### We Will Survive

**by anny**

#### Summary

After Reichenbach, Sherlock is back in London to face a new villain: Sebastian Moran. But he has to deal with John's new life with Mary Morstan, and he soon understands that things between them have changed. With the arrival of Victor Trevor in Sherlock's life, John will finally deal with his true feelings for Sherlock.

#### Notes

The fanfic has music soundtracks you can listen to by clicking on the link given, all the songs are uploaded on my [youtube account](http://archiveofourown.org/works/986085).

Don't forget this: to listen to the song you should click with the right button and click on 'open link in a new window'.

Thanks to [Queersherlockian](http://archiveofourown.org/works/986085) my beta reader.
All the credits for the images used in this chapter go to: art-smarts, and Deareje, thanks also to Dudeufugly for the images source. Ku bar images © Ku-Bar
Jack London Inn Hotel in the picture is located in San Francisco, California.
Tonkotsu restaurant is located in London, Soho. website: https://tonkotsu.co.uk/

12th March 2013.

“In recent news, a young man, Ronald Adair, was found dead near Park Lane with multiple stab wounds to the back. He was recently accused of being a member of Jim Moriarty’s criminal organization, which was responsible for not only the theft of the Crown Jewels but also the public shaming of local genius detective Sherlock Holmes. Adair, 35, was released from prison 2 days ago; yet, he had failed to report in to his parole officer. Police Investigators at Scotland Yard believe this brutal attack to be homicide though his killer has yet to be identified. Lead DI Lestrade claims Police have reason to believe the suspect is-“

A remote switches off the television.

(9:12 am)

From : SH

To : JW

Park Lane-9:30 am.

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(....Calling Lestrade)

GL : Sherlock

SH : Are you at Park Lane?

GL : Yes....I’ve been waiting over half an hour, Sherlock, you know they’ll be taking this corpse to the morgue in 2 hours.

SH : Give me 1 hour.

GL : Stop trying to convince John, Sherlock! He’s said ‘No’ thousands of times, just give up and come here alone. Or bring Molly like you have been, she’s pretty good too, you know?
SH : I told you give me 1 hour!!

GL : How are you going to convince him now?

SH : He won’t say ‘No’ this time.

GL : Sherlock…Sher…

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13th March 2013.

(9 : 00 am)

From : SH

To : JW

Something big’s going on, it’s about Moriarty. Come at once.

(9: 23 am)

From : SH

To : JW

Lestrade died yesterday. If not for me, then do it for him.

(9 : 25 am)

(Incoming call : John )

JW : Sherlock (gasping)

SH : John

JW : Sherlock…what…what?

SH : John, Lestrade needs you

JW : Jesus

SH : ….

JW : Jesus….fuck!! How…HOW did it happen?

SH : He-

JW : Jesus…oh my god…oh my god.
SH : John. Ronald Adair, one of Moriarty’s gang members, was back here in London and found dead this morning. Lestrade needs your help ...

JW : .......

John hesitates, taking a moment to absorb the news before releasing a sigh.

JW : …just give me…….give me time.

SH : I’ll wait for you at Park Lane, near the-

JW : No, Sherlock, no! I have to go see Greg’s girlfriend.

SH : We can go together after-

JW : No, Sherlock, I need to go alone, and I need to go now.

SH :.....

JW : I’ll be there as soon as possible.

SH : Okay.

[Greg’s house. 9:45 am.]

John shifts the flowers to his right hand and takes a deep breath before knocking on the front door. A woman opens the door.

JOHN : Jane!

JL : John…..hi…it’s been a long time since I last saw you

John hugs her tightly.

JOHN :Oh God, Jane, I’m so sorry for what happened, I’m devastated.

JL : You’ve heard then…….come in.

John walks inside and into the living room.

JL : Please, sit down.

JOHN : I…I just heard this morning, and I really don’t know what to say, I’m still trying to process.

JL : Yeah, all my friends have said the same thing. It was so sudden, everyone loved him….and I miss him already.

JOHN : He was great, and…I can’t think about all the times he-

JL : He liked you. He was always so amiable whenever you came by wasn’t he? So kind.

JOHN : Yes,…but especially when we we-
JL : He was kind with everyone.

JOHN : Yeah, everyone.....

JL : And he was always happy, always.....always. And he was clean, too.

JOHN : Cle------clean,...yes.

JL : He was already potty trained when we bought him and he we never had to groom him. He’d always lick himself clean like a cat!

JOHN : ...... (raising his left eyebrow,still carrying the flowers in his hands.)

JL : He was a brave little fellow, always guarding the house. Every time somebody rang the doorbell, he’d always arrive first.

JOHN : ...yes...(looking doubtful)

JL : and he would always jump the sofa to stare out the window when-

(phone ringing)

JL : This must be Greg!

JOHN : ....Jane...I know you’re still shocked by his death, I’m as shocked as you are to be honest, but you’ve got to accept-

Jane answers the phone.

JL : Hello?.....yes.....yes...yes, he’s here.

Jane turns her head toward John

John looks at her with a bit of confusion in his eyes.

JL : You’re at Park Lane, then? Do you want me to send him over?

John finally understands. He throws the flowers on the sofa and puts a hand to his face.

JOHN : That bloody bastard, I’ll kill him. I swear

JL : That was Greg! He asked about you, how did he know you were here?

JOHN :( smiling sarcastically and nervously) HE!.....who knows....

JL : He must have been the one who told you about poor Charlie.

JOHN : quite.......Charlie, right, yes.(licking his lips nervously.)

SCOTLAND YARD. 10:30 AM.

John storms into the department.

‘Sherlock!!!Sherlock!!!’ Everyone Looks up in confusion, their eyes tracing the source of commotion.
John makes a beeline through the policemen, straight towards Sherlock and Lestrade, slamming the door behind him.

‘DEAD?...HE WAS DEAD?’ Looking at Sherlock and pointing at Lestrade.

‘It’s okay now John!’ Sherlock replies. He smiles at John, a hand reaching for his shoulder

‘No!!!No!!!’ John shouts

‘You brought me here because you told me he was dead!! Can you hear me,Greg?’

‘Yes yes, I knew it John’ - Lestrade nods passively.

‘WHAT?’

‘Yes, I knew it! And you two are behaving like children!’ He stands up.

‘Stop bitching each-other and grow up!’

John looks at Greg then at Sherlock.

John sighs, and flops down into a chair. His fingers nervously fidgeting.

Silence.

‘There’s been a murder’ Lestrade continues, sitting back down.

‘Ronald Adair was one of Moriarty’s gang, and someone wanted him dead’

Sherlock peers up at John, ‘somebody who was afraid he could reveal important things about Moriarty.’

‘Moriarty is dead now’ John answers, annoyed.

‘Yes, but you just removed the head of his gang, not his base’ replies Lestrade.

‘And one of Moriarty’s gang is still alive in London. Probably trying to complete his work’ Sherlock adds confidently.

‘You know this means’ says Lestrade.

‘What?’ John asks, glancing between the two men.

‘That somebody wants me,’ Sherlock informs resolutely.

Lestrade and John both shift to gaze at Sherlock.

John leans back on the chair, sighing. ‘Oh dear lord,not again’.

‘Ronald Adair booked a room at the London Jack Inn, you two should go there and have a look’

Sherlock immediately gets up and stalks out the room.

John moves to follow, but Greg interjects.

‘You know we missed you, John’.
John stops and looks at Lestrade

‘And he needs you. You’re better together’

‘I…I.’ John stutters and sighs.

‘It’s just this…it’s a favor…things have changed Greg’

‘Yeah, I know. I’m not saying it’ll be like the old days. I just wanted to let you know that we personally missed you and...,I mean you don’t have to follow him everywhere, like before. You can…have your time. Your life, and when he needs you, you can just give him an hand, right?’

‘…Yes……okay…’ John moves to leave again.

‘John…wait!’ Lestrade follows him and closes the door behind them both.

‘I also think you should forgive him’

‘I know Greg, I know he did it to save me and my life. I know he was away for 2 years to protect me. I’m not angry with him anymore, it’s…..’

‘What?’

‘…I don’t know ,I….I’m still….a bit…..upset that he hadn’t managed it better’

‘We all make mistakes, John’

‘I know. There’s a part of me that wants to forgive everything. On the other hand, I also want to give him a punch in his damn face and tell him how much suffering he’s put me though in the last months.’

‘You’re angry because you didn’t talk to him, not because you didn’t forgive him. You two should talk sometimes, and let off some steam! You can’t pretend, and just leave everything inside you, thinking it’ll go away someday. There are problems that must be solved, and you two can’t go on looking at each other and making up conversations in your own heads, That’s not how friendships work’

John looks at Greg and doesn’t answer.

‘Do it, punch him in the face, shout, cry, but DO SOMETHING John! Sherlock has been back for close to five months now, and you still haven’t talked to him about this. We’ve been out together, with Mary, Molly, he even went to Anderson’s birthday just to see you and be near you! I mean, he just spent the whole evening with that frozen smile of his, staring at you and waiting for something.’

‘……’

‘Do you think I don’t know how much you need him too? Do you think I don’t see you when you check your blog, or read your old cases? Hell, you’ve got a picture of the two of you together in your wallet!!!’

‘I don’t have…‘

‘Yes, you do!’ Greg laughs.

‘I had it when I thought he was dead. I don’t have it anymore!’
‘I know you want to solve cases with him because, you love these little adventures with your best friend…’

‘Yes… I quite like it.’

‘And it’s a beautiful excuse to stay with him’

John moves nervously his hands ‘Yes… right. Come on now. He’s waiting for us. He’s probably already gone,’ John looks out the window down the street. Greg shoulders his jacket, and they both walk out the front of the station.

John pulls out his mobile to call Mary.

**JW:** I’ll be back for lunch, alright?

**MM:** Okay, watch out!

**JW:** See you

**MM:** Bye, Love

**JW:** bye

He hangs up and glances around searching for Sherlock..

‘Sher-’

‘I’m here’

‘Okay’

Sherlock steps to the kerb.

‘Taxi!’

A cab arrives, and Sherlock wastes no time stepping in, John right behind up, looks up at Lestrade peering into the car. He gives a quick wave and a grin, to the dark-haired man.

‘Call me later, Sherlock!’

The cab speeds off.

**IN THE CAB.**

Both look outside through the cab windows in silence.

John turns to Sherlock and stares at him determinedly..

‘So… he was dead?’

Sherlock whose still looking out the window, raises his left eyebrow.

‘Lestrade?’

Sherlock turns to face John.
They both start laughing.

‘Fuck…..oh god….’ John laughs.

‘But he was dead. His dog is dead!’

‘HIS DOG! You called me to tell me that Greg’s dog was dead!’

‘Charlie Lestrade….a quite nice dog, as well.’

‘And I had to deduce that you were talking about his dog, right?’

‘Sometimes I overestimate you.’

‘Or you were just trying to trick me into this case?’

‘You’ll have fun. It’ll be entertaining, you’ll see.’

‘One of Moriarty’s gang….if this one is half as clever as you, I won’t be bored for a long time’

**JACK LONDON INN HOTEL**

John and Sherlock head immediately over to the front desk clerk. He’s a small, portly man who smiles at them effeminately.

‘Hello boys’

‘Good morning’ John smiles.

‘How can I help you?’
‘We’d like to make you few questions about...‘ Sherlock begins.

‘Ronald Adair, right?’ he smiles knowingly.

‘Yes, how did you know?’ John stares at the man, clearly befuddled.

‘Look…he signed up with his real name,’ Sherlock interrupts the exchange and gestures to the booking form.

‘Do you know if Adair met someone when he was here?’ John asks.

‘No…I’m not aware of him meeting with anyone’

‘Well, what did he do here?’

‘He did what people normally do; checked in, went out, came back, then left again.’

‘Adair was killed’

‘He wasn’t killed in this hotel!’

‘Yes, we already know this. Which room had he booked?’

‘Follow me boys. I’ll show you up to the room, N5’

They followed the clerk up the stairs. He opens the door to motions for Sherlock and John to enter.

Sherlock glides in, he jumps up and down, peeks through the curtains, lies down the floor, slides the mattress out of place, and then stalks over into the bathroom.

‘Is your friend always like that?’

‘Yes… always. So, did you notice anything….suspicious? Did anyone else enter the room?’

‘Yes!’

Sherlock poked his head out the bathroom door ‘Who?’

‘Oh…uh, a man.’

‘When? Why?’

‘He booked this room yesterday’

‘Was this room the only one available?’ John asks

‘No, that’s the suspicious thing, he requested this room. He wanted N5 specifically.’

‘Did he do anything notable?’

‘He came up here, locked himself in the room for the entire day, and didn’t leave it until he checked out and paid early this morning. Strange isn’t it?’

Sherlock leans down toward the floor, looking under the chairs. ‘What’s strange about it?’

‘He clearly didn’t sleep! The room was perfectly made, in fact it’s cleaner than it was before he checked in.’
‘Can you describe him?’ John asked.

‘Ohhhhh sure. He was tall, very tall,….’ glanced appraisingly at Sherlock.

‘Just like your friend here.’

‘Okay’ John replies.

‘Such an unfortunate face. OH and he was Japanese! And his build was athletic, very athletic.’

‘Aaaand?’ John questioned.

‘Well he did have beautiful blue eyes and…’

‘His name?’ John demanded.

‘Of course he didn’t sign up with his real name, he must have…”’

‘James Tanaka,’ said the Clerk confidently.

John and Sherlock turn to look at each other.

‘Thank you for your help’

Without further discussion, they simultaneously moved to leave the room, ran down the stairs, and out of the hotel.

‘You’re welcome, come back soon boys! We have many accommodations for young gay couples, byeeeee The Clerk warbled after them.

‘I forgot everyone assumed we were a couple’ John chuckled, gleefully.

Sherlock huffed a laugh in reply.

‘Alright, now we’re looking for a Japanese carpenter who—’

‘Wait…what? A carpenter? How’d ya know he’s a carpenter?’ John asks doubtfully.

‘He disassembled and assembled the whole room in one night. He must be a carpenter. And he was looking for something’

‘The problem is, what he was looking for?’

(Sherlock’s phone rings. Incoming Call -Lestrade)

‘Sherlock.’

‘Lestrade.’

‘Did you find anything?’
'Yes, Adair met a man before he died.'

'We already knew this.'

'No, a different man! This one booked the same room after Adair’s death. James Tanaka.'

'I’ll look at the archive to see if I find anything about him.'

'We’re looking for him now. He must know something about Adair.'

'Good, let me know if you find anything. Wait, Sherlock!'

'What?'

'What did you tell John?'

'Come again?'

'What did you tell him?.... Oh okay, nothing. Well, I’ll talk to you later.'

Sherlock hung up without a goodbye, and then pulls up the browser on his phone.

‘Hungry?’ He asks John without looking up.

‘Mmmm..yes. Oh god, what time is it?’ John asks.

‘2.14 pm.’

‘Shit. I promised Mary I’d have come back home for lunch’

‘Too late!’ Sherlock quirks his mouth into a fake smile. ‘Well, there’s a good Japanese rest-‘

‘No, Sherlock! I told her I’d be home. Sorry, she’s waiting for me.’

‘Call her and tell her you’ll be back later!’

John looks skeptically at Sherlock.

‘No, Sherlock. I’m sorry.’

‘We’re in the middle of a case!’

‘I know…listen, I’ll come back soon. It’s not a big deal.’

Sherlock rolls his eyes in silent reply.

‘I’ll see you later, okay? I’ll call you’

Sherlock follows the smaller blonde as he hails a cab, and keeps watch until it pulls away with John inside.

JAMES TANAKA
(Incoming call – Lestrade)

‘What?’

‘Did you two talk?’

‘What? About what?’

‘Sherlock.’

‘It’s okay. It’s...good.’

‘I still think you should talk to him. I mean...you didn’t even tell him you’re sorry Sherlock.’

‘Don’t need to. He already knows it.’

‘What?’

‘He….WHY? Why are you asking about this?’

‘Because you’re my friend, and John is my friend too. And I saw what he went through when you died Sherlock. I know he cares about you, and I think you two should talk to…..just close this argument forever and come back together.’

Sherlock takes a deep, ragged breath.

‘What should I tell him?’
'I don’t know. That’s your business. You two know what you went through. So, I think…. uh, ask him to have a private moment and then tell him what you need to tell him.’

Greg paused waiting for Sherlock to protest.

‘I know you need to talk to him Sherlock!’

‘Guess where I am now.’

He sighed, ‘where?’

‘Looking at James Tanaka.’

FROM : SH

TO : JW;GL

I’m going to have lunch at James’ establishment

---

He stares into of the bar as he pockets his phone and steps through the glass doors.

A perky blonde blocks his path.

‘Hello. Can I help you?’

‘Yes, I’m waiting for a table.’

‘Sure, you can have this one.’

Sherlock sits and tosses the woman a fake smile. ‘Can I get you something to drink?’

‘I would like some coffee, and James Tanaka.’
‘Oh, alright...he’s at the cash register. I’ll ask him, okay?’

‘Yes, thank you.’

The woman moves over to James, and gestures over to Sherlock. James morphs his face into annoyance, as he walks quickly towards Sherlock.

‘Are you from the police or something?’

‘Mmm….Yes. Something like that.’

‘I didn’t kill Adair, if that’s what you want to know.’

‘I already know that. I merely want to ask you few questions’

Tanaka drops into a nearby chair with resignation. ‘He was a friend of mine.’

‘Friend?’

‘Yes. We shared the same prison cell for a while, in Kent.’

‘And why did you enter into his room yesterday?’

‘When he got out of prison, he came to London straightaway. He told me he had to meet someone… a man...he had some evidences with which to accuse him’

‘Who?’

‘I don’t know. He didn’t tell me!’ James harped at Sherlock.

‘But this man found him, killed him, and he took the evidence.’

‘No, Adair was a smart man, he wouldn’t have brought evidence to he meet some guy. He would’ve hidden them somewhere beforehand. Yesterday, I went into his room to find them, but I didn’t discover anything.’

‘I know. You disassembled the whole room in your quest.’

‘Yes.’

‘But, you did find a message.’

Tanaka’s eyes go wide, and he sucks in a breath, unmoving in reply.

Sherlock looks at the man deeply with his hands crossed on his chin.

‘A message Adair gave you, because he knew you would have come to see him. He probably knew someone was out to kill him. So he’d leave a message to help you understand what’s was going on. But it must be hidden, a code perhaps? Something you don’t know the meaning of? He was no doubt afraid that this third party was going to try and kill him. In that event, he needed his assailants information to be available to you, but hidden from everyone else. However, you couldn’t decode it, and now you are the one in fear. Afraid that another knows of this message. That’s why you’re working here. Why you suddenly left your job as a carpenter and are currently assisting at your friend’s bar, and kipping at his place as well. No one else knows you’re here, except them, obviously’ He makes a quick flip of his hand in the direction of the blonde waitress. ‘Of course, you’ll be at her place this evening.’
The man looks at Sherlock shocked. He takes a long breath.

‘Yes. You’re right….you’re…..perfectly….right’.

Sherlock smiles proudly. ‘I know. It’s my job.’

**JOHN’S HOUSE**

Mary is washing up the remains of lunch, while John sits idly at the table, methodically finishing a sandwich.

‘Did you talk to him about….?’

‘Mmm…no,not yet. We were busy with a case. I didn’t have time to talk to him, but I’ll tell him later’.

‘What do you mean?’

John looks up at her.

‘I mean, I must talk to him anyway about the other things…’

‘Oh, so you did remember it?’

John grins, ‘Yes, of course dear.’

Mary smiles back, ‘how’s the case going?’

‘Good….’

‘Are you happy you’re back in the battlefield, John Watson?’

John smiles ‘Yes Ms. Mary…tonight I’m going to tell him….’

‘Really Tonight?’

‘Yes…I mean…it’s time. I think…’

Mary comes back at the table and takes the now empty dish.

‘Would you like anything else?’

‘No thanks love’

‘Rice?’

‘No, no, thanks. I’m stuffed.’

**FROM : JW**

**TO : SH**

I’m coming, where do we meet?

*(4:02 pm)*
SH:

I’m at Baker Street now. I need to think.

(4:04 pm)

JW:

Okay…how was lunch with Takana?

(4:05 pm)

JW:

Tanaka.

(4:06 pm)

JW:

Ok, I won’t disturb you…can I come tonight?

(4:06 pm)

SH:

Here? To Baker Street?

(4:07 pm)

JW:

Yes. I’d like to talk.

(4:08 pm)

SH:

Why?

(4:08 pm)

SH:

You need to talk? About what?

(4:10 pm)

JW:

Nothing really, don’t worry, it’s just…I think we need to talk.

(4:12 pm)

JW:
Just...you know, have a chat.

(4:22 pm)

JW :

I'm coming anyway, see you later. :)

(4:23 pm)

SH :

*Why do you add ridiculous nonsense smiley faces*

(4:24 pm)

JW :

*Because I know they annoy you :)*

(4:25 pm)

JW :

:) :) :) :) :) :)

:) :) :)

:) :)

(4:26 pm)

SH :

*Stop it.*

(4:28 pm)

JW :

:P :^ :O :D :/

(4:30 pm)

JW :

%-.^) Pablo Picasso

(4:31 pm)

JW :

^5 High five

(4:31 pm)
JW :

~:-\ Elvis

Sherlock looks at whatsapp messages and rolls his eyes, taking a long breath.

Then he looks again and smiles.

(4:33 pm)

JW :

#:--o Shocked

(4:33 pm)

JW :

%(!:-) Propeller-head

(4:36 pm)

JW :

(:l Egghead

(4:36 pm)

JW :

7:^) Ronald Reagan

(4:37 pm)

SH :

Who?

(4:38 pm)

JW

Ronald Reagan!!

(4:40 pm)

JW
(4:39 pm)

SH

Ahhh...that actor who played in the western movies

(4:40 pm)

JW

No, that’s John Wayne, Sherlock. This is Ronald Reagan.

(4:41 pm)

SH

Who’s Ronald Reagan

(4:43 pm)

JW
This is John Wayne.

(4:45 pm)

SH

Okay, stop it now! I don’t care!

(4:49 pm)

SH

See you tonight.

(4:53 pm)

SH

Around 7 pm.

(4:57 pm)

SH

Don’t be late.

(5:05 pm)

JW

(5:03 pm)

SH

I hate you.
THE TALK

BAKER STREET 7: 20 PM

Sherlock is surfing the web, tapping his feet nervously.
Is this a good apology letter for my best friend i hurt bad?
any comments would be great thanks. and ideas as well.

????
I don't really know where to start but I think saying sorry would be an idea.
I'm sorry ok, I really truly am. I screwed up. But these things happen when you (me)
get all worked up and angry, but I know I shouldn't use this as an excuse. I know I
shouldn't have said some, well most or even all of the things I said, but I know that I
can't take it all back but I wish I could. I hate fighting, especially with you. You mean
a lot to me ok, more than you know. It kills me inside to know that I have hurt
somebody that I care about so much.

Without you I am incomplete
To have a true friend is a rare opportunity,
they are hard to find
difficult to leave
and impossible to forget.
They keep your secrets from unwanted ears,
they are there for you through good times and bad.

You are all this and more to me.

????
XxXxX
5 years ago
Elements of an Apology

The way you apologize is going to be slightly different depending on what the offense was, where it was done, and who you are apologizing to. In general, a good apology should consist of:

- **A request for their attention.** ("I wanted to talk to you about what went down at our dinner party the other night.")

- **An acknowledgment of what happened.** ("I know I hurt your feelings when I said the salad was the worst I'd ever eaten.")

- **Sincerity in admitting you did something wrong.** ("It was wrong of me to say that. You worked so hard on dinner and I had no right to try and diminish your wonderful meal.")

- **The words "I'm sorry" or "I apologize."** ("I'm truly sorry for that, Ava. You didn't deserve that.")

- **Some humor to mend fences (optional, depending on the situation).** ("Who am I to talk? I can't even dial the phone for takeout half the time.")

**Things Never to Say When Apologizing**

Note that the art of apologizing involves taking responsibility. Never apologize as a way to "shut someone up" when they are saying you hurt their feelings and you don't think you did. If you really believe you did nothing wrong, you should talk things through with your friend until you see why they are hurt or how you came across.
(Incoming call – Lestrade)

‘Lestrade?’

‘Sherlock, Did you...’

‘I did it! I mean, I’m doing it right now. I’m in the middle of learning everything. I have everything stored in my mind palace. It’s all in there. All the words, everything. Perfectly organized. I just need to kept them in the forefront and put them in order. Then, I’ll be ready when I have to... to...apologize.’

‘I was going to say, did you meet with Tanaka?’

Sherlock blushes, thankful that Lestrade can’t see him through the receiver. ‘Oh. Right.’

‘But... it’s good. Wait- what do you mean you found the words? What are you doing?’

‘Nothing. Forget it. Tanaka was Adair’s friend. They met before Adair was killed, and he told me Adair was going to meet an unknown man. It was that man, who killed him soon after. Adair had some evidence that belonged to this man, which why he was killed. This assailant, however, did not find the evidence. So we must, in order to solve the case.’

‘How did you find him?’

‘Doesn’t matter. It was easy. He’s working at a friend’s bar. Terrified someone will find out about Adair’s secret message.’ Sherlock’s voice boomed through the phone, and his speech became rapid, before Lestrade interrupted him.

‘What message? Eh, calm down! Sherlock, you should come here and tell me everything!’

‘I don’t have time now! Adair left Tanaka a message. Obviously, some sort of code, to make him understand where the clues to solve his murder are left.’

‘Where’s this message?’

‘I don’t know, but it doesn’t matter now, anyway.’

‘Wait- why?’

‘Because I must know the man who killed Adair before, I can figure it out. I can’t decode the message without knowing anything about him.’

‘But did he give you this message?’

‘No, not yet.’

‘Sherlock, I told you- you must inform me when you get this kind of information. The police can start doing a proper search if you tell us ASAP.’

‘Oh shut up! Your men couldn’t understand it anyway. Let me think, I need to think.’

‘I’ll give you two days. Then you have to tell me where Tanaka works or I’ll send Anderson to find the message before somebody else gets it.’
Sherlock ends the call without further discussion.

He closes his eyes, putting his fingertips together in their typical prayer-like position while thinking.

He starts whispering in rushed bursts of thought.

Incorrect: You really hurt my feelings.

Correct: My feelings were really hurt by our fight. I don’t know where to start, but I think saying sorry is a good idea.

Elements of an Apology: A request for their attention; I wanted to talk to you about what went down at our dinner party last night.

Acknowledge the disturbance: I know I hurt your feeling when I said the salad was the worst, I’ve ever eaten.

Sincerity in Admitting Fault: It was wrong of me to say that. You worked so hard on dinner and I had no right to try and diminish your wonderful meal. Your friendship is a gift. Oh so precious and so rare. I know I sometimes take it for granted and I despair.

Incorrect: You attacked me. You didn’t let me defend myself.

Correct: Our friendship means a lot to me, and I really want us to work this out. I hate fighting. I care about you more than you know.

Best Answers Chosen by Voters: 1) Some humor to mend fences, (depending on situation), Who am I to talk, I can’t even dial the phone for takeout half the time.

Things to Never Say When Apologizing:

His thoughts are cut off by the sharp ring of the doorbell. He can tell by the pressure that it is his former flatmate. Sherlock shuts his eyes, but moves nothing else. The bell chimes again. Yet he still does not move. Then without warning, he suddenly jumps off the leather chair, and runs down the stairs. With an enormous frozen smile, he flings open the door.

‘Hey!’ chirps a rather shocked John.

‘Hi…hey!….hi….come in, John!’ Sherlock stammers out and gestures for the smaller man to enter the foyer, and follow him up the staircase. Sherlock enters first, and whirls around as John steps into the familiar space.

‘Tea?’ Sherlock still grinning down at John.

‘Yes..tea. So, how was lunch with Takana’

‘Tanaka.’

‘Oh, right. Sorry. Tanaka! TA-NA-KA’

‘Good!’
Sherlock slides into the kitchen, and flips on the kettle. Then he nervously walks around the kitchen, seemingly without aim, and John stares up at him.

‘Well, did you find anything?’

Sherlock continues his pace around the kitchen and doesn’t reply.

‘Sherlock…?’

‘Yes! What? Good..it was good!’

‘Sher..’

‘John’

‘Are you okay?’

‘When you’ve said or done something that has really upset or hurt your best friend, it’s important to have the courage to apologize. This will help mend your friendship and bring it back into stasis.’

‘I’m sorry, what?’ John’s face was clouded with puzzlement.

'My feelings were really hurt by our fight. I felt like I was being attacked and didn’t have a chance to defend myself, even when I tried to explain things later. Our friendship means a lot to me and I really want us to work this out.'

John paused, shocked at his best friends words, but then finally roused himself to speak when he realized his mouth was hanging open. ‘Umm...Yes….Sherlock. Uh, I’m okay...I...’

‘Tea!Tea!’ Sherlock shouts at the ceiling, and turns back to the kettle.

‘Are you okay Sherlock? You seem out of sorts.’ John leans against the archway, arms crossed, and face still displaying confusion.

'Yes, I’ve practiced explaining what happened. So that I may now approach you. Then I am to have an honest talk with you. I agree to never again attempt to never fake my own death, and if possible, try not to bring up the argument about it for the time being.’ He smiles sincerely, clearly proud of himself.

‘Yy..yes..Sherlock. That’s great. Uh...I need to talk to you too, about something important.’

‘Yes! Give friends space If they need it.’ John still hasn’t clued in about his reference to internet source material.

‘Wh…what are you talking about, Sherlock?’

‘Hmm?’

‘I…Sherlock, what is happening? Why are you so nervous, and jumpy. You’re mumbling and I don’t think I’m understanding you.’

‘The Talk,John! You said we had to talk!’

‘Yes! Yes, I need to talk to you!’

Sherlock fills up the tea tray, passes John without responding, and brings the tray in the living room
‘Sherlock-It’s something important. I mean, really important!’

Sherlock picks up a cup pours milk and sugar into it cups, and extends it towards John.

‘I’m getting married.’

The cup falls from his grasp and drops to the carpet, spilling tea everywhere. Instead of cleaning it up, Sherlock merely stares at John in open-mouthed silence.

‘Sherlock?’ John bends over to pick the cup.

‘What?’ He replies, eyes unfocused.

‘Are...are you okay?’

‘Y...yes.yes.’ He clears his throat, ‘To...Mary, obviously.’

‘Yes, of course. I...uh, I wanted to ask you to be my Best Man.’

‘Your, what?’

‘Best Man, Sherlock.’

His face went blank momentarily, ‘Oh, the best man! Chief assistant to the groom at a wedding.’

‘Right.’

‘So, you wanted to wait because, of anger?’

‘What happened….well, no matter. I’m over all that-everything is okay. You’re important to me, Sherlock. I just wanted to let you know that you’re my best friend, and that’s why I’m choosing you to be the Best Man. It’ll be an important day in my life and I want you to be by my side.’

‘Okay.’

‘So, do you…do you agree?’

‘Yes! Yes!’ Sherlock beams. ‘I’m happy! I’m genuinely happy for you, John! Really. You deserve it, after all, it’s something you had to do anyway….getting married, right?’

John smiles ‘Yes. So,…you’re really going to be my best man?’

‘Yes, yes...sure! Just…. tell me what I need to do.’

John laughs ‘Okay…’ and steps into Sherlock’s space.

‘Eh?’ Sherlock regards him with confusion, as John is not normally one to invade others’ boundaries. John continues despite the look, and leans in to wrap his arms around the lanky consulting detective.

Sherlock stands stock still, his arms hanging limply at his sides. ‘W....wh…’ he mutters.

‘Shhhh...it’s nothing’ John whispers, and Sherlocks' attempt at protest ceases.
THE WEDDING

Chapter Notes

John Watson blog was made with photoshop. The Goldney location:
https://visitbristol.co.uk/conferences/university-of-bristol-weddings-p1938703

15th March

The Mystery of Park Lane

It’s been long time since I wrote about my last case here, you probably all know why. But life goes on, and I decided to come back with my best friend Sherlock, after both him and Greg have been wooing me for months. I like to be wooed.

This case you’ll have read about in the papers is about the murder of Ronald Adair. I wasn’t actually there as I still wasn’t back with Sherlock, but I came back in time to know everything about this man: he was one of Moriarty’s gang, and after Reichenbach he was sent in prison in Kent. He came out 5 days ago, and the day after he was found dead in Park Lane. I can’t say much because of the Official Secret Act, but I can say we went to The Jack London Inn Hotel, where he booked a room, and now we’re investigating on a man who Adair met the day he died, the one that probably killed him. One of Adair’s friends is now under protection, and while we’re trying to solve this puzzling case, I’m happy to announce that I’m getting married! After a long period of bad news and sadness, I’m finally having a beautiful time with both my work and private life, my life couldn’t have been more perfect!

8 comments
15th March

22:45 pm

FROM: SH

TO: JW

Adding pointless comments about your private life, while writing on a case, is not professional.

JW 22:48

It's my personal blog. Not just a blog about our cases!

JW 22:49

Anyway, I just added few lines. My friends read my blog. I thought I could save some calls. :)

SH 22:51

Are you going to publish your guest list for the wedding too?

JW 22:53
You know that people create guest lists? You surprise me, Mr. Holmes

SH 23:25

Ha ha.

JW 23:28

You’re looking up information, aren’t you?

SH 23:30

I don’t know what you’re talking about.

JW 23:32

Best Man. You’re googling it, right? ;)

SH 23:35

Tomorrow we’re going to see Tanaka, again. We’ll get the message.

JW 23:38

Takana or Tanaka? I still don’t get it.

SH 23:41

It doesn’t matter

SH 23:43

It’s Tanaka, anyway.

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BAKER STREET 00:15

Sherlock is in the kitchen, conducting an experiment, the television blares from the livingroom area in the background. The flat is quiet without John.

Incoming call – John

'John?'

'Sherlock, I’m just calling to let you know, that I can’t go with you tomorrow. I’m sorry'

'Why?'

'Mary and I have to do a final check on our location, I completely forgot about it...sorry Sherlock.’

'Location? What location?’
John sighs audibly, ‘the wedding, Sherlock- the wedding!’

‘What?’

‘Sherlock…can you hear me?’

‘You didn’t tell me about this!’

‘I know, I said I was sorry. I forgot.’

‘I mean, you didn’t tell me you were getting married now!’

‘Sherlock it’s not now! You know I’m not getting married tomorrow! We’re just confirming the location. The wedding is still set for next week.’

‘You’re getting married NEXT WEEK?’

‘Yes, Sherlock, what’s so shocking about next week?’

‘Sherlock?’

‘Sherlock?’

Call ended.

(Calling Lestrade)

‘Sherlock, what’s-?’

‘Lestrade, did you know that John is getting married?’

‘Sherlock! It’s after midnight, why ar-?’

‘DID YOU KNOW THAT JOHN-’

‘Stop shouting! Jane is sleeping for pete’s sake, but yes, yes I know. What’s the problem? You knew this.’

‘NO! I didn’t!’

‘Wait, what…Sherlock? John told me you’re his best man, how on earth did you forget when it’s going to happen?’

‘I didn’t forget it! Came to Baker Street, told me that he was going to get married, and asked me to be his best man. He didn’t tell me when, or where-he didn’t tell me ANYTHING. I didn’t know he wasn’t joking! I thought he wasn't being serious’

‘What do you mean not serious?’

‘You told me he had to talk to me. He didn’t! You made me understand that I had to talk to him about forgiving him, about what happened between us, but he didn’t tell me anything about it! He just told me that he wanted to get married, that’s what he had to tell me! He didn’t want to talk to me
about us! You made me think that we had to talk. Why?’

‘Sherlock...calm down, I...I just thought that you two had to clarify things...I didn’t know what he was going to tell you- honestly. Sherlock, you’re behaving like a child! John said he was getting married and now you’re calling in the middle of the night shouting at me? What did you expect when John came to Baker Street? You’re both grown men, supposedly! I don’t want to be rude, but Sherlock...things have changed. You know John has a fiancee, and a lovely one at that. Not to mention, she’s a brilliant agent, and she’s not like other girls John’s dated in the past.’

'I know all that!' Sherlock exclaims with exasperation.

‘I think he’ll like to…settle down. He’s always wanted that.’ Lestrade gently expresses before raising his voice again, huffing 'Still...I can’t get over the fact that you’re calling me past midnight, complaining about this! It’s ridiculous Sherlock!'

'I’m not complaining! I didn’t..’ Sherlock trails away into the silent abyss about him.

‘What?’

'Lestrade, I didn’t understand....I thought he was just....talking. You know, making up...’ Once more, Sherlock's voice quietens.

‘He’s back with you, Sherlock. He works with you now. You’ve got your friendship back. it’s okay, right?’

‘Yes, It’s okay now. That’s what I wanted...yes.’

'Are you, Sherlock?’

---call ended---

1 : 03 am

SMS FROM : LESTRADE

TO : SH

You should be happy for him

----

16th March

(Incoming call – John)

'Eh'

‘How’s the case going, Sherlock?’
'Fine'

'Did you talk to Tanaka?'

'No. Change of plans.'

'Oh…'

'I found the man who met with Adair on the day he was killed.'

'Are you telling me you found the killer?'

'Mmmmm….no. Not the killer.'

'We’re just finding friends, right?'.

'No. Perhaps? This man brought him to the killer. Maybe he knows nothing of it. I think this one will be useful, but I need you and Lestrade to meet him straight away.'

'Why?'

'I’ll tell you later.’ A knowledgeable grin causes Sherlock's lips to quirk slightly.

'Oh Hey! I almost forgot why I called! I found the suit!' A smile breaches the tone of his voice, singing through the phone.

'What suit?'

'My suit! This means, of course, I’ve found yours also.’

'What?

'Sherlock! oh God. The groom and the best man wear identical suits!’

'That’s utterly ridiculous.’ Sherlock laughs, haughtily.

'Why?'

'We can’t wear the same suit! You’re two sizes smaller than me.’

'Not the same suit, Sherlock! We’ll each have our own suits, but of the same style!’

John pauses for an inkling of understanding from Sherlock, but as the other end remains silent, he barrels onward. ‘I’ll send you a photo. You’ll like it.’

A voice rings out from the distance, ‘It’s lovely.’

'Who’s that?'

'That’s Mary,’ John says with a bright smile. ‘When are Lestrade and I supposed to have this meeting anyway?’

'Not right now. Too early. Go get married first.’

'Should I be worried?’

---Call ended---
18th March - 21:15 pm

FROM : MYCROFT

TO : SHERLOCK

I CAN’T KEEP A MAN UNDER PROTECTION FOR SUCH A LONG TIME. TANAKA IS GOING ABROAD TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

SH
TAKANA
TANAKA
TAKANA
TANAKA
TAKANA
TANAKAAAAAAA
TAKAAAAAAA

............... 

MH

.............

SH
SH

RONALD RAGAN

MH

AH. YOU’RE DRUNK

SH

WOW WOW OOO U MUST BE A DEDECTVIE OR SOMETHNG

MH

ARE YOU ON DRUGS, AS WELL BROTHER? DO I NEED TO COME THERE?

SH

FUCK YOU :)

MH

POST - WEDDING - NEWS - DEPRESSION, YES?

SH

WHICH PART OF –FUCK YOU- YOU DIND’ UNDERSTAND?

MH

I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A REACTION. I DIDN’T ACTUALLY KNOW
IF IT WAS GOOD, THAT YOU AND JOHN GOT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. TO BE HONEST I THOUGHT YOU WEREN’T READY FOR THIS.

SH

MH

I’LL SEND ANTHEA.

22:35 – BAKER STREET.

Sherlock is curled up on the sofa, face shoved into the cushions, with a hand dragging on the floor. Mycroft marches lightly up the stairs, disregarding the door knocker. Crossing the threshold to the flat, he pauses to to stare at his younger brother for a moment before tapping the floor with his umbrella. Sherlock grunts, but doesn’t move a muscle. ‘Sherlock’

‘Mmmmmmmm’

Mycroft takes in a deep breath, briefly closing his eyes as he attempts to withhold the heavy sigh that threatened to escape his throat. Turning to the kitchen, he efficiently sweeps a critical eye over the mess currently covering every surface, and patters back into the living-room. ‘Honestly Sherlock.’ Mycroft formally whines. He gazes down at his polished shoes, as the toes tap his umbrella. The umbrella sways slightly, as Sherlock’s brows pinch together with agitation upon each knock reverberates.

Without opening his eyes, Sherlock jeers, ‘My, Anthea, oh how you’ve changed.’

“Hilarious.” Mycroft sardonically expresses.

Sherlock grins broadly, stretching languidly upon the sofa.

‘Well, how are you, dear brother?’ Mycroft attempts.

‘Mycroft, why go out of your way to come see me? I’ve told you I’m not on drugs. Now, go away, goodbye.’ With that, Sherlock flops back into the cushions, and feigns sleep.

Smiling somewhat like a toad, cheeks mauled by thick dimples, Mycroft quietly said, ‘I worry about you… increasingly so.’ A muffled noise erupts from the cushioned mass, as Sherlock scoffs. ‘Since John’s back in your life, I thought I’d to come see you.’ Mycroft pauses. The silence is not rewarded. Stretching further, he becomes impatient as he receives no response from the consulting
detective. ‘Sherlock, you had to wait. I told you that you must be patient.’ This elicits a deep groan from the couch. ‘I know you thought John would have come back to Baker Street. Are you terribly disappointed?’

No longer able to refrain himself from the pompous remarks, Sherlock mutters, ‘NO. I’m fine.’

‘Are you surprised at him for getting married?’

No! Again, Mycroft- I am fine. Now, leave me alone.’

‘I just wanted to make sur-’

‘Why must I repeat myself? I AM FINE. GO AWAY!’ Sherlock snatches a cascading pillow from the edge of the sofa, pitching it towards his elder brother’s form. Mycroft deftly swats the cushion away with the umbrella. Steps shouting against the floorboards, he stalks toward Sherlock’s bedroom.

‘Hey, where are you going? ‘I’m not on drugs! I’m clean! What are you doing in my bedroom? Get out!’

‘I am just checking. Everything is okay, don’t worry.’

Sherlock growls as he stands up and totters after his brother. He pauses for a moment to lean on the wall for stability, before making his way to the kitchen while shouting towards his open bedroom door. ‘Checking? What are you really doing in there?’

Mycroft strolls into the kitchen, twirling his umbrella. He grimly grins, ‘Goodbye brother.’

‘See!’ Sherlock hollers, as Mycroft breaches through the front door of his flat, ‘Not on drugs – and I’m not disappointed that John’s getting married. I’m happy, so very happy! Can’t you tell?’ Continuing boisterously, Sherlock paints a pleasant smile upon his visage, ‘I’m not disappointed in the least. I knew – wait…Lestrade told you everything.’

Mycroft strolls past him and out the door without comment. It’s not until he’s halfway down the stairs that he calls out, ‘Goodnight brother.’

Sherlock is still shouting after him, ‘He told you everything, didn’t he? You and that arse with a ‘girlfriend’ have nothing better to do than sit around all day, and gossip about me?’

Mycroft opens the front and steps out of 221 Baker Street without responding, while Sherlock continues to rant and rave despite the slam that accompanies Mycroft’s departure.

‘You two pretend to be colleagues or something, but I know you FUCK each other senseless. HAHA! You thought I didn’t know, but I do!’

At the loud and foul language, Mrs Hudson pops out of her flat and climbs up the stairs to cast a doubtful look at Sherlock.

Sherlock lowers his voice to a whisper, ‘you both cannot wait...to...to... ‘ but decides not to finish the sentence with his landlady present.

‘Sherlock, are you alright? Did you and your brother have a bit of a row?’

Sherlock marches to the doorway and gras the frame, stammering ‘F-f-fine, Mrs. Hudson. Thank you, and goodnight.’ The door frame shudders, as Sherlock shuts the door. Disturbed, Mrs Hudson
quivers. ‘Oh my.’ she whimpers, staring at the closed door. She gingerly returns to her flat, turning round a few times in the hope of seeing the young man open the door for some consolation.

The door does not open.

9:06 am

FROM : JOHN

TO : SHERLOCK

The Goldney! :)
It's the location! Do you like it?

What do you think?
I like this one too, but maybe with a different jacket. Do you think black is better?
TADAAAAAAAHH

11 : 55 am
FROM : SH
TO : JW
BEAUTIFUL!

BAKER STREET – 12 : 10 pm
22th March.

John could not believe his luck. The sun shines brightly, as a light mist covets the land. Without an issue, the ceremony commences. The archaic church is adorned with Mary’s favourite flowers. White lilacs hang above the entrance arch. He cannot recall their proper name, but their simplicity is lovely. They stood well with Mary’s elegant dress. The guests are nothing more than few in number, as Mary had lost both parents when she was young. They lost a son when he was three years old and tried to cope with his death after two years, with Mary's birth. Thought she had a few
family members attend, her side was mostly filled with friends. Much like John’s own half, which consisted of his immediate family; parents Emma and Hamish, sister Harry. Also, his few friends; Molly, Mike Stamford, Mrs Hudson, Greg and of course-Sherlock. Everyone in his life that mattered, except Mycroft, he was on ‘business’ and couldn’t attend.

John and Mary, like everyone else, were thrilled at the splendor of the reception venue. Goldney Hall, with lush and beautiful gardens was a stunning choice. Something, Molly repeatedly commented on, especially after one too many glasses of white wine. She also asked Greg to marry her, “Just so, you know, she could be a bride in a beautiful place.’

Mrs Hudson couldn’t stop crying every time she glanced over at John in his dapper suit. His face was glowing with joy, and the smile spread across it was gorgeous. Harry promised John to drink only water, and kept her word by spending the day gabbing at Stamford. She continually grilled him for information about Mary. Mike was hard pressed to recall a time when she had spoken to him at such length, but brushed the thoughts aside, as it was John’s day and she was John’s sister. Still, he was elated when it was time for them to take their seats, and find his place near Molly and the others.

‘Oh, look! All the seats have little name tags and presents. Lovely, isn’t it?’

Sherlock disdainfully picks up the small purple box, ‘candies, and confetti...lovely.’

Which causes Greg to reach for his quickly.

‘Hey, I thought you were on a diet, Greg?’ Molly whispers gently.

‘It’s a special day, there are exceptions!’ Lestrade, tried to keep his voice down, but he knew he’d failed when Sherlock almost spit out his wine with a loud chortle.

‘My brother put you on a diet? Oh that’s rich!’ Sherlock huffed out.

Molly looked between the two of them wide-eyed, ‘What?’

‘He didn’t put me on anything, he just recommended an excellent doctor. I put on bit of weight last winter and I’m trying to get rid of it. I’m getting into jogging these days too, you know.’

‘Ooh, I love to do spinning, I go to Queen Mother’s Gym, it’s good, and not too expensive. Which gym do you go to?’

‘No, I don’t.’

Greg was again rudely interrupted by Sherlock, ‘No, he actually wakes up early in the morning and Skype’s with Mycroft while he runs around the Park.’

The quip shuts Lestrade up with an annoyed look on his face. Molly twists to stare at him for answers, but none are given. Sherlock is just happy that he’s made someone else miserable too. The old saying is true, it does love company. Just when Sherlock's reveling in his satisfaction, John suddenly stands up and calls everyone's attention. He's looking around at all the guests in the ballroom with a huge smile.

‘I would like to thank you all for being here. I…I’ll be honest, I’m a bit…moved. I…I want to thank every one of you, because each person represents a moment, a piece of our lives. Mary and I invited only those who truly mattered to us, and you all have made our lives better for being in it. I didn’t prepare a proper toast or anything….but I just wanted to say ‘thank you, and..’

Molly whispers at Sherlock ‘It’s your time!’
'What?'
'The Toast, Sherlock! Your turn.'

Sherlock is confused and racks his mind palace for reference.

'Your Best Man toast! You know, when you give a speech, about John…’

'A speech? No one mentioned I needed to give a speech.'

'How on earth did you not…'

'And this person, my Best Man, is here…' John, smiles at Sherlock, and everyone begins clapping and staring expectantly.

Sherlock still looks confused as he stands up reluctantly.

Greg whispers, 'The champagne!'

Molly quickly slips a glass of champagne into Sherlock’s hand. Which only serves to make him look more befuddled than before.

'Wh..?'

Molly whispers, 'Just keep it!'

'Ok…'

The clapping ends and everyone in the ballroom, sits in pensive silence.

Finally, something useful flashes through his brain...
‘When…when John first broached the subject of being his Best Man, I was confused. I didn’t realize what exactly, he was asking of me, but nonetheless, I promised that I would do my very best to accomplish a task that was, for me, as demanding and difficult as any I had ever considered undertaking. Additionally I thanked him for the trust he placed in me, and I was, in some ways…close to being moved by it. As I’ve said before, I’m amazed to be here today, and…to be John’s Best Man. To be his best…friend. I never imagined, I could have such an important task…..Sometimes, things don’t go how we expect, and it’s only when you….lose something that you realize how much that thing is important to you. And as John’s best friend I’m happy he’s finally found the woman he’s always dreamt of, because I know how important that was…and is for him. Things change, because…life goes on, but what is really important lasts forever. The bond between friends remains ever strong. Congratulations to my Best Friend, John Watson.’

The crowd erupted in applause at the touching remarks.

‘And….and congratulations to Mary Morstan!’ He raised his glass of champagne at the newlyweds who smile broadly back.

Molly clapping furiously, ‘Oh,wow! That was beautiful!’

‘And I don’t think he even Googled that!’ Greg laughed at his own joke as he glances back to Sherlock who’s sharing a long look with John.

Mary elbows him, ‘John, what’s all that?’

‘Nothing’ John laughs softly, ‘just having a telepathic conversation. You know, the usual.’
TO : MH

You put him on a diet. He’s lost 2 pounds in the last 2 weeks.

And how about you?

Lestrade 2 – Mycroft 0

16 : 13

FROM : MH

TO : SH

Why are you sending me photos of Detective Inspector Lestrade?
16 : 15
FROM : SH
TO : MH
Is that what you call him in bed?

16 : 16
FROM : MH
TO : SH
I think you should take a vacation, dear brother. This wedding is clearly inducing a stress response.

16 : 18
FROM : SH
TO: MH

He’s talking to Jane, anyway. It’s 15 been minutes now.

16:21

FROM: MH

TO: SH

You must be sitting alone on a bench, bored. Maybe a bit drunk. I don’t care what detective Lestrade is doing right now, there are hundreds of guests at the wedding. Why not just enjoy yourself by deducing their life-stories? I know you think this is all fun and games, but please, stop interrupting me while I’m working.

16:22

FROM: SH

TO: MH

You answered 45 seconds after my first message, you’re checking your phone because you’re exceptionally bored. Plus you were invited, but couldn’t come. Which is why you want to know what we’re doing- you’re too arrogant to ask, and you’d like to be here right now, in my place. So stop pretending you don’t care.

16:45

FROM: MH

TO: SH

Who’s Jane?
Molly finds Sherlock sitting on a bench all alone. He has the little favor box with confetti and candies in his hands.

She smiles shyly down at him, ‘Hey...can I sit here?’

‘Yes...sure. Where’s Greg?’ Sherlock asks and she plops down.

‘Hmmm....He went back in.’ She absentmindedly checks her phone, ‘beautiful wedding, isn’t it?’

‘Yes’ he draws out and forces a smile, while sneaking a glimpse of her phone.
‘What’s this?’

‘Facebook.’

‘No I mean...this photo.’ Sherlock peers at her profile picture.

‘It’s me! That’s my profile pic.’ She smiles up at him.

‘That’s you?’ Sherlock looks at her, smiling.

‘Can I publish a photo of you?’
‘My photo? On facebook? Why?’

‘I like this one better. It’s from when we were getting out the car.’

‘Yes, Sherlock that’s lovely- thank you’ she smiles appreciatively.

‘Sure,’ he smiles without mirth, pops a candy into his mouth, and looks out at the gardens in front of him.

Molly’s attention is drawn away from her phone and back to Sherlock.

‘Are you okay?’

Sherlock continues to munch on the candy but gives her a deliberate nod. ‘Yes, why shouldn’t I be?’

‘I just...I mean….I know it can be di...’

Sherlock snaps at her; ‘Why do you all assume I’m not okay? Why do you insist on asking me if I’m okay? You think I’m sad, Lestrade thinks I’m sad, Mycroft thinks I’m on drugs. John Watson gets married and suddenly everyone thinks I’m depressed. That I’m not ‘okay’ and having suicidal thoughts or something. What the hell is going on in your funny little brains? Stop looking at me like I’m loser. You all think I care, you assume I wanted John back to Baker Street. When I never said anything about that. I never asked him to come back, I never wanted that. How do I make you all understand that I’m fine with John being married? Shall I shout it from the rooftops? Should hop around like a fool and throw this confetti at everyone? Do I need to get a sandwich board that proclaims, ‘I’M HAPPY JOHN WATSON GOT MARRIED!’? He has his life, I have mine. I don’t want him home complaining about experiments, cooking, watching crap telly, and bringing a panoply of women home. I must be alone. All I have is my work, my mind, and my violin, that’s all I need. So, you can stop treating me like an idiot. Stop thinking I should care about how ‘things have changed.’ The truth is that I don’t care, I just needed him as a colleague- that’s it. Stop comparing me
to you and your small brains!’

Molly gapes at him, bewildered. ‘O-o-okay…I’m…sorry Sherlock’ smiling nervously. She stands up and wobbles back to the ballroom hurriedly.

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Back in the reception hall, Mary’s friends are laughing, and joking with her and John. The orchestra is playing a marvelous set, and most of the guests are dancing and drinking with vigor. The atmosphere is positively electric with happiness.

Sherlock strides in and makes a beeline for Greg, he finds the D.I. sitting back at the table, a drink in his hand and an assassin’s smirk on his face.

‘Lestrade!’ he shouts over the din.

Greg gives him a puzzled glare, ‘Huh?’

‘We’re going out tonight!’

‘What? We’re already out Sherlock.’

Sherlock smiles one of his knowing grins.

‘Wait, Sherlock-why are you in such a good mood? Did somebody die?’

‘Mmmm no, I got a call from my homeless network.’

‘And?’

‘And…we’re going out tonight!’

‘Where to?’

‘KuClub!’

‘Never heard of it.’

Sherlock flashes an image on his phone to Greg.
‘Whoah, Sherlock why are you showing me porn?’

‘It’s not porn, it’s a gay club.’

‘So it’s gay porn.’

‘Why are you going to a gay club?’ Molly pipes in.

‘Adair met a man the day he died named Woodley, who works at the Ku Club in Tottenham. I booked a table for this evening.’

‘Me...and you-in a gay club?’

‘And John of course.’

Molly and Greg simultaneously shout, ‘What?’

‘Mary has to work! They’ll be off on their wedding holidays next week.’

‘Oh, well it’s called honeymoon, anyway. Wait, does John know he’ll spend his first night as a married man-in a gay club?’ Greg puts down his drink and crosses his arms.

‘Not yet.’
Greg quirks a small grin, Oh, I can’t wait to see his response.’ The three of them shift their eyes over to where John is laughing and generally enjoying himself.

‘John! JOHN!’ Sherlock shouts as he walks over and lightly grabs his shoulder and leans into him.

Greg and Molly can’t hear what he whispers into John’s ear, but they see him nodding intently before turning up a grin and a thumbs-up to Greg who looks baffled.

