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**Watching Sherlock**

by RatchetFangirls

Summary

John, Mary, Donovan, Lestrade and Anderson are pulled into a room to watch the Sherlock series. Originally on fanfiction.net. Script used belongs to Ariane Devere.

Notes

Originally from one of our fanfiction.net accounts. We own nothing, and sorry if anyone is too OOC.
This is it, John thought as he unconsciously touched his new mustache, My first date with Mary.

Mary then sat down at the table, smiling broadly from ear to ear. They greeted each other and were halfway through their meal when they were taken by a mysterious light.

Lestrade ran a frustrated hand over his face as he looked at his team. Donovan was diligently working on a case and Anderson was either trying to prove to the world Sherlock was alive, or also doing work. He didn't know which.

After Sherlock had jumped off a building, his team had worked exceptionally hard since then.

"Donovan what do we got?" Lestrade asked, referring to the case before they all got taken by a blinding light.

John, Mary, Donovan, Anderson and Lestrade were all dumped in a fairly comfortable looking room. It was an average living room. But there was much more places to sit.

"Greg?" John asked, looking over the Scotland Yarders while helping Mary up.

Lestrade looked over them all as they all stood up, wary of the couches, "This is definitely not my division," he sighed.

"Where are we?" Donovan asked, the room they were in had no windows, and the only doors there lead them into a bathroom and kitchen.

"Were we drugged?" Anderson asked, carefully looking around the room.

"What's this?" Mary asked, walking over to a TV, pressing the power button, they all watched as it begun to play.

The word 'Sherlock' filled the screen.

"Okay, what is this? Was this the freak's idea?" Donovan said, looking angry and annoyed.

John frowned, the swallowed emotionally, "No, don't you remember, he's dead,"

All was silent as they paused for a second.

"Maybe this is proof he's alive," Anderson interrupted.

"Anderson-" Lestrade tried to stop him.

"No, no, no," Anderson stopped him, "There have been so many instances where we've seen him figure out something that seemed impossible, why not cheating death?"

"Because it was a 10 story building?" Lestrade asked blandly.

"There's only one way to know what this is," Mary continued, she was the first one to sit on a couch, with remote in hand, she pressed 'play'. Everyone quickly sat down around her.

In a bedsit somewhere in London, John Watson is having a nightmare.
"Uh...What is this?" John looked around awkwardly, "I thought this would be about Sherlock,"

Lestrade gazed at the screen worryingly, "How long ago was this?"

"I don't know, probably around the time I first met him,"

He is reliving his Army days and his team is under fire somewhere abroad. A colleague cries out his name as the gunfire continues. Finally he jolts awake, distressed and panic-stricken.

John got many looks of sympathy.

He sits up in bed wide-eyed and breathing heavily until he realises that he is safe and a long way from the war. Flopping back onto his pillow, he tries to calm his breathing as he continues to be haunted by his memories. Eventually, unable to stop himself, he begins to weep.

"Aw, John," Mary states sadly, grasping his arm in an attempt of comfort.

Some time later he has sat up on the side of the bed and switched on the bedside lamp. It's still dark outside. John sits quietly, wrapped up in his thoughts, and looks across to the desk on the other side of the room. A metal walking cane is leaning against the desk. He looks at it unhappily, then continues to gaze into the distance. He will not be sleeping again tonight.

DAY TIME. The sun has finally risen and John, now wearing a dressing gown over his night wear, hobbles across the room leaning heavily on his cane. In his other hand he has a mug of tea and an apple, both of which he puts down onto the desk. The mug bears the arms of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Sitting down, he opens the drawer in the desk to get his laptop. As he lifts the computer out of the drawer, we see that he also has a pistol in there. Putting the laptop onto the desk and opening the lid he looks at the webpage which has automatically loaded. It reads, "The personal blog of Dr. John H. Watson". The rest of the page is blank.

"Writer's block?" Donovan asked.

"No, I didn't have anything to write about," John says, recently, since Sherlock died, he might write about an old adventure with him, but for the most part, it remained empty.

Later he is at his psychotherapist's office and he sits in a chair opposite her.

ELLA: How's your blog going?

JOHN: Yeah, good. (He clears his throat awkwardly.) Very good.

"It's obvious you're lying, mate," Lestrade briefly looked away from the screen to make eye contact.

ELLA: You haven't written a word, have you?

JOHN (pointing to Ella's notepad on her lap): You just wrote "Still has trust issues".

ELLA: And you read my writing upside down. D'you see what I mean? (John smiles awkwardly.)

ELLA: John, you're a soldier, and it's gonna take you a while to adjust to civilian life; and writing a blog about everything that happens to you will honestly help you.
(John gazes back at her, his face full of despair.)

JOHN: Nothing happens to me.

Once again, everyone gazed at him sadly.

OCTOBER 12TH. A well-dressed middle-aged business man walks across the concourse of a busy London railway station talking into his mobile phone.

Most of them's eyes narrowed.

"That isn't..." Anderson gulped, not wanting to finish his sentence.

SIR JEFFREY: What d'you mean, there's no ruddy car?

(His secretary is at his office talking into her phone as she walks across the room.)

HELEN: He went to Waterloo. I'm sorry. Get a cab.

SIR JEFFREY: I never get cabs.

(Helen looks around furtively to make sure that nobody is within earshot, then speaks quietly into the phone.)

HELEN: I love you.

"Oh, she was the affair," Donovan whispered quietly.

SIR JEFFREY (suggestively): When?

HELEN (giggling): Get a cab!

(Smiling as he hangs up, Sir Jeffrey looks around for the cab rank.)

Everyone besides Mary flinched, realizing what was about to happen.

Some unspecified time later, sitting on the floor by the window of what appears to be an office many storeys above ground, Sir Jeffrey unscrews the lid of a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules. Tipping one out, he stares ahead of himself wide-eyed and afraid as he puts the capsule into his mouth. Later, he is writhing on the floor in agony. We can now see that the office in which his dying body is lying is empty of furniture.

"I didn't realize how painful that must've been," John shuddered, wondering what would've happened if he hadn't gotten to Sherlock in time.

POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE. Flanked by a police officer and another man who may be her solicitor or a family member, Sir Jeffrey's wife is sitting at a table making a statement to the press.

MARGARET PATTERSON (tearfully as she reads from her statement): My husband was a happy man who lived life to the full. He loved his family and his work – and that he should have taken his own life in this way is a mystery and a shock to all who knew him.
Standing at one side of the room, Helen tries to keep control of her feelings but eventually closes her eyes and lets the tears roll down her face.

"Did she know he was married?" Mary whispered, staring at the scene in despair.

NOVEMBER 26TH. Two boys in their late teens are running down a street at night in the pouring rain. Gary has opened a fold-up umbrella and is trying to keep it under control in the wind, while Jimmy has his jacket pulled up over his head. He calls out in triumph as a black cab approaches with its yellow sign lit to show that it is available for hire.

JIMMY: Yes, yes, taxi, yes!

(He whistles and waves to the taxi but it drives past. He makes an exasperated sound, then starts to head back in the direction he just came, looking round at his friend.)

"I hate it when taxis just drive past you," Lestrade said in an attempt to lighten the mood.

JIMMY: I'll be back in two minutes, mate.

GARY: What?

JIMMY: I'm just going home; get my mum's umbrella.

GARY: You can share mine!

"If only he stayed," Anderson stated, "I guess it might've been embarrassing, but it's better than dying."

JIMMY: Two minutes, all right?

(He walks away. Some time later Gary looks at his watch, apparently worried because Jimmy has been gone for too long. He turns around and heads back in pursuit of his friend.)

"If it was only two minutes away, why did he feel the need to take a cab?" Mary asked, "Was he going to bring it back to his friend so they could get in it together?"

Everyone looked briefly shocked, she was asking the right questions.

"She's a keeper," Lestrade whispered to John.

Some unspecified time later, Jimmy sits crying and clutching a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules. He unscrews the lid, his hands shaking, and sobs. We see that he is sitting on a window ledge inside a sports centre overlooking a sports court. The following day, an article in The Daily Express runs the headline "Boy, 18, kills himself inside sports centre".

JANUARY 27TH. At a public venue, a party is being held. A large poster showing a photograph of the guest of honour is labelled "Your local MP, Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport". As pounding dance music comes from inside the room, one of Beth's aides walks out of the room and goes over to her male colleague who is standing at the bar. He looks at her in exasperation.

"I'm not getting a good feeling from them," Anderson stated.
AIDE 1: Is she still dancing?

AIDE 2: Yeah, if you can call it that.

AIDE 1: Did you get the car keys off her?

AIDE 2 (showing him the keys): Got 'em out of her bag.

"Car thieves," everyone looked at them in hate.

(The man smiles in satisfaction, then looks into the dance hall and frowns.)

AIDE 1: Where is she?

Beth has slipped out of the venue and is standing at the side of her car searching through her handbag for her keys. She sighs when she can't find them and looks around helplessly.

Everyone felt the emotion build up as they watched her.

Some unspecified time later, Beth sobs hysterically as she stands inside a portacabin on a building site. As she continues to cry, she reaches out a trembling hand towards a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules.

POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE. Detective Inspector Lestrade sits at the table looking uncomfortable as his colleague sitting beside him, Detective Sergeant Sally Donovan, addresses the gathered press reporters.

DONOVAN: The body of Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport, was found late last night on a building site in Greater London. Preliminary investigations suggest that this was suicide. We can confirm that this apparent suicide closely resembles those of Sir Jeffrey Patterson and James Phillimore. In the light of this, these incidents are now being treated as linked. The investigation is ongoing but Detective Inspector Lestrade will take questions now.

REPORTER 1: Detective Inspector, how can suicides be linked?

"Because they're not suicides," Mary whispered.

LESTRADE: Well, they all took the same poison; um, they were all found in places they had no reason to be; none of them had shown any prior indication of ...

REPORTER 1 (interrupting): But you can't have serial suicides.

LESTRADE: Well, apparently you can.

REPORTER 2: These three people: there's nothing that links them?

LESTRADE: There's no link been found yet, but we're looking for it. There has to be one.

"Yeah, their taxi," he stared at the screen.

(Everybody's mobile phone trills a text alert simultaneously. As they look at their phones, each message reads: Wrong! Donovan looks at the same message on her own phone.)
"You never think you'll miss something like that," Lestrade said sadly.

DONOVAN: If you've all got texts, please ignore them.

REPORTER 1: Just says, 'Wrong'.

Despite himself, John snorted. Taking notice of everyone's looks, he said, "Sherlock would've loved him,"

"To insult him?" Donovan raised a skeptical eyebrow.

"Yep,"

DONOVAN: Yeah, well, just ignore that. Okay, if there are no more questions for Detective Inspector Lestrade, I'm going to bring this session to an end.

REPORTER 2: But if they're suicides, what are you investigating?

LESTRADE: As I say, these ... these suicides are clearly linked. Um, it's an ... it's an unusual situation. We've got our best people investigating ...

(Everybody's mobile trills another text alert and again each message reads "Wrong!")

