's be completely honest for a second, Tony. You see, someone who reacts to a situation like that when you obviously already explained must be either stupid or deaf, and well, since she did hear it..." he looked to her is a type of sarcastic sympathy.

"Did you just call me stupid?" she looked outraged.

"Oh, look, she did it again." the consulting detective directed his question at everyone else in the room.

SHERLOCK: He'll probably be as horrified as I am, Agent DiNozzo. You working undercover as a hobo?

TONY: You mind telling me what you're doing here... again?

"I still can't believe she didn't tell me." Gibbs cursed under his breath.

SHERLOCK: Um... waiting.

TONY: For what?

SHERLOCK: To start work. Does everyone always come in this late?

TONY: It's zero seven hundred.

SHERLOCK: At Europol we start at zero five hundred.

"Why the hell would you start at such an ungodly hour?" Anderson groaned at the thought.

"To maximize the amount of work that can be done in one day." Mycroft answered immediately and in a tone that suggests that he had said this many times before. "The quicker we can get things done, the quicker cases solve themselves. The quicker cases solve themselves, the quicker criminals get put behind bars or...otherwise disposed of. The quicker they get disposed of, the quicker we can move on to another case."
"But wouldn't work ethic be better if your agents had enough sleep?" he offered.

Mycroft raised his eyebrow. "We have been discussed that my family generally don't sleep very much even if they are given time to do so."

"Oh, right." he blushed.

TONY: Okay, let me rephrase the original question. What the hell are you doing here, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: I see. Gibbs didn't tell you?

"She didn't tell Gibbs." Gibbs referred to himself in the third person.

TONY: Tell me what?

SHERLOCK: Europol's assigned me to NCIS as a liaison officer. We're going to be working together.

TONY: Does Gibbs knows about this?

"No," Gibbs continued, this time scowling.

Sherlock rolled his eyes. "How was I to know that Jenny would not inform you?"

"You figure things out frequently." he raised an eyebrow.

The consulting detective laughed. "That is true, but you were a mystery to me, Gibbs. I knew substantially less about you than anyone else."

The Yarders gaped at Gibbs.

"How?" Lestrade inquired. He didn't know it was possible for anyone to escape Sherlock's keen eyes.

"He knows a lot about more now." Gibbs looked away. "Originally, he knew that I like wood-working and had been married many different times. He knew that I had a daughter, and he knew that I was a former Marine. He also knew that I had done something that wasn't really legal, but he didn't know what." he was referring to the Hernandez case here.

"I knew that you had been in the Middle East and Central America." Sherlock pouted like a petulant child.

"That still is a large amount of information but still impressive." the Detective Inspector nodded in acknowledgement.

SHERLOCK: Do you think I'd be here if he didn't? (CHUCKLES) You might want to do something about your hair. It's sticking up like a pork-u-swine. Wrong word. Like a pork-u-pig? The little animal with the little spikies, yes?

The Yarders and the NCIS team burst out laughing.

"Did you really not know the word 'porcupine'" John asked his best friend.

"I didn't find any knowledge of such animals important or relevant." Sherlock blushed slightly.
The blogger rolled his eyes. "Then, why did you use the word?"

"Because it was relevant then!" he gestured towards the screen.

Donovan raised an eyebrow. For someone who can figure things out freakishly well, he was certainly lacking in certain topics. Topics that the normal person would find simple, easy. She supposed that that just made him even more of a freak, and it gave her more things to use against him. Perhaps she could get by through writing her version of the events happening on screen, but the others would easily figure out what she was talking about. Maybe a pseudonym?

She nearly laughed. Like a pseudonym would stop one of the freaks from figuring it out. She sighed, deciding that she might have to simply get rid of them somehow.

**MCGEE:** Porcupine.

**SHERLOCK:** Porcupine! Thank you, Special Agent McGee. Hold that.

**MCGEE:** Sure.

**SHERLOCK:** Hmm. Anyone have a key for this?

**MCGEE:** That's Kate's desk.

**SHERLOCK:** Okay, but if I'm going to be a part of your team I would love to...

**MCGEE:** Whoa! You're part of our team?

"We've already gone over this, McLate." Tony lectured.

"Well, it isn't like I was there for that!" McGee argued with the senior field agent.

**SHERLOCK:** Yes.

**MCGEE:** Did Gibbs tell you about this?

**TONY:** Nope.

**SHERLOCK:** Here are my orders. Signed by Director Shepard.

**MCGEE:** You think Gibbs knows?

**SHERLOCK:** I hope so. All my personal possessions are currently being shipped from London to Washington.

**TONY:** I'd hold off on unpacking the waffle iron until you talk to him, Shirley Temple.

"Like Gibbs would stop him," Mycroft smirked.

"I would like to think that if I wanted to, I could." Gibbs shot back.

The elder Holmes brother glanced at him. "You would be going against the will of your superior, which is risky enough, but you would also be going against the entirety of Europol, including my brother. That would just be suicidal."

"Perhaps." he shrugged. "Doesn't mean I wouldn't be able to."
"He probably would," Sherlock agreed.

Mycroft looked amazed. "You're agreeing with him?"

"Of course. If he truly didn't want me there, I would have left. It would be better to work with people who actually want me there than people who want me gone. If I weren't wanted there, I would go to a place where I could be more useful. It would be more efficient, wouldn't it?" the consulting detective grinned at finally one-upping his brother.

This, of course, caused a certain John Watson to roll his eyes.

"And where exactly would you have gone, brother mine?" he argued.

"Back to Europol, most likely." Sherlock responded immediately.

"At Europol, you were obviously distracted by the fate of our brother, so the work you were doing there was not as good as it normally was. It would be more efficient for you to go elsewhere."

Mycroft was the one-upper now.

"Then, I would have gone elsewhere." the consulting detective shrugged. "I know that Gibbs would have preferred me to go to CIA. I could have gone there. It is simple, really. Although," he grinned with mirth. "I do not see how it is efficient to argue about this now."

"William Sherlock Scott Holmes!" Mycroft looked incredibly frustrated.

"Yes?" he looked innocent.

"You are a petulant child. A complete and utter child." the 'government' seemed to have given up.

Sherlock smirked, appearing to have succeeded his goal. Meanwhile, it looked to many that Abby was dying, but it was discovered that she was just laughing her heart out.

"That was brilliant." Abby grinned. "Do it more often, please."

SHERLOCK: When's he come in?

TONY: Now.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

SHERLOCK: Special Agent Gibbs.

GIBBS: Sherlock.

(INTERCUT FLASHBACK SCENES OF SHERRIFORD)

The Holmes family flinched a the sudden rush of memories of their brother.

"Was that really necessary?" John growled, noticing the distress it put his bestie in.

"Apparently," Lestrade raised an eyebrow.

"It must have been important if it was included. There are a lot of stuff to get through, so why would this be in it otherwise?" Abby suggested.

GIBBS: What are you doing here?
SHERLOCK: Looking forward to being a member of your team.

(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

SHERLOCK: I stand corrected. It appears he didn't know... I feel very much like a donkey's butt.

"A what?" Anderson laughed a bit.

"You heard me." Sherlock rolled his eyes.

Tony interjected, "He meant a 'horse's ass,'"

The Yarders raised their eyebrows. Sherlock never seemed to struggle so much with certain words and phrases when they were around him. Then again, most of the time he was either silent, insulting someone, or rattling off deductions.

John, however, had seen a few of his mistakes and took this all in stride.

"It's called English." Donovan snarled. "I suggest you learn it."

Sherlock rolled his eyes. "I assure you that I am adept enough at the English language, but forgive me if I get confused with a lot of different languages once in a while. Some phrases do not translate exactly."

Abby, who was glaring at Donovan, stood up. "This is why I said earlier that we need to teach Shirley and Mike here some idioms, proverbs, and words."

MCGEE: A donkey's butt?

TONY: I think he meant horse's ass, McGee.

SHERLOCK: Yes. That, too.

"Both were accurate." the consulting detective insisted.

"Whatever you say, Shirley Temple." Tony laughed a bit.

CUT TO: INT. MTAC ROOM - DAY

SHEPARD: Something I can help you with this morning, Special Agent Gibbs?

GIBBS: Yeah. I've got a personnel issue. You know anything about that?

SHEPARD: I take it Sherlock arrived a few days early? Right. Before we get into this, I'm going to need a refill.

(GIBBS POURS COFFEE INTO SHEPARD'S CUP)

"That isn't sanitary at all!" Donovan groaned, disgusted at his lack of cleanliness.

"Forgive him if he was more concerned about his personnel." McGee responded. "Lestrade showed a similar concern when he fired you, yes?"

Donovan opened and closed her mouth like a goldfish as the others in the room started to laugh.
SHEPARD: That was sweet... not necessarily sanitary.

GIBBS: What is he doing here, Jen?

SHEPARD: If we're going to fight a global war on terror, we need to work closely with our allies.

"Yes." Mycroft agreed. "Alliances can be easily destroyed if we fight separated."

"Is that a threat, Director Holmes?" Vance raised an eyebrow.

"I don't know. Is it, Director Vance?" the eldest Holmes brother blinked innocently. "Take it how you want."

The Yarders and the NCIS team looked at each other nervously. Mycroft had just taken his medication, but it didn't seem to be doing much to prevent World War III.

GIBBS: Well that sounds good. Put him on somebody else's team.

SHEPARD: I want him with you, Jethro.

GIBBS: Europol trained him to spy and kill, not to investigate crime scenes. Send him to CIA.

"They're fighting over you, Shirley!" Tony squealed, mocking a stereotypical teenager.

Gibbs slammed him up the back of the head.

"Thanks, boss. I've been wondering why you haven't done that for a little while..." the senior field agent winced.

Donovan glanced at the Holmes. "Trained to spy and kill, eh? How much of that was done legally?"

The Yarders and the NCIS team stiffened.

"As you are no longer part of Scotland Yard, Miss Donovan," Lestrade emphasized the 'Miss' part. "I don't think that is any of your concern."

"I'm just concerned about my safety, Detective Inspector." Donovan scowled. "That is well within my rights. How can I be so sure he isn't continuing with his activities?"

Sherlock stiffened slightly, knowing all to well the answer to her concerns. If he had truly stopped his activities, he wouldn't be in so much pain right now. He adjusted his sitting position slightly, but this sent ripples of pain all throughout his body.

He had to bite back a hiss. It had been hard hiding from the others how much his injuries hurt, and he suspected he aggravated a couple of them when Abby and he went to stop Mycroft from killing Donovan. He gasped lowly, only loud enough for John to hear, in pain.

John's attention was brought back to his best friend from one of the people he hates most in his life. "You okay, Sherlock?"

"Brilliant." the consulting detective rolled his eyes. "Fantastic." he let the sarcasm run free.

The doctor raised an eyebrow. "Want to tell me the truth?"

Sherlock grimaced. "Not really, no."
John sighed, knowing that his best friend was a very private person. "If you don't tell me, I can't help you."

They had been whispering this, and so far, no one else had caught on to their private conversation.

"What if I don't want help?" Sherlock insisted that he was fine.

"Well, let me make a deduction." the blogger went into the consulting detective's territory."

"....Very well."

"You may not want it, but you need it." John stated.

Sherlock glanced at his friend. "Brutal yet accurate."

The doctor nodded, knowing that this was the only confession that he was going to get out of his best friend. "You want to go to somewhere private for it?"

Sherlock looked around the room. Donovan and the rest of them were still arguing over whether or not he could be trusted, so he decided that they might not notice if he and John were to leave for a short while. Turning back to his friend, he nodded.

"Okay," John stood up, guiding him out of the room.

Upon entering a room that is more private, John turned to Sherlock. "What happened?"

"I believe I may have aggravated something when Abby and I were trying to get Mycroft under control." Sherlock admitted.

The blogger nodded, immediately going into doctor mode. "Okay....then, you'll need to take your top off. Unless it is further down?"

"The top would be just fine, I believe." the consulting detective slowly started to unbutton his shirt, pausing once in a while to wince in pain as his best friend found some medical supplies.

As John turned, he grimaced at how Sherlock's back looked. It was still really bad, and a couple of his stitches had come undone. "This is why I wanted you to relax for a while."

"I had survived until now with no medical attention." the consulting detective argued. "I pulled you from the fire and shot Magnussen in a condition that was arguably worse."

"Which you shouldn't have." John gently responded as he brought out all the necessary medical supplies. "Just take it easy, for now, yeah?"

"Honestly, John, it is just transport." Sherlock scowled.

The doctor frowned. "You need that 'transport' to do cases and such. If you think I will let you do cases while you are like this..."

"I highly doubt that you would be able to stop me." the consulting detective glanced at his friend.

"No," he agreed. "But Greg and Mycroft could."

"....Who and Mycroft?"

"Lestrade!"
Sherlock pouted. "Fine."

John finished mending his best friend in silence, and the two went back into the room soon after.

"Dear boy," Ducky looked concerned. "Where did you two go off to?"

Sherlock gestured to John.

"I had to mend him some more." he groaned.

"Dear Lord," Ducky placed his hand over his heart as the rest of the room turned to look at the two. "What happened?"

"A couple of stitches came out when Abby and Sherlock was helping Mycroft with his thing," the blogger waved off. "It's okay now."

"Sherlock." Lestrade looked grave. "I need you to always be healthy, so you need to reach out either Dr. Mallard or John when you don't feel that great, okay?"

John shot Sherlock a glance, and Sherlock immediately understood what he had to say. "All right...."

SHEPARD: Just to be clear, this is not a request or a debate, Agent Gibbs.

GIBBS: Mmm. Anything else you want to change about my team while I'm here?

SHEPARD: Look, if anything, you're lucky to have him. He's one of the finest agents I ever worked with in Europe.

Donovan didn't look convinced. The Freak? One of the finest agents? It had to be a load of bull.

GIBBS: Why didn't you ask me first, Jen?

SHEPARD: And what would you have said? (BEAT) Exactly. Number eighteen, it's better to seek forgiveness than ask permission.

"Using your own words against you?" Sherlock grinned. "Now, I understand why I didn't get sent back to Mycroft."

GIBBS: Oh, that's real nice. Using the rules I taught you against me. Nice touch.

SHEPARD: I learned from the best, Jethro. I want Sherlock to as well.

"My brother had already learned from many of the best." Mycroft said stiffly.

Abby glanced at her cousin. "In certain fields, yes, but Gibbs is the best in the field Sherlock was in at that time."

Mycroft looked to Gibbs. It was apparent to the rest of the room that he didn't feel very comfortable trusting the rest of the room to be close to him, especially with Donovan still there.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: You want something to read?

SHERLOCK: What do you have?
TONY: G.S.M. It's a men's magazine. Most women find it objectifies them.

"Why are you speaking to Sherlock like he is a woman?" Mary inquired.

"Was I?" Tony thought this over a bit. "I didn't notice."

Abby started to tease him. "To distracted by my cousin?"

SHERLOCK: I read it on the plane. I especially like the article on page fifty-seven. In my experience, it works every time.

TONY: I... I always thought that was urban legend.

"Well, then again, I had not done a lot of experimenting then." the senior field agent smirked. Apparently, whatever was on page fifty-seven involved two or more guys.

Mycroft turned to his brother. "How do YOU know about that?"

Sherlock looked innocent. "You did send me on all these missions where I had to get close to certain people. And, well, what better way that their bed?"

"I really did not need to hear that." John sighed.

Donovan snarled. "So what, did you sneak your way into some poor man's bed, obviously infecting him with that illness you Holmes carry to even make him want to, and then slit his throat in his sleep?"

Sherlock grew defensive. "Since when was being homosexual an illness? It really doesn't even have a big enough impact on the life of the people around the person; it isn't logical to focus on it."

Donovan huffed and turned away. A freak would be a freak.

(GIBBS THROWS A COFFEE CUP AT TONY)

TONY: Ow!

SHERLOCK: What's the verdict?

GIBBS: Pack your trash.


"He didn't say leave, Sherlock." Mycroft brought his hand to his face.

(SHERLOCK WALKS TO THE ELEVATOR)

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

GIBBS: I told you to pack your trash, Sherlock. I don't remember giving you permission to leave yet.

(SFX: ELEVATOR STOPS)

GIBBS: You requested this assignment?
SHERLOCK: I did.

"Because we are awesome people." Tony grinned.

"Although that is true," Abby gestured reassuringly at the senior field agent, "I believe my younger cousin came here because my older cousin was being either overprotective or completely unbearable. Or both."

"Both." Sherlock immediately put out his two bits.

"Seriously?" Mycroft groaned. "Are you two just going to drag my name through mud this entire time?"

GIBBS: Why?

SHERLOCK: I had to get away from Europol for a while.

"Big Brother is watch-" Abby started taunting before she was interrupted.

"I do not believe that to be appropriate, Abigail." Mycroft looked cross.

"Then, don't put up stalker cameras all over the planet." the forensic scientist looked victorious.

The eldest Holmes sat up a bit straighter, even though that should be impossible. "They are merely there so I can ensure that all of my relatives are stable, secure, and safe," he looked serious.

"The three 'S's." Abby looked thoughtful.

"Very much so."

GIBBS: Do you believe what Sherrinford said about your brother?

SHERLOCK: No. Yes. Maybe.

"You don't sound very sure of yourself." Donovan taunted.

"Would you want to believe that your brother was in charge of your mother's death?" Abby bit back before she looked to Mycroft. His face remained impassive as ever, but he did spare her a glance.

Donovan only sneered, taking pleasure in the freak finally for once not being sure of himself.

Mycroft cut in next. "I believe that due to Sherrinford, he was emotionally compromised at the time."

"So, he was weak?" the former-sergeant took glee in this.

"Weakened, yes. Weak, no." the eldest Holmes looked stern.

Lestrade cut in. "Miss Donovan, you are bordering on emotional and verbal abuse to Sherlock Holmes. Again."

Donovan, looking pissed, sat back and remained quiet.

GIBBS: Your brother was a Svengali, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Like father. Like son.
GIBBS: Does Europol know you killed Sherrinford?

"Now, it does." Mycroft frowned.

Donovan smiled like a Cheshire cat. So they didn't know? That must be illegal, right?

SHERLOCK: No. They believe your report. Only you and I know the truth. For that I thank you.

GIBBS: I trust you. You know that. But when we leave this elevator...

SHERLOCK: You start kicking my butt.

"Not his style," McGee shook his head.

"A good smack to the back of the head, though...." Tony considered it for a moment. "That is more his style."

GIBBS: I don't kick butt.

(SFX: ELEVATOR BEGINS MOVING)

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: Mr. Holmes will be with us for a while. That's Kate's desk. Yours is down at the end.

SHERLOCK: He's a tough one to read.

"I suggest taking that as a compliment, Agent Gibbs." Mycroft suggested.

Gibbs smirked a bit, shrugging.

"How the bloody hell do you do that?" Anderson turned to the special agent.

He pointedly looked back to the screen.

Ducky interjected. "Jethro has years of practice in hiding what he is thinking and feeling."

Mrs. Hudson looked concerned.

TONY: You'll find most NCIS agents are like that. It's our training.

SHERLOCK: Is that a fact?

"No," the consulting detective sighed. "It was only Gibbs who was especially difficult to read."

"What was the first thing you've ever deduced about me, Shirley Temple? Something you didn't necessarily say out loud?" Tony challenged.

"Daddy issues." Sherlock immediately responded.

The senior field agent looked like he had just gotten punched. "Right in the emotions, Shirley. Right in the emotions."

TONY: Mm-hmm. We never let the other people know what we're thinking.
SHERLOCK: Right now you're thinking of doing page fifty seven with me.

As the rest of the room swiveled to look at them, Tony's face became a bright red.

"You've never been this shy about telling me what you do or think about." McGee grinned. "What is with this blushing? Embarrassment?"

"No," he responded. "I could simply be impersonating a tomato, isn't that right Sherlock?"

"Unlikely," Sherlock replied immediately. "But, I suppose it is possible."

Tony frowned. "Thanks for the help."

Donovan looked at the NCIS team, including Sherlock, in disdain. It seemed as though they all belonged to Freakville.

MCGEE: Boss, we have a situation at the Smithsonian Museum.

GIBBS: What?

MCGEE: Well, it's kind of complicated, but there may have been a murder.

"Be more confident, Timmy!" Abby gave her friend a bear-hug. "Say that there is reason to believe there was a murder."

McGee nodded. "Yes, Abby."

"That poor dear lacks confidence?" Martha whispered to Ducky.

"Unfortunately, but he has improved a lot from the past." the medical examiner responded.

GIBBS: May have been, McGee?

MCGEE: Yeah, well they have a Union soldier who was dug up from a battlefield in Manassas. And now they think that he may be a Marine.

"Both sides were Marines." Sherlock immediately commented.

"Modern Marine." McGee corrected.

GIBBS: It was the Civil War, McGee. Marines fought on both sides.

Mary glanced between Gibbs and Sherlock in amusement.

MCGEE: Right. Yeah, I know. But this Marine had dog tags. They didn't exist back then. I know that you know that, being a Marine.

GIBBS: Get to the point, McGee!

MCGEE: Well, they think that this Marine was killed recently and somehow buried in a way they can't quite explain it but in a hundred and forty year old cast iron sarcophagus.

GIBBS: Dressed as a Union soldier?

"That's so weird..." Anderson raised an eyebrow. "Why would anyone do that?"
"They might have thought it would be a brilliant way to hide a body." Lestrade mentioned.

MCGEE: Basically, yeah.

GIBBS: Gas the truck, McGee. DiNozzo!

TONY: Yeah, boss!

GIBBS: I've got a murder in your area of expertise.

Tony winced, knowing what was about to happen.

"It is your favorite subject." Sherlock commented.


TONY: This happens a lot, me being a Senior Field Agent and all.

"Are you showing off to my cousin?" Abby looked amused. "I knew you were friends, but I didn't know you liked him that much. I can practically smell the testosterone from here."

"Can we please not talk about this?" Mycroft was trying to ignore the subject.

"He was a newbie!" Tony complained. "I had to make sure he knew the ranks!"

McGee didn't look amused. "Just admit that you had a crush on him. At least a small one! Trust me, we all know."

"What? Er...fine. A very small one, though." Tony consented reluctantly.

"I'm fairly sure everyone but Gibbs and myself did." Abby reassured.

Sherlock glanced at the other occupants of the room in alarm. This caused certain people, such as a certain John Watson, to laugh out loud at his obliviousness.

SHERLOCK: I'm sure it does.

"And..." Tony seemed to have given up. "He didn't notice."

"Did you honestly expect him to?" McGee questioned. "This is Sherlock we are talking about. He is brilliant at everything accept a few things. This is one of them."

Donovan scoffed at the detective's obliviousness, hoping he or his brother didn't notice, though.

TONY: What do we got, Boss? Multiple homicides?

"I was so hopeful," Tony looked at the screen.

"You just thought you'd be able to show off," McGee corrected.

GIBBS: No.

TONY: Gang related?

GIBBS: No.
TONY: Defenestration?

GIBBS: The Civil War.

"And there it is," Abby said pointing out onscreen Tony's expression.

TONY: I can hardly wait. That's my favorite subject.

"Really?" Anderson questioned, "It looks like you want to cry,"

Lestrade snorted violently, causing Mycroft to look at him in a vaguely disgusted expression

SHERLOCK: What about me?

GIBBS: You're coming along strictly as an observer. Hand over all your weapons.

"Special Agent Gibbs," Mycroft addressed properly, "I do not see how confiscating my brother's weapons would be of any help to the team?"

"He was an observer," Gibbs answered.

Mycroft fixed him with a pointed look, "He was sent over for a reason, not so he could watch from the sidelines,"

"Gentlemen," Lestrade interrupted, gesturing for their attentions to return to the screen.

Both of them huffed silently.

SHERLOCK: Is that really necessary? Right.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/SHERLOCK HANDS OVER HIS WEAPONS)

"Damn," Mary looked at her friend, "Do you keep any in your hair, though," she pulled out the tiniest knife they had seen in a very long time.

Sherlock got a smug expression on his face, he pulled out two knives from behind his ears.

GIBBS: And your backup.

"Are you sure you're not a Holmes?" Lestrade questioned.

"He's not," Abby poked in quickly, "We've checked,"

Gibbs looked at her in one of his rare expressions of fondness.

SHERLOCK: What backup?

GIBBS: Left leg.

SHERLOCK: Oh. That one.

"You knew damn well which one," Gibbs said, voice even.

"I wasn't about to let you disarm me completely," Sherlock argued.

"And I didn't." he mentioned.
The consulting detective scowled.

GIBBS: And the knife concealed at your waist. You can keep this. I just want you to know that I know.

CUT TO: INT. ANTHROPOLOGY LAB - DAY

DUCKY: According to his dog tags, the young man is Warren Sorrow, U.S.M.C.

GIBBS: How long has he been in there, Duck?

DUCKY: He's remarkably well preserved. Could be months or even years. We'll know more when we get him home. You know, in the nineteen seventies, grave-robbers raided a Southern Colonel's cast-iron casket. They took his weapons, his jewelry, and for some strange reason, the poor man's head. When the local authorities found the hundred year old decomposing corpse, they assumed he was recently decapitated. They opened a murder investigation.