‘Oh my God, he’s agreeing to spend his first wedding night with me and Sherlock in a gay club.’ Greg says in utter disbelief.

‘Sounds more like a bachelor party,’ Molly titters in reply.

‘I’ll be sure to bring the camera!’ The two share a hearty laugh while watching Sherlock walk triumphantly back over to their table.
The queue of people waiting to enter in the club stretches around the block. John and Sherlock are to the door when John’s phone rings.

*(Incoming call-Greg)*

‘Greg! Yes, we’re here. There’s a long queue, I don’t know if—okay, okay.’ John turns toward Sherlock, ‘he’s coming.’

A typical, overly muscular bodyguard stands at the door checking the guests list and allowing certain people to enter in the club. Sherlock gives his name and are ushered inside. John walks in first, and Sherlock places a hand on shoulder. It’s early, but the club is already full revelers, music pumping loudly, forcing them to shout to hear each other

♫ [Soundtrack: *The Ku Club - Bang!*] ♪

John feels a rush of emotions, all of them excited as gives a little dance step, shakes his arms, and leans into Sherlock’s ear. ‘Should we act like a couple?’

Sherlock shrugs, ‘I don’t kn-‘

John grabs Sherlock, pulls him closer, smiles, and winks at him. ‘Like this, maybe?’

Sherlock smiles shyly and blushing, John’s grin widens.

OUTSIDE THE KU CLUB

Greg finally arrives at the door of the club.

The bodyguard stops him ‘Name’

‘Greg Lestrade’

‘I’m sorry, you’re not on the list. No entry.’

‘What…there must be a mistake, I…’

‘Sorry buddy, you’re not on the list. Please turn back and…’

‘Oi, I’m a detective inspector!’ Lestrade flashes his badge.

‘I couldn’t care less,’ the bodyguard replies annoyed.

‘I’m not here to dance, get drunk and hook up. Do you understand?’
'No'

‘Okay, can you just please check the list again?’

People behind Greg start complaining, and the bodyguard looks at Greg with disdain.

‘Le- what?’

‘Lestrade! Greg Lestrade!’

‘Gavin Lestrade?’

‘What?’

‘I have a Gavin Lestrade.’

Greg huffs out, ‘Yeah…that. It’s me,’ and is finally granted passage inside.

**INSIDE THE CLUB**

‘Over here,’ Sherlock jerks his head to the left, eyeing a velvet rope, ‘I booked a privèe.’

‘Wow, nice! This’ll be my night Sherlock! We’re going to have fun, I can feel it!’ John crows excitedly over the noisy thump of bass blaring throughout the club.

‘Yes, but remember, John- we’re here to investigate.’

‘Yeah, yeah, I know, but we have to blend in. You gotta relax!’

Sherlock nods, and mutters something John takes for an affirmation as he steers them toward the VIP section. John looks around at the sea of people, when a nearby man dances closer, a drink sloshing as he moves. He’s singing along with the music, but exaggerating the words as it’s too loud to hear himself.

‘Come here, baby, be my lollypop,

*I make it better, make the booty drop.*

John laughs and pulls Sherlock’s shoulder toward the dance floor. Sherlock balks at the suggestion, so John grabs both his hands and tries to drag him forcibly.

‘No! Not now, John!’

‘Come on, I love this song!’ John shakes his hips at Sherlock while the track plays on

*My baby makes me go doooooooooown doooooooooown*

Sherlock shakes his head, as a blush creeps up his neck, and jerks a thumb towards the privèe section. John sighs, but relents, and when they arrive, they find Greg lounging on a sofa. John waves a ‘hello’, and Sherlock elegantly folds beside him.

‘Where’s this man we’re looking for?’ Greg shouts in Sherlock’s ear.

‘He’s downstairs, singing karaoke.’
'Oh, we go check on him, yeah?’ Greg suggests and moves to get up. Sherlock dismisses him with a sharp hand motion.

‘No...not now. Later, just...relax!’ He commands no longer looking at the Inspector, but eyeing the club warily.

‘Alright. But, Oi! It’s Greg!’

‘Hmm?’

‘My NAME!’

John, who had been silently standing at parade rest in the entryway, finally joins in the conversation with a laugh ‘What did Sherlock put down?’

‘Gavin’

John laughs harder.

‘I almost didn’t make it in, that bouncer bloke didn’t want to let me!’

Greg is interrupted by the entrance of a waitress whose outfit leaves little to the imagination. After a few uncomfortable moments, he finally orders for the three of them. Rum, coke, and pear juice at Sherlock’s insistence. She quickly brings back a bottle of Castillo from Puerto Rico, and John wonders who’ll pay for the expensive bottle. His musings are silenced by Greg pouring shots. ‘To the Newlywed!’

‘Yeah, to me!’ John says with a huge smile, one that Sherlock tries (and fails) to emulate.

‘Cheers’ Sherlock utters before all three down the spicy liquid.

This process is repeated a few times by the three men, though by the fourth one they are running out of things to toast to, and start saluting random things they see until they are completely drunk.

1: 00 am

Sherlock says he needs to ‘gooooo’ but insists he can’t make it without John’s help. So, John reluctantly leads him to the bathroom.

‘SHERLOCK!’ John points excitedly at a stall door inside the room.

Sherlock slows turns towards John, tottering difficulty, he slowly replies, ‘What?’

‘This, this fackin bar has a door! Look! Look, that’s a door!’

John starts laughing hysterically ‘a door,’ he giggles while leaning against the remarkably unremarkable door.

Sherlock weaves back, and grabs the wall, struggling to stay upright as he laughs with John.

‘Oh Jesus! We…we’re drinking fuck…I mean, fucking drunk’ dragging his hand down his face.
Greg enters the bathroom, and strides quickly pass the giggling flat-mates, towards the sink and John slips into the stall.

Sherlock doesn’t see him as he watching John close the door behind him, and Greg starts washing his left arm, looking annoyed.

John opens the toilet door after a moment, and looks at Greg in confusion.

‘What the hell are you doing?’

Sherlock is snapped out of his dreams, and realizes Greg standing a few feet away. ‘What?’

‘Somebody spilled a drink on my arm!’ Greg mutters, as he continues scrubbing his arm.

‘Huh?’

‘I was dancing, when somebody pushed me and split their drink all over my arm!’

‘You were…what? Dancing?’ Sherlock and John look at each other and start laughing hysterically.

Sherlock slips a hand in Greg’s pocket, steals his phone, and takes a pic of him washing in the sink.

Greg looks up as the flash goes off, ‘what in the hell are you doing?’

1:15 am

FROM : GL

TO : MH

Attached photo

Sherlock stops laughing as John elbows Greg roughly to make room at the sink. ‘John, did you know that they FUCK each other?’ He slurs his words as he gestures towards Greg. ‘Mycroft and him.’


John just looks confused at the interaction, and reaches out a hand ‘Wait, what? Who’s Microsoft?’

Thinking he’s taking the piss, Greg shrugs of the hand, ‘Get off, you’re drunk!’

‘Perfect!’ Sherlock exclaims. ‘You two are drunk as hell- we should go downstairs now to met Woodley!’

This sends the flat-mates into another fit of giggles as they turn to leave the bathroom.

‘Sherlock!’

‘What, Greeeeeg?’

‘I’m going downstairs, meet me later when you two sober up. You’re supposed to be on the job! Even though I’m off the clock, you two aren’t!’
John nods at Greg’s receding back, and yells after him, ‘We’ll be right there!’

Greg trudges off downstairs to find Woodley as Sherlock and John stumbled back to the privé section.

'Hey John, JOHN! John you promised, we would dance!' 

'Yeah, alright Sherlock. I think we’re drunk enough now.'

Sherlock drags John to the dance floor without needing further encouragement, and though he didn’t recognize the music playing his hips immediately started moving with it rhythmically as he walked onto the dance floor.

♫ [*Soundtrack: The Ku Club - John & Sherlock on the dancefloor*] ♪

The large space is crammed with people bumping, and grinding on one another. Sherlock and John move into the throng, sticking close to each together. They weave around bodies until, they reach a small gap and grin drunkenly, while the song blasts them into movement. Their eyes are half closed, as their bodies sway to the beat, so close that their limbs brush against one another. John sings along with the vocalist while Sherlock watches his lips form the words,

You don’t see one person sitting down
They got drinks in their hands,
And the room’s a bust
At the end of the night maybe you’ll find love

‘I didn’t know you listened to this kind of music,’ Sherlock shouts into the shorter man’s ear.

‘It’s from the Great Gatsby!’ John yells back, putting a hand on Sherlock’s lower back.

‘Who?’ he drops an arm around John’s shoulder and they continue swaying together.

John laughs ‘Never mind.’

‘I suddenly have a terrible headache’ Sherlock touches his head for emphasis.

‘Yeah, I’m getting one too. I think I’m too old for this.’

‘Ugh. The room is now spinning.’

‘SAME!’

John slides his hand around Sherlock, encircling his waist and drawing him closer.

Sherlock’s head dips down until their noses are touching, wraps his arms around John’s shoulders, and closes his eyes. The loud music pulses like the crowd around them, but he can only feel John’s hands, his breath, as he sways to nuzzle his cheek.

Sherlock slowly lifts his head, opens his eyes and peers questioningly at John.

‘Hey’ John whispers softly. The sound gets lost, but Sherlock returns the smile that accompanies the intimate greeting.
Sherlock closes his eyes again, shuffles closer, and John does the same, until their bodies are pressed up against one another, arms wrapped firmly around their bodies. They are no longer moving to the rhythm of the music, but to their own internal one, it’s a slow, steady beat, one that is the polar opposite of their rabbit-like heartbeats.

John’s forehead is pressed solidly onto the side Sherlock’s jaw, until he pulls it back to look up at his best mates closed eyes.

‘J—john’ Sherlock murmurs.

Suddenly, a phone vibrates.

Sherlock’s eyes fly open, and he takes a step back disengaging the two.

‘Heh hey, must be Greg!’ John comments nervously, shoving his hand in his pocket:

FROM : MM
TO : JW
How’s the night going? :) I miss you!

Sherlock glances at the phone with annoyance, ‘Hmmm…it’s not Greg, it’s…’

But is cut off as Greg arrives, grabs his phone out of John’s hand and shouts, ‘What in the hell are you two doing?’

The two merely glance guiltily at each other.

‘Forget it, let’s just downstairs, I’ve found Woodley!’

Sherlock and John fall in step behind Greg, as he parts the crowd like a shark through flotsam.
Neither of them make further eye contact, embarrassment etched on their faces, and the three of them make their way down to the karaoke section of Ku.

‘Right there. See the man who’s shaking the metal tumbler?’

Sherlock nods as he spies Woodley.

‘Are you alright?’ Greg eyes Sherlock with genuine concern.

‘Yes. Lestrade, I’m fine.’

‘You sure?’

Sherlock merely nods again, tugs on his shirt and adjusts cuffs which don’t need adjusting, as he walks casually over to the side bar where Woodley’s working.

‘Pardon me?’

Woodley turns from the sea of bottles to the melodic and gravelly-voiced Sherlock.

‘Can I get you something? Handsome…’

‘Vodka martini, extra dirty.’
Woodley spins around and begins preparing the cocktail. Sherlock calls to the back of him ‘Did you know Adair?’

The man suddenly turns back to Sherlock and glares harshly at him.

‘You from the papers?’

‘Na. Just an…interested party. Did you see him the day he died?’

Woodley doesn’t answer, but continues to mix the martini. Once he’s done, he drops it in front of Sherlock, and rest his hands on the bar. He takes a long breath, obviously choosing his words carefully, ‘Yeah, maybe. Why?’

‘What did he tell you?’

‘Who the hell are you?’

Sherlock flashes Lestrade’s pilfered a badge

Woodley straightens up, his nostrils flare, as he takes a sharp inhale, ‘He…uh…we. We were friends.’

‘Friends?’

‘Uh…sort of…’

‘Well?’

‘He…umm… wanted me to. He had to meet up with this dude, and he wanted my help to….’

‘Kill him?’

‘No! Man I’m not like that. Fuck, no. And Adair didn’t want to kill anyone either. I mean he was afraid this guy would kill him, sure, but he wasn’t going to murder anyone!’

Sherlock narrows his eyes purposely at Woodley, making the man even more nervous.

‘Hey listen, I refused! Okay?! I didn’t want any trouble. Adair was a good guy and all, but when he got out of prison, this guy put a hit out on him. He told me we’d earn some serious cash if we found the dude first, but I knew it’d be nothing but trouble, so I turned him down.’

‘Did Adair tell you his name? This…man…who wanted him dead?’

‘Moran. He said his name was Sebastian Moran.’

Sherlock ends the conversation by pushing off the bar and heading back over to Greg and John. When a voice echoes over the music.

‘IT’S RHUMER TIME!!’ An ornately bejeweled, geisha drag queen with a microphone stands atop the karaoke stage, announcing the bar’s signature event. A throng of waiters stride out from the stage with trays full of rum and pear shots. One beelines toward Greg and John, and places a tray down on the table they’d managed to secure during Sherlock’s informal interrogation. They look up at Sherlock who arrives just after the drinks.

‘Did he know anything?’ Greg questioned up at him?
‘No, waste of time. So, how does it work?’

John catches his eye, thinking that Sherlock is hiding something, but decides not to say anything in front of Greg. ‘Oh, uh…first you shoot the silver rum, then chase it with the pear vodka.’ He says confidently.

No one questions how John knows this, but Greg pushes his hands away. ‘Wait, wait! I want to take a pic.’ He quickly hits the camera function on his mobile and laughs out, ‘I think we’ll need to remember this night.’
When he’s taken a sufficient number of grainy photos, he pockets the phone, picks up two shots, and juts his chin out in a motion that encourages Sherlock and John to do the same. ‘Okay boys, down the hatch!’ He raises up the little glass with rum, gulps it down and quickly follows with the vodka. ‘Jesus,’ he coughs out, ‘smooth.’

Sherlock and John share a nervous glance, but then simultaneous swallow their shots. John’s eyes bulge at the sharpness of the alcohol, and shakes his head in a failed effort to clear the fog that suddenly envelopes him. Sherlock isn’t used to the burning sensation hard liquor brings, and his head begins to throb, as bile threatens to surface.

While the shots quickly absorb into their bloodstreams, all three are frozen, until Greg slams a hand on the table ‘I think I’m going to vomit.’

‘Mmmm,’ Sherlock hums in agreement, which worries John.

‘You okay, Sherlock?’

‘Yes, I just…I’m fine,’ his rubs small circles over his temples, with his index fingers.

Greg shouts to the pair of them, ‘I’m find too, if anyone cares. Humpf-let’s go dance upstairs, it’s the only way to digest this shit.’

‘Upstairs?’ John asks in disbelief, ‘You want to willingly climb stairs?’

The insult draws sharp laughter from Sherlock, and the tension is immediately diffused as all three grown men devolve into a fit of giggles.

The announcer is back on the stage and interrupts their moment with a loud speech, ‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MOMENT YOU ALL HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR. THE KU CLUB KARAOKE CONTEST!’ The crowd erupts in enthusiastic applause, hoots and whistles.

Sherlock turns away from the stage and stares into John’s eyes, ‘Let’s go sing!’

‘What?’ John steps back unconsciously, ‘No!’

Greg clutches his sides laughing, ‘Oh YES!’

‘Come, John!’

John ‘no no no no no no no NO!’

Sherlock ignores the many protests, takes John’s hand and drags him across the floor, and up to the stage.

John ‘No, Sherlock, we’re fucking drunk!’ he titters, as his resolve is falters.

Sherlock ‘John, that’s exactly why we should do it.’

Greg, who has followed them, pulls out his phone, and laughs ‘Oh this is gonna be glorious.’

‘LET’S HEAR IT FOR OUR FIRST CONTESTANTS! GOOD EVENING GUYS! TELL US YOUR NAMES’ the MC demands at the microphone.

Sherlock hops up on the stage next to her, and says into the proffered mic, ‘Wayne...John Wayne.’

The crowd, including Greg, howl with laughter.
‘AND YOUR ADORABLE PARTNER HERE, WHAT’S HIS NAME?’

Without hesitation, Sherlock says, ‘Ronald Regan.’

‘HAHA, ALL RIGHT! LET’S HEAR WHAT BEAUTIFUL MUSIC YOU CAN MAKE TOGETHER!’

John snickers at the double entendre, but steps up onto the stage, and a second microphone, ‘Remind me to kill you later’ he mutters, but is quickly shushed by Sherlock.

On both the small TV in front of them, and the large screen behind them, the song title the big screen pops into view, it reads:.....
‘Oh dear God,’ John moans and covers his face with his free hand as the opening bars to music filter through the enormous speakers.

Sherlock starts singing into the mic, completely out of tune, but as loudly as possible.

‘At first I was afraid, I was petrified.

Kept thinking, I could never live without you by my side…’

Greg looks astonished at how well he knows the words, ‘Sweet mother of God.’

‘…But then I spent so many nights thinking, how you did me wrong

And I grew strong, and I learned how to get along!’

Sherlock slides the microphone into John’s hand before he can have second-thoughts. John starts singing; unbelievably, he’s even worse than Sherlock,

‘And so you’re back!

From outerspace…’

Greg takes a slew of photos with his phone, ‘I fuckin...can’t’ he laughs as he shoots

1:35 am
FROM : GL
TO : MH
Attached – photo

THIS IS THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE

1:36 am
FROM : MH
TO : GL

This cannot be real
1:37 am
FROM: GL
TO: MH
Attached – video

1:38
FROM: MH
TO: GL
Where the hell are you?

1:39
FROM: GL
TO: MH
My stomach hurts from laughing so hard

1:41
FROM: MH
TO: GL
I asked you a question. Where are you?

1:41 am
FROM: GL
TO: MH
John continues warbling:

‘Go on now go, walk out the door,
Just turn around now, ’cause you’re not welcome anymore,
Weren’t you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye,
You think I’d crumble? You think I’d lay down and die? ‘

Until Sherlock takes back the microphone:

‘Oh no not IIIII, I will survive,
Oh as long as I know how to love I know I’ll stay alive,
I’ve got all my life to live I’ve got all my love to give,
And I’ll survive, I will survive,
hey heyyyyyyyyyyyyy’

The entire crowd is now clapping, and stomping with the beat and singing along with the two terrible singers.

1:43 am
FROM : MH
TO : GL

What are you doing in a gay club? Why is my brother drunk and sending photos of you in a toilet?
Why is he singing I will survive?

Meanwhile, John’s back at the mic, still doing a terrible job, and still staring into Sherlock’s eyes.
‘And trying hard to mend the pieces of my broken heart,
And I spent oh so many nights just feeling sorry for myself,
I used to cry, but now I hold my head up high,
And you'll see me, somebody new,
I'm not that chained up little person still in love with you,
And so you felt like droppin' in and just expect me to be free,
Now I'm savin' all my lovin' for someone who's lovin' me.’

Greg whistles and claps profusely as the music ends.

Sherlock bows with his left hand on his chest and right hand out to the crowd in a pompous gesture, while John just stands their awkwardly.

‘BRAVO!’ Greg shouts, before whistling in approval.

John tugs lightly at Sherlock to get him off the stage, the pair of them laughing hysterically.

Greg is still clapping when they pull up to him ‘Guys, we should do this every weekend!’ he says with conviction.

John does not agree, ‘Do you want me dead?’

Sherlock ignores them both, and looks at the bar, Woodley is nowhere to be found.

‘Hey, Woodley’s gone’

John and Greg turn toward the bar ‘What?’

‘Let’s go!’

Sherlock sprints toward the bar, John follows on his heels as always, as they turn right into a hallway.

‘Sherlock! These are all staff rooms only back here.’

‘I think he left through a secondary exit, it must be here somewhere.’ Sherlock spins around, quickly scrutinizing each doorway.

Suddenly a man with a hand truck walks out one of the doors, and Sherlock grabs John by his shoulder and pushes him against the wall, bringing his mouth toward John’s neck.

John ‘Sherlock, wha…’

‘Shhhh…relax.’

The man turns towards to them as, Sherlock starts kissing John’s neck. He licks a stripe along his throat, and reaches down with a hand to John’s ass, wrapping the other one around his waist.

John can’t stop himself from moaning, his mouth falls slack as he murmurs, ‘Sher…ohh…’

The worker with the hand truck, thankfully, walks past them and exits the hallway. Sherlock continues kissing and licking John’s neck; who’s now semi-hard. John flutters his eyes open, wishing he could tell Sherlock to stop, but he can’t bring himself to do it. We’re acting, it’s not real, he thinks.

Sherlock finally raises his head and peers over his shoulder after the worker. His lips are cherry red, and puffy from suckling on John. He hardly breathes, as John studies his profile; his messy curls, the
aroma of alcohol wafting around them. His hands are still clasped protectively around John, who finally returns the gesture and puts his own on Sherlock’s waist, and continues to stare openly at him. John feels so relaxed, and comfortable, his eyes half-closed- smiles up at Sherlock.

‘Good. He’s gone.’ Sherlock says softly.

John still drunkenly grinning at him, ‘I’m sorry, who?’

Sherlock turns back towards him, their faces only inches apart.

‘The employee.’ Sherlock whispers

‘Ahhhhh’ John chuckles.

Sherlock squints down at John, ‘Mmm, you’re still drunk.’

‘So you are.’

Sherlock smiles silently at the backwards statement.

John brushes a hand along Sherlock’s right cheek ‘Why did you stop?’

Sherlock blanks his face, but doesn’t reply. John closes his eyes, leans up, and onto his toes to rub his nose across Sherlock’s cheek.

At the nuzzle Sherlock eyes go wide, and he stammers out quietly, ‘we…uh. We sh-should go now John.’

‘Why?’ John says still running his nose along Sherlock’s epic cheekbones.

John’s mouth quirks into a lazy grin, and pulls at Sherlock’s waist, so that they’re pressed up against one another.

‘J---John?’

‘What?’

John wraps his arms tighter.

‘We’re drunk.’

‘It doesn’t matter.’ John turns his head to align his lips up with Sherlock’s. They share a breath, Sherlock shifts his weight nervously, as a shiver runs down his spine. He closes his eyes to regain some semblance of control. ‘John.’

Before he could close the minute space between their lips, a man is thumping down the hallway towards them, Sherlock and John’s heads whirl at the sound, it’s Woodley. Without a word, they both start running after him. They follow him through a marked exit door, jumping on a garbage bins and climbing walls in hot pursuit. Until they find themselves in racing through Piccadilly, Woodley glances back at them before disappearing.

‘RIGHT, John! Turn right! There’s a byway.’

They wheel to the right, and race down a pathway, before turning left on Regent’s Street.

John is quickly running out of breath, and huffs though sharp inhales, ‘I can’t see him anymore,
Sherlock!

‘He took that cab!’ Sherlock points a bare finger at the black car, and they head straight in front of it, forcing the cab to stop in the middle of the street. They can see the driver yelling at them through the windshield, but they ignore him as they fling open the door. Which causes two women to start screaming their heads off.

‘No, no, no! Sorry! I’m so sorry!’ John sputters an apology at them, ‘we’re from the police...sort of...’ The women stop their hysterics, as Sherlock flashes police credentials. ‘Everything alright?’

The two women nod in astonishment, Sherlock and John close the door, and slowly make their way to the sidewalk.

‘You still do it, don’t you?’

‘What?’

‘Pickpocket Lestrade,’ John laughs.

‘I’ll stop pickpocketing him when he stops being annoying.’

‘What do you think he’s doing now?’

Sherlock doesn’t answer, but turns back and the two men head into the club again. They make their way into the Karaoke bar section, but the D.I. is nowhere in sight.

‘He’s gone. We won’t find him here. Or Woodley for that matter.’ Sherlock says confidently.

John nods, ‘Hey, why do you think Adair bolted?’

‘He was scared, and probably got a call.’

‘Did he tell you anything about the man who met Adair?’

‘Nothing too important…’

‘Ah..okay.’

‘Merely, his name.’ Sherlock smirks at John.

John stops scanning the club, ‘Really?’

Something catches Sherlock’s eyes up on the stage and John follows his gaze. ‘No!’

The strains of an 80’s keyboard ring out along with a slurred and painful imitation of Stevie Wonder.

‘No New Year's Daaaaaaay to celebraaaaate
No chocolate covered candy hearts to give awaaaaaaaaay
No first of spriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing
No song tooooo siing
In fact here's just aaaaanother ooooordinaaaay day’

Greg is propped up on the mic stand, leaning heavily on it before staggering around the stage singing with his eyes tightly shut.
‘No April raaaaain
No flowers bloom
No wedding Saturday within the month of June
But what it is, is something true
Made up of these three words that I must say to you’

John turns back to the barman ‘How many drinks has he had?’

Barman : ‘I lost count,’ he shrugs and walks to another customer excitedly flagging him down.

2: 12 am

FROM : SH

TO : Mycroft, Molly, Anderson, Donovan, Mrs Hudson

See attached video

‘I just caaaaaalled to sayyyyy I looooove youuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
I just caaaaaaaaaalled to say how much I caaaaaaaaaaaaaaare’

John smiles widely at the clearly wasted detective, ‘This night’s going much better than I expected.’

2 : 45 am

John and Greg are slumped on a sofa in the priveè. A drink in each of their hands. ‘Hey, where’s Shhhlock?’ he slurs out.

‘I dunno, he was here two minutes ago. Maybe he went into the toilet?’ John answers leaning back into the plush cushions, but then decides he better go check on his friend, and lurches towards the back of the club.

Sherlock was in fact hiding out in the bathroom. He leans his forehead against the cool metal door, slamming his eyes closed, in an effort to quell the strong urge to vomit.

John arrives and sees Sherlock trying to stand still, now swaying beside one of the sinks.

‘Sherlock?’

Sherlock smiles and nods, his lids half drawn.

‘Are you okay?’

‘Y…yes.’

‘I think we should go now.’

‘I’m FINE!’ he shouts.

John stares confusedly at him, ‘okay! But it’s 3 am. We found and talked to Woodley. We’re all drunk…I think it’s time to go home, Sherlock.’
Sherlock looks up at himself in the mirror. ‘Where’s Lestrade?’

‘He’s waiting for us, come on.’ John guides Sherlock with a hand on his back, looking at him a bit worried.

‘Are you sure, you’re okay?’

‘Yes. Fine.’

‘Did you drink anything when we came back upstairs?’

‘No, John…I’m okay.’

‘Sure? You look pretty dazed.’

They walk out of the bathroom together, see Greg waiting near the exit door, and he walks toward them ‘Are you okay, Sherlock?’

Sherlock replies with an annoyed ‘yessss!’

Greg just stares for a moment before turning to John, and whispering ‘what?’

John shrugs ‘I think he threw up.’

They leave the club together, Greg hails them a cab, steps in, and John helps a stumbling Sherlock get in the back.

3:00 AM

IN THE CAB

Sherlock’s rests his head against the backseat of the cab, his eyes fully closed, and mutters something unintelligible. Greg and John are whispering, heads together. Greg looks over guardedly at Sherlock, ‘So, he threw up?’

‘Yes, I believe so.’

‘Did he have another drink or…anything else?’

‘No…I was with you. I don’t know…he’s probably just a bit nauseated, you know how much we’ve drunk tonight.’

‘Yes. Indeed I do.’ Greg runs a hand over his face, feeling the rough stubble already creeping through. ‘So, what he was doing in the toilet then?’

‘He was throwing up!’

‘You didn’t see…anything?’

‘What do you mean Greg?’

‘I mean, when you walked in, did you see him throwing up? Was… there anything in the toilet?’

‘No…He…what are you implying?’
‘Nothing! Nothing…just asking, you know?’

John turns to stare out the window, rolling Greg words around his mind.

‘Be specific Greg.’

‘I…you know if?’

‘Do you know something I don’t, Greg?’

‘Huh?’

‘I mean about Sherlock. D’you, you and Mycroft maybe? I don’t know…’

‘No…it’s, never mind John. Everything’s all right.’

The sit in uncomfortable silence for a moment. Both glancing over at sleeping Sherlock.

‘Greg, I’ve just come back. I—I don’t know anything about Sherlock’s life from the past two years, and….yes, while I’ve come back to work with him, he doesn’t talk to me. You know him, you know he, he just…’

‘He just what?’

‘I mean….I don’t know what he’s doing. What his life’s like now? I don’t live with him anymore, and it’s different now, you know? I can’t look after him like I did before. It’s hard for me to know what he does and how he spends his time every day, except…..you know, when we’re solving cases. I just meet him outside Baker Street, and we head out to investigate. But, I’ve been so busy with the wedding, I honestly didn’t, I didn’t have much time to be with him and talk, just us.’

‘I know. I understand…don’t worry, you don’t have to…apologize.’

‘I’m not apologizing…I’m just…realizing now that maybe he did take something. I wouldn’t have considered it before, but now…’ he trailed off, looking forlornly over at Sherlock. ‘It was hard to understand him even when we lived together. And it’s even harder now that we live apart from one another.’

‘John, don’t worry. It’s all fine…I…you know sometimes Mycroft asks me to…look after him and….I do. He’s been alright, and as far I know he’s clean.’

‘Well, I hope so.’ John giggles, dipping a hand into Sherlock's coat pocket, and taking out Lestrade's badge ‘That explains why he still pickpockets you!’

Greg takes the ID and chuckles at the sneaky and still sleeping bastard. Before he can say anything else the cab stops in front of his house. He totters out, and John calls out softly, ‘Goodnight Greg.’

‘Will you…take him home?’

‘Yes, don’t worry. I’ll take care of him.’

‘Okay, see you then. Night John.’

3 : 20 am

FROM : GL
TO : MH

John will bring him home, he’ll be fine tomorrow morning.

3:22 am

FROM : MH

TO : GL

Are you sure he was okay?

3 : 24 AM

FROM : GL

TO : MH

Yes, he was, don’t be worried.

3 : 25 am

FROM : MH

TO : GL

Thank you.

After 15 minutes, Lestrade gets one last message from Mycroft.

3 : 40 am

FROM : MH

TO : GL

Stevie Wonder??? Seriously?

3 : 45 am - 221b Baker Street

John struggles to climb the stairs, half-carrying Sherlock, whose got an arm slung loosely around John’s shoulder.

‘AT FIRST I WAS AFRAAAAAAAAайд I WAS PETRIFИEEEEEEEEEED,’ Sherlock sings at the top of his lungs.

‘Sherlock, shush...please, we’ve got to collaborate!’ John chest begins heaving from the effort of
dragging the much taller man up the flight of stairs.

‘KEPT THINKING I COULD NEVER LIIIVVEE WITHOUT YOU BY MY SIIIDESEE.’

Sherlock shoves his mouth against John’s neck, still singing at an embarrassing volume.

‘BUT THEN I SPENT SO MANY NIGHTS THINKING HOW YOU DID ME WRONG AND I GREWWW STROOONG.’

‘Sherlock-please! Please, stop!’ John says in between bursts of laughter.

‘AND I LEARNED HOOWWW TO GET ALOOONG.’

‘Sherlock! That tickles! Come on, stop.’ Though John’s still laughing.

‘Interesting, it tickles on the left side of your neck, and yet, when my lips are on the right side- you become aroused.’

‘SHERLOCK!’ John pulls away sharply from Sherlock, who stares back bewildered.

Sherlock merely smiles at him, and closes his eyes.

They stumble into the living room, John gently pushes Sherlock away, untangling their limbs. The taller man steps quickly toward the sofa, and flops down on, face-first into a cushion. While John, now exhausted, takes in a deep breath.

‘Sherlock, come on! Your room’s just two feet away from here.’

Sherlock grunts in reply.

‘Do you really want to sleep here on the sofa?’

‘Yes.’

‘Okay…nice to know some things never change.’ John sits down on the arm of sofa near his head. ‘Sherlock?’ he says in a low voice.

Sherlock grunts again from his place in the pillow

‘Sherlock…did you take drugs? When you were in the toilet?’

‘Mmmmmmmmm.’

‘Sherlock….’ John reaches out, and grabs a shoulder in an effort to turn Sherlock over.

‘Mmmmmmmmm, I’m fine.’

‘Sherlock! Did you take any drugs?’

Sherlock turns slowly over, takes a deep breath, and screws up his eyes,

‘I WILLLL SUUUUURVIIIIIIIIIVEEEEEE.’

John looks down at him, and gently smiles. ‘You couldn’t have chosen a better autobiographical song.’

‘We sang it wrong! I was supposed to sing the part, ‘you’re the one, who tried to hurt me with
goodbye, did ya think I’d crumble, did you think I’d lay down and dieeee?’

John laughs again, ‘what? No, no, that part was mine! I had to sing it! You left me!’

‘You left me!’ Sherlock watches, as John gets off his perch and kneels next to him. He reaches out to touch John’s hands.

‘No! You left me! I would have followed you through that damn building if only I had known…’ John’s voice cracks nervously. Sherlock looks at John, who’s now bent over him, and cannot bring himself to respond.

‘I…I knew it. That’s why I never told you anything.’

‘Yes,’ John coughs out. Then lowers his voice again, softening it. His fingers twine with Sherlock’s. ‘But we would have been together.’

‘No.’

‘Yes.’

‘No!’

John, breaks eye contact, and pulls his hands back. Clearing his throat, ‘I uh… I think we chose the worst moment to talk about this.’

Sherlock just stares at him for a long moment. Then says, ‘It’s. Fine.’ Sherlock turns his face toward the pillow again.

John stands and gazes longingly at the pale man; his arm on the floor, his curly mop of hair, his face shoved into the pillow. ‘Are you going to be okay?’

‘Mmmm.’

‘If you need anything. Anything at all, you can call me. Okay?’ John sucks in a quick breath to steady his nerves, then swoops down to hug Sherlock from behind. Sherlock’s eyes spring open, and every muscle in his body freezes and John settles down into the sofa, effectively spooning him.

‘I mean it.’ He turns his head toward Sherlock shoulder ‘The fact that I’m married now…it means nothing. You can still have me. I still care about you, and just because we don’t live together anymore, it means nothing. I’m yours if you need me. I…I haven’t changed you know, I’m still the same man you left over two years ago. I haven’t changed, Sherlock.

‘You haven’t. But things…things change, John.’

John doesn’t reply for a while, as he clings to the back of him. Silently listening to the steady inhale of his breath and the flutter of his rapid heartbeat.

‘Can I stay here tonight?’

‘Okay.’

‘Will that bother you?’ John whispers into Sherlock’s exposed ear, his arms shifts to rest on Sherlock’s belly.

‘No.’ Sherlock’s fingers stroke gently across John’s hand. ‘It’s fine.’
John brushes a soft kiss to the back of Sherlock’s neck, takes a breath, and closes his eyes. They fall asleep nestled together on the sofa.

**The next morning**

Sherlock is aware of Mrs. Hudson’s voice filtering from downstairs. His phone is in his hand, he’s got a text.

9:56 AM
FROM: Lestrade
TO: SH

Sending my video to everyone was funny, really funny. Bravo!

After reading it, he realizes that John’s gone. He’s alone on the sofa, the sun’s rays filtering though the open curtains as his phone buzzes again.

9:57 AM
FROM: Lestrade
TO: SH

I put your video on facebook. HAHA!

Sherlock sits up, glances around, searching for John. When he is no sign of him, he takes a few deep breath.

9:59 AM
FROM: Lestrade
TO: SH

You are famous! It got 24 likes and 15 shares in 4 minutes.

The room appears to be spinning, and his stomach lurches as he sits upright. He pauses for a moment, trying to work up the energy to stand and make his way to the bathroom which he desperately needs.

10:02 AM
FROM: Molly
TO: SH
I didn’t know you could sing, too!! :) lovely performance!! You were cute *___*

He stands up, still clutching the phone, though his sight is still a bit blurry, and falters in his quest for the toilet. He makes to the kitchen table before the phone trills again.

10:03 AM

FROM: Donovan

TO: SH

What a talent! Are you going to X Factor this year, freak? LOOOOOL

He gives in and flops down unto the chair. Takes a breath to try and steady himself. He flips open a laptop, and waits for it to power on. In the meantime he reaches up to cover his eyes with both hands. Mrs. Hudson chooses that moment to walk in.

‘Sherloock! Good morning! How are you dear?’

Sherlock raises his head; his eyes still half-closed, voice deep, and hoarse from yesterdays’ drinks.

‘I’m fine Mrs. Hudson.’

‘Did you go to Mr. Parker’s pub last night?’

Sherlock doesn’t reply, but his hands fly up to his face again.

‘I watched the video of your friend Greg, it was lovely! Lovely!’ She moves into the kitchen, and puts the kettle on. ’Mr. Parker has a lovely pub, and I know they usually do a karaoke night on Sunday. My friends always go there, and they have so much fun! You know they asked me to go, but I’m too shy to sing! On Saturday there’s a bingo night, but I don’t like those games, they’re so boring, aren’t they?’ She laughs.

Mrs. Hudson continues talking, but Sherlock doesn’t hear a word she says. He’s too preoccupied, staring at the laptop screen:
Sherlock blushes at the website, his heart throbbing.

His phones buzzes the notification of an SMS, he looks down at the phone still in his hand.

10 : 04 AM

FROM : Anderson

TO : SH

If you sang a higher note, only dogs would hear you, which would be ok.
‘LESTRADE!’ Sherlock shouts in annoyance, startling Mrs. Hudson out of her patter.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED

Chapter Notes

I suggest to listen to the songs I give during the reading, it's helpful to understand the scene better, don't forget this: to listen to the song you should click with the right button and click on 'open link in a new window'. Enjoy it! :) 
First of all, thanks to Queersherlockian and Daggerlamb, my beta readers.

SCOTLAND YARD. 10 : 45 AM

Sherlock walks in briskly, his gait causing those present to stifle giggles. Even Donovan cannot refrain from loudly laughing, whilst attempting to gossip with a fellow colleague. Anderson jumps up from his desk chair, throwing his arms out with a wide toothy grin. He sings 'I will suuuurviiveeee!' The office personnel holler back with cackles. Sherlock, embarrassed, rolls his eyes and huffs. He runs quickly towards Lestrade’s office.

‘Inspector!’ Sherlock shouts, walking in the office, slamming the door behind him.

‘Good Morning!’ Lestrade sarcastically replies, as he munches on his breakfast. He sits at his desk, crumbs scattered about, with his computer loading. Upon watching Sherlock slam the door he lets out a, ‘What the hell?’

NO, NO, NO, NO, WAIT! What did you do last night? Everyone in the office watched that video!’

‘I was drunk!’

‘Well, me too!’

‘When? This morning? When you decided to publish my video on Facebook?’

‘Yeah, most likely.’

‘Delete it! Right this instant!’

‘No.’

‘I said delete it!’

Everyone has already watched, downloaded and emailed the thing round...’ Lestrade's voice quietens, as guilt tugs his brows down and his lips assault the last of his coffee.

Thankfully, John chooses the next moment to make an entrance into the office. Breaking some of the tangible tension, and gives an overly chipper, ‘Hello!’

Sherlock, grumbling, sits huffily into the chair in front of Lestrade’s desk.

Lestrade turns back towards his monitor, stifling a giggle.

‘Could you please stop laughing?’
Lestrade put his hands over his reddening face, attempting to hide his mirth.

‘Well, your performance wasn’t better than mine. You even stumbled around the stage with your eyes closed!’

John approaches the chair near Sherlock, smirking, ‘I remember Sinatra sang like that.’

Sherlock laughs in reply.

‘Okay, okay, girls. Stop it now! I didn’t invite you here to talk about this.’

‘Got anything interesting?’ John asks.

Lestrade rotates the monitor screen towards Sherlock, and his face tenses into seriousness.

‘This.’
A puzzled look flashes quickly across Sherlock face, before being wiped clean into his usual mask of haughtiness.

‘Dead? Moran is dead? How?’

‘The 28th of October…three days after Reichenbach, his body was found badly burnt. We were only able to I.D. him from a partially melted credit card.’

John, shifted his gaze rapidly between the computer and Sherlock, ‘but…HOW? I mean, why was Adair looking for a dead man?’ He steps forwards to get a closer glimpse of the document.
Lestrade, bit his lower lip, and drawled out thoughtfully, ‘I have…no idea.’

Silence permeates throughout the room.

Sherlock, unsure as to what to say, releases a baffled snort.

‘Well, what the hell are we coming up with?’ John asks pensively.

Lestrade stumbles, ‘I don’t know, I-‘

‘The message!’ Sherlock suddenly snaps, he stands up, prowling toward the door.

‘What message?’ John chirps to his back.

Lestrade hastily follows Sherlock out of the office, his chair swirling as he rises. He calls out, ‘Wait Sherlock! I don’t know what you’re talking about.’

‘We’re going to Tanaka; to get the code Adair gave him. It’s time now! I know there’s something in that message that can help us.’

‘Do you think Tanaka is still here in town?’

‘Yes, obviously, he won’t flee. Tanaka cared about his friend too much to leave London. I bet he’s investigating, just like us.’ He smirks and abruptly steps out of the office tossing a “John!” over his shoulder.

‘Coming!!’ John runs after him, through the halls of Scotland Yard.

Eyes follow John as he runs after Sherlock though the halls of Scotland Yard. One voice rings out, ‘Your singing was great yesterday, John!’ Sally Donovan trills as he races out the front doors.

OUTSIDE SCOTLAND YARD

By the time John makes it to Sherlock, the consulting detective has a cheerful glow about him.

‘You are enjoying this, aren’t you?’ John says, looking out onto the bustling street.

‘He’s…clever.’

‘Moran?’

‘Yes.’

‘And we know how you fall in love with the smart-arses.’

‘Cab!’

John smiles with the satisfaction of ‘getting’ to Sherlock, as they both board the cab.

‘Where are we going now, Sherlock? James Tanaka’s bar?’

‘No, don’t be silly. We’re going to Japan Town.’

The cab brings them to North London, they exit, and walk past a blocks of Japanese stores and restaurants. Sherlock stops suddenly, and heads towards a garage.

A young man in oil-stained clothes is chatting animatedly with a couple of guys. The moment
Sherlock and John walk in, the men end their discussion, and collectively look at them with contempt.

‘Oi, who are you?’

‘James’ friends. Say, where is your brother?’

John glances rather bewilderedly at Sherlock before clearing his throat and acquiring a more stoic visage.

‘He’s upstairs,’ one of them gestures with a large wrench.

‘Tell him I need the letter.’

The man places the wrench onto a nearby tool table. ‘I’m coming,’ he whispers at his friends. Then he walks up short staircase in the far left corner of the garage, slamming the door at the top shut once he has passed through.

‘H--how did you know he’s Tanaka’s brother?’ John mumbles, trying to be discrete, as the rest of the crew stares daggers at them.

‘Obvious, he--.’

Before Sherlock can finish, Tanaka charges into the room looking suspicious, and angry.

‘What are you doing here?’ he asks harshly.

‘We require the letter.’ Sherlock retorts.

Tanaka looks back at his brother, nods at him, and the brother nudges the arms of the other men and the small band trudge out the front door, shutting it firmly behind them.

While the group is leaving, Tanaka kneels down on the ground and simultaneously flips out a knife, which he uses on a tile. Sherlock watches him intently, ‘Adair met a man, Sebastian Moran, the day he died, and he’s probably the one who killed him.’

‘But Moran’s dead, he was found dead two years ago.’ John eagerly contributes.

‘What do you know about him?’ Sherlock says as Tanaka and his knife lift up the tile piece.

‘Never heard of that name before.’ He pulls out a folded slip of paper.

‘Do you know Woodley?’ Sherlock demands, hands clenching in anticipation of reading the letters contents.

‘Yes’ he fixes the slab back in place and slits the seal of the letter with spine of the blade.

What of it?’

‘He’s a petty thief.’

‘He’s a barman at the Ku club.’

‘Yes, I know, but he’s also good at making money appear out of nowhere.’

‘What do you mean?’ Sherlock asks.
‘Why do you think Adair wanted Woodley to kill Moran?’ Tanaka finally hands the letter to Sherlock’s greedy hands.

‘He was smart?’ Sherlock replies sarcastically.

‘He knew how these things worked. He wanted somebody smart enough to kill Moran, split the loot, and then fly away.’

‘And why do you think Woodley refused?’

‘He probably didn’t offer him enough cash.’

At that, Sherlock delicately opens the letter, revealing the written contents to his bright eyes.

**J A C K T H E T I G E R**

Surprise sweeps across Sherlock’s pale facet.

‘That’s it?’ John asks cracking a nervous laugh as he leans round to read, ‘That is all there is?’

‘What did you expect? Name, address, and the killer’s arm?’

‘Jack the tiger.’ Sherlock incoherently mumbles to himself.

‘Do you think Woodley lied, when he said Adair was going to meet Moran?’

‘No, he told the truth.’

‘Why would Adair go to meet a man, who died two years ago? There’s not much sense in this. Do you think he used a fake name or something… something else? Probably Moran - he is likely the man the gang would be after, after Moriarty’s death.’

Tanaka disagreeably shakes his head ‘There’s a Japanese proverb: *Not all the dead are buried.*’

Sherlock tightly shuts his eyes, nose scrunching.

‘Huh? What do you m-’

‘That Moran is not dead!’ Sherlock yells.

‘I’m sorry?’ John shifts away from the enraged man.

‘He’s still alive, obviously!’

‘Wh-’

‘He faked his death, John! Just like me, he didn’t really die. He’s still alive!’ Sherlock grabs at John’s shoulders. ‘Do you know what this means?’

‘That every killer out there is a your fans?’ John says with a grin.

‘That Moran killed Adair, that he’s still in London, and he’s looking for me.’

‘Oh, yes, of course. Brilliant.’

‘He is also using an alias.’
'A fake name.'

'Obviously!'

'Yep, right, obviously....'

Sherlock turns decisively and proceeds to run out the front door, elbowing the men on the other side. John is frozen in confusion, holding the letter, while staring at Sherlock’s fleeting form, ‘Sher—aahh! Why is he always so hysterical?’

Politely, John shortly wishes Tanaka well, ‘Thank you for your help.’ Afterwards, he races to catch up with Sherlock.

At the doorway Tanaka calls out one last pleasantry ‘If you need help you know where you can find me.

INAMO RESTAURANT, SOHO, 12:35 PM

John tucks into his steaming plate with glee, and rehashes what he knows at Sherlock, with a mouthful of something he can’t pronounce.

‘So, Moriarty dies. Adair, one of his gang members, is then sent to prison in Kent the next day. The police can’t find Moran for two days, until they attribute a burn death to him. The kicker is, he’s not actually Moran, probably somebody from Moriarty’s gang though. Meanwhile, the real Moran changes his entire identity, face, name, and stalks into London. Then two years after Adair comes back to London to meet Moran, but is afraid Moran will kill him, so he leaves a message with his friend Tanaka in his hotel room ‘Jack the Tiger’, and few hours later, Adair is found dead.’

‘Exactly,’ Sherlock answers smiling smoothly.

‘But why kill him? I mean…’ he swallows, ‘Who was the man found burnt dead and why did Moran kill him?’

‘They probably had to tie up loose ends.’

John looks at Sherlock, not understanding, ‘Money?’

‘Moriarty’s gang were likely expecting to earn a certain amount if they were able to succeed in killing me. In a way it was Moriarty himself that did so.’

‘Or, at least, that’s how you seemed.’

‘Yes.’

‘For two years.’ John indignantly adds.

Sherlock stares at John, discharging false laughter.

‘And so, Adair comes out of prison, wanting to meet Moran. Wanting to have his portion of the reward, but Moran kills him.’

Sherlock nods, ‘Hmm, probably.’

‘Things are becoming clearer now.’

Sherlock unfolds the letter again, repeatedly rereading.
'What do you think it means? Jack the Tiger.' John asks gulping a glass of beer.

'Jack Inn London?'

'The hotel?'

Sherlock hums, 'Possibly.' He crosses his arms, smiling at John. Sherlock queries, 'How is lunch?'

'Good.'

'I'm hungry.'

'Hungry - you?' John exclaims, eyes wide.

Sherlock steals John’s fork from his warm grasp, venturing, 'Could I try-'

John’s phone rings.

(Incoming Call – Mary)

'H-hello, hey, yes – one moment dear.' John stands up and walks out.

Sherlock sighs, digging the fork into the food. He shovels the meal around on the plate, refraining from actually consuming the contents.

John returns momentarily to grab his drink. After taking a quick sip, he gestures to Sherlock and the meal, saying, ‘Try it, it is good.’ Then, drink still in hand, he leaves. The door creaks in his wake.

‘By the time you finish the call your lunch will be cold.’ Sherlock calls, hoping his bold voice would breach the wood and walls.

The waiter attends to their table, timidly asking, ‘Would you like another drink sir?’

‘Anata, Arigato!’ Sherlock happily announces, grinning at the waiter.
BAKER STREET - 11:23 PM

A strong wind prowls about outside, knocking on doors and shaking weakened window frames, but the crackling fire warms the living room. Sherlock stands stout, his dressing gown laced about his waist. He clutches his violin, gazing at the frosted glass of the window. Ignoring the setting beyond, neglecting to recognise his reflection, Sherlock stares unseeing.

‘Sherlock,’ a honeyed voice calls into the flat. Mrs Hudson gently knocks upon the front door, shyly waltzing in, ‘O-oh!’ Sherlock turns toward her, beckoning her to join him with a sweet smile.

‘Are you playing?’

‘Mmmm.’ Sherlock lowers the violin, laying the instrument upon the nearby table.

‘Anything interesting?’

‘Anything interesting?’ Mrs Hudson asks, walking into the kitchen and flicking the switch of the
kettle.
Sherlock turns a page of the sheet music. Mrs. Hudson continues into the kitchen, puts the kettle on, and pulls out some chamomile. Searching for the mugs, hoping to avoid experiments, Mrs Hudson begins to prepare the base of the chamomile tea.

‘Are you bored dear? Weren’t you busy with that...case with John?’

Lowly, Sherlock confesses, ‘Yes.’

‘Did you sort it all out?’

‘N-no… not yet.’

‘Oh, well that’s nice dear. It’ll be something to keep you going until the next shows up at least.’

Sherlock starts playing his violin.

‘So, why are you bored, my dear?’

Sherlock does not answer, continuing to play.

Mrs Hudson adds sugar and aims to leave with her own cup, leaving a spare steaming one for him. She hopes terribly that the heat will draw him away from his mood.

‘Goodnight Sherlock’ she wishes. Still, he lays out no reply. The cords are the only infliction he gifts the home this moment. Mrs Hudson, sighing, closes the door behind her. Sherlock abruptly stops playing. Huffing, he turns the sheet music page once more. He stands statuesque, gazing at the notes. He thinks. Taking up the bow again, tying it to the violin, he continues thee hunting tirade. He plays.

The door rings.

Sherlock stops. He raises his left eyebrow, whispering achingly, ‘Client?’

He quickly puts the violin down on the sofa, and runs down the stairs.

As he hurriedly pulls the door open, a gust of wind invades the entryway, shaking his curls.

He stands, astonished, with wide eyes. Gaping, he splutters clumsily, ‘y-y, you?’

‘Hi.’ He returns, peering round Sherlock’s tall figure and into the house with a smile.

Sherlock is petrified.

‘You look surprised’ he remarks, his smile dimming a little.

‘I--’

JOHN’S HOUSE - 8:30 AM

SMS sent at 11:12 pm
FROM : Sherlock
TO: John

Scotland Yard: tomorrow morning. We need Lestrade.

John hears the medley of his phone, waking up. Stretching his arms and opening his eyes, he takes the phone in hand, reading the SMS.

Cursing, John stretches again. He attempts to call Sherlock, but there is no answer.

FROM: John

To: Sherlock

Are you at Scotland Yard now or shall I come to Baker Street first?

Still, even after waiting for a while, there is no reply.

John dresses with worry, downing a cup of tea. He calls Mary, as he hastily fries an egg to go along with his buttered burnt toast.

Eating a rusk with jam ‘mmm, yes,----no, we still haven’t found him, we---no no…..Ok, I’ll call you later, now it’s late I have to go---yes. Sherlock sent me a message he’s probably still at Baker Street. I don’t know. I’ll go there now anyway ----okay, okay call you later. Bye, bye love, bye.’

He runs outside and calls a taxi.

BAKER STREET - 8:50 AM

John runs up to 221b, and rings the doorbell.

Mrs. Hudson opens it.

‘Good Morning John!’

‘Mrs. Hudson!’ John gives her a huge smile, and kisses her on the cheek.

‘Good Morning! Is Sherlock in?’

John walks up the stairs while Mrs. Hudson answers him.

‘Yes, I presume, I heard him go out before, but he must be back because I heard –‘

John opens the living room door, but Sherlock is not in there.

‘Sherlock!’

He turns toward the kitchen and looks around.

‘Sherl-‘

A man walks out Sherlock bedroom’s door, looking at his phone on his hands, not noticing John’s presence in the apartment.
John looks at him puzzled.

The man realizes there’s somebody else in the kitchen, he looks at John, and smiles at him

‘I…..hi!’

‘Hi’ John meekly answers, still confused.

The man puts the phone on the table, and opens the fridge.

John, peers curiously at him, ‘where’s Sherlock?’

The man closes the fridge door and moves toward the sink.

‘Ehm…I believe he’s coming!’ he says smiling again.

‘Oh…okay,’ nervously fidgeting his fingers, John walks toward the living room, his face down, moving his lips, then suddenly stops and turns back to the stranger. ‘So, who are-‘

‘I win! I told you—’ Sherlock’s voice calls from downstairs.

John looks at him as he walks in, ‘There’s a new bar now, I win!’ looking at the man in the kitchen, and barely breathing from running up the stairs.

He looks right and swerves, ‘Oh, John!’

‘Hey…I—‘ he looks at the man, walking toward Sherlock, ‘I sent you a message before.’

Sherlock looks around, then goes in the bedroom.

‘We have to go at Scotland Yard, right?’ he raises his voice.

Sherlock returns, looking at his phone.

‘Yes, I’ll explain later.’

Sherlock looks at the man who was watching their exchange silently. ‘Um…I must go now’, the man says smiling, and heads toward the living room, taking his jacket from the sofa.

John looks at Sherlock.

‘Eh…’ Sherlock mumbles something unintelligible.

‘See you later’ he waves, still smiling, and drifts downstairs.

John is still staring at Sherlock, who looks embarrassed, and mumbles again. ‘We…emmm. Yes, we should go now.’ He runs back into the bedroom, and grabs his coat.

‘Right.’ John rolls his eyes, but still looks confused.

**IN THE CAB**

They hail a cab, and as they take their seats, Sherlock starts talking at a rapid-fire pace.

‘When Moran changed his identity two years ago, he obviously changed his face, too. Many killers who want to change their identity have illegal surgeries, with major facial changes. So, we need Lestrade to generate a list of illegal surgeons who worked in London two years ago.’
‘So that we can contact him, and find out if he knows something about Moran?’

Sherlock nods in approval, then looks out the cab window.

John does the same, his eyes downcast, deep in thought. Finally after a few blocks, he turns to Sherlock, ‘Who was that man in your apartment?’

Sherlock pretends he didn’t hear him, turns toward John and gives him a noncommittal nod ‘Hm?’

‘I said, that man who was in your kitchen, who is he?’ John asks firmly.

‘Ahh,’ Sherlock turns toward the window again.

John keeps staring at Sherlock, waiting for an answer.

‘A friend.’