REPORTER 1: Says, 'Wrong' again. (Lestrade looks despairingly at Sally.)

John just nodded, looking amused.

DONOVAN (to the reporters): One more question.

REPORTER 3: Is there any chance that these are murders, and if they are, is this the work of a serial killer?

"And someone Sherlock might've listened to for half a second," John gestured.

Even Anderson and Donovan had to laugh at that.

LESTRADE: I ... I know that you like writing about these, but these do appear to be suicides. We know the difference. The, um, the poison was clearly self-administered.

REPORTER 3: Yes, but if they are murders, how do people keep themselves safe?

LESTRADE: Well, don't commit suicide.

Once again, everyone stared at him and he slowly covered his face.

(The reporter looks at him in shock. Donovan covers her mouth and murmurs a warning.)

DONOVAN: "Daily Mail." (Lestrade grimaces and looks at the reporters again.)

LESTRADE: Obviously this is a frightening time for people, but all anyone has to do is exercise reasonable precautions. We are all as safe as we want to be.

(Again the mobiles trill their text alerts, and once more each message reads "Wrong!")
But Lestrade's phone takes a moment longer to alert him to a text and when he looks at it, the message reads:

You know where to find me. SH

"Drama queen," John whispered.

Mary smiled at him and put her head on his shoulder.

Looking exasperated, he puts the phone into his pocket and looks at the reporters as he stands up.)

LESTRADE: Thank you.

Shortly afterwards, he and Donovan are walking through the offices of New Scotland Yard.

DONOVAN: You've got to stop him doing that. He's making us look like idiots.

LESTRADE: Well, if you can tell me how he does it, I'll stop him.

Anderson narrowed his eyes, since Sherlock's suicide, he had brought it up on himself to honor the detective by learning basic deducing skills.

"Group message?" he asked.

Lestrade looked at him, unconvinced, "He has the number of everyone in that room?"

"Some satellite thingy that sends the message to the phones in that area?"

"You're still rubbish at it," Lestrade said, turning back to the screen.

RUSSELL SQUARE PARK. John is limping briskly through the park, leaning heavily on his cane. As he walks past a man sitting on the bench, the man stares after him, clearly recognising him. He calls out.

MIKE: John! John Watson! (John turns back to Mike as he stands up and hurries towards him, smiling.)

"Friend of yours?" Mary asked.

John nodded.

MIKE: Stamford. Mike Stamford. We were at Bart's together.

JOHN: Yes, sorry, yes, Mike. (He takes Mike's offered hand and shakes it.) Hello, hi.

MIKE (grinning and gesturing to himself): Yeah, I know. I got fat!

JOHN (trying to sound convincing): No.

"Once again," Lestrade said, "You can't lie,"

MIKE: I heard you were abroad somewhere, getting shot at. What happened?

JOHN (awkwardly): I got shot.
"That's going to be awkward," Donovan winced.

(They both look embarrassed.)

A little later they have bought take-away coffees and are sitting side by side on a bench in the park. Mike looks at John worriedly. Oblivious, John takes a sip from his coffee then looks across to his old friend.

JOHN: Are you still at Bart's, then?

MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them! (They both laugh.)

Everyone in the room laughed along with them.

MIKE: What about you? Just staying in town 'til you get yourself sorted?

JOHN: I can't afford London on an Army pension.

MIKE: Ah, and you couldn't bear to be anywhere else. That's not the John Watson I know.

JOHN (uncomfortably): Yeah, I'm not the John Watson ...

"Oh come on John," Mary told him, "Perk up!"

John smiled at her comfort.

(He stops. Mike awkwardly looks away and drinks his coffee. John switches his own cup to his right hand and looks down at his left hand, clenching it into a fist as he tries to control the tremor that has started. Mike looks round at him again.)

MIKE: Couldn't Harry help?

"Who's Harry?" most everyone looked around confused.

JOHN (sarcastically): Yeah, like that's gonna happen!

MIKE (shrugging): I dunno – get a flatshare or something?

JOHN: Come on – who'd want me for a flatmate? (Mike chuckles thoughtfully.)

JOHN: What?

MIKE: Well, you're the second person to say that to me today.

JOHN: Who was the first?

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MORGUE.

Sherlock Holmes

They all looked very sad. Even Mary, who hasn't met him.

unzips the body bag lying on the table and peers at the corpse inside. He sniffs.
"He sniffs them?" Mary asked curiously.

Lestrade thought about his answer, "It's one of his deducing things, he uses all the senses,"

Mary looked at him and nodded, storing the information for later.

SHERLOCK: How fresh? (Morgue assistant Molly Hooper walks over.)

MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here. I knew him. He was nice.

(Zipping the bag up again, Sherlock straightens up, turns to her and smiles falsely.)

"That's a fake smile," Mary said, wincing slightly.

"I feel sorry for Molly," Donovan said, looking at the screen in slight disgust.

SHERLOCK: Fine. We'll start with the riding crop.

Shortly afterwards the body has been removed from the bag and is lying on its back on the table. In the observation room next door, Molly watches and flinches while Sherlock flogs the body repeatedly and violently with a riding crop, but her face is also full of admiration. She walks back into the room and as he finishes and straightens up, breathless,

They all leaned back (except for John, who was used to his habits), and looked disturbed by the display of violence upon the corpse.

"How did he die?" Anderson asked.

"Heart attack," Lestrade answered.

"Wasn't that Moriarty guy his replacement," Anderson stated.

Everyone nodded.

"Maybe it wasn't natural," he concluded.

They all looked stunned at Anderson.

"That's... actually..." Lestrade gave up at looking for words.

she goes over to him.

MOLLY (jokingly): So, bad day, was it?

SHERLOCK (ignoring her banter as he gets out a notebook and starts writing in it): I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man's alibi depends on it. Text me.

"Wait, he was on another case at the time?" Donovan looked confused.

"He'd do multiple cases at once, when they were done he'd be so exhausted he'd pass out where he was," John said, thinking about the past.

Nobody questioned him.

MOLLY: Listen, I was wondering: maybe later, when you're finished...
SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren't wearing lipstick before.

"She chose the hardest person to have a crush on," they all agreed.

MOLLY (nervously): I, er, I refreshed it a bit.

(She smiles at him flirtatiously. He gives her a long oblivious look, then goes back to writing in his notebook.)

Lestrade snorted, "It's funny," everyone looked at him, "That one of the smartest people is so oblivious."

They all smiled.

John decided not to mention the Sun right then.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?

MOLLY (gazing at him intently): I was wondering if you'd like to have coffee.

(Sherlock puts his notebook away.)

SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I'll be upstairs. (He walks away.)

"No," Mary shook her head, "That's not what she meant!"

MOLLY: ... Okay.

BART’S LAB.

Sherlock is standing at the far end of the lab using a pipette to squeeze a few drops of liquid onto a Petri dish. Mike knocks on the door and brings John in with him. Sherlock glances across at them briefly before looking at his work again. John limps into the room, looking around at all the equipment.

JOHN: Well, bit different from my day.

"John," Lestrade sighed, "You're making me feel old,"

"Sorry," John smiled fakely.

MIKE (chuckling): You've no idea!

SHERLOCK (sitting down): Mike, can I borrow your phone? There's no signal on mine.

MIKE: And what's wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK: I prefer to text.

"If he loves to talk so much why does he text?" Donovan looked very confused.

MIKE: Sorry. It's in my coat.
(John fishes in his back pocket and takes out his own phone.)

JOHN: Er, here. Use mine.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Thank you.

(Glancing briefly at Mike, he stands up and walks towards John. Mike introduces him.)

MIKE: It's an old friend of mine, John Watson.

(Sherlock reaches John and takes his phone from him. Turning partially away from him, he flips open the keypad and starts to type on it.)

SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq?

"He's going to do the thing you told me about, right?" Mary smiled.

"First date and you've already told her about him?" Anderson looked at him.

John looked slightly embarrassed, but it was fixed by Mary's excited expression.

(John frowns. Nearby, Mike smiles knowingly. John looks at Sherlock as he continues to type.)

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: Which was it – Afghanistan or Iraq?

(He briefly raises his eyes to John’s before looking back to the phone. John hesitates, then looks across to Mike, confused. Mike just smiles smugly.)

JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...?

(Sherlock looks up as Molly comes into the room holding a mug of coffee.)

SHERLOCK: Ah, Molly, coffee. Thank you.

"He said thank you," Lestrade grinned at the victory.

(He shuts down John's phone and hands it back as Molly brings the mug over to him. He looks closely at her as he takes the mug. Her mouth is paler again.)

SHERLOCK: What happened to the lipstick?

MOLLY (smiling awkwardly at him): It wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Your mouth's too small now.

"Oh..." they all said, sounding pained.

"That's not what normal people say," Donovan winced at his behavior.

(He turns and walks back to his station, taking a sip from the mug and grimacing at the taste.)
MOLLY: ... Okay.

(She turns and heads back towards the door.)

SHERLOCK: How do you feel about the violin?

(John looks round at Molly but she's on her way out the door. He glances at Mike who is still smiling smugly, and finally realises that Sherlock is talking to him.)

JOHN: I'm sorry, what?

SHERLOCK (typing on a laptop keyboard as he talks): I play the violin when I'm thinking. Sometimes I don't talk for days on end. (He looks round at John.) Would that bother you?

"Yes," everyone else nodded.

Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other. (He throws a hideously false smile at John, who looks at him blankly for a moment then looks across to Mike.)

JOHN: Oh, you ... you told him about me?

MIKE: Not a word.

JOHN (turning to Sherlock again): Then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK (picking up his greatcoat and putting it on): I did. Told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is just after lunch with an old friend, clearly just home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn't that difficult a leap.

JOHN: How did you know about Afghanistan?

"How does he do it?" Lestrade concentrated on the thought, "He never got to tell me,"

(Sherlock ignores the question, wraps his scarf around his neck, then picks up his mobile and checks it.)

SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we ought to be able to afford it. (He walks towards John.)

SHERLOCK: We'll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o'clock. Sorry – gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.

(Putting his phone into the inside pocket of his coat, he walks past John and heads for the door.)

JOHN (turning to look at him): Is that it? (Sherlock turns back from the door and strolls closer to John again.)

SHERLOCK: Is that what?

JOHN: We've only just met and we're gonna go and look at a flat?

SHERLOCK: Problem?
Everyone else copied screen-John's expression.

(John smiles in disbelief, looking across to Mike for help, but his friend just continues to smile as he looks at Sherlock. John turns back to the younger man.)

JOHN: We don't know a thing about each other; I don't know where we're meeting; I don't even know your name.

(Sherlock looks closely at him for a moment before speaking.)

SHERLOCK: I know you're an Army doctor and you've been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you've got a brother who's worried about you but you won't go to him for help because you don't approve of him – possibly because he's an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that your therapist thinks your limp's psychosomatic – quite correctly, I'm afraid.

(John looks down at his leg and cane and shuffles his feet awkwardly.)