"Really? That's interesting." Martha beamed. "I guess you learn something new everyday."

"That, my dear, is correct." Ducky replied with twinkling eyes.

GIBBS: This guy's still got his head. We're not local cops. I want to know how he died.

BURNS: I can help with that. Doctor Mallard, well how nice to see you again.

DUCKY: Yes. It is. How are you?

"You don't remember her..." Lestrade noticed.

Ducky sighed. "I did feel quite bad about forgetting her at the time when we obviously had an intimate relationship in the past."

BURNS: Doctor Elaine Burns. We met in Hawaii almost eighteen years ago. (BEAT) The conference on identifying POW remains in Vietnam?

Everyone who didn't already know who Burns was winced. Donovan, however, scoffed. Even more proof that all the Freak's 'family' were also freaks. How could he completely forget her?

Sherlock withheld a groan. He had also killed Dr. Burns; what exactly was Donovan going to do about that? Technically he did so legally as it was in self-defense, but that seemed to fly over her head.

DUCKY: Yes, of course. How wonderful to see you again.

BURNS: I still have that puka shell necklace you gave me.

DUCKY: Yes, quite the keepsake, aren't they?

All of the agents looked at each other awkwardly.

GIBBS: Do you have information on how this man died, Doctor?

BURNS: Ah, yes. We took the liberty of imaging the corpse before we knew for sure we were dealing with an actual homicide and not just some sick hoax.
"Wouldn't that contaminate the crime scene?" Anderson inquired.

Molly shook her head. "Not necessarily. I'd assume she wasn't evasive, but yes, some imaging could damage evidence."

"That's just what I was going to say!" Abby laughed at the coincidence, and the two high-fived.

**GIBBS:** Meaning you disturbed my crime scene?

**BURNS:** As a forensic anthropologist, I can assure you my examination was strictly non-evasive. There. Now I've seen several images like this in the past, but you can't be certain until you get it out.

Mycroft scowled in distaste. "I always hate it when people say 'it' or a different pronoun without a clear antecedent."

"Relax, Mike." Abby rolled her eyes. "Some people just get so caught up in what they are saying that they completely forget that other people don't know the information yet."

"I believe we have talked about that nickname, Abigail." his expression became even darker.

"You have," she grinned cheekily. "Though, I have elected to ignore that."

Mycroft scowled even more noticeably.

**GIBBS:** Get what out?

**BURNS:** In my opinion, it's a musket ball.

"Why would a modern Marine be shot by a musket?" Mary raised an eyebrow.

"They could have wanted it to be more convincing. You know, he's in that coffin and dressed like a Union soldier, so why not give him a musket wound as well?" John shrugged.

"Unlikely. If they really were that thorough, they definitely would have removed all markings that indicated that he was a modern Marine." Sherlock viciously laid out. "They never would have been so careless; although, they were absolutely horrible at covering their tracks. Unfortunately, I had to get physical and definite evidence before I could even state my hypothesis. In America, accusations based on deduction alone are frowned upon, and often times, it leads to the subject of the accusation to be let off. Sometimes it leads to suspicion, but it is unlikely." he finished.

"All right." the blogger just laughed out loud in response.

**(MUSIC OUT)**

**MUSIC IN:** INT. ANTHROPOLOGY LAB - DAY

**SHERLOCK:** I don't think this is what Gibbs had in mind when he instructed me to observe.

"It certainly is not what I had in mind when I sent you over there." Mycroft muttered darkly.

"I eventually got to do the things that you wanted me to." Sherlock said evenly. "I just had to prove myself."

Donovan scoffed. There is no way that he was able to prove himself to normal people. Either it was
a fluke, or all hope for the world was lost.

"Is there something you wanted to say, Miss Donovan?" Lestrade was not amused.

"Just wondering how long that must've taken." she scathingly replied.

The consulting detective smirked. "Only this one case.

"And how did you do it? Did you do something illegal? Kill someone?" Donovan had an evil glint in her eye.

Gibbs intervened. "It's gonna be explained later, Donovan."

"But-"

"Later, Donovan!"

She huffed and crossed her legs, but in doing so, she missed the look in Sherlock's eye that would have given her all the answers she wanted. He had killed someone. He had done so legally, but Sherlock doubted that Donovan cared about that fact. Even if all her power as a sergeant was gone, she still had the same amount of power as any other citizen of the United Kingdom, and Mycroft probably couldn't touch her without her kicking up a fuss and exposing him. He knew that she had the power to put pen to paper and write about this experience, and even if it would most likely only be considered fiction, words held power. When McGee wrote a novel, there were people convinced that it was real, so if there were similar people for Donovan, his entire family would be out in the open. And that would be dangerous.

(SFX: SHUTTER CLICKS B.G.)

TONY: Do you have any idea how many people get killed in America by bears every year, Shirley?

"Not enough to have him be doing that." Anderson defended his new coworker.

Sherlock looked at him in shock. He had only ever seen people such as John, Lestrade, Molly, Mary, Mycroft, and Mrs. Hudson do that in Great Britain. Did this mean that he could add Anderson to that list? He seemed to be trying to reconcile for his past actions, and if John had taught him anything, he should forgive him. Right?

The thing was, he wasn't sure if he was acting or not. It was very possible that he was only acting that way to avoid a similar fate to Donovan, so that had to be it, right?

But it seemed sincere. Sort of like how John and Lestrade acted. Sherlock frowned; why was this so hard for him to figure out? Normally he could read Anderson like a book, but he left the blank space to the fault of emotions.

John, who had been observing his friend, noted his internal struggle and ultimate decision. The army doctor sighed; some things would take longer to change.

SHERLOCK: No, but I can't imagine a lot.

TONY: You'd be surprised.

SHERLOCK: McGee?
MCGEE: Uh... I think it's about one.

"Plus, if a bear really did attack, I think a group full of armed agents would be able to, I don't know, kill it?" Mary offered.

Tony blushed. "Yeah, well, Sherlock was new-"

The rest of the room smirked. Of course it was because he was new; Tony could never seem to stop hazing people, could he?

SHERLOCK: Isn't there something more constructive you could be doing?

TONY: Like what?

SHERLOCK: Investigating.


TONY: Casket was uncovered by a housing project going up near the Bull Run Battlefield in Manassas, Boss. Got the name and address of the construction company. Scheduled an interview and soil test for tomorrow.

"Tomorrow?" Mycroft raised an eyebrow.

"There wasn't any time open that day for those things." Tony explained. "And poor ickle NCIS doesn't have the same political power as Europol does."

He sighed. "As long as working there taught my brother some patience."

"It didn't." John laughed. "He can never seem to be able to wait for a new case."

Mycroft grimaced. "Well, while my brother certainly could use more patience for in between cases, he can be very patient when the case calls for it."

"When would he have to be patient? When shooting people? Waiting for them to fall asleep, so he can stab them?" Donovan snarled.

"You all to realize I am right here, and you do not need to be speaking about me in the third person?" Sherlock raised his hand for emphasis.

Tony laughed. "Of course we realize that, Shirley Temple."

"I doubt anyone could forget that the great Sherlock Holmes is in the room." McGee added.

"Yes, the great William Sherlock Scott Holmes," Abby put her hand over her heart. "So unforgettable."

They all fell silent after that, and only then did Donovan realize that no one ever answered her question. She smirked to herself; that had to be the answer, right?

MCGEE: The only thing removed from the casket was one cell phone, damaged and non operational. I've also got the prints of the lab workers to run against any we find in or around the body and tomb. And Doctor Burns was wearing surgical gloves when she picked this up.

GIBBS: Good work. Mr. Holmes?
SHERLOCK: I'm wondering why there's a nine-millimeter hole in my hat.

"Because it got shot at." Anderson answered helpfully.

"It's been put to good use." Molly nodded.

GIBBS: Ventilation.

SHERLOCK: Oh.

GIBBS: I'll escort the casket back with Ducky. We'll meet in the squad room.

SHERLOCK: Agent Gibbs? I would also like to know if I could drive the truck back to base. It might make me feel as if I actually accomplished something today.

"Don't do it!" Mycroft, in a rare point of unrestraint, threw his arm out suddenly.

"Why? He seemed to be fine a driving when we went to Baskerville." John pointed out.

The elder Holmes brother sighed. "When you were at Baskerville, he was impersonating me. If you was just driving like he normally does, well....you'll see."

The others looked at each other. How bad could it be for Mycroft to lose that control?

"Yeah, you are never driving me anywhere again." Tony snapped his fingers at Sherlock.

MUSICAL BRIDGE TO: INT. TRUCK - MOVING

TONY: Hey, not so fast!

"Oh my God..." Lestrade let his jaw fall.

John paled. "That's it. I'm driving."

"I have an explanation next!" Sherlock protested.

"I know it is the best way to avoid ambushes and stuff, but in countries such as America, it will only attract attention! Which is probably what you don't want to do if you are going somewhere secretly!" John scolded.

"But we weren't going anywhere in secret."

"And if you were? You'd drive the same way."

"...

SHERLOCK: I always drive fast! It's the best way to avoid possible IEDs and ambushes.

TONY: You're in America now. I wouldn't worry about it. How about this? Slow down or I'll puke on you.

SHERLOCK: Tony, why don't you like the American Civil War?

"Traumatized by something?" Mary playfully smiled.

"You have no idea." Tony groaned.
TONY: I don't want to talk about it.

MCGEE: It's because of his father.

TONY: Was he talking to you, Probie?

SHERLOCK: Oh. You didn't get along with your father. Hm...I guess I was right.

TONY: My father and I got along fine.

SHERLOCK: If you say so. I think it's best to talk about things instead of burying them inside.

The Yarders just looked at him incredulously.

"What?" he snapped.

"How's that working for you?" John raised an eyebrow.

Sherlock rolled his eyes. "I haven't had time to do pointless things like that recently."

MCGEE: What about you? Your brother? Deputy Director Holmes, what's he like?

TONY: Slow down, we're taking the next left.

McGee raised an eyebrow. Sherlock hadn't answered his question. What exactly did that mean?

(SFX: CAR HORNS HONK/TIRES SCREECH)

MCGEE: Sherlock, car! Car! Car!

"Yes, yes, I see!" Sherlock gestured pointedly.

"You weren't acting like it." the tech wiz argued.

(TONY SHOUTS)

SHERLOCK: Sorry. First time behind the wheel after a six month mission in the U.K.

(SFX: TONY VOMITS)

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

SHERLOCK: I said I was sorry.

Donovan only shook her head. She couldn't believe he did.

"Another mistake." McGee grinned.

"I know, I know. Never say you're sorry." Sherlock recited.

"Good boy." his smile grew.

The consulting detective pouted. "Why are you treating me like a dog?"

"Because."
"That is not a good explanation. It's not even a complete sentence, and it does not answer my question at all." he frowned.

McGee shrugged. "So?"

**CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

MCGEE: We ran his prints through AFIS. It is confirmed our Union soldier is Staff Sergeant Warren Sow, an MSG instructor in Quantico.

TONY: MSG stands for--

SHERLOCK: Marine Security Guard. I've been to over two dozen embassies around the world, Tony.

"Inaccurate." Mycroft immediately pointed out.

"I was giving him a rough estimate!" Sherlock argued. "I don't care very much for keeping exact records in my mind for that; I've got other things I need to remember!" he complained.

The elder brother scolded. "You should always strive for complete accuracy."

"Why?"

"So you sound more reliable." Mycroft responded before turning to the rest of the room. "At the time, he had been to 28 embassies, but as of now, he has been to 52."

"Woah, woah, woah." Tony made a time out symbol. "Why is that number so high? I know he went on a lengthy mission once to Somalia and some other countries, but that still shouldn't make that number so high."

"How eloquent of you." Sherlock snarked.

Mycroft explained. "My brother went on a two year mission immediately following his fake suicide. He had gone to many different embassies, ending in Serbia. He would have gone to some more, but due to the...events in Serbia that you all know very well about, I decided to give the rest of the mission to our cousin Dana, whom you saw in the past cases."

Tony shook his head and sighed. "I can't believe that happened to you twice, Shirley. First Somalia and then Serbia?"

"What happened in Somalia?" John immediately demanded, concern growing for his best friend.

"Just...stuff." Sherlock waved his hand. "You'll see exactly what later on, most likely."

"But what happened?" the army doctor had an intense look on his face.

"I do believe you can figure it out with the information you already have; you aren't that stupid." the consulting detective replied.

The Yarders were quiet for a bit. Every one of them had figured out what happened, and they didn't know what they should say about that. Donovan, however, raised an eyebrow. He had to be exaggerating about that. Though, she couldn't really blame people for wanting to torture him. You know, give him a nice, slow, and painful death.
She caught herself. She didn't actually want him to die, right? Donovan would never wish death upon anybody. She almost groaned but withheld it at the new internal crisis. She would never kill a human, but Sherlock wasn't exactly...human. However, in the eyes of the law, he was, and people treated him just like the other members of her species. Did she care more about ridding the world of such contaminants or keeping her own hide safe?

Donovan decided to play it safe. At least for now.

GIBBS: What do we have on the Staff Sergeant, McGee?

MCGEE: Reported UA about a year ago. I'm currently building a profile on what his life was like around the time of his disappearance.

GIBBS: Not anymore. I want you with Abby. Find out what was on the cell phone we found in the casket. Tony, you're on the paper trail. I want to know everything about him by the time I get back. And you? You keep... you keep observing.

"Thanks," Sherlock deadpanned.

John nearly laughed out loud. He could only imagine the amount of boredom Sherlock must have felt then; it was a miracle that he hadn't shot the wall or something.

"Do I need to remind you again that I sent him there for a reason?" Mycroft had ice in his voice.

"Yeah, well I was testing him." Gibbs stared back at Mycroft unwaveringly. "I've heard about your family; sometimes, they can't keep still. They always need a case or something to keep their mind active. By taking that away from him, I was testing to see what his response would be. Would he snap? Or not?" it was the most Gibbs had spoken in a while, so he immediately fell silent.

The army doctor smirked. Whatever restraint Sherlock had then was gone. Unless, the restraint left when he left an agency; would it return with Scotland Yard? It wasn't as if he relied on anyone but criminals to supply his need.

Mycroft was staring at Gibbs in a light he never had before. How interesting.

SHERLOCK: What exactly, Gibbs?


(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

SHERLOCK: Now I know why he took all my weapons away.

"Didn't want you killing anyone, most like it." Tony laughed.

Donovan instantaneously was on that. "Are you saying that that is a viable threat?"

"Miss Donovan." Lestrade looked incredibly frustrated at having to say this every five minutes.

"What, sir? Honestly, I'm only concerned about my safety and the safety of those around me." Donovan was putting on an innocent act. "Am I not allowed to do this?"

They decided to ignore her.

CUT TO: INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY
DUCKY: Have you ever spent an evening with a young lady and failed to remember it, Mister Palmer? Oh, what was I thinking? Of course not.

Jimmy pouted for a second.

"It is not a thing to be proud of, my dear lad." Ducky reminded.

"I know, but I had been with girls at the time before!" he pointed out.

Tony snickered.

JIMMY: But I wouldn't mind.

DUCKY: Well, it's not something to be admired, Mister Palmer. That doctor today at the Smithsonian intimated that we shared a special something in Hawaii during a conference once.

JIMMY: Yeah, what doctor was that, Doctor?

DUCKY: The young and attractive one.

"Young?" Abby frowned in concentration. "I don't know, Ducky. That's pushing it."

The elders in the room winced with the exception of the almighty Gibbs.

JIMMY: Um.... still not following you.

DUCKY: She was the only doctor there besides myself.

JIMMY: Oh! You mean Doctor Burns?

DUCKY: Yeah.

JIMMY: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that you said she was young.

Donovan snarled to herself. She found it freakish how they could have such calm and natural conversations in the presence of a corpse. Similar to some of the conversations the Freak had, but the Freak was usually more into making people cry.

Mycroft frowned. This person was infuriating, but Anthea had reminded him on many occasions that he couldn't just send people away to Siberia or a similar place just because they were annoying. His hands itched, but he knew he had to have probable cause. Didn't his count as probable cause?

DUCKY: Young to me, Mister Palmer. Young to me. Ah, will you rotate the head twenty degrees to the left? She invited me out for cocktails tomorrow evening. I was forced to decline.

JIMMY: Why? She seemed nice.

DUCKY: Oh she's more than nice. But how do you tell a woman that you have absolutely no mental recollection of her whatsoever?

Martha frowned with concern. "Was it serious or something?"

Ducky smiled; he liked her. "Don't worry, Martha. It was fortunately not a form of dementia.
She sighed in relief. "That's great news, Ducky."

JIMMY: I suppose one could always lie.

DUCKY: Have you been spending time with Agent DiNozzo again? (BEAT) Hmm... to Abby, please.

JIMMY: Right away, Doctor.

DUCKY: I don't suppose you've ever been to Hawaii.

Donovan shivered again in disgust.

CUT TO: INT. LAB - DAY

(MUSIC PLAYS B.G.)

ABBY: That should do it.

MCGEE: That's what you said the last eight times.

ABBY: See? That shows how much attention you pay to me. It was nine, Timmy.

"Yup," Lestrade whispered. "Definitely related."

Anderson and Molly, who were both near him, snorted in amusement.

MCGEE: All right.

ABBY: So did we do it? Did we do it? Did we do it? Did we fix the cell phone's circuit board?

"Someone has had a lot of caffeine." Sherlock raised an eyebrow.

MCGEE: Hold on.

ABBY: Come on! You're killing me, McGee!

MCGEE: Yes. Yes, I think that we fixed it. I think the circuits are - just how many Caff-Pows have you had today, Abby?

ABBY: You know, the usual.

"That would be incorrect." Mycroft's face was covered by his hand.

"You know, I might've had a couple more..." she rolled her eyes. "But honestly, it was all fine." she took a sip from a Caf-Pow that somehow made it into her possession to prove her point.

MCGEE: Trust me, I think you've had more than the usual. Because I'm getting jumpy just looking at you.

ABBY: Some people drown their sorrows in drugs and alcohol. I prefer caffeine. Now hook up the cell phone board and get cracking before Gibbs decides to crack you one.

MCGEE: You mean crack us.
ABBY: Gibbs would never hit a lady.

"I bet there are circumstances where he would hit a lady." Sherlock commented.

Gibbs's hand came out of no where and slapped the consulting detective up the head, forcing him to bend over from the force.

"What was that for?" he sounded indignant.

"Figure it out." Gibbs smirked and didn't explain.

The Yarders were looking incredibly amused, and Lestrade was taking notes.

MCGEE: Exactly. So I suggest we get started.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Yes?

TONY: First of all, don't ever do that again. And second, what are you doing?

"Observing." Sherlock responded. "It was, after all, what I was told to do."

"But you were so creepy." Tony shivered.

"Did I cause you alarm?" the consulting detective smirked.

"Yes." the senior field agent nodded seriously.

SHERLOCK: I'm observing you, Tony.

TONY: Any way you can do that in a less creepy manner?

SHERLOCK: Who is the woman with Gibbs?

TONY: Yeah. Once you're here long enough, you'll figure it out.

"I've been there for a very long time, and I still have trouble figuring things out." McGee mentioned honestly. "Abby does too, and she has her genes to her advantage!" he complained.

Gibbs raised an unamused eyebrow.

"What can I say? You are very hard to read, Gibbs." Abby shrugged. "It must just be the Gibbsyness. I mean, Sherlock had problems too figuring you out, and together, we didn't do much better. I don't know about Mycroft. I can guarantee that Michael also had problems, and Luka just gave up. Sherrinford, well, he was Sherrinford; he couldn't figure you out. You frustrated him, and he became very interested in you. I don't think Dana even tried, though I wouldn't be surprised if she just didn't talk about it. Let's not even talk about Ilan." she shivered that the reminder of Bodnar.

The Yarders looked very confused at the introduction of so many new people.

"Who are these guys again?" John inquired.

grinned.

The army doctor let out a laugh. "What about everyone else?"

(WARNING FOR CANON DIVERGENCE)

"Oh!" she giggled, obviously feeling the affects of caffeine. "Michael and Luka are my siblings, but Michael sort of went the way of Sherrinford and became a rogue. He was Sherlock's partner for a while, so they worked closely with another on missions and such. Luka went with me when we left England though, and we became what we wanted to instead of agents. You know Sherrinford; he's always been kind of weird. I doubt you'll ever see Dana again; she was only relevant to NCIS when she was helping Sherrinford. Ilan? We don't talk about Ilan Bodnar." Abby said seriously.

The Yarders were stunned. What could this Ilan Bodnar guy have done to make them refuse to talk about him? They seem okay with talking about Sherrinford and this Michael guy, but they did some terrible things. What could he have done?

"Why?" Donovan demanded.

The Holmes family glared at her.

"He shot two people who are very important, killing one of them and putting the other in a coma that lasted a very long time." Vance's glare hardened.

John's eyebrows flew up his head. For the Holmes family to feel like that about him, he must have affected some people who are very dear to them. Sherrinford killed Kate, and she was very important. But they still talk about him. So who did Ilan attack?

SHERLOCK: Is that his girlfriend?

TONY: I have no idea.

SHERLOCK: You just told me that...

TONY: Well, you'll figure out there's some things around here you don't ask about.

"True," Jimmy laughed.

(SHEPARD WATCHES GIBBS FROM THE STAIRS)

DUCKY: Where's Gibbs, Tony?

TONY: Your two o'clock.

GIBBS: What's wrong, Duck?

DUCKY: I know how our Staff Sergeant died.

GIBBS: From your look I'm guessing it wasn't a musket ball.

"That would be a wise guess." Lestrade grinned.

"Perhaps it was just put there to hide the real reason?" Anderson suggested.

Molly nodded. "Or maybe to prevent him from fighting back or running away."
CUT TO: INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

DUCKY: At first one could assume that a projectile of such size and mass would produce almost instant death, but Pre-Civil War muskets were notoriously unreliable, and lost most of their velocity over the first hundred meters. Our Sergeant was grievously wounded by a musket ball, but his injury was not fatal.

SHERLOCK: Then how did he die, Doctor Mallard?

DUCKY: His lung tissue was coated with an extremely fine film of rust particles. And one can only imagine how long he clawed at the iron sides of his casket ... trying to escape before he suffocated.

Everyone, even Donovan, who for once was paying attention, winced at that. No one deserved a death like that. Donovan side-eyed the Holmes family, well, almost no one.

Mycroft, in an attempt to be emotionally unattached to the scene, noticed the looks that Donovan sent their way. He knew he had to play his cards carefully, because even if she's no longer an officer, she still has rights and could cause damage to them. But maybe she could cause that damage stranded in the middle of Siberia?

(MUSIC OUT)

FADE IN: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK: A Marine dressed as a Civil War soldier is shot by a musket and then buried alive in a one hundred and forty year old antique iron casket. And you're telling me this isn't your strangest case?

"You're asking that question?" John shook his head, "That's not even the strangest case we've done together,"

Tony looked at John, cocking his head, "And what was your strangest case," he challenged.

Lestrade and Anderson both met each others' eyes and leaned backwards, they knew that this would probably take awhile.

John pondered over this for awhile, "Maybe the Elephant in the Room? Or the Disappearing Client?"

"I personally would've gone with the midget," Sherlock interjected.

"What was the other one you talked about?" Lestrade asked, referring to Sherlock's best man speech, "The girl whose boyfriend was a ghost or something?"

"Or something," Sherlock replied simply.

"I still think we have had weirder cases," Tony crossed his arms triumphantly.

TONY: Yep.

MCGEE: Pretty much.

SHERLOCK: I don't know what I find more disturbing? Your eating habits or the fact that I
believe you.

"That hurts me," Tony looked down as if he was looking down at his own heart, "Right here," he put a hand on his chest.

"Get over it," Sherlock said in a way that would've made people not attuned to their relationship worried.

Worried, or satisfied, in the case of one former-Sergeant Sally Donovan.

"You are an unbelievable person sometimes," Sherlock's tone had changed, one several recognized as, flirtation?

"And here I thought you were referring to my..." Tony's eyes wandered downwards, "Eating habits."

"Ew," McGee scrunched his face, obviously remembering something that happened while Sherlock was still part of the team, "Get a room,"

"A statement that I, for once, must agree with," Mycroft agreed, barely able to meet his baby brother's eyes.

Abby pouted, "I was enjoying the show,"

No one noticed Gibbs silently snickering in the background.

TONY: I'm sorry, do our strange American foods frighten you?

SHERLOCK: Not at all. I was referring to your manners. You should have bought me one.

John sent a look Sherlock's way, "And you've never had a problem with manners before,"

"Exactly," Sherlock let a small grin appear on his face, "I'm rude to nobody,"

Donovan sneered, "That's not true,"

Abby sneered right back, "Do you know that by saying that you think he's lying suggests that for a brief second, you believed it? And from the tone he was using, even the average mind could tell that Sherlock wasn't being truthful, and that he was telling a joke."

"Are you calling my mind below average?" Donovan questioned, pissed off.

"Hell yeah," Abby sent a challenging look her way, daring her to question her.

Gibbs sent a discreet and fond smile at Abby.

"Definitely related," Anderson whispered to Lestrade, who snickered slightly.

MCGEE: I'm going to go help Abby.