John frowns, then emphasizing the word, ‘friend?’

Sherlock, still looking outside, nods passively.

**SCOTLAND YARD**

‘You know it’s not that easy.’

‘I know, but if we have the list of the surgeons who worked in London two years ago, we can easily find the one who operated on Moran.’

‘Fine. Just give me a couple days.’

‘Two hours!’

‘Sherlock!’

Sherlock leans toward Lestrade, his hands splayed on the desk.

‘We can’t wait days for a list, Inspector. Moran is in London, and he’s looking for me!’

‘I know, but it’s not that easy, plus we’re looking for illegal surgeons. These are people who do not certify their job, they’re hidden, they have different day jobs, and perform surgeries at the night, it will be hard.’

Sherlock stares at him silently.

‘Okay, okay, one day.’

Sherlock stares more sternly at him.

‘At least one day!’

Sherlock huffs a breath, and walks toward the door.

‘Take a free day,’ Lestrade suggests smiling.

Sherlock grabs the door’s handle and glances back at him, ’12 hours.’

‘Sherlock!’
‘Okay, we’re going now, alright?’ John pushes Sherlock out the door with a firm hand on his back, and uses the other to wave at Lestrade.

‘18 hours, max!’ Sherlock shouts while being shoved down the hallway.

Lestrade leans against doorframe, and watches the pair leave.

‘Be useful Inspector!’ Sherlock calls out before turning the corner.

‘I am!’ he replies.

Lestrade turns to see a colleague heading towards him, carrying a wrapped box.

‘Oh, Diane.’

‘Inspector Lestrade, this present is for you, from all of us in the department.’

All the officers and staff are looking at him with wide smiles.

‘A present?’ Greg looks surprised, and grins back. ‘Why?’ he takes it and turns in over in his hands thoughtfully.

‘We thought you would love it!’

‘Thank you guys,’ he replies, his smile growing.

He steps back inside his office, and reads the note attached, *Passions must be cultivated*.

He wonders what present they could have bought him.

‘What happened guys? Do I need to forgive you for something?’ he shouts from his office.

‘We thought it was time to thank you for all your hard work.’

Greg just smiles, and opens the present gleefully.

*‘The Best of Stevie Wonder: 20th Century Masters – The Millennium Collection – Original Recording Remastered’*

Everyone begins to crackle with laughter. Greg’s face turns into an annoyed smile.

‘Ha ha, very funny. Compliments, you’re all hilarious, now get back to work, and the one who doesn’t bring me that list in time will be fired!’

**VICTORIA STREET**

Sherlock is buttoning his coat, as they leave Scotland Yard. ‘I need that list, I need it now!’

‘Sherlock, give him time,’ John says soothingly to the annoyed looking, consulting detective.

His phone rings: a new message, Sherlock reaches a hand in his pocket and pulls it out to read the text.
‘Who is it?’ John asks.

Sherlock dismisses the question with a wave of his hand, and a ‘boring.’

‘What?’

‘Everything’

‘Come on, relax, we haven’t stopped since this case began, you just need to collect your thoughts.’

‘Lunch?’ Sherlock suggests smiling.

John stops and opens his mouth as if he’s going to say something, but thinks better of it, and stays silent for a moment. Then says, ‘Hmmmm… I don’t think I have time.’ He looks at his watch, ‘Mary is coming back today and I’ve got to pick her up at the airport.”

‘Oh.’

‘I think I should go, or I’ll be late, sorry.’

‘No problem.’

‘Do you----We never invited you for dinner at home, did we?’

‘Mmmm’ Sherlock’s rolled his eyes, thinking.

‘We should have dinner together sometime soon.’

Sherlock nods, ‘okay,‘

‘I’ll ask Mary and I’ll let you know when, alright?’

‘Sure.’

‘Do you want to come with me to the airport?’

‘Hmm…no, thanks, I’m busy.’

‘Oh…the case?’

‘Uhm—no, no, I…just…I have to do…a thing.’

‘Okay.’
'See you later. Bye.'

'Bye Sher.'

Sherlock pauses for a moment, and considers the nickname, whispering 'Sher?' to himself. They walk in opposite directions.

John turns back, and shouts 'keep me up with the case, if you find out something.'

'Sure,' Sherlock shouts back, turns a corner and is gone.

JOHN AND MARY IN THE CAR COMING BACK AT HOME - 12 PM

'So, how’s the case going?’

'Good…we found Tanaka, then Woodley, then Moran.’

'Good.’

John’s trying to fix the air conditioning ‘I mean…we haven’t exactly found him yet, but we know he changed his identity when he faked his death two years ago.’

‘And?’

‘And that’s it, we need a list now.’

‘What kind of list?’

‘A list of the surgeries who operated in London two years ago.’

‘Oh.’

‘Illegal surgeries, of course.’

‘If you need any help, you know where you can find me,’ she comments ironically.

‘Ha ha! Sure Mrs. Morstan.’

‘No no, I’m being serious, if you want I can help, it’s not a big deal for us to get that list. If you want I can make some calls.’

‘Lestrade will love you forever.’

She cracks a laugh ‘why?’

‘Sherlock wants that damn list, and he’s imploring Lestrade to have it by tomorrow, Greg is hopeless.’

‘I’ll make some calls and let you know, okay?’

‘Will you? Really?’

‘Sure’ she smiles.

‘John, watch the road! Mary laughs.'
'It’s that…this…damn button doesn’t work.’

'It never worked!' she laughs

John looks at her and smiles, then leans over to give her a kiss on the cheek.

'I’m happy you’re back.’

'You are?’

'Yes, why are you finished earlier though? You said you would be coming back on Sunday.’

'Yes, I know but we sorted it all out, it wasn’t as big of a deal as I thought.’

'How’s Russia?’

'Nice.’

'Mmm’ John mutters, still pushing random buttons.

'Cold.’

'Mmm…”

‘And terribly awful without you.’ Mary wraps her arms around John’s neck and kisses his cheek.

John blushes a bit and smiles.

‘You know we have the honeymoon coming up.’

‘Yes, my love.’

‘Madagascar, we’re comiiiiiiing!!’ he turns on the radio.

Mary smiles knowingly.

‘You know, we should invite Sherlock for dinner at our place.’ John says.

‘Yes, sure!’

‘We never did.’

‘You’re right.’

‘We could…invite Greg, too.’

‘And molly,’

‘Yes.’

‘He is, after all, your best man. Are the things going alright with him?’

‘They’re good.’

‘Yes?’

John nods, ‘he’s-’ but instead of finishing the statement, just waves his hands.
‘What?’ Mary asks

‘You know...’

Mary looks at him trying to understand.

‘There was a man this morning, at his apartment.’

‘A...man?’

‘Yes, I came in and found a man in his apartment, I didn’t know who he was.’

‘What did he tell you?’

‘That he’s a friend of Sherlock,’ John replies confused.

‘So, what?’

John looks at Mary ‘A friend?’

‘Don’t tell me you think you’re the only friend he has, John’

‘But Sherlock doesn’t have friends, Mary! You know it too.’

‘Probably got a new one.’

‘Ha ha!’ John fakes a laugh nervously, ‘and when did he meet him? Now tell me that!’

Mary looks at her pocket mirror, ‘I don’t know... but what’s the big deal about it?’

‘Nothing, but I’ve never see him before! And suddenly Sherlock has a new friend, I mean it’s weird!’

‘Why you didn’t ask him who he was?’

‘I asked him, he said-‘

‘No, I mean the name, how they met?’

‘We didn’t have the time, and you know how Sherlock is.’

‘No, I don’t- tell me.’

‘Ahh come on Mary...’

‘You refuse to admit to yourself, that you don’t talk to him enough, that’s it, that’s the big deal?’

‘What?’ John frowns looking suspicious.

‘Yes, John, you say he’s your best friend, except that best friends tell everything to one another. You are not even able to ask him, who the man was in his apartment!’

John doesn’t reply.

‘I bet you didn’t even talk about that.’

‘No, we didn’t!’
'I knew it.'

'We don’t need to talk. We don’t need long conversations to understand each other, I look at him and I understand everything, and it’s the same for him...'

FROM : Mycroft
TO : Sherlock
Tanaka is dead.

(Incoming Call – Sherlock)

'When did he die?'

'Yesterday evening. He flew to Berlin in the early afternoon, but he didn’t notice somebody was following him. The German Police found him dead in his apartment.'

Sherlock stands in silence for a while, ends the call, gets up, and glides toward the window.

(Incoming Call - John)

'John.'

'Sherlock, Mary told me she can help us with the list, did you contact Lestrade?'

'Not yet.'

'Well, she could make some calls, and see if she can get the list soon, what do you think?'

'Did she tell you she could have it easily?'

'I don’t hang on a min.'

John switches over and calls Mary. Speaks for a minute and then switches back to Sherlock.

'She said she’ll call later, I’ll let you know, okay?'

'Good.'

'I’ll send you a message as soon as she gets an answer.'

'Thank you'

'Eh, and...’ he whispers something into the phone.

'Yes, you’re invited tomorrow night at home for dinner! Does that work for you?'

'Um...yes. It’s...good.'

'Okay! See you later Sher.'

'What? No, don’t call me Sher!'
‘Sherly?’ John asks ironically

‘No! Sherlock!’

‘Ahaha, see you, bye.’

‘Bye.’

Sherlock turns off the phone again, and smiles.

10:20 PM
FROM: MYCROFT
TO: LESTRADE
I need you.

JOHN'S HOUSE - 11 PM

John is somewhat awake while lying in bed, while Mary is completely passed out.

Suddenly, his phone rings.

FROM: Greg
TO: John

Hey, John, what are you doing? I was thinking we could go out for a walk, what do you think?

John looks at his phone and frowns in confusion.

‘What? It’s 11 at night, Greg, what’s wrong with you?’ he mumbles.

He opens the text on his phone to reply

(Incoming call – Greg)

The phone starts ringing out loud; John tries to cover the phone with both his hands to not wake Mary up, and then answers.

‘Greg!’ he whispers

‘Hey John!’

‘Lower your voice!’

‘What?’

‘Lower…wait…’
He stands up and goes outside the door, walking in the hall

‘Greg’

‘Eh… John, sorry, were you sleeping?’

‘Kind of…no, anyway, what’s going on? What happened?’

‘Nothing nothing…just…you know I was wondering if you wanted to have a chat’

‘Now?’

‘Yes’

John keeps silent for a while

‘Are you in trouble with Jane?’

‘No, no…you know…okay, yes, maybe I’m in trouble with her, yes.’

‘Maybe?’

‘Yes, you know we could talk about her, just…do you want to come over?’

John pauses for few seconds, huffing out a couple of breaths.

‘Okay, yes, just…give me a bit of time.’

‘Don’t worry, I’ll wait for you’

‘Okay, thanks, give me two minutes, and I’ll be dressed, are you ready yet?’

‘Mmmmm yes, yes, I’m ready.’

‘Oh okay, where do we meet?’

‘I’m downstairs’

‘What?’

‘I’m in my car outside your apartment’

John goes toward the window and looks through it; he can see Lestrade in the car.

‘Okay, I’m coming’

John goes outside and gets in the car.

‘What the hell is going on?’

‘Why?’

‘Why? Greg you send me a message in the middle of the night and are waiting in your car in front of my house!’

‘Hey, come on it’s not that late! These are the married life effects!’ he laughs.
‘Hilarious! You normally never would have asked me to go out so late, that’s why I worried.’

‘No, it’s just that…’

‘What?’

Greg looks at John, pausing. ‘Sherlock.’

‘Sherlock?’

‘Yes, but don’t tell anything to Mycroft, he doesn’t know you’re here!’

‘Mycr-why? What happened?’

‘He sent me a message, telling me that Sherlock was going out tonight with somebody.’

‘Who?’

‘I don’t know, he didn’t tell me, he told me I had to look after him because he was worried about the people he was going to be with, so he sent me here.’

‘Where’s he now?’

‘At Johnny Rockets’

‘Johnny---?’

‘Johnny Rockets, it’s a 50’s American Diner, with posters of old movie stars. It’s a typical American pub, but they have waiters dressed as movie characters and they serve hamburgers, steaks, and salads…you know, the usual.’

‘Mmm…and we should…’spy’ on him?’

‘I don’t know’ Greg replies annoyed ‘what if he finds us there? I mean…I know it sounds strange that Sherlock is having a night out with some guys, but Mycroft never asked me for something like this. I mean, I’ve gone to his house, called him, but Mycroft has never asked me to spy on him during a night out!’

‘Is Mycroft worried because, Sherlock is out with ‘bad guys’ or something?’

‘I don’t know, probably, but I honestly don’t know what to do John. What if he finds us there spying on him? I mean…it’s….I think Mycroft is crossing a line.’

John ponders the idea for a while, and the says, ‘We could…just be outside the pub, and see what happens? I mean, we could take a walk by or just wait in the car?’

Lestrade looks at him, ‘Okay, we’ll just….have a look.’

‘Okay.’

‘Okay, let’s go!’
John and Greg park, and stare openly from the car at people queuing outside the pub.

‘This is it!’ Greg utters excitedly.

‘Mmm, ‘Is he already inside?’ John replies.

‘Yes…’

‘I think we should park the car away from here, or he’ll see it when he comes outside.’

‘Right, turn right on this way, we’ll have a walk around and see what happens.’

Greg switches on the car and slowly turns toward the right, parking. They get out and walk the opposite side of the pub street, then cross the street.

‘Should we…just pass and have a look?’ John asks

‘Yes, but…’ Greg looks back ‘We should wait for some people to walk by so that we can follow them, and hide in the crowd’

‘How about those guys right there?’ John points at a group of young teenagers approaching.

‘Yes, okay.’

They wait for the fellows, start following them. When they pass by the pub, both look through the windows, and scan the inside.

‘Can you see him?’ Greg asks softly.

‘No! This place is big, he could be anywhere.’

Greg moves closer to the window, and ducks his head to get a better look.

‘Greg! Don’t—‘

‘Oh just hang on a tic.’

John’s eyes dart around the Inspector, ‘can you see him?’

Greg turns back, and starts walking ‘Come on, let’s have a look at the other side of the pub.’

They walk left, and notice a propped open exit door of the pub. Simultaneously, they stride toward the door.

Greg: ‘There he is!’

Soundtrack: 🎼 *Bob Dylan – Things have changed* 🎼

They both spy a table on the right with five people sitting, chatting, and drinking. Sherlock is one of them, he’s laughing, and popping crisps into his mouth with a casual air.
'The guy next to him…' John trails off as Greg fixes him with a stern gaze. 'I saw him in Baker Street.'

'When?'

'This morning'

Sherlock stands up suddenly, and both Greg and John scurry back outside, away from the exit door. Then the pair of them slide back toward the window, and peer through it.

'He’s talking to a man at the bar.' John observes out loud.

'I believe he’s pretty pissed.' Greg replies.

John looks at him quizzically, ‘Do you think he’s drunk?’

‘Mmm, yes. Well, tipsy by the look of it.’

Greg’s phone buzzes with an incoming text, he turns away from their view of the pub to read it.

FROM : Mycroft
TO : Lestrade
Are you at the pub?

‘It's Mycroft’

‘What did he say?’

‘He just asked if we’re here.’

FROM : Mycroft
TO : Greg
Who is he with?

‘He’s started bothering about after Sherlock’ Lestrade mumbles to the phone, while he pecks away at the tiny keyboard.

FROM : Greg
TO : Mycroft
He’s with some guys
FROM : Mycroft
TO : Greg

Tell him he should come home at once.

FROM : Greg
To : Mycroft

What? No! I can’t go in and tell him that Myke!!

FROM : Mycroft
TO : Greg

Is he drunk?

John moves back to their vantage point at the door, whereupon he sees Sherlock walking out from the toilet, tottering toward the table, and flopping into his chair. Sherlock picks up his drink, everyone at the table is laughing, and the man next to him puts a hand on his back and leans in confidently to whisper smiling words at Sherlock. Sherlock seems drunk as he looks back at the man, and cracks a lopsided smile.

‘What’s he doing?’ Greg asks, staring into the mobile in his hand.

FROM : Greg
TO : Mycroft

A bit…just a little bit, nothing worry about.

John just stares at Sherlock. He watches as the man next to Sherlock is still closely talking to him. He keeps moving in closer, until his lips are almost brushing against Sherlock’s cheek. Sherlock has paused mid-drink in an effort to be intently listening.

‘John.’ Greg calls out, still staring at the tiny screen.

FROM : Mycroft
TO : Greg

Follow him until he’s at home.

‘John? JOHN! What is going on over there that you can’t tear your self away from?’

‘Uh…nothing… they’re just talking,’ John’s staring attentively into the pub.
‘This is the last time I do this!’ Greg comments, walking back toward John. ‘What are they doing?’

‘They’re paying, they’ll be out in a moment.’

‘Ok, let’s go to the car, then.’

They get into the car and keep the headlamps turned off, as they slowly drive toward the main street, waiting for the group to leave the pub, and they park with the group in their sightlines.

‘What did he ask you?’

‘Hmm? Oh Mycroft? To follow Sherlock back up to Baker Street’ Greg replies a bit annoyed.

‘Well, we’re here anyway. It’s not like it’s too far from his home.’

Greg watches Sherlock as he walks outside, shoving his hands deep into his pockets momentarily before reaching out, and buttoning up his coat. Sherlock then asks for a cigarette from the men who are still animatedly chatting with one another, just outside the front of the pub. The group remains talking amongst themselves at the pub’s door. One of them gesticulates, and they all explode into raucous laughter. During which, Sherlock asks for a lighter, and they all meander to the sidewalk.

Without any obvious indication, the group separates. Three go toward the left, Sherlock and another man head right, they all wave each other off, and walk towards their opposite destinations. Sherlock shouts something to the others, they turn and answer, and then go away. Sherlock totters toward the street, when the man next to him runs toward him, Greg and John can hear him say ‘hey, wait!!!’ while laughing. ‘Come on, there’s the street, wait up!’

Sherlock staggers clumsily while calling a taxi, the man arrives next to him, and they both get in the cab that zips away.

‘Should we follow them?’ Greg asks, with a worried glance.

‘Uh…yes, yes! But we should take another way or they’ll spot us.’

‘Well Sherlock is drunk enough, not to be in his typical mood. I don’t think he’ll see us’

They decide with a nod, and start following the cab, sometimes taking different ways, John is thoughtful; Greg looks at him with concern.

‘Are you worried about him?’

John keeps silent, before answering, ‘No. No.’ He snaps his head in an effort to look like he’s staring out the cab’s window. His mind is flooded with thoughts of concern for Sherlock. What is he playing at this time? John thinks, while his leg begins to tap with the increased anxiety.

Greg eyes John for a moment, then comments ‘Is he going toward the man’s house?’

‘Probably,’ John sneers.

The car suddenly stops, Greg and John alert their drive to slow down, and stop.

‘The guy is getting out’ Greg comments peering through the side windows, then they see Sherlock getting out.

‘Sherlock too?’ Greg questions, John silently watches the scene unfold. They both go toward a building, the man opens the gate then walk towards the door, Sherlock walks slowly, mumbling
words, then leans against the main entrance door, gesticulating and talking, the man next to him smiles and opens the door, he comes inside. Sherlock follows him and closes the door behind him.

Greg and John look at the scene, then at each other.

‘I think, um…He’s…uh.’ John can’t put together a coherent sentence to save his life. John tenses up, and Greg pulls his eyes from the closed door to stare at John with a dropped jaw.

The cab is eerily silent. When Greg’s phone rings, it startles the both of them.

FROM : Mycroft

TO : Greg

Is he at home?

Greg looks at the message, sighing.

‘Mycroft?’ John asks knowingly.

‘Yes’.

John, licking his lips ‘What did you tell him?’

‘Nothing yet, I don’t know. What should I tell him?’

‘Well, maybe he just went inside for a chat? Maybe he’ll be out really soon?’

‘And, what about us, should we stay all night long waiting for him to come out?’

John looks away, mind still racing, ‘I…I… don’t know.’

Greg remains silent for few moments before saying, ‘I think we should leave….’ He gives a sweeping hand gesture to the building, ‘I mean we know where he’s at. I’ll call him tomorrow morning.’

John studies the outside of the building; he sees a light flick on from an upstairs window, then turns back to Greg. ‘Okay…it’s definitely time to go now.’

BAKER STREET – 8:45 AM
Sherlock’s curled up on the sofa, still with his coat on. His mobile on the table starts ringing. He slowly stretches out his arm to reach the mobile, and answers with a rough, sleep-filled voice ‘mmm...’

‘Sherlock?’

Sherlock turns, rubbing his eyes ‘John.’

‘Sherlock we have the list. Mary found it. Where are you right now?’

Sherlock huffs out a heavy breath through a sore throat, before taking in a deep inhale.

‘I’m-’ he looks around with half-lidded eyes ‘I’m in Baker Street.’

‘Okay. Fine. Shall we come there, or will you come see Lestrade here at the Yard?’

Sherlock keeps his elbow on his knees, his right hand tucked into his curly hair. ‘No...no, we should meet Lestrade first,’ he murmured almost laboriously.

‘Right, so, see you in Scotland Yard, okay?’

Sherlock huffs out again, ‘yes...okay.’ And ends the call, just before flinging the phone across the couch.

SCOTLAND YARD

Mary and John are sat in Lestrade’s office, chatting, when Sherlock walks in.

‘Hey!’ Mary chirps brightly at Sherlock.

John, and Lestrade both look at him, and utter a unanimous, ‘Good morning.’

‘This great woman, Mary, gave us the list!’ Lestrade comments, and turns to look at the blonde, who rewards him with a glittery-white smile.

‘I knew you needed it, and I arranged to have it completed quickly. That’s all!’ She hands the sheet to Sherlock, and he pulls his mouth into a small and tight smile that does not reach his eyes.

‘You’re smart’ He comments smirking at her.

Mary laughs ‘I know!!’

‘Inspector, take Mary’s example and teach your team how to work.’

‘You can’t compare us to the Secret Services, Sherlock! We don’t have their money!’

Mary laughs ‘It’s true!!’

‘When did they call you? Before you fell asleep, no one had called ’ John asks her.

‘They called me in middle of the night’ she replies.

‘In the...? Oh—ahh!’ John sputters.

‘While you were out with Greg’ she smiles ironically at both men.
John stands still, astonished and embarrassed. Then he starts pouting, and looking to Lestrade to figure out what he should say.

Lestrade mutters ‘We…We were out because I’m in—’

‘He has troubles with Jane!’ John cuts him off, after finally thinking of a convincing lie.

‘Yes! With Jane!’ Greg adds strongly with relief.

‘Oh my god, don’t tell me you two split up?’ Mary looks worriedly at Lestrade.

John sneaks a peek at Sherlock, but he’s already chatting on his phone.

‘No…well we had problems, but …uh, we’re trying to sort it out, you know, and John is always willing and able to help me figure everything out’ Greg gives a nervous smile.

‘Yes, you know I’m famous for my—’ John begins to crow, but gets cut off.

‘Three continents Watson’ Sherlock comments with his head down, still talking on his mobile.

Lestrade laughs, Mary cracks another blinding smile. John frowns at Sherlock, and then slowly turns toward Lestrade.

‘Ok, so…now, we should make these people answer some questions, right?’ John suggests taking the sheet.

‘Yes,’ Lestrade points toward the list. ‘And the list is quite long, so I suggest we divide the work, what do you think Sherlock?’

‘Sure.’

‘I could start with the first 5 and you take the other 10, so we could proceed faster, okay?’

Sherlock doesn’t answer, still on his phone.

John suggests ‘Well we could proceed even faster if I take another 5 of them. What do you think?’

‘Mmmm,’ Sherlock nods.

‘Perfect! What a great team we have here! I should employ all of you!’ Lestrade comments ironically.

‘And fire the rest of them’ Sherlock stands up and drops the phone into his pocket.

‘If you need anything, I can help. I would be glad to help you in any way!’ Mary says to the three men, while rubbing her hands nervously.

‘Thank you Mary’ Sherlock smiles at her.

‘Hey! You both are invited to our place tonight!’ John comments, cheerful looking at Lestrade, and Sherlock.

‘Oh, great!’ Lestrade smiles. ‘Should I bring wine?’

‘Molly said she’d bring it!’ Mary answers.

‘Sherlock, are you with us tonight?’
Sherlock looks at them in confusion.

‘Yes…sure,’ he finally says with another faux smile.

FROM : Mary
To : Jane

Jane, my dear, how are you? I hope everything is all right, I heard about you and Greg…I’m sorry, I hope you’re fine now, if you need to talk we could go out and have a chat, …have a drink, okay?

XX

FROM : Jane
To : Greg

We need to talk.

[ M__ +5 8251004099 – He’s getting too far. I don’t like it.]

BAKER STREET – 5:12 PM

Mrs. Hudson is putting the kitchen in order. ‘The mess you made, Sherlock!’

Sherlock is sitting in his chair, with his laptop balanced atop his knees, scrolling the internet. ‘Do you want tea, Mrs. Hudson?’

‘Yes, my dear, that would be nice.’

Sherlock drops the laptop onto the cushion, and strolls into kitchen. He stops at archway, watching Mrs. Hudson arranging his things.

‘No no! Not there! Not in that drawer!’

‘Where should I put these?’ she holds up a small bag full of blood vials, and fingers.

‘In the fridge!’

‘But, I bought chicken this morning Sherlock! I won’t put these things near it.'

Sherlock slinks toward her, and with a fluid motion, takes the bag, opens the fridge, and tosses it up on the top shelf. ‘There.’

‘No! I said not near the chicken, put it down in the drawer.’ She huffs out ‘Oh dear lord.’ ‘I should clean the living room, too, Sherlock, the dust is everywhere’.

‘Where did you put those biscuits your friend brought you?’
‘The ones with hazelnuts? They should be near the sugar,’ she replies while leaving the kitchen.

Sherlock pours the tea, adds sugar, places both cups on the table, and then turns back to the cabinets.
‘Where are they? Where are they?’ he whispers to himself, while opening all the drawers rapidly.
‘Mrs. Hudson!’ Sherlock shouts, before huffing and putting his hands on his hips, looking at the drawers. He walks hurriedly toward the living room door, and continues shouting. ‘Mrs Hud-’

Before he could finish her name, he hears what he instantly knows are the kitchen tiles beginning to explode, one after the other. Sherlock jogs back to see them cracking, and flying at him. He doesn’t know where to shelter from the strange occurrence so he barrels toward the sofa. Sherlock flings his body upon it, but not before a tile explodes and hits him in the calf. He covers his face with his arms; pieces of tiles are thrown everywhere, raising a gigantic cloud of dust. The tiles reach the mirror, shattering it and sending little shards all over the flat. Mrs. Hudson runs upstairs, shouting ‘Sherlock!’

When she makes it to the doorway, she freezes, and begins to cry. The tiles continue their mini-explosions in the kitchen, splintering the chairs and shoving furniture from the walls- then it all just stops. Sherlock springs up from the couch, to the chair, then the table. He stands there shocked, heavily breathing, assessing the mess and the damage everywhere.

Mrs. Hudson is still motionless at the doorway, moaning and crying. ‘Oh my god. Oh my god! Sherlock, get down from there, please!’

‘It’s better to stay here, than to get off, and walk on shards of pavement! Just get away Mrs. Hudson!’ he shouts.

‘Sherlock, come out of there! Please, your face is bleeding!’

‘Get out! GET OUT OF HERE NOW!’ he rumbles thunderously.

Mrs. Hudson finally takes heed and runs downstairs, tears streaming down her face. ‘I’ll call the police,’ she cries between sobs. ‘I’ll call your friends!’

Sherlock finally takes stock of his transport and quickly scans down to his right leg. The bleeding is heavy, he sighs ‘Jesus.’

A bevy of police cars are outside Baker Street, along with Emergency Medical Services, and Bomb Squads. Lestrade pauses at the mess outside the living room door while listening to Mrs. Hudson.

‘…and then I implored him to go out, but he wouldn’t! That was the moment I called you. It was terrible. I thought it was an earthquake at first, but it was so much worse!’ Mrs. Hudson laments.

Lestrade looks disheartened, ‘You should get yourself sorted Mrs. Hudson. Go downstairs, the ambulance will help you.’ He puts a gentle hand on her shoulder, and gives her a soft, and encouraging shove, she relents, and turns back down the stairs. ‘Sally! Take care of her!’ Lestrade shouts down the staircase ‘Make sure they get her a blanket!’

‘Yes, Detective Inspector’ she calls back confidently.

Lestrade notices a tall figure with a strong gait, and a steady umbrella, ascending onto the landing.
‘Where’s Sherlock?’

‘He’s in his bedroom. Refuses to come out.’

‘My compliments Inspector,’ Mycroft says with his irritation evident.
‘Wha…?’

‘There’s been an attack in this house, and yet there are civilians just standing around outside!’ The irritation grows, as does the volume at which Mycroft delivers the rejoinder.

‘Hey, Mycroft, we’ve controlled the whole area. There aren’t any more unexploded mines in all of Baker Street! The attack was made with miniature explosives, bound to one another in a grid-like fashion. The bomb squad doesn’t know if they were remotely timed, or were triggered when he stepped on one of them, but we do know that they’ve all exploded!’

Mycroft joins Lestrade in staring silently at the mess inside the living room of 221b.

‘I don’t know how somebody could walk in and install all those bombs unnoticed’ Lestrade ponders aloud. ‘If you want, you can try to get him out of there…I can assure you there aren’t any more bombs here or out there in the street.’

Mycroft takes a long breath ‘Right. How is our boy?’

‘He has a wound on his right leg. When EMS arrived he was passed out. He must’ve fainted right after the attack. Shock, most likely. It was probably the blood-loss that did it, as he had no serious head wounds, just minor lacerations. Which is amazing, as he was right in the middle of it all.’

Mycroft gives him a final look of disdain, and then strides confidently over the rubble. Using his umbrella as a sort of walking stick, he makes it to the bedroom and flings open the door. Upon opening it, he sees Molly in the room talking to Sherlock, cotton in one hand, the other stroking Sherlock’s face. ‘Don’t worry, you’ll be fine in the mor-,’ she turns around to gape at Mycroft. ‘Hey.’

Mycroft walks in and toward the bed Sherlock is curled up on, eyes closed. Mycroft thinks how tired he looks, and how horrible a mess, when Sherlock interrupts his train of thought with an annoyed grunt. ‘How is he?’

‘A bit…tired, the wound on his leg will hurt for a while, but it isn’t deep. I believe he’s got a fever though.’ Molly touches his forehead.

‘I’m fine!’ he replies, aggravated, he flips to his other side.

‘You’ll sleep at home tonight, it’s for your safety.’

‘No! Go away, I’m fine here. It’s all over now. I don’t need to stay at your home.’

‘It’s still dangerous, Sherlock!’ Mycroft replies firmly, raising his voice for emphasis.

‘I’m f-ahh’ he touches his leg in obvious pain.

John walks in, gasping for breath, and looking pale. ‘Sher-‘ he huffs out, while stepping into the room.

Sherlock has a hand over his face ‘John.’

‘Sherlock.’ John sits down next to Molly, but she stands up to give him some space. John scoots closer to the prone consulting detective. ‘How do you feel?’ he takes Sherlock’s hand, ‘You’re cold.’

‘I’m fine, John.’

‘I just got finished saying, that it was better for his safety, to be at my home tonight’ Mycroft repeats
at John.

‘Sure,’ he replies.

‘NO! I’m fine.’

‘You could sleep at my place too, there’s no problem,’ he replies and glances up at Mycroft.

‘It’s up to you, Sherlock. Everyone’s invited you home; decide which house you will sleep at tonight. Any of them, except this one, for God’s sake!’

‘Oh dear lord, kick him off!‘ Sherlock starts getting nervous, shifting underneath the blanket.

‘Okay, okay…. we’ll decide later.’ John looks back at Mycroft ‘Don’t worry.’

Mycroft gives Sherlock a final glance, then slowly exits, and Molly follows on his heels.

John asks gently, ‘How do you really feel?’ almost whispering.

Sherlock flicks open his eyes ‘I’m fine.’

John takes a long breath and keeps his head down. ‘I’ll stay with you tonight, okay? If you don’t want to move’ he peers back to see Mycroft just outside the door, talking to Lestrade. He catches a nod from Sherlock out of the corner of his eye. ‘Okay?’ This time he gets a clear view of Sherlock nodding. John reaches out, and moves a curl from his forehead, before slowly stroking his cheek. ‘Oh my god, Sherlock...I was so worried.’Sherlock closes his eyes, and groans. John touches his forehead, ‘I think you have a fever… do you want a wet towel?’ Sherlock nods, closing his eyes.

John stands up and briskly exits to find Lestrade, Molly and Mycroft all standing in the debris just outside the door. ‘I’ll be here with him, don’t worry’ John fixes his gaze at Mycroft.

‘It-‘

‘No, Mycroft, he can’t stand up, and take a car at the moment. He has fever, and he’s totally stressed out. I’ll be here with him. I’m a doctor remember. I’ll call you if there’s any emergency, alright?’

‘Okay’ Lestrade answers looking at Mycroft, then pushing him away with a hand on his shoulder.

‘Thank you Molly’ John smiles at her.

‘Sure, and If you need anything- you can call me, okay?’

John hears Sherlock mummer ‘Wait.’

He glances at the bedroom door, then back at Molly. ‘He said thank you for your help.’

Molly smiles ‘goodnight’.

‘Goodnight’

21:45 PM

John walks back into the bedroom. ‘Sherlock’ he whispers.

Sherlock opens his eyes slowly and turns toward John, who sits down on the bed gingerly. He takes
off the wet towel, and places a hand on his forehead. ‘It’s getting better’

‘How do you feel?’ Sherlock closes his eyes ‘Good, I’m fine.’

‘You don’t always have to say you’re fine, tell me how you really feel’ Sherlock then opens his eyes and stares at John for a moment. John smiles at him ‘What?’

‘I’m hungry.’

‘Good! What do you want?’

Sherlock rolls his eyes closed, then rubs them in thought. ‘Milk with chocolate, and chocolate biscuits.’

John looks down at him, smiles again. ‘Okay’ he stands up, ‘I should disinfect the wound first, so that you’ll be fine tomorrow.’

From : Greg
To : John
How does he feel?

From: John
To: Greg
Good, I’m going out to the market

From : Greg
To : John
Why?

From : John
To : Greg
Sherlock wants chocolate milk and biscuits.

From : Greg
To : John
Omfg, Really?
John enters the supermarket heading straight for the milk case, once he finds a suitable fresh carton. He goes off in search of the biscuits section; he scans the shelves and finds an array of diabetic biscuits, oat biscuits, rice biscuits, but no chocolate. He pops his head up and searches for an assistant. A lovely worker catches his eye ‘Do you need help sir?’ she asks, smiling at John.

‘Yes, I need chocolate biscuits please.’

‘We have these ones,’ she gestures toward the section he’d just been perusing.

‘No, these are diabetic biscuits. I just want chocolate biscuits, where can I find them?’

‘Oh sure, they’re over here’ She points down the row, ‘There’s Simpsons chocolate biscuits, or Hello Kitty, Oh the Animal Bites are new, and there’s the happy hippo ones….’

He cuts her off before she can continue naming biscuits. ‘Okay, thank you.’

From: John
To : Sherlock
Do you like Fox Moos’?

From : Sherlock
To : John

???

From : John
To : Sherlock
From: Sherlock
To: John
Never tried

From: Sherlock
To: John
Check if there are Oreos

From: John
To: Sherlock
There aren’t

From: John
To: Sherlock
These ones?
From: Sherlock

To: John

Where the hell are you? The Disney store?

From: John

To: Sherlock

There aren’t normal chocolate biscuits! They are all diabetic or something!!!!

From: Sherlock

To: John

You can’t even go to a proper supermarket to buy some biscuits…

From: John

To: Sherlock
From: John
To: Sherlock

There are cereals, too…would you like them?

From: Sherlock
To: John

No, I want chocolate biscuits

From: John
To: Sherlock

There are chocolate cereals, too!
To: John

Biscuits.

From: John
To: Sherlock

They seem pretty good, too!!!

From: Sherlock
To: John

B-I-S-C-U-I-T-S

From: John
To: Sherlock

From: Sherlock
To: John

Look to your left, there should be good chocolate biscuits there.
From : John
To : Sherlock
On the bottom?

From : Sherlock
To : John
No, on the top.

From : John
To : Sherlock
??????

From : Sherlock
To : John
There are only 8 in there!

From : John
To : Sherlock
I'll send you to Mycroft, I swear.
From : Sherlock

To : John

There should be chocolate biscuits on top of the shelves, look for pirates.

From : John

To : Sherlock

????

From : Sherlock

To : John

Yes, those ones

From : John

To : Sherlock

Thank you dear lord.

On the Street
From : John
To : Mary

He’s feeling better, he just needs to sleep. He’ll be fine tomorrow

From : Mary
To : John

Tell him I’m sorry for what happened, will you?

From : John
To : Mary

Sure I will :)

Back in 221b John walks into the bedroom with a tray of chocolate milk, and chocolate biscuits. Sherlock’s watching television, and when John walks in he lowers the tv volume to hear an exasperated ‘Finally.’ John ignores the stroppy comment, brings the tray to rest on the bed, and sits down next to it.

Sherlock takes the mug John hands to him with a terse ‘Thank you’ and a small smile.

‘It’s pretty hot’ John warns.

‘It’s fine.’ He takes a sip. ‘Open the pack.’

John opens the biscuits, gives a couple to Sherlock, then takes one, and tries it himself. ‘Good’ he munches happily.

Sherlock nods eating one and turns his gaze back to the TV.

‘Mary wanted to know how you’re feeling.’

‘Mmm’ drinking more.

‘I told her you’ll be fine tomorrow morning’ John smiles, still munching.

Sherlock takes another biscuit.

‘Thanks to your beloved doctor’ John grins.

‘And biscuit hunter.’

‘You should see how the assistant looked at me, she probably thought I had to feed a herd of kids.’ He continues to munch with a satisfied smile ‘well, perhaps she wasn’t too far off.’

Sherlock smiles back ironically.

‘We should check the fever, I think it’s back’ John strokes his forehead. ‘I’ll get you another wet towel’ John stands up, and heads to the bathroom.
‘How’s Jane?’

John stops and turns back toward him. ‘Wh…what do you mean?’

‘This morning you said she broke up with Greg, right?’

‘Yes…well no, they actually didn’t break up, per se.’

‘Mmm, why?’ he mumbles with a mouthful of biscuits.

John sits again on the corner of the bed. ‘Well they had a quarrel…last night, and he called me because he needed help, you know…’

‘About what?’ he sips the milk again.

‘Eh…mm…’ John rolls his eyes, obviously thinking. ‘Well they didn’t have a fight, it’s just that they don’t get along well lately… that’s all.’

‘Examples?’ dipping the pirates biscuits into the milk.

‘Uh… well, she complained that he’s always busy, and they don’t have time for themselves. You know…’

‘Mmm’ Sherlock takes another biscuit, dips it in the milk, but before he gets a chance to eat it, the biscuit falls in the milk, and some splatters onto Sherlock’s face.

‘And…’ John stares in astonishment at Sherlock’s attempt to eat biscuits. ‘And…you know the usual.’

The milk is now dripping down Sherlock’s chin, and onto his neck.

‘Sherlock…the milk—’ John takes a handkerchief, and gives it to Sherlock who cleans his face with it.

Sherlock places the handkerchief on the bedside table, and continues munching his biscuits. ‘That’s all?, that’s why Lestrade got you out of bed?’

‘Well you know, he wanted to have a chat, too…not to just talk about Jane.’

‘He didn’t appear to be heartbroken this morning.’

‘Maybe they sorted it out when he got back last night?’ John smiles nervously.

‘I sent a message to Jane.’

John shuts his eyes. ‘Y—you?---oh...’

‘I told her I was sorry that they split up.’

‘Ah…and what did she tell you?’ John asks nervously.

‘She didn’t reply’ he says, before he finishes off the milk.

John is silent for a moment. He then realizes he’s holding his breath and huffs out loudly. He claps his hands together ‘So…I’ll just go get you that wet towel.’

As soon as John gets into the bathroom he takes out his phone.
From : John
To : Greg

I think Sherlock knows.

He turns on the tap for cold water, and puts the towel under it, waiting for Lestrade’s reply.

FROM : Greg
To : John

Your wife sent a message to Jane!!!

FROM : John
To : Greg

Oh, fuck...

FROM : Greg
To : John

She asked her why we broke up!!! She arrived at home angry as hell!!! I didn’t know what to say, then I told her the truth but she didn’t believe me.

FROM : John
To : Greg

Sherlock did the same.

FROM : Greg
To : John

What?????
To : Greg

But I think he did it to prove we were lying.

FROM : Greg

To : John

Oh Jesus, so he knows we followed him last night?

FROM : John

To : Greg

I suppose

FROM : Greg

To : John

Mycroft will kill me.

John comes out the bathroom and walks toward Sherlock, who’s gone back to lying down, and watching TV half-asleep. John sits next to him, and gently touches his forehead. ‘Sherlock…’

Sherlock slowly turns toward John, grunting.

‘We’ll check the fever now.’ John takes a thermometer and places it under Sherlock’s armpit, closes it, and holds his hand. Sherlock’s eyes flutter open, and John whispers ‘how do you feel?’ Sherlock stares at him for a while, smiling. ‘Thank you’ he ekes out, his voice hoarse.

John cracks a smile ‘for what?’ As he checks the thermometer and sees there is still a slight fever. Sherlock doesn’t reply.

‘The pirate biscuits?’

‘Everything.’

John strokes his hair gently, and watches as Sherlock’s eyes close again. He sits there in the silence, watching his chest rise and fall, until his breathing gets heavy, and John knows he’s asleep.

‘I was so scared this afternoon…’ John whispers to himself while watching his sleeping former flatmate. ‘I couldn’t think properly. I thought I was going to faint when I ran out of surgery. I thought no not again, please God, no. I couldn’t even catch my breath when I ran down the street, my chest and throat burning. I was thinking about all the things I still had to tell you. Things that I never had the courage to tell because…’ he trails off for a moment to gather his thoughts, sighing deeply ‘I’m such an arsehole. I thought…why….why is this happening to me? Then I arrived at Baker Street, found Donovan outside, and asked about you. She told me you were okay. I was so
relieved. I felt like nothing else mattered in the whole world. I lost all my energy, I couldn’t even climb the stairs. And when I walked in…I wanted to cry’ His throat caught heavy with emotion. ‘I wanted to cry because…that feeling…that feeling when I thought I had lost you forever…it came back again. And I was afraid, so afraid I could barely move. I was shaking, but then I saw Lestrade outside your bedroom door, and I tried to be strong. Then I walked in your room, you were here, and everything was okay. I didn’t need anything else, and I thanked God.’ John’s eyes were moist and brimming with tears. ‘I love you Sherlock, I love you so much.’ John kisses Sherlock’s brow, and strokes his hair, resting his cheek on the feverish forehead. Sherlock, though still sleeping, grasps John’s hand tightly, which causes him to turn off the bedside lamp, and settles himself on the bed next to Sherlock.

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**BAKER STREET - 23 : 14**

John’s in curled around Sherlock protectively, his head nestled on Sherlock’s chest. The bedspread only covers him up to his hip, leaving his arms wrapped tightly around John’s body. They both are sound sleep, Sherlock’s a bit sweaty, and kicks the sheet off with his feet before settling down again. Suddenly, Sherlock’s phone buzzes. John wakes up feeling sticky, he raises his head and thanks to the bedside lamp being left on, he can see Sherlock sleeping deeply. He scans down the length of Sherlock’s body, and finds the taller man’s phone, just to the right of his warm body. Due to the brightly lit screen, he can read the message.

Still half-asleep, John settles back into Sherlock’s arms again.

But the phone rings again. This time John grabs at the phone by moving nothing but his left arm, and reads the message.
John frowns at the endearment, and eyes the number suspiciously.

John looks up at Sherlock, takes a long breath, and picks up his own phone from the bedside table. Moving slowly across Sherlock’s body, in an attempt not to wake him. He searches his contacts for a matching phone number, but it pops up with; NOT FOUND. He switches it off. He puts the two phones next to the pillow and closes his eyes, huffing out an annoyed sigh, ‘the hell is this’? He whispers to himself, as Sherlock’s phone buzzes again.

John raises both his eyebrows in confusion, then turns Sherlock’s phone off. He turns the lamp off too, and curls back into Sherlock’s arms again. He reaches down, and pulls the sheet back up, to cover them both completely, then enfolds his arms around Sherlock’s body and his head back onto Sherlock’s chest, closing his eyes.

23 : 45

FROM : Mycroft

TO : Greg

Sherlock doesn't know.
BAKER STREET – 8: 15 AM

A shout from outside jolts John awake. He turns slowly toward Sherlock, who’s still sleeping, and smiles. He stretches his arms, and gazes at the ceiling for a bit, thinking about the words he said the night before. Then reaches for his phone and turns it back on to send a message.

FROM : JOHN
TO : GREG
News??

He puts the phone back on the bedside table, untangles himself from Sherlock, and gets up. He steps over to the bedroom window, moving the curtain aside to get a clear view of the empty street. *Hm* cloudy today, he thinks to himself. He slips his shoes on, pads over to the door, and heads to the kitchen. He can hear Mrs. Hudson’s voice from downstairs; he stands still near the fridge, looking at the broken furniture, his hands on his hips.

Mrs. Hudson comes up the stairs, sees John in the kitchen ‘oh…oh’, and walks in smiling at him.

‘Good Morning Mrs. Hudson.’

‘Good Morning John!’

‘You cleaned everything?’ John asks surprised.

‘There was such a mess…’ She moans, then adds ‘Last night I couldn’t sleep, I was so frightened.’

‘I understand’ he rubs his hand on her shoulder in an effort to console her.

‘How does Sherlock feel?’

‘Better.’

‘Is he still sleeping?’

‘Yes’ John comments, smiling, then opens the fridge.

‘There are hundreds of people out there’ she waves a hand towards Baker Street.

‘What?’ John closes the fridge’s door, and goes to the window.

Mrs. Hudson smiles, ‘They must be Sherlock’s fans!’ She follows John, and joins him peering out of
the large window.

An exceptionally large crowd fills the street. There are barriers to keep them away from the door, but hundreds of people are clamoring for Sherlock. The police stand guard near the barriers, keeping the throng at bay. TV-cameras, and reporters are evidently recording the scene, and taking interviews from the fans.

John smiles through the window, ‘Ah, the Sherlockians.’

‘Is that what they want to be called?’

‘Yes…look’, he points ‘look at all the deerstalkers.’

‘Yes’ she smiles, ‘they’re lovely, aren’t they?’

They stand in silence for a while.

‘What does Sherlock think of them?’ Mrs. Hudson asks.

‘I don’t know, but he doesn’t dislike them, he…he’s glad. You know him, he’s not so friendly’ he smiles.

Suddenly the crowd notices John, they start waving at him, and he waves back. He gives them a broad grin before closing the curtain.

‘I believe it won’t be easy avoid the press this time’ John comments heading back toward the fridge ‘Is there anything to eat?’

‘One moment dear’ Mrs. Hudson totters out of the flat.

John turns back to say something, but she’s already gone, so he turns back, and opens a cupboard.

‘Delicious fingers’ cracking a smile ‘ahhh the good old days…’ he says to himself.

He goes toward the sink and hears Mrs. Hudson coming back up, she walks in with a large packed tray. ‘What’s this?’

‘I don’t know’ she smiles curiously, putting it on the table. ‘I believe it’s breakfast’ she comments enthusiastically. ‘I can smell fresh croissants!’

‘Who brought it?’ John looks at the tray skeptically.

‘Maybe the fans! A delivery man rang at the door earlier, and gave it to me. I read the name of the bakery, but I can only recall that I’ve never seen that strange name before.’

John looks amused at Mrs. Hudson, then back at the tray.

‘Well…what a lucky morning!’ John suggests smiling.

‘Do you think Mary did it?’

John stops and looks at Mrs. Hudson ‘Mmmm…could be, I’ll go and ask her!’

He jogs toward Sherlock’s bedroom, and gets his phone.
FROM : Greg
TO : John
I told Myke everything.

John looks at the screen ‘Myke?’ he whispers.

FROM : Greg
TO : John
Mycroft, sorry.

FROM : Greg
TO : John
Damn T9, eh!

FROM : Greg
TO : John
He told me Sherlock doesn’t know.

‘Ooohhh’ John huffs out in relief.

FROM : Mary
To : John
Good morning love xxx
FROM : John
TO : Mary

Eh, honey, did you send the breakfast delivery surprise???:D

He leaves the still sleeping Sherlock, and walks back into the kitchen.
‘There’s a note…’ Mrs. Hudson shows John a sealed envelope. John takes it, and puts his phone on the table to open it.

To
S.

He opens it.

His mobile trills.

Mais vous étiez du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,

Et rose, vous avez vécu ce que vivent les roses,

L’espace d’un matin.

FROM : MARY
TO : JOHN

What?

John looks at the note, pausing a bit confused, then at the message on his phone.
‘John...the note says it’s for Sherlock’ Mrs. Hudson tuts gently at him.

‘Oh...y-yes, sure, sorry.’ He quickly stuffs the note back into the envelope when Sherlock walks in. His eyes are half-closed, he looks a bit dazed, his curly hair is a mess.

‘Sheeeerlock!’ John welcomes him with a big smile, while he slips the letter, back onto the tray.
‘How do you feel my dear?’ Mrs. Hudson grasps his left arm, and turns him toward her. ‘How’s the leg?’

‘Good’ he whispers, his voice still scratchy.

John looks at his leg ‘it’s getting better.’

‘Does the wound on your face hurt, dear?’ She touches him gently; Sherlock takes her hand off his face ‘it’s just a scrape, Mrs. Hudson.’, then opens the fridge.

‘Sherlock, there are hundreds of fans out there for you’ Mrs. Hudson says to Sherlock, who doesn’t turn to look. He’s still eyeing the fridge.

‘And they brought this for you this morning!’

‘Mmm’ peering at the second shelf of the fridge, opening a drawer.

‘Well, we don’t know for sure the fans did it. I mean….’

John fakes a cough, and suddenly Sherlock turns back, looking at both of them in confusion.

‘I believe there’s a…surprise for you, Sherlock’ Mrs. Hudson rests her hand on the packed tray. Sherlock frowns as he moves towards it.

He stands still for a while, his hands on the table, glancing at up at the pair of them grinning.

‘Do you know who sent it? Your fans, perhaps?’ she asks him moving to the living room.

Sherlock takes the envelope.

‘Did it all arrive from France this morning?’ John asks, smirking.

‘Well, you couldn’t wait to open it I see’ Sherlock replies a bit annoyed.

John steps near him ‘well I… I didn’t notice it was for you. You know, with this weird font and all those....’ he turns his head ‘….doodles…” he coughs nervously.

Sherlock opens the letter slowly, stepping a bit away from John. He glances at him before reading the note quickly, then closes it, and puts it on the counter near the fridge.

Mrs. Hudson comes back into the kitchen ‘So…who’s it from?’ She asks curiously.

‘I don’t know’ Sherlock goes toward the tray and starts opening it.

‘Well, since Reichenbach you garnered many fans, probably one of- ooohh’ Mrs. Hudson’s exclaims in surprise at the breakfast on the tray. There are multiple; croissants, waffles, strawberries, raspberries, a variety of jams, brioches, pancakes, maple syrup, Nutella, toast, and slices of bread, chocolate biscuits, plain biscuits, cereals, muffins, crépes, yogurt, fruit tarts, and chocolate tarts. There’s also little containers of coffee, espresso, cappuchino, tea, and orange juice. Mrs. Hudson and John look shocked at the array before them.

‘Well, looks like your fan forgot that you eat eggs for breakfast’ John comments sarcastically at Sherlock with a tight smile.

‘Can I try this chocolate tart, it looks delicious’ Mrs. Hudson reaches for the pastry.
‘It’s…fine’ Sherlock replies.

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Sherlock and John are both munching on the bakery goods in the living room, while Mrs. Hudson is still in the kitchen picking out a treat.

‘You could eat for months with all this food, Sherlock!’ she comments, finally deciding on a strawberry.

John looks at Sherlock, who silently drinks a cappuccino, before picking up a jar of jam and a knife.

‘Well, he surely didn’t buy all this stuff at your supermarket, John,’ Sherlock cracks laughing. John smiles nervously.

‘He?’ John asks, peering at Sherlock.

‘She.’

‘You said he.’

‘No. I said she. He, she, whatever!’ Sherlock replies gesticulating with the knife.

‘There are so many reporters outside, Sherlock, someone even treated to interview me’ Mrs. Hudson leans against the table, eating another strawberry. ‘I said I couldn’t, I was in my dressing gown, and I wasn’t even wearing make-up!’

John looks at Mrs. Hudson smiling.

‘I bet this will bring more readers to your blog, John. You’ll be happy’ Sherlock comments looking at the newspaper.

‘That means I should change my profile picture.’

‘That means you should stop publishing your wedding album on it.’

John cracks another nervous laugh. ‘So….a …fffrench fan?’ he asks again, eyeing Sherlock warily.

‘I don’t know.’

‘It doesn’t seem like a womans handwr-’

‘Helllloooo’ Mary calls as she runs up the staircase into the open flat.

‘Good Morning!’

‘Hello’ John stands up and goes toward her for a kiss.

‘How are you, Sherlock?’

‘Good.’

‘There’s such a confusion outside! I could barely get in! Sherlock your fans adore you, but I suggest that you avoid the press.’

‘Good suggestion’ John replies smiling.
‘It m-wow! A five star breakfast!, John you must have spent your entire salary on this!!’ she replies ironically.

‘No, I didn’t buy this!’

‘Oh.’

‘Somebody surprised Sherlock’ Mrs. Hudson says to Mary, glancing, and smiling at Sherlock.

‘Eh? Who’s this?’ Mary asks, munching on a raspberry.

‘A fan!’ Mrs. Hudson replies excitedly.

‘Really? They even brought you breakfast?’

Sherlock rolls his eyes and snorts, hiding behind the newspaper.

‘John, and what did you buy for Sherlock last night?’ Mary asks curiously.

‘That!’ John points to the pack of Pirate biscuits. Mary, and Mrs. Hudson crack up laughing.

‘He told me that he wanted these ones!’ John says, while walking toward the living room.

Sherlock fakes a smile, stands up, looks through the curtains for few seconds, then takes the remote control, and turns the TV on.

‘Do you think we’re on the local news?’ John asks.

‘Oh no! I’m not ready for that!’ Mrs. Hudson complains.

He surfs the channels, and stops when spots the news. A reporter is in fact, just outside 221 Baker Street. They can see the fans stretch out on either side, shouting and clamoring at the police near them. The reporter is obviously talking about the explosion. ‘The consulting detective is still in shock, and it’s believed that he has been wounded.’ Sherlock cracks a laugh. ‘Also the housekeeper, a Mrs. Hudson, was involved in the attack, but she wasn’t in the living room when the mines exploded.’

‘I’m not the housekeeper!’ She yells at the TV.

‘The police Investigators at Scotland Yard believe this attack to be related to a case that Mr. Sherlock Holmes is involved in.’

Sherlock turns the TV off, goes to the kitchen, picks up the letter, and walks into his bedroom.

‘We must go to Scotland Yard, Sherlock. Lestrade wants all of us!’ Mary shouts toward Sherlock’s room.