SHERLOCK (smugly): That's enough to be going on with, don't you think?

"That's a lot," Mary looked at Sherlock in awe.

(He turns and walks to the door again, opening it and going through, but then leans back into the room again.)

SHERLOCK: The name's Sherlock Holmes and the address is 221B Baker Street.

(He click-winks at John, then looks round at Mike.)

SHERLOCK: Afternoon.

(Mike raises a finger in farewell as Sherlock disappears from the room. As the door slams shut behind him, John turns and looks at Mike in disbelief. Mike smiles and nods to him.)

MIKE: Yeah. He's always like that.

"That's how you met him," Lestrade looked at John slightly shocked.

"Yep," John nodded.

"Such a freak," Donovan whispered at the sociopath's antics.

John stood up, "He's dead," he yelled at her, surprising everyone by the tone he used, "Most likely due to you, so please show some respect... You know what? I think that by this is over, you'll have a different opinion on Sherlock Holmes, one more like mine, a friends, a colleagues,"

There was silence as everyone digested this information.

"Well then," she raised her eyebrows in a condensing manner, "We'll see,"
Chapter Summary

The Yarders watch the next part. This chapter was also originally on fanfiction.net.

Chapter Notes

Originally on fanfiction.net. We own nothing; sorry if anyone is OOC.

Lestrade interrupted the two awkwardly and they all sat back down to watch the show.

*LATER.* John has returned to his bedsit. Sitting down on the bed, he takes out his mobile phone and flicks through the menu to find Messages Sent. The last message reads:

If brother has green ladder
arrest brother.
SH

"I never did figure out what that meant," John pondered over it for a few moments.

"Anderson, no," Lestrade spoke sternly, seeing Anderson doing his best Sherlock Holmes impression to try to figure out what it meant.

(Puzzled, John looks at the message for a long moment, then looks across to the table where his laptop is lying. He pushes himself to his feet and walks over to the table. Shortly afterwards, he has called up a search website called Quest and types "Sherlock Holmes" into the search box.)

Everyone raised an eyebrow at him.

*In an unknown location, a woman wearing a pink overcoat and pink high-heeled shoes slowly reaches down with a trembling hand towards a clear glass bottle which is standing on the bare floorboards and which contains three large capsules. Her fingers close around the bottle and she slowly lifts it off the floor, her hand still shaking.*

"That's the last person who dies, right?" they all looked at each other for reassurance in that.

*BAKER STREET.* John limps along the road and reaches the door marked 221B just as a black cab pulls up at the kerb behind him. John knocks on the door as Sherlock gets out of the cab.

*SHERLOCK: Hello.*

(He reaches in through the window of the cab and hands some money to the driver.)

*SHERLOCK: Thank you.*
Lestrade looked onscreen with a proud expression written all over his face.

*(John turns towards him as he walks over.)*

JOHN: Ah, Mr Holmes.
SHERLOCK: Sherlock, please.
*(They shake hands.)*

"Now this is why you get to know the flat mate first," John sighed, looking at the awkward greeting on the screen.

JOHN: Well, this is a prime spot. Must be expensive.
SHERLOCK: Oh, Mrs Hudson, the landlady, she's giving me a special deal. Owes me a favour. A few years back, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out.

"Really?" Mary looked at the screen in an interested fashion.

JOHN: Sorry – you stopped her husband being executed?
SHERLOCK: Oh no. I ensured it.

"WHAT!" Donovan shrieked, "I told you he was a freak!"

John turned to meet her eyes, but before he could get a word out Lestrade interrupted them.

"We do the same thing," Lestrade explained, "He just worded it a little, weirdly,"

"Because he's a freak," she whispered anyway.

*(He smiles at John as the front door is opened by Mrs Hudson, who opens her arms to the younger man.)*

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, hello.
*(Sherlock turns and walks into her arms, hugging her briefly, then steps back and presents John to her.)*

Donovan leaned back in surprise.

"See," John pointed at the screen, "He can be human."

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, Doctor John Watson.
MRS HUDSON: Hello.
JOHN: How do?
MRS HUDSON (gesturing John inside): Come in.
JOHN: Thank you.
SHERLOCK: Shall we?
MRS HUDSON: Yeah.

*(The men go inside and Mrs Hudson closes the door. Sherlock trots up the stairs to the first floor landing, then pauses and waits for John to hobble upstairs. As John reaches the top of the stairs, Sherlock opens the door ahead of him and walks in, revealing the living room of the flat. John follows him in and looks around the room and at all the possessions and boxes scattered around it.)*

"And he never changes," John said unhappily, looking at the mess of his old home.
"It's organized clutter," Mary stated, scanning the screen, "I like it,"

JOHN: Well, this could be very nice. Very nice indeed.
SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes, I think so. My thoughts precisely.

(He looks around the flat happily.)

SHERLOCK: So I went straight ahead and moved in.

JOHN (simultaneously): Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out ... Oh.

(He pauses, embarrassed, when he realises what Sherlock was saying.)

JOHN: So this is all ...

SHERLOCK: Well, obviously I can, um, straighten things up a bit.

(He walks across the room and makes a half-hearted attempt to tidy up a little, throwing a couple of folders into a box and then taking some apparently unopened envelopes across to the fireplace where he puts them onto the mantelpiece and then stabs a multi tool knife into them. John has noticed something else on the mantelpiece and lifts his cane to point at it.)

JOHN: That's a skull.

"Of course it is," Lestrade said, unfazed at Sherlock's behavior.

SHERLOCK: Friend of mine. When I say 'friend' ...

Donovan made a sound of disgust. Even, Anderson, who so far had been rooting for Sherlock, sat back slightly surprised.

"I never did find out who it was, or even if it was a real skull," John thought over this.

Mary turned to face him, "You need to stop thinking about what you didn't do, and start thinking about what you did,"

(Mrs Hudson has followed them into the room. She picks up a cup and saucer while Sherlock takes off his greatcoat and scarf.)

MRS HUDSON: What do you think, then, Doctor Watson? There's another bedroom upstairs if you'll be needing two bedrooms.

Lestrade wolf-whistled to lighten the atmosphere, it worked. Everyone bust out laughing and John sat there with an embarrassed expression on his face.

JOHN: Of course we'll be needing two.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, don't worry; there's all sorts round here. (Confidentially, dropping her voice to a whisper by the end of the sentence) Mrs Turner next door's got married ones.

(John looks across to Sherlock, expecting him to confirm that he and John are not involved in that way but Sherlock appears oblivious to what's being insinuated.

"One thing I never understood," Anderson sat, thinking so hard people around him shifted in worry, "Is how he can be such a genius, can figure out anybody, but not get basic human things,"

They all thought over this for a while, some faces shifted to worry, other's just remained confused.

Mrs Hudson walks across to the kitchen, then turns back and frowns at Sherlock.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock. The mess you've made.

(He goes into the kitchen and starts tidying up, and John walks over to one of the two armchairs, plumps up a cushion on the chair and then drops heavily down into it. He looks across to
JOHN: I looked you up on the internet last night.

"No, no, no, no, no," Lestrade said, "You never tell the boyfriend you stalked him!"

"Sherlock was never my boyfriend!" John looked at the Yarders helplessly.

SHERLOCK (turning around to him): Anything interesting?
SHERLOCK (smiling proudly): What did you think?

(John throws him a "you have got to be kidding me" type of look. Sherlock looks hurt.)

JOHN: You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and an airline pilot by his left thumb.
SHERLOCK: Yes; and I can read your military career in your face and your leg, and your brother's drinking habits in your mobile phone.

The Yarders looked at the screen in disbelief.

JOHN: How?

Now they all leaned forward.

(Sherlock smiles and turns away. Mrs Hudson comes out of the kitchen reading the newspaper.)
MRS HUDSON: What about these suicides then, Sherlock? I thought that'd be right up your street. Three exactly the same.
(Sherlock walks over to the window of the living room at the sound of a car pulling up outside.)
SHERLOCK: Four.

"I'm not surprised he knows," Donovan said in a scornful way.

(He looks down at the car as someone gets out of it. The vehicle is a police car with its lights flashing on the roof.)
SHERLOCK: There's been a fourth. And there's something different this time.
MRS HUDSON: A fourth?
(Sherlock turns as D.I. Lestrade [who apparently must have picked the lock on the front door ... like you do ...] trots up the stairs and comes into the living room.)

Lestrade looked at his screen self awkwardly.

SHERLOCK: Where?
LESTRADE: Brixton, Lauriston Gardens.
SHERLOCK: What's new about this one? You wouldn't have come to get me if there wasn't something different.
LESTRADE: You know how they never leave notes?
SHERLOCK: Yeah.
LESTRADE: This one did. Will you come?
SHERLOCK: Who's on forensics?
LESTRADE: It's Anderson.

"Me!" Anderson yelled excitingly.
SHERLOCK (grimacing): Anderson won't work with me.

Anderson then raised an eyebrow.

LESTRADE: Well, he won't be your assistant.
SHERLOCK: I need an assistant.
LESTRADE: Will you come?
SHERLOCK: Not in a police car. I'll be right behind.
LESTRADE: Thank you.
(Looking round at John and Mrs Hudson for a moment, he turns and hurries off down the stairs. Sherlock waits until he has reached the front door, then leaps into the air and clenches his fists triumphantly before twirling around the room happily.)

Donovan gestured to the screen again, "He's a freak, that's all this has proved so far!"

John clenched his jaw but didn't say anything.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant! Yes! Ah, four serial suicides, and now a note! Oh, it's Christmas!

Donovan pointedly raised her eyebrows and looked them all in the eye.

She got many glares.
(Picking up his scarf and coat he starts to put them on while heading for the kitchen.)
SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, I'll be late. Might need some food.
MRS HUDSON: I'm your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper.

"Oh, Mrs. Hudson," John smiled warmly.

SHERLOCK: Something cold will do. John, have a cup of tea, make yourself at home. Don't wait up!
(Grabbing a small leather pouch from the kitchen table, he opens the kitchen door and disappears from view. Mrs Hudson turns back to John.)
MRS HUDSON: Look at him, dashing about! My husband was just the same.

"The one that got executed?" Donovan asked, trying to make another point.

(John grimaces at her repeated implication that he and Sherlock are an item.)
MRS HUDSON: But you're more the sitting-down type, I can tell.
(John looks uncomfortable.)
MRS HUDSON (turning towards the door): I'll make you that cuppa. You rest your leg.
JOHN (loudly): Damn my leg!

"Woah," the Yarders backed up, not knowing how angry John is capable of getting.

(His response was instinctive and he is immediately apologetic even as Mrs Hudson turns back to him in shock.)
JOHN: Sorry, I'm so sorry. It's just sometimes this bloody thing ...
(He bashes his leg with his cane.)
MRS HUDSON: I understand, dear; I've got a hip.
(She turns towards the door again.)
JOHN: Cup of tea'd be lovely, thank you.
MRS HUDSON: Just this once, dear. I'm not your housekeeper.
JOHN: Couple of biscuits too, if you've got 'em.
MRS HUDSON: Not your housekeeper!