SHEPARD: (V.O.) He seems to be fitting in well.

"Obviously," Mycroft's face was slightly pained.

CUT TO: INT. STAIRWELL - DAY
GIBBS: He almost killed my entire team yesterday.


"You kill my lunch," Tony argued, remembering how the driving had caused him to vomit.

John on the other hand was thinking, after he had come back from the war, he had had problems driving too, and for similar reasons. Maybe he could get Sherlock to take the same driving classes he took in order to get out of the state of mind he'd been in during the war? John side-eyed Sherlock, or it was very likely that he might just be a crap driver.

"I personally think it's bad how easily that sentence came out of you mouth, Special Agent Gibbs," Donovan said the title in the most condescending manner possible.

"Miss Donovan," Vance sent a glare her way, effectively silencing her.

SHEPARD: How?

GIBBS: Driving home from a crime scene.

"And we never let him drive again," Tony told the people of the room.

Mary laughed slightly, "I sure hope you didn't!"

SHEPARD: I should have warned you. I think he was an East European cabdriver in a past life.

"Oh, thank you," Sherlock clasped his hand over his heart in mock gratitude.

"You had recently finished a mission in Eastern Europe," Mycroft mulled over that for a couple seconds.

"Or he's just a crap driver," Gibbs finished.

GIBBS: Yeah, well he wasn't a cop. He obviously has no investigative or law enforcement experience, Jen.

SHEPARD: Neither did I when I first started with you.

GIBBS: Yeah, well you were always a fast learner.

"And I'm not?" Sherlock looked over at Gibbs.

The Yarders in the room laughed slightly, thinking that Gibbs had been mistaken by Sherlock's learning skills.

"You were fast in some things," Gibbs thought over his next statement for a second, "But you seemed to be very slow on the uptake of how us Americans handled things over here,"

"'Slow on the uptake' is not usually something I'd here Sherlock described as," Lestrade pointedly looked at the rest of the room.

Sherlock looked towards both sides, "I suppose I was fairly slow on this uptake of yours,"

The two remaining Yarders looked astounded by the admission, clearly they weren't expecting it.
SHERLOCK: (V.O.) You sure you don't want it back Tony?

At this, everyone snorted, the deep, rough, and disgusting snorts people have when they're laughing very hard.

Well, everyone except for Donovan, who was staring at the scene on the screen and around her in disgust.

"That was a good sandwich," Tony looked downtrodden, "I still remember the way it tasted," he looked to be in deep pain.

"You should've shared," Sherlock crossed his arms.

"I did!" Tony gestured towards the screen.

"Ladies, ladies," Abby interrupted the fight, "There's so much testosterone all over one sandwich!"

This caused another violent set of snorts, and the pair looking thoroughly embarrassed.

(INTERCUT FLASHBACK SCENES) C

UT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK: Most men usually don't have a problem with my germs.

Abby wolf-whistled, "And what did you mean by that?" she looked at him in a mock reprimanding way.

Meanwhile, Mycroft had decided to block out have the things his brother said from now on.

"I know what he meant by that," Tony's eyebrows danced as he gazed at the consulting detective.

"Hmm," Sherlock leaned forward, looking Tony in the eye, but he leaned back, "But you have a problem with my germs."

Tony looked offended at this while the rest of the room tried to ignore the scene that just played out.

TONY: I've got a lead on how our Staff Sergeant ended up in a Union Soldier's uniform. He was a member of a local CW.... C.W.R out of Fairfax.

SHERLOCK: C.W.R.?


"Why they do that is beyond me," Tony explained to the confused looking Yarders.

"I don't know," McGee stared at the screen in thought, "I guess maybe some people do it to remember where they came from, as a reminder, or maybe they are proud of it or something."

"McGoo, hush,"

SHERLOCK: Why?

TONY: I've been asking my father that since I was ten years old.
SHERLOCK: According to this, they're preparing for one of those battles this week in Manassas. Quite the coincidence.

TONY: In the immortal words of Leroy Jethro Gibbs, I don't believe in coincidences.

"Another one of your rules," Lestrade grinned slightly.

"Yep,"

GIBBS: Is that a fact, DiNozzo?

TONY: Hey boss. I was just telling Sherlock about this lead that I--


TONY: That's an American custom. A form of affection.

"Are you sure?" Mary glanced at the screen, "That doesn't seem very affectionate,"

Jimmy explained, "It's less of an American tradition and more of a Gibbs one,"

"I find it very affectionate," Tony mumbled, causing the corner of Gibbs' mouth to quirk.

SHERLOCK: It seems like "Shloshet haStooges" to me.

TONY: LIKE WHAT?

SHERLOCK: Larry, Moe, Curly, yes?

"Hey, are you talking about the Three Stooges?" Jimmy questioned.

Sherlock nodded.

Tony's face lit up at the movie reference.

CUT TO: INT. OUTER LAB - DAY

(MUSIC B.G.)

GIBBS: Abs?

(SFX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

ABBY: I look like a freak. Well?

"Oh my god," Mycroft looked at the screen in horror of what was being shown to him, and the rest of the room was almost in tears laughing.

Abby sighed, frustrated, "Look at how uncomfortable I am, and that was totally not my color,"

McGee shrugged, looking ready to argue.

TONY: Whoa.

MCGEE: See, I don't think she really looks that bad.
“Wrong thing to say, McGee,” Abby said fiercely, whipping around quickly.

“I’m just being honest,” McGee weakly argued.

Abby gave him a look.

“She’s going to kill you,” Sherlock whispered to him, making sure no one could hear.

This caused McGee to nearly jump out of his skin and look at the goth girl with fear in his eyes.

She leaned backwards, clearly satisfied.

**SHERLOCK:** Is she making a reference to that strange tattoo on her neck? That certainly wasn’t there last time we saw each other....

“How many do you have?” John asked out of pure curiosity.

“She has eleven,” Sherlock answered for his cousin.

Donovan sneered in disgust, "And how would you know that? Wait, you know, I don't want to know what you freaks get up to in your bedrooms,"

Mycroft got a strange glint in his eyes, ”Did you ever stop to think that she simply told him? Or was that poor excuse of a deduction all you have to give?”

"Not that I'd complain about the bedroom part though," Abby joked while grinning through her teeth, effectively saving the situation.

**GIBBS:** Why?

**abby:** One of the Director's new admin weenies brought me this last night. It's the NCIS dress code. He said I was in violation.

"You were, Miss Scuito," Vance informed her.

"Still, I'm the exception," she pouted.

Everyone in the room cracked a grin, except for Donovan, who was still mulling over her latest 'deduction'.

**GIBBS:** He did, did he?

**abby:** It's bad enough that I have to wear a monkey suit for court appearances, but everyday?

**SHERLOCK:** You look fine, Abby.

"And there I practically signed my death sentence," Sherlock explained, seeing his brother looking exasperated at him.

"You were just impatient with my complaining," Abby grinned.

"Maybe I was,"

**abby:** Fine?! You think I look fine?! I look like... like...
TONY: Career Girl Barbie.

At this, Anderson dissolved into snorting again, leaving the rest of the room to stare at him, "What?" he asked.

"Nothing," they quickly replied, turning their attention back towards the show.

ABBY: Oh my god! I do! I can't work like this, Gibbs.

GIBBS: I'll take care of it, Abs.

"See? Gibbs loves me," Abby went over and hugged Gibbs around the neck.

Tony elected to act like an upset child at this, saying, "Gibbs! Do you love me!"

"Not right now, Tony," Gibbs joked, it was obvious to everyone that his mood had been greatly lightened just by the two's acts.

"I think he likes me more than you," Sherlock decided, leaning back in his chair, meeting Tony's eyes again.

"I like McGee more than the both of you," Gibbs bit back, causing McGee to have the biggest grin on his face ever.

ABBY: I'm allergic to polyester. It makes me itch. It's a medical condition. I could get a note from the doctor.

"Abigail, I am your doctor," Ducky informed her.

Abby smacked her hand against her head, "Why didn't I just immediately go to you?"

"Too mad?" McGee suggested.

GIBBS: Abby, I said I'll take care of it.

(SFX: FLATULENCE)

TONY: Don't ask.

Everyone's faces scrunched up slightly, and Tony leaned back in his seat in slight embarrassment.

GIBBS: Can we get back to work now?

ABBY: Do I have to wear the shoes?

"How do people expect women to work in heels," Molly shook her head, speaking up for the first time in a while.

"Exactly!" Abby gestured to her newly found friend, "I can't concentrate on anything if all I'm focusing on is not falling on my face,"

"Abby, haven't you worn some shoes that looked more painful than those heels?" Sherlock questioned, amused.

"That's besides the point right now,"
CUT TO: INT. INNER LAB - DAY

ABBY: The circuit board on the cell phone was damaged. But we managed to get it working again. The battery shut down on October third, two thousand four.

Some people raised their eyebrows at the date.

"How long ago was this?" John turned away from the screen.

"A very long time ago," Jimmy answered.

"I disagree, Mister Palmer, comparatively, this event happened very recently," Ducky narrowed his eyes in thought, "Than all those years ago when I met Jethro here,"

"Jethro?" Lestrade had a slight grin on his face.

Gibbs gave him a stony face.

MCGEE: The last twenty two calls were made to nine one one.

ABBY: None of them went through.

"Obviously," Donovan scorned, not noticing how similar her wording was to one Sherlock Holmes.

The rest collectively chose to ignore her.

TONY: He was calling from inside the casket.

MCGEE: Yep, cast iron and buried underground.

ABBY: I don't think anyone's calling plan extends that far, Tony.

"It should," Abby decided, "I'm going to make a phone that'll work anywhere!"

Most people smiled at her confidence.

"There's nothing in the world that would make that work," Donovan tried to put out the happy attitude.

Abby cocked an eyebrow, "I'm a Holmes, and you are not. I believe that already puts me ahead of you!"

What caused everyone to smile was the horrified and disgusted look that danced across the former sergeant's face.

GIBBS: What are the last entries here?

MCGEE: Uh... well, he was running low on oxygen, Boss. I assume that he was trying to dial another number - hit random keys.

GIBBS: Find out. What did you pull from the tomb, Abs?

ABBY: There were traces of Staff Sergeant Sorrow's blood inside of the cover.

SHERLOCK: Most likely from when he tried to claw his way out.
"Most likely?" Mycroft turned towards his brother, annoyed attitude across his face, "And what an obvious deduction that was,"

"Fine," Sherlock glared, "Definitely when he tried to claw his way out,"

"Still an obvious deduction,"

"Can you deduce how much I care?"

**ABBY:** Since his fingers were shredded, that must have been really hard to figure out.... Agent William Holmes.

"Is this when you started to go after him?" John looked worried, recalling their conversation in the beginning of the episode.

"I do look a little angry, don't I?" Abby looked at the screen.

McGee disagreed, "That's an understatement.

**SHERLOCK:** Seriously? You've called me Sherlock all your life.....what the hell is wrong with you?

"Many things," Abby grinned, "But I'm proud of them," she directed this to the black sheep of the room.

Donovan pushed air through her nose quickly and turned away. Abby was just a stupid Holmes thinking that the things that made them freaks, their, dare she say, disabilities, were something to be proud of. She immediately stopped those thoughts and redirected her attention back to the screen.

The rest of the room was surprised that Donovan didn't comment on it.

**ABBY:** (ignoring) I also found two very distinct types of dirt on the outside. One is red clay which is very common in Virginia. And the other had a high concentration of fertilizer.

**GIBBS:** Tony, meet with the construction company that found this.

**TONY:** Zero nine hundred.

**GIBBS:** Take Sherlock with you. See if there's anything left of that crime scene.

"We all know that Shirley here would find something I missed," Tony said in a slight teasing attitude.

"Because you pay more attention to Playboy magazines than crime scenes," Sherlock bit back.

Gibbs smacked them both over the head, laughing inwardly as he saw Lestrade taking notes.

"Got it, boss," Tony rubbed the back of his head, "No fighting indoors,"

"I thought that was just for when it got physical," Sherlock pointed out.

**TONY:** On it.

**ABBY:** Come on, McGee.
MCGEE: Abby, what if these aren't numbers? Abby?

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/MCGEE WATCHES ABBY DRESS)

ABBY: See something you like, McGee?

McGee was stammering red because this was shown in front of everyone.

Donovan gave a quick snort of disgust but otherwise didn't comment.

"Special Agent McGee," Mycroft said, his voice tight, "What were you doing looking at my cousin in that manner?"

"Ah....." McGee gave no answer.

Tony meanwhile was dying of laughter to the side.

MCGEE: No. (BEAT) I mean, yes?

A BBY: Better. What were you going to tell me?

Mycroft simply sent a look Abby's way, and she responded with the biggest grin anyone in the room had ever seen.

MCGEE: Um... what if he wasn't trying to dial a number, but he was trying to send a text message?

ABBY: McGee, sometimes I think I love you.

While some people saw that line has adorable or sweet, Mycroft was seeing how emotionally invested his cousin had gotten with these people. She was past the level Dana ever got to, and half of the family decided to disown her for falling in love. Even if Abby hadn't meant love as in romantic love, it was still very worrying to the Ice Man.

"You only think you love me?" McGee pouted overdramatically, toying with his friend.

"Yup," Abby popped the 'p' of the word.

CUT TO: INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

SHERLOCK: Tell me you have a shower here.

"What happened to you!" John couldn't help but laugh as he saw the state of his best friend.

"Tony," Sherlock answered simply, sending a glare towards the Very Special Agent.

Tony shook off some of the looks he was getting from the rest of the room, "He was new," he defended, "I had to show him the ropes!"

"Wouldn't that imply you doing the work?" Sherlock teased.
Tony, very maturely, stuck his tongue out towards the consulting detective.

Many of the Yarders (not only Donovan) still looked mildly disturbed at the level of emotion that they hadn't thought their detective capable of expressing before. It took a second for both Lestrade and Anderson to shake of their shock and replace it with the guilt of not ever noticing this side of him before. Meanwhile, Donovan assumed that the freak was only acting this way because of the people he was around, other freaks. Of course he'd act differently surrounded by his own kind?

**TONY: We do. But only for biological or chemical emergencies.**

"I've used it as a regular shower before," Abby admitted.

"That's because we forced you to because you refused to go home after staying there for four nights," McGee cocked an eyebrow at her.

"Why would you stay for four nights?" Anderson asked, confused. He was rather dedicated to his work, but he'd never stay for longer than 24 hours!

"There was work to be done," she turned to face the awaiting crowd.

Mary immediately nodded, contributing her need to work as one of the defects that came with the great Holmes mind. Looking around, she could tell others had made the connection as well.

*(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE OPEN)*

**SHERLOCK: Wonderful.**

**TONY: Well you're the one who said you were sick of observing.**

"So you did get bored," Gibbs made an offhand comment, smirking slyly with his lips.

"Of course I did!" Sherlock turned to him, frustrated, "You had me sitting around doing nothing while we were on case. I'm surprised I lasted that long,"

John sent a look at his friends, "Did he shoot any walls?"

The NCIS team looked confused, obviously never hearing of that before.

"Sherlock," Ducky was worried, "What made you feel the need to shoot a wall?"

"You're going to make me sound like a real psychopath for saying this," Sherlock crossed his legs, clearly not wanting to answer.

"We already know you're a real psychopath," Donovan whispered under her breath, luckily for her, no one noticed.

"I can answer this," Mrs. Hudson stepped up, "Whenever Sherlock gets bored, he seeks attention, often through shooting at my walls," she sends a look his way and he responds with a dismissive shrug, "Similar to how he acts when he's frustrated by something he can't solve, he then would stab something,"

Donovan now sent him horrified looks, obviously assuming that the not-housekeeper meant bodies, "You freak," she scathed.

"Would you please shut up, Donovan," Anderson narrowed his eyes at his former friend.
"I can't believe your taking their side!"

"I'm on their side because we were wrong," Anderson's voice changed now, as if it was a parent reprimanding a child, "We were wrong to harass and bully you, Sherlock. We were wrong to think of you as anything less than a human being. We were wrong to think of you as a psychopath. Though I must admit sometimes I got annoyed at you with good reason," Sherlock shrugged at this, "Someday hopefully you'll forgive me, Sherlock, and maybe someday after that I'll forgive myself,"

The room ringed with silence after the monumental apology, even Donovan was stunned.

Sherlock looked like he was struggling to find the right words, "I forgive you, Andy,"

"Oh please don't, Billy!" Anderson quickly came back from his apology, smiling.

Lestrade was smiling, too.

SHERLOCK: You made me crawl through a dump truck full of dirt.

TONY: There could have been valuable evidence in there.

SHERLOCK: There wasn't!

TONY: Yes, and thanks to you we now know that.

"You're such a hazer," Jimmy shook his head at his friend.

"He was probationary!" Tony argued.

"Not yet, I wasn't," Sherlock pointed a finger in the air.

GIBBS: How'd it go?

TONY: Nothing, Boss. Building site was clean. Figuratively speaking.

"I know," Tony slapped his knee in a jovial manner, "I'm hilarious,"

Sherlock remained expressionless, "Very,"

"Aw, you know you love me!"

SHERLOCK: Very.

TONY: We taped off the area, but we're not going to find anything.

ABBY: Gibbs! We did it!

GIBBS: Did what, Abs?

MCGEE: Those random numbers weren't random after all, Boss.

ABBY: Staff Sergeant Sorrow was leaving us a text message from the grave.

"That sounds ominous," Molly pointed out.

"Maybe the 'from the grave' part wasn't necessary," Abby tapped her chin, in deep thought.
"No," McGee shook his head, "It was,"

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

ABBY: When you put it through the cell phone's text converter, you get this.

MCGEE: (READS) "Only got half. Oxbow not on his side. Kearns, don't let him get safety deposit box."

TONY: That's it?

SHERLOCK: He was buried alive, Tony. What did you expect? A soliloquy?

"Some people write soliloquies," Lestrade commented looking at Sherlock. He remembered the woman in pink, and how she wrote her daughter's name, Rachel, on the floor. Sherlock hadn't fully understood that either. It had turned out that it was something more than her daughter's name, but it was still concerning in the eyes of the detective inspector.

ABBY: We ran his social through the banking system. Staff Sergeant Sorrow has a safe deposit box paid for five years at the North Virginia Savings and Trust.

GIBBS: McGee, get me a warrant.

MCGEE: I already called it in, Boss.

"You already knew what he wanted?" Anderson questioned, looking intrigued.

"Yeah," Tony nodded, "We kind of know what to expect from each other by now, we've been working together forever,"

Lestrade took this down as a note, obviously planning to get to know his team better.

GIBBS: DiNozzo, Oxbow and Kearns?

TONY: On it.

GIBBS: Get me into that safe deposit box. You take Sherlock with you.

"McGoo's first mission with Shirley!!" Tony looked at the two in a teasing manner.

SHERLOCK: Is there somewhere I can clean up?

GIBBS: Yeah. Sure. Tonight when you go home.

"You should've known that," Gibbs said simply.

Tony looked over at the consulting detective, "I had already told you that there was no space beside the 'forbidden'" he sent a glare at Vance, "showers. No ones allowed to use them except for emergencies,"

"Dinozzo," Vance raised an eyebrow, "They have specific purposes, and being an actual shower is not one of them.

"I asked Gibbs for hopeful thinking," Sherlock answered Tony's question, "And because I didn't fully trust your reply,"
"Why not?" Tony looked mildly offended.

"Who's the one that made me crawl in garbage."

"Point taken,"

**CUT TO: EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**

**MCGEE:** Sherlock, let me help you with that.

"You think he'd let you help?" Lestrade looked over at McGee.

"I didn't know him that well at the time," McGee defended.

"But you had met me," Abby leaned towards McGee, "And you know I don't always get along well,"

"You got along with me!"

"Still,"

**SHERLOCK:** I'm not a child.

"That's not what I was suggesting," McGee looked frustrated.

Sherlock cocked an eyebrow, "I was fully capable of doing it myself,"

"Shirley here is a lone wolf," Tony narrated the obvious to the rest of the room, "He likes to do everything by himself while having you watch,"

"Yup," John nodded, "That's actually....very accurate,"

"Is not," Sherlock argued.

"Sherlock," John fixed him with a stern look, "The last case we went on was just me watching you run off deductions and tell you useless facts you could've figured out yourself,"

"But I need you," Sherlock sent a frustrated look towards his flatmate.

**MCGEE:** Just trying to help.

**SHERLOCK:** You make up what I missed.

**MCGEE:** Thank you.

"You wanted to work," Tony looked at his friend, "I would've let Shirley run around and do his own thing,"

"And that's what makes us different people; I wouldn't feel right while watching him do all the work," McGee sent a triumphant grin towards his senior agent.

**SHERLOCK:** Is Tony always so...?

"Funny? Bold? Devilishly handsome?" Tony waggled his eyebrows at Sherlock.

"Frustrating? Childish? Impossible to deal with?" Sherlock glared playfully into his eyes, "Yeah,"
Tony leaned back and pouted.

MCGEE: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: And Gibbs?

Sherlock whipped around and sent a panicked look at the man. However, he didn't look angry, he looked like he found the situation to be very amusing.

MCGEE: Oh, yeah.

SHERLOCK: And Abby? She isn't acting like she did when we were younger.

"We know the reason for that," Abby checked the rest of the room, making sure they understood her behavior.

"Yes, Abigail," Ducky looked away from where he was sitting next to the lovely Mrs. Hudson, "Everyone forgives the two of you for any... berserk behavior that is caused by your family traits,"

The rest of the room, sans Donovan, nodded thoroughly, agreeing to that; to Sherlock's surprise and delight, Anderson was nodding along too. He was pleased to think that Anderson, or 'Andy, as he had recently nicknamed him, might soon be a close friend of the consulting detective.

"Thank you Ducky!" Abby ran over and gave him a hug.

MCGEE: Uh... Abby's... usually nice. Probably like how she was at the time you are referring to.

SHERLOCK: Then it's me. What the bloody hell did I do to make her act like that. (sighs) I guess I have that effect on people as I am usually met with hostility upon meeting.

"Even back then?" John looked at Sherlock with worry.

"I've been met with hostility since I started school and was introduced to people," Sherlock answered his friend, ignoring the pitying stares leveled at him.

"Before that," Mycroft said simply.

"Really?" Sherlock scrunched his eyebrows, looking confused.

Mycroft simply gestured for them to return to the screen.

MCGEE: It's... it's not you. Sherlock, the past month has been hard on everyone. But I'm glad you're here.

"Aw," Mary looked at McGee, "That's sweet,

SHERLOCK: Yes?

MCGEE: Yeah. It means I'm not the newbie anymore.

"Oh," Mary laughed.

"Technically, you were," Sherlock crossed his arms, "I wasn't an official agent,"
McGee snickered, "We still treated you like a probie,"

SHERLOCK: Ha!

(SHERLOCK LOOKS AROUND THE COURTYARD)

"He's sensing something," Anderson offhandedly commented.

MCGEE: What's wrong?

SHERLOCK: Nothing. Still getting used to America, I suppose.

"You should have followed your original instincts," Mycroft admonished.

"Let me guess," John looked slightly annoyed, "You're all in danger,"

"Now, what gave that away?" Sherlock sarcastically looked over.

"Why didn't you respond to the danger then?" John cheekily replied.

CUT TO: INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

SMITH: I understand Staff Sergeant Sorrow has been missing.

MCGEE: Who told you that?

SMITH: His brother. He's inquired several times about the safety deposit box.

SHERLOCK: Why?

"Because he wanted what was inside of it," Donovan rolled her eyes, "Dumby,"

"Who're you calling dumb?" Sherlock looked offended at the derogatory word.

"Why else would you need to ask?" she smirked.

"Fact checking, perhaps," Sherlock mulled over this, "Or maybe my answer was wrong, and he had a better one."

"And before you call him dumb," Tony glared at her, "Read up on him, I bet his IQ doubles yours," Donovan's mouth opened and closed, and she violently leaned back into the couch with a huff.

"What is his IQ?" Lestrade wondered, tapping his chin before looking at the Holmes' for guidance.

"190," Sherlock answered.

Everyone, even those who have known him for a long time gaped.

"I know," Mycroft examined his umbrella, "Shockingly low for a Holmes,"

"No..." John looked at this friend, "That's a hundred more than an average person!"

"Since Donovan's is probably lower, his is probably more than double hers," Abby nodded.

"If you think it's so low," Anderson narrowed his eyes, eager to defend his knew friend, "What's
yours?"

Mycroft cocked an eyebrow, "240,"

Everyone made choking noises.

"That's fifty points," Tony looked towards the Holmes.

"The highest recorded in our family was 300," Abby commented.

Mrs. Hudson did the math in her head, "That's three times the average IQ!"

Lestrade leaned back chuckling in disbelief, "Well, this is going to bring the mean average IQ of my team up significantly,"

"No shit, Sherlock," Anderson looked at Lestrade, using a phrase he and his fandom had coined, "Not talking to you, Billy,"

Sherlock's expression cleared of confusion, "Oh, fuck off, Watson," he laughed.

"Why're you bringing me into this," John had a huge smile on his face.

SMITH: He felt if something had happened to the Staff Sergeant, he would have wanted him to have it.

SHERLOCK: Like death?