‘I brought you fresh clothes, Honey,’ she says quietly to John.

‘Oh, thank you my love,’ he kisses her. ‘How did you sleep?’

‘Do you want the truth?’

‘Mmm’ he nods.

‘Wonderfully!’

‘What?’
All that bed just for me!’

John fakes an angry face, and starts ticking her ‘Don’t you dare—‘ Mary starts laughing.

‘John hurry up!’ Sherlock shouts angrily from his room, and then slams the door shut.

They are still for a moment, looking confused. When the three of them finally leave Baker Street, there are thousands of flashes and a multitude of microphones blocking the way. The fans start screaming to one another, and shouting Sherlock’s name.

The reporters all question him simultaneously.

‘Do you think this is related to the Moran case?’

‘How do you think the killer got in the house?’

‘Do you think there will be other attacks like this one?’

‘The Police say you’re under secret services protection, is it true?’

‘Is Mrs. Hudson hurt?’

‘How many wounds do you have?’

‘It’s believed their going to operate on your leg, is that true?’

‘How many mines were placed in the living room?’

They quickly run past the crown and the barriers toward a waiting taxi. The press, and the crowd attempts to follow them, until the cab leaves them all behind.

IN THE CAB

Mary looks at her reflection in the window, while fixing her hair, ‘oh my god’ she huffs out.

‘This is fame, Mary, get used to it,’ John answers coolly.

‘Aha! Come on Dr. Watson! Don’t be too up on yourself’ she jokes.

Sherlock looks through the other window, thinking, an index finger strokes his closed mouth.

Mary looks back at Sherlock ‘I think Greg wants to give us news about the case.’

‘Do you think he has information from the list?’ John asks.

‘Probably.’

Sherlock doesn’t answer.

‘I hope so, we could proceed looking into the surgery.’

John nods affirmatively at her.

‘He could give us some answers, you know.’

‘We should employ you, Mary,’ Sherlock comments, still looking out the window.
‘I know, I’m quite good’ She replies while smiling.

‘Do you want to solve the case, too?’ He asks unmoving.

‘Don’t exaggerate! You’re the master at this.’

John looks at Sherlock frowning a bit, in confusion.

Before getting out the cab, Sherlock quickly takes out his phone and sends a message.

\[\text{SCOTLAND YARD}\]

The trio walks through the halls of Scotland Yard, and everyone’s trying to catch a peek at them, as they enter Lestrade’s office.

‘Hey’ Lestrade quips, while standing near his desk, looking at some sheets of paper.

‘Hello Greg’ Mary answers.

‘How are you, Sherlock?’ Lestrade asks curtly.

‘I’m fine.’

‘He’s limping a bit, but-‘ John says, but Sherlock interjects.

‘I don’t limp, I’m fine.’

‘How’s Mrs. Hudson? She was a bit shocked yesterday.’

‘Yeah, she’s still a bit upset, but she’s alright.’ John answers.

‘What has my brother done this time?’ Sherlock asks looking at Lestrade.

‘What are you talking about?’

‘The Police say you’re under secret services protection, is it true?’ Sherlock imitates the reporter.

‘Blame him for that, I have got nothing to do with it.’

‘I can perfectly manage the case and Moran without Secret Services stalking around my house’ He comments annoyed, raising his voice, then looks at Mary with a hint of embarrassment.

Mary cracks a laugh ‘Oh no worries Sherlock, I’m a secret informer, I work for Secret Services, too.’

‘Talk to him about this, Sherlock, but I suggest that you don’t give any interviews with the press at
the moment. Especially about the case, I don’t need them at my door as well.’

‘Well, he’s had his 15 minutes of fame, anyway’ Sherlock comments.

‘Who?’ John asks.

‘Moran,’ Sherlock replies, as he walks around the office, gesticulating. ‘He did all this because we were proceeding well, he wanted to warn me, he wanted to draw the attention of the media to mess up everything. The media confuse, they…. create fictions…they change words…he wanted to stop me because I was getting too close to him.’

‘Well until we arrived at the surgery problem’ Lestrade says.

‘What about it?’ John asks looking at him.

‘They’re all legal, each one of them.’

‘Really?!’

‘Yes…we’re stuck.’

‘We could…we could take Tanaka’s clue, and try to figure out who killed him, maybe this will bring us to Moran?’ John queries, looking between Sherlock and Lestrade.

‘No, we need the name of the surgeon who operated on Moran. Even if I have to ask to every single surgeon in London who operated on anyone in the last two years, I’ll find him.’

Lestrade exhales through his nose, looking hopeless.

‘Okay, now don’t lose heart, we just need to start again.’

Lestrade taps at the computer ‘I’ll let you know when I’ll find something.’

‘Okay’ John comments going toward the door ‘Hey, we didn’t have dinner after all last night, we could arrange for tonight, what do you think?’

‘Yes! Come on, we need to celebrate Sherlock’s recovery’ Mary comments ‘I’ll send a message to Molly…Sherlock, do you think Mycroft would do us the honor of having dinner with us?’

‘Only if you’re comfortable cooking twice the amount’ Sherlock replies.

‘Greg, can you bring Jane tonight?’ Mary asks.

‘No, they broke up, right?’ Sherlock asks curiously.

Lestrade ups his head toward him ‘Yes, we broke up.’

‘You….what?’ Mary asks bewildered.

‘Are no longer a couple.’

John’s eyes dart around nervously, ‘are you….sure? I mean maybe you just had a…. quarrel?’

‘Yeah, you know, it happens’ Mary continues.

‘Well, I don’t think she would like to spend an evening with his ex-boyfriend next to her anyway’ Sherlock proclaims.
Lestrade looks utterly embarrassed, now it’s his turn to smile nervously. The silence that falls is unbearable.

‘Okay’ John opens the door ‘See you tonight, then!’

The three leave the office, Sherlock and Mary head straight down the hall, but John stops ‘Forgot something, you guys go on ahead- I’ll be right there’ and goes back inside the office.

‘Greg, you don’t need to fake it anymore, I mean…you could just say you had a quarrel with her and now you solved it.’

‘No, John… I actually broke up with Jane.’

John looks at him in confusion, frowning ‘you, what?’

‘Yes, we broke up yesterday.’

‘You…are you serious?’

‘Yes’ looking at John sadly, leaning on the front of his desk.

‘I’m sorry I didn’t know. I mean…why?’

‘It wasn’t working; she was always upset with me. She said that I never had time for her, and that I was always ready to help my friends, answer to all their calls, but that I didn’t do the same for her, you know. So…’

‘Damn Mycroft!’ John comments abruptly, cracking a laugh.

Lestrade give a fake smile, taking a long breath, ‘Stay with Sherlock, and tell him he needs some rest, okay? He looks tired and he’s limping a bit- he shouldn’t walk that much.’

‘I already told him, but you know him.…’

‘Well, we should at least try to convince him.’

‘If you succeed in doing that, tell me how’ John answers, walking away.

**Outside Scotland Yard, on the sidewalk.**

‘I have to go to work, but… what is keeping John?’

Just at that moment, John runs outside toward them.

‘I must go now, love, see you later, okay?’

‘Okay’ she leans in for a kiss.

‘Don’t forget about it John, okay?’

John looks at her a bit confused, then realizes. ‘Ahh, yes, sure, don’t worry.’

‘I have to work until 7pm, I can’t do it.’

‘Yes, don’t worry. I’ll sort it out.’

She kisses him again, and takes a cab.
John looks to Sherlock. ‘Where are we going now?’

‘Home.’

‘For what?’

‘Research.’

‘Ahh...you don’t give up, do you?’

‘This is the only way to-‘

Two middle-aged women stop Sherlock, looking excited and surprised ‘Sherlock Holmes! The real one! Oh my god, How are you dearie?’ ‘What happened yesterday? ‘Can you please sign this for my daughter, she’s such a fan of yours’ One of the women snaps a photograph of Sherlock with a deerstalker from her bag. ‘Who’s this new enemy? They say he’s a friend of Moriarty’s?’ ‘Do you remember that man? He was so evil, but he looked so good.’ ‘The telly said you were dying in bed!’

Sherlock attempts to stop the barrage of questions, ‘I’m fine, thank you’ Sherlock tries to walk away.

‘Are you going to beat this one, too?’ ‘Have you ever met him?’ The women call after him.

Sherlock picks up his pace, and John laughs alongside him. ‘It’s like you became like a superhero or something.’

‘The crowd drugged by crap telly.’

‘Taxi!’ John shouts.

‘Well today’s going to be another research day, and I need your help.’

‘About?’

‘Surgeons! I need all their agendas, and this afternoon we’ll share the work. I’ll go to-‘

‘This afternoon I can’t, Sherlock, I need to pack my suitcase for the holiday.’

The cab arrives.

‘What? What holiday?’ Sherlock stops before entering touching cab and frowns at him.

‘The honeymoon, Sherlock! Did you forget about it?’ John answers smiling.

Sherlock doesn’t answer, but looks around as John opens the cab’s door.

‘Are you not getting in?’ John looks at Sherlock confused. Sherlock walks away.

‘Sherlock!’ He looks at the taxi-driver ‘Sorry…’ and runs off after Sherlock.

‘Sherlock!’ He takes Sherlock’s right arm, turning him back towards himself.

‘What the hell happened?’

‘Nothing’ He keeps walking fast, limping a bit.

‘I thought you knew it, that I had the honeymoon, we postponed It because Mary had to work, don’t you remember that?’ Sherlock doesn’t answer. ‘I’ll help you today, just not this afternoon. Mary will
be away until this evening, and we fly tomorrow afternoon. I still have to arrange some things, you know."

“You find it easy, don’t you?” Sherlock stops looking at him.

“Wh—”

“You think it’s not important”

John looks at Sherlock confused.

“That is what really matters, right? This is just….your…your hobby.”

John laughs thinking Sherlock is joking ‘Oh, come on.’

‘Do you find it funny?’

“What?”

“Disappointing me.”

“What are you talking about?”

Sherlock starts imitating John in a mocking tone ‘Sherlock, sorry, I can’t have lunch with you, Mary prepared everything at home, Sherlock, sorry, I can’t come with you to Tanaka, I have to go to Mary, Sherlock, sorry, I can’t, I must go to the airport, Sherlock, sorry, I’m talking on the phone right now, I can’t talk to you.’

John looks at Sherlock astonished, then gives a fake laugh, ‘Sherlock… are you serious?’

Sherlock remains silent

‘Listen, I’m sorry if I have a life! Sherlock…could you please not think about yourself just for once? Did you hear what I told you? I have a flight tomorrow afternoon. I paid for it, and Mary’s working until this evening, and I have to pack the luggage, print the boarding passes.’

“So, don’t try to do what you can’t do anymore.’

‘Sorry?’

“You want to look like you still...care! That you still want to do this, but you can’t, every time you tell me you’ll help me after few seconds you suddenly have a commitment.”

John laughs nervously ‘One mistake and you stab me in the heart.’

“It’s not just one.”

John looks at Sherlock nervously; ‘Now don’t pretend like I’m not following you everywhere!’

“You’re not obliged to do it.”

“In fact, I do it because I want to do it, Sherlock.’

“So, what?”

“So, you should understand that I’m busy too sometimes. You know I have a wife. Am I asking too much of you?”
'Ok, I respect your decision.'

John huffs out ‘Finally!'

‘But don’t make promises you know you can’t keep.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Have a good…wedding holiday.’

Sherlock stalks away stiffly, still limping, and John just stands there astonished.

**IN THE CAB**

‘Just once! Just once! The first time I can’t do something he treats me like shit!’ John shouts through the phone. He makes me look like an idiot! He thinks I don’t care, just because I don’t live with him anymore, or I don’t follow him everywhere! He thinks he must always be put ahead everything! He can’t understand! He will never understand! I can’t make him understand, he doesn’t---What? No! All the things I’ve done for him, and he treats me like this! All the things I’ve said to him last…’ he takes a long breath. ‘He’s such a child! I can’t stand this anymore! He can’t think to arrange somebody’s life like he wants, he can’t! He makes me feel guilty every time I do something not linked to him; he thinks everything is about to him. He doesn’t value what I do for him. He said that I don’t care!’ cracking a nervous laugh. ‘Can you believe that? I…’ he rubs his eyes with his fingers. ‘I don’t know if he does all this to show off, or to make me feel guilty for being away all week when he’s working on a case. I don’t know what’s happening to him. Why he’s become so…touchy. I don’t know how to act around him; it seems like every time I do something it’s a mistake. I just want things back like before, is that too much to ask?’

**8: 00 PM - JOHN’S HOUSE**

Mary and John are setting the table.

‘Where should we place Greg? Near Molly?’

John nods, putting the forks in order.

Mary looks at the table. ‘Me next to you, and you next to…Sherlock, okay?’

John takes a long breath, ‘yes.’

‘Are you okay dear? You seem upset.’
'I’m fine.'

The doorbell rings.

‘Oh! This must be Greg, he’s always the first to arrive!’

Mary goes toward the door and opens it with a smile.

‘Greg!’

‘Good evening!’ He walks in.

‘Come inside, and make yourself a drink’ Mary gestures toward the bar, and heads back to the bedroom.

‘John!’ Greg gives him a curt nod and a grin.

‘Hey!’ John beckons him into the kitchen.

Greg takes a glass and pours himself some wine. ‘Sherlock told me everything.’

John turns toward him ‘About what?’

‘The list.’

‘Ah.’

‘It seems like he’s found all the other surgeons names. Well, at least I hope so.’ He takes a sip, and walks into the living room, leaning against the wall ‘How many of them?’

‘What?’

‘Names.’

‘Oh! I don’t know. I wasn’t with him.’

‘Oh, I understand.’

John walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge, taking out two bottles of water.

‘You didn’t go?’ Greg asks directly.

‘Nope!’ ‘Why? I’m useless anyway.’

‘Oh, come on John. Don’t play this game.’

‘I’m not playing a game, I’m serious.’

‘What are you going to do now? Not talk to him? Should we go backwards?’

‘This is his decision, not mine Greg, I can’t act like he didn’t say those words, he meant them.’

‘He wasn’t being serious, you know how much he loves to be dramatic.’

‘Well then I’ll play the part like him.’

‘And what do you think you’ll end up with?’
‘I’m hoping he’ll realize how wrong he is.’

The doorbell rings, interrupting their banter. Mary walks out the bedroom putting on earrings, and answers it.

‘Molly!’ She hugs her tightly.

‘Good evening!’

Greg turns back ‘Hey!’

‘Hello!’ She beams at him.

‘Eh Molly!’ John calls from the kitchen.

‘Come in! Have a drink!’ Greg says kindly, while he heads to the bar to pour himself another glass.

‘What a cold night!’

‘Yes, the temperature really dropped this week’ Mary comments.

Greg hands Molly a glass of wine. ‘Oh thank you Greg! Here, I brought wine too.’

‘Thank you, we’ll serve it at dinner’ Mary puts the bottles on the table.

‘Where’s Sherlock?’ Molly asks.

‘He should arrive soon’ Greg comments looking at the clock.

‘Does he feel better? I called him before, but he didn’t answer.’

‘Yes, he’s feeling better.’ John replies sternly.

‘People on the internet said they saw him on the street this morning. Is that true?’

‘Yes, he came to Scotland Yard.’

‘What people on the internet?’ Mary asks.

‘The fan base!’

‘Oh.’

‘They posted a photo of him, and you too John.’

‘Really?’

Molly nods ‘I don’t know if the photos were taken by fans or paparazzi to be honest.’

‘You two are getting famous’ Mary tells John ironically.

‘Do you remember when somebody wanted to write a book? I remember’ Greg asks before tipping his glass back again.

Molly calls out, ‘Yes!’

John fakes a laugh ‘About what?’
‘I don’t know, I think about you two, you know...the cases...Reichenbach. After the reports came out on TV, but then Sherlock came back, and I don’t know what happened then.’

‘Why Sherlock is so late?’ Mary asks, taking the bottle of wine on the table.

‘I believe he’s still on the case’ Greg comments.

‘John, dear, send him a message, ask him when he’ll arrive’ Mary asks pointedly.

John takes his phone, a bit disappointed, and then looks at Greg. He huffs out, and composes a short message.

FROM : John
TO : Sherlock

Are you coming?

‘Okay, the roast in the oven is almost ready. I suggest we drink until Sherlock arrives. You know, just to pass the time, and to celebrate his recovery, and our honeymoon!’

Everyone takes a glass Mary pours Molly’s wine.

They come closer to each other and raise their glasses ‘Cheeeeers!’

THE JOHNNY ROCKETS – NIGHT II

♫ *Love is blindness* ♫

Two cabs pull up in front of the pub. The temperature is almost freezing, and not helped by the misty rainfall. Music spills out of the pub, many people stand outside drinking beer and talking. Five men get out the pair of cabs, three of them in black suits, one in a jacket and a white t-shirt, while the other a purple shirt. That one glances down at his phone briefly, before walking inside. A bodyguard is left to stand outside. Sherlock walks into the pub with his collar flipped up. A short fat man at the bar turns toward him and widens his arms, welcoming him. The shake hands, and Sherlock walks over to the bar, and gives the barman a nod. A waiter arrives at the bar with a tray, smile at Sherlock, and then winks at him. He asks for Sherlocks’ order while caressing his arm, and Sherlock tells him to send beers, burgers, and crisps to the table with the suited men he came in with. A couple at a table near the bar watches him, while talking softly to one another other. He can’t hear what they’re saying, as the pub is full of patrons drinking, talking, and laughing. Sherlock leaves the bar and goes toward the man he met before, the music is loud, they can hardly hear each other. He has to dip in close to his ear to be heard.

‘Sebastian!’

‘Sherlock!’

They talk for a bit, the man gestures to the pub, they lean nearer to each other; Sherlock lowers himself to listen, and replies shouting. Then the man puts a hand on his own pocket, and shaking Sherlock’s hand gives him a sachet, two times. Sherlock smiles at him and then goes to the table with the suited men. They have a toast with their beers, and a good laugh. They finish them off quickly,
and order another round. Then Sherlock stands up, and goes toward the toilet. Once inside, he closes the door quickly and stands near the sink taking a sachet from his left pocket, he opens it and pours out a line on the white sink, then takes a five pound note from his wallet, rolls it, and quickly snorts the coke. His head jerks up from the rush; he puts the hands on the sink, trying to control the effects. He shakes his head, and slams his eyes shut. He feels his body shaking, and burning for few seconds, then suddenly a breath of relief. He looks at the mirror in front of him, pulling at his nose, and then leaves.

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The table is full of empty dishes and empty glasses, two men talk to each other, another one is drunk, half-asleep, with his head leaned against the wood bench.

‘Are you tired?’ he leans forward to kiss Sherlock’s neck.

‘Mmm’ Sherlock’s voice is scratchy, so he drinks more beer.

‘Want to come home with me?’ Putting a hand on Sherlock’s chest, still kissing his neck.

Sherlock puts the glass on the table and turns to look at him. ‘Do you like the perfume?’

The man cracks a laugh ‘Yes, sure.’

‘You can have it if you want.’

‘What?’

‘The perfume.’

‘Yes?’

‘Mmm.’

‘I should come at your home, then.’

‘Do you want to run this risk?’

‘Oh, I would climb mountains for you.’

‘My house is under-sssssuper-ppppprotection.’

‘Yes?’ bringing Sherlock closer to him, his hands on his waist, giving him small pecks on his cheek.

‘Mmmmm, I have cameras in my bedroom.’

‘Really?’ he smiles.

Sherlock nods.

‘And do you keep the cassettes and watch them?’ his mouth closer to Sherlock’s.

‘There’s nothing to watch.’

‘Oh! No? I’m sooo sorry’ he whispers to him faking a sad face ‘I can sort that all out.’ smiling at Sherlock, staring at his mouth.

‘I want people to watch us.’
He looks at him a bit confused ‘Really?’

Sherlock nods ‘They spy on us.’

He laughs ‘Who?’

‘Everyone’ Sherlock leans in, and kisses him soundly. The man puts his other hand on his cheek and starts kissing Sherlock passionately in return. His tongue slips into Sherlock’s mouth, giving him long, slow kisses. His hands inch up toward his curls ‘ ooohhh I love these he whispers, as he grips them gently. He then slides his lips over to Sherlock’s ear, kissing and licking it. Sherlock puts an arm around his neck and pulls away to find the exit door, the man doesn’t stop kissing his neck.

JOHN’S HOUSE

At the table, having dinner.

‘No, we’ll make the East Tour, it’s Indri, Green, Nest of Dream, and Zahamena’ Mary says to Molly. ‘We decided on that part of the island because it’s very rich in fauna and flora, and because it’s where Madagascar has its rainforest.’

‘Will you have a tourist guide?’ Greg asks, sipping wine.

‘Yes,’ John says. ‘I thought it was better, you know, you can’t walk around without knowing what you’re seeing, and it’s also useful because they tell you which zones are safer than others, and what to eat, or not to eat as the case may be.’

‘The tour will take six days, so we will have another two days to just go around the main city and buy things.’

‘Anta…?’ John asks, sipping.

‘Antananarivo!’

‘Antananarivo?’

‘Anta-na-na-rivo!’

‘Anta-na-…..just like Takana’

‘Tanaka’ Greg replies, giving him a small kick under the table.

John turns toward him with a quizzical look.

‘What?’

‘Mycroft sent me a message’ he whispers.

‘You got your vaccines, right?’ Molly asks Mary.

‘Yes, to be honest it’s not 100% guarantee that you’ll not get diseases or infections. I mean you could still get a fever after the vaccine, but we decided to…’

‘What does he want?’ John asks Greg.

‘He told me Sherlock went to the Johnny Rockets again tonight’
‘And?’

Greg stares at John with a, *you know*, look on his face.

‘Again? He wants us to go there again?’ He cracks a nervous laugh ‘No! I’m sorry’

Greg just looks at his mobile ‘I don’t know what to say. I told him I’m here, he said I could go after dinner.’

John takes a piece of meat with the fork ‘If you want, go there and have a look.’ He chews the meat thoughtfully, takes a sip of wine, and says, ‘But I think, I’ll pass this time.’

‘I thought he was working on the case, and that’s why he didn’t come.’

John swallows hard, ‘Well, maybe he got a better offer.’

‘What time is your flight tomorrow?’ Molly asks Mary.

‘At 5:15 pm.’

‘I knew he wasn’t coming’ John says haughtily to Greg.

‘Really?’

John nods ‘He did it on purpose, he probably will arrange to not even meet me tomorrow. He’s punishing me.’

Greg smiles ‘You two act like an old married couple’ shaking his head.

‘Well, then tell my husband I want to divorce!’

‘Are you coming?’

‘Where?’

Greg just looks at him with pursed lips.

‘No! I said no, not again, sorry.’

‘Come on, just a quick look.’

‘No! I’m not his baby-sitter, he’s responsible for his actions, and I’m not his brother’s puppet either. If he wants to go out and get drunk- let him do it. We all have done it once in a while.’

‘Oh my god, really?’ Mary looks at Molly surprised.

‘Yes!’ she laughs

‘What?’ John and Greg ask simultaneously, turning from their conversation to the ladies.

‘When Sherlock didn’t answer me this afternoon, I went into Baker Street and saw Mrs. Hudson downstairs giving an interview to a reporter.’

‘Really?’ Greg looks equally surprised.

‘Yes!’ Molly laughs ‘She told me the interview was for the BBC News!’
Mary quickly stands up and takes the remote control and turns on the TV.

Greg turns his chair toward the TV ‘I can’t believe it.’

On the BBC Channel a reporter is inside 221A Baker Street. Mrs. Hudson is sitting on a chair with her legs crossed, hands folded nervously.

Everyone starts giggling, as the reporter starts interviewing her.

‘The news of the explosions are splashed across the headlines of every major newspaper, would you like to tell us exactly what happened that afternoon?’

‘I was right here, here is where I live…’

‘I can’ believe what I’m seeing’ John comments, Greg laughs.

‘That day I was waiting a friend of mine to come over for a cuppa, and then our usual Saturday night karaoke evening at a pub we like.’

‘This interview will finish tomorrow morning’ John comments, everyone laughs.

‘While I was here looking for the tea I suddenly heard an explosion, I didn’t worry that much to be honest because I’m used to Sherlock, and his experiments. So, I thought it was just him, but then I felt the house shaking and I thought it was an earthquake. I didn’t understand what was happening, and those explosions kept going off, so I ran upstairs, and when I came in I saw the destruction.’

‘There was dust everywhere, I assume’ the reporter interjects.

‘Dust, pieces of tile flung all over the living room, and Sherlock was right there in the middle of it, I was so worried. I started shouting to him but he couldn’t hear he, and—‘

‘It’s said he was under shock after the attack.’

‘A bit, yes, he was a bit shocked, but this morning he felt better—‘

‘I can’t believe they’re using her that way’ John says.

‘How many wounds does he have on his body?’

‘Just one, on his leg, but John fixed it.’

‘Tell him that, Mrs. Hudson’ John whispers.

‘John Watson cured Sherlock’s wound?’

‘Yes, sure he did, he took care of him right after the attack, and he stayed with him during the night. He was so frightened when he arrived in Baker Street. I never saw him like that before. He looked so worried…’

John raises his eyebrows in denial.

‘He even went out to buy the pirate biscuits that Sherlock likes.’

‘Oh my god, NO!’ John comments. Everyone starts laughing, and John just sits there embarrassed.

‘John Watson left in the middle of the night to buy biscuits for Sherlock Holmes?’
John has his hands covering his face.

‘I can’t believe they’re asking such a question!’ Greg yells at the TV.

‘Yes, sure! John would do anything for him. John is Sherlock’s angel. When John is around, Sherlock will always be safe.’

Greg looks at John, who is now gulping his wine.

‘Somebody saw a large present being brought into Baker Street, what was it?’

‘Oh, they’re just gossiping now!’ Greg shouts again.

‘Poor Mrs. Hudson, they tricked her’ Molly replies.

‘Somebody delivered breakfast and left a message for him,’ Mrs. Hudson quips to the reporter.


‘I don’t know! I thought it was a present made by the fans who were outside.

‘It’s rumored that Sherlock Holmes might be homosexual, what do you think about that? Has he ever had a girlfriend or a boyfriend?’

John takes the remote control and turns the TV off.

‘That was enough!’

‘Cake?’ Mary suggests.

‘I’ll help you!’ Molly stands up and goes in the kitchen with Mary.

Greg’s phone buzzes.

FROM : Mycroft

TO : Greg

Are you going to Rockets?

Greg looks annoyed, while John sips his wine ‘Is he insisting?’

‘Yes’ Greg replies irritated. ‘John, come on, just for a few minutes…’

‘No, no.’

‘You can even wait in the car. I’ll go and check from the exit door. That’s it! Then we’ll come back home.’

John shakes his head, ‘he wouldn’t understand! We would just bother him’.
FROM : Mycroft

TO : Greg

If not at Rockets, at least Baker Street.

‘If you don’t come, I won’t go.’

‘Don’t go then, nothing will happen, Sherlock will sleep fine, anyway.’

‘Come on! I know you care!’

‘Sorry?’

‘It doesn’t work with me, John, at least let’s check his home!’

‘What? No! That’s worse! I’d rather be outside the pub, than go and knock at his door!’

‘Then let’s go there!’

‘Caaaaaake!!!’

IN THE CAB

Sherlock’s half asleep, his head against the seat. He opens his eyes a little and peers out the window cab ‘jjj—john.’ He checks his phone, and then suddenly Sherlock becomes more lucid. ‘Where are we going?’

‘Home, honey.’

Sherlock turns slowly his head and opens his eyes fully; his sight still blurry.

‘Do you still want to come home?’ He puts the mobile on the seat and hugs Sherlock around the waist.

‘No’ Sherlock whispers.

‘Do you want me to come with you then?’ he asks, stroking Sherlock’s cheek with one hand, and kissing him gently.

‘No.’

‘What?’ He suddenly stops, and looks confused at Sherlock.

‘I said no’ Sherlock replies, still drunk, starting to kiss him again, more deeply.

He rubs Sherlock’s back, then down to his butt with both hands, pushing him against the seat. ‘Mmmmm’

‘What?’ starting to lick and suck on Sherlock’s neck.

Sherlock has his eyes closed, his mouth half-open in pleasure ‘stop-ahh’ he whispers.

‘You don’t really want to’ he smiles while still nipping and licking at him.
The cab stops in front of Baker Street, Sherlock’s now kissing him deeply, his legs opened, arms around his neck. He pulls back, ‘I should go now’ looking at him.

‘You really want to?’

Sherlock nods ‘I have to go now’ whispering.

‘See you tomorrow?’

Sherlock nods again, then cracks laughing.

‘What?’

‘When Alan was choking…’

They both start laughing, and the taxi driver turns back ‘Do you want to stay here all night and pay me the extras or keep talking at home?’

‘I’m leaving’ Sherlock answers.

He gets out and rests an hand on the window cab, lowering his head to softly say, ‘bye.’

‘Bye’ the man smiles ‘goodnight.’

‘Bonjjjjjjour.’

He laughs ‘bonne nuit!’ Bonjour means Good morning, Bonne nuit means Goodnight.’

‘Bon nuit.’

‘Bonne.’

‘Bonne.’

‘Nuit.’

‘Nuitt.’

‘No! The t is silent, nuit.’

‘Nuit.’

‘Yes’ he laughs.

‘Bonne………nuit!’ waves a hand, and walks backwards. Sherlock totters a bit at the main door, takes the keys from his pocket, and after a few tries opens the door.

He walks slowly upstairs, Mrs. Hudson suddenly appears.

‘Sherlock?’ she whispers, she looks out the stairs and up at him. ‘Sherlock! You’re back!’

Sherlock nods in her direction, but remains climbing the stairs.

‘Do you know that the press interviewed me this evening? They even had a make-up artist. I wanted to take some photographs because I looked so good! They asked me about the attack, how you felt, I told them you are feeling better, that John helped you, they were enthusiastic after the interview! Maybe we’ll do another one! …Sherlock?’
She hears him close the door to 221b, then sighs, and goes back to her room.

Sherlock stands still in the living room for a while. Then he goes toward the stereo near the TV shelf, and looks through a stack of cd’s and selects one; Gloria Gaynor, I will Survive. He starts singing ‘FIIRST I WAS AFRAAAAAAAID I WAS PETRIFIIEEEEEEED THINKING I COULD NEVER LIIIIIIIIIVEEEEEE WITHOUT YOU BY MY SIIIIIIIIIDEEEEEEEEEEE’ . He comes back near the stereo and puts the music at the highest volume, then starts twirling and playing an air-guitar. AND SOOO YOU’RE BAAAAAAAACK, FROM OUTERSPAAAAACEEEE Then takes a pen on the table and pretends it’s a microphone, dancing around the room singing.

Go on now, go walk out the dooooooooor
Just turn around noooow
’Cause you're not welcome anymoooorre
Weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye
Did you think I'd crumbleeeeee
Did you think I'd lay down and dieeeeee

After dancing a bit, he sits on the sofa, and takes out his five-pound note. He starts to roll it, still singing.

I've got all my life to liiiiiive
And I've got all my love to giiiiive
And I'll survive

I'll surviveeeeee

JOHN’S HOUSE

‘Goodnight Molly!’

‘Goodnight, have a beautiful honeymoon together!’

‘Thank you!’

Molly walks out.

Greg takes his jacket and goes toward the door, looking at John.

‘No’

‘Are you sure?’

John nods. ‘I’m angry.’

Greg takes a long breath ‘I don’t know what to do.’

‘He’s probably already at home, sleeping.’

‘Did he answer you?’

‘No, but he saw it.’

Greg looks at the phone, then at John. ‘If I don’t see you guys again…have a good honeymoon.’

‘Thank you Greg.’
'Goodnight.'

'Night.'

**BAKER STREET**

He brings out a plastic bag with white powder inside, makes a fat line, and quickly snorts it. His head jerks back. His hands fly up to his nose, he feels like it’s on fire, then blood starts dripping from it. Sherlock tries to stand up, but he loses the control, and falls on his knee near the table. He starts shaking, everything spins around, and suddenly a terrible feeling of nausea catches his stomach, he tries to stand up again, but falls down on the floor. Blood still dripping down his nose, he wretches and heaves. He starts coughing, and choking.

**JOHN’S HOUSE**

John is cleaning the dinner table.

‘Honey’ Mary says from the kitchen.

‘Yes.’

‘Could you please bring the trash out?’

‘Yes.’

John finishes cleaning the table and leaves the sponge, to go take out the trash. He walks out the door and puts it near the stairs, then stares at the street a moment. Just before he starts walking back, his phone buzzes.

From : Greg

To : John

I didn’t go to his house, anyway… goodnight and have fun in Madagascar!

John looks at the phone, then at the street again.

‘Taxi!’

**BAKER STREET**

A cab stops in front of the 221 Baker Street. John gets out and pays, then walks toward the door. He takes his keys, slowly opens the door, and climbs the stairs. Halfway up, Mrs Hudson appears from her rooms shouting, ‘SHERLOCK?’

John turns back.

‘Sher—John!’

‘Mrs. Hudson!’

‘What are you doing at this time of the night?’
‘I—’

‘I have to sleep! Stop listening to music at midnight! I heard such a racket upstairs I don’t know how
the neighbors didn’t call the police! Tell Sherlock to stop!’

John looks at her and huffs out nervously ‘I’ll do it.’

He climbs quickly the stairs ‘Sherlock!!!!’ he shouts

‘Sher- Jesus christ’ he opens the living room door and finds Sherlock lying on the floor, in a pool of
blood and vomit. His face lies still with his mouth wide open. John runs to Sherlock’s fallen body,
bending down, he puts two fingers on his neck to check for a pulse. Thankfully, he finds one, and
Sherlock stirs a bit.

‘Sherlock! Sherlock! What the hell happened Sherlock!’ He sees the powder, the rolled up pounds
on the table, and understands.

‘What did you take Sherlock? What did you take?’ Sherlock’s incapable of answers, so John starts
slapping his face hard, grabs takes the phone.

‘GREG!’ John shouts into the mobile.

‘Jo-‘

‘GREG RUN HERE! RUN FUCKING HERE GREG! PLEASE’

‘Where are you John?’

‘I’M AT BAKER STREET!’

‘What the hell happ-‘

‘SHERLOCK’S DYING! HE TOOK DRUGS! GET OVER HERE NOW!’

‘Oh my fucking god, Jesus Christ.’

‘GREG NOW! I SAID COME HERE!’

John lets the phone clatter to the floor, and picks Sherlock up from his shoulders, in an effort to drag
him on the sofa.

‘Sherlock! Sherlock!’ He tries to wakes him up, is rewarded with a small eyes flutter.

‘Sherlock! Come on Sherlock, wake up please!’

Sherlock mumbles something unintelligible.

‘What did you take Sherlock?’

Sherlock is aware of John over him and speaking to him, but he can’t seem to form a proper word, so
instead continues to mumble, whilst shaking.

‘You’ll be better soon, don’t worry, you’ll be better soon’ He takes the phone and calls Greg again

Hello, you’ve reached Gregory Lestrade, I’m not able to answer the phone right now but my
voicemail is, so you can talk to it instead, wait for the beep!'
‘FUCK GREG! FUCK YOU FUCKING ANSWER THE FUCKING PHONE!

Greg races down the streets as fast as he can with one hand; the other has his phone pressed to his ear.

‘MYKE, it’s Greg. He’s in trouble; I need you!’

‘Who’s this?’

‘MYK---’ Greg looks at the phone.

‘Mycroft?’

‘This is Anthea, Mycroft Holmes is busy right now, call him later---’

‘ANTHEA IT’S ME, GREG. GREG LESTRADE. TELL MYCROFT IT’S URGENT, PLEASE!’

‘I can’t call him now, I’m sor-’

‘ANTHEA IT’S FOR SHERLOCK! PLEASE! HE’LL UNDERSTAND, TELL HIM WE GOT A PROBLEM WITH SHERLOCK!’

‘I’ll tell him when the conference is over.’

‘NO! ANTHEA TELL HIM HE MUST TAKE THE CALL NOW! RIGHT NOW!’

‘I’m not sure I can-’

‘FUCK YOU ANTHEA!! FUCKING FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! SHIT!’

Greg throws the phone onto the passenger seat, and drives faster toward Baker Street. He parks the car on the sidewalk, and takes the stairs two at a time. When he tumbles into 221b, he sees John crouched over Sherlock, holding him in the recovery position. Greg puts his hands on his head in shock, ‘Oh my fucking god.’

‘We should bring him to Hospital now. Help me get him up, he’s completely dead weight.’

Greg walks up to Sherlock and scoops him up underneath an armpit; John does the same to the other side. ‘We’re going to hospital, Sherlock. Stay with us.’

‘Oh my fucking god. Oh my fucking god. Myke is going to kill me, he’ll kill me.’ Greg mutters to himself.

They struggle down the stairs and out the front door, dragging him into the car. Then Greg starts his car drives like a madman. John is in the back seat with Sherlock cradled in his arms.

‘Can you see me, Sherlock? Can you see me? Come on Sherlock try to wake up.’

Greg turns the radio on and cranks up the volume.

‘TURN THAT FUCKING RADIO OFF!’

‘HE NEEDS MUSIC SO HE WON’T FALL ASLEEP!’

‘I’M TALKING TO HIM! JUST TURN THAT RADIO OFF!’ He does, and then hears his phone ringing. It’s still on the seat where he threw it, so he swerves to try and reach it while driving.
‘What are you doing? Watch the street!’

‘My phone! It’s Myke! I can’t reach it’

John leans forward up into the front, grabs the phone, and answers it, ‘Mycroft! It’s John.’

‘John, what is going on?’

‘SHERLOCK OVERDOSED!’

‘Oh my-’

‘We’re going to hospital, right now!’

‘Where were you tonight, John?’

John gives Greg the phone ‘TALK TO HIM OR I’LL KILL HIM!’

‘I know Myke! I fucking know it! Sorry! Sorry!’ he shouts, almost crying.

‘Don’t go to hospital!’

‘What?’ Greg is shocked by Mycroft’s suggestion.

‘I don’t want the newspapers headers all about Sherlock tomorrow morning.’ He explains.

‘What?’ Greg is even more incredulous.

‘CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU HEAR WHAT I’M SAYING? I SAID I NO HOSPITAL! TAKE HIM BACK TO BAKER STREET! SAY WHAT AGAIN AND I’LL HAVE YOUR HEAD!’

‘How the hell are we going to manage that then? Tell me how!’

‘JUST GO TO BAKER STREET! I’M COMING, DON’T DO ANYTHING UNTIL I’M THERE!’

Greg turns the call off and keeps on the phone in his hand while driving.

‘What did he say?’

Greg suddenly stops the car and performs a three-point turn, going back the way they came.

‘W---What are you doing?’

‘Mycroft doesn’t want us to bring him to hospital.’

‘Who cares what he wants!! Sherlock needs to go to A&E!’

‘HE’S HIS BROTHER OKAY? I DO WHAT SHERLOCK’S BROTHER TELLS ME.’

‘Give me the phone, give me the damn phone!’

‘TAKE IT! TAKE IT!’ Greg hands the mobile to John.

‘MYCROFT, YOUR BROTHER IS DYING IN MY LAP. HOW THE HELL ARE YOU GOING TO SAVE HIM, CAN YOU TELL ME?’
‘I’m bringing an adrenaline shot, just keep him awake until I’m there.’

John hangs up on him, as Greg careens back onto Baker Street. They drag a slightly awake Sherlock out the car and upstairs, into the living room. They put Sherlock on the sofa, and stare at him worriedly. His mouth is hanging open, and his eyes roll back into his head. Greg starts pacing back and forth along the room.

John starts looking at the bookshelf and drawers. Greg looks over at him ‘What are you doing?’

‘The medical book.’

‘What?’

‘THE MEDICAL BOOK! HOW DO YOU THINK I’M GOING TO GIVE AN ANDRENALINE SHOT? I’VE NEVER DONE THAT IN MY LIFE! AND NOW MYCROFT IS COMING HERE WITH A FUCKING ADRENALINE SHOT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?’

Greg turns back toward Sherlock.

‘KEEP TALKING TO HIM! KEEP TALKING!’

‘Sherlock! Sherlock look at me! It’s Greg, LESTRADE! IT’S LESTRADE SHERLOCK! Don’t worry; we’ll get you outa this shit soon. Just keep your eyes open and look at me, your brother’s on his way, okay?’

The sound of screeching tires comes from outside, Greg runs to the window.

‘It’s Myke!’

‘Good, FINALLY!’

Mycroft walks in shouting ‘HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?’

Greg is completely frightened, shaking ‘Listen, Myke, I wanted to go but-’

‘DO YOU THINK THIS IS TIME TO TALK ABOUT THIS? YOUR BROTHER IS DYING! GIVE ME THE ADRENALINE AND SORT THIS FUCKING SHIT OUT LATER!’

Mrs. Hudson finally is awoken by this new clatter, and quickly goes upstairs.

‘What on earth is going on boys? It’s midnight! I have to sleep!’ She shouts while walking up the stairs.

As she walks in the living room, she sees John and Mycroft over Sherlock, who’s now lying on the floor in the middle of the room.

What happened? She asks, looking terrified.

‘GREG, FIND THE BOX!’ John shouts.

‘What’s wrong with him?’

‘He’s dying!’ Mycroft answers annoyed.

‘Oh my god! Oh my god!’ Mrs. Hudson starts crying.
‘Mrs. Hudson, go down to the basement and get the medical book!’ John shouts at the landlady.

She quickly runs back downstairs.

John stands up shouts, ‘GREG! LOOK FOR THE MEDICAL BOOK!’

‘Don’t shout at me! Don’t shout at me, okay? It just makes me more nervous, and I’m already nervous, I don’t need it!’

John runs into the kitchen.

‘Why do you need a medical book?’ Mycroft asks.

‘I’ve never given an adrenaline shot before okay?’

‘That’s because you prefer staying at home, instead of watching out for my brother!’

‘I’m not his babysitter! Hire a bodyguard who’ll spy on him 24 hours a day if that’s what you want!’

‘YOU KNOW WHAT? STOP TALKING TO ME! TALK TO YOUR BROTHER!’ John is yelling at the top of his lungs.

Mrs. Hudson arrives back upstairs in the living room with a box full of books.

‘And what the hell is this?’

‘It’s the only box with books in it, the Medical Book must be there!’

They all start looking for the book.

‘Hurry up! We’re losing him!’

‘I’M LOOKING AS FAST AS I CAN MYCROFT!’

‘This is an important book, why do you keep it with the other books?’ Mycroft tuts.

‘I don’t know I don’t know!! Stop bothering Mrs. Hudson!’ John answers.

‘While you’re looking for it Sherlock’s dying on the floor! You’ll never find it in all that mess! I’ve been telling him to clean his stuff for months, and-‘

‘COME HERE! SCREW THE BOOK!’ Mycroft shouts.

John bends over Sherlock and picks up the adrenaline-filled needle. He opens the sealed packaging, and prepares for the injection. ‘Take his shirt off and find his heart’ he says somewhat calmly.

Mycroft rips his shirt open.

Greg runs over the floor with the book ‘I found it’ heavily breathing.

John goes to the index, finds what he’s looking for, quickly scans the lines, and then says, ‘Okay.’

‘We must find his heart!’ Greg comments, behind John.

‘I know. I just said that!’ John answers annoyed. ‘But it has to be exact, We’re giving him an injection, so we have to hit him exactly in the heart’ John points at Sherlock’s chest, Greg looks up at Mycroft with pale face.
‘I need a marker, Greg get me a marker.’

Greg stands up and goes toward the table, then comes back on the floor giving John a pen.

‘THIS IS A FUCKING PEN GREG!I TOLD YOU TO GET A MARKER! A MARKER! I MUST PUT THIS FUCKING NEEDLE IN HIS HEART! IT MUST BE PRECISE!’

‘STOP SHOUTING! YOU’RE JUST MAKING ME NERVOUS! OKAY?’

He comes back with a red marker; John gives the needle to Mycroft, and makes a small dot on Sherlock’s indicating the center of his heart.

Mycroft has the needle on his hands

‘Ok, it’s ready, I’ll tell you what to do’ John says to Mycroft.

‘No, you give him the shot.’

‘No, you give him the shot, you’re his brother!’

‘You’re a doctor!’

‘I don’t want this fucking responsibility!’

‘You were to look after him tonight, and what did you do instead?’

‘We were bringing him to Hospital, Mycroft! You wanted to come back here. You brought the fucking adrenaline, and now you’re gonna do it!’

‘I’ve never done this before!’

‘I’ve never done this before either! And I’m not going to start now! You wanted him at home, and that means you’re gonna give him the shot!’

‘Okay. Fine, what I have to do?’

‘Okay, you’re going to give him the shot into his heart, so you’ll have to through the breastplate, okay? It’s a bone, and we only have one shot, alright?’

Mycroft nods, nervously sweating.

‘You must slam the needle down into his heart, like a stab.’

‘I must stab him?’ shaking more.

‘Yes, you must act like you want to stab him hard in the heart.’

Mycroft looks pale.

‘And once you do, push down on the plunger.’

‘Then what happens?’ Sweating more, his mouth almost dry.

‘To be honest…I don’t know.’

Suddenly Mycroft faints, and collapses next to Sherlock.
John stands there looking astonished. Greg bends over him, slapping Mycroft in the face.

‘Myke! Myke! Myke!’

‘Jesus Christ’ John runs a hand down his face.

‘Myke! Can you hear me? These two are gonna die tonight, they’re gonna die’ Greg is almost in tears.

‘STOP SPOUTING BULLSHIT GREG!’

‘That’s your fault, that’s your fault John. I wanted to come here!’ Still slapping Mycroft’s face.

Meanwhile John takes the needle and looks at Sherlock, ‘Okay.’

John lifts the needle up above his head, with both hands, and looks down at Sherlock.

Greg goes in the kitchen looking for a glass of water ‘Where’s your glasses?’

John’s eyes narrow, Greg finds a glass, fills it, and runs back toward Mycroft, splashing water all over the floor ‘I’m gonna save you, Myke, I’m gonna do it’ bending over him.

John’s looking at Sherlock, whispering ‘I swear God if you survive to this…I’m gonna tell you all the shit I never told today.’

‘Count to three Greg!’

One…

Greg has his glass of water near Mycroft’s face.

Two…

John looks at Sherlock and at the red spot.

Three!

Greg throws the water on Mycroft’s face.

John stabs Sherlock in the heart and pumps the adrenaline out through the needle. Sherlock’s head is jolted from the impact.

Mycroft suddenly shuts his eyes, and sputters.

Sherlock’s eyes spring wide open, and he suddenly jumps up screaming, the needle still stuck in his chest.

Greg and John leap back from shock.

Sherlock slowly takes a breath, looking at the needle in his chest.

Greg shakes, ‘If you’re okay….say something.’

Sherlock, still breathing, and not looking up at them mumbles ‘Something.’

Mycroft collapses again on his back, John is exhausted, Greg’s still shaking.
Mrs. Hudson walks back in with a breakfast tray. ‘Anyone want a pirate biscuit?’
Sherlock’s still looking at the needle in his chest; astonished. He is shaking, gasping. As Mrs Hudson discovers the scene, she screams aloud. Walking backwards, her feet trail her toward the door. The tray clasped tightly in her hands drops, as her elongated fingers peel away from the shining silver with horror. The glistening goblets of tea fall with the tray, shattering. Mrs Hudson turns, running downstairs.

Sherlock takes the needle by his right hand and quickly removes it, allowing the blood to flow. Mycroft stands up slowly, limbs quivering. He goes to Sherlock, grabbing his younger sibling by the scuffed collar of his shirt. With the left hand on his back Mycroft forces Sherlock to his feet. Sherlock, out of control, falls against his elder brother.

‘Sherlock,’ Mycroft whispers hoarsely, trying to catch his little brother’s glossy gaze, ‘Sherlock, come here.’

Mycroft takes him by his chest and brings his right arm on his shoulder.

‘It is over now - don’t worry. Let us go in to the bedroom. I’ll prepare you a bath-’

‘Let me help you.’ John exclaims, walking toward Mycroft.

He attempts to take up some of Sherlock’s weight, but Mycroft firmly interjects, ‘No, I’ll handle this.’

They both slowly walk toward Sherlock’s bedroom, Mycroft supporting his brother as he limps. Eyes half-closed, the bags under them almost black, Sherlock’s mouth dry lips tremble. Greg and John watch on silently, palms sweaty and stiff, as the Holmes boys disappear behind the door.

SHERLOCK’S BEDROOM.

‘Here - sit here.’ Mycroft insists, slowly removing Sherlock’s arm from his shoulder. Confused, Sherlock inhabits the bed sheets. Though he sits straight, his sight is hazy.

‘I shall prepare a bath for you.’ Mycroft gently states. Sherlock nods, eyelids closing. His body sways slightly, but he remains tall rather than slumping against his pillows.

Mycroft walks into the bathroom, turning the hot water on and plugging the drain. Steam rises, as the bathtub fills to the brim. A honey coloured liquid oozes from a bottle Mycroft holds above the unblemished water. Foamy bubbles erupt, overtaking the borders of the bathtub and seeping down the sides onto the tiled floor. Upon returning to the bedroom Mycroft finds Sherlock’s frame has not stuttered. He continues to sit proudly, though incoherently, reluctant to slumber. Sherlock rubs constantly at his eyes, red and sore, his stomach whining. The scrunch of his nose suggests disgust
and Mycroft cannot stop the silent scrunch of his own features as he watches.

‘Are you nauseous?’

Sherlock nods slowly, eyes focused on the floor.

Mycroft opens a drawer, looking for underwear, ‘You need to eat.’

Tucked away at the back of the drawer, Mycroft finds a creased black shirt. He takes it. Unfurling the balled material, Mycroft discovers yellow writing – the hand of which that penned this writing undoubtedly being that of Sherlock Holmes. He looks at it for a while, thinking, then closes the drawer and takes the required clothes to the bathroom.

The bathtub is almost full when Mycroft turns the water off, the bubbles leaving a fresh vanilla scent like that of a freshly made cake.

He returns to the bedroom and helps Sherlock to stand, walking his brother to the bath.

‘Can you stand still for a few moments?’

Sherlock nods.

‘Sure?’

He nods again.

‘You won’t fall to the floor?’

‘No.’ Sherlock whispers. He throat aches, lungs stinging as he draws breath.

Mycroft walks away, back through to the kitchen. John and Greg are stood right where his and Sherlock let them. As he appears from Sherlock’s bedroom, closing the door behind him, the pair pounce forward.

‘He is… fine. Sherlock will be fine.’ Mycroft certifies, hands rose to keep the boys back.

They simultaneously huff, disbelievingly.

‘He’s taking a bath now.’ Mycroft informs.

‘Do you need anything?’ John asks, the furrow of his brow and tremble in his tone conveying his worry.

‘No. Thank you, but I can take care of him.’ Mycroft turns back to the bedroom, intending to leave them and them in return to vacate the flat.

‘We’ll stay here… in case you need anything.’

Though indignant, Mycroft mutters, ‘Okay.’

John and Greg look at each other uncertainly, but disregard the hardness of Mycroft’s attitude and take the inhabiting the living room. John takes up his place in a familiar armchair, as Greg lounges on the sofa. Staring at the floor, eyes peeled back, John nervously clutches his hands together. Still, he is shocked. Thinking made him all the more terrified, but as a silence dominated the flat, thinking was all he could manage to do.
IN THE BATHROOM

Mycroft helps Sherlock to take his clothes off, tidying them up and putting them on the draw set by the sink. Holding Sherlock by his arms, Mycroft aids his brother into the bathtub. Concerned, he resignedly murmurs, ‘Be careful.’

Sherlock sits in the bathtub, the water covering his body up to his shoulder. Mycroft takes his jacket off and peels back the sleeves of his shirt. He takes up a sponge and drags it through the bubbles. Sitting along the border of the bathtub, Mycroft rakes the sponge along Sherlock’s back. Sherlock sat quietly, as Mycroft poured hot water over his hair, running his hands through the dark locks carefully.

‘The shirt is dirty.’ Sherlock struggles to announce, voice sounding like a scratched CD.

Mycroft glances swiftly at the cloths piled on the side, asking, ‘Why did you put it away if it is dirty?’

Mycroft brushes Sherlock’s curls out of his eyes, pouring shampoo atop the black mass.

‘I’ll wash it properly later.’ Mycroft gently says to himself more than to his brother whose eyes drifted closed and head tilted to the side.

Sherlock doesn’t move much in the tub except when his brother moves his body’s parts to clean them. Mycroft opens the hot water and rinses Sherlock’s hair before pressing the curls to remove the excess water. He tears a hung bathrobe from the back of the bathroom door.

‘Stay there. Don’t move.’

He places the bathrobe near the tub and helps Sherlock stand. Then, once he is out, Mycroft helps his brother put the bathrobe on. Sherlock, sleeved arms crossed snuggly against his chest, walks toward his bedroom.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Greg and John sit on the sofa. Both feel a bit awkward, glancing round the room. Occasionally their eyes meet and the pupils rush away from one another. After a long while Greg sighs loudly, his gaze focusing instead on the carpet.

John bravely breaks the silence, coughing slightly, ‘I’m sorry Greg.’

‘Oh, no - John, don’t-’

‘It’s my fault.’

‘It’s not your fau-’

‘In part – yes! It is.’

‘No, it isn’t. This isn’t yours nor is it my own.’

‘We could have come here before – should have been here! And he probably would have never take-’

‘Or! He could have taken it after we walked out. John, you cannot make assumptions okay? It is not your fault if Sherlock overdosed. You have saved his life. You should be… proud of yourself instead
of… instead of blaming yourself.’

John chokes with frustration, leaning his head against the sofa and looking at the ceiling.

The silence returns.

‘Now he’s fine. That’s what counts.’ Greg anxiously remarks.

Again, silence reigns.

John peers at Greg. He can see the twiddling of his thumbs.

‘Why do you call him Myke?’

Greg clamps his eyes shut, thumbs halting. He swiftly turns to stare at John, asking, ‘Wh-what do you mean?’

John cracks a sharp laugh, replying, ‘Just what I said, why do you call him Myke?’

‘I… I don’t know. It’s an abbreviation.’

‘Hmm.’ John bites the inside of his cheek, the other puffing outwards. He looks at the ceiling, a slight smile twisting his lips as he ponders Greg’s impression. Narrowing his eyes, John ogles Greg with confusion.

Greg turns back toward John again, tone suspicious, ‘What are you impl-‘

‘Nothing! I was just… asking.’ John laughs.

‘I mean… if you’re implying something I-‘

‘No - no! No! I was just asking… Just asking.’

‘Okay then.’

Greg turns away, cheeks alight.

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Sherlock is dressing. Mycroft is looking through the bedroom drawers again.

‘Put the shirt on.’

Sherlock looks at the t-shirt on the bed.

‘Why did you get this?’

‘They are your pajamas.’

‘I sleep naked.’

‘The home is cold. The heat went off after the explosion. You must wear something Sherlock or you’ll freeze.’

‘Not this one though!’

‘It’s the only one you have here!’
Mycroft turns away from the drawers, glowering at his brother. Sherlock moves round Mycroft, reaching into the drawers for a fancy shirt, ‘I don’t suggest you to wear one of those to bed. You won’t be comfortable.’ Mycroft assures.