Everyone snorted at this.

(John has picked up the newspaper which Mrs Hudson put down and now he looks at the article reporting Beth Davenport's apparent suicide. Next to a large photograph of Beth is a smaller one showing the man who just visited the flat and identifying him as D.I. Lestrade. Before he can read on, Sherlock's voice interrupts him and John looks up and sees him standing at the living room door.)
SHERLOCK: You're a doctor. In fact you're an Army doctor.

"Of course he wouldn't leave without him," Lestrade put his head in his hands.

JOHN: Yes.
(He gets to his feet and turns towards Sherlock as he comes back into the room again.)
SHERLOCK: Any good?
JOHN: Very good.
SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then; violent deaths.
JOHN: Mmm, yes.
SHERLOCK: Bit of trouble too, I bet.
JOHN (quietly): Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much.
SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more?
JOHN (fervently): Oh God, yes.

This raised some eyebrows.

Donovan gave him a look. But, to avoid confrontation, Mary turned and laughed while pecking his cheek.

(Sherlock spins on his heel and leads John out of the room and down the stairs. John calls out as he follows him down.)
JOHN: Sorry, Mrs Hudson, I'll skip the tea. Off out.
MRS HUDSON (standing near the bottom of the stairs): Both of you?
(Sherlock has almost reached the front door but now turns and walks back towards her.)
SHERLOCK: Impossible suicides? Four of them? There's no point sitting at home when there's finally something fun going on!

Lestrade shook his head, never understanding what goes on in Sherlock's mind.

(He takes her by the shoulders and kisses her noisily on the cheek.)
MRS HUDSON: Look at you, all happy. It's not decent.
(She can't help but smile, though, as he turns away and heads for the front door again.)
SHERLOCK: Who cares about decent? The game, Mrs Hudson, is on!

"The game is on!" Anderson whispered slightly creepily, with intent to freak Donovan out, it worked.

(He walks out onto the street and hails an approaching black cab.)
SHERLOCK: Taxi!
(The taxi pulls up alongside and he and John get in, then the car drives off again and heads for Brixton. The boys sit in silence for a long time while Sherlock sits with his eyes fixed on his smartphone and John keeps stealing nervous glances at him. Finally Sherlock lowers his phone.)
SHERLOCK: Okay, you've got questions.
JOHN: Yeah, where are we going?
SHERLOCK: Crime scene. Next?

"Didn't you hear me say it?" Lestrade looked over to John, who shrugged.

JOHN: Who are you? What do you do?
SHERLOCK: What do you think?
JOHN (slowly, hesitantly): I'd say private detective ...
SHERLOCK: But?
JOHN: ... but the police don't go to private detectives.
SHERLOCK: I'm a consulting detective. Only one in the world. I invented the job.
JOHN: What does that mean?
SHERLOCK: It means when the police are out of their depth, which is always, they consult me.

"I'm offended," Anderson said, putting a hand over his heart.

Almost everyone laughed at this, Donovan, on the other hand, glared at the screen intensely.

JOHN: The police don't consult amateurs.
(Sherlock throws him a look.)
SHERLOCK: When I met you for the first time yesterday, I said, "Afghanistan or Iraq?"
You looked surprised.
JOHN: Yes, how did you know?
SHERLOCK: I didn't know, I saw. Your haircut, the way you hold yourself, says military.
But your conversation as you entered the room ...

The Yarder leaned towards the screen.

(Flashback to the lab at Bart's)
JOHN (looking around the lab): Bit different from my day.
SHERLOCK: ... said trained at Bart's, so Army doctor – obvious. Your face is tanned but no tan above the wrists. You've been abroad, but not sunbathing. Your limp's really bad when you walk but you don't ask for a chair when you stand, like you've forgotten about it, so it's at least partly psychosomatic. That says the original circumstances of the injury were traumatic.
Wounded in action, then. Wounded in action, suntan – Afghanistan or Iraq.

Lestrade slowly started an applause, even Donovan, who had been feel exceptionally angry, clapped too.

(He loudly clicks the 'k' sound at the end of the final word. Your humble transcriber, for whom this is her favourite vocal idiosyncrasy from Sherlock, giggles quietly.)
JOHN: You said I had a therapist.
SHERLOCK: You've got a psychosomatic limp – of course you've got a therapist. Then there's your brother.
JOHN: Hmm?
SHERLOCK (holding his hand out): Your phone. It's expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player, but you're looking for a flatshare – you wouldn't waste money on this. It's a gift, then.

(By now John has given him the phone and he turns it over and looks at it again as he talks.)

SHERLOCK: Scratches. Not one, many over time. It's been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting next to me wouldn't treat his one luxury item like this, so it's had a previous owner. Next bit's easy. You know it already.

JOHN: The engraving.

(We see that engraved on the back of the phone are the words

Harry Watson
From Clara
xxx

"Oooo," Lestrade teased, "There are kisses,"

SHERLOCK: Harry Watson: clearly a family member who's given you his old phone. Not your father, this is a young man's gadget. Could be a cousin, but you're a war hero who can't find a place to live. Unlikely you've got an extended family, certainly not one you're close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who's Clara? Three kisses says it's a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She must have given it to him recently – this model's only six months old. Marriage in trouble then – six months on he's just given it away. If she'd left him, he would have kept it. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted rid of it. He left her. He gave the phone to you: that says he wants you to stay in touch. You're looking for cheap accommodation, but you're not going to your brother for help: that says you've got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you don't like his drinking.

"I'd go with liking the wife," Anderson guessed.

JOHN: How can you possibly know about the drinking?

"Never said it wasn't the wife,"

SHERLOCK (smiling): Shot in the dark. Good one, though. Power connection: tiny little scuff marks around the edge of it. Every night he goes to plug it in to charge but his hands are shaking. You never see those marks on a sober man's phone; never see a drunk's without them.

"My phone has those, and I'm just clumsy," Anderson argued.

Mary interrupted before John could say anything, "From what I can tell this deducing takes a fair skill in estimation, so logically, he must assume something such as drinking."

(He hands the phone back.)

SHERLOCK: There you go, you see – you were right.

JOHN: I was right? Right about what?

SHERLOCK: The police don't consult amateurs.

Lestrade shook his head, muttering something about being an overdramatic ass.

(He looks out of the side window, biting his lip nervously while he awaits John's reaction.)

JOHN: That ... was amazing.
(Sherlock looks round, apparently so surprised that he can't even reply for the next four seconds.)
SHERLOCK: Do you think so?
JOHN: Of course it was. It was extraordinary; it was quite extraordinary.
SHERLOCK: That's not what people normally say.

John took a moment to think over what was just said sadly.

JOHN: What do people normally say?
SHERLOCK: 'Piss off!'

Everyone smiled at that.

(He smiles briefly at John, who grins and turns away to look out of the window as the journey continues.)

BRIXTON. The cab has arrived at Lauriston Gardens and Sherlock and John get out and walk towards the police tape strung across the road.
SHERLOCK: Did I get anything wrong?
JOHN: Harry and me don't get on, never have. Clara and Harry split up three months ago and they're getting a divorce; and Harry is a drinker.
SHERLOCK (looking impressed with himself): Spot on, then. I didn't expect to be right about everything.

"Wait," Donovan interrupted, "He doesn't expect to be right," the look on her face was confused and priceless.

"I would answer that," John told her, "But I'm too busy making a point,"

JOHN: And Harry's short for Harriet.

"Did that actually happen?" Lestrade looked around amazed, "He got something wrong?"

"So there's still a chance to catch up," Anderson muttered.

"No, there isn't," Donovan said uncaringly, "Freak's dead,"

The silence was deafening.

(Sherlock stops dead in his tracks.)
SHERLOCK: Harry's your sister.
JOHN (continuing onwards): Look, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here?
SHERLOCK (furiously, through gritted teeth): Sister!
JOHN: No, seriously, what am I doing here?
SHERLOCK (exasperated, starting to walk again): There's always something.
(They approach the police tape where they are met by Sergeant Donovan.)
DONOVAN: Hello, freak.

Everyone else turned and gave her a nasty look.

SHERLOCK: I'm here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade.
DONOVAN: Why?
SHERLOCK: I was invited.
DONOVAN: Why?
SHERLOCK (sarcastically): I think he wants me to take a look.

John smirked, knowing about Sherlock's quick tongue.

DONOVAN: Well, you know what I think, don't you?
SHERLOCK (lifting the tape and ducking underneath it): Always, Sally. (He breathes in through his nose.) I even know you didn't make it home last night.

John's smiled faltered, realizing Sherlock was using his deducing ability for self-defense.

DONOVAN: I don't ... (She looks at John.) Er, who's this?
SHERLOCK: Colleague of mine, Doctor Watson.
(He turns to John.)
SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson, Sergeant Sally Donovan. (His voice drips with sarcasm.) Old friend.
DONOVAN: A colleague? How do you get a colleague?!
(She turns to John.)
DONOVAN: What, did he follow you home?
JOHN: Would it be better if I just waited and ... 
SHERLOCK (lifting the tape for him): No.
(As John walks under the tape, Donovan lifts a radio to her mouth.)
DONOVAN (into radio): Freak's here. Bringing him in.
(She leads the boys towards the house. Sherlock looks all around the area and at the ground as they approach. As they reach the pavement, a man dressed in a coverall comes out of the house.)

"Those really don't suit me," he commented.

SHERLOCK: Ah, Anderson. Here we are again.
(Anderson looks at him with distaste.)
ANDERSON: It's a crime scene. I don't want it contaminated. Are we clear on that?

Everyone giggled at his expression.

SHERLOCK (taking in another deep breath through his nose): Quite clear. And is your wife away for long?
ANDERSON: Oh, don't pretend you worked that out. Somebody told you that.
SHERLOCK: Your deodorant told me that.
ANDERSON: My deodorant?
SHERLOCK (with a quirky expression on his face): It's for men.

Everyone laughed.

Anderson put his head in his hands.

ANDERSON: Well, of course it's for men! I'm wearing it!
SHERLOCK: So's Sergeant Donovan.

Mary's mouth dropped in awe, "I must learn how to do this," she vowed.

"We've tried," Lestrade said helplessly.

(Anderson looks round in shock at Donovan. Sherlock sniffs pointedly.)
SHERLOCK: Ooh, and I think it just vaporised. May I go in?

ANDERSON (turning back and pointing at him angrily): Now look: whatever you're trying to imply ...
SHERLOCK: I'm not implying anything.

"He wasn't," John said, looking at Anderson's expression at how he argued onscreen with his said 'idol'.

(He heads past Donovan towards the front door.)
SHERLOCK: I'm sure Sally came round for a nice little chat, and just happened to stay over.
(He turns back.)
SHERLOCK: And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees.

They all smirked.

(Anderson and Donovan stare at him in horror. He smiles smugly, then turns and goes into the house. John walks past Donovan, briefly but pointedly looking down to her knees, then follows Sherlock inside. Sherlock leads him into a room on the ground floor where Lestrade is putting on a coverall. Sherlock points to a pile of similar items.)
SHERLOCK (to John): You need to wear one of these.
LESTRADE: Who's this?
SHERLOCK (taking his gloves off): He's with me.
LESTRADE: But who is he?