SMITH: Obviously. But without a death certificate or court order, our policy is to maintain the contents until the lease runs out. Is Staff Sergeant Sorrows missing?

MCGEE: Not anymore.


"He didn't need to know that he was dead," McGee shrugged.

SHERLOCK: Anything else or can we open the box now?

SMITH: I'll be outside if you need me.

(DOOR OPENS/ CLOSES)

SHERLOCK: Oof. We need to talk to his brother.

MCGEE: Definitely.

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

FADE IN: INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK: (V.O.) A mummified hand. An ancient map. (ON CAMERA) This has to be your strangest case now, McGee.

"What type of freak was he to put that in a safety deposit box?" Donovan flinched slightly in disgust.
"You don't even know why he put them in there," Molly argued.

Donovan glared, "You're just defended freaks because you had a crush on one of them."

"That was a long time ago," Molly narrowed her eyes, "And I'm defending him because I have something called human decency."

MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) Thanks. (TO SHERLOCK) Maybe. That was Tony. Staff Sergeant Sorrow does not have a brother. So we need to pull the bank security camera footage, see if they have a shot of this guy who claims to be his brother.

SHERLOCK: You know what this reminds me of, McGee?

MCGEE: Europol case?


"You can make that reference?" Mary looked at the detective.

Sherlock fixed her with an incredulous look.

MCGEE: You read those too?

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

MCGEE: Me neither.

"I thought that would be the first geeky thing you did," Tony leaned back in his chair.

McGee glared at him.

CUT TO: EXT. BANK - DAY

MAN: Excuse me. Excuse me. Do you know where I can find a Kelleher Avenue?

Mycroft leaned forward and glared at the screen, obviously deducing something off about the man, "How did you not notice, Sherlock?"

"To be fair, I was getting used to a new country," Sherlock defended himself.

"You used to be able to be in a new country every week and adjust fine;"

"Those were all in roughly the same area," Sherlock cocked his eyebrow, "This was a new continent,"

MCGEE: Uh... yeah. North of here about four blocks.

MAN: Four blocks?

MCGEE: Yeah.

MAN: Yeah. Hey, I'm going to need that map, too.

The rest of the room was brought into understanding of what Sherlock had missed.
MCGEE: Excuse me?

MAN: The map. Why don't you take a look at that van behind me? All right, now give me your weapon. Come on, give it to me. Now back up. Back up.

"You guys are going to get shot," Lestrade looked like an exhausted father, "I barely know one of you and I didn't know one of you back then, and I'm still getting gray hairs over this,"

"At least you made the smart choice," Mary examined the screen.

MCGEE: Now what?

MAN: Now you get wet.

(MAN PUSHES MCGEE AND SHERLOCK INTO THE FOUNTAIN)

Mycroft shook his head, not please with Sherlock's reaction time.

"Okay old man," Sherlock turned towards his brother, ready for an argument.

"Children, children," Abby looked like she was the peacekeeper until, "I want a fair fight,"

"Abby," Mrs. Hudson scolded, "Boys, so help me," she stood up and made her way over to the Holmes couch, moving Abby next to Molly and placing Sherlock next to her and Ducky, "If you can't get along then I'll have to separate you,"

The room dissolved into snickers.

(SFX: CAR TIRES SCREECH)

MCGEE: Damn it! Gibbs is going to kill me.

SHERLOCK: Look on the bright side, McGee. At least I'm clean again.

"Since when were you an optimist?" McGee complained.

"Whenever convenient," Sherlock grinned.

CUT TO: INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

DUCKY: No, no, no. Tighter. Hold it tighter, Mister Palmer. I can put some English on it.

The English people in the room laughed at this, citing it as 'the better way to do things'.

(SFX: DUCKY TEARS OFF THE FINGER)

DUCKY: Oops. Oh, dear.

JIMMY: A little too much English, Doctor.

DUCKY: There is no such thing. Do you know what we have here, Mister Palmer?

The deductive eyes of the Holmes' scanned the ring, and none of them decided to comment this time.

JIMMY: A very old ring?
DUCKY: Yes. And a reason to call Doctor Burns back.

"Did you get excited?" Lestrade asked, teasing.

"Let’s just say, I’m glad I never have to see Doctor Burns again," Ducky explained, pretending he didn’t notice Mrs. Hudson’s secretive smile at this.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

MCGEE: Boss, I'm sorry. I screwed up and it won't happen again.

"Is this the dear's confidence issues," Mrs. Hudson whispered into Ducky's ears.

"Yes," Ducky replied, "He has gotten much better now, though."

GIBBS: It wasn't your fault. They used us. Used us to get into that safety deposit box for them.

MCGEE: Well, he knew exactly what he wanted. All he asked for was the map.

"Why would he ignore the ring? Obviously it’s of much higher value...unless whatever the map leads to beats a ring and a mummified hand," Anderson attempted deducing again.

"No, no, no, no, no," Sherlock shook his head, "Too basic, remind me to work on that," he gestured to his former flat mate.

Anderson’s face busted into a grin at the prospect of improving his deductions with the help of Sherlock.

GIBBS: Map? What map? Map of what, McGee?

MCGEE: I didn't really get a look at it.

TONY: Maybe it was a treasure map, Probie!? You know, like gold, diamonds, silver.

"Piratey stuff," Tony smirked at the consulting detective.

"Even with an 'x' to mark the spot," Sherlock finished.

"Must've been like a dream to you, brother dear," Mycroft mocked lightly.

GIBBS: It wasn't from one of your dumb ass movies, DiNozzo.

TONY: Sorry.

MCGEE: We need to find this guy. Claimed he was Staff Sergeant Sorrow's brother.

TONY: I might have a name for him. Been researching the words from Sorrow’s farewell message. Oxbow and Kearns.

"Finally," Mycroft said, displeased with how long it took them to research that.

MCGEE: Oxbow is the name on the map.

TONY: The other name might be his. Judd Kearns, a member of the same Civil War club our
dead Staff Sergeant belonged to.

"Is this Kearns guy one of the people who killed him?" Lestrade asked, still facing the screen.

The NCIS team only smiled secretively, and his attention was forced back towards the television.

GIBBS: Get an address?

TONY: Yeah, but he's not there. Their club is on their way to Manassas Battlefield Park for a reenactment. Should be there this afternoon.

GIBBS: McGee, what else do you remember about the map?

"I told you I hadn't seen it!" McGee argued, and then prepared for the inevitable smack that came to the backside of his head.

SHERLOCK: I think I can help with that. At Europol, officers who failed to observe don't generally last too long.

"Which is depressing," John made it a point that the Director of Europol heard this.

Mycroft frowned, "With the missions my family members....get involved in, a skill in deduction is one of the most necessary qualities for them to have,"

"And how many fit into the 'don't generally last too long' category?" Mary questioned, acting like an interrogator.

"Too many," Mycroft said simply, shocking the rest of the people in the room. Even with his dosage of medicine, they had still gotten the Ice Man vibe off of him. But that statement showed that he cared, that he might even be upset about those 'emotionally compromised' people in his family.

John knew this already. Mycroft has made it clear that he cared deeply for his brother, Sherlock, and Sherlock at times could be as emotionally compromised as a Holmes can get.

TONY: Hmm. At NCIS they apparently get drop kicked into water fountains.

SHERLOCK: That would have never happened if I had my weapons.

"You still had time to run away or kick them, Shirley," Abby teased.

"And McGee and I would've gotten shot at!" Sherlock stressfully gestured with his hands.

"And what would've happened if you had your weapons, huh?" Donovan broke out into a huge grin, "Would you've killed anyone?"

Sherlock's face set, he knew how this case played out, and yes, he does kill someone, Doctor Burns, but he didn't want her to know that. Still, he couldn't send her away every time he fired some weapon or made an offhand comment, so another solution must be found. He can't make her leave, and he obviously can't win her over. If he somehow came up with a lawsuit against her, or had Mycroft do something, her comments during the videos would only get worse and worse. He found what he should do, what he probably should've done earlier, tell the truth.

"Yes," Sherlock faced his longtime bully, "I might've killed someone. They were criminals, and we were working a case. They threatened the two of us first, which in that situation would've made it self defense. Have you ever heard of self defense, Donovan? I'm sure that when you were a
...competent police sergeant you had fired that gun of yours in self defense. So why is it only monstrous if I do it?"

Donovan's face paled slightly, thinking over what she said and what she's done. She discovered that yes, she had hurt and even killed people with her guns who had threatened her; therefore, she can not call him a freak with condemning herself at the same time. That would make her equal to the freak, something which could never happen. She settled for leaning back into the chair and refusing to talking to anyone.

GIBBS: McGee, find out what this is a map of.

MCGEE: I'm going to get right on it.

CUT TO: INT. LAB - DAY

MCGEE: Abby, Sherlock was amazing. I mean, he's got a photographic memory! (BEAT) What?

"I'm not even surprised anymore," Anderson shook his head.

"What? That I have a photographic memory?" Sherlock asked.

"Yes,"

ABBY: Why don't you two just get a room, McGee?

"You're sounding a little jealous, Abby," Sherlock teased his cousin.

Abby grinned slightly before defending herself, "I wasn't exactly myself then, 'Lock,"

"Still...." his voice droned off, and his cousin threw a pillow at his head.

MCGEE: What, you think he likes me?

"Of course I like you, McGee," Sherlock's tone turned slightly teasing, "I'll always love you for the nerdy little geek you are,"

McGee was shockingly actually touched by this. Sherlock had always made it clear that his love can only be given to a certain number of people, and he'd assumed that the rest of his team would've had it before him.

ABBY: McGee, never forget. I am one of the few people in the world who can murder you and leave no forensic evidence.

Abby sat back in seat proudly, making a point to stick her tongue out at Donovan. The rest of the room dissolved into slow chuckles.

DUCKY: Well perhaps we should come back then.

ABBY: Ducky! Just venting. Who's your friend?

DUCKY: Ah, I'd like you to meet Doctor Elaine Burns, a forensic anthropologist from the Smithsonian.

BURNS: Ducky was saying you might be in need of my expertise.
"I could've done it on my own," Abby stuck her nose in the air.

"And I wish you would've, too," Ducky thought back at the woman who ended up being evil.

"It would've only taken my 15 minutes to figure out what I was doing," Abby nodded her head, "I should stop asking for help, it's annoying."

John snorted slightly before taking in everyone's confused looks, "Just...the amount of Holmes in that statement."

"You don't understand," Abby jumped up in her seat and started to rant, "Every time I get help, they end up sending in some horrible person. I mean, not always horrible, but just as annoying. One of the times my helper was a murderer, and no one noticed!"

(PASSAGE OF TIME)

BURNS: It's French, nineteenth century. Usually worn by Southern gentlemen to telegraph welcome status. It's in fantastic condition. Where'd you find it?

DUCKY: On a mummified hand in a safety deposit box, I'm afraid.

BURNS: Sounds like scavengers. Grave robbers. We've had more sites ruined by them than I care to remember.

"What's the difference between grave robbing and archaeology?" Sherlock question, shocking people who still thought he knew everything.

Mycroft sighed and rolled his eyes slightly making it clear to people that this wasn't the first time he's answered his younger brother's offhand questions, "While many people don't see a difference, grave robbing usually refers to people digging up graves for profit, and archaeology tends to be more scientific,"

Sherlock weighed this over in his mind before storing it in his mind palace and nodding.

GIBBS: How about the map we found with it, Abs?

BURNS: Certainly typical of the Civil War Period. ICF stands for Irregular Confederate Forces. Oxbow may be referring to a prominent Virginia family.

ABBY: Where'd they live?

BURNS: Manassas. Their mansion was destroyed in the Second Battle of Bull Run by the Union.

Vance took a second before closely examining this case once more, Doctor Burns was heavily used in this case, and a lot of important information was shared with her. Then, she betrayed them using the information she had given them. If they had not given her the ring to find out this info, then she wouldn't have been at the cite and therefore wouldn't have died. He took mental note to change the way things are done once they were back home.

ABBY: Remember how we found Boone's dumping grounds, Gibbs? I could run the vectors between these features and satellite imagery.

GIBBS: Do it.
BURNS: Well, if it is Manassas, I've had several digs there. I'd be more than willing to serve as a guide. That is if Doctor Mallard would be willing to accompany me.

Ducky narrowed his eyes, realizing that she might've gotten close to him to only use him as a hostage in the endgame.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: Boss, his club checked in with the Park Rangers. Judge Kearns is there now. Are we rolling?

GIBBS: No, not yet. (TO SHERLOCK) Gear up.

"Finally!" Sherlock yelled, sharing his joy with the world.

"Please refrain from disarming my brother again," Mycroft sent a warning glare at Gibbs, who responded with one of equal measure.

The people who knew them closely knew that this was simply their unique way of caring for their loved ones.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/SHERLOCK GATHERS HIS WEAPONS)

CUT TO: INT. BATTLEFIELD PARK - DAY

(SFX: GUNFIRE)

(VOICE: "Fire!")

MCGEE: (V.O.) Bring back memories for you, Tony?

"I'm so happy I never have to step foot in one of those reenactments again," Tony raised his hands to get his point across.

"You're going to jinx it," McGee joked, "Watch our next case be about the Civil War,"

SHERLOCK: It looks like fun.

TONY: You know what little Anthony DiNozzo's job was during these reenactments, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Little drummer boy?

TONY: No, I would carry around a bucket so these guys could take a dump. They called me "that little poo boy."

"Did they really have to reenact the bathroom part?" Mary questioned, finding amusement in Tony's pain.

"Of course they had to!" Jimmy jokingly defended, taking in Tony's betrayed look with joy.

GIBBS: Kearns is out here somewhere dressed as a Union Sergeant. You two with me. See if you match up any landmarks on the map.
SHERLOCK: Any suggestions, doctors?

(SHERLOCK GLANCES AT BURNS. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE DOESN'T TRUST HER.)

"Thank god, I thought you might've been slow," Mycroft leaned back in his chair, showing no emotion as he spoke.

The rest of the room looked at her suspiciously, the ones who hadn't known of what she did was getting in on it now.

BURNS: Let me look. By the orientation of the map, I suggest we start near some of my old dig sites to the north.

"But she would've known how to read the map," Anderson argued, now knowing that she was not one of the good guys, "Was her job to distract you?"

"Very good, Anderson," Sherlock praised, ignoring his brother's stare boring into his skull.

DUCKY: Unless... may I? During times of war mapmakers often add terrain or change the declination of north and south in order to confuse...

SHERLOCK: (narrows his eyes at Burns) Confuse the enemy before it fell into the wrong hands.

DUCKY: Yeah, very good, Sherlock. Yes, what troubles me about this map is this Confederate flag in the corner.

SHERLOCK: It's unfurled in the opposite direction of most flags.

"Which means that the map is a mirror image?" Lestrade slowly nodded into understanding.

All of them noticed at this point some snores coming from the corner. Looking over they saw the former sergeant Donovan taking a nap.

"Well, that's rather rude," Molly commented.

"At least we don't have to deal with her," Abby walked over and spat on her shoes before taking her seat again.

DUCKY: Precisely. I think we should start looking to the south.

CUT TO: EXT. BATTLEFIELD CLEARING - DAY

TONY: Boss, your three o'clock. Red stripes.

MCGEE: That's the guy from the bank video.

( BEGIN CHASE SCENE)

TONY: Oh, he's going! Fast!
GIBBS: You think?! Son-of-a-....

CUT TO: EXT. BATTLEFIELD PARK

D UCKY: Sherlock, I really think we should wait for Gibbs.

"Going off on his own," Tony said dramatically, "The lone wolf,"

Sherlock responded by throwing the pillow Abby had thrown at him at Tony.

"You were just too impatient to wait for me," Gibbs cocked his eyebrow.

"If I hadn't then they would've surely gotten away," Sherlock looked at the screen, desperately defending himself in front of the mighty Gibbs.

SHERLOCK: He is the one that told us to look for landmarks, Doctor Mallard.

DUCKY: Land marks, yes. Following them deep into the woods, probably not. And please, call me Ducky.

"Where's your sense of adventure, Dr. Mallard?" Jimmy asked.

"I'm afraid I lost that when I got a bad knee," he joke slightly.

SHERLOCK: Okay, Ducky. I believe this is the trail indicated on the map.

BURNS: I doubt it. Wait. The topography is completely different today. If anything we might have better luck starting near the site where the Oxbow mansion used to stand.

SHERLOCK: (looks at Burns in a suspicious way) We can try that next.

"She was just trying to make us go the wrong way," he complained.

"Well, obviously she wouldn't want to get caught," Abby commented, "And you're whining, Shirley,"

"Am not,"

"Am too,"

"Am not,"

"Am too,"

"Both of you are adults," Mycroft put a hand on his face, stressed by his two family members.

"Am not,"

"Am too,"

"Am not,"

"Am too,"

"Will both of you just shut up?" Mycroft glared at the two of them, causing them to smirk.
CUT TO: EXT. BATTLEFIELD CLEARING - DAY

TONY: That's not bad, boss. I thought you were still behind me until you tackled him.

"That was quite impressive," Lestrade said, not imagining himself being able to do that these days.

GIBBS: Not likely, DiNozzo.

TONY: What's his excuse?

CUT TO: EXT. BATTLEFIELD PARK - DAY

SHERLOCK: It wasn't an "X" on the map.

"The pirate in you must've been so disappointed," John teased.

"Believe me, it was," Sherlock said seriously.

DUCKY: It's a cross. This is a graveyard.

"A little ominous," Molly said.

SHERLOCK: Ducky, wait here and call Gibbs. Tell him to hurry.

"Scared of what would happen without Gibbs," Tony teased, talking to him like a child.

"Scared of what I would do," Sherlock said simply, and with that the light hearted atmosphere died.

(SFX: ELECTRIC SCREWDRIVER B.G.)

CUT TO: EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SOLDIER: (V.O.) We need to hurry this up.

MAN TWO: Yeah, that's it.

(SFX: MEN PRY OPEN THE CASKET)

SOLDIER: They buried these things so the South could rise again, and now they are all mine.

"Okay," Anderson said, in attempt to salvage the mood. "He sounds like your ordinary bad guy with the whole 'they are all mine' thing,"

"Why wouldn't the other guy correct him on his portion?" Tony questioned.

MAN TWO: There's got to be fifty of them here. At thirty grand a pop, that's uh...

SHERLOCK: One point five million. Your rifle is ten feet away. I wouldn't recommend trying it.

"Sherlock the human calculator is back again," Tony narrated.

Lestrade looked at the detective, "And uh....how fast can you do math again?"

"Very fast," Sherlock answered.
"But how fast?"

"Depends on the question," Sherlock smirked.

"What's 111,111 squared?" Lestrade asked.

"That's 12,345,654,321," Sherlock got cocky, "That was easy,"

"Wait, why?" Anderson asked, eager to learn.

Sherlock, as the good teacher he was, taught his student math, "There's six ones in 111,111, and then the answer would be counted up to six and back down; therefore, the answer is 12345654321."

"He's been able to do that since he could talk, I thought you'd ask something challenged?" Mycroft looked at the detective inspector.

"My math teacher never taught me that," he replied.

"We've gotten slightly off topic," Tony redirected there attentions.

B RETT: (V.O.) I didn't do anything wrong.

CUT TO: EXT. BATTLEFIELD CLEARING - DAY

TONY: No? What about resisting arrest, Kearns. And what's that other charge, McGee?

MCGEE: Murdering Staff Sergeant Warren Sorrow.

BRETT: Sorrow's dead? No way. You guys can't pin that on me! I wouldn't! They told me he got scared and took off.

"Saying that you can't pin that on me is very suspicious," Mary said, looking at the guy on the screen like he was dumb, which according to the Holmes, he was.

GIBBS: He was buried alive in a coffin, dirtbag.

BRETT: I didn't sign up for this. All she said I had to do was distract you.

GIBBS: DiNozzo, come on.

CUT TO: EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SHERLOCK: Ducky! Ducky, where is Gibbs?!

BURNS: Ducky can't answer right now. Drop the gun now or he dies.

Everyone gasped at the view of the loveable old man being used as a hostage. Without knowing it, Mrs. Hudson's hand sought out Ducky's, and he smiled at her.

DUCKY: I knew there was a reason I blocked you out of my mind.

"Did I ever really meet her?" Ducky asked, tapping his chin and getting philosophical, "Or did she simply fabricate the story to have a reason for getting close to me,"

Jimmy, who was nearby, shrugged.
BURNS: Last time I ask. Drop it!

DUCKY: Shoot her, Sherlock. She'll only kill both of us.

"I should've known that you would've refused if that meant I'd die," he looked at the consulting detective with great fondness.

"There is a better way to do it," Mycroft pointed out, but that had no effect on the man's spirit.

SHERLOCK: And those weapons? That is why you killed that poor Staff Sergeant?

BURNS: He found Oxbow's casket on the map. He actually wanted to turn them over to a museum.

"So she's the same grave robber she was talking about earlier," Molly rolled her eyes at the hypocrisy.

SOLDIER: The only mistake we made was killing him before we got the map.

BURNS: You two are going to be the unfortunate victims of scavengers.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/DUCKY FALLS FORWARD/SHERLOCK THROWS A KNIFE)

The Yarders, who had no idea of his skill, leaned backwards in surprise.

"Damn," Anderson blinked a couple times before accepting the idea and appearing normal.

"That's handy," Lestrade accepted him too.

"You don't thing...." Sherlock trailed off, noticing some of the pitying looks, "That it's freakish?"

"Nah," Anderson shook his head, "Not really, Billy,"

"Are we going to do this now, Andy?" Sherlock cocked his eyebrow.

"I don't want to know what that is, do I?" Lestrade got the long-suffering parent look on his face, "Okay, okay, break it up,"

Everyone chuckled a little, a few making notes to check up on Sherlock for his lack of confidence in his not being a freak, and Gibbs sent a smirk towards the other team leader, knowing what he would soon be going through.

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

(GIBBS AND TONY RUN TO THE CEMETERY) TONY: Remind me not to piss him off.

"Somehow you always do, though," Sherlock looked at his friend.

GIBBS: Oh, DiNozzo, you have no idea.

CUT TO: INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

SHERLOCK: She's gone, Gibbs. I don't think Kate would mind. I found this, but I have a feeling she would have wanted you to have it. See you in the morning.
"Well," Tony looked at the screen, "That took balls," he got smacked over the head.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GIBBS LOOKS AT THE SKETCH BOOK)

"Kate was the best drawer," Abby said for those who didn't understand the sketchbook, "Do you still have it?" she asked Gibbs.

"Of course," he answered tightly.

"I'd like to see it sometime," she smiled brightly.

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

(MUSIC UP OVER ENDING CREDITS AND OUT)

Chapter End Notes

Also, do you guys want me to somehow put Eurus and the canon Victor Trevor in this? Please tell me!
They watch "Switch".

Chapter Notes

I own nothing, sorry if anyone's OOC. Sorry if this isn't as good of a chapter; for some reason, I really hate this episode.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

MUSIC IN:

INT. CAR - MOVING

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) Well, what do you want?

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) Honey, I don't care. Whatever you want.

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) You don't care?

Lestrade groaned. He knew exactly what this was. An anniversary.

"Having flashbacks, Lestrade?" Sherlock inquired pleasantly.

"Of my wife? Yeah." he certainly did not like her anymore.

Gibbs grunted in agreement.

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) I didn't mean I don't care like that. I'm just not that picky.

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) How come I always come up with the ideas?

"Because he is currently occupied." Abby gestured to the car he was driving. "He probably can't focus too much on what they are talking about."

"Another reason why texting and driving is never a good idea." Ducky spoke sagaciously.

Jimmy rolled his eyes. "I've seen you drive while on the phone many times Dr. Mallard."

The medical examiner smiled. "Well, I never said I make the best decisions, now, did I?"

Mrs. Hudson nodded along. "I go on my phone sometimes while driving. It makes me go faster." she grinned secretively at Ducky.

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) Why don't you make that thing you made the first night I came
"Wrong move." Lestrade said, voice filling with fear. "She will think you forgot what it was."

Anderson raised his hand as if expecting to be called on. "You do know that you are speaking to the television. They are real people, but they can't hear you."

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) What was that thing I made?

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) It had a green sauce, right?

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) You don't even know, do you?

The occupants in the room shook their heads.

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) Honey, do we have to do this now?

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) You never remember anything we've done.

JERRY: (INTO PHONE) It's our anniversary!

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) You never listen to me! In fact, Jerry...

(SFX: GUNFIRE)

"She's going to feel absolutely horrible!" Molly's eyes flew wide in surprise. "Her husband just died, and the last thing she said to him was insulting."

The rest of Scotland Yard nodded solemnly.

WENDY: (V.O./FILTERED) Jerry! Jerry!

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/CAR CRASHES OVER THE EMBANKMENT)

(MUSIC OUT)

(THEME MUSIC UP OVER OPENING TITLE/SCENES/ CREDITS AND OUT)

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY "SWITCH"

TONY: Hey, finish that database yet, Probie?

MCGEE: Yesterday.

"Way to stay on top of things!" Abby ran up to McGee and put her hand out for a high five.

Laughing, McGee high fived one of his best friends.

TONY: Well then it should have been on my desk yesterday, shouldn't it?