Sherlock looks at the t-shirt again, sniffing unhappily.

‘Where are your slacks?’ Mycroft stormily huffs, slamming the drawer shut. Frustrated, he marched from the bedroom to the kitchen, taking up his phone which he has earlier discarded atop the dining table.

FROM: Mycroft
TO: Anthea

*Bring fresh clothing to Baker Street. Two sets of pajamas and a suit for me. Don’t be late. I want them now.*

Greg and John lean over in their seats to peer at Mycroft, as he hunched over his phone with a slight snarl. Both stood, walking into the kitchen.

John asks, ‘What?’

‘Nothing… the clothes.’ He replies, not looking up and instead pointing vaguely in the direction of Sherlock’s bedroom. John and Greg look at each other in confusion. As Mycroft jogs back to the bedroom, John steps in front of him, blocking his escape. John insists, ‘Mycroft wait! Do we need t-’ Mycroft moves John to the side, continuing on his way. As John stumbles over his words, Mycroft clarifies, ‘Do anything? I don’t know. Not yet at least.’

Mycroft stops, thinks for few seconds and then says, ‘Go to the supermarket and buy something.’

‘What?’

‘Food.’

‘Ehi-Wait! What food?’

‘Sherlock needs to eat or he’ll faint. Plus he needs to assimilate the drug. Thus, he needs food. He needs to eat. Go buy something - steaks.’

Greg grabs his coat from the sofa, shrugging it over his shoulders, ‘Don’t worry. Let me do it. I’ll be back soon.’

‘Are you sure? I can go, it isn’t a problem.’

‘Stay here in case Mycroft needs anything.’

John see Greg’s person appear outside the tall window, rubbing his fingers together and looking away to the floor of the flat. Standing still in the living room for a while, John’s steps pitter-patter toward the bedroom. He shifts about to place his ear to the door, listening intently as Mycroft’s voice boomed, ‘Are you sure?’ … ’Do you feel like vomiting?’

‘…’
Afterwards, John can hear thick footsteps heading to the bathroom.

‘You need to eat. That is why you feel like this… I’ll cook something for you.’

‘…’

‘Do you want to stay in bed or have your meal in the kitchen?’

Steps in the bedroom, then the noise of the hair dryer. John steps back and slowly goes in the kitchen, uncertain of what to do.

**AT THE SUPERMARKET**

Greg is walking through the supermarket when an assistant stops him with a chirpy ‘Hello!’

Greg returns her greeting with a struggled smile.

‘Do you need help?’

‘Oh no, that won’t be necessary.’ He stuttered, trying to stumble away from her.

‘Are you Inspector Gregson Lestrade?’

Greg turns toward her, frowning, ‘Y-yes.’

‘I saw you on television yesterday.’

‘Ah.’ he smiles.

‘The explosion of Baker Street, right?’

‘Y-yes…’

‘How is Sherlock Holmes doing?’

‘He’s fine. Everyone that was involved or has been potentially impacted by the blast is perfectly fine.’

‘Since the news about his love for the McVities biscuits the company has increased their profits dramatically.’

Greg gives her a confused expression, ‘Sorry?’

‘The pirate biscuits!’

Greg stares at her thinking, then suddenly realizes ‘Ah~’

‘The company even added his face for the approval this morning. The biscuits have arrived just a few moments ago in fact. Would you like to see them?’

‘His… what?’

He follows the assistant toward the biscuit shelving. Upon the reveal, Lestrade laughs so much so that his abdomen throbs with pain and his voice becomes strained.
From: John
To: Mary

I'm coming home soon. Don't worry, I'm okay. Just at Baker Street, seeing Sherlock. Goodnight XXX.

John raises his head looking at the bedroom door, when he stands up and goes toward it.

He timidly opens the door and sees Mycroft putting the hair dryer down. Mycroft looks at him, as he opens the door fully with more courage. Remaining by the door, hand on the doorknob, John ventures, ‘Everything okay?’

Mycroft nods.

John inspects the room, ‘Where’s Sherlock.’

‘In the bathroom.’

‘Oh, okay… what are you doing?’

‘Warming up the bedroom.’

‘Why?’ he asked.

‘The room is cold and so is the bed, so he won’t feel that when he gets in.’

John looks at Mycroft, gesturing with a warm smile. His eyes stray to the material on the bed sheets. Finding that he cannot clarify what it is, John moves closer. As his eyes focus properly, he can see clearly that a t-shirt with yellow writing lies atop the bedding.

‘What is this?’ He takes it and straightens the top out completely.

John realizes himself, astonished. As his mouth widens, wordless and gaping, Mycroft answers, ‘Your t-shirt, John, the one you made.’

John silently stares, fixated.

‘Do you remember?’

Sherlock’s hand and ear lean on the bathroom door, eavesdropping.

‘Yes… yes.’ ‘Is this mine?’

‘What?’

‘Nothing…’ Coughing, ‘Okay… Hmm, do you… Should I call Greg?’

‘Yes, call him. Check if he bought everything.’

‘Right.’
‘The phone is on the side table.’

The door is closed.

The hair dryer is turned off.

‘Sherlock.’

...............  

‘Sherlock.’

‘I’m coming.’

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John closes the door behind him and stands still for a while, thinking.

‘The t-shirt.’ He manages to spit out, phlegm following. Eyes shut, thinking. His hands clench around the shirt, thinking. He takes a long breath. As the carbon dioxide leaves him, John hurries to the living room. Mycroft’s phone rings.

From: Greg

To: Mycroft

*Your brother is on Pirates biscuit packs!*
The doorbell sings.

‘Oh, good Lord...’

The doorbell chimes again.

John rushes downstairs and opens the door.

‘What t-oh, Anthea!’

‘Hi. Is Mycroft in?’

‘Yes, sure, come on in.’

She seems agitated, as she hastily walks upstairs.

‘I’ll call Mycroft.’

When John runs upstairs Mycroft is already in the living room and looks at her mutely. She gives him a bag with the clothes, staring at him, ‘Thank you.’

She doesn’t reply. Her phone rings repeatedly.

‘The minister said he won’t come again.’

‘It’s not big trouble. We’ll fix it, so-’

‘I’ll fix it soon, Mycroft, not you. You lend me the responsibility to rearrange your mistakes-‘

‘The meeting was almost done with. We have said everything that we needed to say to one another. I just left earlier.’

‘There was a sheet you had to read and you didn’t. They told me they couldn’t send it, because the documents are too important and private. They cannot be-‘

John looks at the scene.

‘Wait, wait,’ Mycroft smiles, gesturing for her to calm down, ‘I’ll sort it out. I’m sure the minister will understand.’

‘Is the minister aware that you’ve done nothing but watch over your brother recently, ignoring your work?’

‘He knows I worry about him.’ he answers shortly, voice low.

‘Well then next time find a baby-sitter for him, because I am not you. I can’t fix all your probl-‘

‘Shut up!’ Mycroft suddenly shouts, gasping. His face turns red.

‘You will not speak of my family like that again. Do you understand what I could do?’ Staring angrily and pointing his finger at her, Mycroft persists, ‘I hired you Anthea. You’re my secretary and you do as you’re told. Think of this as an expansion on your current role responsibilities. Do not forget that it is not your place to impede on my family life.’ He turns slowly, taking the bag. Upon a thought, he turns back to her, ‘All the things I’ve done for you since I found you. I leave you a while and look how you fall Anthea.” Mycroft shakes his head, “Pity really, I expected so much of you – growth and yet, nothing... what a disappointment you’ve become as of late regardless of the salary
increases.’

…

‘Get out of here before I fire you.’

She looks at him, staring into his eyes. Angry and hurt, she flees the flat. The door slams shut.

Mycroft goes toward the bedroom, briefly sparing John a glance. He asks, ‘Where is Greg?’

‘He’s coming!’

12:45 am

Mycroft is at the door. John is walks out, Greg stopping to stand by Mycroft.

‘If you need anything… you know you can call.’

He timorously grins, standing statute without speech for a moment. Then, taking in a deep breath, closes his eyes.

‘Thank you.’

Mycroft stands still in front of the door, offering a small smile as thoughts distract him.

Greg returns the kind gesture, stressing, ‘Sherlock needs rest. He has had a trying time lately.’

‘Yes, he no doubt requires at least a few days to recuperate.’ Mycroft effortlessly agrees. He pushes further, droning, ‘I am becoming intolerant toward this case.’

‘Right, because Sherlock will take to a weeks’ worth of relaxation without objection.’ Greg stumbles with a brief laugh.

‘He’ll end up killing me.’ Mycroft lowly confirms, snorting.

Greg grins, turning away from Mycroft. His soles tap loudly against the cement, as he wonders down the street. He calls back over his shoulder, idly, ‘Well, then try to stay away from him.’

Mycroft’s eyes stray from Lestrade’s figure, staring instead at the cracks in the pavement. His lips purse, as a sullen smirk attempts to overcome his grumpily hunched frame. Mycroft murmurs to himself, listening intently to Greg’s steps, ‘If only it were that easy.’

ON THE STREET

John insists, ‘I would like to understand what is going on.’

‘What do you mean?’ Greg wonders aloud, grimacing as John stepped closer.

‘Mycroft has told you to spy on Sherlock.’ John smoothly clarified, watching the strain on Greg’s visage. He pushed further, eyes glowering, ‘Sherlock is going out during the night with people we’ve never seen before and… I mean - it’s strange! Isn’t it?’

Greg does not answer, avoiding John’s stern gaze.

‘There is something Mycroft didn’t tell us. I can understand if Sherlock’s going through something… difficult.’
‘Do you really?’ John abruptly erupted. He scoffed, folding his arms.

‘What?’ Greg exclaims incredulously. His eyes squinted, nose scrounging as his expression gave way to a wave of confusion.

‘Understand – do you understand?’ Once more Greg finds himself unable to reply. John stares stubbornly, his wide eyes insisting. He appeals frantically to Greg, ‘Do you really understand what’s going on in there? Inside his – Sherlock’s… mind?’

John doesn’t answer for a while, walking with Lestrade. He splutters, ‘He’s… No, I mean I can understand if his brother wants to look after him, because he’s been weird lately – more so than usual. Nobody knows why, but do you never wonder why all this is happening?’ He stops Greg, hand straining the officer from stepping forward. John attests, ‘I’m not talking about the case, I’m talking about Sherlock. His behavior toward me… toward everything - you know. His reaction when I told him about the honeymoon and his strange vistors.’ Greg pulled his arm from John’s hardening grip, stepping back slightly. John leaned closer, nose to nose with Greg whom stared anxiously, ‘That guy who was at his home and then at the Rockets… where is he from? Who are these people who go out with him? They clearly aren’t the right sort if every time he’s with them he ends up coming back with a drug-use problem.’ Greg reaches out. John hastily backs away, hands raised defensively as Greg attempted to touch him. Greg lowered his arms, restraining himself from forcing a hug upon his distressed friend. John raged, ‘I don’t understand! I can’t figure out what’s happening and Mycroft knows, but isn’t telling. I mean come on - he knows everything! That is why he has told you to look after him.’

Greg bites his lower lip, gnawing on the pink flesh fretfully. Glaring as he thinks, Greg huffs. ‘I just want to understand... please.’

Greg relinquishes a swollen breath, rushing forward. The pair clash, arms entangled. John’s breaths were short and hasty, completely unfulfilling to his lungs. Greg continues to hold his friend until the last desperate gasps are eventually released… until John’s weeping was quieted.

JOHN’S HOUSE.

John is reclining comfortably in bed, mulling through his phone.
I BELIEVE IN SHERLOCK HOLMES - MORIARTY WAS REAL

Probably somebody’s thinking I’m getting mad, but my battle goes on. I created this simple t-shirt, I know there are thousands of people out there who believe in Sherlock, that he was not a fraud, that Moriarty was Real. I want to spread this message to all the world, but I need your help, with your support we could make everyone understand that Sherlock was not a fraud, he was a real genius, and he was my friend. If you could please share this t-shirt on other social networks, Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr you could help me a lot. I knew that the hashtag #IbelieveinSherlockHolmes was trending on Twitter last week and thank you all for this. This t-shirt costs 10 Pounds, with these money you could support Sherlock for a good cause. You can choose different sizes for both men and women. I’ll go on supporting this cause, supporting Sherlock, he was a good man. He was my best friend.
As the bright screen penetrates his pupils, John’s eyes moisten. Drops leak from the sore sockets. They parade over the apples of his cheeks and John swipes at his face to falter the rain. He sniffs harshly, feeling a few tears peel away from his chin and collapse onto his neck. The dribbles that follow cascade downwards, beneath the fabric of his night-shirt as he reads.

John judders. An unexpected hand firmly grips his shoulder. John’s neck snapped loudly, as he hastily turned to look at the attacker.

‘Eh – hi!’ He anxiously exclaims.

‘What are you doing?’ Mary murmurs, attempting to glance at the screen over his shoulder.

John shifts away from her, clearing his throat as he replies, ‘Nothing.’

She thieves a look at the screen of his phone, holding it towards her tired eyes. She asks, voice thick with fatigue, ‘What is this?’

‘Nothing, I’ve already said.’

‘I believe in—ah, the t-shirt.’ Mary confirms, rubbing the dust from her eyesight.

She sighs, gazing grimly at John. Mary strokes his arm, softly smiling as she inquires, ‘What happened?’

‘Nothing.’ John repeats, gnawing on his nails. He continues to stare at the screen of his phone.

Mary yawns, attempting to speak through the moan, ‘Did you two have another quarrel?’
‘No.’ John shortly replies, tone terse.

He puts the mobile on the bedside table, turning to gaze at Mary.

‘Do you remember where I put that t-shirt?’

Mary, her eyes closed, hands under her cheek, replied, ‘You had it, right?’

‘Yes, but I couldn’t find it anymore. I don’t know where I left it.’ John complains.

He does not gain an answer.

Mary is sleeping.

‘Do you remember if I had it when we moved here?’ He continues regardless of the silence. John rolls his eyes, thinking through the possibilities. He strains to catch the memory, mumbling to himself, ‘I remember it was there somewhere.’ He asks again, looking at her figure in the dark, ‘Are you sure you didn’t throw it off?’

After a moment, staring at the dark shapes of their furniture in the bedroom, John ventures warily, ‘Mary?’

‘John-Dear, I’m sleeping!’ she shouts, clutching tightly to the pillow beneath her head.

‘I’m only asking you if-‘

‘I don’t know!’ Mary lifts herself up, pulling the pillow from the bed. ‘I can’t remember!’ She announces, throwing the pillow at him. John yelps, the fluffy cotton scratching at his nose.

‘If you throw it off.’ He interjects.

‘Why did I have to throw it off? I don’t usually like to put t-shirts in bins.’ Mary sighed, mentally willing John to sleep as she lay back down. She stares at the ceiling.

‘I was just asking.’ John says.

‘It’s one in the morning and you want to know about a t-shirt… go to sleep john. We have a flight tomorrow! We need to wake up early! We have to be at the airport by twelve.’

‘Okay, okay – shush. Go to sleep.’ Mary huffs, as John says this. She rolls away from him, closing her eyes one more.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and sitting up with his left elbow on the pillow. He remains like this for a while, thinking with narrowed eyes.

‘Where did I put that t-shirt?’ He whispers.

**BAKER STREET – THE KITCHEN**

Sherlock ferociously devours a steak. Mycroft loiters about in pajamas next to him, peering at his outfit. Sherlock’s t-shirt reaches his belly, up the navel.

‘…’

Sherlock munches, pulling away only to guzzle water from a tall glass.
‘That t-shirt...’ Mycroft whirrs, ‘Did it tighten the last time you washed it?’

Sherlock continues to eat, ignoring his brother’s inquisition.

Mycroft stares with a curious frown. He probes, ‘Were my pajamas not better than this?’

Sherlock reaches over his plate, for packet of biscuits. Sharply, the pirates’ packet is torn open, crumbs spilling out over the last of his steak. Eyebrows rising as his eyes catch sight of the picture on the packet, Sherlock gobbles the biscuits.

THE NEXT MORNING - OUTSIDE BAKER STREET

John’s feet patter, as he waltzes along Baker Street, opposite the house. He drops his foot to the road, intending to cross over the street to the front door. However, a man exits. Eyeglasses on, some shaggy books on his left hand, vacates the house. He shuts the front door firmly behind himself. John frowns, as a vague recognition latches onto the hairs of arms. They stand tall, as the man crosses the street an approaches. As their gazes clash, the acquaintance smiles broadly at John. They each exchange polite greetings, the man waving his free hand as he passes John’s fossilized form.

Standing erect, still, John takes in a deep breath. Gulping, he waits for a car and then passes over to the front door of the abode. He stops before the steps, turning to look back. John calls out coyly, ‘Who are you?’

The man stops. The mysterious menace turns, staring at John. John replies in kind, though his expression was far livider.

The man grunts, shifting his shoulders. He lightly stumbles back, voice carried by the wind, ‘I’m…’

‘Do you know what happened to Sherlock last night?’ John impatiently barks.

The man looks around, rolling his eyes as he catches a nosy neighbor peeking out from behind netted curtains. John walks toward him, shoulders hunched intimidatingly and a madness simmering in his wide-eyed gaze.

‘I’ll tell you - he overdosed! And who was there with him?’ John bitterly bites.

‘Sorry, I don’t believe I quite understand what you are implying.’ The man easily expresses, though he nervously shuffles the books in his arm. He clutches them more tightly to his chest, as John does not move away.

Angry, John continues to bellow, ‘Oh nothing! Absolutely nothing! I just think that maybe he should stop hanging out with people who leave him half dead on the floor – people like you!’

The man’s eyes widen, as he realizes what John truly means. He tries queries, ‘Are you accusing me of what happened to-’

‘Yes.’ John shortly confirms, glowering.

‘What?’ The man stridently demands.

‘Why did you do nothing when you saw the state he was in then? He was drugged!’ John roars back, fists clenching uncontrollably.

‘Oh Jesus…’ The man timorously laughs, hand brushing through his windswept tresses.

‘If that’s how you like to pass your nights - feel free, but involve Sherlock?’ John raises his hand,
forefinger pointing at the man’s beaky nose. He lowly emphasizes, ‘Don’t you dare!’

‘You don’t know anything.’ The man says, his expression and tone dulling significantly, as he calms.

‘I know my dearest friend went out with you.’ John thunders, turning to point furiously at the front door, ‘I don’t know who you are, but don’t come back here again. You stay well away from him - do you understand?’

A smile grows slowly, as the sun rises, the man breaking into loud laughter as he stares at John. He states, ‘You’re just like his brother.’

‘Excuse me?’ John stares incredulously.

‘You think you know everything about him – think he’s wondrous. You think he is a man without fault, so you place the blame on people like myself.’ The man steps closer, nudging John harshly in the ribs with his stack of books. He sneers, ‘Don’t you actually understand how really different things are? That real friends talk and listen to each other? I bet you don’t even know why he’s so upset, do you?’

John gasps, fuming.

When he does not speak, the man continues, ‘You are so full of yourself. You can’t even understand what’s really going on - that Sherlock might need somebody he can actually talk to.’

John licks his lips anxiously, nervous laughter erupting from him. He sardonically remarks, ‘I bet he goes out with you and you two talk about such deep things, right?’

‘He doesn’t need people around him that treat him like a child, that’s not how friendship works.’ The man lowly expresses, ‘Next time I suggest you to do a little self-review. Just maybe you have something to do with this.’ As he turns away from John, he says, ‘You are right by the way. You don’t know me and that’s exactly why you are not allowed to make up false assumptions about my character.’ He leaves, following the breeze between the tunneled housing.

John huffs, watching the stranger walk away.

He turns, looking at the front door quietly for a moment before trudging up the steps. A few paces ahead John suddenly turns back again, violently kicking at the mesh on the fence near the door. He hastily jumps back, as it breaks. Gulping, John withdraws his phone from his jacket pocket.

FROM: John

TO: Sherlock

See you at St. James’s Park. Now! Don’t be late. We need to talk.

St. James’s Park

♫ [SOUNDTRACK: THE TALK N. II] ♪

John is sitting, his coat on, hands resting on the shoulders of the bench. The dull green pint is scratched and scarred by years of mistreatment. John’s fingernails scrape scraps off, as he waits. He sits, watching the other people mull about their daily days. From afar a long and thin figure appears, coming toward him. Sherlock walks with his hands on the coat’s pocket, turning around with his head down, covering himself in the coat. When he arrives, walking slowly toward the bench, he refrains from looking at John. He sits silently, eyes fixated on all other beings but the man by his
‘Hey’

Sherlock turns toward John, returning the quiet ‘hey’ with one of his own.

‘How do you feel?’ John ventures timidly.

‘Good, I’m good’ Sherlock sniffs awkwardly, ‘Never been better.’

Silence arises between the pair.

‘Sherlock, we need to talk.’ John hurries, irritated by his friend’s avoidance. He stares at Sherlock, mentally compelling him to reply.

Again, a tense silence overpowers their voices. Eventually, Sherlock murmurs, ‘About what?’

‘Us’ John says.

‘Why?’ Sherlock shortly responds.

‘We need to… clarify things.’ John sighs, eyes moistening, ‘We don’t talk properly. You know what I’m referring to.’

‘I thought everything was good for you.’ Sherlock scoffs.

‘What do you mean?’ John asks dubiously.

‘You said that you had forgiven me.’ Sherlock straightened.

‘Yes, Sherlock, but that’s not the problem here.’ John attempted to certify.

‘What of it? Everything is fine. You forgave me, I’m back and you’re back with me. You’re going on your wedding-holiday-thing. What’s the problem?’ Furiously, Sherlock exclaims, ‘There should be no problem!’

‘You - You’re the problem Sherlock!’ John contends, standing from the bench.

‘Why?’ Sherlock quietly asks, eyes fixating on the gravelly ground.

‘That’s why!’ He shouts, pointing at him, ‘For what’s happened, happening and because you’ve changed!’

‘I’m not.’

‘Yes! Look at yourself! You’re even angry with me and I don’t understand.’ John desperately exclaims.

‘I’ve always been like that. You probably don’t remember-’

‘I remember very well - you’re not the Sherlock I used to know.’

‘Everyone changes, John, you’ve changed as well.’

‘No I haven’t Sherlock, I’m al-’

‘Yes, you have. Now stop pretending everything is as it was before.’ Sherlock fiercely insists.
‘I’m not pretending I’m just saying that… why do you say I’ve changed? What are you referring to?’
‘Nothing…’
‘No – no! You can’t say these things and not explain.’
‘Why? You said I’m angry with you?’
‘Sherlock, you’re avoiding me!’
‘That’s your life. You chose it.’
‘What? No! My marriage is the problem? Is it Mary?’

John turns, laughing sarcastically, ‘You left me and you’re the one who’s angry with me? That’s… that’s ridiculous…’

‘I had to leave you. You still don’t understand!’ Sherlock shouts. John stands silently, frightened by the outburst.

‘Since I’ve been back I’ve listened to your complaints for months!’ His voice explodes, booming, ‘Just because I save your life - I was never able to say anything!’ He paces, unable to remain still, ‘It’s like I did everything on purpose to fake my death and be away two yea-’

‘Sherl-’ John stumbled, cringing.

‘Now you parade around with your new life, happy like nothing else matters – nothing, not me.’ He wails, arms wide and expression dramatically sullen, ‘That I had to change, that I had to accept everything that came after - your wedding, your wife, your absence and your excuses when you walk away.’ Sherlock points at John, viciously repeating the action, ‘Look at you - just for once! Why don’t you think over what you’ve done? What you’ve done to me?’

A silence, striking against the previous violent shouting, ensues.

‘Could you please look at me when you talk?’ John begs, tugging at Sherlock’s coat.

Sherlock brushes the hand away, standing hastily, walking away.

**LIVING ROOM**

‘I’m perfectly fine!’
‘No, you’re not!’
‘I don’t need seven days of rehab!’
‘Of course you do and don’t raise your voice to me!’
‘I do what I want!’
‘Oh please, you act like a five year old kid!’
‘I don’t care. I won’t stay inside for seven days without doing anything. I need to go on with the case.’
‘Lestrade can perfectly manage it without you for a few days.’

‘No, he can’t.’

‘I could help him if he needs any information.’

Sherlock laughs.

‘What?’ He turns toward Sherlock frowning.

‘You… and this comedy you two are putting on.’

‘I don’t understand what you’re trying to imply.’

‘My compliments for the move.’

‘What move?’

‘Making him split up with Jane.’

Mycroft stands still in silent for few seconds.

‘I don’t understand how I could have something to do with it.’

‘Ah, come on!’ Sherlock puts his hands in prayer position, closing his eyes, sitting on the sofa upside down, ‘Do you think I’m stupid?’

‘You’re completely far afield.’

‘You sent an SMS to Lestrade, asking him to peek at me. You knew he couldn’t get out alone, that he would have called John. He sent him a message whilst he was sleeping, he made John get up and they both went to the Johnny Rockets to spy on me. You knew that the day after they would have come at Scotland Yard and casually the topic would have come out, causing embarrassment to both Lestrade and John because they had to lie in front of me. The only excuse Lestrade could use was that he had a quarrel with Jane, bad move because Mary was in the office and she didn’t wait to send an SMS to Jane to say she was sorry for what happened. Jane read the SMS and hup! The couple broke up.’

‘Oh please, this is ridiculous!’

‘You thought I didn’t know they were spying on me.’

Mycroft looks at him, almost embarrassed.

‘I understood everything at the office.’

Mycroft swallows nervously, glancing away.

‘You can’t think that just an SMS could break them up!’

‘At least you tried.’ Sherlock sneers at Mycroft.

Mycroft sits on the sofa staring at him, ‘Anyway… you need some rest.’

‘Oh shut up!’

‘Sherlock, have you looked at yourself? You’re a mess! You can’t even walk properly, your face is
white as a sheet and you still have the effects of the drug in your stomach. How much do you think you can stay like this?

‘…’ Sherlock sulks, closing his eyes and whispering, ‘Leave me alone.’

‘I’ll leave you alone once I’ve sorted everything out.’

‘What are you talking about?’

Mycroft peeks at Sherlock, ‘Since this house has been attacked with several mines that have destroyed the whole floor and you don’t care for who could have been, I’ve decided to take the case and solve it myself.’

Sherlock grunts annoyed, ‘Oh its Moran! I already know it there’s no need to investigate. Simple and predictable,’ He stares at the ceiling, muttering, ‘Quite predictable, but totally expected - boring!’

‘You’re seriously in peril and you can’t even see it. Somebody walked inside your house without being noticed by anybody and assembled a net under the pavement, filling it up with mines and he’s been generous with you.’

‘He didn’t want to kill me. He wanted to warn me and anyway the mines were put before I came back in Baker Street.’

‘Moran already knew you weren’t really dead before you came back here, right?’

‘Of course he knew I was alive and that soon I would return to Baker Street. These kinds of systems were probably controlled at arm’s length or they would have exploded after you leaned on it over time.’

‘Yes’ Mycroft replies firmly, ‘Your house is not safe at all, and you’re risking your life-’

‘Are you trying to say that you’re going to put more CCTV around Baker Street?’

‘I’m saying that this house in going to have a new alarm system in each and every room.’

‘Are you joking?’ Sherlock raises his left eyebrow, yelling at his brother.

‘I don’t care what you think, I’ll increase the level of security at +4, plus I told father about this and he’s constantly worried abo-‘

Sherlock suddenly snaps, standing straight. He barks at Mycroft, ‘Why did you tell him about it?’

‘He wants to be updated about us.’ Mycroft smiles sarcastically.

‘You can’t use him to oblige me to have this house surrounded by CCTV cameras twenty-four hours a day!’

‘It’s just temporary,’

‘No it’s not!’

‘It’s a home security system and you can easily manage it by your computer. It’s totally safe and you can turn it on every time you want.’

Sherlock stands still, looking at him, ‘You’ve already bought it!’
‘It’s arriving this afternoon.’

Sherlock heatedly glowers at him and then goes toward the other sofa, crouching on the other side.

Mycroft sits on the sofa next to the fireplace, ‘Tell me…’

Sherlock starts moaning, annoyed. He takes a pillow and throws it on the sofa, putting it under his head. Sherlock curls up.

‘You knew we couldn’t skip this conversation.’ Mycroft has his left finger on his mouth, thinking, ‘He’s back then…’

Silence ensues.

‘When did he arrive?’ Mycroft asks, impatiently tapping his polished shoes.

Sherlock does not answer.

Mycroft attempts again, voice deepening due to his frustration, ‘When exactly’

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‘Oh, I understand… three days ago.’

Mycroft nods, thinking.

‘Why did you accept to see him? I thought you didn’t want to see him anymore.’

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‘Oh, I see, he popped up at your door.’ Mycroft grins, leering at his brother, ‘What did you tell him?’

The door is open. A strong wind blows. Sherlock looks at him, embarrassed and dazzled.

‘I didn’t think I could make such an impression.’ he replies smiling in embarrassment.

Sherlock suddenly glances down, ‘Oh, come in…’

He walks in the living room, looking around.

‘Please, have a sit.’ He says, pointing out at the sofa.

He sits on the sofa, rubbing his hands. He puts them between his knees.

‘Tea?’

‘Yes, thank you.’

Sherlock goes into the kitchen, starting to make tea.

‘I heard you were playing the violin. That’s why I rang at your door… I hope I’m not a bother.’

Sherlock puts the kettle on.
He stands up and goes toward the kitchen, ‘What are you doing?’

‘I’m a Consulting Detectiv-’

‘I know.’

‘Are you on a case?’

‘Yes…’

‘Is it a good one?’

‘Quite entertaining.’

‘I read the news when you came back after Reichenbach... the interview...’

‘Ah, yes’ Sherlock takes two cups.

‘I’ve read all your cases on John’s blog...’ he smiles.

‘I saw the photos...’

‘In reality you are so much more.’ He says, smiling broadly and crossing his arms.

‘Sugar?’

‘Yes’ He comes back in the living room.

‘One and a half?’

‘Yes,’ he drags out, ‘Some things never change.’

Sherlock puts the cups on the tray and brings it in the living room.

‘This home is just like you,’ he says, looking around, ‘All the... mess. All the things you have. Everything says so much about you.’

Sherlock hands him the cup of tea. He takes it with a sharp, ‘Thank you.’

Sherlock sits on the sofa in front of him, drinking tea.

‘Do you have another floor upstairs?’

‘Do you want to move here?’

A rowdy laugh escapes him, ‘No, no, I was just asking.’

Sherlock smiles, ‘Yes.’

They sip more tea.

‘Yourself?’ Sherlock politely inquires.

‘I moved here yesterday... well, I’ve already been here for two months. Do you remember the SMS I sent? The one you didn’t reply to.’ He says, smiling at Sherlock.

Sherlock looks away, cheeks flushing.
'Come on, I’m joking, don’t worry. I’ll open a winery in London… two months ago everything was ready. Then I paid all those expensive taxes and I’ve found a friend who can help me with it, so… I just had to wait to find a good job.'

‘University?’

He nods smiling.

‘Languages?’

‘Nope, English and French Literature,’ He puts the cup on the fireplace and stands still behind the fire, warming his hands, ‘I found a nice attic in London.’

‘Where?’

‘Kensington.’

Sherlock mumbles incoherently, smiling.

‘What?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Come on, you were going to say something, weren’t you? Is it about the money?’

‘No’ he laughs.

‘You know it. My dad left me a good amount of money when he died, so I put them aside and waited. I’ve always wanted to open a winery, so… I waited to find a job here and here I am.’

‘What of John?’

Sherlock takes both the cups and goes toward the kitchen, saying over his shoulder, ‘He got married.’

‘Really? When? I didn’t know anything.’

‘Strange that you didn’t know, as you said you look at his blog.’

‘Why? Did he publish the wedding album?’ He asks laughing.

‘Quite true.’

He looks at him, his face turned annoyed, almost sad.

‘Okay, so what case are you on?’ clapping his hands and twisting, walking around the living room.

‘It’s about Moran.’ Sherlock says, as he tidies the cups.

He looks carefully at the things on the living room, observing each detail.

‘He was one of Moriarty’s gang. He killed a man that went out of jail some days ago. Moran was declared dead two years ago, but we found it wasn’t true.’

He looks at the bookshelf, taking random books and opening them.

‘He’s hidden somewhere in London with another face and another name. We have to find him.’
Sherlock turns toward him.

He looks back at Sherlock and smiles at him, ‘You collect wonderful books.’

Sherlock walks next to him.

‘Does it bother you?’ He queries, looking at the dusting tomes.

‘What?’

‘If I look at them.’

‘No, it’s fine.’

‘The Old Man and The Sea’ He ruffles pages, sifting through quickly before replacing the book on the shelf.

‘The little prince?’ He comments, amazed, ‘Did you read it?’

‘Yes.’

‘It’s my favorite book.’

‘I know.’

‘Did you like it?’ He turns back toward Sherlock.

‘Hmm… Yes.’

‘No you didn’t. It’s not your genre at all.’ He laughs, putting it back. Books fall to the floor. He jumps back.

‘ooooopssss sorry.’

‘Don’t worry I’ll take it.’

‘No it’s fine.’

He puts the book back and turns toward the table.

‘Do you still play the violin?’

‘Yes.’

‘What about the piano?’

‘No, not any longer.’

‘Which music were you playing before I came in?’ He asks, shuffling through the sheet music.

‘Nothing, I was trying to compose.’

‘Let me hear something!’ He demands enthusiastically.

‘No, I haven’t written anything.’

‘The Sonate N Five!’ He looks amazed at the sheet music, ‘It’s a Weber!’
Sherlock walks toward him.

‘Could you please play it?’

He takes the violin and looks at the notes, trying to remember it.

‘Just play the first part for me. I love the harmony between the piano and the violin.’

Sherlock starts playing. He follows him with his hands moving in the air.

‘We need a piano now! We could have played it together!’ He keenly comments. Sherlock keeps playing, smiling and looking at the notes.

‘You’re damn good! This is hard to play.’

He imitates the piano part, singing. Sherlock follows him, playing the violin.

‘Now skip to the end.’ Sherlock looks at the music sheet, playing the last section.

‘Wonderful.’ he comments.

He claps his hands and Sherlock bows at him.

‘Good, it was lovely.’

Sherlock puts the violin on the sofa.

‘I think the fireplace requires more firewood.’ He goes toward it, trying to fix it up and then turns toward Sherlock.

‘Would you like to… go outside and take a walk or you prefer to stay here?’

Sherlock looks at him, ‘No… it’s fine.’

‘Okay.’

Silence follows.

♫ [Soundtrack: Take me to tomorrow] ♪

He turns toward the mirror, looking at the stuff on the fireplace.

‘Do you remember Bob’s bar?’

Sherlock looks at him, going toward the sofa. He thinks, attempting to understand, ‘Yes, sure.’

‘It’s still there.’

‘No it’s not.’

‘Yes!’

‘It has changed, it’s not the same.’

‘I walked down the street yesterday and it seemed that it didn’t change. I’m sure it was the same bar.’
'No, it’s impossible - it has changed. Many times…'

'Do you remember when we went there every day to drink coffee?' he smiles.

'Yes.'

'The days when you dyed your hair and didn’t come back at home in the weekends, because your brother didn’t know.’ he laughs, Sherlock does the same.

'That color was horrible!’ Sherlock mulls with a grin.

'You were so proud of it. Do you recall when we took photos in the bathroom?’

'Yes.'

'We smoked weed, locked away in the toilet.’

Sherlock continues, ‘Standing up on the WC. When the teacher walked in we kept silent and didn’t talk. You always climbed the wall to see beyond the other toilet room.’

He laughs, ‘Jesus, what an idiot!’

Sherlock cracks a laugh.

'I believed the bar was the same.’

Sherlock shakes his head, ‘Nope.’

'Want to bet?’

'I’ll win.’

'If it’s the same old Bobby’s bar you’ll accept to come with me and take a coffee together.’

Sherlock looks at him, ‘Okay.’

He smiles and stands up, ‘It’s quite late, I don’t want to bother you more.’

‘No, it’s… fine’ Sherlock looks at the clock, ‘Do you want a whiskey?’

‘After a cup of tea?’ he smiles.

‘Oh, Sorry I-’

‘No, it’s fine. Don’t worry.’

'Would you really like it?’

'If you take it… Yes, thanks.’

He sits on the big sofa behind the table, waiting for him. Sherlock comes back with two glasses and pours them with Early Times whiskey.

He cracks a laugh, ‘Early Times.’

Sherlock at first does not understand, frowning at him. Then he looks through the names on the label, realizing.
'Ah' he smiles.

Thank you’ he says, taking the glass.

‘Hmm good.’ Swallowing, Sherlock sits on the sofa next to him.

He looks at him. Sherlock makes the whiskey round in the glass.

‘Can I ask you a question?’ he probes, tone of voice omitting seriousness.

Sherlock looks at him, gently nodding.

‘Why did you never reply to me?’

.........................

‘Don’t think I’m offended or anything, but I’ve always tried to understand why you never replied to me. I’ve always thought that maybe you were angry at me, that you wanted to forget me and I still didn’t understand, but… I thought we had a beautiful friendship. I couldn’t comprehend why you all of a sudden wanted to cut off me out of your life.’

Sherlock glances down at the glass of whiskey, than up at him.

‘I was always pleased when I read your letters - your messages. Don’t take it personally I’ve always read all your emails and remembered all the anniversaries… birthdays. I’ve never forgotten you. You’ve always been a beautiful memory to me and I didn’t want to waste that - the image. The memory I had of you in my mind was just right and I was afraid that it would pop like a bubble… Some things need to be preserved. They require special attention. Every time you sent me a message or a letter there was a piece of you in it and I added those pieces together in my mind… That’s what counted for me.’

‘You’re not… pleased to see me now?’ He asks, smiling anxiously.

Sherlock glances down, almost embarrassed, and then sips more whiskey.

‘Did you read the poetry I wrote you?’

‘Not yet, where is it?’

‘It’s about us.’

‘You still write stuff about us?’

‘No…’ he murmurs, ‘I mean… sometimes, but it’s not like I’m obsessed.’ He laughs, ‘That poetry was written when you went away and I never had the courage to show you.’

Sherlock looks around the room, eyes fixating on the bookshelf. He asks, reading the spines, ‘Did you put it there?’

‘Maybe,’ he says, smiling.

Sherlock silently stares at him for a while, ‘I let you free. Why come back here, again?’

He looks down, then answers, ‘When…Before when I asked you about John and you told me he
moved from here you looked sad.' Looking at Sherlock, he says, 'When I saw you through the window down the street before knocking at your door... you were playing sad music.'

Sherlock swallows and drinks a bit, then stares at the floor.

'Two years... they were hard for me too.'

'Nobody seems to realize it though. Everyone has a... personal piece of me they can play every time they want.'

'What do you mean?'

'I'm the best man who must be happy and full of joy for his friend who gets married and leaves me to myself. I'm the genius who's always ready to run at Scotland Yard when it's time to solve some stupid puzzle nobody understands and it doesn't matter if they all hate me, I help regardless. I'm the childish man who doesn't want to grow up and makes his big brother worry, I'm...' He stops, taking a deep breath.

'I'm tired, just a bit. Nobody really understands. For them it's easy - they think... they think it was easy for me.'

'Sherl-' his right hand tries to reach his shoulder but Sherlock quickly downs the glassful, the whiskey burning his throat. He then stands and meanders into the kitchen.

Sherlock puts the glasses in the sink and stands still, taking long breaths. He closes his eyes. Slowly opening his eyes, he sees his figure on his left near the table.

'See you tomorrow then, for the bet?'

'Okay.'

'Morning?'

Sherlock nods.

'Okay... so... goodnight.' He bids, smiling and waving.

He turns and walks away.

'It was... nice.'

He stops and turns toward Sherlock.

'To see you - you... didn't bother me.'

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

'Sherlock... Sherlock!'

'What?' Sherlock bursts dramatically, furiously glaring at Mycroft.

Mycroft steps back, eyes scrutinizing his little brother intently. He ventures, 'Were you sleeping? What it is you've told him exactly?'
Sherlock scoffs, heading into the bedroom. The door slams behind him and Mycroft is left staring at the door, eyebrows raised and lips pouting; confused.

**HEATHROW AIRPORT**

John and Mary are sitting in the lounge room, two bags under their feet. Mary is looking at the tourist guide book.

‘When he told me, “don’t you understand how really different things are? Friends talks to each other.” Wow, what a wise man you are! My compliments! He said I’m full of myself. Can you believe that? Me?’ John looks at Mary, a nervous laugh erupting from deep in his throat. He imitates him, talking with a French accent, “That’s not how friendship works. Sometimes try to look at yourself instead of judging other people.” Do you know what I said to him? Fuck you! Fuck you! You’re so full of yourself - not me!’

Mary is still surfing through the pages of the book, expressionless. A couple next to John give him a puzzled look.

‘He pretended to know how I have to behave with Sherlock! Then I was the one full of myself?’ he fakes a smile again, imitating the man, ‘That’s not how friendship works.’ John snarls, ‘What a… ridiculous human being.’ John stammers furiously, ‘With that… ridiculous French accent and his dandy mood.’ Scoffing, John broadly grins, ‘It’s like he came straight from the Victorian age – please! Go back to where you came from.’ Hands on his knees, shaking his head nervously, John glances round. He laughs loudly, looking at the couple next to him as they stare wide eyed.

‘Why are you looking at me?’ he asks, sternly gazing at the pair.

‘John!’ Mary bursts, grabbing his arm.

The couple stands, lingering only a moment longer before picking up their bags and leaving.

‘Did you… did you talk with Sherlock, then?’

John stutters, ‘Quite… yes.’

‘Did you sort it all out?’ Mary asks eagerly, ‘What was the problem?’

John glances down on the floor, then at her, stroking her hair.

‘We are trying… it’s just difficult.’

**BAKER STREET 5:12 PM**

A big truck is outside Baker Street. Inside Mrs Hudson supervises workmen lumbering new furniture, directing them to the living room.

‘No, this must be placed there, right there.’ She fusses, pointing toward the kitchen. She complains, gesturing wildly with her hands, ‘What a mess!’

Another workman drags dirt through the foyer on his boots and Mrs Hudson whines. He hefts a side table upstairs, stepping slowly.

‘There’s… there’s a guy outside for Sherlock Holmes.’ He gruffly informs her, as he passes her in the hallway.
Mrs Hudson stands near the door, ‘Sherlock! There’s somebody at the door for you.’

Sherlock runs downstairs, ‘Who?’ He looks at Mrs Hudson, eyes hastily moving from her to the open door.

A guy is waiting near the open door, workmen walking inside to bring new furniture and packed boxes.

Suddenly, he sees Sherlock outside, observing him. The young boy walks toward him.

‘My brother gave this to me before flying away in Berlin,’ He says, a rolled sheet tightly clasped in his hands, ‘He told me I had to give it to you Mr. Holmes.’

Sherlock, still gazing at him, takes the sheet.

‘Did you see it?’

‘No’ he says, shaking his head.

Sherlock looks, but does not open it.

‘My brother was innocent! He didn’t have anything to do with Moran!’ The boy defensively rumbles at Sherlock.

‘I know.’ Sherlock grimly acknowledges.

‘He just wanted to know the truth, so justice could be done.’ He glances down, tears blossoming in his glassy eyes. Sherlock winnows his hair and gives him a gentle slap on his left cheek.

The boy raises his glossy gaze, looking to him, ‘Will you find him? Moran?’

Sherlock says to him with a small smile, ‘Will do.’

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**THE TIGER TAKES THE LEAP, THE EAGLE SPREADS ITS WINGS WHEN TIGER DIES, HE LEAVES HIS SKIN, WHEN PEOPLE DIE, THEY LEAVE THEIR NAMES: Séraphîta**

Sherlock stares at the sheet, thinking.

FROM: Sherlock

TO: Lestrade

Tanaka’s brother brought me the code his brother wrote for me before the flight to Berlin.

*(Incoming Call – Lestrade)*

Sherlock firmly states, ‘Lestrade, Tanaka’s brother rang at my door.’

Greg replies, tone of voice heightening, ‘When?’

‘A few minutes ago.’ Sherlock divulges.

Lestrade fusses, ‘What did he tell you?’
‘Nothing, he just gave me a sheet Tanaka wrote for me the day before he died, it’s a code.’

‘What kind of code?’ Greg asks.

‘Do you remember the message he gave me?’ Sherlock inquires.

‘Jack the Tiger, right?’ Lestrade probes.

‘Exactly.’ Sherlock establishes with a roguish grin.

‘This is connected to it. Oh, I love this! He’s smart like Moriarty - Sherlock cracks a smirk on his face.’

‘Sherlock, calm down, can you read it for me?’ Greg attempts, fumbling over his words.

THE TIGER TAKES THE LEAP, THE EAGLE SPREADS ITS WINGS, WHEN TIGER DIES, HE LEAVES HIS SKIN, WHEN PEOPLE DIE, THEY LEAVE THEIR NAMES: Séraphîta

Lestrade huffs out ‘What the hell this means?’

‘How can you not understand?’

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‘The tiger, we need to find the tiger!’

‘The ti- Are you serious? We have to find a tiger?’

Sherlock greatly exhales, ‘Oh, Jesus.’ He puts his fingers over his eyes, blindly continuing, ‘Mycroft told me you could go on without me.’

‘Sorry, but what did he tell you?’

‘The tiger is a sign! Moran has something related to it. Maybe it’s how he’s called by the gang. Séraphîta is another sign related to him. ‘When tigers die’ is related to Moran’s fake death and, ‘they leave their skins’ means he becomes somebody else.

‘When people die they leave their na-’

‘Seraphita is the name!’

‘What?’

‘Yes!’

Silence arises.

‘In some… way, I mean, it’s probably not the real name, but we should make a research about it.’

Lestrade scoffs, saying, ‘I’ll try to find something. You should be resting anyway!’

‘It’s not my fault if Tanaka’s brother knocked at my door instead of coming in Scotland Yard. He trusts me more than you.’

‘Ha,’ Lestrade laughs sardonically, ‘We still require the surgeon’s name anyway.’

‘Yes, finding it will help us reach Moran. I’ll start again where I left off before the explosion.’
‘Sherlock, I can manage. Don’t worry-’

‘I have to sit on a chair and look at a computer screen. The task isn’t that demanding!’

‘Okay, but do let me know if you find something. Don’t start solving the case yourself or going out asking questions without me, ok-?’

*Call ended.*

Sherlock puts the phone on the table and starts jumping around the living room, shouting excitedly, ‘Yes! Ha, ha! It’s Christmas!’ He quickly turns the computer on, rubbing his hands. The workmen look at him, confused, whilst continuing to bring more boxes into the living room. He sits in front of the computer. A member of the staff walks toward him with a small box and a sheet on his hands. ‘Mr Holmes, this is for you.’ Sherlock looks at him and takes the box, opening the pack. A small alarm system router is inside. He takes up the sheet and reads it: *No door opens without another closing. This is vital to remember. Seemingly easy, though not. All doors have conflicting codes*– ‘Ah!’ Sherlock maddeningly moans, carelessly crumpling the sheet. He returns to the computer, sitting in front of the glowing screen with wide eyes. His elongated fingers are typing rapidly when he is alerted to the arrival of another message:

![WhatsApp message]

I’m going to take a walk in the park with my dogs, would you like to come with me?

Sherlock shifts his weight, sitting more peculiarly on the chair as he relentlessly taps the keys of the keyboard. He takes up the phone, glancing swiftly at the content of the screen before slamming the machine down onto the desk beside the computer. He stares at the blackened screen, thinking.

After a quiet moment, away in his mind, Sherlock’s eyes blaze.

He types:
TWO HOURS LATER

The door rings. Sherlock ignores the contraption, attempting to concentrate. His fingers tap swiftly at the keyboard of the computer.

The doorbell chimes again.

‘Mrs Hudson!’ Sherlock hollers.

Sherlock sighs heavily, gaze transfixed on the computer screen. He jots notes down into black moleskin book.

Over and over the doorbell sings, Sherlock gnashing his teeth together due to vexation.

‘Shut up!’ He roars, tossing a paperweight in the direction of the entranceway. Sherlock’s skin prickles with displeasure, as the noise vibrates through his bones. His blood simmers in the heat of his irritation.

The mobile phone rings incessantly.

(Incoming call +0033025549360)

He huffs, deafeningly barking, ‘What?’

‘I’m… I’m outside your door.’

Sherlock stands up quickly, running downstairs to open the door.

‘E-hi!’ The visitor greets with a smile.

‘Hi!’ Sherlock cheerily replies, smile wide and unbelieving.

‘Err… are you busy?’

‘Yes, I’m doing case research.’ Sherlock firmly replies.

‘Oh… sorry, I – okay, I’ll leave. Good luck with your work. Goodbye.’ He bids with a grin, leading two dogs as he meanders away.

Sherlock incoherently stammers. He presses his hands against the door, attempting to stand upright.

He turns back.

‘What? Why have you come here?’ He loudly wonders, gesturing wildly with his right hand.

He stands still for few seconds, looking around, putting his right hand in the pocket, ‘I just wanted to know how you felt.’
‘I’m okay.’

‘This morning you were sleeping when I came here… I saw your brother.’

‘I know. He told me.’

‘He didn’t change at all.’ He says, cracking a smile.

‘…’

‘So… err I was wondering if - if you were busy later.’

‘Later… when?’

‘Tonight.’

‘For what?’

‘I would like to have dinner… with you.’

Sherlock turns around, taking a long breath, looking embarrassed and nervous.

‘I know a really nice restaurant that makes really good stuff, and has many good wines… we could go there.’

‘What’s the address?’

‘My home.’ he expresses with a soft smile.

Sherlock glances down, smiling, cheeks brewing with heat, ‘I won’t be finished until eight.’

The dogs begin to sniff and lick at Sherlock’s trousers. The owner yells, ‘Hey! Hey! Brando! Sit down! Dean, Sit down! Hush now.’ He attempts to pacify the snuggly beasts, ‘Sorry!’

‘Nothing.’

A silence ensures, embarrassment exuding from sweating fleshy.

‘Is nine in the evening fine for you?’
THE BOOK

Chapter Summary

After seven days, John comes back from his honeymoon. He decides to make it up to Sherlock: with the help of Greg, they organise a pub night. During the night, there are flashbacks on the week Sherlock passed during John's absence.

Chapter Notes

as usual, to listen to the songs, right click and 'open in a new window'. Enjoy the new chapter! :)

7 DAYS LATER.

[Soundtrack: High and dry]

AT SPEEDY'S

John and Greg are sitting in front of each other, with two cups of warm tea on the table. Has just stopped raining outside, cars run on the street splashing rain on the asphalt, randomly people walk outside carrying their umbrellas. Inside Speedy’s a woman is cleaning tables and the bar is half empty.

‘How does he feel?’ looking at Greg
‘Good…Mycroft gave him some medicines that reduce the withdrawal symptoms, he felt a bit stoned because they’re quite strong, you know…. but he feels better now’
John looks at the cup of tea, taking a long breath.
‘…He just slept a lot.’
John grabs the cup by his right hand, whispering and mumbling words ‘I’m starting to think he was right’
‘Who?’
‘……Before going away last week I went to Baker Street in the morning, and I met that guy who was at the Rockets with Sherlock, do you remember him?’
‘Yes.’
‘… I was angry…… and I…I said that he should stop hanging out with Sherlock, that….if he risked his life he had his faults, too….’ John takes a long breath, still looking at the tea, thinking ‘but now I think he was right.’
‘What do you mean?’
‘Greg, I don’t really talk to Sherlock … I….I’ve never really had a talk with him since we came back together, I saw him at St James’s Park the morning before going away and he was completely insane with me….he….it was like he blew off steam he had had inside for so long…..’ ‘…..I didn’t know he could be so affected…. he was right, I didn’t really see……we just kept spying on him and then stayed with him the day after as nothing happened, it’s not right, that’s not how….a friendship works…’
‘…you know it’s not that easy to be Sherlock’s friend,…sometimes this seems to be the only way to really understand him and getting to know him’
‘…that guy was right…I don’t know what’s wrong with him and what happened to him, and instead of talking to him I started following his brother’s game’

Greg looks at him in a gloomy way.

Silent.

John sips tea, then puts the cup on the table and looks at Greg ‘I thought I understood him, I thought that I didn’t need to talk to him to really understand him but I was wrong,…I don’t understand him, or at least not anymore, and he’s angry, and I know he has his right reasons, but I would like to understand to make him feel better’
‘I think now we should all start over again, and just stay with him, try to...really comfort him or do anything to makes him feel better’

John nods, thinking.

‘We could start by now, we could….hang out tonight, all of us’
‘Pub?’
‘Yeah, it’s easy, we don’t need anything special to stay all together and have a good chat, and Sherlock would be with all of us, finally’
‘Yes…..yes, it’s a good idea’
‘Just men….or friends…. I mean, no girlfriends, no wives…’
‘You mean no Mary’

Greg cracks a laugh ‘No, I mean...without her you could stay with Sherlock, do you understand?’

John smiles ‘Yes, sure…it would be easier to talk to him if Mary is not with me’
‘You could try to….start talking to him again’

John smiles and glances down.

Outside it starts raining again.

BAKER STREET, 8.12 PM

Greg and John are walking upstairs
‘Sherlock!’

They come in, John looks around at the new furniture in the kitchen, he keeps his arms tied together behind his back, walking curiously around the kitchen ‘Very nice, indeed’, he looks at the table, on the centre there’s a small flower-stand with a white rose in it. He looks at it closer, when suddenly, Sherlock comes out the bedroom.
‘Ehi’

John stares bewildered at him: Sherlock wears black trousers and a pale blue shirt, his curly hair perfectly fixed up with a bit of hair gel on them, a beautiful fragrance surrounds him. John looks at him amazed, he’s beautiful indeed, but more beautiful than the last days he saw him, he looks smarter, his face tones are milder and his eyes seem brighter. ‘…Hi, Sherlock’ smiling at him.

Sherlock turns looking at John and smiles at him ‘Hi John’ then he quickly takes his phone and the jacket
‘Should we go then?’ Greg asks
Sherlock nods, John still looks at him ‘How are you?’
‘I’m fine, thanks’
‘You look great’

Sherlock smiles at him again, they run downstairs and go outside, toward Greg’s car.

IN THE CAR
Greg is driving, John is in the backseat, Sherlock is next to Greg chatting on his phone that it’s ringing over and over again
‘Where are we going Greg?’ John seats between the two main front seats, his left arm on Greg’s seat
‘At the Lamp & Flag?’
‘I thought we said The Grapes’
‘Nah, the Lamp & Flag is better, and it’s larger, too’
John looks at Sherlock, who’s chatting on his phone, his head down
‘They have good whiskeys there’
John glances at the phone, trying to look at the messages
Greg turns back toward John ‘wh…what, sorry? I didn’t hear you’
‘I said they have good whiskeys’
‘The Grapes?’
‘No, The Lamp & Flag’
‘Oh…good!’
John looks straight and randomly at Sherlock, who’s on the phone
‘So…how was this week, Sherlock?’
‘Good’ his head down, still chatting on the phone
‘Did you go on with the case?’
‘yes, we had good news’
‘Yes?’ John asks surprised ‘About what?’
‘Tanaka and his brother’
‘I told you we had to investigate on him!’ He answers enthusiastic
Sherlock cracks a laugh, putting his right arm on the car window, his right finger rubbing his mouth
‘You need to tell us more about it later’
‘Moran is secretly a woman’ Greg whispers ironically, then laughs
‘…What??’ John looks at both Greg and Sherlock ‘Did he changed sex to the surgeon?’
‘Maybe’ Sherlock answers sarcastically, his phone rings again.