"Persistent, aren't ya," Mary commented.

Lestrade smiled, "I interrogate people, it's my job to be persistent,"

SHERLOCK: I said he's with me.poo
(John has taken off his jacket and picks up a coverall. He looks at Sherlock who has picked up a pair of latex gloves.)
JOHN (referring to the coverall): Aren't you gonna put one on?
(Sherlock just looks at him sternly. John shakes his head as if to say, 'Silly me. What was I thinking?!')

"He's behaving like a child," Mary looked on amused.


SHERLOCK (to Lestrade): So where are we?
LESTRADE (picking up another pair of latex gloves): Upstairs.
Chapter Summary

The Yarders continue to watch the show. This chapter was also originally on fanfiction.net.

Chapter Notes

Originally on fanfiction.net. We own nothing, and sorry if anyone is OOC.

"So now that we've seen Sherlock meet John and go to the flat," Lestrade looked over at his friend, "What's up next?"

John looked pointedly at the screen.

"Besides the crime scene," Lestrade corrected, "But seriously, what's next?"

"That would be spoiling it," Mary shushed them. They did not have the heart to mention that she was treating events that happened in real life like a TV show.

Lestrade leads the boys up a circular staircase. He and John are wearing coveralls together with white cotton coverings over their shoes, and latex gloves. Sherlock is putting on latex gloves as they go up the stairs.

John muttered something about a 'Stubborn idiot not wearing proper protection gear just to look cool'.

LESTRADE: I can give you two minutes.
SHERLOCK (casually): May need longer.

The whole room sat in silence, remembering that Sherlock Holmes was actually a human, sans John.

LESTRADE: Her name's Jennifer Wilson according to her credit cards. We're running them now for contact details. Hasn't been here long. Some kids found her.

"Why were kids even looking there?" Mary wondered aloud.

(He leads them into a room two storeys above the ground floor. The room is empty of furniture except for a rocking horse in the far corner. Emergency portable lighting has been set up, presumably by the police. Scaffolding poles hold up part of the ceiling near where a couple of large holes have been knocked through one of the walls. A woman's body is lying face down on the bare floorboards in the middle of the room. She is wearing a bright pink overcoat and high-heeled pink shoes. Her hands are flat on the floor either side of her head. Sherlock walks a few steps into the room and then stops, holding one hand out in front of himself as he focuses on the corpse. Behind him, John looks at the woman's body and his face fills with pain and sadness. The three of them stand there silently for several long seconds, then Sherlock looks across to
Lestrade.)
SHERLOCK: Shut up

Some of their eyes widened in surprise.
LESTRADE (startled): I didn't say anything.
SHERLOCK: You were thinking. It's annoying.

John snorted at Sherlock's quick wit.

"I never got why he did that," Lestrade looked in-depth at the Sherlock on the screen, "It's not like he could actually hear me thinking,"

"Your facial expression?" Mary supplied, choosing a logical answer.

(Lestrade and John exchange a surprised look as Sherlock steps slowly forward until he reaches the side of the corpse. His attention is immediately drawn to the fact that scratched into the floorboards near the woman's left hand is the word "Rache". His eyes flick to her fingernails where the index and middle nails are broken and ragged at the ends, the pink nail polish chipped in stark comparison to her other nails which are still immaculate. The woman's index finger rests at the bottom of the 'e' as if she was still trying to carve into the floor when she died. Sherlock makes an instant deduction:

left handed

"What is this?" Anderson said, leaning forward in interest and surprise.

"That's how he does it?" Lestrade said, looking around for an answer.

Even Donovan was slightly impressed.

He looks back to the word carved into the floorboards and an immediate suggestion springs into his mind:

RACHE
German (n.) revenge

"I wonder how many languages he knows," Mary said, thinking.

Instantly he shakes his head in a tiny dismissive movement and the suggestion disappears. He looks at the carved word again and overlays the five letters with a clearer type. Next to the 'e' a rapid progression of letters appear and disappear as he tries to complete the word, then the correct letter settles into place to form the word:

Rachel

He squats down beside the body and runs his gloved hand along the back of her coat, then lifts his hand again to look at his fingers:

wet

He reaches into her coat pockets and finds a white folding umbrella in one of them. Running his fingers along the folds of the material, he then inspects his glove again:

dry
Putting the umbrella back into her pocket, he moves up to the collar of her coat and runs his fingers underneath it before again looking at his fingers:

wet

"I can't keep up with this," Lestrade sighed, "This is so not my division,"

"It's Sherlock's" John replied. He was excited because this is the first time he could actually see and appreciate how quick and clever Sherlock must have been in order to make his deductions.

Reaching into his pocket he takes out a small magnifier, clicks it open and closely inspects the delicate gold bracelet on her left wrist ...

clean

... then the gold earring attached to her left ear ...

clean

... and then the gold chain around her neck ...

clean

... before moving on to look at the rings on her left ring finger. The wedding ring and engagement ring flag a different message to him:

dirty

Sherlock blinks as a rapid succession of conclusions appear in front of his eyes:

married
unhappily married
unhappily married 10+ years

"That's obvious though," Donovan scorned, looking for something to make herself feel better.

"Then why don't you do it," John snapped, staring her in the eye.

She backed off.

Carefully Sherlock works the wedding ring off the woman's finger and holds it up to look at the inside of the ring. While the outside of the ring is still showing

dirty

the inside registers as

clean

As Sherlock lowers the ring and slides it back onto the woman's finger, he has already reached a conclusion about the ring:

regularly removed
Lifting his hands away from the woman, he looks down at her and makes his final deduction about her:

serial adulterer

"I miss him," Lestrade sighed, smile slipping off of his face.

Everyone looked down at that, a harsh reminder that they believed Sherlock was dead, and not the man on the screen. Even Donovan, who unlike Anderson, showed no interest in Sherlock after his death, felt bad and guilty about Sherlock’s suicide.

Mary cocked her head at the screen, "Why are we even being shown this?" she looked at Donovan, "Obviously," John smiled.

He smiles slightly in satisfaction.)
LESTRADE: Got anything?
SHERLOCK (nonchalantly): Not much.

Everyone's mouths fell open, that was not much?
(Standing up, he takes off the gloves and then gets his mobile phone from his pocket and begins typing on it.)
ANDERSON (from where he is leaning casually against the doorway): She's German. 'Rache': it's German for 'revenge'. She could be trying to tell us something ...
(While he was speaking, Sherlock has walked quickly towards the door and now begins to close it in Anderson's face.)
SHERLOCK (sarcastically): Yes, thank you for your input.

Everyone snorted at that while Anderson looked at the screen embarrassed.

"You'd think you wouldn't miss that," Lestrade said, sadness taking hold of the room again.

"I don't," came Donovan's whisper.
(Slamming the door shut, he turns and walks back into the room. On his phone, he has called up a menu for "UK Weather". The menu offers five options:

Maps
Local
Warnings
Next 24 hrs
7 day forecast

He selects the Maps option.)
LESTRADE: So she's German?
SHERLOCK (still looking at his phone): Of course she's not. She's from out of town, though.
Intended to stay in London for one night ... (he smiles smugly when he apparently finds the information he needed) ... before returning home to Cardiff.

"Cardiff?" Mary questioned looking around the room.

This was met with shrugs and blank stares, sans John, who knew how he found that piece of information.
(He pockets his phone.)
SHERLOCK: So far, so obvious.

"The frea- he really can't think that's obvious," Donovan stared at the screen with something akin to disgust, "He's just trying to show off,"

"Yeah," John met her, giving her a cold stare, "He does show off, that's half of the point in doing it, but you benefit from his 'showing off' so why don't you shut up," the fact that he wasn't yelling at her simply made it scarier.

JOHN: Sorry – obvious?
LESTRADE: What about the message, though?
SHERLOCK (ignoring him and looking at John): Doctor Watson, what do you think?

"He's ignoring you," Donovan pointed out, she didn't get any responses.

JOHN: Of the message?
SHERLOCK: Of the body. You're a medical man.
LESTRADE: Wait, no, we have a whole team right outside.

"Sherlock only works with people he likes," Lestrade shook his head as if wondering how much of an idiot he used to be.

"Still he should let us do our job," Donovan grumbled.

"Let me," Anderson interrupted her, getting tired of her insulting his recent idol, "I personally miss all of the free time we used to have, now we're working overtime sometimes because we don't have this man's advice,"

"He's a psychopath,"

"High functioning sociopath,"

SHERLOCK: They won't work with me.
LESTRADE: I'm breaking every rule letting you in here.
SHERLOCK: Yes ... because you need me.
(LESTRADE stares at him for a moment, then lowers his eyes helplessly.)
LESTRADE: Yes, I do. God help me.

"It's so much more difficult now that he's gone," Lestrade mirrored his expression on screen.

"Don't you have a person trying to learn how to do what Sherlock does?" Mary looked around at the Yarders.

"He wouldn't share," John said with certainty, "Last thing he wanted was for the Yard to not need him anymore because he taught someone else how to do what he does,"

SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson.
JOHN: Hm?
(He looks up from the body to Sherlock and then turns his head towards Lestrade, silently seeking his permission.)
LESTRADE (a little tetchily): Oh, do as he says. Help yourself.
(He turns and opens the door, going outside.)
LESTRADE: Anderson, keep everyone out for a couple of minutes.
(Sherlock and John walk over to the body. Sherlock squats down on one side of it and John}
painfully lowers himself to one knee on the other side, leaning heavily on his cane to support himself.)

SHERLOCK: Well?

JOHN (softly): What am I doing here?

"Didn't you say that you wanted to come?" Mary smirked, "What did you say when he asked, 'Oh God, yes.'?"

"Well..." John struggled for a word before just giving up.

SHERLOCK (softly): Helping me make a point.

"What point was he trying to make by bringing you there?" surprisingly this was Donovan who asked.

Everyone shrugged helplessly.

JOHN (softly): I'm supposed to be helping you pay the rent.

SHERLOCK (softly): Yeah, well, this is more fun.

"Freak,"

"Donovan, no one asked your opinion,"

JOHN: Fun? There's a woman lying dead.

SHERLOCK: Perfectly sound analysis, but I was hoping you'd go deeper.

Despite the situation and circumstances, everyone laughed once again.

"Was he always this witty?" Anderson asked between his laughs.

"Yep," came John's short reply.

( Lestrade comes back into the room and stands just inside the doorway, and John drags his other leg down into a kneeling position and then leans forward to look more closely at the woman's body. He puts his head close to hers and sniffs, then straightens a little before lifting her right hand and looking at the skin. He kneels up and looks across to Sherlock.)

JOHN: Yeah ... Asphyxiation, probably. Passed out, choked on her own vomit. Can't smell any alcohol on her. It could have been a seizure; possibly drugs.

SHERLOCK: You know what it was. You've read the papers.