MCGEE: I didn't realize a compilation of nudie bars was that urgent.

TONY: Well, it is.
MCGEE: Why?

TONY: I don't have to explain myself to a junior agent.

"Way to sound unlikeable." Sherlock clapped slowly.

Tony pouted. "Is that why it took so long for you to come around to me?"

"Perhaps." the consulting detective smirked a little. "You were a bit of an ass if you ask me."

MCGEE: Okay, is this work related because..?

TONY: But I will just this once. It's a mercy mission, Probie. A buddy of mine is getting married to a particularly unpleasant beast of a woman.

"A lot of bad marriages in this area." Donovan sneered.

"Yes, unfortunately it is very hard to find a good match." Abby replied calmly, not letting her get to the forensic scientist.

"Or maybe it is simply because you're unlikable?"

The forensic scientist laughed out loud. "Well, isn't it a good thing that they aren't talking about any of us then?"

"Well," Donovan glanced at Gibbs, who was beginning to become more and more agitated.

"If you met his ex-wives, you'd understand." Abby ended the conversation before Gibbs could blow up and kill her.

MCGEE: So?

TONY: So? So the memory of his bachelor party will be the only thing that sustains him through the rest of his miserable existence.

"You are being awfully dramatic." Molly frowned.

"It was necessary to be dramatic for such a tragedy!"

MCGEE: I will print it out as soon as I'm finished with this, okay?

TONY: On behalf of men everywhere we thank you, Probie. What are you working on?

MCGEE: I'm reviewing my credit card statement - there appears to be some anomalies.

John looked sympathetic. "Credit card anomalies are never good."

McGee groaned. "I know right?"

TONY: Fifty DVD copies of Forrest Hump?

John snorted. "And Forrest Hump?"

"You know what that is?" Sherlock cocked his head to the side.

The army doctor smirked. "I was an army doctor, remember? I learned about many things there."
MCGEE: Yeah, see I don't even know what a Forrest Hump is.

TONY: Well, it's like Forrest Gump with naked people, Probie.

MCGEE: What?

TONY: It's a porno... or so I've been told.

"Or so you've been told..." Sherlock trailed off.

"Yes, as I've been told, Shirley Temple." Tony tutted.

MCGEE: It's... it's obviously an error with the credit card company.

TONY: Or it's identity theft!

MCGEE: No. It's not possible. I use a secure browser and the latest firewall protection.

"You're talking computers again, probie." Tony lectured. "You know some people don't like it when you speak geek."

McGee scoffed. "I just said that I was using a secure browser with advanced firewall protection! What is there to misunderstand about that?"

The senior field agent shrugged. "I don't know, but someone would probably misunderstand."

"I feel like you are purposely making my life difficult."

"You know you love me, McGoo. I'm your favorite person in the universe."

"Eh..." McGee gestured passive aggressively. "Debatable."

TONY: Look at that. A five thousand dollar charge from John Deere. A down payment on that combine you've always dreamed of, Probie.

GIBBS: Put the farm equipment on hold. A sailor was Shot on Route Two Forty Nine. Tony, grab the gear. Green Acres -- gas the truck. Where the hell is Holmes?

"Yeah, where are you?" John inquired curiously.

"Late." was Sherlock's only response.

Anderson's eyebrows shot up. "You? Late? I doubt it."

"Mistakes were made." the consulting detective straightened.

John smirked. Mistakes showed people that he was human, so maybe, just maybe, Donovan will lay off now.

MCGEE: Ah, Boss, Officer Holmes is... uh...

SHERLOCK: Late. I took the wrong bus this morning. Had to walk from the Eighteenth Street stop.

"Why did you get on the wrong bus?" Mycroft inquired disdainfully. "If I had known you would
have taken so little care of this mission, I would have assigned it to someone else."

Sherlock scowled at his brother. "My mind was otherwise occupied at the time."

"You were in your mind palace."

"Yes." the consulting detective answered truthfully.

John laughed, remembering all the times his friend's mind palace caused him to find himself in bad situations. "One time he was so into it that he walked into a wall. And once a pole. Don't even get me started on all the times I had to stop him from walking out into traffic."

The Yarders found this quite amusing to say the least.

TONY: That's a tough part of town.

SHERLOCK: I've been in worse. Won't happen again, Gibbs.

GIBBS: I know.

"It probably will." Abby sucked on her straw.

Molly paused momentarily. "You were there though, so wouldn't you know for sure?"

"Oh, yeah," the forensic scientist drew this out. "But some things happen without my knowledge."

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

HAMPTON: Special Agent Gibbs?

TONY: No, he's the older gentleman with the smile on his face.

HAMPTON: Agent Gibbs, car's in the crevice at the bottom. The victim's dead inside. Lieutenant Hampton, Virginia State Police. The last few yards are pretty steep. One of the EMTs managed to make it all the way down. The fire department's bringing in special equipment to extricate the body. It's going to take a while.

"How did you all get down there?" Mrs. Hudson asked worriedly.

"Oh...ah...eh..." Jimmy shrugged helplessly.

"Let's just leave it at some people made it down faster than others." Ducky's eyes twinkled as he remembered the incident fondly.

The landlady turned to him. "Did you fall?"

"He took a little tumble." Tony answered for him. "Autopsy Gremlin was great at hustling."

GIBBS: McGee.

MCGEE: Yeah

GIBBS: Sketch. Get close enough without breaking your neck.
"But all the other body parts are fair game." Abby nodded seriously.

**MCGEE:** On it.

**GIBBS:** DiNozzo, photos. Is there a problem?

**TONY:** You didn't say anything about my neck. But I'll be careful.

"I'm fairly certain that his warning counted for you as well." Sherlock mentioned in a monotone voice.

"Yeah," Tony squirmed a bit. "But he didn't say it explicitly! He could have been okay with it or something."

Gibbs's hand rocketed up towards his head. "You're senior field agent. Maybe I expected you to be careful."

The senior field agent in question winced. "Right, boss."

"To be fair, he didn't mention it explicitly to anyone but McGee," Abby had a dry smile on her face. "It's not Gibbs's style to repeat things to multiple people over and over again."

**SHERLOCK:** What about me?

Mycroft straightened a bit, interested in knowing exactly what Gibbs had had his little brother do. He had sent him to NCIS to learn how to properly investigate after all, and the last 'episode' had not given him much hope in that department. Well, he supposed his brother developed those necessary investigation skills just fine even if he still relied on his deductions more than physical evidence.

**GIBBS:** Who called it in?

**HAMPTON:** His wife. She was on the phone with him when it happened.

Anderson narrowed his eyes. "It seems a bit suspicious that she just so happened to be on the phone at the time."

Sherlock sat ramrod straight immediately, his eyes trained on his new colleague. "And why would that be?" he pressed quickly.

He laughed. "You were there at the time; surely, you know more about this than I."

The consulting detective cocked his head to the side and continued to stare into the other's eyes.

"Oh...you're trying to get me to explain my deductions, aren't you?" Anderson's eyes brightened considerably.

Sherlock nodded. "It is no use making accusations without evidence to back it up."

Lestrade's eyes gleamed in absolute glee. With the addition of Sherlock officially to his team and his insistence on teaching Anderson, the amount of cases they solve and the amount of time it takes them to do it should definitely go down. Yes, he could see those two going very far in Scotland Yard.

Anderson looked serious. "All right. Well, it is suspicious because she was on the phone at the time, and that seems very coincidental. Additionally, a killer would be less likely to shoot the person while they are on the phone because that would add a witness to the crime and possible incriminating
evidence. I personally believe that it was she who is to blame, and she only timed it like this to free her from any possible suspicion.

Sherlock leaned back. "Good."

"Was I right?" he looked excited.

"You should know by now that I will not tell you that directly." the consulting detective withheld this information. "That alone would not even be enough to sway Lestrade into suspecting her. You need more definite things that can be proved."

Anderson squinted a bit. "Like what?"

The detective straightened, and John knew that he was about to show off. "I assume you recall that case John so tastefully titled 'A Study in Pink.' During that case, I referenced her wedding ring which was clean on one side but dirty on the other. That is physical evidence for an otherwise evidence-less assumption. Additionally, I made reference to both her umbrella and her collar."

Donovan scoffed in the background. Sherlock was obviously corrupting Anderson with his freakishness. Well, he had already delved into that area when he became obsessed with Sherlock’s suicide. I mean, what kind of person stalks another person from beyond the grave? Anderson was right, and Sherlock wasn't dead. But at the same time, it was still disturbing.

**GIBBS:** Officer Holmes, take her statement.

**SHERLOCK:** I should warn you I'm not very good with people.

"That is a large understatement." Donovan scoffed under her breath. He was much too freakish to ever be able to interact normally with normal humans such as her. She was normal.

"Is there anything you wish to share with the group, Miss Donovan?" Lestrade was getting really sick of her to be frank.

She straightened her back. "No, sir." a fake smile was plastered on her face.

Abby decided to ignore her for now. "At least you admitted it, Lock." she grinned brightly.

He frowned. "Most people are idiotic."

"That much is true," the forensic scientist allowed. "But still, people are people." she shrugged.

"And what is your point?"

"Practice makes perfect with human interactions." Abby taunted slightly.

Sherlock rolled his eyes. "I doubt that."

**GIBBS:** Well that'll make two things you're not very good at today.

**SHERLOCK:** And the first?!

**GIBBS:** Being on time.

Tony burst out laughing. "He's got you there, Shirley."

"As I stated previously, I was otherwise occupied at the time." Sherlock replied in a monotone voice.
"Priorities, Shirley. Priorities. Getting to places you need to go trumps thinking about me." the senior field officer lectured.

The consulting detective cocked his head to the side. "And who said that I was thinking about you at the time?"

"Your eyes keep on flickering over to me when you spoke about it." Tony looked victorious. "And as I am an expert interrogator, that is generally a sign, yes?"

"Perhaps I was simply ensuring that you were paying attention." Sherlock smirked a bit.

"I'll go with my hypothesis."

**DUCKY: I'm sorry for the delay, Jethro.**

**JIMMY: Traffic was murder. Sorry, poor choice of words there.**

"Tactful." Sherlock commented.

Jimmy pursed his lips. "Like you could do any better."

The consulting detective grinned sarcastically. "I never said I was."

**GIBBS: See what you can get, Duck. He's trapped in there pretty good.**

**DUCKY: Oh, we'll do our best. But I hope you brought more appropriate footwear, Mister Palmer. Our journey to our Petty Officer looks rather challenging.**

**JIMMY: Don't worry, Doctor. I have a merit badge in hiking.**

"Aw...Autopsy Gremlin was a boy scout? That's so cute!" Tony beamed.

Jimmy blushed slightly. "It's not like the merit badge helped much."

McGee bumped shoulders with the other man in reassurance.

**DUCKY: I have a driver's license, Mister Palmer. It doesn't mean I turn up at Indianapolis in my Morgan.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY**

**SHERLOCK: You were on the phone with him when he was shot?**

"Hold on!" Tony leapt up an ran into the kitchen.

"What're you doing, Tony?" McGee inquired loudly, so he would be heard.

"Getting popcorn!"

The tech wiz frowned. "Why?"

"Well, McGoo, Shirley Temple is talking to the lady! This'll be good! Remember how good those times were?"
McGee laughed. "Yeah, I remember."

Tony eventually came running back in with a bagful of popcorn.

Ducky frowned. "That is not healthy, Anthony."

"So?" Tony smirked, knowing that he wouldn't be stopped.

**WENDY: He couldn't remember pesto and it pissed me off. How stupid is that?**

"She did not answer his question." Mycroft scowled a bit.

"Her husband just died; have a heart, you freak." Donovan sneered at him.

Lestrade frowned. "Must I remind you about verbal abuse, Miss Donovan?"

Donovan rolled her eyes. "If you excuse me sir, I am not a grade school student."

"My point still stands. I cannot allow any abuse to go on."

**SHERLOCK: Could you tell me how many shots?**

Mycroft nodded in approval. "Good, Sherlock. Get to the point and avoid getting involved in this woman's pesky emotions."

**WENDY: Do you know what the last words I said to him were? I called him a b*st*rd and I can't take it back. Not now I can't.**

Sherlock made a frustrated noise, much to John's amusement.

"Problem?"

"She was being very uncooperative." he complained. "Surely, Tim would have done a better job?"

"McGee was doing a different job, Holmes." Gibbs raised an unimpressed eyebrow. "You came to NCIS to learn how to be an investigator. Speaking to witnesses and suspects are important aspects of the job. Though, I'm sure you know that by now."

Sherlock frowned. "That does not mean I like it."

Tony snacked on his popcorn as he watched the scene around him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

TONY: If it's any consolation, Probie, I had my identity stolen once.

MCGEE: Really?

TONY: I had a charge on my VISA for a vintage Barbie doll. Career Girl outfit.

Molly winced. The Career Girl was the worst Barbie in existence.

MCGEE: Ooh, with the matching briefcase and pumps? Oh, I had a girlfriend who collected once. We used to line them up on the....
"You do realize that you are talking to Tony, right?" Abby deadpanned. "He is going to make fun of you for that."

McGee groaned. "Yes, but I was trying to be relatable!"

"Who else can relate to lining up Barbie dolls with your girlfriend?" Tony looked around the room.

Anderson shook his head. "I did once have one that was obsessed with collecting those old porcelain ones. She had an entire room of them. Kind of creepy if you ask me."

**TONY**: I lost respect for you at the word pumps. Back to work.

**MCGEE**: It's kind of hard to sketch from this distance.

**TONY**: Well, don't get any closer. It gets steeper as it gets deeper. One false move and--

**(F/X: JIMMY RUNS PAST)**

"Were you all right, dear?" Mrs. Hudson inquired.

Jimmy smiled at her. "Yeah, I only got a sprain. It could have been a lot worse, but I also could have avoided the entire incident."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that there was no lasting damage. Falls like that won't be so easy on you when you get to be my age!" she laughed.

**JIMMY**: Whoa! Whoa! Ah!!

**TONY**: Good hustle, Palmer

"Thanks," he dryly thanked.

"Anytime, Autopsy Gremlin."

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

**SHERLOCK**: No skid marks. He didn't attempt to control the car before it went over. They were having an argument over a six month anniversary. I don't understand the half year thing. I thought perhaps...

"Of course you wouldn't understand the six month anniversary." Donovan scoffed. "It is a big stepping point in a person's relationship, freak. It means something to us because it means that we found someone worthy enough to keep around with us that long."

Sherlock hummed. "Yes, pity you never had one of those." he shook his head in mock sadness.

The former sergeant looked offended. "And how would you know, freak? You know what, never mind. I don't want to know just how deeply you've invaded my privacy." she stole a glance to Lestrade. "Say, isn't that a crime in itself? Why are you permitting this? As a concerned citizen, I have a right to know." she ended bitterly.

Lestrade narrowed his eyes. "It is not a crime since he cannot prevent himself from doing it. It is as natural to him as breathing is to you." he finalized.
John clapped briefly. "Wonderful speech."

Sherlock had his eyebrow raised. "I could have defended myself."

**GIBBS:** I don't understand anniversaries, period.

**SHERLOCK:** Apparently, neither did her husband. She was screaming at him on the phone when she heard a loud gunshot followed by the crash.

"Poor lady." Molly looked saddened. "I couldn't imagine the pain she must be feeling right now. She couldn't even make up with him!"

Abby nodded, knowing that the other didn't know who was guilty of the murder.

**GIBBS:** What else?

**SHERLOCK:** She could hear a low moan for a few minutes after impact.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

**JIMMY:** Oh, yeah. I think it's sprained, guys. Oh, Doctor Mallard's going to be upset, isn't he?

"He would not be my greatest concern." Sherlock commented.

"Who would?" Mary inquired.

The detective stared at her for a long while, fully aware of the former sniper watching him intently. "I don't think I can answer that without incurring brain damage."

John smirked a bit. "Ah, yes, got to protect that brain of yours." he rolled his eyes dramatically. "Now if only you slept and ate once in a while, it may be functioning better than it is currently."

"Doing such things slows me down. It would not cause it to function better." Sherlock responded.

"Have you ever actually tried it out?" the doctor inquired.

The consulting detective sighed dramatically. "No. I would not waste the time to do so; it would lower my efficiency rating."

Lestrade stared at him for a moment before starting. "I'm going to make it a requirement for my team to sleep and eat. God, I never thought I would have to say that."

Mycroft pursed his lips. "You would have to include punishments that are not simply threats. There were similar requirements at Europol; as you can tell, the mere existence of such a rule does not mean that it will be followed."

The detective inspector cracked his knuckles. "Okay. I got this. I got this."

"Good luck to you." John was being honest. "I haven't succeeded in that yet either."

"Maybe together we can!" Anderson cheered.

Sherlock looked very disturbed by what was going on around him.
MCGEE: Ah, wouldn't worry about him, but if Gibbs sees you wearing loafers at a crime scene....

TONY: He'll pretty much kill you dead.

"As opposed to killing you alive?" Mycroft lightly inquired, resting his hands on the hook of his umbrella.

"Er...yeah." Tony rubbed the back of his head.

The director looked interested. "Explain."

"Well....you'd be dead."

"I figured. Specify?"

The detective was clearly only just stopping himself from laughing out loud, and the senior field agent sent him a glare.

"When a person's angry...they would take it out on you?" Tony gestured awkwardly, and Gibbs raised an eyebrow. "Not that I was implying that you would ever do something like that to us, boss! Well, beside a little slap up the head, but those are mostly playful, you know?"

"DiNozzo."

"I know that sometimes you-"

"DiNozzo!"

"...Yes, boss?"

"Be quiet, will ya?"

"Yes, boss."

JIMMY: (IN PAIN) Ach!

(TONY TOUCHES JIMMY'S ANKLE)

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY

(SFX: DUCKY MOVES QUICKLY THROUGH THE BUSHES)

"You didn't get injured as well, did you?" Mrs. Hudson inquired nervously.

"No, Martha. Thankfully, I was unharmed by my adventure through the woods." Ducky grinned a bit.

DUCKY: Ah! They were having a little trouble with the help. Nothing for you to worry about. It's going to take more time than usual, but we're going to get you out of there, I promise. (SHOUTS) Is anybody going to (V.O.) join me down here?

MCGEE: Uh.. Gibbs said not to get too close!
"Because you always do what he says." Donovan nastily stated.

McGee did not grace her with a reaction and only nodded. "Of course. He's my boss, and that was a
cause scene. I had to follow my orders."

Abby smirked strongly. "You would do well with learning how to follow orders as well, wouldn't
you? Well, at least you would have. I know my cousin here is perfectly capable of preventing you
from ever getting a respectable job again."

Her face had a look of almost fear on it. "Excuse me, but how the fuck can that be legal?"

Donovan's question was ignored.

TONY: Yeah, you really shouldn't be down there, Ducky. It's not safe.

DUCKY: The exit wound to the Petty Officer's neck seems to indicate the bullet went straight
through. (V.O.) There could be a spent round that might be crucial to our investigation.

MCGEE: Why, as you've pointed out many times, I'm just a junior field agent.

"I loved being the middle one." McGee relaxed. "Safe from being the oldest and the newest."

"Hazing?" John guessed.

The tech wiz nodded. "It's Tony, so what else can you really expect?"

"I don't know, probie. Experience? Hard work? Quality?" Tony straightened proudly. "And, as I've
been told, a great ass?"

Anderson let out a laugh. "Who told you that?"

"I'll have you know that I got the approval of two members of the esteemed Holmes family!" he
gestured violently.

Mycroft's eyebrow climbed up his face. "And, pray tell, who has told you that?"

Abby rolled her eyes. "You heard me approve of his ass earlier." the forensic scientist crossed her
legs.

"Who else?"

"Lock over there. Haven't you seen them flirting? My, you must either be thick or simply ignorant."
she fanned herself.

"I'll take the latter, Abigail as I do try to avoid watching my relatives associate themselves with others
and become overwhelmed by debilitating amounts of emotion." he deadpanned.

McGee glanced between the three of them and let out a laugh. "You guys should audition for Star
Trek. This is Vulcan-like material going around here naturally."

Molly giggled. "I would pay the big bucks to see that happen."

John nudged his best friend. Sherlock rolled his eyes. No, no. If he were to be in Star Trek, he
wouldn't be a *Vulcan* per se....

TONY: All the more reason you need the experience, Probie.
MCGEE: How about I follow in your footsteps? You lead the way.

TONY: How about you kiss my experienced buttocks?

DUCKY: Am I going to have (ON CAMERA) to call Jethro (V.O.) on this one, gentlemen?

TONY: No, we're good. The chances of finding that bullet are....

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

ABBY: One in a million. You've got to see this, Gibbs. The grooves made that pattern. It's the exact same design as the cover of Plastic Death's second CD. Don't even tell me you don't know who Classic Death is because it's only like my favorite...

GIBBS: Not now, Abby.

ABBY: But it could be a sign, Gibbs. Like that tortilla skillet with the image of Jesus in it. They thought that was a miracle.

"You are not making much sense, Abigail." Mycroft narrowed his eyes. "These topics do seem to be related to one another."

"They are in my head." she pointed at it for emphasis.

The elder Holmes looked slightly disdainful. "Then, let us hope that we never see what is going on in there."

"What? The grooves related to Jesus!" Abby laughed out loud.

"I severely doubt that Jesus would be found on flatbread if he exists." Mycroft responded in a monotone voice.

The forensic scientist crossed her arms. "You're just saying this 'cause I have an imagination and you don't. Lock, back me up!"

Sherlock looked over from where he was conversing with Mrs. Hudson and simply said. "Whatever you are talking about, I agree with Abby."

"Yes!" Abby cheered.

GIBBS: It'll be a miracle if you still have a job if you don't get back on topic.

ABBY: I see your point, O Great One. This is me getting back on topic. Nine millimeter. A hundred and twenty grain. The window was rolled up when he was shot.

GIBBS: Glass.

ABBY: There's traces in the rifling.

GIBBS: Manufacturer.

ABBY: Can't tell. I'm going to plug this into the FBI's DRUGFIRE database, and see if I get a
match. But...

GIBBS: But it's going to take a while.

ABBY: See? Mind reading. There may be something supernatural going on here.

Even Sherlock raised an eyebrow at this. "I highly doubt that."

"Shhh!" Abby frantically waved her arms. "You're agreeing with Mycroft! That's not how things go, Lock! It's always you and me versus him!"

"I will not take such notions as factual until I am sufficiently proven wrong in my beliefs."

GIBBS: Let me know when you have something.

ABBY: I'll bet I could see this on eBay! Did you know they got twenty eight grand for the grilled cheese sandwich with the image of the Virgin Mary on it? Gibbs?

Donovan scowled and looked away sharply, mumbling something about "incompetent Holmes who things they can get whatever they want just because of their name and hybrid DNA."

"It is truly idiotic of you to continue to repeat such simplistic sayings despite having overwhelming pressure upon you to do otherwise." Sherlock leant back a bit. "How does that saying go?" he turned to McGee.

"The only mistake is the absence of learning." McGee supplied for the consulting detective.

He nodded once and turned back. "See? You have obviously made such egregious errors in the duration of our stay here, and one of them even caused you to lose your job. Why continue?"

"I believe she is trying to provoke us." Mycroft guessed. "She is trying to get us to do something that we will regret, so she can hold it over us later."

John let out a laugh. "Yeah, I don't think there is anything that could happen here that Mycroft couldn't cover up."

Donovan flushed heavily. "I'm allowed to share my opinion."

"Even at the risk of life and limb? You yourself did not deny wanting to make us do something we will regret." Sherlock cocked his head to the side.

"Lestrade! You cannot simply sit there and let them threaten me this way!" she spoke furiously.

Lestrade was seen pulling out some ear-buds. "Sorry, did something happen over here? Molly was sharing this song with me during your conversation." he obviously knew what had happened, but he didn't care enough to stop it.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

MCGEE: Preliminary trajectory shows that the bullet passed straight through the driver's side window. So I recommend we search the area along this path looking for spent brass.

SHERLOCK: You won't find it. Nine millimeter rounds are slow and only accurate to about
thirty meters. The shooter was in a moving car that pulled up alongside.

"Nice deduction." Mary commented, and Sherlock preened at it.

John laughed his ass off.

"I bet you still had to find it." Abby grinned.

The consulting detective rolled his eyes dramatically. "You were there. Of course you would."

"Actually, I was doing it on the basis that Mycroft sent you there to learn how to investigate and find physical, actual evidence to corroborate your deductions instead of 'her shirt was wet' or something similar." the forensic scientist looked pleased with herself.

TONY: Yeah, that is one possibility, Sherlock. But, you see, we're investigators, which means we investigate things. We don't assume.

"Yeah," Tony shook his finger.

GIBBS: He's right. Wife said she heard the gunshot over the phone. The shooter had to be close.

"There. That should have been sufficient." Sherlock was not prepared for being slapped over the head.

"Other things could have happened." Gibbs said simply.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

GIBBS: What do we know about Petty Officer Smith?

MCGEE: Ah, ran his military I.D. He was a clerk at Norfolk. Had four months left before his discharge.

GIBBS: Tony, take Sherlock with you and check with the C.O. When you're done with that, sweep the trajectory for brass.