THE LAMP & FLAG

Molly, Sherlock, John and Greg chat sitting at the table in the left corner of the room, the atmosphere is warm and pleasant.
A waiter arrives ‘What would you like to order?’
Molly quickly checks at the menu ‘Ehm…Okay, I take a Sirloin steak, with field mushroom, grilled tomato, chips, mustard & tarragon butter…. I haven’t eaten all day!!’
‘Next one?’
‘Grant, what do you take?’
Everyone looks at Sherlock and suddenly cracks laughing, John almost choking on his beer.
‘Sherlock, it’s GREG!!!’ He comments smiling
‘Greg, Grant, it’s the same’
‘How did he call you at the Ku Club???’ John asks amused
‘Gavin’
Molly cracks laughing again
The waiter looks at them waiting for the booking
Sherlock looks at the menu ‘Lestrade is always better, anyway…Ok, so-’
‘What’s your name?’ The waiter asks intrigued at Greg
‘Greg! I swear to God it’s Greg!’
She smiles repeating his name ‘Greg’!
‘Yes, Greg Lestrade’
‘Lest?---’ frowning at him ‘trudel?’
Everyone starts laughing again.
'That’s even better than Gavin’ John comments at Sherlock, both laughing
Greg seems embarrassed, and gently answers to the waiter ‘Lestrade, it’s les-okay…forget about it’
‘We should order before the pub closes anyway’ John comments enjoyed
Sherlock: ‘I take beef burger with chips, beef and bacon’
‘Okay’
‘I…take…the same’ John smiles at her
‘Grant Lestrudel, what do you take?’ John asks sarcastically, Sherlock looks at him smiling
‘I take a Cumberland sausage, mash and red wine onion gravy’
The waiter takes the menus and smiles
‘they’ll arrive soon’
John takes the glass of beer ‘Now let’s all make a toast’
They all take the glasses of beer
‘This toast is for…’
‘Grant Lestrudel’ Sherlock comments
‘Chhhheeeeeeeeeeers’
They all drink
‘Can I take a photo of you all?’
Molly takes her phone and starts taking photos at the table
‘Don’t start sharing these photos on Facebook!’ Sherlock comments annoyed
‘Okay, okay, I won’t …’ ‘…just a couple of them’ smiling
‘Why you had to work all day?’ Greg asks
‘Oh…I had to replace a colleague who couldn’t come’
‘Oh..’
‘I couldn’t even watch Hannibal’
‘Do you watch it, too??’ Greg suddenly seems amazed and surprised
‘Who?’ Sherlock frowns at them, John does the same
‘Oh my god, I love it!! It’s superb!!!’
‘Fantastic, I started watching it one week ago, I didn’t know anything about it, I casually changed channel and it was already on, so I kept watching it and I loved it’
‘I adore Mads Mikkelsen’ Molly comments enthusiastic, they both come close to each other
‘What the hell is this Hannibal?’
‘I don’t know’ Sherlock comments sipping beer
‘Isn’t that movie…??with….Anthony Hopkins??’
Sherlock’s phone rings, he quickly takes it reading the message, John sips beer looking at him
‘…So…’ swallowing ‘how do you feel?’
‘Good’ Sherlock’s still sending messages on his phone
‘…and….what did you do this week?’
Sherlock doesn’t reply
‘…did you…go on with the case?’ John looks at Sherlock and glances down at the phone, Sherlock doesn’t reply, so he fakes a cough
‘Ehm…’ Sherlock rises his head toward him ‘Seraphita’
John frowns at him ‘…..what??’
‘Seraphita! Tanaka sent me a mes-‘
‘Sherlock!!’ Greg grabs Sherlock’s jacket
‘Did you hear her??’ Both Greg and Molly look at Sherlock ‘They’re going to make a tv-series about us!’
‘What?’ Sherlock and John look at each other confused
‘It will come out next Saturday, it’s called ‘Sherlock’
John looks at Molly, his mouth gaping ‘Really???’
‘Yes!!’ she smiles
Greg looks astonished ‘I can’t believe it…’
‘I don’t understand’
‘Sherlock they’re going to make a tv-series about us! About you and John!’

‘Me and John??’

‘Yes!!’

‘They’ll be based on the cases John wrote on his blog’

John cracks a laugh ‘Jesus, I can’t believe it’

‘So….there will be somebody who’s going to…..play me??’

‘Exactly’

Sherlock stands still for a few seconds, confused ‘…….Why??’

‘Because you’re Sherlock Holmes!!’

‘You’re even on a biscuits pack!!’ Greg comments

‘Do you want to see it?’ Greg asks to Molly, taking his phone

‘No!! No!! Don’t-‘

‘Too late’ John comments at him, Molly starts laughing

‘Oh my god…this is beautiful, I want to buy them, too’

‘Are there any Sherlock album stickers too?’ Greg asks sarcastically

Sherlock fakes a laugh

‘Sherlock ken?’

‘Sherlock cup of tea with surprise: there’s a finger in the cup’

‘Sherlock’s app, that insult you each time you play it’

‘Sherlock’s manual: How to fake your death’

‘Sherlock’s cook book: let’s learn how to cook heads’

‘Sherlock’s compilation: The Fall’

‘I believe I can fly’

‘Sherlock’s special cluedo version: The Victim is the Killer!’

Sherlock fakes a laugh, then sips more beer

‘I think they’ll probably make it soon’ Molly comments smiling, ‘Do you know that Conan Doyle’s books are a bestseller this week??’

‘Yes…I saw it at the Waterstones yesterday’

‘Wait…what books??’ John asks

‘The Conan Doyle books about your cases’

John looks astonished at Molly ‘….you…you’re saying somebody wrote also a book about us???’

‘Yes!! How don’t you know it John?? Everyone’s reading them!’

John takes a long breath, sipping more beer ‘Oh my god…’

‘I haven’t read them yet, to be honest, are they so different from the cases?’ Greg asks curiously

‘Not much, I mean, yes, in some way they’re different, their cases are the inspirations for his books, then his stories are different, but some things are related to their cases, sometimes even the lines are the same’

John : ‘So…this…writer wrote a book inspired by our cases?’

‘Yes, they’re six books, the first is A Study in Scarlet, it’s based on the cases about the woman in pink, the pink case etc… but it’s different, even if they’re all suicides and some things are related, but the names are the same, there’s Sherlock Holmes, and John Watson, and they live together in Baker Street…you know’ she smiles at John who looks more surprised

‘The titles are A Study in Scarlet, based on A Study in Pink, then The Blind Banker, The Great Game, like the two cases about Moriarty…then A Scandal in Bohemia, not in Belgravia, and The Hound of the Baskervilles, because the Baskervilles is a family’s name, and then The Final Problem..about Reichenbach’

John nods, thinking ‘…incredible…’

‘They’re really nice, really nice indeed’

‘I can’t wait to see who’s going to play you two’ pointing at Sherlock and John

‘A tall actor and his shorter friend’ Sherlock adds, sarcastically, John fakes a laugh, ironically.

‘I think we’re going to be in the series, too Greg’ Molly laughs

‘I want George Clooney to play me’ Greg comments ironic
John stands still for a few seconds, than sips ‘Sherlock, did you know about the books?’
‘Yes, sure’
‘Really?’
Sherlock nods, drinking
‘And how did you know it?’
Sherlock’s phone rings again, John looks at it on the table.

THE BOOK.

He takes the wine on the table and pours it in the glasses, than brings it to Sherlock, who’s sitting on the sofa
‘Did you read the poetry I wrote you? I put it somewhere in your living room’
Sherlock looks at him, sipping wine ‘Not yet’
He sits on the sofa ‘So…where’s John? Honeymoon you told me?’
Sherlock nods, sipping
‘Where?’
‘Madagascar’
‘mm…..’ He rolls his eyes thinking ‘I’d prefer India, I’ve always loved these countries where you have to lose yourself in prayer and beautiful landscapes, it’s all you need in life,…after all’
‘Honeymoons are ridiculous, what’s the sense of it?’
He looks at him smiling ‘You’re a bit jealous, aren’t you?’
Sherlock frowns at him
‘Just…a bit, come on’
‘I don’t know what you’re talking about’ he replies annoyed
He sips more wine ‘….Although…I’ve always thought that John liked you….’
Sherlock stares at him ‘He’s hetero’
‘This means nothing!’
‘Yes, it means he doesn’t like men, so your hypothesis is completely wrong’
‘But…you should see it from another point of view, I mean that you and John get on very well together….I’ve always thought that there was something between you two, and I don’t think I was the only one’
‘Everyone thought it’
‘See’
‘Because people see two men living together and staying next to each other and think they’re a couple, that’s why, It’s the most common and stupid assumption people could make’
‘It’s not this, I mean there are many men who live together and are not a couple, and not everyone assume they love each other, I’m trying to say that there was something between you two, a sort of…harmony, you were such a good team together, and I think he’s special for…you, anyway’
Silent.
‘And…you know it’s so restrictive, because people should fall in love with other people, with their souls, their minds, not with their genders or sexes’ ‘….also because you’re different from the crowd’
‘What do you mean?’
‘…oh, look at you..everyone would love you, Sherlock…but not because you’re just a genius, a great mind, you…’ he comes closer to Sherlock, who’s sitting with his right arm on the sofa header, the hand keeping the glass of wine ‘you have this…thing……called face…that….’ He comes closer to him, their noses almost touching, his voice becomes lower, more intimate, ‘it’s a masterpiece’ ‘…you remind me of a Greek statue’ ‘….you know those ones with perfect curly hairs, like rolls perfectly designed and placed’ his finger almost pointing at his face, gesticulating ‘and your hooked
nose is so charming’ ‘and your cheekbones give you a beautiful slimmed and angled face, showing your stunning eyes that have this…..beautiful color that change with….time and weather, I believe I’ve already seen three different tons of colors in just two days’ ‘they have the color of an ocean after a storm now, while this afternoon when you opened the door I saw them and they were a beautiful clear, blue color’ he glances at his mouth ‘…and your lips are so perfectly drawn, with a tidy line that is a beautiful introduction to your …..how do you say ‘cerise’ in English?’ Sherlock rolls his eyes, thinking ‘….you mean cherry?’ ‘cherry, yes….cherry lips, so soft and pulpy……. I could eat them’ he still stares at Sherlock’s lips, then at him, Sherlock doesn’t move, suddenly their lips meet, a slow, tender kiss, their noses touching. Suddenly he stops and looks at Sherlock, takes his glass of wine and puts it on the table next to the sofa. Then leans his hand on Sherlock’s cheek, closes his eyes, and comes closer to kiss him again, Sherlock follows him closing his eyes, his hands stand on the sofa next to his body, suddenly the kisses become deeper and faster, the tongue comes in Sherlock’s mouth, the hand is not more on Sherlock’s cheek but on his hair, on the back, keeping him while they’re kissing. He comes closer to Sherlock, lying down on him, his hands reach Sherlock’s hips, then his legs, stroking them, Sherlock puts his arms around his neck, he presses his body on Sherlock’s, but suddenly Sherlock’s phone rings. He looks at him, gasping ‘Do not answer, s’il vous plait’ Sherlock doesn’t move, gasping, ‘It could be important’ He huffs out, sitting on the sofa again, Sherlock takes his phone on the table

FROM : Molly
TO : Sherlock
Look what I bought today!!!
'What??'
He glances at Sherlock’s phone ‘mmm?’
‘What is this?’ Sherlock frowns reading the message.
‘Your book’
‘My—??’
‘The book about your case, don’t tell me you didn’t know anything about it’
‘A Study in Scarlet?? But it’s wrong! It’s Pink! Who’s this ignorant who write a book about my cases’
He looks at him smiling ‘But it’s not wrong, it’s an adaptation, it’s based on your cases but it’s different’
He stands up going toward the bookshelf ‘Look’ He throws the book at Sherlock
Sherlock looks at it, leafing some pages, confused ‘What is it about?’
‘It’s about you, and John, how you two met—’
‘Are you joking???’
‘No! But how didn’t you know it? These books are everywhere’ He comes back to Sherlock, sitting next to him
‘It’s about several suicides and they’re all connected, just like A Study In Pink’
Sherlock’s still leafing some pages
‘And it’s also about you and John, you know…how everything started’ he glances at Sherlock, who seems to starts understanding.
Sherlock reads a line:
“Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways, and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone
out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting-rooms, and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the City. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him; but now and again a reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night.”

Sherlock reads the lines in silent.
‘….. I told you, it’s inspired by your person’
‘I don’t know who would buy a book about me’ shutting the book.
‘Everyone’
‘No, it’s not true, why?’
A small piece of sheet drops down the book.
‘What’s this?’
‘Ehmmm’ he looks embarrassed, almost blushing ‘It’s a drawing’ cracking a smile ‘I did it… it’s….you’
Sherlock looks at it ‘…you still draw?’
‘A bit…when I have time, and the right inspiration….I have a beautiful messy lab there’ he points at the door ‘in which I paint every time I want’ ‘….do you want to see it?’

‘Who’s this?’ Sherlock looks at a colorful painting of a man with glasses and a cigarette leaned on a drawing board
‘I don’t know…the portrait of the unknown man….maybe it’s myself’ He turns his head looking at it ‘I haven’t been painting for months…this one was the first I made after so long,…it’s not that good, you know’
Sherlock looks around at the messy room, full of sheets with scribbles, dirty brushes, paintings everywhere..
‘ I still have to…tidy it up, I have some things I should move here, furniture and some art books I still have in the boxes’
‘It’s……It’s the same for you’ Sherlock puts the book on the table, then starts passing his hand on it, touching everything that comes in his hands ‘….this…home, your home,…..and this room,…..is just like you, ….nothing has changed so far’
He beckons a smile
‘…Things never really change,…the ones that describe us,…our world, ourselves…’ he replies
Sherlock stops in front of a sheet on a table, looking at it
‘…..but we do change, Sherlock’ he comes closer, behind him, looking at the same sheet ‘It’s a funny thing, you know….coming back home…because it seems to us that nothing has changed, everything looks the same, feels the same…’ ‘…even smells are the same…..’ Sherlock turns toward him, their faces almost touching ‘….And you realize what’s changed is you.’
Sherlock looks at him, beckoning a smile, he looks at his lips and comes closer, starting to kiss him, Sherlock puts his hands on the table, the kisses become deeper, his hand on Sherlock curls’, starting lying him on the table, the tongue goes through Sherlock’s mouth, who puts his hands around his neck, he starts taking Sherlock’s shirt off, then quickly takes his jacket off, throwing it on the floor, when Sherlock’s shirt is completely unbuttoned he leans his hand on Sherlock’s chest, then on his nipple.
He starts unbuttoning his trousers, then the ones of Sherlock, stopping kissing and staring at him, then looks at his lips and slowly gives him a kiss biting his lower lip, then slowly his tongue touches Sherlock’s, who gets a bit up, with his arms on the table, holding him up.
He starts licking and sucking Sherlock’s neck, slowly, who starts moaning in pleasure, with his eyes closed. His hands reaches Sherlock’s pants, slowly going inside.
‘Ahhhh- god’
‘Should I stop?’ he whispers smirking
‘Should I?’ He takes Sherlock’s cock and starts touching it up and down, first slowly then faster. ‘Aahhhhh’

He comes back sucking Sherlock’s neck, who passes his hands on his hair ‘Oh, god, mmmmm’ Quickly he takes off his pants, his cock slowly going into Sherlock, then grabs his neck and starts kissing, his tongue goes through Sherlock’s mouth slowly, and starts moving it into Sherlock’s mouth, his other hand on Sherlock’s cock still giving him an handjob, and pressing him more, the brushes and colors on the table fall down, the lamp falls on the sheets, Sherlock has his right hand on the table, almost touching the book, that falls on the floor, too, while moans with his mouth half-opened, then he brings his hand on Sherlock’s hair, ruffling them, while presses more, moving the table, his mouth goes on his neck, again.

‘I know you like this’ he whispers
‘ohhhhh, god, please, more, yes, yes, ahhhhh, oh god, yes’
‘Oh, jesus, what a great shag’ he shouts while presses Sherlock more, his hands grabbing his neck, giving him more tongue on Sherlock’s mouth, who moans more and more until they both come.

Sherlock gasps, sweating, lying the table, his arms wide opened, trying to breath. They both try to breathe again, his hands on the table between Sherlock’s body
‘The b….’ Sherlock gasps
‘What?’
‘The book’ he whispers, swallowing to take breath again ‘It fell on the floor’

THE LAMP & FLAG

‘I told him! I sent him a message with the pic of the book-cover’ Molly comments enthusiastic
‘Can I see it?’
‘Sure’
Molly takes her phone, then sees Sherlock taking his ‘Oh..’
‘I have the image saved’
‘Oh, okay’
Sherlock shows the photo to John
‘This is me and you?’ John comments both excited and amazed
‘Yes’Sherlock smiles.
‘Do you…remember it? Our first case?’ John looks at Sherlock, ‘Sure’ they both smile looking at each other, answering simultaneously ‘January 29th, 2010’
Suddenly, Sherlock’s phone rings, John clearly reads the message:

John suddenly looks away, embarrassed, Sherlock brings the phone closer to him, chatting.
The waiter arrives and brings the dishes
‘Ohh, nice’
‘Have a good dinner’
‘Thank you’
They start eating hamburgers and steaks
Molly ‘John…so, how was the holiday?’
mmmmm’ chewing, then sipping beer ‘good, it was fantastic’
‘I saw the photos on Mary’s facebook’ Greg comments, taking a piece of sausage with the fork
‘Yes, I know’ John smiles ‘Great, we had so much fun, I mean…the place is beautiful, both stunning
and sad for the condition in which people live…’
Greg nods, chewing
‘There’s a beautiful part in which you’re able to see such beautiful animals, we walked a lot, but it
was worth it, we even assisted to a cheetah attacking a gazelle’
‘Yes?’ Molly asks surprised
‘Yes, it was great, and the landscapes are beautiful, there are colors you are never able to see here’
Sherlock eats while his phone rings over and over
‘Sherlock, are you messaging with Anthea?’ Greg asks ironic
Sherlock doesn’t reply, chewing and checking the phone
‘And did you go to the beach? I saw the photos on facebook’
‘Yes, Yes’ he smiles ‘the beach has a beautiful white sand and the color of the ocean is transparent,
it’s….stunning’
‘What photos?’ Molly asks
Sherlock snaps starting to talk fast in a sarcastic and nervous tone ‘The ones Mary posted on
Facebook, Molly, it’s quite strange you didn’t see them, since you’re always on that website, 24
hours a day, plus Mary liked to post a picture every 2 minutes in all the possible places and positions,
in case NOBODY couldn’t know they went in wedding holidays’
Silent.
‘…or…whatever how..it’s called…’ gesticulating with his left hand.
Everyone stop eating, resting the cutlery on the table and looking at each other, Sherlock keeps
chewing indifferent while his phone rings
‘Ehm…okay, so,…’ John fakes a cough ‘So,…How is the case going?’
THE BIG BROTHER

Chapter Summary

Greg, Sherlock, John and Molly are having a night out at the pub. During the dinner, there are flashbacks about the week Sherlock passed during John's absence.

THE BIG BROTHER

11:15 am

Sherlock wakes up late, he feels stoned and totters walking around the bedroom with his eyes half-closed, feeling like a gigantic stone is up on his head. Mrs Hudson is in the kitchen when he walks in. ‘Good morning Sherlock! How are you, dear?’

Sherlock grunts whispering meaningless words that sound like an annoyed moan.

‘Is the therapy making you feel better?’

‘No!’ he shouts toward her, Mrs Hudson looks at him scared and while walks quickly toward the door shouts at Mycroft, who’s sitting on the sofa in the living room ‘Could you give him any pills for the mood, too, please??’

Sherlock turns back and sees Mycroft looking at him ‘My compliments for new furniture, dear brother’

‘Ahhh you’re here again?? Why??’

Mycroft stands up and walks in the kitchen towards his brother ‘Just checking if you’re okay, how do you feel?’

‘Like a shit!’ He takes the pills pack on his hand and throw it on the table ‘These damn pills make my head spin like hell and I can’t even walk properly, I feel like somebody injected me an anesthetic, I’m a zombie!’

‘These effects will pass, don’t worry, you’ll feel better soon’

‘No! I won’t take those pills again, I don’t need them’

Mycroft cracks an ironic laugh ‘How brave, my little brother, ….thinking he can manage the abstinence as he likes, it reminds me of the old college days’

Sherlock peers at him, angry ‘I’m not addicted!! I just took the drugs by mistake! I don’t need a rehab, I know I won’t take them again, I’m perfectly fine’

‘What do you mean by mistake?’ Mycroft crosses his arms and stares at Sherlock

Sherlock doesn’t answer

‘You have mistaken the heroin with cocaine,….that’s what happened, that’s why you overdosed…..’
‘…but you took them on purpose, didn’t you? And somebody from the Rockets club gave it to you……who?’

‘Why you want to know, who do you want to stalk now?’

‘Nobody, I’m just trying to connect the facts and clear up things’

Sherlock puts the kettle on

‘Sebastian?’

‘You sent Lestrade and John to spy on me, why don’t you ask them?’

‘They didn’t come’

Sherlock turns back looking at him, surprised

‘That night they didn’t’

‘So how could John be ther-‘ he suddenly realizes, opening wide his eyes

Mycroft looks at him ‘He wanted to have a look around, anyway, you know….check everything was okay,…….’

Sherlock stands still, thinking

‘He saved your life, Sherlock’

Sherlock slowly goes toward the living room, sitting on the sofa

‘Now please, we’re all worried about you, so just try to follow simple rules to come back healthy’

‘I’m already fine!’

‘These pills will just give you some rest, you’ll sleep few more hours, that’s it’

‘I don’t want to sleep!!! There’s a case I need to solve!! I can’t keep taking these damn pills and feel like sleeping all day!! I’m bored as hell!!!! Plus now you put that stupid alarm system that controls me 24 hours a day, all the doors closed and with key codes I have to type every time I want to open them, I can’t even feel comfortable when I go in the bathroom, I’m living in Alcatraz!!!!’

‘That alarm system is totally safe and it’s 100% good for you, and I already told you that you can manage it as you wish, turn that off every time you want, unless when you’re out and when you sleep, at least.’

Sherlock sips more tea, swallows and stares at Mycroft ‘You grew up too quickly with that stupid power complex dad handed you down.’

‘Only in order to give you the luxury of never growing up at all, Sherlock’ walks toward the door ‘Goodbye, dear brother, and don’t forget to take the pills’ walking downstairs, toward the main door

‘Don’t you either forget to take your diet pills’

Mycroft fakes a laugh ‘I don’t need them anymore, you didn’t even notice I lose weight’ smirking

‘But Lestrade did, I suppose’
Mycrof shuts the door.

Sherlock sits for a while, in complete silent. Then takes his pc and checks facebook, looking at Mary’s profile:
He rolls his eyes, annoyed, then stares at the floor, thinking. Takes his phone and writes a message:

Where are you?

A few minutes later:
‘What happened?’ He gasps when arrives in the living room, still trying to take breath.

‘Bored’

‘What?’

‘Booooooooooored!!!!!!!!!!! I’m BOOOORED!!! My brother gave me those damn pills and I feel like I’m collapsing any moment, I can’t even talk and think properly, I…’ he goes toward the big sofa and falls into it ‘I want to……do something, NOW!’

He smiles and goes toward Sherlock, sitting next to him ‘Ok, tell me what…a walk in the Park?’

‘Boring’

‘Mmmmm….bicycle ride?’
‘Terribly boring’

‘Movies?’

‘Booooring!!’ Sherlock shouts standing up with his chest, the legs still laying on the sofa ‘I want to have fun’ he goes closer to him, looking straight at his eyes.

‘So Why did you make me come here with the Polaroid--Ahhhh!’ He shouts in realize ‘Ok, now I get it…you want to…like…. stab some corps at the morgue and then takes some pics?’

Sherlock rises his left eyebrow

’n,…ok…you want to take some…promotional pics? You examining some…..blood or anything with tube crash?Like hey I’m Sherlock Holmes, contact me for any murder’

…..

‘…….’

‘Checking some slides at the microscope?’

Sherlock stares at him, huffing out

‘Do you want me as a guinea pig?? Is it why you made me come here?’

‘Yes’

He cracks a laugh ‘what do you want to do? Cut my thumbs and count after how many hours I bleed to death? Or….poison me just to check if it works and then takes photos of my dead body?’

‘I want to have sex’

‘Do yo- what’ his face turns serious

Sherlock stares at him ‘You heard me perfectly, I said I want to have sex, now.’

He takes a long breath ‘o—okay…ehm…here?’

‘Yes’

Sherlock stands up quickly and goes toward the laptop and turns it on, then opens the alarm system program

‘What are you doing?’

‘Checking….a thing’

Sherlock comes back toward him, on the sofa

‘We’ll do it here’

‘….Here? on the sofa?’

‘Yes’

‘I think….your landlady is downstairs, I don’t know if-‘
‘I don’t care, We’ll do it here’

‘Mmmm’ He stands on the sofa, with his knees on it, thinking, looking around ‘If you…want to have fun, we could…do it on…the table?’

‘No, bad view, here is better’

‘Okay, we could have tested the new furniture’

Sherlock stands up and goes closer to him, their faces almost touching, and whispers ‘I want everyone to see us’

‘……everyone?’

‘Yes, and you’ll do exactly what I want you to do me’

He looks at him, already high and excited ‘Ohhh, what a lucky day’ he whispers singing and giggling, glancing at Sherlock’s lips, slowly lying down on him ‘What do you want me to do’

‘Take my pants off’ Sherlock stares at him seriously while he slowly goes down on him and starts unbuttoning his trousers slipping and throwing them on the floor

He stares at Sherlock ‘:okay, now…first rule: top or bottom?’

‘Both’

‘Ohhh you’re versatile’ taking his underwear off ‘but do you know what it means?’

Sherlock doesn’t answer, then starts mumbling words ‘wh…….what-‘

‘No no no no, I’m going to handle this’ he puts his finger on Sherlock’s mouth, hushing him, then sits on Sherlock’s knees, starting making him an hand job, slowly rubbing his dick up and down, Sherlock starts moaning ‘Ooohh—‘

‘No no, wait, wait’ his left hand goes on Sherlock’s curls, briefly touching them ‘The rule is: do not come’

‘…Okay…’

‘look at me’

They stare at each other, Sherlock closes his eyes opening his mouth in pleasure

‘Control it or you’ll come too soon’

‘Yes’

He starts rubbing Sherlock’s dick faster

‘Ahhh’ Sherlock opens wide his eyes and starts unbuttoning his shirt

‘Shhhhh, wait’ He goes down on him and starts kissing Sherlock’s chest, his nipples, then down on his belly until he starts licking and sucking his cock. Sherlock starts moaning louder, keeping the hands on his hair, pushing him ‘oohhhhhhh, yes, yes, mmmmmmmmmmmm’ he closes his eyes, then turns his head back toward the angle of the room, up the library
'Ohhh I love this’ ‘Do you want more?’

‘Yes’

‘Turn back’ he whispers

Sherlock slowly turns back, while he unbutton his pants, then starts fucking him from behind, his hand on Sherlock’s neck, pushing intensely, Sherlock starts moaning

‘ahhhhhhh, oh god, yes’

‘do you like it?’

‘yes, more’

‘do you want more’

‘yes, please, please, ahhhh’

‘do you want it all?’

‘ahhhhh, yes, yes’

‘can you feel it? Do you feel it all inside you?’

‘yes, yes, please more, more’

He puts his middle finger on Sherlock’s mouth who starts sucking it

‘mmmmmommmmmmmmmmm’

‘oh god, yes’ ‘ahhhhh what a great shag, sherlock’

Then his hand goes down on Sherlock’s dick, starting rubbing it fast, Sherlock stands up a little, his hands on the couch, they both moan loudly, until they reach the orgasm and come. Sherlock lies on the couch, exhausted, gasping, he’s on him, his head near Sherlock’s, whispering into his hear
‘well…that….was…….fun’ cracking a laugh

Sherlock turns around and looks at him, still taking breath ‘Where’s the Polaroid?’

He looks around ‘Here it is,…did…did you want to take….pics, you said?’

Sherlock rolls his eyes, thinking ‘Mmmmm maybe, why not’

He smiles at him, then kisses his ear and whispers ‘Ohh you’ve become so filthy, boy’

Sherlock puts a hand on his chest ‘Why don’t you take me some pics?’

‘Like we did at the college?’

Sherlock hints at smile, surprised ‘You remember it?’

‘Sure I do, I still have the photos on my notebook’

Sherlock huffs out, rubbing his eyes ‘Young, innocent, Sherlock…looking for a reason to live’

‘We spent hours talking about such deep and philosophical discussions’
Smoking in bed and talking about our future

I was so obsessed with writing and poetry, I…’ cracking a laugh ‘I was so…..young, and optimistic, didn’t it bother you?’

‘What?’

‘Me, constantly worried about myself and my talent, I forced you to read all my poems and stories…’

Sherlock smiles, looking at him ‘You were cute’ laughing

‘Are you laughing at me???’ He starts tickling Sherlock

‘That horrible poem you wrote the first year at university’

He tickles him more, Sherlock starts laughing

‘It was my first time in front of a big crowd and I wasn’t still good enough’

‘Big crowd?? You were the last, everyone left!! There were like….5 people or something, and everyone laughed at you except me who tried to support you, at the end of your shameless and horrible performance I was the only one who clapped’

They both laugh

‘Oh jesus, poor me….’ His hands on his messy hair, then takes the Polaroid on the table ‘I think…’ peering at Sherlock ‘we could take some pics in the bedroom’

‘Why not here?’

‘Because it’s better, there are sheets that can make good contrast with black and white, with your body,… do you like the idea?’

‘You want to take pics on me under the sheets, then?’

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‘Look down, yes, like that’ He’s standing up on the bed, taking pics with the Polaroid, Sherlock is naked under the sheets, playing with his hands on his hair

‘Oui, parfait’

Then he lies down with his knees on the bed ‘Now put two fingers near your mouth….’ ‘Why do you close your eyes?’

Sherlock smiles, giggling, then turns around and goes under the sheets

‘Come back here!!!’

Sherlock starts playing with the bed’s sheets, moving them, making waves and playing with his hands, laughing, he turns back and sees the Polaroid and smiles at it

‘Magnifique’

Sherlock takes a sheet with his left hand and brings it up to his mouth, one hand wide opened on his left eye
‘Put the hands on your hair, cheri’ ‘oohhh, that’s sexy’ ‘Turn left now…no, no like that, I want half of your profile,…yes, don’t move’

‘Put them on Twitter’

‘Are you crazy?’ he laughs

‘Why?’

‘Je ne peux pas, mon chou’

‘But I want to’ he turns toward the pillow, his face on it

‘You have such a beautiful back, I would kiss every inch of it’ taking more photographs

Sherlock turns again, the sheet now is up his hip, he puts his arm under the head ‘Come on, publish them’

‘You know my students check my profile, I can’t do it’

‘What’s the problem?’

He stops making photos, staring at Sherlock ‘These are…quite…porn photos, Sherlock!’

‘No, they aren’t, they are artistic, you always say nude is artistic so what’s the problem with it?’ Sherlock replies annoyed

‘Yes, but I can’t publish them on Twitter, students will laugh at me, I mean….I can’t do it’

‘Yes, you can’

‘No, I can’t’

‘then on facebook’

‘Face---no!!!’

‘Ahhhhhhhh why did you become so puritan all in once???’

‘Cherie you’re asking me to publish your nudes on facebook, do you understand how many people would look at them?’

‘So what?’

‘You’re famous, too, now, you can’t do these kind of things, somebody would call the press and the next day your nudes would be on the papers’

‘Better’ huffing out, cuddling up under the sheet ‘I’m bored’

He smiles, puts the Polaroid away and goes close to Sherlock ‘Cherie’ he takes the sheet out of the bed, uncovering him ‘What’s wrong with you, today? Why are you upset? Voulez- vous dire?’

Sherlock sulks, not answering

He strokes his face ‘What happened, honey?’ giving him little kisses on his cheek.

Sherlock’s pouting, huffing out, rolling his eyes
‘Are you missing John?’

‘No, at all’ Sherlock answers firmly, almost angry

He cracks a laugh ‘Yes, you are’

‘No! I’m not, now take the Polaroid and do me more photos’ Sherlock replies quickly, taking the Polaroid on the bed, his sheet almost touching his lower abdomen, and starts making photos at the room

He’s up on Sherlock, his knees on the bed, both legs between Sherlock’s body ‘Have you read my poetry?’

‘Nope!! Not yet’

‘Your bookshelf is getting dusty, you don’t read anymore?’

‘I’m not lately…’

‘I guess was John who cleaned the home, wasn’t he? I bet this house was completely in order when you two lived together’

Sherlock hums, not answering

‘Have you two ever had sex?’

Sherlock huffs out, annoyed ‘Again?!?! Why are you asking me about John again? I already told you he’s not gay, he’s married!!!’

‘Okay…okay, don’t get nervous, honey’

‘Why are you asking?’

‘Nothing…just…curious’

Sherlock takes photos of him with the Polaroid

‘What are you doing?’ smiling, touching Sherlock’s chest

‘If you won’t publish them I’ll do It on facebook’

‘Nobody follows you on facebook except your 3 friends and your brother’

‘Well, then I’ll do it for them’

He smiles, thinking, a bit curious about Sherlock’s intentions ‘…..If he had asked you, would you have accepted it?’

‘You can’t make assumptions without proofs, John is not interested me in that way, so your assumptions is completely wrong’

‘I know, but I’m just asking..you know…wondering..’

‘You’re asking me nonsense questions’

‘Then give me a nonsense answer’
‘Why? Why are you so interested? Why do you care about what I would do with him?’

He looks at him in silent, not replying, then gives him a soft, small kiss on Sherlock’s lips, smiling at him.

Sherlock grunts, almost annoyed ‘Put some tongue in here’

‘Don’t challenge me into this because I’ll make you feel pain’ he answers ironically getting close to him

‘Oh, I insist’

He puts both his hands on Sherlock’s face giving him a long, strong, deep, kiss. Sherlock grabs his ass unbuttoning his pants, reaching his underwear and going under it

‘Sherl-‘ suddenly Lestrade opens the bedroom’s door and stands still for few seconds, astonished, not saying a word, his mouth wide opened in shock

‘Eehm…ehm…. I….’ totally embarrassed, he jumps out the bed, takes the Polaroid and walks toward the bedroom door, ‘I think I should go now, ehm….’ Blushing, still trying to buttoning his trouser

Sherlock’s still laying on his bed, naked, with just the sheet covering down below his body, completely indifferent, smiles at him ‘See you after’

Lestrade walks out, still not saying a word, trying to think what to say. He walks up and down the kitchen, crinkling his hair ‘Jesus, jeeeesusus, fuck’ he whispers, then walks quickly toward Sherlock’s door, not getting inside

‘Sherlock,…..could you please put something on?’ looking down, huffing out

‘…….okay’ he answers calmly, almost annoyed, and walks outside with his dressing gown on, his hair completely messy, with a smirk on his face, rubbing his eyes

‘What do you want?’

Lestrade looks at him, still embarrassed ‘I’m…sorry, I didn’t know you were------busy…’

‘you could have knocked’

He blushes ‘I’m sorry, you’re right, sorry…’

‘What do you want?’

‘I-‘

‘Sorry, I’ll correct myself, what Mycroft wants?’

They stare at each other.

‘He said your phone was offline and asked me to come here and have a look’

‘I know, I put it off on purpose’ walking toward the kitchen, opening a furniture and taking a pack of biscuits
From : Greg
To : Mycroft

Sherlock is okay, I believe.

‘Oh…okay, yes, sure’ smiling nervously ‘So, how’s the rehab going?’

From : Mycroft
To : Greg

What do you mean you believe? Are you sure he’s okay?

‘Good, very good, I’m rallying’

From : Greg
To : Mycroft

It means I think Sherlock’s having a really good rehab with his French friend.

‘Did you have a look at the surgeons list?’
‘Not yet, I’ve been busy lately’
‘I see…’ looking at Sherlock ‘Not in that---way, I mean I know that you’ve been busy because,… you know…rehab…and….’ Coughing ‘pills…’ trying not to look embarrassed.

(Incoming Call – Myke)
Greg’s phone starts ringing, he tries to cover the sound of the ring ‘Ehm….It’s…Jane!’
‘Ah…’ Sherlock curls up on the sofa, eating biscuits
‘Hello….Hii Jane!!’
‘What were they doing??’
‘Yes, I’m fine’
‘Were they having sex?’
‘Yes,…kind of, I think’ He turns toward Sherlock, smiling at him, whispering ‘It’s Jane!!’
‘Good!!!’ Sherlock answers, faking a smile, turning the tv on at high volume, watching cartoons.
‘Oh jesus, Greg, be more specific!!! Is it so difficult to understand if they were having sex or not??’

‘Ehh….no, but I think you’re right’

‘So they were having sex???’

‘Yyy----yes’

‘WHATTTTT?????’ Mycroft shouts, Sherlock can hear his voice from the living-room

‘Jaaaaaaaane!!!!!!’ Greg tries to cover his voice ‘Calm down!! We just had a quarrel, you know…we can fix everything up…’ looking at Sherlock

‘Let me check…’

‘Yes…..check’ sniffling his nose, nervously ‘Sorry’ lowering his voice ‘…check what?’

‘Nothing, I can easily check with this new excellent program every roo-’

Silent.

‘Mik-ehm…Jane??’

He coughs – ‘….I’m coming, don’t go away, stay there exactly where you are’

‘Wh-‘

Call ended.

He turns toward Sherlock, smiling nervously, walking towards him

‘So…backing to the case…we need to look for these new surgeons names right?’

‘Yes’ munching

‘You got a new one, right?’

Sherlock nods, taking more biscuits

‘And did you start working on it?’

‘I’ll do it soon’

‘Okay’

Sherlock’s phone rings:
Greg sits on the sofa, Sherlock gets up quickly and walks toward the bedroom

‘Where are you going?’

‘Out’

‘Hey, your brother is coming’

(From the bedroom) ‘I don’t care’

Greg huffs out, putting his fingers on his eyes

‘…And he’s coming for you, anyway’ Sherlock insists from the bedroom

Greg raises his head, trying to mumble words in his defense, but doesn’t succeed in it.

The door downstairs is shut, when Mycroft walks in, he sees Greg sit on the sofa, his right leg crossed, his hands on sofa’s arms.

Mycroft comes inside the living room walking slowly ‘Where’s him?’

Greg points at the bedroom with a small hint with his head

‘Sherlock’ Mycroft shouts while walking through the kitchen

Sherlock pops out the bedroom door ‘Hello Jane’ faking a smile, then returns inside.

Mycroft rises his eyebrow and looks at Greg, who gets his hands up, exasperated.

‘So… Jane’ Sherlock gets out, drying his hair with a towel, talking to Mycroft ‘Do you still want to know if I had sex with the ‘French friend’ (looking at Greg) or not?’

‘Where’s him??’ Mycroft asks, his voice’s tone stern.

‘Out’

Mycroft looks at Greg, angry ‘Why did you let him go??’
Greg looks astonished, not knowing how to answer ‘….how…did I have to kidnap him?!?’

‘He’s dangerous!!’ Mycroft walks toward the bedroom door, shouting ‘Where are you going? You need to stay here and have some rest’

(From his bedroom) ‘In fact…that’s what I’m going to do’ ….. ‘Having some rest’ He opens the door and look at both of them ‘Away from Alcatraz’ shutting the door.

Mycroft stands still in silent for a while, than looks at Greg, who huffs out

‘He looks like a young full of complexes collegiate boy who’s hiding his fiancé and runs away shouting to his mum that she doesn’t understand him’

Mycroft walks slowly toward the sofa, sitting next to him

‘And that was just a tiny example of how much hard my adolescence with him was’ He takes a packet of cigarette from his jacket, and turns one on

‘Do you smoke?’ Greg asks surprised

‘No’ letting the smoke out

‘Can I have one, please?’

Mycroft gives him a cigarette, lending him the packet ‘I neither smoke but….you know….sometimes we all need one’

Mycroft turns the cigarette on for him

‘Thanks’ he lets the smoke out and place his two right fingers with the cigarette near the temple, thinking

Mycroft is checking his phone, they both don’t talk.

Greg turns toward him ‘What do you mean he’s dangerous?’

still checking his phone ‘…I know him, you know….since he was a kid,…I know who he is, I know what he does….’

‘…and? dangerous you said…why?’

‘I’ve never liked him, he has always had a….bad influence on Sherlock. And now he’s back, and this is a bit bad news,…he’s not like John, you know’

Greg stands up and turns the cigarette off on the ashtray near the fireplace, then goes toward the kitchen

‘The furniture…is new, isn’t it?’ Turning toward Mycroft

‘Yes it is’

He looks around, walking through the kitchen ‘Lovely’

‘Do you like it?’

‘Yes’
‘I chose it’ Smiling proudly.

Greg turns toward him, smiling ‘Good…nice’

Mycroft takes his phone again, looks at it, then at Greg ‘Tonight……’

Greg turns

‘I have a dinner with the minister’ Silent. ‘…I have to apologize’ smiling ‘…would you like to come?’

Greg looks hesitant ‘I…..’ walking toward the living room, slowly, and lowering his voice ‘Could I?’

Mycroft stands up quickly ‘I’m leaving, you’ll take a taxi in 15 minutes. Then leave at Pall Mall, a car will wait for you and bring you at Whiteall, the dinner is at 6 pm, the minister is always punctual, we’ll have a few discussions about two amendments and laws we have to change, the first two will take 20 minutes of talk, and not so much responsibility, the Russian Case is much harder, but when we’ll come at it we’ll serve the cake, so thereafter he will probably hint at the night I ran away from the convention, I’ll answer I took the first train to Cardiff because my bellowed wife died, in that moment you’ll give your condolences saying you didn’t know anything about it because you were busy with the Moran case, the minister will do the same and after some minutes of chatting he’ll finally leave, you’ll follow him commenting it’s a bit late for you, too, implying you’ll leave soon, he’ll say good-bye reminding me to call him on Friday to let him know the law passed and will successfully walk away.’

Greg looks at him, astonished, his mouth almost gasping, not saying a word.

Mycroft smiles at him and goes toward the door ’15 minutes, remember…’

‘Yes,…sure….see you later!’ When he goes toward the stairs to greets at him, he’s already out.

Greg looks around, then goes in the bathroom, closing the door. He rests on the door, his hands on it ‘yyyyyeeeesss!!!’ he whispers, excited and jumping.

Sherlock walks out his room, closing the door and pressing the alarm’s code. Then takes the coat and scarf in the living room and checks the program on his pc, and quickly leaves.

The alarm program starts getting going.

While Greg is in the bathroom, washing his hands, he suddenly hears the sound of touched keys, then six bleep.

He looks at himself in the mirror, wondering what’s going on, then quickly dries his hands on the towel and goes toward the door, but when he grabs the handle, he can’t get out. The door is closed.

‘What? lowering his head, and looking through the spy-hole. He can’t see anything, then comes back trying to open the door, but it’s still closed.

‘Sherloooooooooooooooook!!!!’

 ……..

‘Mrs Hudsooooooon!!!!’

 ……..
He grabs the handle again, pulling hard with both hands on it ‘what the hell!!!!!’

He huffs out, exhausted, then sees a little box on the left door, with blue screen and black buttons on it.

**SOHO. WINERY BAR.**

‘Do you like it?’ coming in.

Sherlock looks round the room, his hands closed behind his back, walking. ‘Nice’

‘I drew it’ he smiles looking at him ‘everything you see has been thought by me, I’ve put so much on this project, I haven’t been sleeping for months,…and now that I can actually see it….I…I’m so happy, I mean...this is always been my dream’

‘I see’

He goes behind the bar table, then goes toward the wine bar. ‘We should have a toast’

Sherlock leans on the bar table, looking around

‘what do you think about….a Stella Pinot grigio 2003?’

Sherlock rises his eyes, thinking, his mouth pouting ‘Mmmmm’

‘You don’t understand anything, anyway!’ he laughs, looking and smiling at Sherlock.

‘A Chateau lafite Rothschild 2005’

He stands up and goes toward Sherlock, opening the bottle

‘That’s pretty expensive’ Sherlock comments, peering at it

‘And a good one, too’ he smiles

‘why are you opening it for me?’

‘because you’re special’

‘I’ll give you another bottle, it’s a little…present, you know...do you want anything to eat?’

‘Let me see.’

Sherlock peers at the menu, opening it, reading the courses. ‘Croque Tartine Parisienne’

‘It’s an Egg-Topped Ham and Cheese Sandwich’

‘Mustard and white wine braised chicken’

‘It’s an adaptation of the regional French classic’

‘Mmmm…..vegetable ragout with Pest’

‘Or, as I call it, Ragout de Legumes au Pistou’

‘And….?’
‘It’s Pairing pistou, an herb sauce made with fresh basil, with tender spring vegetables makes for a bright-tasting seasonal entrée; the recipe comes from Patricia Wells at Home in Provence’

He looks at Sherlock not understanding anything of the courses ‘Ok..let’s make something easy..I can make a delicious Pan Bagnat’

‘What is it?’

‘A Provencal tuna sandwich, with tomatoes, scallions, mustard, boiled eggs, black pepper…it’s a bomb food, but it’s really good….I can make a Frisée salad, if you want something lighter’

‘What’s there inside?’

‘Eggs, bacon, white wine, mustard, olive oil…it’s…fantastic’

Sherlock narrows his eyes, thinking, adding a small smirk with his left lip ‘I order….the salad’

‘Good!’ he smiles. ‘Do you want to see how I cook it? It’s really simple and beautiful’

‘Why should I be interested?’

‘I don’t know…maybe to cook it to your lover, one day’ He smiles, looking at him.

__________________

‘Sheeeeeeeeeeerlooooooooooock’

Greg is sweating, unbuttoning his white shirt, taking his jacket off. He tries another keys combination on the box but fails again.

‘Ahhhhh damn it!!!’

He puts his arms on the wall, the box is between them, he stares at it, thinking.

‘what damn code he put here…….think, greg, think…..’ ‘….sherlock..birthday?’

He starts pressing ….. 06, 01, 77.

He huffs out, lowering his head. Suddenly he hears his phone ringing in the living room.

FROM : Myke

TO : Greg

I’m waiting. Don’t be late.

‘Jesus, the phone!!!!!!..okay, this alarm thing was made by Mycroft, so maybe he put the code…’

He starts pressing buttons again

03, 07, 70

03, 07, 71
‘Aahhh jesus!!!’ he shouts annoyed.

(Pouring wine in two glasses, while both are eating)

Sherlock stares at the fireplace on his left.

‘He hasn’t changed a lot, has he?’

‘Who?’ Sherlock turns toward him ‘Oh, my brother’ taking the glass. They look at each other, he smiles at Sherlock, while both touching their glasses ‘Cheers’

Sherlock sips, then slowly swallows looking at the wine in the glass, making it round in it, then taking another piece of salad with the fork. ‘No, he hasn’t. At all. He has even gotten worse’

He cracks a smile, smirking, eating ’He seems always so worried of you’

‘Constantly. Worried.’

‘About what? I don’t understand, I mean…I could understand it when we were teenagers, but now….absolutely not’

‘Neither I’ Sherlock huffs out, protracting his shoulder.

‘You know I took a lesson about fear today at university’ he keeps his drink with the left hand, the right’s drumming on sherlock’s left hand to get his attention

‘Why?’

He gets closer to him, smiling, excited about the discussion he’s going to take.

‘I assigned a book three weeks ago, ‘After many a summer dies a swam’ by Huxley, have you ever read it?’

‘Nope’

‘it’s nice, you should,…’

‘What is it about?’

‘It’s about…a man’ he pours more wine to both glasses

‘…Stoyte,…who wants to live forever’ looking at Sherlock ‘and he’s constantly ruled by his fears, the biggest trouble of our society’

‘you think?’ sipping more wine

‘Well, think about it, Sherlock..fear, after all, is our real enemy. Fear is taking over our world. Fear is being used as a tool of manipulation in our society.’
'Is this why my brother surround me of cctv?'

He cracks a laugh ‘maybe’ ‘But you know, I think this is the biggest trouble, and I talked about it with my students today…..’ sipping wine ‘Fear is how politicians peddle policy and how society sells us things that we don’t need’

‘Fear that we’re going to be attacked’ Sherlock adds

‘fear that there are aliens lurking around every corner, fear that some little country that doesn’t believe in our way of life poses a threat to us.’

‘Fear that mass culture may take over the world’ Sherlock adds

‘ Fear of Miley Cyrus’s tongue’

‘Well, maybe that one is a real fear.’

They both cracks a smile

Sherlock : ‘Fear that our bad breath might ruin our friendships…’

‘ Fear of growing old and being alone…..’

He, again ‘Fear that we’re useless and that no one cares what we have to say.’

Silent, again. They stare at each other, then Sherlock glances down, thinking.

‘Are you busy tomorrow night?’

‘I don’t know, why?’

‘Do you know the Great Gatsby?’

Sherlock rises his eyes, thinking ‘Mmmm, heard about it’

‘Would you like to go to the movies with me?’

‘A cinema?’

‘Yes’

Sherlock looks dazed, not knowing how to reply and sipping more wine to take time.

‘Why are you so scared about it?’ He asks smiling, a bit surprised

‘I’m not, actually,--’

‘Have you ever been to the movies?’

Sherlock sips more wine nervously and swallows ‘I don’t know, I can’t remember it’

‘Okay, would you like to come with me, then? I assure you it’s a good movie’

‘Sitting in a dark room for two hours looking at a big screen, hearing people laughing or crying and making stupid jokes while munching pop corn?‘

‘Yeeeesssss! I love it!!’ he comments excited.
Sherlock rises his eyebrow
‘Come on, do it for me, you’ll like it, and if you don’t, we’ll leave.’
Silent, Sherlock doesn’t reply
‘Have you ever read the book?’
‘What book?’
‘This one! The Great Gatsby! By Fitzgerald’
Sherlock huffs out, annoyed, rolling his eyes ‘romantic, soporific books who makes teenage girls lives more existentially interesting, no, I only read books that are useful to my mind’
Sherlock turns back and starts walking outside, he follows him, putting a hand on his shoulder
‘It’s not romantic and soporific’
‘I guess it’s romantic, at least’
‘Well, a bit yes……but I swear I saw a couple of gossip magazines at your home, which it means that you like to entertain yourself reading that shit and you’re annoyed by such an important book for the worldwide literature?’
‘They’re useful, all of life can be found in the personal columns of women's magazines…’
‘…Really?....’
Leaving the winery

WHITEALL
FROM : Myke
TO : Greg
Where the hell are you????

‘So, Mr. Holmes, I’d be glad if you could come to our dinner party next Wednesday, as I already told before’
‘I’ll assure I will’ he smiles
‘We’ll have three Russian counselors that could might help us for the Moran case’
‘Sure, that’s a good news’
Waiters bring more dishes
The minister munches, then he looks at Mycroft, swallowing
‘I’m quite sure another guest was waited for tonight’
‘Ehm……..you mean the—’
Mycroft fakes a surprised look on his face ‘Oh, yes, he might have forgotten, probably.’

‘Shhhhhhhheeeeeeerloooooooooock!!!!!!!’

‘Okay….it’s just you and me, now’ looking at the bathroom door

‘I’m sorry but I have to do it’

Silent. He takes long breaths staring at it

‘Count to three and I’ll break you down’

‘Okay….’

‘one…’

‘two…’

From: ALARM SYSTEM
To: Sherlock Holmes

There’s been a break in into your house. Alarm System is on.

Sherlock checks the phone and looks at the message, dazed

‘wh-‘

(Incoming Call – Alarm System) (A robotics voice answers)

‘Who’s this?’

‘Hi, Sherlock, I’m Alarm System’

‘What the he-‘

‘Your house has been attacked. The alarm system went on-‘

‘Oh god…’ He huffs out, annoyed

‘If you’re not at home, please come back as soon as possible’

‘All right all right’ he turns the phone off, then starts walking quickly

‘Where are you going?’

‘Home, this damn alarm system…I hate it!’
‘Sherlock!’ he stands still looking at Sherlock going away

WHITEALL

‘And it’s absolutely important for the foreign minister to be there, too’

‘I agree’ Mycroft answers, smiling, then nodding at Anthea, who write another sms

FROM: Myke
TO: Greg

I swear God you’ll pass the worst 10 minutes of your life the next time you’ll see me.

Anthea shows the sms to Mycroft, who gently smiles at her, nodding, and keeps eating and looking at the minister.

‘The last time we saw we didn’t have the time to talk about it, anyway’

‘Absolutely not, but the case is going on, and I can update you about the last news we have’

‘Do you?’

‘Sure’

‘I mean, you have news about Moran?’

‘Quite few ones, actually. We-‘

The telephone on the furniture next to the dinner table starts ringing, it automatically takes the call on speakerphone. A robotic voice is heard.

‘Hi Mycroft, I’m Alarm System’

The minister looks suspiciously at Mycroft, who turns looking at the phone

‘Your house has been attacked’

‘What?’ The minister turns around, not understanding what’s happening, Mycroft whispers words to Anthea in the ear, she walks quickly toward the door. Mycroft stands up and goes toward the telephone.

‘The alarm system went on’

Mycroft tries to turn the call down

‘Hi, Mycroft, I’m Alarm System’

Mycroft tries to not look nervous, and turns gently toward the minister, smiling at him ‘Sorry, just…a misunderstanding’

‘Your house has been—‘
He starts pushing random buttons, faster

‘The alarm syst—Hi, Mycroft, I’m Alarm syst—your house has—Hi, Mycr—’

Mycroft disconnects the plug, then huffs out, taking a long breath.

‘Problems, Mr. Holmes?’

Mycroft turns toward the minister

‘At all’ faking a smile.

**BAKER STREET**

Sherlock walks quickly upstairs, running, the noisy and deafening sound of the alarm is around the entire home, Sherlock covers his ears and goes toward the pc, turning it off. Suddenly, Greg pops out in the living room.

‘What the hell are you doing here??’

‘I was there!! In the bathroom!! And you locked me in this bloody house!’

Sherlock goes toward the bathroom door ‘Well, these are the bright ideas of your boyfriend!’ pointing at the cctv cameras up in the corner of the kitchen.

Greg turns toward Sherlock ‘Boy---hey, if you’re implying anything—’he follows him in the bathroom, where the alarm is still on, and digits the numbers: 29 – 01 –10.

‘I tried all the possible combinations’ Greg comments to Sherlock, huffing out.

‘Your birthday, Myke’s birth-‘ Sherlock turns toward him, Greg is blushing, embarrassed.

‘My…Mycroft…birthday…, you know….I---I really don’t know when it’s his birthday, to be honest! I just…..tried to….guess…’

Still looking at each other

‘It doesn’t work with you, does it?’

‘Nop!’ Sherlock goes quickly toward the living room. Suddenly, Mrs Hudson walks in

‘Sherlock’ worried, with a baffled look on her face ‘I ran here because a man told me my house had been attacked!??’