JOHN: What, she's one of the suicides? The fourth ...?

"Sometimes I think it's a miracle Sherlock stuck around with me," John thought aloud, "I was awfully slow in the beginning."

LESTRADE: Sherlock -- two minutes, I said. I need anything you've got.

SHERLOCK (standing up, while John struggles to get to his feet): Victim is in her late thirties. Professional person, going by her clothes; I'm guessing something in the media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. Travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. It's obvious from the size of her suitcase.

"There wasn't even a suitcase there," Donovan grumbled.

LESTRADE: Suitcase?

(John looks around the room but can't see a suitcase anywhere.)

SHERLOCK: Suitcase, yes. She's been married at least ten years, but not happily. She's had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married.
LESTRADE: Oh, for God's sake, if you're just making this up ... 

"He's Sherlock," John pointed out, "He had been doing this for years before you met him, and you're seriously doubting him?"

Lestrade just shrugged helplessly while Donovan and Anderson looked guilty, one more than the other, of their doubt towards Sherlock just before his suicide.

SHERLOCK (pointing down to her left hand): Her wedding ring. Ten years old at least. The rest of her jewelry has been regularly cleaned, but not her wedding ring. State of her marriage right there.

All the Yarders seemed to be trying to remember Sherlock's deducing tricks.

The inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it's regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger. It's not for work; look at her nails. She doesn't work with her hands, so what or rather who does she remove her rings for? Clearly not one lover; she'd never sustain the fiction of being single over that amount of time, so more likely a string of them. Simple.

JOHN (admiringly): That's brilliant.

Everyone turned to look at the real-time John, who slowly put his head in his hands.

"But you have to agree," Mary said, "That was truly brilliant," she gave John a smile.

(Sherlock looks round at him.)

JOHN (apologetically): Sorry.

LESTRADE: Cardiff?

SHERLOCK: It's obvious, isn't it?

"No, it not," Donovan said with a hint of a grudge in her voice.

JOHN: It's not obvious to me.

SHERLOCK (pausing as he looks at the other two): Dear God, what is it like in your funny little brains? It must be so boring.

Everyone except for Donovan, who was still grumbling in her corner, bust out laughing at Sherlock's wit.

"I am so using that," Mary smiled, writing it down for future use.

(He turns back to the body.)

SHERLOCK: Her coat: it's slightly damp. She's been in heavy rain in the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She's turned it up against the wind. She's got an umbrella in her left-hand pocket but it's dry and unused: not just wind, strong wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from her suitcase that she was intending to stay overnight, so she must have come a decent distance but she can't have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn't dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within the radius of that travel time?

(He gets his phone from his pocket and shows to the other two the webpage he was looking at earlier, displaying today's weather for the southern part of Britain.)

SHERLOCK: Cardiff.

John covered his eyes, knowing what was coming.

JOHN: That's fantastic!
"You do know he hates it when people do that," Lestrade asked.

John remained silent.  
SHERLOCK (turning to him and speaking in a low voice): D'you know you do that out loud?  
JOHN: Sorry. I'll shut up.  
SHERLOCK: No, it's ... fine.  

"Or...not," Lestrade finished, confused.  

"Would you hate it when someone praised you?" John let that question hang in the air as they all continued to watch the screen.  
LESTRADE: Why d'you keep saying suitcase?  
SHERLOCK (spinning around in a circle to look around the room): Yes, where is it? She must have had a phone or an organiser. Find out who Rachel is.  
LESTRADE: She was writing 'Rachel'?  

"God, I was slow," Lestrade shook his head.  

"Still are," Mary replied cheekily.  

John laughed, remembering why he's falling in love with her.  
SHERLOCK (sarcastically): No, she was leaving an angry note in German(!) Of course she was writing Rachel; no other word it can be. Question is: why did she wait until she was dying to write it?  

"Dramatic effect?" Anderson suggested.  

He was ignored.  
LESTRADE: How d'you know she had a suitcase?  
SHERLOCK (pointing down to the body, where her tights have small black splotches on the lower part of her right leg): Back of the right leg: tiny splash marks on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don't get that splash pattern any other way. Smallish case, going by the spread. Case that size, woman this clothes-conscious: could only be an overnight bag, so we know she was staying one night.  

"We only got actual cases done when he was around," Lestrade sighed, head in a hand.  
(He squats down by the woman's body and examines the backs of her legs more closely.)  
SHERLOCK: Now, where is it? What have you done with it?  
LESTRADE: There wasn't a case.  
(Slowly Sherlock raises his head and frowns up at Lestrade.)  
SHERLOCK: Say that again.  

"Why?" Donovan said in a defiant and arrogant tone.  
LESTRADE: There wasn't a case. There was never any suitcase.  
(Immediately Sherlock straightens up and heads for the door, calling out to all the police officers in the house as he begins to hurry down the stairs.)  
SHERLOCK: Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase? Was there a suitcase in this house?  
(LESTRADE and John follow him out and stop on the landing. Lestrade calls down the stairs.)  
LESTRADE: Sherlock, there was no case!
"How could a suitcase be so important?" Mary asked, eyes glued to the screen.

Lestrade and John held up a finger as if to tell her to wait a little bit.

SHERLOCK (slowing down, but still making his way down the stairs): But they take the poison themselves; they chew, swallow the pills themselves. There are clear signs. Even you lot couldn't miss them.

"I'm offended by that," Anderson leaned back into his chair.

"But you know it's true," John replied.

"Yeah, but..." he droned off with that statement.

LESTRADE: Right, yeah, thanks(!) And ...?

SHERLOCK: It's murder, all of them. I don't know how, but they're not suicides, they're killings – serial killings.

(He holds his hands up in front of his face in delight.)

"Freak," Donovan spoke with disgust.

Instead a flamboyant reaction like they were expecting, John simply raised a hand, and formed it into a fist. Some of his knuckles cracked, "I could always blame the PTSD," he said, directing that towards Lestrade.

SHERLOCK: We've got ourselves a serial killer. I love those. There's always something to look forward to.

Donovan's eyes narrowed.

LESTRADE: Why are you saying that?

SHERLOCK (stopping and calling up to the others): Her case! Come on, where is her case? Did she eat it?(!) Someone else was here, and they took her case. (More quietly, as if talking to himself) So the killer must have driven her here; forgot the case was in the car.

Mary made a little 'O' with her lips.

JOHN: She could have checked into a hotel, left her case there.

SHERLOCK (looking up the stairs again): No, she never got to the hotel. Look at her hair. She colour-coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. She'd never have left any hotel with her hair still looking ...

"We really need him," Lestrade sighed, yet again. No one had the heart to point out that Sherlock was dead.

(He stops talking as he makes a realisation.)

SHERLOCK: Oh.

(His eyes widen and his face lights up.)

SHERLOCK: Oh!

(He claps his hands together in delight.)

JOHN: Sherlock?

LESTRADE (leaning over the railings): What is it, what?

SHERLOCK (smiling cheerfully to himself): Serial killers are always hard. You have to wait for them to make a mistake.

"That much is obvious," Donovan grumbled in the corner the rest sent her off to.

LESTRADE: We can't just wait!
SHERLOCK: Oh, we're done waiting!
(He starts to hurry down the stairs again.)
SHERLOCK: Look at her, really look! Houston, we have a mistake.

"Isn't it 'Houston, we have a problem'?” Mary asked. They all nodded in confirmation.

Get on to Cardiff: find out who Jennifer Wilson's family and friends were. Find Rachel!
(He reaches the bottom of the stairs and disappears from view.)
LESTRADE (calling after him): Of course, yeah – but what mistake?!
(Sherlock comes back into view and runs up a couple of stairs so that he can be seen before he stops and yells up to Lestrade.)
SHERLOCK: PINK!

"I didn't get that at first," Lestrade admitted.

"Neither did I," John replied.

"Well," Mary straightened up in her seat, "Recently, the color pink has been used with association to females, even so, most of us don't have that bright pink of a case. That itself, should be a good pointer towards possible suspects,"

Everyone stared at her in shock, Lestrade leant over towards John and whispered, "Sherlock would've loved her,"

Chuckling quietly, John replied, "Yes, yes he would've,"

Just then, a bright flash filled the room.
After their eyes had recovered from the bright flash, they all looked around. What they saw was possibly the last thing they were expected.

Two people were untangling themselves from the heap they had fallen into on the floor. One of the men, only John had been capable of recognizing, but the other, all of them knew.

Mycroft and Sherlock Holmes had come to watch as well.

They looked the same as the day when Sherlock had 'died', but their clothing choices had apparently changed. Mycroft wore his signature suit, tie and umbrella, but over that, he wore a long, animal-fur coat. Sherlock was dressed warmly, too. He wore clothing that was to be expected from a civilian, not what he was normally known for wearing.

Sherlock had just ripped off a hat from his head and fluffed his hair when he got unexpectedly punched.

The punch was sudden, and he found himself knocked to the floor by the force of it, with a body now sitting on top of him.

John Watson was not amused, "I-We all thought you were dead, where the hell were you, Sherlock?"

Sherlock seemed just as confused as many of the occupants of the room, and looked around before closing in on his brother, "Did you have something to do with this?"

"No, Sherlock, I'm just as confused as you are,"

"Ah, you see, I don't buy it, I think it was you,"

"Sherlock!"

"That didn't help your case,"

"SHERLOCK!" This time, it was John was said this, "What happened?" there were tears in his eyes.
"Oh, yes," Sherlock said, "I had to fake my death to get away and disable Moriarty's network,"

He was punched, yet again.

"But how did you do it," Anderson was vibrating with excitement, "How did you fake your death?"

Sherlock raised an eyebrow at him.

"Anyways," Mycroft interrupted, looking faintly disturbed at the scene playing out in front of him, "I can assume that we've been gathered here to watch something, assumedly about Sherlock, and I take it we've arrived later than you,"

"Who even are you?" Donovan said scornfully, "You're just like the freak!" she spat.

"I need a drink," Lestrade said from the background, rubbing his head.

"I'd have more care of what you say," Mycroft said nonchalantly.

"Why?" Donovan smirked, "What're you gonna do to me?"

"Oh, you have no idea,"

"Mycroft," John sighed, "Stop, and Sherlock! Stop smirking!"

Sherlock let out a tiny laugh, "I sometimes forget how useful his position is,"

"Glad you find my space in government convenient," Mycroft said towards his brother in a light condescending tone.

Donovan, who finally understood half of the situation paled a little bit.

John finally got off of Sherlock with the help of Mary, who had been staring at the detective with a pleased smile on her face, asked, "So am I the only one who knows who Mycroft is?"

"No!" Anderson quickly stood up, having finished raving about Sherlock, "I now know who he is from my research! He's Sherlock's big brother!"

"Research?" the elder and younger Holmes met eyes.

Anderson grew slightly red.

"Dear god, not another one," Donovan put her head in her hands.

"Well then, Mycroft," Lestrade looked up from the couch, shifting to make room next to him, "What about your deduction then, how'd you do that?"