Sherlock sulked as he nursed his damaged head.

SHERLOCK: But why? You just said...

GIBBS: Because DiNozzo's right, too.

"Yes!" Tony stood up and did a little dance. "I'm right, I'm right, I'm right, I'm right..."

"I hardly see how this is cause for celebration. Perhaps it is because it rarely happens?" Sherlock inquired honestly.

The senior field agent acted as though he had just been punched. "That hurts, Shirley Temple. Right here," he pointed to his chest.

A few moments of silence occurred before the consulting detective turned to his army doctor and murmured. "He hasn't denied it yet."

CUT TO:
INT. NORFOLK NAVAL STATION - DAY

SHERLOCK: All of these people are in the military.

"Brilliant deduction." Anderson jested, no longer afraid of driving him away.

Mycroft frowned sharply. "I do hope that your deductions are usually not so plain, obvious, and shallow."

"I was adjusting to a new country. One that I was not as experienced with as I was others." Sherlock defended himself. "I could not find their weapons, so I was unsure."

TONY: Yeah, the uniforms are kind of a dead giveaway.

SHERLOCK: Then why aren't they armed?

"See?" Sherlock pointed to the screen.

Mycroft sighed. "Yes, I do have the natural capability of sight."

"That's not what I meant." he crossed his arms.

"Don't be petulant. Say what you mean to say." the elder brother looked smug. "Normally, you are so articulate."

"Do you understand why I commented on the persons in the military earlier?" Sherlock deadpanned.

"Why, yes. Yes I do."

TONY: Because we're in America, and the machine guns would just get in the way.

MORRIS: (INTO PHONE) All right. Okay.

TONY: Commander.

MORRIS: What can I do for NCIS today?

TONY: I'm sorry I have to tell you this, Sir, but one of your men was killed this morning.

MORRIS: My god, who?

SHERLOCK: Petty Officer Jerry Smith.

MORRIS: Smith?

TONY: He was shot on Route Two Forty Nine on his way into work.

MORRIS: I think you have my man confused with someone else. That's Petty Officer Jerry Smith right over there.

"So one of them is an imposter." Lestrade assumed, and Vance nodded.

(MUSIC UP AND OUT)

FADE IN:
SMITH: Why would anyone want to impersonate me?

"Many reasons, but I would not want anyone to do so. Petty Officer Smith seems to be very dull."
Mycroft rested his hands on his umbrella. "I am surprised that Sherlock did not simply give up."

Sherlock looked victorious. "He was murdered. That made him interesting."

Donovan mouthed the word 'freak' but didn't say anything.

"You don't always think that the cases I give you are worth while even if they are murders." Lestrade grumbled a bit.

"That's because it was his job to do this one." Gibbs grunted.

Abby nodded. "He was technically employed by you back then."

The detective inspector sat up a bit. "Does that mean that he'll start showing up for some of the more 'boring' ones?" he sounded excited and a bit relieved.

"Show up? Yes. Not complain? No." the forensic scientist shook her head. "If it's that boring and you already know how he acts when he's bored, he'll definitely complain."

"Nothing new then." John smirked at his best friend's outraged face.

SHERLOCK: Let's see. Blackmail, espionage, terrorism, potential assassination.

"No sugar-coating with you, is there?" Anderson cracked a smile.

Sherlock pursed his lips and shot a glance to the other.

"Of course I already knew that." the other brushed it off.

SMITH: I'm just... I'm just a clerk, Ma'am. I don't even have a security clearance or anything.

"He called you 'ma'am,'" Anderson noted.

Sherlock nodded. "He did."

"And you didn't correct him?" he inquired in surprise.

"It was not important to the case."

SHERLOCK: What kind of a clerk?

SMITH: I'm in a supply unit. I'm a SK-Two.

"I haven't the foggiest what that means." Lestrade admitted frankly.

Tony laughed. "Shirley here didn't either. Now that I think about it, he probably doesn't know what it means now since he likes to delete info and stuff."

SHERLOCK: I'm new to NCIS, Petty Officer. You're going to have to be more specific.

Many of the Yarders sat there with smug expressions on their faces.
SMITH: Well, basically I'm just a storekeeper. Um... like today I filled requests for T.P., liquid soap, toilet-seat covers. We call it getting ahead day. Because in the Navy, the head is another word...

SHERLOCK: For the toilet. Yes, I know. Perhaps this has something to do with your personal life?

SMITH: Well, probably not. I don't really have one. I mean, most nights I just go home and surf the web or watch reality TV. Really into Survivor. Average Joe. The Amazing Race is cool. I like Extreme Makeover, but....

"You have no idea what the hell he is talking about, do you?" John laughed. "I remember that you watched a couple of those when I introduced you to crap telly."

Sherlock shrugged. "Perhaps, but he was getting off topic."

SHERLOCK: I don't own a TV.

SMITH: Really? Wow, I don't think I've ever met someone who didn't...

"Neither have I." Anderson raised an eyebrow.

Mycroft straightened his back and pursed his lips. "This was the first time my brother was truly living alone. While he had gone to other countries for assignments before, he always had a partner with him, and while off assignment, he lived at the Europol compound. Owning a television is not top priority."

"Still." he stubbornly insisted.

SHERLOCK: What does your wife think about all of this nightly stimulation?

PETTY OFFICER: I don't have a wife. No girlfriend either. I just don't really seem to do very well in that department. It's just me and Max.

Sherlock and Abby stared at Mycroft attentively.

"Aren't you going to deduce who Max is?" the forensic scientist pressured.

Mycroft raised an eyebrow. "It is not wise to make assumption before being provided enough accurate information, but based off of his appearance, I would assume that Max is some kind of mammal."

SHERLOCK: Max is your boyfriend?

Donovan sneered a bit; Sherlock had gotten it wrong...

"My brother was merely clarifying the identity of Max. As you can see, the petty officer did not provide enough information." Mycroft immediately defended.

PETTY OFFICER: No. No! Geez, I'm like as straight as they come. Max is a Marmoset.

SHERLOCK: A monkey.

PETTY OFFICER: A pet. Nothing more.

SHERLOCK: That's.... reassuring, Petty Officer.

PETTY OFFICER: A buddy of mine was shipping out. He was in a bind. I said no way, but when I got one look at the little guy... he's just so damn cute, Ma'am.

"He did it again." Anderson frowned. "I mean, I could see how he made the mistake, but why aren't you correcting him?"

"I've already told you." the consulting detective responded.

Donovan rolled her eyes dramatically. Why wasn't he correcting this poor man? Perhaps insulting him to the point of no return?

MORRIS: (V.O.) Petty Officer Smith...

(SHERLOCK CHUCKLES)

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MORRIS: ...Was transferred from Pearl about the same time I was, Agent DiNozzo.

TONY: You serve with him there?

MORRIS: Different units. We never crossed paths until this Command.

"It's very coincidental that they came from the same place at about the same time." Molly narrowed her eyes.

"They said they had never crossed paths before then." Lestrade reminded.

She shrugged. "That doesn't stop it from being suspicious, I think."

The detective inspector agreed.

TONY: What kind of a sailor is he?

MORRIS: Officially? He's never missed a day's work. He's always on time.

TONY: I'm more interested in unofficially, Commander.

"He may not know." Mycroft warned. "It is not considered efficient to have relations with workers outside the workplace."

"Why?" Lestrade asked curiously. "Doesn't it build trust between them?"

The elder Holmes allowed this. "Yes, but is that small amount of trust, which can be replaced by their oaths instead, really amount for the loss in their efficiency ratings? It is possible that they would become more invested in goofing off rather than actual work."

The detective inspector shrugged. "As long as they know their actual responsibilities, then it should be fine."
"Perhaps. While still employed under you, Donovan had sexual relations with Anderson, yes?"
Mycroft asked matter-of-factly.

Anderson flushed red while confirming this.

"Did this drop either of their efficiency ratings?" he pressed.

Lestrade raised an eyebrow. "Anderson was fine. Donovan's remained the same even though it wasn't very good. She was more invested in abusing Sherlock with her tongue."

**MORRIS:** It's not in my nature to be disparaging.

**TONY:** Well, I've got a body lying on a slab back at NCIS. So by all means, disparage away.

**MORRIS:** I guess you could say Petty Officer Smith is not the brightest sailor that I've ever commanded. Now that I say it out loud, the thought occurs to me that could very well be the reason that someone found it so easy to steal his identity.

**TONY:** Can you think of any reason why someone would want to impersonate him?

**MORRIS:** God no, Agent DiNozzo. God no!

"I bet he felt good after that." Molly shuddered at the thought.

"I do not think he would ever see that, Hooper." Donovan sneered a bit at her.

She shrugged. "So? I would feel so great after my boss called me an idiot. Though, I guess you would know more than I on that concept?" the girl inquired innocently.

The former sergeant was left fuming.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

(MCGEE SLAMS THE PHONE ON THE RECEIVER)

**TONY:** More porno?

**GIBBS:** What do we have, McGee?

**MCGEE:** Three more charges since yesterday. Sorry. Sorry, boss. Um... uh... cell phone records are downloading now. Okay, it looks like Petty Officer Smith... Petty Officer Smith in the car not the one on base who's the real Smith...

"God, that must have been confusing." Lestrade was getting gray hairs just thinking about it.

"Isn't there some new technology that should help identify the true Petty Officer Smith?" Mrs. Hudson inquired.

Ducky nodded. "Yes, Martha, there are some new ways including facial recognition and DNA fingerprinting, but unfortunately, those require time."

**GIBBS:** Yeah, I got it, McGee.
MCGEE: Well he was definitely talking to Mrs. Smith, if that is her real name.

GIBBS: McGee!

MCGEE: Ah... he was talking to her at their home from his cell just before she called in the accident. I've got an address here. It's an apartment in Newport News. Lease is in the wife's name.

GIBBS: Sherlock, you're with me.

Sherlock groaned.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow, and Tony winced in sympathy.

"I don't have anything against working with you," the consulting detective quickly pointed out in fear of the might slap of Gibbs, "But I am unfortunately remembering our altercation."

Mycroft raised his eyebrow. "Altercation?"

"He had a lot to learn if he was going to stay at NCIS." Gibbs deadpanned.

"I still don't understand." he shook his head in refusal. "Why would she call me if I am not supposed to speak to her? It would be a complete waste of time if she were to speak to someone else."

Gibbs did not answer.

SHERLOCK: (INTO PHONE) Possibly a point man for an operational reconnaissance of the Naval Base. I--

(GIBBS HANGS UP THE PHONE)

TONY: That means you go with him.

MCGEE: Now.

TONY: Preferably before the elevator doors close.

Donovan made a sour face. This Gibbs fellow really was just as much as a freak as any of the other people she had come into contact with recently.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE CLOSED/ OPEN):

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

SHERLOCK: You just hung up on Director Shepard.

"He did that a lot." Abby smiled freely, knowing that no head slap was coming her way.

Sherlock let out a low groan, not looking at the television at all but instead choosing to stare at a particularly interesting part of the wall.
GIBBS: Uh huh.

SHERLOCK: In my country, the officer in charge is always treated with...

GIBBS: In my country on my team working my cases, my people don't bypass the chain of command.

"Then, why did Director Shepard do so?" Mycroft pleasantly inquired.

"Bottom-up not top-down." Gibbs fell silent afterwards.

SHERLOCK: Which is?

GIBBS: Me! Are we clear on that, Officer Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Crystal, Agent Gibbs.

(SFX: ELEVATOR POWER ON THEN OFF)

SHERLOCK: Except she called me. What would you have me do?

GIBBS: Smile. Talk about the weather. Tell her to call me.

"That seems like a rather inefficient waste of time." Mycroft pondered this over.

"Are you done insulting NCIS, Director Holmes?"

"Why, that depends, Director Vance. Am I going to stop finding things to insult and belittle?" the elder Holmes brother put on a fake-smile. He did not like people. Or organizations.

SHERLOCK: And if that doesn't work?

GIBBS: You're a smart boy. Think of something.

"Understatement." John snorted lowly, sensing that this scene was not one of Sherlock's favorites and coming to his aid.

He was satisfied when he saw his best friend smile a bit whilst staring at the wall.

(SFX: ELEVATOR POWER ON)

SHERLOCK: I am merely trying to do my job.

(SFX: ELEVATOR POWER OFF)

GIBBS: Your job is to follow my instructions.

SHERLOCK: And I respect that. Is it too much to ask for some in return?

Anderson agreed. "It isn't."

GIBBS: (LONG BEAT) No. It's not.

SHERLOCK: So that's it?
GIBBS: Mm-hmm.

SHERLOCK: Don't I even get a slap on the head?

"Pssh, we wouldn't want to damage our Shirley Temple's precious brain." Tony poked him. "Far too many brain cells to be wasted on a slap here."

"Later, maybe." McGee considered.

"Yes, later. But here? No way."

"Though if you continue to bring up the subject..." the tech wiz sighed dramatically.

"Well, then it's your own fault." the senior field agent high fived the other.

Sherlock raised an eyebrow. "This was very far in the past-" he was interrupted.

"What an astounding deduction!" Tony clapped jovially.

The consulting detective shot him a dirty glare. "As I said, this is far in the past. Why would you inform me of such rules and regulations now?"

"Cause it was brought up."

GIBBS: Don't push it.

SHERLOCK: Just to be clear, are there any more of these rules I should be aware of?

GIBBS: About fifty of them.

"How many more have been added during my absence?" Sherlock asked seriously.

Tony laughed again. "That's for us to know and you to find out!"

The consulting detective made a frustrated noise.

"Surely, Shirley, you can figure it out with that big brain of yours!"

"He is a mystery to me. Very similar to Irene Adler." Sherlock fell into a thinking trance, not missing John's surprised expression.

McGee made an alarmed face. "And who is Irene Adler?"

"She was the Woman." the consulting detective responded. "A dominatrix."

Tony pushed down some jealous thoughts. "Really, now? That your type right now?"

Sherlock shook his head. "No. Not currently."

SHERLOCK: Ha ha! And I don't suppose they're written down anywhere that I could...?

GIBBS: No.

SHERLOCK: Then how am I supposed to...

GIBBS: My job is to teach them to you.
"Were you allowed to take notes?" Anderson inquired.

Sherlock shrugged. "I did."

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

GIBBS: No picture of your husband in uniform?

WENDY: Jerry hated the Navy. He only joined for the money they'd give him for college. But he couldn't wait to get out. I was so mean to him on the phone. It was our half-anniversary.

SHERLOCK: We know. A very special occasion.

"Did you not state earlier that you did not understand the occasion?" Donovan sneered.

Sherlock looked to her. "I was reliably informed that it is better to sympathize with people while speaking with them. Especially during an interview."

"Then, why do you always make them cry?" she scowled darkly at him.

The consulting detective did not respond to this one, but Abby did.

"When you saw him, he was off his medication. I'll leave it there. Final." the forensic scientist cut in and fell silent.

WENDY: Why can't men understand that?

"That's the third time this case someone spoke to you like you were a girl." Anderson cocked his head to the side. "Why did you not correct them?"

"According to Abby, I looked and sounded rather feminine at that age, and Mycroft told me it was better to keep them either confused or wrong. It could provide an advantage later." Sherlock responded. "I also don't mind being called 'she.' Sometimes, I'm rather partial to it. Other days, not so much." he hinted to something but did not elaborate on it.

Donovan mouthed the word 'freak' at him, but she too was silent.

The rest of the Yarders looked interested in what Sherlock had to say, but they knew that he was probably confined by Donovan's presence. Was he trying to tell them what they think they are? If he was ready and comfortable, they decided to ask him when Donovan was gone.

The NCIS crew seemed to know already, but they were not confirming nor denying the Yarders' suspicions.

John blinked several times. Sherlock was his best friend, and he would not be hurt if Sherlock did indeed neglect to tell him this. He was his best friend, yet he did not know that himself until he asked him to be best man. Perhaps he hadn't been comfortable. Whatever it was, whatever was true, John would support him. That was fact.

GIBBS: Your husband talk about his work much, Mrs. Smith?

WENDY: Never. He wouldn't even let me visit him on base or even call him there.
SHERLOCK: You never saw him at his work?

GIBBS: You never dropped him off?

WENDY: I told you he hated the Navy. Every morning he'd put on his uniform and go to the office. As soon as he got home, couldn't get out of it fast enough.

"Is he the imposter?" Anderson inquired. "There is little evidence that he held the position, and the other Jerry Smith was recognized by his superiors and associates."

Sherlock kept a tight lip.

SHERLOCK: You didn't know Jerry long before you married, did you?

WENDY: Only three months. I know! It was crazy! It just felt right, you know? Jerry was the first truly decent man I'd ever met. (BEAT) What's going on here?

SHERLOCK: This is Petty Officer Jerry Smith. He's been working at Norfolk for about four months. His Commanding Officer confirmed it.

"That poor woman must have been so confused..." Mrs. Hudson shook her head sadly.

Sherlock frowned slightly. Back when he and Victor were together, he had had no idea that Victor was working against him and for some unidentified person. Victor had liked him; never once had Sherlock felt like a freak to him. That didn't mean that Trevor never called him that, however; in contrast, Victor had been rather fond of that word when referring to him. The consulting detective supposed that that was just put in there to bring out his human survival instincts (which unfortunately had not been altered by the experiments of the 1800s) and give him Stockholm Syndrome.

There were many important things to note about that as well. Sherlock was well aware that while it appeared more commonly in former-hostages, victims of domestic violence sometimes got it as well. Sherlock was also aware that the positive feelings he held for Victor were the result of this, but at the same time, he couldn't help but think fondly of the time they were together. Despite all the things that had occurred in the Trevor-Holmes household, the consulting detective continued to believe in Victor's humanity more than anything else, and he came to hold the same values as him.

The consulting detective also had not interacted with him before the start of their relationship. If he had, Mycroft surely would have informed him, and Sherlock could not remember ever seeing his face in his childhood. No, his childhood memories contained mainly him, his step-mother, father, Mycroft, Sherrinford, Enola, Abby, and Redbeard. There was no way he had ever seen Victor before. His brain had never failed him.

But what Sherlock considered to be worst was the fact that he had refused to cooperate with his NCIS family both before and after Victor's death. All of them had voiced their concerns about what the relationship was doing to him; he supposed that there was some outward proof of the unhealthiness of it all. He had snapped at them, refused to allow them to open up a formal investigation even if they were doing it themselves in private. The consulting detective had allowed his boyfriend at the time to get rid of his medication without even batting an eye. Victor had commonly did things like that after all. He was far too aggressive, and Sherlock had been far too passive to stop him.

His lack of medication obviously lead to that 'berserker' stage his family commonly went through without it. His snapping at the team continued and continued and continued. And then, Michael died, and everything became so much worse. But still, Sherlock did not medicate himself. He was certain
that he had almost killed Tony at one point, and he and Victor stayed away from NCIS for a while. And then there was Somalia. Mycroft did not look for him; he had given up on finding him alive. It was the NCIS team that had found him, and they took him back to America without forcing medication on him. This type of downward spiral continued due to Victor, and then Victor himself left for a while. Sherlock had been left behind, unaware of his location or why he left.

He supposed now that that may have been part of the plan too. Nevertheless, he lived on, albeit difficultly. He had gotten together with Tony for a short while, but then Bodnar and Parsons came into play. Sherlock knew he could not remain there. He left, went back to Europol for a short while.

But then, a strange sense of déjà vu occurred. Sherlock had been on a mission in Vienna, Austria for a short while, and there was a bomb that needed to be diffused. The consulting detective could still recall Mycroft's shouts through his earpiece when he failed to do so. In short, the bomb should have killed him, but it only temporarily crippled him. It was strange, that sense of déjà vu. The last time before that that had ever occurred had been the death of his sister, Enola. He was lucky; she was not.

Unfortunately, he was still left crippled. The muscles, tendons, bones, and joints in his legs had all been messed up by the outward bursting shrapnel from the small device; somehow, his face and arms had been spared from it, instead being burned. He had been flung back, and the consulting detective knew well enough that his spinal column had been in disarray for a while. The doctors had told him that it should have been permanent. He should have been permanently paralyzed, but then that dreaded experiment came back into play again. His injuries were instead deemed to be temporary, and Mycroft was approved to send him back on some of the safer missions. That was when Victor came back, and despite his family's protests, he got right back with him. They got married too.

Then, the both of them went to NSA on a mission. He came back into contact with NCIS, and the rest was history. He had been hindered for the longest time by his injuries, and Victor took advantage of this fully. The consulting detective had been off his medication, and the NCIS crew's comments on his relationship only angered him. After a while, Victor took him to a small, confined place with all intents to kill him, but Gibbs stopped him just in time.

Needless to say, Mycroft forced him back to the United Kingdom, and he never returned since.

GIBBS: He look familiar?

WENDY: I don't know this man. I don't understand.

SHERLOCK: Neither do we.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

JIMMY: Ow!

DUCKY: Discoloration indicates blunt forced trauma. Yes, these abdominal bruises here in this area are consistent with the door frame crushing against his body.

JIMMY: You think Epsom salt reduces the swelling faster?

"I don't think you two are following the same conversation there." Mary laughed.

Donovan looked disgusted. How could she laugh when there was a dead body on screen?
DUCKY: Mister Palmer, I'm sure our mystery guest would appreciate it if you could concentrate all your efforts on helping me to discover the cause of his demise, rather than obsessing on how you will look in shorts this weekend.

JIMMY: Sorry, Doctor.

DUCKY: Actually, I found the ladies tend to be sympathetic towards visible injury.

"That depends on the type of injury." Sherlock smirked a bit.

Abby nodded. "Maybe a little ruffled up look, but I'm not all that attracted towards someone who is bleeding out from a gunshot wound. Well, in a sick sort of way, I guess I am, but his recovery would be more on my mind than sex or whatever." she shrugged.

Mycroft shifted uncomfortably. "This conversation has taken a turn for the worse."

"We're adults now Mike!" she pumped the air in excitement. "We can talk about the frick-frack!"

"My name is Mycroft; please use it." he was so done with her.

JIMMY: Really?

DUCKY: Yes. My first year in college I suffered an unfortunate injury to my testicles. The excruciating pain was offset by an impressive swelling, which Ramona Kincaid, bless her heart, found extremely fascinating. Yeah... huh....the bullet wound to the neck evaded the anterior triangle, thus missing both the carotid artery and jugular vein.

"That must have taken a long time to bleed out." Molly winced in sympathy. "Must have been painful."

Ducky nodded grimly. "I agree. He had been alive for several minutes after being shot."

JIMMY: Most of the damage was muscular.

DUCKY: It also grazed the esophagus and thyroid. Oh, dear. Severe damage to the liver, pancreas, spleen. Oh and there's a nasty tear to the left ventricle caused by a bruised rib.

JIMMY: Cause of death is from the trauma of the crash.

DUCKY: You just earned yourself another merit badge, Mister Palmer. He was alive for several minutes after he was shot. Sorry to have to say it, my poor fellow, but you'd have been better off if your assassin had been a more precise marksman.

"And that is something you don't here everyday from an autopsy." Ducky said while turning to Mrs. Hudson, who nodded, smiling slightly despite the scene displayed on screen.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

(MUSIC PLAYS B.G.)

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/ABBY PERFORMS TESTS)
SFX: KEYBOARDING

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING

SHERLOCK: You know, this case reminds me of something my brother used to tell me as a child. Really, Sherlock? What was that? He would say that no one could ever truly know another person or their secrets. I, of course, refused... to believe him. And now Sherlock? As an adult, I believe he was never more honest with me. What do you believe, Gibbs?

"You talking to yourself?" John grinned a little.

"It would appear so." the consulting detective flatly stated, still lost in his thoughts about the past and Victor Trevor.

GIBBS: I think I really got to get the radio in this car fixed.

(PHONE RINGS)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Yeah Abby?

ABBY: (V.O./FILTERED) I've got a match...

(BEGIN TELEPHONE INTERCUTS)

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) ... Of a dead guy's prints, Gibbs.

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (V.O./FILTERED) From the AFIS database.

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) He's in the military?

"Then, he's the real petty officer, yes?" Mrs. Hudson inquired.

Ducky nodded, "Yes, Petty Officer Jerry Smith was the one who was murdered, but while I'm sure Sherlock is praising your deduction abilities, it is always good to double check."

The landlady agreed.

(SCENE CUT)

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) Anchors away, Gibbs-o.

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) Who?

ABBY: (INTO PHONE) You're not going to believe it. (SCENE CUT)

GIBBS: (INTO PHONE) Try me.

ABBY: (V.O./FILTERED) You're not!
"He's not going to believe it if you don't tell him." Jimmy mentioned absentmindedly.

Tony shook his head. "Not believe it? No. Angry? Maybe if it was one of us, not Abby." he finished.

McGee nodded solemnly for emphasis.

**GIBBS: (INTO PHONE)** Who the hell is he, Abs?

**(SCENE CUT)**

**ABBY: (INTO PHONE)** Petty Officer Jerry Smith. He actually is Petty Officer Jerry Smith. He's stationed at the Regional Supply Office in Norfolk.

"He must not have been to Norfolk before if he wasn't recognized." Anderson frowned. "Where could he have gone?"