Greg, looking at Sherlock’s pc: ‘How does this bloody thing work? Can you tell me?’

‘He called me twice telling me I had to come back home, Sherlock’

Sherlock goes toward the sofa, taking his scarf, ignoring Mrs. Hudson, just answering to Greg ‘Just go on the history event and you’ll read all the passages the program did’

‘Do you manage it from your pc??’ Greg looks closer at Sherlock’s pc, clicking on history event, and reads all the passages done by the alarm system, then sees Sherlock’s activity online: Mary’s facebook account over and over

‘I was at the karaoke pub! I thought something terrible happened! This man said his name was Alarm
something, I can’t remember, my mind is making bad jokes lately…but I don’t know who’s this man'

Sherlock goes toward the door

‘I don’t have him on my telephone book, I neither have him on facebook, I’ve never heard him before!’

Sherlock turns toward her, arranging the scarf ‘It was the alarm Mrs Hudson, it went on because Lestrade was inside’

‘Lestrade was inside???’

‘In the bathroom, specifically’

‘Locked in the bathroom’ Greg adds, staring at Sherlock, annoyed

‘Don’t blame me, blame your boyfriend for this’

‘Could you stop calling him that way?’

‘Then stop making the world think you actually are’

He looks at Sherlock, who hints at him. ‘I see you like mary’s facebook account…….’

Sherlock frowns at him, then stutters ‘…I was just…you know’ gesticulating with his hands ‘checking if everything was alright’

Greg sees his phone on the table and reads all the messages. He quickly sends one:

FROM: Greg

TO: Myke

I’m so sorry, I couldn’t come, I was in the bathroom.

Before sending it, reads it again mumbling..’nooooo'

FROM: Greg

TO: Myke

I’m so sorry, I couldn’t come!!! I was in the bathroom, when the alarm system locked me!! and I couldn’t get out!!!

Suddenly Mycroft shows up behind Greg ‘The minister sends you regards’
‘It’s going well, but Sherlock was waiting for you to make some interviews to the surgeons’ Greg answers, taking another bite with the fork

John turns towards Sherlock ‘Ohh, okay, perfect. So, you have a new list, right?’

‘Yes, that one Mary gave us before didn’t work’ Sherlock answers not looking John into his eyes, just keeping eating.

Greg: ‘Yeah, but she couldn’t be sure it worked, you know, it’s hard to get those names’

‘What names?’ Molly asks, curious ‘Are you still on the Moran case?’

‘Yeah, this man is another big trouble’ Greg comments

‘As big….as….Moriarty?’

‘Do you want to date this one, too, Molly?’ Sherlock asks, sarcastically

‘Oh, no, no….I’ve given up with men’

They all turn towards her, puzzled

‘No---I mean---’ blushing ‘I’ve given up for now’

‘Ahhhhh’ in chorus

‘I’ve decided to take a break for now, I’ll try to come back when I’ll understand them better’

‘You’ll never really understand men, Molly, just like men will never really understand women, that’s the big mystery’ Greg answers, pointing at her.

‘Come on, Molly, you’re lovely and cute and beautiful, and I’m sure you’ll find the perfect man that will love you as much as you wish, one day’ John comments, looking at her, smiling

‘Thank you, John, that’s so kind of you’

They all are eating now, there’s silent.

‘But…until that day, I’ll continue falling in love with wrong men, they all are married or gay!’

John cracks a laugh

‘I met a man last day, he was lovely, lovely!’

‘Where did you meet him?’ Greg asks

Sherlock keeps receiving sms and checking the phone.

‘We met on the bus, he was lovely. We talked a lot, he was so charming, I believe he was a teacher or something because he handed books, and he wore glasses, you know, the typical professor you have at the university’
‘That one all girls fall in love with’ John adds, ironically

‘Exactly! And we both realized that we took the wrong bus so we get off at Tottenham, where soon after we greeted each other, and for the first time in my life I had the courage to ask him the phone number, and he gave it to me!’

‘And?’ Greg asks, curious

‘We chatted for some days, he was always lovely, and funny, and I honestly was waiting for him to ask me to go out and take a coffee’

‘He didn’t?’

‘No, he didn’t, I mean… I think he meant it as friendship and he maybe thought I had some interest… one day I sent him a message when I was at work, I wrote that I had an hour off and so I asked him if he wanted to come with me for a coffee, and he didn’t answer for…..5 hours or something’

‘Maybe he didn’t have his phone with him’ Greg suggests

‘No! that’s the point, he just answered me 2 minutes before’

‘Ay!’ John answers, looking regretful

‘And after 5 or 6 hours he wrote me….’ She opens the bag and takes the phone, checking for the sms, then reads it out loud

‘I’m very sorry, Molly, but I think you misunderstood my courteousness—‘

‘Courteousness?’ john whispers, rising his left eyebrow, dazed

‘--- I’ll be very glad to come and take a café with you, but I want to let you know I’m not interested in you, since I’m already engaged. Une bise, au revoir’

Sherlock starts coughing, almost choking, quickly taking the glass of beer

‘Well, he was honest with you, at least’ Greg comments

‘He’s gay, Greg! It’s obvious!’ She replies

Sherlock coughs more, sipping more beer

‘Sherlock’ John beats Sherlock’s back with his right hand ‘Are you alright?’

‘Yes’ he whispers, red as a beetroot.

‘So I thought it was destiny that was gently saying to me I had to take a break with men, so I decided I’ll focus on my work and myself’

‘Well done, Molly!’ John cheers with the glass of beer

Sherlock swallows slowly ‘Well, your assumption is wrong, you can’t say he’s gay just because he refused your invite saying he’s engaged, he can be straight as well’

‘No, he’s not, I noticed his manners on the bus and I already thought he was gay, although I was not sure about it, but the sms confirmed it’
Sherlock fakes a nervous laugh ‘just because a man has feminine mannerisms it doesn’t mean he’s gay’

‘Well, it depends’ Greg adds

‘You said you both lost your way on the bus? So he wasn’t a Londoner?’ John asks, curiously

‘No, he-‘

‘Who’s a real Londoner in this town?’ Sherlock suddenly answers, looking at John ‘nobody, everyone is a foreigner, we’re in the third biggest city of Europe, 70% of people we meet every day are tourists or immigrants, of course he wasn’t from London’

John adds: ‘Well, I noticed that he didn’t even use proper English words, mostly Frenc-‘

‘Could you pass me the mayo Greg?’ Sherlock asks loudly

‘I liked him because he had that…charming manners…and I believe he was interesting, too…I saw him reading a kind of…old scrapbook he kept, with words and sketches and polaroids….’

‘Polaroids?’ Greg asks

‘Yes…polaroids. I told you, he’s interesting, indeed, but now he’s gone, I won’t be able to know him because somebody else in this town already took him’

‘What kind of polaroids were?’ Greg asks again

‘I don’t know…I didn’t see much, to be honest,…when he turned a page I saw these polaroids of a young boy, I don’t know much…’

Silent, again.

Sherlock’s phone rings again, ‘Anyone wants dessert?’ faking a smile.
Chapter Summary

Greg, Sherlock, John and Molly are having a night out at the pub. During the dinner, there are flashbacks about the week Sherlock passed during John's absence. As usual, to listen to the songs ---> right click and 'open in a new window'.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter Notes

Kissing gently Sherlock’s back, near his left shoulder, then slowly toward down his neck ‘You said it’

‘I didn’t!!’ Sherlock replied annoyed, almost shouting

‘Oh come on, how do you think I could hear John instead of come on’

‘Because you’re obsessed with him! You’re always comparing yourself to him, and I never talk about him, neither said anything about us, and you constantly make up wrong assumptions about us…… you’re jealous for something never happened’

‘Okay, I might be jealous, but your face! The look into your face when I heard you said ‘John’ while you were moaning, it said everything, you understood I heard it and you didn’t know how to sneak off’

‘I simply didn’t understand why you suddenly stopped’

‘because you were having sex with me and you moaned John!! That’s why Sherlock!!’

‘again??’

‘Yes, I’m not happy thinking my fiancé likes to imagine he’s having sex with another man while we’re making love’

Sherlock huffs out, annoyed, falling in the pillow ‘I didn’t call his name…’

‘Yes, you did’ He keeps kissing Sherlock’s back, slowly.

‘What are you doing?’ Sherlock asks, rising his left eyebrow

‘I told you’

‘What’

‘That I would have kissed every inch of your back’
‘It will take hours’

‘Ages’ he whispers, smiling.

Sherlock takes the moleskine on the other pillow with his right arm, and leafs some pages, in his bed, reading

‘<<6/10/96, hour: 10:00 am; Alex leaves the class, the professor Morgan said ‘You…Alex…always going in the bathroom rolling joints…’>>.’

He smiles

‘<<7/10/96 – Today I brought the camera at university and made some gorgeous photos of my friends, then we talked at the café about Rome…Carl and Betty told me I should continue attending classes…but I really don’t want to, I’m already bored with this life…’>>’

‘Poor me…’ still kissing Sherlock’s back, caressing it with his right hand

‘<<8/10/96, hour: 8:00 am, at the parlour with Sherlock and Carl, making breakfast with coffee, tea, and croissants>>’ then Sherlock whispers ‘…parlour?’

‘I think I meant….bar or something…’

Sherlock smiles, whispering ‘Parlour…’ ‘….You were terrible at English the first years…I remember we all took the piss out of you’

‘I remember it…and I always got angry with you about it when you made it me notice’

Reading: ‘<<I walked the street of love, and was fall of tears>>…..ohhh, poetry…’

‘<<18/10/96 English exam after Bob’s party…>> …Bob’s?’

‘Don’t you remember it?’

‘Ahh…yes,….when we all got drunk..’

‘yes’ he laughs

Still leafing pages and reading ‘<<Cet amour, si violent, si fragile, si tender, si desespere. Cet amour, beau comme le jour, et mauvais comme le temps. Quand le temps est mauvais Cet amour si vrai Cet amour si beau…>> ….hey, that’s not yours’

He smiles ‘no, it’s not, Prevert’

‘<<In this outer moment, in which my feelings are finally showing, I would like to stop the time,…..to be able to love you once more, and lock in this infinitesimal world’s gap your image>>……nice’

‘That one was for you’

‘I know’

‘<<You’re in my soul, and that’s where I’ll leave you for the rest of my life’..>>

‘Still for you’
Sherlock hums.

‘...<<I don’t like anything, I don’t like society, I don’t like people, I don’t even like myself. Bless those who have strong beliefs and live with them for the entire life and is never anguished. I run from a side to another trying to be be happy, and if I stopped just for once on my beliefs I would fall. This is my life, and that’s why I would never change it with another one>>….this is nice, too, I didn’t remember these last ones.’

He lays near Sherlock, watching him reading and leafing the pages.

‘Why this one is rubbed out?’

‘Because I didn’t like it’

‘<<…Remember…’ Sherlock tries to read through the words and the blank spaces <<remember the time when we felt that the reason could be by our side, Remember….the sky that we’ve been watching for so many times, While the real time flew away…remember the words, your words, the words I said to you to make you feel better, the words that wrote our songs, remember the time in our photos, when we thought that everything could change…while now there’s just me, watching your mind going away, and you, trying to find another way to shut your mind>>….why did you delete it?’

‘Because….it was about a period we both didn’t enjoy…’

‘…It was worth writing, anyway’

‘..yes…’ he whispers, kissing gently Sherlock’s left shoulder.

‘<<I saw you passed by and came back at home….I know…there are still your footprints on the door step…they don’t want to go away…I saw your new shoes and I stole them, I thought you wanted to go away forever….and with a note on the bag I wrote you: I wish you’ll find love in the world, I wish that you’ll find the job you love, I hope that God will guide you, I hope that the sky will always give you sunny days, I hope that your health will be always ok, whenever you are, wherever I am, wherever you sit, wherever I sing…’

‘I’ll be always with you’ whispering into Sherlock’s ear, finishing the poetry, then smiling at him.

‘Do you remember that song we wrote about going away in America?’

He starts laughing ‘Yes, in California, specifically’

Sherlock starts singing ‘mmmm---but we went away…’

They both start singing

‘we dreams USA from so much time and now that we’re here……and noooooooooow’

Sherlock laughs, singing

‘and noooow we’re on the street of USaaaaaaaaaa’

They both laugh.

‘The dreamers was the title’

‘Yes’ leafing more pages
‘This one I wrote was for my grandfather’
Sherlock reads it ‘Oh yes, I remember it’
‘have you read the poetry I left in your book?’
‘No, why are you so worried about it?’
‘I’m not worried, I’m curious, you haven’t read it, have you?’
‘Not yet…—oh, no’ Sherlock suddenly sees a polaroid of himself young.

‘Why? don’t you like it?’
‘Do you still keep them?’ Sherlock asks, blushing.
‘Sure…do they embarrass you? You were my model’ smiling, touching Sherlock’s cheek with his nose, Sherlock hums.
‘Who’s this? You?’

‘I don’t know…probably…’
‘ohhh this is you!’

‘Yeap…I already looked like this at 20 years old?’

‘Yes.’ he laughs ‘But this was my personal image of you, I didn’t draw you, it's just my personal view of you’
‘This is another…thought of me about….you…..about the days you lost writing and thinking, and not caring about nothing else but chemistry’

‘Did I have the hump?’

‘A bit’

‘This is very Victorian’

‘Yes….I love this style’

‘It’s so much you’ Sherlock smiles, leafing another page
‘Oh…this one you did with the cigarette to give me a James Dean look’ Sherlock smiles

‘I love the colors in this one’
‘How many cameras did you have? I remember your desk was full of them…’

‘Yeah..but just one worked, I bought them at a street market just to collect them’

‘You bought a camera every month’

‘Quite so…yes’

‘Is this in Dorset?’

‘Yes, where I have my second home’

‘You still have it?’

‘Sure….’ Looking at Sherlock ‘would you like to come someday?’

‘No, beaches are boring’

He laughs, hugging Sherlock.
'ohoh that’s so typical of our days…” Sherlock comments smiling

‘We dreamt to be philosophers smoking and talking about poetry..’ he adds, smiling

‘Good old days when I did nothing all day and passed the exams just studying the night before’

‘Good old days when your brother knocked in the middle of a shag in the afternoon’

Sherlock cracks a laugh

‘Always!! Always!! He always did it! Do you remember it?”

‘Yes’

‘He always arrived when we were making love, what a drag!…I bet he already spied on you.’ he asks laughing

‘Probably…” Sherlock adds, sarcastically, rising his left eyebrow

‘Do you remember when he entered the kitchen angry as a raging bull—‘laughing, Sherlock does the same, then comments ‘It was embarrassing’

‘Yes, it totally was, I mean….for you! because I laughed the whole time, while you got sad for…a week or so….I remember my dad called me saying Hey I’m so sorry I couldn’t imagine Sherlock’s brother didn’t know you two were together!! can you imagine Mycroft’s face when my dad told him about us?” laughing
CAMBRIDGE, University’s Hall, 12/06/96

A man is sitting on an armchair, reading a magazine, the big hall is empty and fully light up by the long big windows on its left that are put forward a beautiful garden outside. A secretary on the desk is writing and answering at the telephone. Mycroft Holmes walks in, going toward the secretary, he’s serious and with a nervous look on his face.

Secretary ‘Hello, can I help you?’

‘Yes, I have an appointment with professor Morgan’

‘Yes’ leafing the agenda pages ‘You must be….Holmes?’

‘Yes’

‘Right, please sit and wait, professor Morgan is coming soon’

Mycroft walks through the hall, slowly, looking around and at the ceiling and, then sits on the left armchair, waiting. He turns left, looking at the man reading the magazine, then at the door, hearing the professor talking, and glances down, his left hand on upon his mouth, nervously thinking.

Suddenly, the man turns toward Mycroft

‘Mr Holmes!!! Nice to see you!!!’ the man closes the magazine, offering to Mycroft a big smile on his face.

Mycroft turns again, confused, not recognizing the man.

‘we saw two weeks ago, my son is---’

‘Oh yes, sure, sorry.’ Mycroft shakes hand with the man, then quickly comes back to his position, this time the right hand on his temple.

‘So….my son and Sherlock…..’ He comments at Mycroft, smiling and excited.

Mycroft turns again, almost teased ‘…………….sorry?’

‘This week…..it’s their anniversary….two months until they became a couple’ he comments, with a big smile on his face.

Mycroft suddenly freezes, he stares at the man not saying a word, motionless. The secretary looks at them, then keeps writing putting her head down. The man suddenly understands and turns serious, and slowly comes back taking the magazine and reading, leafing pages embarrassed.

Mycroft looks at the empty space, then slowly turns right, looking down, staring at the pavement, not saying a word.

‘Mr. Holmes….’

‘Mr. Holmes, please come in…..’
‘He forbid me to see you for a week or more…’

‘He couldn’t even try, anyway’ Sherlock adds ‘He knew I could go to your dad’s home whenever I wanted to’

‘This one?’
‘Always Dorset…’
‘This one was taken in the car’

‘yes, my car, the one you filled with quotes and music lyrics’

‘with the red marker’

‘you wrote Chemistry symbols and I just songs quotes’

‘and we spent days not going to university and running through the bouvelard listening to Oasis….we were so 90s!’ Sherlock comments laughing
‘Our room’ Sherlock comments, surprised, smiling, touching the polaroid with his left fingers, he looks at it for a bit, thinking.

‘How many memories…’

‘Yeah..’ Sherlock whispers, still looking at it and thinking ‘I passed my whole adolescence there…’

‘Laughs, cries, thoughts, poetry, books, and music, lps, movies…’

Sherlock takes a long breath, then turns page.
Sherlock starts laughing, he does the same, giggling

‘Do not laugh, you took me these photos!!’

‘I know’ Sherlock comments, still laughing ‘we felt so….beautiful and damned’
‘Your dad’s waistcoat’ Sherlock comments.

‘Yeah….the flower, do you remember it?’

‘You were obsessed with flowers! The house was filled with flowers!’

‘I still am!’ he adds, smiling.
‘Ohohh look at him!!’ he comments, giggling and smiling at Sherlock, who suddenly blushes, and quickly turns the page.
'When the hell did you take me these photos??'

'Come on, you liked to act cool, too…'

[Sountrack: "A Sunday Afternoon"]

Sherlock turns his head toward the left, as if he’s going to look closer at the polaroid, thinking. 'It’s…strange….'

'Why?'

'I don’t remember when you took these photos but I remember the sensations I had during this shoot'

‘…..And what sensations you had?’

'I remember one song, just one…that hangs around my head when I look at these photos…it’s Linger by the Cranberries'

'We used to listen to it every sunday morning when we cleaned the house and the rooms'

'Exactly, it must have happened on Sunday’ turning toward him, then coming back looking at the polaroid ‘so…when you took me these photos, it was most probably Sunday afternoon, because we used to get up late on sunday and we cleaned the whole house, then you cooked and we had lunch in the kitchen, and in the afternoon we used to drink coffee, and talk, and smoke at the table…and I remember you loved the light of the afternoon because you said the morning light made the figures too strong and fake, and you didn’t like it, while on the afternoon the light was soft and it seemed like it caressed the figures, and you loved the contrast between the light and the dark, so it was
afternoon when you took this photo, Sunday afternoon, after a coffee you used to make with the Italian pot. That Cranberries song is so vivid in my mind, it wasn’t beautiful or our favourite song but we used to play it because it was relaxing and we loved to play this kind of music with the stereo, we always put on the same cassette on when we talked, and I perfectly remember the afternoon light that came across the kitchen, that lightened up the sink and part of the table, I can perfectly remember the sound of the Italian pot when the coffee was ready, and the beautiful smell it made when the coffee came out, …everything is connected with the music and this photo, I can hear the music coming through the polaroid and the smell of the coffee you poured in the cups… and I can see you in front of me with the polaroid and the cigarette in your mouth taking me another photograph and mumbling some words telling me where I had to look at… and we spent hours laying on the sofa or sitting on the chairs talking about anything that came across our mind, what… what a beautiful sensation. How… strange it is… memories can be so vivid sometimes when they’re connected with a song or a smell….’ 

‘It’s a beautiful thing, I think it’s the most beautiful kind of memory our brain can have for ages keeping the memory intact, as if it happened yesterday, thanks to that smell or that sound we are connected to that memory forever…’ 

‘Yes…’ Sherlock whispers, looking at the polaroid ‘It’s beautiful… and sad, gloomy in some way, … even if those were hard days for me… they had their beauty …’ 

‘That’s what a memory can make. With time it changes, and you can even forget it, forget that moment. And times passes, years passes, and one day, you’re on a train, coming back home, and you put your earphones on and you listen to that song you haven’t listened to for ages… and suddenly the memory starts filming in front of you, you’ll clearly see it, you’ll start remembering everything, every move, every scene of it, you’ll even taste the coffee, how sugar you put on it, you’ll remember the light that covered part of my face when we talked, you’ll remember the table, its texture, the sensation you had when you touched it, and suddenly the memory will be in front of you, as it happened the day before. And that will be the moment when you’ll feel sad, happy, melancholy… about it.’ 

‘… Just like a Sunday afternoon’ 

‘Yes’ he smiles, looking at Sherlock ‘just like our Sunday afternoons’ 

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THE LAMP & FLAG

‘Me…’ Greg rises his left hand 

‘No, you can’t, you’re on diet’ Sherlock comments 

Greg looks at him annoyed, huffing out, knowing what he means, but not answering at his provocation. 

‘What desserts are there?’ John asks, looking at Sherlock 

‘I don’t know, let’s ask’ Sherlock calls the waitress, who stops at their table, enlisting all the desserts 

‘I’ll take the mousse’ Sherlock answers
‘I’ll take the same’ John, smiling

‘Nothing for me, yet, I’m full’

‘same here!’ Molly answers, waving her right hand, still munching and taking the glass of beer

‘How can you not eat a delicious cake like this!’ John comments when the desserts arrives

‘You put on some weight, eh?’ Greg answers, cracking a laugh

‘These are the marriage’s effects!’ Molly, smiling

Greg, laughing ‘I told him the same.’

‘Hey, are you laughing at me??This is just a legend, I didn’t put on weight, I’ve always been like this’

‘Well, come on, you put on a kilo or something’ Greg comments

‘Half’ Sherlock answers, quickly looking at him

‘But you wouldn’t look good thin, I mean, I couldn’t imagine you slim, I think you’re perfect as you are!’ Molly answers

John, ironically ‘Thank you Molly, you know I love you!’ kissing her from distance

Molly smiles, adding ‘Well those desserts have a nice face, what is there inside?’

‘Well,..it’s chocolate..’ John comments, pointing at it with the teaspoon and looking at it while eating ‘and then there’s a nut of white chocolate inside, and then on the top is covered with coconut and mint’

‘Okay you made me get the munchies now, let me taste it’ Greg asks, looking at the desserts, but John takes the last piece and quickly eats it, and munching, still looking at Greg, says ‘All the bright precious things fade so fast and they don’t come back’ with a sarcastic smile on his face.

‘Ha ha!’ Greg comments, faking a laugh

‘Are you quoting the Great Gatsby?’ Sherlock asks

‘So you watched it? You told me you didn’t know anything about it’

‘Who watched The Great Gatsby?’ Molly asks, curiously, Sherlock doesn’t answer

‘Did you read the book?’ John asks, again

‘No I watched the movie’

Suddenly they all stare at Sherlock bewildered ‘You went to the cinema??’ Greg asks, adding a surprised laugh, John sips a glass of water

‘Yes, why?’ Sherlock answers, calmly

‘and you stayed three hours in a theatre watching a movie??’ Molly asks, cracking a laugh

‘When did you go?’ John asks, turning serious
‘A couple of days ago….’

‘Did you like it?’ He asks again, staring at him

‘Yes.’

‘It’s a bit….boring in the first part, isn’t it??’ Molly asks

‘I don’t know, I didn’t watch it’ Greg answers

‘No, it’s not, I found it interesting’ Sherlock comments

‘Really?’ John asks, a bit upset, curiously

‘Sure’

‘And…..did you….suddenly got a love for the movie and watched it alone at the movies?’

‘Does it matter who did I go with?’

‘Well, yes’

Molly and Greg look at John and Sherlock exchanging nervous questions and upset answers at each other.

‘Heyyy!!! It’s time to go now, it’s almost one am!’ Greg comments, trying to change conversation, looking at the clock, but John doesn’t listen to him, staring at Sherlock.

‘You didn’t answer to me….’

Sherlock huffs out, pouring water and quickly drinking ‘I’m not obliged to do it.’

‘Well then this means you’re hiding something.’

‘Me?’ Sherlock cracks a nervous laugh ‘Hiding what? That I watched a movie?’

‘Yes, probably. I honestly don’t know what’s wrong with it, we’re all having a good chat and you’re the only one who doesn’t answer to the questions.’

‘Because your question is stupid’

‘Guys, could we please stop it, it really doesn’t matter, does it?’ Greg tries to settle the dust, smiling.

Sherlock and John stare at each other, not saying a word.

‘A friend…..’ Sherlock answers, staring at John, ‘I went with a friend….’

John stares at him seriously but doesn’t answer.

Lestrade ‘Check, please?’

Chapter End Notes

Polaroids of young Sherlock is Xavier Dolan.
Art is by Peter P. Plasencia - The Man Who Invented the Future (Franz Born's biography of Jules Verne), 1964.
Greg, Sherlock, John and Molly are having a night out at the pub. During the dinner, there are flashbacks about the week Sherlock passed during John's absence. As usual, to listen to the songs --> right click and 'open in a new window'.

‘Well, yes…the movie is long, but I loved the colors and the camera shots.’
They’re walking down the road, toward Baker Street. He has his hands on his pockets, Sherlock in his coat.
Sherlock keeps silent, walking.
‘You got bored, didn’t you?’ he comments, smiling
‘No no’ Sherlock answers, sincerely ‘it was nice….nice, indeed’ ‘Nice and sad’
sad about Gatsby’s death?’
‘Yeah…you know….he did so much for her, all those parties…hoping to meet her one day, and what he got at the end? A bullet, of course it’s sad’
‘Yes, but you know the concept is different, the real aim of the movie is to show the concept of hope, that’s what Gatsby embodies’
‘But she didn’t love him as much as he loved her, what’s the point? She didn’t even go to his funeral’
‘Well that’s another topic, because from her point of view she’s constantly hurt by a man who betrays her, her husband. She’s beautiful and rich, and she incarnates the dream Gatsby wants to reach, his vision of the American dream. She’s a victim of the two men, because one betrays her and the other one just wants her like a toy, because she reminds him of the past. And it doesn’t matter what’s her life about, what Gatsby wants is a life like the old days with her and I think she’s a victim of his obsessions, too’
Sherlock turns toward him, smiling
‘What?’
‘Interesting…and I’d add…’ Sherlock thinking ‘that at first she’s in love with Gatsby because he reminds her of the good old times she had with him and because she can forget the hell life she has with her husband, that’s why she thinks she loves him. But then she understands that he’s changed, that he’s been trapped in the past for too much time, and he’s become obsessed with it, so much that now she’s just become the puppet he wants to move like he wants. That’s why he will soon realizes that life is different’
‘Well, you surprise me, Mr Holmes, I can’t believe you could be that deep’
‘Do you think I’m stupid?’
‘Don’t be fool, I don’t think you’re stupid, I simply think you’re not interested in these things…and that you do not…..understand these kind of….emotions, troubles.….’
‘Well, you couldn’t be more wrong, old sport’
They both laugh, arriving at Baker Street. They stare at it from the other side of the sidewalk.
‘You know…..’ turning toward Sherlock, looking down ‘before moving here I’ve been travelling in London for weeks.’
Sherlock turns toward him
‘and…..when I moved here.....London wasn’t like this.’ showing his hand around, turning.
'What do you mean?'
'I was excited about the winery opening...and the fact that I was going to be a professor...but, there was something very important, in the deep of my heart that I was missing, and that didn’t make me enjoy what I was doing. Something that I thought about every day, when I woke up, when I went to bed, when I looked at the winery, the first day I walked in the university..

'What was it?'

'You'
Sherlock steps back in surprise ‘...m...me?’ mumbling, blushing a bit.
'I walked every night,...here, on this sidewalk, and I stopped exactly where we are now, on that point,...and I stared at your window for hours until I could see a shadow, a gesture, anything...that made me able to see you...just for a bit. I waited every night, Sherlock... I came here at the same hour every night, I've been waiting for 30 days, whole nights, until you turned the lights off, then I knew you were going to bed, going to sleep, then I could whisper goodnight to you, and promised to myself that one day I would have come back here to tell it in front of you.’
Sherlock stares at him, not saying a word.

'And now everything seems to have a sense,...now that I meet you again. This city is not grey anymore, it has colors now, it has a sense now, because I have somebody I can show my winery to. Passions are nothing if you haven’t somebody who appreciate what you do, somebody who listen to my comments about the books I love and the job I have...... ...what is all about in life if not having someone you can talk to when you come back at home?’
He steps forward, closer to Sherlock, their noses almost touching, he gives Sherlock a small kiss on the lips, and looking at him in the eyes whispers ‘Goodnight’.

THE LAMP & FLAG - OUTSIDE THE PUB

John is the first who walks out, Greg is rubbing his hands, walking outside, covering himself with the jacket ‘it’s freezing tonight’
'It’s getting worse, it seems like it’s getting to snow soon’ Molly replies
'I wouldn’t be surprised’
Sherlock opens the door, still holding it with his left foot and taking a cigarette from the left coat’s pocket. Then goes toward a couple and asks for a lighter.
'I thought he quit’ Greg comments, looking at him, John simply stares at him not answering. When Sherlock comes back, they’re all next to the entrance, chatting.
'So...are we...going to have a drink? Or a walk?’ Molly asks, smiling.
John: ‘Yes, we could go to the Jack Old, it’s pretty nice’.
Greg: ‘The Jack Old is small, we won’t never seat.’
John: ‘We can take a drink and walk outside.’
‘Okay, fine’...
‘I won’t come with you’ Sherlock replies.
Greg: ‘Why?’
‘I’m going away…’
‘Ohh’ Molly comments, sadly ‘come on, stay with us.’
‘No, sorry, I can’t, I’m going now’ blowing the cigarette and letting the smoke out, checking his phone.
‘So..’ Sherlock, looking at John ‘tomorrow I need to interview some surgeons, I have a new list that’s probably pretty good, I don’t know if you’re busy...if you would like to come with me..’
‘Yes, sure’ John replies immediately
‘Ah...ok....let’s see tomorrow then’
Greg smiles looking at them ‘let me know if you find anything interesting.’
‘Do you...’ blowing smoke from the cigarette ‘come at baker street or shall we see somewhere else?’
‘No, Baker street is good, I’ll come tomorrow morning, about 9, okay?’
Sherlock nods, letting more smoke out.
Sherlock turns, a car is waiting near the street, ‘Ok….goodnight’. Smiling, he turns back, keeping his hands on coat’s pocket and walking away. They all say goodnight to him, while John peers at the car, slowly turning his head down, trying to see who’s inside. Sherlock opens the car door, the light turns on. John takes a long breath, mumbling some words, then the car leaves.
‘So…what do we do now?’ Greg asks
Molly: ‘Well…I don’t know, we could go anyway….if you want…’
‘it’s late…come on, everyone go to bed now’ John suggests, a bit annoyed, going toward the car, Greg looks at him, moody.

IN THE CAR

The radio is on: “Virgin Radio- Your Music is On-Demand Check out the singles, videos & even full album streams from the hottest artists!”

Silent.
Molly is sitting on the backseat, in the center, looking straight at the street, a bit embarrassed for the silence, Greg drives tapping with his fingers on the steering wheel, and moving his head at time while listening to the music, then turns the volume up.

♫ RADIO SONG ♪

‘This song is lovely!!’ Molly comments, stepping a bit forward, near John and Greg’s seats. John looks toward the window cab, outside, at the people walking outside, the lights, the cars running, taking a long breath, and thinking. Greg looks at him randomly.
Molly: ‘So…are you going back to the case tomorrow?’
Yes’ Greg answers ‘Let’s try to see if we can find something about Moran…we’ve been working for weeks now, and we haven’t found anything special.’
‘If you need anything you can call me.’
‘Don’t be offended, Molly, but we’ve already seen too many dead people, we hope to find some living one.’ Greg comments, smiling, nodding a bit turning back toward her
There’s a strong silent interrupted only by the music, that John turns suddenly off, huffing out.
The car slowly stops next to Molly’s house
‘Thank you guys…goodnight’
‘Night Molly’

IN THE CAR

‘The radio is still on Virgin Radio Exclusives: Watch our U2 interview now on Virginradio.com!’

Greg turns toward John, who seems still upset
‘John…I should talk you about…’ Greg sees John is still looking through the cab window, not turning toward him ‘John’
John turns slowly, humming
‘What the hell happened, everything was okay, then suddenly…’
‘Nothing…’
‘We’re on Virgin Radio, it’s 1, 30 am!’
‘Come on’ Looking at him, trying to understand what’s going on ‘You know you can talk to me’
‘I know Greg…I was away for a week, and I left London that I was angry with Sherlock, trying to relax for some days…but the honeymoon was terrible and when I come back here trying to fix things up with Sherlock I realize that I neither understand him anymore.’
‘Wait…why the honeymoon was terrible? We thought everything went good.’
‘Yes…apparently….I left London thinking about what happened the night before, you can understand I was a bit shocked. I was on honeymoon and I had to enjoy it, but I couldn’t stop thinking about what was happening and how Sherlock was reacting to my marriage. Everything was so confusing, you know… I called Mycroft many times to know how he felt, and Mary started telling me that since Sherlock is back into my life I’ve changed, that I started to be obsessed with him, that things were getting worse.’

‘Did she…complain about him?’

‘Not about him, about me…she said it was our honeymoon and I was constantly sad and worried, and that I hadn’t to act like that. But I couldn’t, how could I relax and enjoy it thinking about what happened to Sherlock the night before? And if I hadn’t taken that taxi….’ He takes a long breath, looking through the cab window.

Silent.

‘It was terrible, Greg, terrible. I didn’t enjoy a single moment and even if I tried to look happy she understood I didn’t want to be there and that I was at my worst. It was a bad moment for me to be on honeymoon, the first days Mary tried to comfort me, but then she started to get angry, I told her I couldn’t fake to be happy, we just took a bad moment! And she kept that angry look on her face the whole week, it was frustrating and terrible! Terrible’

Silent.

‘Well, you know it can happen, it was a bad moment for you, and you should understand her, I mean she wanted to have fun and relax…as she should understand you, don’t worry, you’ll fix everything up soon, you’ll book another holiday soon and you’ll enjoy it’

John makes a sarcastic smirk ‘Well..I hope….so, ….what did you want to talk about?’

‘When?’

‘Before talking about Mary, you told me that you had to say something…is it right?’

‘Oh, yes….but-’ gesticulating with his right hand, smiling ‘forget about it’

‘no, come on, we still have some street to do before coming back home’

‘Naaa…nothing…serious, just a stupid fact, really!!’ adding a big fake smile on his face

‘Come oooooon!!’ John begs, rising his voice.

‘Okay okay…’

‘Virgin Radio is back!! Let’s listen to the Cake with this famous cover made in 1993..’

♫

[RADIO SONG n.2]♫

‘Okay…..so…..’ He starts being nervous ‘don’t we want to listen to the radio?’

‘No! Let’s talk!’

‘Okay…okay…..so……some days ago Mycroft called me…..’

John looks at him, calm, enjoying the account.

‘and….he said me that I had to go to Sherlock’s house to….you know…check on him…’ he coughs, looking around, at the cab window, outside, turning the windscreen wiper on ‘this damn car glass is always so dirty, isn’t it?’

‘It’s okay, turn it down Greg, it’s not raining’ john laughs

‘Yes, okay…so…,I was…’

‘talking about you going to Sherlock’s house, then?’

‘Yes, and…when I walked in Baker Street a dog attacked me!’

‘A dog? Attacked you?’

‘Yes!!’ faking a laugh ‘isn’t it weird?? He started barking as hell, he wanted to bit me! I mean… really….how???” trying to look believable

‘That’s all? That was…..the story?’

‘No…I mean…then I walked upstairs..’

‘Ah, okay’

‘and Mrs Hudson was cleaning the flat! The one you used to live in! do you remember it???’ he asks, surprised

‘Yes,…Greg, sure I remember it…what’s wrong with it…?’

‘Nothing…you know, she was using so many products to clean the pavement….and she told me it
was very dirty, and that Sherlock never clean anything—‘
‘I know it, I already know this Greg, what are you talking me about?’ John cracks a laugh, a bit surprised, not understanding Greg’s intentions.
‘No, as you know I was there because Mycroft told me I had to go to Baker Street, so I took the taxi and—‘
‘and you arrived, and a dog attacked you and then you met Mrs Hudson.’
‘yes, exactly…and….’ Greg checking his phone, trying to take time
‘And…then I went downstairs…’

John hums
‘And I walked in the living room and nobody was there’
‘…so? Sherlock wasn’t there?’
‘No….and so I went into the kitchen and he neither was there…..’
‘…..’ John looks at him ‘Greg what are you trying to tell me???’

Suddenly Greg shouts ‘SHERLOCK WAS IN HIS BEDROOM, I SAW HIM AND I SAW HIS FRIEND TOO, I DIDN’T UNDERSTAND BUT YES, I UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS HAPPENING BUT THEN I LEFT AND HIS FRIEND LEFT AND THEN I ASKED HIM WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND—‘
‘wait wait wait wait…what? What…friend? What bedroom?’
‘Sherlock…sherlock’s friend…the one you talked me about’
‘His French friend?’
‘Yes’
‘WHAAAAAAAT?’ John shouts, Greg jumps frightened
‘He…..’
‘WHAT WERE THEY DOING IN SHERLOCK’S BEDROOM???? GREG???????????’
‘I…..-- I believe it was an experiment…’
‘AN EXPERIMENT??????????’ John turns red, angry
Greg almost sweats, he lowers the cab window, adjusting the shirt neck
‘EXPERIMENT??????????’
‘John, please…I---‘ looking at him, almost shaking
‘what happened?’ John suddenly lowers his voice, looking creepy and staring at Greg.
‘Okay, okay, I’ll tell you everything now, just…make me…think about it-‘

‘WHAT HAPPENED?????’
‘They were in bedroom!!!And then when I opened the door his friend left and Sherlock said goodbye to him and I left, I was….you know I was embarrassed!!! And then Sherlock put something on and he went into the kitchen and then I called Mycroft who arrived minutes later..’ He huffs out, nervous, sweating, his face still red.
‘what did you tell him?’
‘To..Sherlock? Nothing, I just—‘
‘NO;;; TO THAT DAMN LITTLE BASTARD WHO WAS IN BED WITH HIM!!!!’
‘I…nothing…I said nothing..’
‘HE WAS IN BED WITH SHERLOCK AND HE LEFT AND YOU SAID NOTHING TO HIM????????????’ Turning more angry than before
‘What did I have to tell him?!!!’
‘HE’S DANGEROUS GREG!!!!!!!!’ rising both his arms, trying to contain his anger.
‘Why you all tell me the same things?!?!?! What did I have to do? Kidnap him??’
‘YES!!!’
‘What?????’
‘GREG!!!Do you understand who is him??Do you??’
‘No!! I don’t know!! Tell me!! Who the fuck is this man????’
‘I NEITHER KNOW!! THAT’S WHY YOU HAD TO ASK HIM!!!!!!!’ John shouts, then taking a long breath. He stares at the street, not talking
‘Okay…let’s analyze things without shouting to each other—
‘THIS FUCKING SONG IS EVERYWHERE!! LET’S TURN THIS SHIT OFF!!!!!’
‘Okay, okay.’ Greg tries to turn the radio off ‘How the hell this thing work?????’
John puts his fingers on his eyes, stressed out, trying to stay calm and control himself ‘Forget about it
Greg…really…it’s…finished anyway’
‘Okay…let’s just…analyze facts, okay…probably I was wrong….probably I just misunderstood’
John slowly turns toward Greg, speaking slowly in a lower creepy voice ‘are you serious?’
‘…..’
‘Oh, sorry John, I didn’t realize they were playing chess in bed’ John imitates Greg with a sarcastic tone
‘Hey, I’m not talking about this…I’m just…saying that probably we’re making wrong assumptions,
we’re jumping to conclusions too early. We don’t know who’s this man, neither what he has to do
with Sherlock, probably he’s useful for a case or something’
‘and that’s why he was in bed with Sherlock, right?’
Greg stares at John, trying to give an answer.
‘I——’ he huffs out.
They arrive at Greg’s house, he leans back, still sitting, closing his eyes for a bit, taking long breaths.
‘Greg…’
Greg hums
‘What the hell are you doing’
‘Trying to relax a bit, it was a bit stressing…this…. way to home’
‘You forgot to took me home….’
Greg opens his eyes and turns toward John, surprised.
‘Really, it’s not that far’
‘That’s why it’ll take few minutes, come on, get into the car’
‘no, really, Greg, I’ll walk by feet, it’s not that far, I need to take some air and think. It’ll be useful for me’
‘Really?’
‘Yes, sure, let’s see tomorrow’ smiling
Greg smiles back ‘Goodnight John’

BAKER STREET

[Soundtrack: ♪THE NIGHT THEY LEARNT TO DANCE♪]

‘How did we end up dancing’ He asks to Sherlock, whispering
‘I don’t know’
They’re dancing in the living room, the dark surrounds the room except for the fireplace that adds a soft light on the left side of the room. A clear white light comes from the window, it’s the moon: it comes across the room reaching the floor, going through the curtains. The record player is on.
‘Well, you’re rather good at dancing….’
‘Thanks’
‘I love this music so much…it’s my favourite Elvis song, it’s so sweet and romantic.’
Sherlock closes his eyes. ‘When did you bring this lp?’
‘Last evening, before going to the Japanese restaurant’
‘Oh…’
‘I left it here, that’s why I asked about it, I was getting mad, I couldn’t find it anywhere.’
‘And that’s why you brought me here dancing’
He smiles ‘You couldn't not listen to it...this version is absolutely gorgeous.’
'You’re right’ Sherlock eyes are still closed ‘It’s beautiful’

Silent.

‘I’m glad you like it’
Silent, again. They both dance slowly, listening to the song, every word of it, enjoying the moment.
‘I didn’t remember you were so good’
‘At what?’ Sherlock suddenly asks
‘Dancing’
‘I improved’
His hand is on Sherlock’s back, Sherlock’s face is up on his shoulder.
‘Did you train with John?’
Sherlock takes a long breath, rolling his eyes, annoyed.
‘Come oooon, I’m joking’ smiling, keeping him closer with the left hand.
Sherlock closes his eyes more......

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‘No, the hand goes there…’
‘Here, near the hip?’
‘Yes, leave it there’
‘Okay’
‘Look at me, John, you can’t dance and stare at the floor’
‘Oh yes, sure, sorry…like this?’
‘Yes’
‘The….hands…go like this?’
‘Yes…do not swing too much, just…a bit’
‘Do I have to…follow always the same steps?’
‘Yes, look at me’
‘Okay’
‘But…do we really need to dance at the wedding??’
‘I don’t know, you asked me to teach you’
‘I know, I was just…thinking that Greg put this idea in my head…I know everyone do it, but I’m not good at dancing, I’ve never been, I don’t want to fall on the floor’
‘You won’t, everything will be alright, you’ll be the greatest dancer Mary has ever seen in her life’
Sherlock answers, calmly, comforting him
John smiles to him, slowly turning his head and leaning it against Sherlock’s chest.

Silent.

Sherlock closes his eyes, whispering the song lyrics, almost singing ‘take…my whole…life,…too…’
John closes his eyes, still leaning against Sherlock’s chest, slowly dancing.
‘Thank you’ John whispers, his eyes still closed
‘For what?’
‘This..’
The fireplace is still on, the moon is up on the sky, lighting the whole room.

‘falling…in love….with…..’

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‘Did you hear me?’
Sherlock suddenly opens his eyes, and turns looking at him ‘wh…what?’
‘I said my phone is ringing, can I stop dancing and take it or should I walk toward the sofa with you tied on me, you’re almost breaking my left hand, I can’t keep it away’ cracking a laugh
‘Yes,…sure,…go’ Sherlock stands still for a while, staring at the floor, thinking, taking a long breath
‘My sister..’
‘At 2 am?’
‘She’s probably in a pub drinking with her friends…she asked me if you’ll come with me at the wedding’
‘Of course not!’
‘Why?’
‘Because it’s boring, useless, and….what I have to do with your sister?’
‘Well, a lot of things!’
‘For example?’
‘….come on, it’s just for one day’
‘No, I have to work’
‘come on….please…’
‘No!! How can you convince me to go to a wedding?’
‘Telling you that…you’ll come with me?’
Sherlock cracks a laugh ‘and this should impress me?’
‘Oh well…thank you then’ he takes the jacket and opens the living room door, annoyed, running downstairs.
Sherlock stands for a while, then follows him, running down the stairs.
He opens the main door entrance.
‘Wait’
‘Hmm??’ he asks annoyed.
Sherlock looks at him, trying to find some words ‘You know…..’ gesticulating with his hands
‘what, Sherlock? What does ‘this’ (imitating him) mean?’
‘You can’t pretend I’m going with you to a wedding! You invited me, I said no, what’s wrong with it?’
‘Oh Nothing!!…just your…attitude?’
‘What do you mean?’
‘You answered like I just said the dumbest thing ever! Me?!?!! with you?? Why? ! That’s the problem Sherlock’
‘I’m not…interested in…these kind of things….you know. I enjoyed this week, going to the movies, being with you,…at..the japanese restaurant, at the park with your dogs, but…I don’t usually do these things, and you know it’
‘Do you mean that you didn’t like it? You weren’t obliged to do it’
‘No, I wasn’t, I genuinely enjoyed it, but you can’t ask me to go to a wedding with you now, we’re not…..couple!!’
‘I didn’t mean this…I could just say you’re a friend of mine, what’s the problem?’
‘No, I can’t, I can’t take time to my work doing these things, it’s not useful, how can you not understand, it’s so simple’
‘Ohh…okay, now I understand…’
‘What’
‘Now John is back and you don’t need me anymore’
‘Oh please’ Sherlock cracks a sarcastic laugh
‘I should have known it. You had to take a week of relax because John was away and you took me, and now that you don’t need me anymore you’re just throwing me away’
‘You’re saying bullshit’
‘Am I?’
‘Yes’
‘Nothing will be the same after tomorrow Sherlock…you’ll come back at your work, at your ‘real’ life, with John, with Moran, with your cases. That’s the life you enjoy, you had your week off to stay away from work as your brother said and you took me, I’m not blaming you, I’m just saying the truth, nothing will be the same tomorrow…because tomorrow there will be him’ He opens the main door.
‘Wait’ he takes him by his left arm
‘It’s not true..I didn’t use you, I enjoyed what we did, and it wasn’t because John was away. I can’t go to your wedding because simply I don’t want to. Why do you have to throw away a week of enjoyment and peace and nice things between us just for a ‘no’?’

He glances down, thinking.

‘It’s so simple’

‘Okay……as you said..you enjoyed this week and this has nothing to do with john’

‘No’

‘Okay…’ ‘….alright…’

‘See you……tomorrow?’

‘If you want…’

‘Sure I want…Adieau, bonne nuit’

He turns back, smiling ‘Adieau is not the proper word’

‘Why?’

‘Because we say adieau when we say goodbye to somebody and we don’t want to see him again for the rest of our life’

‘Oh…’

‘Au revoir actually means ‘till see you again’

‘Well….then Au revoir’

He smiles ‘Au revoir Sherlock’

Sherlock looks at him going away….but notices a shadow from the other side of the sidewalk…..

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John is walking toward home, passing through Baker Street, when suddenly he sees Sherlock’s door open and the light coming from inside. He looks closely, and clearly sees Sherlock talking to a man, who suddenly turns and walks away. But Sherlock leaves the entrance, going towards him, grabbing his left arm, grabbing him by his shirt. They talk once more, then the guy leaves….Sherlock stands for a bit, but then walks toward him again. And kisses him.

[♪ CRYING IN THE STREET ♪]

John stands still from the sidewalk, frozen. Sherlock puts the arms around the guy’s neck, getting closer to him, kissing him more.

John stares bewildered.

It starts snowing.
SURPRISE PARTY

Chapter Notes

It's Greg's birthday, and his friends are organising a surprise party for him. But John doesn't know that Sherlock will arrive with a special 'guest'.

ELLA'S OFFICE

Late afternoon. John is sitting on a chair, in front of Ella. He gazes sternly at his therapist.

Ella: 'Five months since our last appointment.'

John answers firmly: 'Yes'

'You told me you got engaged, that your life had changed for the better.'

'Yeah..' turning his face down, dejected.

'I didn't expect this appointment'

John takes a long breath, looking up at her. ‘Something happened.’

'What?'

Silent. He takes time, then starts talking: 'It was Greg’s birthday....That afternoon I was writing some news about the case on my blog and…'
John reads his words, check the post before publishing it. Then reads a draft written before, ready to delete it:

**Draft**

I've just returned from the honeymoon. I'll be honest. It was awful. Mary is furious with me. I couldn't stop thinking about Sherlock, what happened the night before, when I saw him half dead on the floor. And on the top of that yesterday night I saw Sherlock with his new… pal, friend, boyfriend, his new something. Everything around me is changing and I don't understand.

‘Don’t write about the honeymoon on your blog’ Mary comments, angrily, from the bedroom.

John turns ‘No, of course…I won’t.’

‘I don’t want everyone to know our honeymoon was a disaster because of Sherlock’

John lowers his head, disheartened, then stands up going toward Mary, in their bedroom. ‘Mary, I was in shock, I found Sherlock half dead on the floor, you can’t blame him for what’s happening between us.’

‘I’m not blaming Sherlock, I’m blaming you’ going in the living room. John turns and follows her,
trying to arrange some comforting words ‘We..we can have another holiday! I’ll make you choose the destination, okay?’

Mary folds some dresses in the suitcase, John notices it ‘Wh…what is this? What are you doing?’

‘I’ll be out for work, John, I already told you.’ Sitting on the sofa, dejected ‘But you probably forgot it.’

‘When are you leaving?’ He sits next to her.

‘Tomorrow morning’.

‘Are you…angry with me?’

‘John, our honeymoon was a disaster, and you’re only focused on your blog, the case, and worried about Sherlock and his new fiancée, I wonder if you still care about me’

‘I just asked you a minute ago to book another holiday!’

‘The problem is not the holiday John!! It’s you!’

‘Ok..ok…just..tell me what I have to do’

‘Stop hanging out with Sherlock’

John looks at her, mouth gaping, not sure about her intentions. Then cracks a nervous laugh ‘You…you can’t ask me this…right?’

‘Why not?’

‘because..Mary you know what I went through when I believed Sherlock was dead’

‘Yes! And I also remember you said I was the best thing that could happen to you! And now you come back home whenever you want, you go out at night not telling me where you are going. He’s become a problem you don’t want to discuss. I see a man who started living again when he met me, after Sherlock’s death. Who was happy with his new life. And when Sherlock has come back you just understood what a mistake you did marrying me’

‘Mary…’ his mouth gaping in disbelief ‘are you..serious???’

‘If you had known the truth about Sherlock would you still have married me, John? Because I feel like a load for you, now’

‘You can’t blame me for having a best friend!’

‘I just want things could come back as before, when we were together and Sherlock wasn’t the first thought when you woke up in the morning’ Mary stands up and goes toward the door, John tries to stop her, grabbing her by the shirt ‘We’re going to book another holiday. I’ll fix everything, it was a bad moment for me, I promise you. I’ll do anything for you. Just tell me what it is I’m not doing. Tell me!’

Mary: ‘Just be the John Watson I used to know’

She closes the door behind her.

John’s phone rings.
FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

Baker Street. Now.

IN THE TAXI

‘So…where are we going?’ John asks, putting his hands between his legs, to warm them.

‘John Philip Fox’

‘The surgeon we’re looking for?’

‘Yep’ Sherlock comments, enthusiastic ‘All the bad guys changed their faces thanks to him’ looking through the cab window, then turns toward John ‘And he died one month after Moran’

‘What a coincidence’ John replies, ironically

‘23rd December’

‘Marry Christmas’

‘And a happy new year’

‘So..you think Moran changed his face and then killed him?’

‘Of course’

‘But we’re just finding corpses and dead people! Where are we going now if he’s dead?’

‘To his wife’ Sherlock answers, smirking.

WALKING DOWN THE STREET

‘She’s a volunteer in a soup kitchen’ Sherlock comments, looking at his phone, that rings over and over.

They’re in front of a door, Sherlock knocks.

A 40s short blonde woman opens the door. ‘Sherlock Holmes??you are….the detective??’ She asks, surprised.

‘So it seems’ John replies, smiling and looking at him.

‘Why are you here’ she asks, confused.

Sherlock looks at John ‘We would like to ask you few questions about your husband’

‘He died 2 years ago…. ‘

John: ‘Yes, we kno-‘

The woman cuts John off ‘Sorry but I’m very busy right now, there are thousands of people waiting
for a meal and there are very few of us today, sorry—‘

‘Oh, we can help you’ Sherlock forces the door, pushing it, and walking inside ‘Doctor Watson and I took a volunteer course’

John looks at the woman on the door entrance ‘yes!!!….sure’ He runs inside, following Sherlock.

**IN THE SOUP KITCHEN**

Thousands of people queue standing next to the soup kitchen bar, waiting to get a meal.

‘Why are you following me? I already told you I’m busy!’ the woman shouts at Sherlock, walking through the kitchen and going toward the bar.

‘Because the case has been reopened’ Sherlock answers, stopping her and looking straight into her eyes.

‘Really?’ she asks, surprised ‘Why? You think he didn’t die for an accident? He was run over a car while crossing the street’

‘Of course not’ Sherlock answers, smiling.

‘That’s pretentious, who would want him dead?’

Sherlock, standing next to her while she pours food in the dishes ‘Well… all his patients could want him dead, he was a witness.’

‘A witness for what? My husband was a respectable man, an-‘

‘Yes yes, sure, and he was an illegal surgeon, come on, it doesn’t work!’

‘He wasn’t illegal! He was a surgeon like all the others in this city, he loved his job! I challenge you into trying to find something shady about him, you’ll be disappointed Mr. Holmes!’

‘Oh, I trust you, because he didn’t do receipts, absolutely nothing, I bet he neither had any kind of agenda..’

‘Of course he had! It’s in my office! How do you think he could remember all the appointments with his patients??’

‘Interesting, can I see it?’

‘Absolutely not!!!’

‘Why? Are you hiding something?’

‘If you look at his agenda you’ll just find boring appointments and names of his patients’

‘The legal ones, I suppose’ rising the eyebrow, annoyed.

‘All his patients were legals!!! Now go away, you’re making my job harder to do, get out or I’ll call the police’

Sherlock runs in the woman’s office. John follows, trying to convince him to leave the soup kitchen. The woman starts running toward them, shouting, but Sherlock rises his voice ‘Your husband was an illegal surgeon, he changed the faces of the most dangerous killers and thieves of London! He did the
same with Moran, the one who killed him one month after the surgery!’

‘Sherlock, please, just…go away’ John asks, begging him.

The woman takes the phone, calling the police.

‘Call the Police, do you think you can scare me?’ Sherlock comments, with a fake laugh.