Mycroft looked at him, as if evaluating him, before saying, "Well, the only things in this room are couches and a TV, that suggests that people are here to watch TV and nothing else. Also, as soon as we arrived, all of your eyes went to Sherlock. That would've given off nothing seeing as he had faked his death, but then your eyes returned to the screen and then back. I also know we're late considering that you were all gathered on the couches, while we were on the ground. Sherlock, I'm surprised you didn't list that off before me,"

Sherlock just picked himself off the ground and glared.

"Well, I bet that whatever it is we need to know will be in the show," Lestrade said, everyone
returning to their seats, Sherlock was pulled with John and Mary and Mycroft was drawn to the empty space Lestrade had made next to him, "We'd better continue watching,"
A Study in Pink Part 4

Chapter Summary

The group continues to watch The Study in Pink.

(He hurries off again. Lestrade, baffled, turns and goes back into the room while Anderson and his team, who had been waiting on the next landing down, hurry up the stairs and follow him into the room.)

Both of the Holmes brothers raised an eyebrow at the scene that was displayed.

ANDERSON: Let’s get on with it.

(Forgotten by everyone else, John hesitates on the landing for a moment and then slowly starts making his way down the stairs. A couple more police officers hurry up and one of them bumps against him, throwing him off-balance and making him lurch heavily against the bannisters. The man hurries on without a word, although his colleague does at least look apologetically at John as he passes. John regains his balance and continues down the stairs.)

"Well, he was rude," Mary decided, folding her arms over her chest.

As if just noticing her, Sherlock narrowed his eyes, taking in everything about the woman before him, "Fiancé?" he asked John.

"We're only on our first date Sherlock!" John looked at his friend, slightly exasperated.

Mary smiled at Sherlock, "Mary Morstan,"

"Sherlock Holmes," he tilted his head, being able to deduce that she wasn't being completely honest, but he decided to keep this information to himself, for John's sake.

Donovan, just seeing Sherlock do something 'freakish' rolled her eyes and huffed. Shortly afterwards he has removed his coverall and put his jacket back on, and now walks out onto the street. Looking all around, he can see no sign of Sherlock. He walks towards the police tape, still looking around. Donovan, standing at the tape, sees him.)

DONOVAN: He's gone.

JOHN: Who, Sherlock Holmes?

DONOVAN: Yeah, he just took off. He does that.

"Like he just did," Donovan's lips curled into a cruel sneer, "Faking your death and leaving Dr. Watson?"

Nobody felt like commenting, but Mycroft's hand did tighten on his umbrella slightly.

JOHN: Is he coming back?

DONOVAN: Didn’t look like it.

"You just upped and left him?" Mary cocked her head, growing protective of her boyfriend very quickly.
"I needed to think," Sherlock muttered, so only John and her could hear, "Once my brain starts it doesn't stop."

"It's okay," John comforted Mary, he had never truly held a grudge against Sherlock for that particular stunt of his.

JOHN: Right.
(He looks around the area again thoughtfully, unsure what to do.)
JOHN: Right ... Yes.
(He turns to Donovan again.)
JOHN: Sorry, where am I?
DONOVAN: Brixton.

"And how many times have you been told that?" Mycroft looked down the length of his nose.

John simply shrugged awkwardly.

JOHN: Right. Er, d'you know where I could get a cab? It's just, er ... well ... (he looks down awkwardly at his walking stick) ... my leg.

Looking down at the walking stick he had been using on his date with Mary, John scrunched his eyebrows in thought before getting up and chucking it to the other side of the room.

DONOVAN: Er ... (she steps over to the tape and lifts it for him) ... try the main road.

JOHN (ducking under the tape): Thanks.
DONOVAN: But you're not his friend.

"Who says?" John bit back after seeing Sherlock tense up ever so slightly.

By the look his brother was giving him, it was obvious he had noticed it as well.

(John turns back towards her.)

DONOVAN: He doesn't have friends. So who are you?
JOHN: I'm ... I'm nobody. I just met him.

"And you were already solving crimes together," Anderson failed to rap his puny mind around the concept.

DONOVAN: Okay, bit of advice then: stay away from that guy.

JOHN: Why?
DONOVAN: You know why he's here? He's not paid or anything. He likes it. He gets off on it. The weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up won't be enough. One day we'll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes'll be the one that put it there.

"Now why would you even think that?" Mary turned to look at the sergeant, "From what I can tell so far, all he does is help the police,"

Lestrade swallowed audibly, "Well, he also does a few tasks for his brother, and things such as Moriarty's network would involve some...some ah"

"Exactly," Donovan smirked, "He's a murderer,"

"That's not what I said, Donovan," the DI turned to face her, "You've shot people, it's part of the job,"

"But who knows what the freak does off job?"
The others in the room sighed, knowing Donovan wouldn't change anytime soon.

**JOHN:** Why would he do that?
**DONOVAN:** Because he's a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.

"High functioning sociopath," Anderson and Sherlock said in perfect harmony.

"Don't do that," Sherlock scrunched his nose a little.

"Do what?" Anderson asked innocently.

"All of it,

**LESTRADE** *(calling from the entrance to the house):* Donovan!

**DONOVAN** *(turning and calling to him):* Coming.

*(She turns back towards John as she walks towards the house.)*

**DONOVAN:** Stay away from Sherlock Holmes.

"And from that moment," John narrated for the rest of the room, "I felt that it was my duty to remain as Sherlock Holmes's flat mate."

"To spite me?" Donovan looked at him as if he was dumb.

"You are quite the bully," many snickered at this.

*(John watches her go for a moment, then turns and begins to limp off down the road. To his right, the phone in a public telephone box begins to ring. He stops and looks at it for a few seconds but then looks down at his watch, shakes his head and continues down the road. The phone stops ringing.)*

Pausing for a second, Sherlock turned and looked pointedly at his brother.

"I know," Mycroft looked slightly disgusted, "My methods were very outdated,"

"You controlled the bloody phones!" John stared at him.

"Yes, the practice of savages,"

Others looked on, confused.

**Not long afterwards, John is walking down what may well be Brixton High Road. He tries to hail a passing taxi.**

**JOHN:** Taxi! Taxi ...

*(The taxi passes him by. In Chicken Cottage, the fast food restaurant outside which John is standing, the payphone on the wall begins to ring. John turns and looks as one of the serving staff walks over to it but as he reaches for the phone, it stops. John walks on down the road and shortly afterwards approaches another public telephone box. The phone inside starts to ring. Mystified by this, he pulls open the door, goes inside and lifts the phone.)*

**JOHN:** Hello?

*(A man’s voice speaks down the phone.)*

**MAN’s VOICE:** There is a security camera on the building to your left. Do you see it?

"Someone loves being dramatic," Sherlock whispered.

"And you don't," he best friend elbowed him.
JOHN (frowning): Who’s this? Who’s speaking?
MAN’s VOICE: Do you see the camera, Doctor Watson?

(John looks through the window of the phone box at the CCTV camera high up on the wall of a nearby building.)

JOHN: Yeah, I see it.
MAN’s VOICE: Watch.

(The camera, which was pointing directly at the phone box, now swivels away.)

"Moving cameras as well," Mycroft sighed, "So primitive,"

"Then what do you do now!" Anderson looked flabbergasted.

"You'll know when it's your turn,"

"What does that mean!"

MAN’s VOICE: There is another camera on the building opposite you. Do you see it?

(John looks across to the second camera, which is also pointed towards the phone box.)

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

(The camera immediately swivels away.)

MAN’s VOICE: And finally, at the top of the building on your right.

(John stares up into the third camera which is watching him but which now turns away.)

JOHN (into phone): How are you doing this?

MAN’s VOICE: Get into the car, Doctor Watson.

"Bullying him after a blatant power display," Sherlock tutted, "I thought you could do better,"

"You know I can do better," Mycroft's bitter voice returned.

(A black car pulls up at the kerbside near the phone. The male driver gets out and opens the rear door.)

MAN’s VOICE: I would make some sort of threat, but I’m sure your situation is quite clear to you.

(The phone goes dead. John puts it down and looks thoughtful for a long moment, then apparently decides that there’s not much else he can do and turns to leave the phone box.)

A few moments later he is sitting in the back seat of the car as it pulls away and drives off. An attractive young woman is sitting beside him, her eyes fixed on her BlackBerry while she types on it. She is pretty much ignoring him.

Donovan slyly took a picture of the woman on the screen, keen on getting her arrested for kidnapping.

JOHN: Hello.

WOMAN (smiling brightly at him for a moment before returning her gaze to her phone): Hi.

"I don't understand why people are always on their phones," Lestrade looked exasperated.

"I must agree," Mycroft sneered slightly.

"And why is that," Mary smiled cheerfully, "Gramps having problems keeping up with technology!"

The two just stared at her with disdain.

JOHN: What’s your name, then?
WOMAN: Er ... Anthea.
JOHN: Is that your real name?
WOMAN (smiling): No.

"What is her real name?" John asked Mycroft out of curiosity.

"That would be a breach of privacy, Doctor Watson," came the smooth reply.

(John nods, then twists to look out of the rear window briefly before turning back again.)

JOHN: I'm John.
NOT-ANTHEA: Yes. I know.
JOHN: Any point in asking where I'm going?
NOT-ANTHEA: None at all ...
(She turns and smiles briefly at him, then looks back at her phone again.)
NOT-ANTHEA: ... John.
JOHN: Okay.

Some time later, the car pulls into an almost-empty warehouse. A man in a suit is standing in the centre of the area, leaning nonchalantly on an umbrella as he watches the car stop and John get out.

Recognizing the man as Mycroft, many immediately pointed it out, to the disgust of the Holmes brothers.

Donovan was already implementing both of the brothers in a false story about kidnapping and human trafficking and how they were both so obviously involved.

[Transcriber's note: Now, I know that the vast majority of people who read this transcript will have already seen the episode, but for the benefit of the very few people who may be reading this having never watched the show, and because at this point in the episode we are not told who this person is, I'm going to refer to him as ‘M’, which is short for ... um, ‘Man,’ okay? {transcriber inserts winky face here...}]

In front of the man is a straight-backed armless chair facing him. He gestures to it with the point of his umbrella as John limps towards him leaning heavily on his cane.

M: Have a seat, John.

"You sound so patronizing!" Mary groaned.

Sherlock and John had a snicker over this and Mycroft, once again, went stony faced.

(John continues towards him, his voice calm.)

JOHN: You know, I've got a phone.
(He looks round the warehouse.)

JOHN: I mean, very clever and all that, but er ... you could just phone me. On my phone.

Sherlock winced at the language, "Well that's obvious,"

"Yeah, you wouldn't use a pigeon, would ya?" Anderson cheekily added.

"I would have thought that you would try that," Sherlock bit back.

Anderson laughed, not at all intimidated by his idol.

(He walks straight past the chair and stops a few paces in front of the man.)

M: When one is avoiding the attention of Sherlock Holmes, one learns to be discreet, hence
"You were barely discreet," Sherlock whined, though he'd deny it if anyone said he had, "I figured it out,"

"Before or after our meeting?" his brother smiled unpleasantly at him.