Lestrade pointed out that "Perhaps his superior was lying about that. Maybe he actually was there."

"Unlikely. That would mean that a lot of people would be in on this secret, and it would be almost impossible to keep it a secret." the other hypothesized, and Sherlock looked slightly proud in the background.

The detective inspector laughed a little. "Yeah, I think impersonating Sherlock has been paying off a little."

"You really think so?!" Anderson looked excited

"Yeah."

**(MUSIC OUT)**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

**MCGEE:** Okay, the dead guy downstairs who we thought was impersonating Petty Officer Jerry Smith is actually the real Petty Officer Jerry Smith. And that Jerry Smith Tony and Sherlock talked to Norfolk turns out to be the fake Jerry Smith and... it's confusing.

"You should be able to interrogate the imposter, shouldn't you?" Molly inquired. "Get his fingerprints or something and see who he actually is. Or, you know, just ask him." she shrugged.

"Yeah," McGee confirmed this with a nod.

**TONY:** Kind of like the pellet with the poison's in the vessel with the pestle; the chalice from the palace has the brew that is true. Court Jester? Danny Kaye? Come on, guys, it's a classic!

**(SFX: GIBBS SLAPS TONY)**

**TONY:** Thank you, Boss.

"You deserved that one." Sherlock insisted.

The senior field agent mourned. "All those brain cells....no wonder you were so much better than me"
at that area."

McGee snorted. "Just due to your lost brain cells?"

Tony nodded. "Yeah, I swear, if I still had all of them intact, I would so have gone on 1 v.s. 100."

"Would you have won?" the tech wiz pressured.

"As our Shirley Temple would say: 'Obviously.'" the senior field agent rolled his eyes.

GIBBS: Who is he, McGee?

MCGEE: John Kirby. We lifted his prints from his desk at Norfolk.

TONY: His empty desk. He didn't report for duty today.

MCGEE: He and Smith had overlapping tours at Jacksonville in oh-two. Kirby was discharged in oh-three.

TONY: Honorably.

"Why would Kirby want back in if he was honorably discharged?" Jimmy inquired, still a bit confused about this.

"Some people like adventures." John answered this one. "They don't try to go away from wars, and if they do, they miss it."

Sherlock cocked his head to the side. "You think he gets his high from adrenaline?"

The former army doctor made a face. "I do not go with you to get a 'high.'"

"Everyone gets a high. You just happen to get yours from adrenaline, tea, and ugly jumpers." the consulting detective shrugged.

"My jumpers are not ugly! Besides, at least I don't get my high from cocaine, nicotine, refusing to get the milk for once, and whatever the hell is on those petri dishes." John fired back.

Sherlock pulled out his lower lip slightly before continuing. "You missed adrenaline. I too find that I like that one."

The other allowed himself a smile at that.

MCGEE: Boss, these guys must've had this planned from the first day of Smith's new assignment.

GIBBS: Think so, McGee? I'm gonna need Kirby's...

MCGEE: Address. He lives on West Little Creek. Been there about a year. And the warrant.

GIBBS: DiNozzo, Holmes, take a ride.

TONY: You got it, Boss.

GIBBS: Put a BOLO out on Kirby with the FBI, local and state.
MCGEE: Already done, Boss.

SHERLOCK: Bolo?

TONY: Be on the look out.

"Twas a sweet time." Tony wiped away tears that weren't actually there. "Sherlock was so innocent. Asking questions almost every five minutes. I sometimes miss that, don't you, McGoo?"

McGee rolled his eyes. "I think he prefers it when he knows what we're talking about."

"I wasn't talking about what he likes; I'm talking about what you like." the senior field agent whined.

The tech wiz groaned. "We got things done faster once he knew what was happening, but yes, it was slightly endearing when it existed.

GIBBS: Good job, McGee. Go on. Catch up to them.

TONY: Good job, McGee.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

SHERLOCK: Is he always this juvenile?

MCGEE: Only on days of the week ending with the word day.

"Does that include tomorrow and overmorrow?" Sherlock inquired.

McGee shook his head. "No, it would still end in day. Monday, Tuesday-"

"I am familiar with the days of the week, thank you." the consulting detective interrupted.

"He just relearned them after deleting them about a week ago." John spoke with mock-pride in his voice.

He continued on as if he had not heard that. "On Friday, tomorrow and overmorrow due not end in 'day.' On Saturday, they do not either. Tony would be constantly juvenile on the day yet say that he would be better tomorrow or overmorrow, but when that day comes, it ends with day again." he shrugged.

"I think I get what you are meaning." the tech wiz understood. "He says he'll get better, but when the time comes, he shows no signs of improvement. Logical."

"Quite."

CUT TO:

EXT. NCIS PARKING LOT - DAY

SHERLOCK: I'll drive, Tony.

"Do you really think they are ever going to let you drive again?" Lestrade looked like he was having an aneurysm. "I don't frankly want to be in any vehicle you are driving anymore suddenly."

John nodded seriously. "You are never driving again. Thank God we made it to Baskerville in one
piece."

"I told you; I was impersonating Mycroft..."

"And when you are not?" the former army doctor prompted.

Sherlock did not answer.

TONY: No, no, no, no. Not gonna make that mistake again.

SHERLOCK: Did you really think my driving was that terrible? Aside from the high speed and near misses.

"You think it is terrible? Besides from all the terrible things, of course." John sat up straight as if impersonating his best friend.

"Exactly! In all honesty, they had no reason to distrust me on those skills." Sherlock bombastically stated.

TONY: Let's just say it's an acquired taste, like regurgitated lunch.

MCGEE: That's disgusting, DiNozzo.

TONY: Tell me about it, Probie. That chili cheese dog was hard to chew the second time around.

"Why would you chew? It would already be partially digested, so there would be no reason to unless you were insufficient original-" the consulting detective was stopped again.

"Please do not finish that sentence." Tony looked pained. "Yeah, I miss it when he was an innocent little dude."

MCGEE: Maybe we should give him another chance. It's not like he killed or maimed anyone.

"That you know of." Donovan spoke nastily. "We all know here for a fact that the Freak here has definitely killed and maimed several people." she looked satisfied with herself.

"Are you accusing Sherlock of murder, Miss Donovan? You are still insulting him, and that still does count as abuse." Lestrade deadpanned.

The former sergeant crossed her legs regally. "Why, no sir. It's just that we saw him on screen kill some people. Dr. Elaine Burns. Mr. Sherrinford Holmes." she spoke professionally. "Honestly, I am offended that you even thought I was accusing him of anything."

The rest of the room could see the annoyance rolling off of her face.

TONY: Maybe we should concentrate on why John Kirby switched places with Seaman Smith at Norfolk and leave Death Wish for another day.

SHERLOCK: He could very well be an assassin.

TONY: He works in a supply office. Who's he going to assassinate? Mister Clean?

"I think you would do well to trust my brother with this." Mycroft icily stated.
Donovan looked sufficiently satisfied again. This just proved her point. Sherlock Holmes was a freak and an assassin and should be in custody and on death row.

**SHERLOCK:** All the better not to draw attention to himself.

**MCGEE:** He's right. It's a big base. Lot of targets.

**TONY:** I don't know. Look at the guy. He's such a...

**SHERLOCK:** Pimp.

John's hand collided with his face. "That's not quite right..."

Sherlock pursed his lips as he observed the amused faces of the occupants of the room. Even Donovan had the same expression, though Sherlock knew that hers was meant to mark him as an outcast, a freak, an alien. Wonderful. "Yes, I was corrected afterwards."

No one else noticed Donovan's expression, so they had no idea how uncomfortable this whole thing was making the consulting detective feel.

**TONY AND MCGEE: (IN UNISON) Wimp.**

"That is a better word to describe them, yes." Sherlock relented.

Mary raised an eyebrow. "And have you met many assassins who are pimps?"

The consulting detective shrugged. "Have you?" he inquired back.

Those who were in the dark about A.G.R.A. didn't notice this much, assuming that he was only deflecting attention away from his mistake.

"Eh..." Mary waved her hand a little bit

**SHERLOCK:** Very much in line with other assassins.

"You would know." Donovan sneered.

Mycroft blinked, straightening at the attack on his younger brother. "Yes, he would. Otherwise, he would have disappointed all of Europol; he has spent nearly his entire life training. Apart from being in the army for a year, my brother spent the majority of his younger days learning and doing useful things."

John laughed a bit before turning to Sherlock. "Afghanistan or Iraq?"

"What?" the consulting detective blinked in confusion at him.

"You were in the army. Afghanistan or Iraq?" the former army doctor repeated.

Sherlock blinked in understanding. "Afghanistan as well."

Lestrade seemed a bit more solemn, and they understood why after a few moments. "You said he spent nearly all his life training. When did he start?" everyone knew the unasked question was *How much of a childhood did he have?*

"He started training briefly after a stay in a psychiatric ward at the age of six." Mycroft said professionally.
"Six...." the detective inspector stressed. "And you said psychiatric ward?!" he quickly moved his eyes to stare at the Europol director.

The rest of the room's attention was caught there as well (minus Sherlock and Abby). They were staring.

"Sherlock, what haven't you told me?" John was getting fed up with his lack of knowledge.

"I hardly believe it is important. It was a long time ago."

Donovan snorted. "I don't know how you got out, Freak. Should have kept you there forever."

Mycroft glared at her. After the incident that briefly put him and his sister there, his sister had not made it back out yet and most likely never would. Sherlock was lucky he didn't remember a thing in that regard.

"It was stupid." Sherlock bit his lip. "And about a dog."

"You had a dog?" John raised his eyebrows. "I didn't think your dad would have let you have one."

Mycroft's and Abby's eyes immediately met each others before staring at John. They knew that the former army doctor was clever, but was he about to knock over the first of a ray of dominoes?

Sherlock scoffed. "Why would you think that?"

"Well, he told me that he was allergic to them, and he had been his entire life." John answered.

The consulting detective froze. That much was correct, and it was true that by all means he should never have had Redbeard by that reasoning. But he had. He remembered it. He had been young, but he knew very well enough that he had had a dog. He had named him Redbeard, and Redbeard had been his best friend. But Redbeard died, and Sherlock had been distraught. He wanted to never feel anything like that again, so he chose a path in Europol. In Europol, you were not allowed to make that many connections due to the fragility of emotional balance and the death rate.

But by all outside logic, he should be wrong.

"Well," Sherlock shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

John looked confused, but when he look up, he saw Mycroft's eyes boring into his skull. What was that supposed to mean? He must have tread in dangerous waters.

MCGEE: He's right, Tony. Look at Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan.

(ALL CLIMB INTO THE CAR)

TONY: That's original, McGee. Is there any part of your brain that's your own?

"The entirety of his brain is his own." Sherlock deadpanned.

"Ah, Shirley, I meant more about his lack of independent thoughts." Tony grinned and gave him two thumbs up.

MCGEE: At least I have one, Tony.

TONY: What's that supposed to mean?
"The fact that you cannot figure out what he meant based on his words alone." the deputy director of Europol tapped his umbrella on the grown.

"It was rhetorical." the senior field agent scoffed.

Abby intervened, "Now, now, Tony. Do you honestly expect him to understand rhetoric 24/7? No, that requires extra effort on his part." the forensic scientist did not see the outraged glare shot at the back of her head.

**MCGEE:** Nothing.

**TONY:** We're not going anywhere.

**MCGEE:** What, until I apologize?

**TONY:** No, not until you apologize. We're in the wrong damn car.

"What genius." Abby slapped her hand against her face.

"How come you didn't notice?" John teased slightly.

Sherlock replied. "I was preoccupied with my mind palace."

Donovan narrowed her eyes. Based off of the interactions and proof she had seen, the Holmes family were most vulnerable when they were going through their mind palaces. It was almost as him they were unconscious sometimes. Like they were in a different dimension.

That would be the perfect time to get some of the necessary work done for the good of humanity, but she knew she wouldn't be able to do it alone. But who could she ally herself with to help? Many people would be hesitant at so blatantly breaking the law even if it was for the good of humanity.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

**GIBBS:** What'd you find, Abs?

**ABBY:** After the car crashed through the railing, it went end over end for about a hundred feet, before finally slamming to a stop up against a boulder which crushed the driver's side door into his body, which led to a lot of blood. I also found these in the trunk; three identical sets of Hawaiian shirts and khaki pants.

"I do not believe any of those are of any significance or importance, Abigail." Mycroft commented.

Abby shrugged. "I answered the question he asked; if he thought something was useful to the case that I didn't think was all that useful or interesting, being so detailed would help. After all, I wouldn't want to miss an important piece of evidence."

Molly held up her hand for a high five, which Abby gladly sprinted across the room to receive it.

**GIBBS:** Correction. Did you find anything useful?

**ABBY:** Maybe. But it's probably nothing.

"You know how the word 'probably' affects your statements, Abigail." Mycroft sighed.
Abby groaned yet nodded. "Yes, yes I know. 'Abby, it takes away your credibility.' 'Abby, you need to sound sure of yourself.' 'Abby-'"

"Abigail, I believe you understand my point." the elder Holmes brother did not look amused.

The forensic scientist shrugged. "Yeah, but I'm including examples to give myself some credibility." she blinked sweetly.

"Very well."

**GIBBS:** Do not make me say a magic word now, Abs.

**ABBY:** Of course not. But it is a cool idea. It's in the blood patterns. The residual splatter from where the blood struck is there. Exit wound splatter is there. Dropping suddenly from the angle of the impact.

**GIBBS:** Normal when they pass through flesh.

**ABBY:** Very good, Gibbs! But that would be the case of a Senior Lead Special Agent who's worked hundreds of crime-scene investigations throughout his storied career.

**GIBBS:** I'd hate to start smacking you like I do DiNozzo.

**ABBY:** You wouldn't. You would?

"No," Tony shook his head. "He wouldn't do that to his favorite."

Sherlock agreed wholeheartedly.

**GIBBS:** It won't be on the head.

**ABBY:** The blood here is darker, and the pattern is random.

**GIBBS:** Skip to the probably nothing part, will you?

**ABBY:** The trail of splattering is wider than you'd expect. And the blood is smeared somewhat here... like something brushed up against it.

"That's...odd." Lestrade frowned. "And probably not nothing."

"See? He does it too!" Abby pointed at him frantically.

Mycroft was clearly getting a migraine from his cousin. "Yes, but you've known my expectations far longer than he has, so I expect more from you."

The forensic scientist pointed. "Why do I have to held to different standards?" she whined.

"Careful, you're starting to sound like Tony." McGee voiced his thoughts in the background, earning a fierce glare from the senior field agent.

"That has already been made clear to you. It would be a waste of time to repeat myself." the director of Europol responded.

**GIBBS:** What?
ABBY: I have absolutely no idea. That would be the probably nothing part. But I haven't analyzed it in my computer yet.

GIBBS: Do it.

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE CLOSED)

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

TONY: Oh, I love Hawaiian shirts.

Sherlock winced. "How can you like that?"

"It's a cultural experience!" he defended. "Hawaiian shirts are works of art!"

SHERLOCK: I'm not surprised.

TONY: It's a cultural experience you couldn't appreciate. Isn't that right, Probie?

MCGEE: I wouldn't be caught dead in one.

"And McGee is yet again the logical one." the consulting detective looked satisfied.

John laughed a bit. It was relieving seeing Sherlock interact with his old colleagues. It reminded him that Sherlock would never actually be alone, even if something were to happen to the former army doctor. Not that anything was going to happen, of course, but John had had nightmares in the past about what would happen to Sherlock if one of their cases had gone south and killed him. None of them ended that nicely, but that could only be expected from such a dream.

TONY: (GASPS) It can't be!! Do you realize what we have here?

SHERLOCK: Another ugly shirt?

TONY: It's an authentic Magnum, P.I. Jungle Bird design. Hundred percent cotton, bamboo buttons, Made in Hawaii label! Come on, this is the Holy Grail of Aloha garments.

"And how do you know this?" Donovan sent him a judgmental look. What a freak.

"Everyone geeks out about something." McGee replied fiercely in his friend's steed.

The former sergeant rolled her eyes. "Yes, but normally, people geek out about normal things. Sports teams. Historical artifacts." she listed a few examples.

"Well, what fun would life be if everyone was cut from the same cookie cutter?" Abby inquired. "People geek out about many things. Tony just happens to like Hawaiian shirts. McGee is into technology, fantasy, and science fiction. Sherlock is into puzzles and problems." the forensic scientist had a sickly smile on her face. "All those are normal things, are they not?"

"The Freak is not into simple puzzles and problems. He is into gruesome murders; he gets his high from it. Tell me, is that not a freaky things to do? I've told John before. Someday, there will be a body on the ground, and Sherlock will be the one who put it there." she smirked. "But that's already happened, has it not?"
"Miss Donovan." Lestrade was really itching to put her in a pair of cuffs, but they had no physical
evidence that they could provide to a court. There were no security cameras, only a large amount of
witnesses, and a lawyer would easily be able to tear all their testimonies apart as detailed lies. Hell,
he wasn't sure they would be able to convince a court that a mysterious force trapped them in a room
to watch Sherlock's memories even if there was video evidence.

MCGEE: That's great.

TONY: Eight seasons Magnum wore this shirt. Putting up with Higgins and those stupid dogs.
Zeus! Apollo! The TV show was big in the Eighties.

SHERLOCK: I know who Tom Selleck is, Tony. The hot, sexy American man of adventure.

"Sherlock." Mycroft groaned. "I do believe that you are supposed to be focusing on the case at hand.
Acquire evidence. Arrest the convicted person. Do your job."

The consulting detective crossed his arms over his chest and huffed. "You were the one who tried to
make me get friends."

"That was when you were six." the elder brother retorted. "You are older now."

The Yarders and NCIS crew (expect Abby, Sherlock, and Mycroft) looked confused once more.
This was the second time Sherlock's sixth year had been mention in less than an hour, and with this
being the Holmes family, surely this had to mean some monumental change happened at the time.
Except they didn't know what. John remembered Sherlock talking about Redbeard, but that still
didn't make sense. Mr. Holmes was allergic to such animals, and it was very likely that he would
never allow one of those to be in Sherlock's possession. But what did that make Sherlock's memory?
Sherlock was rarely wrong, and if he created a fictional pet dog, that would certainly mean that
something was very wrong in his brain.

John wasn't really sure, but he hoped nothing was wrong up there.

Though, what did actually happen when he was six?

TONY: He was ...he was good, sure. But take away the shirt, the mustache, Detroit Tigers hat,
Ferrari, the Audi, wine cellar, Robin Masters' estate, Rick, T.C. and the helicopter.

MCGEE: Well, it looks like Kirby has not checked his email or even turned on his computer
since yesterday.

SHERLOCK: Once he saw us at Norfolk, he must have taken a kite.

"That is not quite correct." Abby sighed in amusement.

"Sorry," the consulting detective gestured in a way that said 'I don't give a f***."

Lestrade was partially relieved by all of these incorrect sayings. At least it wasn't only his first name
that his new employee kept on messing up. It made him feel kind of warm on the inside.

TONY: Hike. The expression is taking a hike.

MCGEE: She may have had it confused with "go fly a kite."

SHERLOCK: I speak many languages, forgive me if I get confused sometimes. I found his
TONY: Check book.

"Will you stop correcting me?" Sherlock sat up straight, and his voice was strained as if he were frustrated.

"I don't know, Shirley." Tony kicked back and relaxed. "Will you quit correcting us?" he gestured to himself and McGee.

The consulting detective huffed. "I only correct you because you are wrong."

"And we're only correcting you when you are wrong." the senior field agent smirked in amusement at the hole the detective was digging himself into.

"Whatever."

"He's got you there, you know." John pointed out.

"Shut up."

SHERLOCK: Whatever you call it. His deposits seem high.

TONY: Where you come from, they may seem high but here in the good ol' U.S. of A - these are really, really high.

(SFX: BANGING NOISE)

"What's that?" Molly furrowed her eyebrows. "Is it Max?"

Sherlock nodded.

SHERLOCK: I think it's the...

TONY: Shh...

"And he didn't know because he shushed me." the consulting detective smirked. "See? I could have given you useful information if you let me speak."

Tony rolled his eyes. "You know what it also could have been? Kirby or an ally. And you know what they might have done? Shoot us. And what would happen then? We would either be put in a hospital or in a morgue." the senior field agent lectured.

Mycroft nodded. "I hate to say this, but DiNozzo is right, Sherlock. You should have provided him with all the necessary information before you entered."

Sherlock looked cross. "I hate it when Mycroft gets on my ass." he grumbled, so only John heard him.

"Sometimes he has good points." the former army doctor pointed out.

"Sure, sometimes. Most of the time he makes me want to rip out his tongue."

John was glad Donovan didn't hear that.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/THEY WALK TO THE KITCHEN)
(SFX: CUPBOARD OPENS)
(SFX: MARMOSET SHRIEKS)

TONY: It's a...

SHERLOCK: It's a marmoset.

MCGEE: Actually, that's a capuchin.

"Correcting me again." Sherlock frowned.

"You were wrong." McGee defended himself.

The consulting detective huffed. "I was informed it was a marmoset."

"Very well, we can leave this one down to faulty info." the tech wiz sat back.

SHERLOCK: I don't advise shooting him. Americans and their pets. It will be a public relations nightmare.

"Would they have a reason to shoot him?" Anderson cocked his head to the side.

"If it attacked, we might." McGee nodded. "Though, it is very unlikely that the capuchin would attack us, especially if it was a pet."

TONY: You knew all about this, didn't you?

SHERLOCK: I tried to tell you, but you shushed me.

TONY: Well next time try harder.

SHERLOCK: His name is Max.

"Cause that's important information." Abby giggled.

MCGEE: Oh, ad a Snapple cap that said that the most popular name for a pet in the United States is Max.

"So's that." the forensic scientist full out laughed. "Honestly, what am I doing in the lab? All the funny stuff happens out in the field."

"That's also where most of the bloodshed is." Tony reminded her. "And if you were out in the field, Gibbs would skin us alive, not you."

Gibbs didn't say anything; he didn't even smack the senior field agent up the head. No, instead he just nodded seriously.

Abby sighed. "Fine. Though I can do it! I can! I'm super good at defending myself."

Vance raised an eyebrow. "The agents are specially trained-

"So am I!" she complained. "Just like Sherlock was! How do you think all the bad guys who end up being my assistants go down? Do you think they tie themselves up?"
"That's quite enough, Abigail." Mycroft reprimanded.

"But I want them to know that I'm useful too." she pouted.

"Abby, you're plenty useful." Gibbs pressed a kiss against her head, something that was reserved especially for her. "You don't need to be out in the danger. As you've just proved by mentioning your assistants, your job is dangerous enough."

The forensic scientist considered this. "Fine, I guess."

"Abigail, when was the last time you used your medication? I know both Sherlock and I have used them while here, but I have yet to see you do so." Mycroft pressed.

Abby sat back and thought for a bit. Before coming here, she had been in the middle of a really important case and had stayed over at NCIS for a couple days and nights straight. "Uh..."

"Go and take it now, Abigail." the eldest Holmes instructed.

"Fine," she stood up and walked away, only to come back a little bit later.

**TONY: That's funny, I thought it was Tim.**

"Now, that's just mean." Abby crossed her arms crossly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

**GIBBS:** We know that your husband and John Kirby served together. And we also know that they switched places. It's a Federal crime to impersonate military personnel.

**GIBBS: (CONT.)** Which means that withholding any information is a chargeable offense. So what do you know, Mrs. Smith?

**WENDY:** I lied before. I saw the other man once.

"That can't be all she's lying about." Anderson narrowed his eyes. "There has to be more."

"Obviously yes." Sherlock nodded, slowly encouraging his new colleague. He hoped to help Anderson unlock his brain. Despite all the insults he had thrown at him over the years, the detective knew very well that Anderson's brain was fully capable of making fantastic deductions, but Anderson himself was not aware of that.

**GIBBS:** When?

**WENDY:** Um... right after we moved here from Hawaii. I came home early from yoga. I wasn't feeling well. He was with Jerry in the den. Jerry was upset. It was clear I'd interrupted them. When he left, he said I should forget I ever saw him, and never tell anyone. Do you think he's the one who killed my husband?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LAB - DAY**
MCGEE: Kirby was getting emails from an anonymous internet account several times a week. Each one was just a time and a location.

"Well, that's not suspicious at all." Mrs. Hudson joked.

Ducky nodded his head in agreement. "Yes, I quite agree, my dear."

The landlady blushed at the term, and her hand found that of the medical examiner. Sherlock raised an eyebrow. Now, that would be an interesting relationship.

ABBY: The times were random all throughout the day and the locations were business and residential addresses all throughout Norfolk.

TONY: How long have they been coming in?

ABBY: About four months.

TONY: Same time Kirby's been posing as Smith.

MCGEE: You think Kirby was doing Smith's job, while Smith was doing Kirby's?

"Did no one do a background check?" Lestrade raised an eyebrow. "Surely, they would clearly be able to tell that each man was not who they said they were."

"Alas, many normal people take things for granted." Mycroft dramatically stated.

The detective inspector nodded. "Yeah, but this is Norfolk. I thought they would make sure they had the right guy. Espionage would be a great danger."

SHERLOCK: I've seen communications like this before.

GIBBS: So have I.

SHERLOCK: Many intelligence agencies use this technique for arranging a drop-off. I believe you refer to them as goblins.

TONY: Spooks. The term is spooks.

"Whatever. You understood what I meant." Sherlock was done as soon as Tony opened his mouth.

"Yeah, but other people might not understand." the senior field agent mentioned. "That could cause a bit of a communication error, and since I was your senior field agent at the time-"

"It was your responsibility at my superior to teach me the strings." the consulting detective had a monotone voice.

Tony raised an eyebrow. "I was going to say 'help you learn the ropes.'"

"And you understood what I meant?"

"Yes, but that's not the point." he made a frustrated noise.

ABBY: According to this there's a drop scheduled for this afternoon, Gibbs.

GIBBS: Where and when, Abs?
ABBY: Granby and Harbor, southeast corner, fourteen hundred.

GIBBS: One of you is going to have to pose as Kirby.

"Not it." Tony smirked.

"This happened in the past, Tony. Why are you calling 'not it' again?" Sherlock inquired.

"Just follow my lead, Shirley Temple."

"Very well. Not it."

McGee rolled his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: Nah, that really doesn't work for him.

MCGEE: Boss, for once I've got to agree with Tony here. I don't think I'm a Hawaiian shirt type.

GIBBS: You're the closest we've got to age and looks to Smith and Kirby, McGee.

SHERLOCK: Which won't matter if whoever he's meeting with knows their faces.

"That'll be a risk they just have to take." Vance gripped the handle on his seat tensely.

"What would happen if he is recognized?" Jimmy inquired.

"Well, Mr. Palmer, perhaps the drop just wouldn't happen, but it is very possible that the other may get violent. It reminds me of a story when I was a young lad. It was my first day at the University of Edinburgh, and I was looking forward to a fresh start. Alas, one of my childhood nemeses also went to that university." Ducky solemnly shook his head. "Fortunately, I made it out of the altercation with only minor injuries, and he was put on probation." he looked satisfied.

GIBBS: No, it won't. But if it doesn't, we just might get something. Which is more than we have now. DiNozzo, you and Sherlock will be here mobile on Granby, as far down as you can be while maintaining visual contact. I'll be over here on Harbor. McGee, we do not know what we have here. So go with the flow. If it gets hinky, call it.

SHERLOCK: Hinky? What's hinky?

"I really have to give you a study list." Tony sighed.

TONY: You know, like when your gut is telling you something?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I see. In my country we refer to that as gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) You got a visual, DiNozzo?
TONY: Affirmative, Boss. Suck that gut in, Probie.

MCGEE: Guy with the briefcase.

GIBBS: I got him, McGee.

SHERLOCK: The logistics for the drop may only start here, McGee. Look for any sign.

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) Like what?

SHERLOCK: (V.O.) A hand gesture, the angle he holds his briefcase.

"How would he know it wasn't just a natural movement?" Molly inquired.

"Generally, it would be unnoticeable but not specifically natural. If it was natural, then there may be mix-ups because people do natural movement all the time." Sherlock explained.

She nodded.

MCGEE: (V.O./FILTERED) It's nothing, Boss.

(SFX: TRUCK BREAKS TO A STOP)

TONY: Lost the visual.

GIBBS: Same here, DiNozzo. Move up the block.

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/CAMERA ANGLES ON THE STREET)

YOUNG WOMAN: There's a park bench across the street from the Baltimore Museum of Art. (V.O./FILTERED) Leave it underneath.

SHERLOCK: Girl with the back.

GIBBS: Wait McGee, (V.O./FILTERED) for her to make the move.

YOUNG WOMAN: Don't be late.

"I thought people only said that in movies." Molly frowned. "It sounds a bit unnatural."

"It's a perfectly good way to threaten them though." Abby pointed out. "And it causes them to be elevated, clearly marked as a superior. The other would be compelled to do as she says."

MCGEE: Right.

(SMITH WALKS AROUND THE CORNER/MCGEE AND YOUNG WOMAN STRUGGLE OVER THE BRIEFCASE)

TONY: Kirby, my nine o'clock, Boss!

GIBBS: (V.O./FILTERED) I got him! Get the girl! (ON CAMERA) Go! Go! (V.O./FILTERED) Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

(MUSIC OVER ACTION/GIBBS AND TONY CHASE KIRBY/WOMAN DRIVES AWAY
ON A SCOOTER)

TONY: We lost her.

SHERLOCK: More like she lost us.

"Specifics such as those do not matter." Mycroft was tense. "However, I would advise you to find her again, Sherlock."

Sherlock sighed dramatically. "We were getting there."

"Drama queen," John hissed under his breath, thoroughly enjoying the shocked look Sherlock shot him. Priceless.

(FADE OUT)

FADE IN

INT. LAB - DAY

ABBY: There are three wheels, numbered zero through nine each. That's a thousand possibilities.

"Do you know how long it would take her to figure that out?" Sherlock's eyes widened. "That's so mundane, so boring."

John rolled his eyes. Of course Sherlock would find it boring. Anyone would, but he was certain Sherlock would just end up breaking the case after a while if he couldn't immediately deduce the correct combination.

GIBBS: Then your fingers better get busy.

ABBY: Wait, there's more. The seams are filled with something that looks like an epoxy material. It may be for waterproofing.

GIBBS: Or to hold explosive components in place until they're exploded.

ABBY: Bada-boom.

GIBBS: X-rays.

ABBY: Didn't penetrate. The metal's high density steel, probably with a thin layer of lead sheeting. The nitrate sniffer came up negative as well.

"That's very suspicious." Molly frowned. "Everything about this case is so suspicious. Do your cases normally have so many layers?"

Abby nodded. "Not all of them do, but I doubt whoever or whatever is making us watch these would waste our time with those that were incredibly simple. Unless, of course, it involved some life-changing moment or whatever." she waved it off.

GIBBS: That's because of the epoxy.

ABBY: Probably. Gibbs, it might not be rigged with a bomb, per se. I love saying per se. It's
one of those phrases nobody really knows what it means but you say it anyway. Am I off topic again?

"How did you know?" Sherlock asked sarcastically.

"Why did you ask?" Mycroft's hand met his face. "You know that the word 'per se' is not part of your actual case."

"It was rhetorical." she complained.

GIBBS: Big time.

ABBY: Um... it could be armed with something like formic acid in a glass liner.

GIBBS: Destroy the contents if opened incorrectly.

"Just to make things extra tedious." Sherlock grumbled.

"But also more dangerous." John pointed out. "Much greater risk factor in it all."

The consulting detective allowed this. "That is correct."

ABBY: There's also the possibility it could be nothing. It's just a whole lot of bluff to scare anyone from taking a peek inside.

GIBBS: Do we have a bottom line here, Abs?

ABBY: We do. Do you want to hear it?

GIBBS: Yes.

ABBY: The bomb squad is coming to pick this up. They're going to do their thing and then I will get to the bottom of this, Gibbs. But...

"The bomb squad takes a long time to do anything." Sherlock sighed.

"That's because they are the bomb squad." Lestrade sighed. "They have to be careful to prevent things from blowing up, killing everyone, destroying evidence, you know?"

The consulting detective knew this. "Yes, but that only gives more time to the criminals for their escape."

GIBBS: It's going to take time.

ABBY: See? We are having a melding of the minds.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

TONY: It was called The Transporter.

MCGEE: Didn't see it.

"You all need to watch more of the classics." Tony complained. "I have no one to geek out to."
Sherlock corrected him. "Sometimes, people who understand your references pop up."

"True, but they always disappear. I need a constant. Someone who will always be there to understand what I am talking about." the senior field agent lectured. "Oh, poor me."

**TONY:** Cool British guy delivers illegal stuff for a price. Obviously what Smith was doing. Then what Kirby was doing. Then what you were doing, Probie. Only badly.

**MCGEE:** Yeah, I got the case, didn't I?

"But you let the girl get away." Tony lectured.

**TONY:** You're missing the point.

**MCGEE:** How could there possibly be a point?

**SHERLOCK:** I think what Agent DiNozzo means is that the Transporter would have gotten the case, gotten the girl, and still have held on to his cappuccino.

**TONY:** Exactly. Speaking of movies, you know what I was thinking about, Probie?

"A movie?" McGee inquired sarcastically.

"So now you're interested." the senior field agent looked like he succeeded in his life-long goal.

"I never said that."

**MCGEE:** Really not interested, Tony.

**TONY:** Mister and Mrs. Smith. Identity mystery. Then there's our Smith. Identity mystery. And if it turns out the guy charging p0rn and tractors on your credit card is a Smith, then that would be a mystery.

**MCGEE:** (OVERLAP) Uh.. Tony?

**TONY:** Not now, Probie. I'm almost done with this level. (BEAT) Find out what was in the case yet, Boss?

**SHERLOCK:** Are you going to interrogate Kirby now?

**GIBBS:** No.

"And what is that a response to?" Mycroft raised an eyebrow.

"Tony, most likely." John spoke up.

**SHERLOCK:** That is a mistake. The longer we wait, the more time he has to--

**GIBBS:** I am going to be interrogating Kirby. You and DiNozzo will be observing.

"And you're back to observing." Anderson snickered a bit.

"That is generally my specialty." Sherlock nodded. "And I was allowed to keep my weapons this time."
(GIBBS WALKS O.S.)

SHERLOCK: It takes a while for him to warm up to people, doesn't it?

"A very-" Tony paused in the middle of his sentence, eyes meeting Gibbs's.

"A very?" McGee raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not going to finish that statement." the senior field agent hastily replied.

The tech wiz saw their boss and immediately understood. Gibbs could be, actually, was always scary. Especially when he was trying to be intimidating.

TONY: Want to know the secret about getting on his good side?

SHERLOCK: Of course.

TONY: Me, too.

Donovan dramatically rolled her eyes. Gibbs sounded like and actually was a horrible person to be around. If she worked for him, she would definitely quit as soon as she saw how much of a freak he was. Honestly, she didn't know how the others could stand it, but she supposed that birds of a feather flocked together. All the freaks grouped together.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: I didn't kill Jerry.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: (FILTERED) I know. We checked.

"But that doesn't mean he can get off scot-free for all the other felonies he has under his belt." Tony leaned forward in anticipation.

"Is something about this exciting?" Donovan raised an eyebrow. "This man's life is going to change for the worse, and you're getting off on it."

The senior field agent rolled his eyes. "I'm doing my job. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't be doing it. Plus, this man is in the wrong; he's broken several laws. Why should I not be excited to see him get his due?"

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: You were on base when it happened.

KIRBY: So... can I go now?
GIBBS: Impersonating a Petty Officer. That's a felony. Lying during a Federal investigation. Felony. Resisting arrest. That's a misdemeanor. Not to mention what we have in that case downstairs.

KIRBY: You looked in the case? Look, I was only trying to help. I swear to you.

Mycroft groaned. "I hate idiots."
"You aren't the only one." Sherlock frowned. "Though they do have their uses."

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: It wasn't even my idea.

SHERLOCK: I doubt this has anything to do with espionage, Tony. Kirby's far too stupid for this line of work.

The Yarders looked temporarily relieved. There was the Sherlock that they knew. At least he hadn't changed totally and completely over the years. Though John already knew that he could be very close to his younger self in private, the others did not have the same access to information as the former army doctor did. That comment grounded them all and reminded them that Sherlock would always be Sherlock.

"Freak." Donovan muttered again.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: Why did you two switch places?

KIRBY: Because Jerry... he couldn't keep it in his damn pants.

Anderson and Lestrade groaned in unison.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK: Keep what in his pants?


"No," Sherlock shook his head. "Though, Tony did sufficiently explain it to me."

"He did?" Lestrade looked to the other in shock.

Tony shook his head behind the consulting detective's back and mouthed 'You'll see.'

TONY: You're kidding, right? Come on.

(SFX: TONY SINGS/DANCES)

SHERLOCK: Dancing?
TONY: Yeah, dancing.

"That's not quite what it means." Lestrade face-palmed.

Mycroft shook his head. "This is why Adler called you the Virgin, you know."

John did a double take on her mention again.

"You seemed plenty knowledgeable when you and Tony were talking about that magazine."

Anderson gaped a bit.

"I am unfamiliar with some terms," the consulting detective admitted.

"Yeah, we've gotten that far." he agreed.

GIBBS: (V.O.) What happened?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: He'd been fooling around with this officer's wife over at Pearl. One night the Officer came home early and caught him in the act. He got a good look at Jerry's face, but he didn't recognize him.

"So Smith would want to ensure that he never met up with the other officer ever again." Mrs. Hudson understood.

"Yes," Ducky agreed.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: (FILTERED) Jerry wasn't worried.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: He knew he was shipping out the next week, and they'd never met before. That was the good news.

GIBBS: Until he got the bad news.

KIRBY: The husband was going to be his C.O. in Norfolk.

GIBBS: Commander Morris.

"So they switched to make sure that Smith wasn't recognized by Morris?" Molly understood. "Wow, I guess that makes sense. Illegal yet predictable."

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY
KIRBY: (FILTERED) Yes, Sir. Jerry only had four months left to an honorable discharge.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: Morris would have made sure that didn't happen.

"This entire thing was about hiding an affair." Lestrade frowned. "You think Morris got wind of it and decided to take actions into his own hands?"

Sherlock didn't agree or disagree. "There are more people Smith would be concerned about. Many others he wouldn't necessarily want to know that he had an affair."

The detective inspector thought for a moment, knowing that if Sherlock hadn't confirmed his statement, he was most likely wrong. "His wife?"

"Perhaps." the consulting detective shrugged, and Lestrade knew he was in the ball park.

GIBBS: Who else knew about it?

KIRBY: No one. That's why Jerry begged me to switch places with him. Except I couldn't leave my job.

GIBBS: Delivering illegal goods.

"I bet it sounds much worse to him when it is worded like that." Abby tutted.

Sherlock agreed. "Really, even someone as stupid as him should have realized that what he was doing was definitely wrong and illegal."

"Most people do. He probably thought he would get away with it and not get caught." the forensic scientist added on.

The consulting detective nodded. "Yes, and he probably would have had Petty Officer Smith not been murdered. No attention would have been drawn to him, and he would be able to continue his illegal activities until something did."

"Which might not have happened."

"Exactly."

KIRBY: Wait. I mean, I didn't even know what was in the cases. I was strictly transportation.

"If he things that that is going to get him off, he is stupider that I initially thought." Mycroft made a face.

GIBBS: Hey Kirby, they weren't exactly using FedEx.

KIRBY: It was stupid, I know.

"Though, at least he admits it." the director of Europol allowed this.

Sherlock nodded. "Most idiots don't think they are idiots."
"It is a refreshing change of pace."

GIBBS: (CHUCKLES) Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: But the money was really good.

"And yet again, people do it for money," Mycroft rolled his eyes. "Is there anything in this world that someone would not do for a slip of paper?"

Sherlock paused, thinking. "Suicide. They wouldn't actually get the money if they were dead."

The director paused before thinking. "Unless they were getting the money for one they cared about. Perhaps someone's child needs a surgery that they can't pay for; some people would do such a thing to ensure that their child would get the care they deserve."

The consulting detective made a face before admitting. "I don't know."

John marked this day on the calendar.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

KIRBY: Life since the Navy is kind of hard on me.

GIBBS: You never looked inside?

KIRBY: No. There were only two rules. Be on time and don't look in the cases. Jerry... I guess he looked.

"That is a possibility." Sherlock allowed. "Though there are many aspects of this case to take into account."

"All these cases in America are so damn complex." Lestrade cursed. "Isn't there ever a simple murder where you get the baddie and lock him away?"

Gibbs nodded. "Of course."

GIBBS: Then they killed him for it.

KIRBY: I think... I think I want to get a lawyer now.

GIBBS: Oh, yeah. You're going to need one.

"Smartest thing he's done all day." Mycroft grumbled.

"Are both of you done insulting the man?" Abby asked them.

When she got no response, she sighed.

"I guess not."
CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY A

BBY: Remember that smeared area that I thought was probably nothing? Well, it probably might not be probably nothing.

Molly laughed. She liked this girl and had swapped cell phone numbers earlier. If only international calling wasn't so expensive...

GIBBS: I'm not saying a magic word, Abs.

ABBY: Okay, this is the windshield of the vehicle. See the smeared marks? There's four of them. And they connect together. Now, step back and squint.

GIBBS: At what?

ABBY: Just do it, Gibbs, like when you're trying to figure out the hidden message in the bad three-D art at the fair. This is important. Try to see the bigger picture for once! (BEAT) See it?

GIBBS: Maybe an "M".

"Morris." Mary commented. "A message?"

"Yes, he was trying to tell us who the killer was," Sherlock did not tell her if she was right or wrong. After all, she could probably figure it out herself if she wasn't so involved with enjoying what she termed 'little Holmeses.' Which, actually, was quite annoying, but he didn't tell her that.

Anderson frowned. It could be an 'm,' certainly, but couldn't it also be a 'w'? It was entirely possible that they were looking at it from the wrong angle after all. And that would lead to Wendy, right?

The consulting detective immediately noticed this and shot him a look of pride.

ABBY: Yes, Gibbs, yes. Those smears were smeared on purpose. Now, these are the photographs of Petty Officer Smith's body before it was washed. He has blood on his right index finger. There were no lacerations on that hand.

GIBBS: Petty Officer Smith used his finger to write a message in his own blood.

ABBY: Sometimes people in the throes of death try to communicate. Like that guy in the L.A. MetroRail crash? He wrote "I love you" to his wife in his own blood.

GIBBS: He did?

ABBY: He did. But Petty Officer Smith is trying to tell us who killed him. What does "M" mean?

TONY: (V.O.) Commander Morris.

Sherlock made a face. They were not considering all possibilities, and he fully blamed his past self for not immediately correcting them.

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE - DAY

MORRIS: How could you think that I had anything to do with his murder?

TONY: Because you found out he was the sailor sleeping with your wife at Pearl.

SHERLOCK: Yes, Commander, at Pearl Harbor.

MORRIS: That was Smith? If I had known who he was I would have killed him myself. But I didn't. I was here that morning. There's a dozen witnesses who will vouch for that.

"He didn't know it was Smith." Molly frowned.

"And he had an alibi." Lestrade furrowed his eyebrow. "What do you think, Anderson?"

Anderson shrugged, feeling a bit self-conscious about his theory. "It's probably not right."

"On the contrary," Sherlock pointed out. "Anderson is 100% correct."

"Really?" he looked excited.

"Would I lie about this? As Donovan would say, I prefer putting people down than putting them up." the consulting detective explained.

The other man started vibrating out of sheer excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK: Surveillance camera at the main gate has Commander Morris coming on base an hour before Smith's time of death.

GIBBS: Leeway time of death?

TONY: Ducky says fifteen, maybe twenty minutes.

GIBBS: Drive time to the crime scene?

TONY: Thirty minutes. Fifteen if you're driving.

"It couldn't have been him." Lestrade frowned before turning to his vibrating employee. "All right, who is it?"

"Don't tell him." Sherlock immediately stopped Anderson.

Anderson nodded seriously, and Lestrade sighed. What had he created?

SHERLOCK: Seven sailors in his office all verify he was in the supply unit until we showed up.

GIBBS: Where in the supply unit?

SHERLOCK: Mostly in his private office, behind closed doors.
GIBBS: Was there another exit? Could he have left unseen through a window?

TONY: Windows don't open, Boss. Solid plate glass.

MCGEE: Commander Morris couldn't have been at the crime scene.

Anderson looked happy, and Donovan scowled. Obviously, Sherlock had infected him with his freakishness. There was no way the old Anderson would get this excited about a murder.

GIBBS: I know that, McGee.

TONY: He knows that, McGee!

SHERLOCK: His murder has to be related to the delivery service.

TONY: Which we know nothing about.

MCGEE: Kirby claims he didn't even know who he was working for.

GIBBS: Was Petty Officer Smith wearing his seatbelt when he crashed? (LOUDLY) Was Petty Officer Smith wearing a seatbelt?!

ALL: No! He wasn't wearing a seatbelt in the crash!

GIBBS: He was in an unnaturally contorted position!

"Meaning, what he wrote wasn't the right way up." Sherlock lead the Yarders on.

"So it's not an 'm.' A 'w'?"]" John inquired.

The consulting detective nodded. "And there is someone who would be mad at Petty Officer Smith with that letter in their name."

"Wendy." the former army doctor figured out.

Sherlock nodded. "Yes, so it appears Anderson was correct. I must say, he has vastly improved."

"Is that a compliment?" Anderson looked shocked.

"Though, if he can't figure out what I'm saying," He reconsidered.

"Never mind, I'll take it as one even if it isn't." the other nodded his head seriously.

Sherlock looked satisfied.

MCGEE: Yes. Very... very unusual. I can flip the image... only if you want.

SHERLOCK: "W."

TONY: What was the wife's name again?

SHERLOCK: It's Wendy.

CUT TO:
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

GIBBS: You discovered your husband was cheating on you, Wendy.

"It's always the wife." Tony swore.

"Except for, you know, when it's not." McGee added.

"Yes, McGoo. It's always the wife except for when it's not the wife." the senior field agent modified his statement.

Sherlock commented on this. "How intellectual of you."

WENDY: I don't know what you're talking about.

"They always deny it." McGee groaned.

"Well, yeah. Most people don't immediately admit to murder." Tony said as if McGee were two years old.

SHERLOCK: Must have been a real shock. You were so much in love with him.

GIBBS: The one decent man you've ever met... wasn't really decent at all, was he?

WENDY: That's not true.

GIBBS: He called you on the way to work. You weren't home, were you?

Anderson shook his head, paying close attention to what was happening on screen. The rest were silent, knowing how important this would be for Anderson. It would be the first time he solved a crime correctly on the first try based on a single piece of evidence, and they didn't want to spoil it for him.

WENDY: I was! He called me at home.

SHERLOCK: Phone records show you forwarded your home phone to your cell.

GIBBS: He had no idea you followed him, Wendy.

SHERLOCK: He only worked a couple of days a week. I wonder what he did with all the rest of that free time?

WENDY: (LONG BEAT) Did you know he cheated on me on our wedding day? Our wedding day.

"And the truth comes out." John smirked a bit.

SMITH: (V.O.) Honey! Honey, it's our anniversary!

(INTERCUT FLASHBACK SCENE OF THE SHOOTING)

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY
MCGEE: (INTO PHONE) Great, thank you. (TO TONY) Well, that takes care of them all. Visa, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners. Old cards cancelled, new ones reissued and it only took me two hundred phone calls.

"Exactly two hundred?" Sherlock raised an eyebrow. "I doubt that."

"I was guessing." McGee admitted.

The consulting detective grinned. "Of course you were."

TONY: You know what I find really interesting?

MCGEE: What?

TONY: That you actually have Diners.

MCGEE: What's wrong with that?

TONY: Nothing. It's just I've never met anyone who used Diners club who wasn't wearing Depends.

MCGEE: It's a very hip piece of plastic, Tony.

TONY: Yes, in the year nineteen twenty seven.

ABBY: Good news and bad news, Gibbs. The good news is I'm still cute. Bad news... the bomb squad got a little trigger happy.

"And the evidence blew up?" Molly winced.

"Unfortunately, yes." the forensic scientist sighed. "Though, it did give me a chance to talk to Sherlock for a long while."

Molly grinned a bit. "Though, you are still cute."

"Thanks."

GIBBS: They blew up the metal box?

ABBY: Do you have any idea what's beyond smithereens?

GIBBS: Not a clue.

ABBY: Me neither. That's what we've got. There's not much I can do.

GIBBS: Nope. Except put it back together.

"And that made me so happy." Abby dryly stated.

ABBY: Gibbs! It's in like a jillion pieces! That would take months!

SHERLOCK: It's the only link we have to that delivery service, Abby.

ABBY: Yeah? Well you're not the one that has to put it back together, Officer Holmes.
SHERLOCK: She doesn't like me, does she?

GIBBS: Eh...

Sherlock looked vaguely upset, but no one else saw it.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

(SFX: ELEVATOR DINGS/DOORS SLIDE OPEN/ CLOSED)

(SHERLOCK WALKS INTO THE ELEVATOR)

ABBY: Are you going home?

SHERLOCK: Not yet. I thought I might be able to help you with ... that.

ABBY: Do you have a degree in forensic science?

SHERLOCK: No. But I'm very good at jigsaw puzzles.

"See? Geeking out over puzzles." the forensic scientist rolled her eyes fondly.

ABBY: We'll see.

(MUSIC OUT)

(ENDING CREDITS UP AND OUT)

"Shall we continue?" Vance inquired.

"Yes," Mycroft agreed.

"Perhaps we should stop for food soon?" Abby inquired.

Jimmy shrugged. "I guess that could be a good idea."

A couple of the agents (i.e. Tony) shot Gibbs a pleading look.

"I think it may be a good idea then." Vance had an amused grin on his face.

Chapter End Notes

So, in case you missed it, I am writing our fav consulting detective in as gender fluid and demisexual. I will continue to do so unless I receive a lot of opposition.

ALSO I HOPE IT IS CLEAR IN THIS CHAPTER THAT I PUT IN SHERLOCK FOR BOTH ZIVA AND ELLIE
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!