(His voice, which has had a pleasant smile in it so far, now becomes a little more stern towards the end of the next phrase.)

M: The leg must be hurting you. Sit down.

JOHN: I don’t wanna sit down.

"So prideful," Donovan rolled her eyes.

"I'm sorry, I've just been kidnapped by you, but yeah, I'll sit down, pull out the tea and a couple of biscuits'. What did you want me to do?" John sassed.

(The man looks at him curiously.)

M: You don’t seem very afraid.

JOHN: You don’t seem very frightening.

"Very true," Sherlock nodded.

(The man chuckles.)

M: Ah, yes. The bravery of the soldier. Bravery is by far the kindest word for stupidity, don’t you think?

(He looks at John sternly.)

M: What is your connection to Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: I don’t have one. I barely know him. I met him ...

(He looks away thoughtfully, then appears surprised as if he hadn’t realised until now how little time has passed.)

"I hadn't really noticed that I had only just met him. We both went on that case, and it felt like we were just some mates who had met back at primary school fooling around," John admitted.

"Maybe you were destined to be friends," Mary grinned at the two of them.

"There is no such thing as 'destiny'," Sherlock looked at her, "No one can control events in the future,"

"It's supposed to be sentimental," Mary quirked her eyebrow.

JOHN: ... yesterday.

M: Mmm, and since yesterday you’ve moved in with him and now you’re solving crimes together. Might we expect a happy announcement by the end of the week?

"That's what everyone in the Yard thought,"

JOHN: Who are you?

M: An interested party.


M: You’ve met him. How many ‘friends’ do you imagine he has? I am the closest thing to a friend that Sherlock Holmes is capable of having.

"That's rude," Anderson frowned.

"Do you expect anything else from a Holmes?" Donovan bit.
Anderson silently agreed, but he didn't like it one bit.

JOHN: And what's that?

M: An enemy.

"So dramatic," Lestrade sighed.

"Oh," Sherlock looked at his brother, "I'd definitely say we're enemies,"

JOHN: An enemy?

M: In his mind, certainly. If you were to ask him, he’d probably say his arch-enemy. He does love to be dramatic.

"And you don't?" Mary pointed out.

(John looks pointedly around the warehouse.)

JOHN (sarcastically): Well, thank God you're above all that.

John and Mary smiled lovingly at one another.

(He frowns at him. Just then John's phone trills a text alert. He immediately digs into his jacket pocket, takes out the phone and activates it, looking at the message while ignoring the man in front of him. The message reads:

Baker Street.
Come at once
if convenient.

SH

M: I hope I’m not distracting you.

JOHN (casually): Not distracting me at all.

(He takes his time looking up from the phone before he pockets it.)

M: Do you plan to continue your association with Sherlock Holmes?

"Obviously," John did his best Holmes impression.

Everyone in the room had to admit that it was pretty damn good.

JOHN: I could be wrong ... but I think that’s none of your business.

M (a little ominously): It could be.

JOHN: It really couldn't.

(The man takes a notebook from his inside pocket, then opens it and consults it as he speaks.)

M: If you do move into, um ... two hundred and twenty-one B Baker Street, I’d be happy to pay you a meaningful sum of money on a regular basis to ease your way.

"And why would you do that for him?" Lestrade looked at the man next to him.

(He closes the notebook and puts it away again.)

JOHN: Why?

M: Because you’re not a wealthy man.

JOHN: In exchange for what?

M: Information. Nothing indiscreet. Nothing you’d feel ... uncomfortable with. Just tell me what he’s up to.

"You are just as much of a freak as he is!" Donovan pointed out, "You're talking about spying, paying him to spy,"
"Why would you be interested in protecting my brother's interests?" Mycroft asked.

JOHN: Why?

Mycroft remained silent. He cursed his own sentiment and how weak it made him in situations such as these.

JOHN (insincerely): That's nice of you.
M: But I would prefer for various reasons that my concern go unmentioned. We have what you might call a ... difficult relationship.

"Never would've guessed," Anderson said sarcastically, ignoring the looks both of the Holmes brothers were giving him right now.

(John’s phone sounds another text alert. Again he immediately fishes the phone out and looks at the message which reads:

If inconvenient, come anyway.
SH

"Of course, your majesty," John smirked at his closest friend.

JOHN (in response to the man’s offer): No.
M: But I haven’t mentioned a figure.
JOHN (putting his phone away again): Don’t bother.
M (laughing briefly): You’re very loyal, very quickly.

"Had to be, I was a soldier," John spoke, "I met new people everyday, and I had to trust them to protect me and not shoot me in the back."

JOHN: No, I’m not. I’m just not interested.
(The man looks at him closely for a moment, then takes out his notebook and opens it again.)
M (gesturing slightly to make it clear that he is reading a note from the book): “Trust issues,” it says here.

"Is that your therapists?" Mary asked, pointing at the screen.

"Just a copy," Mycroft filled in for John, "It was information that the government required at the time."

"You mean," Mary cleared her voice, "You required at the time,"

"Same thing," Sherlock said.
(For the first time since their encounter began, John looks a little unnerved.)

JOHN: What’s that?
M (still looking down at his book): Could it be that you’ve decided to trust Sherlock Holmes of all people?
JOHN: Who says I trust him?
M: You don’t seem the kind to make friends easily.

"Yet you're easily loyal?" Donovan clearly didn't understand the situation.

JOHN: Are we done?
(The man raises his head and looks into John’s eyes.)
M: You tell me.

(John looks at him for a long moment, then turns his back on him and starts to walk away.)

M: I imagine people have already warned you to stay away from him, but I can see from your left hand that’s not going to happen.

"Oh dear lord," Donovan looked just as stressed as she did the first day she had met a Holmes brother.

"What about his left hand?" Anderson looked eager to take notes.

"Looks like you've gotten yourself an apprentice, Sherlock," Mycroft commented, amused.

Sherlock glanced at Anderson warily.

(John stops dead. His shoulders tense and drop and he angrily shakes his head a little. He is clearly furious as he turns back around to face the man.)

JOHN (savagely, through bared teeth): My wot?

M (calmly): Show me.

(He has nodded towards John’s left hand as he speaks, and now he plants the tip of his umbrella on the floor and leans casually on it like a man who is used to having his orders obeyed. John, however, is not going to be intimidated and deliberately shifts his feet under him as if digging in. He raises his left hand, bending it at the elbow, and stands still. His message is clear: if the man wants to look at his hand, he’ll have to come to him. Apparently unperturbed by this belligerence, the man strolls forward, hooking the handle of the umbrella over his arm as he reaches for John’s hand. John instantly pulls his hand back a little.)

JOHN (tensely): Don’t.

(The man lowers his head and raises his eyebrows at John, almost as if saying, ‘Did I mention trust issues?!’ John very reluctantly lowers his hand, holding it out flat with the palm down. The man takes it in both of his own hands and looks at it closely.)

M: Remarkable.

JOHN (snatching his hand away): What is?

M (turning and walking a few paces away): Most people blunder round this city, and all they see are streets and shops and cars. When you walk with Sherlock Holmes, you see the battlefield. (He turns towards John again.) You’ve seen it already, haven’t you?

"I like Sherlock's way better," Mary decided.

Despite herself, Donovan had to agree, even if she hated it.

JOHN: What’s wrong with my hand?

M: You have an intermittent tremor in your left hand.

(Perhaps unintentionally, John nods his head.)

M: Your therapist thinks it’s post-traumatic stress disorder. She thinks you’re haunted by memories of your military service.

(John almost flinches as the man accurately fires off these facts at him. His gaze is fixed ahead of him and a muscle in his cheek twitches repeatedly.)

JOHN (angry and distressed): Who the hell are you? How do you know that?

M: Fire her. She’s got it the wrong way round. You’re under stress right now and your hand is perfectly steady.

Everyone in the room, sans the Holmes, slowly started to gain eye contact with one another.

(John’s eyes flicker downwards before returning to stare ahead of himself, his face set and
struggling to hold back his anger.)
M: You’re not haunted by the war, Doctor Watson ... you miss it.

John shut his eyes, because even if he hated it, he knew Mycroft had been right.
(He leans closer to him. Reluctantly John’s eyes rise up to meet his.)
M (in a whisper): Welcome back.
(He turns and starts to walk away just as John’s phone trills another text alert.)
M (casually twirling his umbrella as he goes): Time to choose a side, Doctor Watson.
(John stands fixed to the spot for a few seconds, then turns and glances towards the departing man while, behind John, the car door opens and not-Anthea gets out and walks a few paces towards him, her attention still riveted to the BlackBerry held in front of her in both hands.)

"Does she ever run into things?" Lestrade made an offhand comment.

"Yes," Mycroft answered simply.
NOT-ANTHEA: I’m to take you home.
(John half-turns towards her, then stops and takes out his phone to look at the new message. It reads:
Could be dangerous.
SH
"Really wasn't," John destroyed the hopes of those who had perked up at the idea of watching an adventure.

Putting the phone back into his pocket, John holds out his left hand in front of him and studies the lack of tremor coming from it. He smiles wryly.)
NOT-ANTHEA: Address?
JOHN (turning and walking towards her): Er, Baker Street. Two two one B Baker Street. But I need to stop off somewhere first.

Later, John opens the door into his bedsit and switches on the light. Walking inside and closing the door behind him, he goes across to the desk and opens the drawer, taking out his pistol. Checking the clip, he tucks the gun into the back of the waistband of his jeans and turns to leave again.

"Let's just say I didn't want a repeat of that situation," John said.

Later again, the car pulls up outside 221B Baker Street. Not-Anthea is still rivetted by whatever she’s typing on her phone [that must be one heck of a running blog that she’s writing]. John looks across to her.
JOHN: Listen, your boss – any chance you could not tell him this is where I went?

"Trying to keep secrets, Dr. Watson?" Mycroft lifted an amused eyebrow.
NOT-ANTHEA (nonchalantly): Sure.
JOHN: You’ve told him already, haven’t you?
(She smiles across to him briefly.)
NOT-ANTHEA: Yeah.

"She's very efficient in what she does," the eldest Holmes commented.
"Spying on people?" Donovan started to type the evidence against the Holmes into her phone.

Noticing this, Mycroft kept a close eye on her fingers.

(John nods in resignation and turns to get out of the car but just as he has opened the door, he turns back to her.)

JOHN: Hey, um ... do you ever get any free time?

Mary raised an eyebrow.

(She chuckles.)

NOT-ANTHEA (sarcastically): Oh, yeah. Lots.

(John waits expectantly. She continues working her phone for a long moment, then turns and looks at him before allowing her gaze to drift past him to the door of 221B.)

NOT-ANTHEA: 'Bye.

"And you were shut down," Mary laughed at her boyfriend's loss.

John smiled with her.

JOHN: Okay.

(He gets out and closes the door, then watches the car pull away before turning and walking across the pavement to the front door of 221B. He knocks on the door.)

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