‘Sherlock, please, just…go away now, we’ll come back—‘

‘No!’ he turns back to John ‘I spent one week trying to get to his name and now I want that stupid agenda’

Sherlock walks in the office, the woman tries to grab him by the coat shouting: ‘Get out!!!’

‘The agenda!!! Give me that agenda!! I know you keep it!!!’

John stays outside the office. He turns back and notices all the people staring at the scene. ‘We're detectives...it's...for a case!' Suddenly he hears the police siren outside. 'Perfect.' He comments sarcastically.

SCOTLAND YARD

Greg stares angrily at Sherlock and John. Two policemen escort them.

‘…And then we arrived and Mr. Holmes was grabbing her by the shirt, the woman was in shock—‘

‘Oh, please, that’s ridiculous!’ Sherlock answers, looking at the policeman next to him.

‘I don’t admit replies, Mr. Holmes, shut up!’ Greg replies, raising his voice, staring sternly at him. ‘Thank you for your work’ The two policemen leave the office.

‘You had to let me stay! What am I doing here??’ Sherlock asks angrily.

‘Hey, wait, she called the police and we arrived, I couldn’t let you go on doing something she didn’t want to’

‘I was recovering that agenda! It’s a witness for the case’

‘Yes but you can’t knock at her door and taking it without a warrant, Sherlock!’ scolding him

Sherlock sighs annoyed ‘It would have taken you ages!’

Greg takes the agenda on the desk, leafing through the pages. ‘What did you find in it?’

‘Sebastian Moran killed the surgeon Fox one month after the surgery, running him over a street. Then he gave himself the time to come back from the holiday to cicatrize the stitches of the operation.’

‘What a wise man’ Greg comments ironically

‘Woman you mean’ Sherlock replies with a smirk.

‘So…he….he changed sex?’ John asks, confused.

Sherlock looks at the agenda, excited: ‘No, she’s a woman, she’s always been a woman.’ He comments enthusiastic. ‘Everyone called her Sebastian, but it’s not her first name. On this agenda I
found the appointment, 21st November. Sounds familiar, Inspector?’

Greg, surprised ‘The day Moran died.’

‘Exactly, and it coincides with the surgeon’s death one month after. There are three letters on it: S.S.M. Sebastian is her second name, Sebastian Moran. But S, S is her first name. Seraphita. It’s a woman. And after Reichenbach, she faked her death, so that none could look after her. Then she changed her first name in Sebastian, becoming a ‘man’, and did what all the killers do: she went to Philip Fox to change her face.’

‘Wow…’

‘She was undercover! Woodley, Adair, Tanaka….they knew she was undercover, it was her mask. The meaning of the message is simple: Seraphita is her name. Not Sebastian. That’s why the Moriarty’s gang didn’t look after her, everyone believed she was dead, how could they imagine she changed name and face? It was impossible for them to know it. Tanaka left me a message some days ago, his brother brought it to me ‘The tiger takes the leap, the eagle spreads its wings,…when the tiger dies, he leaves his skin, when people die, they leave their names: Seraphita’ . Seraphita’s nickname in Moriarty’s gang was Tiger, she faked her death and changed name to come back in London and have her money after Moriarty’s death. But first, she killed Philip Fox.’

‘And they would have taken money if they had killed you?’

‘Sure. We must do a research about all the Seraphita names in London’

‘In theory, you should give me the agenda, Sherlock. It’s an evidence.’

‘Give me one day, Inspector, and I’ll give you Moran’

Greg stands up, taking his jacket from the chair ‘Ok, I’m letting you in, but don’t go off on your own, clear?’

‘Hey!’ John stops Sherlock in front of the office’s door, making weird head gestures. Sherlock frowns, not understanding.

‘I’m going to…have lunch now! Sherlock has to make those…boring researches about Seraphita names…so..I was wondering if you’ looking at Greg ‘would like to have lunch with me?’

‘I’m going home, I took some days off, I’m already breaking the rules being here today.’ he smiles

‘At home?! No! No Greg..you..you can’t go home now, we…we have to talk!’

Greg goes toward the door, looking suspiciously at John ‘You’re not going to organize a surprise party for me, right?’

John, with an amazed look on his face: ‘We?? What? No!!! of course no! We already did last year! Why would we organize another surprise party?!? The fact that the world has come to the first was surprising. Not?’

Sherlock: ‘I’m going away’

‘Two surprises!! It’s very strong!’

Sherlock goes away, putting his hands on the coat pockets, leaving the office. ‘Happy Birthday Inspector'
'Like...seriously,...who would organize another surprise party...?!?! Twice in a row!!'

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
Buy the cake

'It wouldn't be a surprise, right??' Faking a laugh 'Come on, Greg, let's have lunch together.'
Greg follows him, putting his jacket on. 'I'll offer, it's my birthday'
'I won't insist'

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
That's ridiculous. He won't like it.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
Shut up

John, still faking a laugh, leaving Scotland Yard with Greg. 'A....surprise...party...??? Greg..come on!!!'

INAMO RESTAURANT, SOHO.

'And then she walked out..'
They're at the table. John orders a japanese curry rice bowl, Greg an assorted sashimi rice bowl.
'She still hasn't forgiven you for the honeymoon'
'She said that I’ve changed since Sherlock is back...that I’m always concerned about him and I don’t think about her anymore.’

The waiter brings Asahi Super Dry beer. Greg hints a smile, thanking him.
'I thought it would have been easier to come back with Sherlock, but..it seems harder since he has that new…’friend’. I still haven't told you about last night.’

'What happened last night?'
'I saw them...kissing!!' he comments, with a rather sour face.

'Where?'

'Outside Baker Street'

Greg takes a breadstick from the basket ‘You sure it was Sherlock?’

'It was in Baker Street! In front of our---his door! Of course he was Sherlock! I would recognize him amongst millions of people.'

Munching, taking another breadstick ‘You should talk to Mycroft if you want to...clear up things about this man, I think he could help.’

‘Does Mycroft think he has to do with the Moran case?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘He arrived some days after Tanaka’s death.’

‘Could be a coincidence.’

John shakes his head ‘I don't think' pouring beer in both glasses.

'Mycroft knows him well, I suppose. If he had been so dangerous as you think, he wouldn’t have been so close to Sherlock for so long, don’t you think?’

‘So why does he spy on him?’

**BAKER STREET**

Sherlock runs climbing the stairs, when he walks in, Mycroft is sitting on the sofa next to the fireplace.

‘Oh...god’ he huffs angrily. Sherlock avoids his look going toward the table, looking for some sheets.

‘How are you?’ twirling the closed umbrella, observing it.

‘Great!!!!’ Sherlock comments almost shouting, faking a big smile on his face, quickly searching from the piles of books and sheets on the table.

Mycroft peers at his brother, smiling ‘You put on two kilos since you acquainted with--’

Sherlock rises his head slowly, looking at his brother, face threating.

‘Is his winery any good?’

‘Fantastic!’ Sherlock answers sarcastically, then goes toward the bedroom. Mycroft rises his voice, looking toward the brother's bedroom ‘Are you having fun with him?....The toy boy that makes John jealous?’

Sherlock walks out the bedroom with a sheet, not answering.

Mycroft stands up, facing his brother 'That day...when detective Lestrade walked in Baker Street...the dog started barking on the doorstep....You knew he was coming upstairs....but you didn’t stop,
Sherlock doesn’t answer, rolling his eyes.

‘You were just showing off…’

Sherlock ignores him, taking his coat.

‘What’s your aim, Sherlock? Show to John you can have a “life”, too? Is him your trophy?’

Sherlock changes subject, teasing his brother: ‘Are you going to jump out of the cake tonight? Inspector would be excited’

‘Where are you going? I’m here because—’ Sherlock opens the door and runs downstairs, Mrs Hudson walks in, looking at Sherlock quickly going out.

‘Did you tell him?’

‘Not had the chance, actually.’

‘We’ll talk about it tomorrow...I’m so glad you'll move here!’ she comments excited, going downstairs.

Mycroft sighs, still looking downstairs ‘I believe he won’t feel the same…’

**INAMO RESTAURANT, SOHO.**

Greg and John are savouring their meals while chatting.

Greg: ‘Are you sure you’re not a bit...jealous?’

‘Me?!?!’ John replies irritated. 'Have you seen that guy?! He looks like a clown!'

Greg disagrees 'It's not true, he's stylish'

'No, he probably thinks he's cool but he's not'

'He's a bit...dandy'

'He's stupid'

Greg laughs, sipping beer. 'The French charm'

'You know what's strange about this story?'

'What' attempting to take a piece of sashimi with the chop sticks, but failing.

'That he seems so....interested in Sherlock. And so does Sherlock, I mean..There must be something!'

'I can't fucking eat with these sticks'

'I can't believe he's just his boyfriend'

'How the hell do you manage to...' trying to take another piece of sashimi.

'He's not like that, he doesn't feel things that way...I don't think'
'Can I eat with hands?'

John focuses on Lestrade, realizing he wasn't listening to him. 'What are you doing Greg?!??!' cracking a laugh

'But we don't know anything about him John!!'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean just because Mycroft is spying on him it doesn't necessarily mean he's dangerous. Mycroft spies on everyone! I bet he even spies on you! Your life has changed John. And now Sherlock's life has changed, too. I remember when he called in the middle of the night asking me why you were getting married.'

'He really did it?'

'He didn't realize you moved on. And now it's happening the same with Sherlock. He's got on with his life, and you should accept it.'

John doesn't answer, taking a long breath, turning toward the window.

Greg's phone rings.

FROM: DONOVAN
TO: GREG
We urgently need you

'Ahhh!!' Greg groans 'It's my day off!!!' He quickly stands up, cleaning his mouth with a napkin and calling Donovan. ‘Sally…yes…I’m with John…in Soho….where are—….ok….ok’ He makes hand gestures to John, whispering ‘see you later’

John: ‘Ok!’ winking.

Greg leaves the restaurant still on his phone.

John looks at him going away on the street, through the window, and takes the phone calling Molly.

‘Molly’

‘John, we have the keys!’

‘Fantastic! I’m coming!’

‘I bought some festoons, balloons…I’m going to pick up Mrs Hudson in Baker Street, Mycroft is coming, and Mary is already there’

‘Perfect’

‘Did you tell Sherlock to bring the cake?’

‘Yes, I hope he won't forget it.'

GREG'S HOUSE
‘Sally is entertaining Greg at Scotland Yard, we still have time’ John takes a balloon, blowing it up.

Mycroft munches an open salmon sandwich, walking from the kitchen toward the living room, sitting on the sofa ‘Is the Sherlock show on tv tonight?’

‘No, tomorrow night, I believe’ Molly suggests, standing up on a chair, decorating the wall with festoons ‘We could watch it all together’

Mrs Hudson ‘I'll watch it at Mr. Parker's pub. I saw the actress who'll play me on youtube, she's older than me!!' She comments, offended.

Molly, smiling 'It's set in the Victorian era. In Doyle's book Mrs. Hudson is older and it's Sherlock's housekeeper'

'Oh' She comments surprised 'So it's not based on real facts?'

'No, it's based on the cases but many things change, it's all set in the Victorian era, so many things are different from modern times. For example, Mycroft Holmes is very fat in Doyle stories'

Mycroft's face turns sour, looking at the salmon on his sandwich, almost feeling guilty.

John walks in the kitchen, where Mary is opening beer bottles. He walks slowly, timorous, with a glass of wine in his hands. Whispering ‘Hey’.

She rises her head, looking at John ‘Hey’

‘How you feel?’

‘Good..’

‘Still angry about this morning?’

‘Something changed since then?’ She asks, uncomfortably.

‘Destination?’

‘What destination?’ She asks, confused.

‘Do you like Paris?’

Mary looks down, taking beers with both hands ‘It’s not the right place to talk about it, John. And I already told you the holiday wasn't the problem.’

John insists, whispering with a smile ‘Well, you can’t say no Mrs. Watson, because I already booked a flight'

Mary replies annoyed 'We'll talk about it later, John.'

John's face turns serious, not expecting those words. ‘Ok, but don't say I'm not trying to do something for us!!'

The doorbell rings.

John turns, tensed ‘I believe it’s Sherlock’. He runs in the living room, toward the door, opening it. Sherlock and a man appear on the doorstep. John looks baffled.
'John, this is Victor.'

John doesn't answer, still staring at the man next to Sherlock.

Everyone fall silent, looking at John and Sherlock confronting each other.

'I told you to bring the cake. And you arrived with two bags and...your..' 

Sherlock: ‘boy-’

‘friend?’ frowning. 

Sherlock walks in the living room: ‘He’ll make the cake. Victor is a chef’

'Victor??'

'Victor, hi! Pleased to meet you' attempting to shake hands. 

John, grumpily: 'I know who you are!'

'Ok..' retreating his hand, embarrassed.

Sherlock: 'I bought the ingredients, it won't be hard for him'

'I'm not a real chef..I just like to bake’

John, faking excitement ‘Yay!’

Victor walks in shyly, smiling in embarrassment with scared eyes, everyone staring at him. 'Hi, I'm Mary' Mary goes toward Victor, breaking the ice ‘The kitchen is right there, if you need anything just ask’

'Thank you' Victor looks at the woman standing on the chair, decorating the wall. Molly turns, suddenly her face turns red, freezing. She loses control, falling down the chair.

Victor grabs her. 'Are you okay?’

'Y..yes..Victor...what a surprise'

Mary: 'Do you already know him?’

Molly tries to mumble some words. ‘Ah...yes, we...we already....met’

'We already know each other…’

Sherlock: ‘Well, it seems you all know him well’

Mycroft, sitting on the sofa, with a sarcastic smile, enjoying the situation 'Without any doubt, brother mine'

Victor smiles, trying to keep off that embarrassed and frozen look on his face, goes toward the kitchen, whispering in Sherlock's ear ‘This is harder than I expected’

‘You’re doing it fine’ patting his back. 

Mary looks at Molly, who seems still shocked, dragging her toward the corridor.
'Do you know him??'

'It’s him!!’ Molly whispers, baffled.

'Who?’

'That…guy I talked you about, the one I met in the bus’

'Really?? You told me he declined your invitation for a coffee’

'Yes, he said he was busy with someone else…’

'And that one was Sherlock!’

'He sent me an sms this morning, asking to get a coffee together’

'What made him change his mind?’

'He said he was rude to me and wanted to invite me to his winery in Soho this afternoon. He talked me about his… ‘new fiancée’, counting some….details…’

'So, how is your relationship going?’

'Good! Thanks…he is….nice’

'Oh…it’s a man’ Molly asks, surprised.

'Yes, of course it’s a man’ He replies, smiling. ‘We’ve been together for a month….not much. Even if I already know him, we were friends at university’

'Oh..’

'Yes..but we split up for---it’s a long story, anyway, we’re back together now.’

'How is he?’

'Well, he is…tall…and very handsome.’

Molly smiles.

'And we’re having a lot of sex’.

Molly looks surprised ‘oh..that’s…good’

'Yes,…he’s a sexual volcano’

Mary and Molly walks out the corridor, finding John next to the wall, splitting wine, coughing ‘a sexual..???’

'John!!!’
'I was checking if you were okay...he called him a sexual volcano??really?'

Molly: 'We talked about many things!! He was sweet, and nice'

'He's stupid!'

Mary: 'And funny.'

'Do you know how hard it is to meet a guy like that?!!'

John, trying to get attention 'I know. We are a rare breed.'

Mary looks at him, rising the eyebrow, cynically 'You serious?'

'Hey!' Victor shows up in the corridor 'I prepared a beautiful savory stuffed roll, it’s almost finished.'

'We’re coming!' both Molly and Mary with a fake smile from ear to ear

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mrs Hudson ‘Take a slice, dear’

Anderson ‘Thank you Mrs Hudson’

Molly, ‘I bought a tie to Greg, I hope he’ll like it'

John goes toward Sherlock with a wrapped gift ‘I still have to give you the present I bought in Madagascar. I don't know if you're interested, but take it, anyway’

Sherlock looks at him, blushing ‘...a..gift?’

Mycroft comments in the background 'An agenda, romantic'

John turns, giving Mycroft a nasty look. 'He hasn't opened it yet, Mycroft!'

Mary: 'How is it, Molly??'

'It's blue with white polka dots'

Anderson ‘I chose it, it's very elegant.’

Molly peers at Mycroft's tie ‘Very close to that one Mycroft is wearing right now’

Anderson notices it, turning toward Mycroft, who's eating a cupcake, and suddenly looks embarrassed. 'Mine is not blue, it's Egyptian blue.'

‘Yeah..they’re quite similar..’

Sherlock opens the gift. ‘It’s a moleskine’ He looks at it, running his hand on it, touching it softly. It’s a leather moleskine with his initials, S.H.

‘It’s beautiful....’ He comments, touched. Then looks at John, who nods, smiling. ‘I thought that the black one you have is already full, you don’t know where to write anymore, so...it’s useful to write about the cases, you know...informations’ Sherlock looks at him, smiling kindly ‘Thank you John.’

Mary: ‘The paper is made with trees grown in Madagascar, it's stronger and it’s particular for its beige color, almost...yellow, it's pretty vintage.’
Sherlock leafs through the pages…Victor walks in the living room with a whisk in his hand, listening to the conversation, trying to get the attention, not knowing who to talk to. ‘Do you have another…whisk…?’

John, looking at Sherlock: ‘You could…you know also write…your thoughts on it.’

‘Like teenagers do?’

John: ‘No, come on,…I mean..that sometimes we need to let off some steam, and we don’t always know how to…tell things that happen to us, so….you could write them. It’s just an idea…’

Victor gets in the conversation ‘I have a moleskine too in which I write thoughts, and poems..’

Mary turns ‘You…write poems, Victor?’ Dealing him in the conversation.

‘Y…yes, sometimes. Just thoughts…or…poems’ He replies, blushing.

‘Awww cute’ John comments, laughing sarcastically, sipping wine.

Victor gets it, answering to John's mockery ‘We don’t…write or read poetry because it’s cute’

John ‘you don’t say’

Anderson takes the guitar next to Mycroft's sofa. 'Hey guys, I've composed a song for the evening. Follow along, the chorus goes like this'. He starts strumming it, singing out of tune 'HAAAPPYY birthday to youuuu'

Mycroft turns, frowning 'That's Stevie Wonder'.

Victor ‘We read and write poetry because it’s part of the human race. Science, and…chemistry, economy..law...are important because they sustain life. But,…art, and poems, and movies….this is what we are alive for’

Sherlock smiles at him, John quickly replies cynically ‘I believe that’s exactly what Sherlock thinks.’

Sherlock looks at John, answering back ‘Opposites attract.’

Victor quickly changes subject ‘Can I have another whisk?’

Molly ‘The second drawer on the left’

‘Thank you’ turning back and going in the kitchen

Mrs Hudson, curiously, asking Sherlock ‘Does he write poems for living, dear?’

‘No’ Sherlock smiles ‘He doesn't. It’s just a hobby’

Mary, munching crisps ‘Is he native French?’

‘Yes’

Anderson ‘His English is good!’, still playing with the guitar. Mycroft looks at him peeved, the guitar headstock almost next to his face.

‘He has improved’

Anderson: ‘What is he up to?’
'He's a professor. At University…'

Mary ‘Which one?'

‘The Queen Mary. French and Comparative Literature’

Anderson ‘wow’

Mary ‘Does he like teaching?’

‘Yes,..he has always loved university, since..we met there’

John turns away, face palming.

Mrs. Hudson ‘Did you meet him at university?’

‘Yes, we shared a room together’

Mary ‘Oh..’

Mycroft ‘Still remember it, actually’ commenting in the background.

Sherlock replies immediately ‘What’.

‘The first….time I had the pleasure to meet your…friend, Victor. Do you remember it?’

Sherlock looks at Mycroft not understanding his intentions, shaking his head ‘No…I don’t..’

‘When I arrived with my brother the first day, and the assistant showed us all the university rooms and halls. When we entered in the library, a small group of us, there were many people reading silently, and when Victor saw us....


Tour guide: 'The South Hall library is a church, and these are the sacraments.'

Sherlock stumbles along on the tour. The tour guide points to the contents of the vitrines: ‘The wonders of literary history. Original folios of the most important texts in history. Beowolf. First folio Hamlet. The Gutenberg Bible. These are among the University’s most prized possessions.’

Victor: 'Let's hear a bit, shall we?'

Sherlock and Mycroft turn to see Victor leap onto a library desk with a book in hand. The entire room hushes.

Victor (reciting) 'On a Sunday afternoon, when the shutters are down and the proletariat possesses the street...

The tour guide looks around confused.

'...There are certain thoroughfares which remind one of nothing less...'

Victor gets on his knees and thrusts a lamp between his legs.

'...than a big juicy cock.'
Mycroft looked around in shock. A female student is instantly aroused.

Permission Library: ‘What is this nonsense?’

Victor: ‘Henry Miller. Re-written. Well, I re-wrote it, it’s-’

‘Get down immediately. That book is restricted!’

‘Which is why I committed it to memory.’

‘Security!!’

Everyone laughed, Sherlock lowered his head, embarrassed ‘It happened ages ago, Mycroft’

Mycroft looked at him smiling ‘Some things never change, brother mine’

‘Stop saying brother mine! It’s irritating!’

Anderson feels the tension and tries to change subject ‘So, did you all know what to sing when Greg walks in? Let’s try again, Molly, you sing the first part, repeat after me: HAAAPPYY Birthhday. HAAAPPYY Birthhhdayyy’

Sherlock: ‘Things do change, Mycroft. And so me and Victor have changed. Get over it.’

John joins the conversation, poking fun at Victor ‘Stop spying on him, Victor is simply a beautiful guy who loves baking, write romantic poetry and teach French Literature, what’s wrong about it??’ Sherlock really.....loves him, and he clearly....care about Victor!!!’ John laughs, looking around.

‘Then stop ruining your marriage because of me or Sherlock’ Victor walks in the living room, looking at John, clearly hearing his words before.

John looks baffled at Victor ‘Wh...what are you talking about?’

‘The strange case of the shitty honeymoon and the Sherlock’s pal’ he replies ironically.

‘Excuse me? I don’t understand.’ Mary replies, a bit worried, turning toward John.

John quickly takes his phone.

Mrs Hudson ‘I read your blog this afternoon dear, so sad...’

John ‘About what? I just...talked about the case, that’s all!!!’

Mary looks sternly at John, who starts getting nervous. He understands something’s wrong, and finally checks the blog, looking at the post entry:
Victor comes back in the living room with the cake: it's a double layer pumpkin cheesecake.

Mary turns toward John, furious, not saying a word.

‘Oh..jesus, I….I published the wrong post..I…I didn’t want to..’

An embarrassing silent fills up the room.

Mary ‘I’ve had enough. Sorry.’

Mycroft snorts annoyed, rolling his eyes, whispering ‘Dear lord…’

‘No, Mary, please, I just made a mistake’

‘I’ve had enough, John. You and this man’ pointing at Sherlock ‘It’s heart warming! You’d do anything for him: spying on him-’

Victor frowns looking at Sherlock ‘spying?’

‘Yes!! Spying on you!!’ pointing at Victor

‘Moi??’

‘Involved in the case!’

‘Invoved'?!?!? Chéri.’ Victor turns to Sherlock ‘what are they talking about?’

John, frowning at Sherlock: ‘Chéeri??’

Anderson, trying to ease the situation ‘Ehi! Let's sing the Stevie Wonder song all together’ starting playing awfully the guitar 'HAAAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOUU'

Mary: ‘Everything is about this man, that's what counts most. Check if he’s not on drugs-'

Sherlock shouts annoyed: ‘I wasn’t on drugs for christ's sake!!!'
'Check if Victor gives Sherlock drugs–'

Victor, surprised: ‘Wh—what??’

John, looking at Victor: ‘We thought it but….then we realized it wasn’t true..Mary, please, calm down!!’

Mycroft: ‘I told you, some things never change, Trevor’

Sherlock replies annoyed at his brother: ‘How many times do I have to tell you that Victor didn’t give me anything!!’

Mary: ‘I don’t care what Victor gave you!’

Mycroft: ‘I know, Sebastian gave you the drugs’

John: ‘Who’s Sebastian?’

Molly, shouting, hushing everyone: ‘Stoooooooooooooop!’. The door opens, Greg and Sally walk in, feeling the tension in the room, not saying a word. Greg goes toward the cake on the table, reading the lines on it ’Happy 62nd Birthday Inspector Gavin’. Greg smiles, laughing embarrassed 'Eh...,Gavin...' Trying to ease the tension.

John turns toward Victor, furious 'Do you think that this man is 62???? That his name is Gavin????'

Victor, regretful 'I'm..sorry,..Sherlock told me-'

Sherlock suddenly snaps ‘I’ve had enough of this. I see I’m not welcome here. And neither is Victor….Get out’ looking at Victor, who follows him. Sherlock opens the door, shutting it behind them. The room is silent, everyone's watching Sherlock and Victor going away.

Mycroft, holding the guitar 'HAAAAAAAPPY birthday to youuuu.'

’......And then I decided it was the moment to tell the truth. I talked to Greg that night, telling him everything about us. About me and Sherlock....’

ELLA’S OFFICE

’That was the worst surprise party someone has ever done’ John comments bitterly, Greg next to him, both are sitting on the terrace with two bottles of beer.

Greg smiles looking at him 'It's the rule, never organize a surprise party twice in a row. It's gonna be a disaster, everyone knows it'

John glances down 'It's not that...,Greg, and you know it' turning to him.

'You didn't expect Sherlock arrived with him, right?'

‘It was your birthday, he has nothing to do with you, why Sherlock brought him?’

‘To introduce his boyfriend to us?’ Greg asks, smiling, seeing the obvious.

John shakes his head, nervously ‘I can’t believe that…he’s doing all this,….with him…with this…
man. I can’t believe it. And things are getting worse, because I don’t know what’s going on in his life and he doesn’t want to tell me. Victor Trevor is keeping us distant.’

Greg takes John's beer and puts it on the floor. He holds John's hand, looking straight at him while holding four fingers up in front of his face.

'How many fingers do you see?'

'Wh..what? I don't understand'

Greg insists 'Look at your hand! How many fingers do you see?'

'Four...

'No, no! Look beyond the fingers....Now tell me, how many you see'

'Eight'

'Right! That's the answer! Eight! And you know why? Because you were focusing on the problem. If you focus on the problem you won't find the solution. Never focus on the problem! You think your problem is Mary, and so you see four fingers. But you don't realize that your real problem are the eight fingers you see,...'

John whispers '..Sherlock..'

'Sherlock’ Greg takes a long breath, than looks at John ‘Let’s come back at Reichenbach just for a moment, ok? When you didn’t know Mary, when Sherlock was still alive’

John nods, not understanding Greg’s intentions.

‘..Before Reichenbach...you and Sherlock were just...friends?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean.. I’m not talking about the…gossip, or what everyone thought of you, I’m talking about what you or Sherlock felt for each other. It was just a friendship? We have to clarify this point because, otherwise, we have to see what’s happening from another point of view’

John takes a long breath, lowering his head, then starts talking ‘Everything began after Baskerville. More or less.’

Greg understands John is telling something important, getting closer to him, listen carefully.

‘After that case I had several nightmares, I couldn’t sleep at night. I talked to Sherlock about it once, after a case...and one night he came into my room, and we slept together. Just...sleep, nothing else. He walked in my room, silently, with his pillow, lying next to me. He knew I couldn’t sleep, it was his way to..make me feel better. And it actually worked. Because I could sleep with him next to me. From that night, things started changing between us. He became something precious to me. It was a strange feeling...but I knew it was something I never felt for other women. I stopped dating them. I felt good, I felt that I was…feeling happy with him, I didn’t need anything else. I wanted his head on my shoulder when we watched boring tv together, I needed his arms around mines when he curled up under the sheet hugging me in the night. I needed his shy smile when he said good morning to me, I just needed to have him by my side, knowing that he was with me and with nobody else. That was our small, stupid world nobody could touch. Until Reichenbach.’
‘Those…gestures.. were simply…friendly? Is that how you both saw them?’

‘Sure! How about that! Sherlock couldn’t interpret those gestures as something..more than friendly..’

‘Why you think so? Are you sure Sherlock doesn’t know what love is? Why he shouldn’t know?’

‘Because….’ John tries to find an answer ‘He..is..Sherlock’

‘John..are you sure that what you felt for him was simply friendship and not…love?’

John doesn’t answer, looking at Greg firmly in the eyes.

‘Are you sure that what you fear most now is losing Mary and not Sherlock because of Victor?’

John starts shaking, finally listening to the truth in front of him, not answering.

‘Are you sure that…you're not trying to convince yourself that Sherlock is not capable of love because you're simply afraid to have made a mistake with him?’

‘I….’ John holds back the tears, taking a long breath.

‘And that’s exactly your problem: you never really talk to Sherlock because you’re struggling with telling what you really feel for him, and what you want to put across yourself and the people around you. That’s why you never solved this problem with him after Reichenbach. Because you never told him what you really felt for him’

John cracks a laugh, nervous ‘What did I have to tell him?’

‘What you’re telling me now. You never know what answer he would have given to you. How he would have reacted. And what if he felt the same? What if those gestures for him were enough, too? Enough to be happy with you?’

‘…..I thought I was special for him. When he died I lost everything. And then Mary arrived. I had nothing to live for and she made it a little bit better. And that’s why I married her. But then Sherlock came back, and Victor arrived. And I realized I’m not special for him anymore.’

‘These are things Sherlock never knew nothing about, he has an idea of you that is not the real one! You should be angry with yourself! How could you keep all these feelings inside for so long not telling him the truth?’

‘What I have to do?? Yell at him that I will fight to death to have our friendship back??’

‘Courage does not always roar, John…sometimes it’s just a little voice at the end of the day that says I will try again tomorrow. But you need to face the truth, first. This is not a friendship. Don’t call it friendship, It has never been.’

PELLA’S OFFICE

‘The stuff that you wanted to say...but didn't say it....you sait it to Greg last night.'

‘Yeah..’ His voice breaking.

‘What was it?’

John mumbles the words, tearfully.
'He was…my best friend. And I was in love with him.'

[Soundtrack: ♪The things I never said to you.♫]

John takes the beer next to him, sipping, gazing over London city. 'Do you like…Paris?'

'I've never been there but….I've always thought it's one of the most beautiful cities.'

'Good, 'cause I have two free flight tickets for you.'

Greg turns, frowning in disbelief, with a hint of a smile.

John smiles back, putting his hand on Greg's shoulder: 'Happy Birthday, my friend.'
A SHOT IN THE DARK

Chapter Notes

Pictures of Victor Trevor is Matthew Gray Gubler. Picture of Sherlock from Victor's twitter is from Setlock Series 3.

KENSINGTON

[Soundtrack: The Moody Detective]

A piano is playing, spreading the music out the window, down the street. An attic with an opened window shows the profile of a man playing it. At the window, Brando the dog is half asleep, watching people walking down the street with his head leaned on the window sill. He looks bored. Behind him, Victor is playing music, smoking a pipe, and randomly correcting the notes on the piano sheet.

Next to Brando, Sherlock is lying on the sofa, his legs half risen, a moleskine rested on them, writing notes and sketching. Dean is awake in her basket, scratching the ear with her paw and yawning. The living room is messy: there are bottles of wines on papers randomly thrown on the table, a shirt is on a chair next to the fireplace, full of piles of books. Five cups of coffee are on a chest of drawers, next to them a coat leaned down, almost touching the pavement. Two guitars are leaned against the wall, and a piano next to it: there are two cups of coffee and many books and sheets on it.

Brando looks out of the window, Sherlock notices him and closes the moleskine, going next to him ‘What’s on, Brando’, caressing his head. Sherlock looks out the window and sees people strolling with their dogs on the street. ‘Ahhh, you seem interested, don’t you?’ A half-aged woman with long red hair and big eyeglasses walks with an Afghan Hound ‘Mmmm...not really your type’ Sherlock comments, leaning on the window sill next to the dog.

‘Well, what we have here...’ Another aged woman, short and chubby walks with an Austria Silky Terrier ‘ Mmmm...too short, nope’ ‘Oh oh...’ He comments amused ‘look at that one’ Another woman, tall, elegant, with a big hat, a mini dress and a red clutch, walks with an Irish water Spaniel ‘Mmm..perhaps too fancy’. A little girl walks eating a cupcake with her baby dog ‘Too young...’ Sherlock comments.

Brando turns toward Victor, barking at him ‘No...’ Sherlock comments ‘He’s playing now, he can’t bring you out,’ caressing him on the head, then comes back lying on the sofa, sketching on the moleskine, drawing a little more. Brando stands next to him, watching him.

‘Do you like it? It’s your boss’, showing the paper to the dog
‘Yeah...I know, I’m not that good...’

Brando suddenly gets off the sofa, going toward Victor, licking his leg. He suddenly stops playing, than turns toward the fireplace and looks at the clock ‘It’s five, already’ stretching his arms and yelling ‘que fais tu, cheri?’ he asks to Sherlock.

‘Nothing...just passing the time’ still sketching on his moleskine.

‘Did you like this play? I made it for you.’

Sherlock nods, smiling.
‘I named it <<The Moody Detective>>, it’s elegant, smooth, witty, sweet and clever, just like you.’
‘Nice, very nice, indeed’ looking at his moleskine, still sketching.

Victor stands up and goes toward the kitchen ‘Do you want coffee, cherì?’ ‘No, tea for me, thanks’ (from the kitchen) ‘Oh, right...you all drink tea in England...’
Sherlock smiles, still sketching on the moleskine.

Victor, from the kitchen ‘Tonight there’s the Sherlock show on tv’
Sherlock hums, quite annoyed.

‘I watched the trailer on youtube’ Victor comments, laughing, knowing Sherlock is not excited about it. ‘A Study in Scarlet.’

Sherlock doesn’t answer.

‘Are you going to watch it?’ ‘Absolutely not’

‘Why?’ Victor pops out the kitchen, leaning against the door with a spoon in his hand.

‘I won’t watch a tv show that misinterpret me and all my cases’

‘Come on, the books are well written, and anyway, it’s only based on your character, I mean...the Sherlock Holmes won’t be exactly like you’

Sherlock turns to him, still lying on the sofa with the moleskine on his knees ‘He won’t?’

‘No, it’s set in the Victorian era, he’ll be different...they can’t portrait a gay detective who was in love with his bisexual flatmate and split up after he faked his death. It’s 1895, darling.’

Sherlock’s face turns angry ‘What are you talking about?!’

Victor laughs ‘I’m joking, don’t get angry.’

Sherlock, shouting ‘For the last time, ME AND JOHN WEREN’T TOGETHER BEFORE REICHENBACH, OK??!’

‘I know, I know...don’t get nervous, I was just...joking.’ Victor leans against the kitchen’s door with his left shoulder, looking at Sherlock. His voice starts being lower, talking in a more serious way ‘Neither a kiss? A....casual....gentle, small kiss,...given in the darkest hour of the night when nobody is noticing?’

Sherlock pouts, leafing through the moleskine pages, faking not to listen to Victor.

‘Come on, not even a kiss??’

Sherlock closes the moleskine, turning to Victor ‘Why are you so obsessed with it? You never stopped asking me about me and John since the first day you arrived in London, he’s married with a woman while me and you make love days and nights, and the only thing you can ask me is if I was John’s boyfriend, what the hell is wrong with you?’

‘Because I don’t believe you didn’t love each other, neither you didn’t have....a thing....a kiss, a night,...you shared a flat with him for two long years, I wonder how many times John tried to show you how much he was in love with you, but you were too silly to notice. That's the only explanation I can give after what John did yesterday night, a best friend doesn't get mad if his pal is engaged with another man, he's happy about it.’ Victor comments, smiling.

‘He wasn’t in love with me, he has never been.’

‘How would you know?’

‘He would have told me????’ Sherlock comments, rising his voice, almost angry.

‘Why? You were blatantly in love with him and you never said a word, why would have he said something? You two have clearly insecurity and miscommunication problems, admit it’
Sherlock takes a long breath, turning to his moleskine, faking to sketch, thinking. ‘Next time you bring up this discussion I’ll leave you’

Victor laughs, going in the kitchen ‘I should leave you, after what happened last night, I told you it was a bad idea to bring me to your friend’s party’

Sherlock laughs, getting what Victor means ‘It was nice’

‘Nice?!’ Victor pops out the kitchen’s door, again, looking at Sherlock ‘It was a disaster! Molly thinks I’m stupid, Mary probably thinks I’m a drug addicted, John hates me, Mycroft counted that stupid old fact about university mocking on me...everyone hate me.’

‘None hates you, and none think you’re stupid. Don’t fuss over things that are not true’.

‘I don’t think John likes me. He always looks at me with that angry face, like he’s going to punch me in the face’

‘He was joking’ Sherlock replies, sketching and giggling ‘John has a deadpan sense of humor’

‘Are you laughing at his jokes, too?’ Victor asks, rising his voice, visibly annoyed and offended. Sherlock, still laughing ‘No honey, I’m not’

Victor slowly goes back in the kitchen while looking at Sherlock, surprised. ‘You...called me..honey’

Sherlock doesn’t seem surprised at all, leafing through the pages of his new moleskine, humming.

‘You never called me that way before’ smiling ‘You know that nicknames are dangerous. It means you’re getting attached to me’

‘Are you surprised?’

‘A bit..’

Sherlock can’t see Victor’s smile, while he takes the cup and prepares tea.

‘What happened this morning? I heard you woke up early, I’m sure it was still dark outside’

‘A case’

‘Who called you in the middle of the night for a case?’ Victor walks in the living room drinking coffee and giving Sherlock a cup of tea. He swallows ‘Hope you’ll like it, I’ve never prepared tea in my life’

‘Gregson, the inspector. Lestrade is in Paris for holidays and he’s replacing him. He called me for an urgent case, something they couldn’t figure out, I solved it in a couple of hours. Simple, predictable’

‘He’s going to drink the tea when he suddenly remembers another comment ‘almost boring.’ ‘Really?’ Victor answers smiling, not surprised at all. He takes the laptop and brings it on the sofa, putting it on his knees, surfing the web ‘And what was it about?’

Sherlock sips tea with a disgusted face, swallowing slowly. ‘It...’ coughing ‘was about...a woman who killed his husband’

‘Why?’ surfing John’s blog
‘Because she found out he had a lover’

‘What a classic!’

‘The lover was a man’

Victor keeps his eyes off the screen, looking at Sherlock ‘Wow, interesting’

‘Rachel discovered that Drebber and John Rance had been lovers for years, they had been together before Enoch J. Drebber got married with her, but he never had the courage to come out and love John Rance outside the four walls, so he decided to marry Rachel and follow a respectable heterosexual life.’

‘But they still saw each other..’

‘Apparently’

‘How did she kill him?’

‘Poisoned. Details are on John’s blog’

Victor looks at John’s blog, reading briefly the post about the case:

5th May

The Sense of Life

He called me in the middle of the night. Yes, it’s him. Sherlock. And it was for a right reason. Enoch J. Drebber was found dead in his home in Strand. Sherlock got a call from Gregson, the detective who’s temporarily replacing Lestrade. To be honest, I was excited. The Moran case is keeping us very busy, and it seems quite hard to get to a conclusion, it’s almost frustrating. Maybe this case will cheer us up a bit. So we arrived at Drebber’s home and found him dead in his office. His wife called the police, she said they had dinner and then he left the kitchen to go to his office. He used to go to sleep at about eleven, and when his wife saw it was almost one a.m. she became suspicious and went into his office, finding him dead. She

‘And how was John Rance’s reaction to Drebber’s death?’

/////////JOHN’S RANCE HOME - LONDON - VAUXHALL./////////////

I’m a writer’ his voice trembling, holding back the tears ‘I used to write on the Telegraph many years ago, now I’m a novelist.’ John Rance rubs his hands between his legs, voice broken by the tears, looking down ‘Not so famous, by the way. I published ‘The sense of life’ eight years ago, the book went well, so I wrote four other books. It was a series, the same character facing different times of his life. They didn’t get the same success, but it allowed me to buy this apartment and live comfortably for a while.’
Sherlock: ‘Drebber clearly didn’t get on well with his father, is it true?’ The man turns toward Sherlock, looking at him ‘Yes….’ facing down ‘His father would have never approved of him being gay. That’s why he was so tormented, scared to lose his respect. He was a bloody martinet, a throw back.’

John: ‘What’s the worst that could happen?’

The man turns to John with a desperated and confusing look. John: ‘They’d disown him?’

‘He probably wouldn’t be able to see him for the rest of his life’

‘And if he did, wouldn’t it be worth to be with the man he loved?’

 Victor ‘Exactly! For God’s sake, fuck off your family and live your love, why are you so worried to come out and live your life as you want, as you really are?’

Sherlock takes a long breath ‘Well you know…sometimes it’s not that easy. It’s better to shut yourself off and go on than face what society bans as different still today’

Victor ‘Yes but, this happen when you’re a teenager, when you face your sexuality for the first time and you don’t know who to talk to or how to face it, but not at 40 years old. He was somewhat grown up’

Sherlock ‘A sexually frustrated 40 years old man who had a trauma in his childhood because he couldn’t face his sexuality due to his father’s authority. It has nothing to do with the age’

Victor ‘So, what about Drebber?’ Sherlock ‘He was a violin player…’

‘…..He called me before dying. He played the violin and made the music listen to me: it was Lieder by Mendelssohn.’

Sherlock ‘I know. The sheets were on his desk’

‘It was our play. That’s how I met him, friends in common, the first thing he said to me when we met was ‘I play the violin’, he was enthusiastic about it. We soon got on well together, we had dinner one night, and I thought ‘This one is special’. But I didn’t know it could be so hard to love him. We’ve been together for three years but I still don’t know if he really loved me as much as I loved him. I never asked him. We started being friends, then everything changed, it was so clear that I was in love with him, I got jealous when he received phone calls or sms. But he was so stubborn, and shy, and introvert. I couldn’t know if he felt what I felt. And so, one day I left London for a couple of months, when I came back he told me that he was getting married with Rachel, the daughter of his father’s friend. His family was enthusiastic, and so he seemed to be. I thought that I had to leave him live his life, that I took everything wrong. I just had to accept it and be happy for him’.

‘How did Rachel know about you?’

The man takes a long breath before telling more of his and Drebber’s life ‘Rachel and Drebber had been together for two years. He was rich, beside his love for music and me he had nothing else. He married her but it clearly wasn’t a happy marriage. I saw him. The first times we used to have dinner all together, I hated it, but it was the only way to see him. He arrived at home with his wife, we used to talk and chat like old pals in front of her. It was hateful. I waited for them to finish and
get out, and then I used to cry all the night thinking about him. I called him, because I knew his wife was sleeping and it was the only time we could talk by the phone, but soon she became suspicious. All those hours talking on the phone in the night...Rachel believed Drebber was having an affair and she needed to find proof. She talked with a friend of mine and when she revealed it to me, I understood it was about me and Drebber. But I didn’t know she hired a detective to keep track on him. And she found out he was having an affair with me. She refused to come at home every Friday as they used to do, I couldn’t talk or see him anymore. He even blocked me from his facebook and whatsapp. One day he called me saying Rachel wanted to leave London, that they would have probably moved. It was the last time I saw him.’

Victor ‘Did you talk to Rachel?’

Sherlock ‘Of course’

Victor ‘And what she said?’

Sherlock ‘She told us pretty much the same, until she broke down in front of us’

Victor puts the cup of coffee on the window sill ‘Love is a dangerous thing, sometimes’ He stands up, going toward the kitchen ‘Poor Rance..I can’t imagine how his life is going to be now’

Sherlock ‘He will give part of Drebber’s money to a school music for children, they’ll play a concerto for him today’

Victor ‘Nice.’ Victor stands up, going toward the kitchen ‘Want some more tea, honey?’

Sherlock ‘No no!..that was..enough’ Sherlock goes toward the sofa, taking his coat, Victor hears him opening the door, going outside the kitchen’s door ‘Where are you going?’

Sherlock, smiling ‘To a music concert’.

**JOHN’S HOUSE**

John is in the kitchen, alone. The tv is on. He opens the fridge, taking a beer.

He opens it, and goes toward the table, surfing on Twitter while chatting on whatsapp with Lestrade
Victor
@VictorTrevor79
What is essential is invisible to the eyes.
Paris/London

Victor @VictorTrevor79
sister in London, woooooww
pic.twitter.com/C0DwozLWWS
Victor @VictorTrevor79
sister's wedding coming soon...:)
Expand

Victor @VictorTrevor79
Christ it's cold!! socks in bed :)
Expand

Victor @VictorTrevor79
I'm one of the world's best huggers
Expand

Victor @VictorTrevor79
night&lights pic.twitter.com/VumDGmi11U
Expand
FROM: LESTRADE

TO: JOHN

The hotel is fantastic, I have the tour Eiffel in front of me right now.

FROM: JOHN
TO: LESTRADE

I know how to choose romantic places
FROM: LESTRADE
TO: JOHN

Did you talk to Sherlock?

FROM: JOHN
TO: LESTRADE

About what?

FROM: LESTRADE
TO: JOHN

We talked about A THING yesterday night..
FROM: JOHN

TO: LESTRADE

I don’t think it’s the right moment to talk about it. We had a case tonight, anyway. The news is everywhere, Gregson name too. He has the press outside the flat. Are you already regretting the holiday? ;)

Victor @VictorTrevor79
first time in my life at the japanese restaurant. what a success!
thank you sherlock :))) pic.twitter.com/G7rhM6aEyF
FROM: LESTRADE

TO: JOHN

I don’t care if some detective gets attention for a couple of days, I’m for justice, not for fame.

FROM: JOHN

TO: LESTRADE

Don’t worry, fame will pass soon. Sherlock solved the case in a couple of hours. But he got a couple of interviews from the Bbc, and the victim's boyfriend is giving some money to a school today, so I think the press will be visiting us.
1:18 AM - 27 Nov 13 - Details

Flag media

Collapse

Reply to @VictorTrevor79

Victor @VictorTrevor79

i adore my winery pic.twitter.com/fMTqbxzxF7

Hide photo
booked a privé... for a special night :)) pic.twitter.com/OvYy1h1xZN

Victor @VictorTrevor79
bonjour pic.twitter.com/gVy2yCgEMh
...just singing in the rain... pic.twitter.com/OxWWbkfNMz
FROM: LESTRADE

TO: JOHN

What was the case about?

FROM: JOHN

TO: LESTRADE

A man who married a woman because he didn’t want to reveal his homosexuality, and ended up killed by his wife because she discovered he still was in love with his ex boyfriend.

FROM: LESTRADE

TO: JOHN

So you didn’t talk to him about..last night?
FROM: JOHN

TO: LESTRADE

No! about what?! Are you out of your mind?

FROM: LESTRADE

TO: JOHN

Mmmmmm, you could sleep better if you were more honest with yourself.
FROM: JOHN
TO: LESTRADE

I think you chose a bad moment.

FROM: LESTRADE
TO: JOHN

Why?

FROM: JOHN
TO: LESTRADE

Because my marriage is fucked up, last night I realized I was in love with my best friend, and now my wife hates me and Sherlock decided to go on with his life and get a boyfriend. That’s why.

Suddenly, John’s phone rings.

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN

I'm in Regent's park. See you there

John leaves the beer on the table, running in the living room and taking his jacket.

FROM: JOHN
TO: LESTRADE


REGENT’S PARK

A group of school children are sitting on red chairs, their instruments on their hands. John Rance is standing up between them, a group of journalist and cameras are in front of him. Sherlock walks through the park’s gate, walking in, looking at the stage.

John Rance is keeping a sheet on his hands, looking down and to the audience of people and press in front of him, clearly moved.

'I’m here today to tell you about a love story. A love story between two men, who spent most part of their life living together, without knowing how much they were important for each other. Today I want to keep a promise for my best friend, and lover, J. Enoch Drebber: donate his money to the London Music School. There’s going to be a new room in this school named ‘Drebber’, where children will learn to play the violin. I hope he’s looking at me today, proud of what I’m doing for him.’
John walks in the park, looking at Sherlock moved by Rance words. He is followed by detective Gregson, who stands next to John, smiling at him with a nod.

John Rance ‘This is my homage to a man who I admire and respect, who was always kind to everyone.’

Gregson looks at John Rance, talking to John ‘If only they would have talked to each other…’

John turns to him, confused ‘..Who?’

‘Drebber and John Rance. Miscommunication, the worst disease in a love relationship’

‘Yeah…’ John turns looking at Sherlock.

‘We keep on talking and telling each other the rudest and weirdest things everyday, and….sometimes we forget the simplest and most obvious ones…Don’t you think, doctor Watson?’

John looks away ‘They loved each other, but…not at the same time’ smiling at Gregson. The audience applauds, the band starts playing ‘Lieder by Mendelssohn’. Sherlock turns, going toward John and Gregson.

Gregson ‘Well, I think it’s time to go now, hope to see you soon doctor Watson’ ‘It’s been a pleasure, Inspector’ John smiles while shaking hands with Gregson.

‘And I’m not gonna miss the tv show tonight!’ he smiles back, pointing ironically at John.

John shakes his head, laughing ‘Well, I don’t know if I’m going to watch it, you know, I’m not such a narcissist, watching me and Sherlock solving cases together and….doing…things, together, I could even miss the good old days.’

‘Well, it’s not like that, you know? It’s 1895,…they can’t show such things..’

John smiles, confused, narrowing his eyes. Sherlock is walking closer to him, excited, fast-talking ‘We must go to the Jack London Inn Hotel. That’s where we started and where Tanaka went to find the message Adair left him. He never found it and Moran killed him because she thought Tanaka found the message Adair left him, it’s something that reveals her identity. The message Tanaka gave me—‘

John looks at Sherlock confused, interrupting him ‘What? Wait wait, ok, you’ll tell me everything once we’ll get there’ John grabs Sherlock by his coat, bringing him outside the park.

JACK LONDON INN HOTEL

Sherlock and John are quickly walking toward the hotel main’s door.

Sherlock ‘Do you remember Tanaka’s message? Jack the Tiger?’

‘Yes, sure, the message he got from Adair’

‘Yes, Adair wrote him this code to tell Tanaka he was hiding something in the hotel room, Tanaka disassembled and assembled the room but never found it, because Adair hide it outside the room, on the balcony’

They both runs toward the main entrance.

FROM: GREG
Record the show tonight. I don’t want to miss it.

The receptionist sees both men walking fast toward him, Sherlock takes the key of the room number five, the man suddenly gets mad ‘What are you doing?? Where are you going?’ he follows them, but they both ignore him, Sherlock goes on talking to John ‘In the room there’s a picture of Tiger Jack, a western comic book.’

‘What the hell do you have in mind? This hotel is always full of journalists and press since you came here!! I can’t stand it anymore!! I won’t allow you to enter in the room without the police permission!!’

Sherlock suddenly turns, showing to the man the police badge ‘Is this enough??’ John huffs out ‘Oh,...poor Greg...’ The man looks at the badge, then at Sherlock entering in the room number five.

When they walk in, Sherlock goes outside the room, on the balcony, turning left. He looks at the picture on the wall of Tiger Jack. John walks out, looking at Sherlock ‘Fingers crossed.’ he comments, looking nervously at the picture on the wall. Sherlock slowly takes the picture away from the wall, suddenly a sheet falls on the floor. John and Sherlock look simultaneously at each other, giggling.

Sherlock opens it: it’s a map. There are signs and drawings, and on the bottom left there are 4 signs:

1. J.M.
2. S.S.M.
3. R.A.
4. R.D.

John looks at it ‘These are...the names of Moriarty’s gang, ...right?’ Asks, confused.

Sherlock hums, quickly rolling it up and going away. When they walks out the hotel Sherlock calls for a taxi, while John keeps making him answers ‘Is that a Reichenbach map? That's the hospital’

‘Yes...’

‘So they were planning to kill you and then share the money, right?’

They enter in the taxi.

‘Exactly’ ‘And the other map? The one on the right?’ ‘It’s the map of the caveau where they would have put the money,...where Moran wants her money.’

‘Do you know what caveau is it? Where is it hidden?’

‘I have an idea'

‘And what's that bag?’ Sherlock opens a little paper bag, smiling and giggling: he takes a tape out of it, looking at John ‘I think the case is solved, doctor Watson.’

John smiles, looking through the cab window. Sherlock’s phone rings:
FROM: VICTOR
TO: SHERLOCK

I'll be at my sister's wedding today. See you soon, honey. :) XXX

‘Sir, there’s a problem’ The taxi driver looks through the window

John glances at Sherlock’s phone, grasping it’s from Victor. He takes a long breath, then turns to him ‘Listen, Sherlock...we need to talk about last night.’

Sherlock rises his head slowly, then turning toward the window cab, looking uninterested ‘About what’ he comments, knowing what John is going to say.

‘I behaved like a child and....I was rude with Victor.’

‘Excuse me, hey’ the taxi driver tries to gets their attention.

Sherlock turns, surprised.

‘I was an idiot, I didn’t respect him. I had a bad impression of him, and I thought you were just acting...I didn’t know you could...feels things...that way.’

Sherlock doesn’t answer, taking a long breath.

‘You know..love...feelings. But I realized nothing of what I thought is true. He’s good, yeah...a good guy. And you...you’re in love with him. I respect your choice, and I hope you’ll be happy with him.’

‘It’s.....fine, I understand. I know what it means.’

‘What?’

‘Move on. Find somebody else, and accept it. I know what it means. I’ve been through it when....you got married.’

The taxi driver starts honking vigorously.

John cracks a laugh, nervously ‘It’s not the same thing’

Sherlock shakes his head, confused.

‘When I decided to get married you weren’t still back, you weren’t alive, I thought you were dead, Sherlock, did you already forget it?—Oh, Please stop it!’ shouting at the taxi driver.

‘What are you talking about, I was back, and we didn’t talk for days, then you came at home because you had to make a "speech" to me, and I realized it wasn’t about me but about your marriage, about Mary, and I accepted it’

Taxi driver: ‘Excuse me but, there’s a problem with the car behind’

‘Wh...’ John’s face turns sour, confused ‘What do you mean? You let me grieve you for two years, I HAD to move on or I would have probably died’

‘I was back when you decided to get married’ Sherlock’s voice rises.

John turns angry, rising his voice more ‘Oh sorry Sherlock if I moved on and didn’t wait for you!’
‘Are you telling me it’s my fault if you got married?’

The taxi driver honks more, lowering the car window and shouting, making hand gestures to the car, inviting it to pass on.

‘I’m not...it’s not your fault! It’s not my fault! I made a choice!’

‘So why are you blaming me for getting married?! You chose her!’

‘Because you never told me you didn’t want me to get married with Mary!’

‘What would have changed???’

The taxi driver shouts: ‘GO DOWN!!!!!’

The sound of bullets roars all around, the taxi is hit by guns and machine guns. Sherlock and John crouches in the backseat, putting their hands on the head, Sherlock quickly rises his head to see through the cab glass, but John shouts, lowering his head with his hand ‘DOWN!!! DOWN!!!’. The cab driver runs like a madman, trying to avoid the bullets, suddenly John takes his gun from the pocket.

‘What are you going to do?’ Sherlock shouts, John doesn’t answer, still angry, loading the gun. ‘Stay down! Don’t you dare shooting! They are five, you can’t beat them!!!’ John ignores him, and once the gun is ready he quickly stands up, Sherlock tries to stop him, grabbing him by the jacket, but John takes Sherlock’s hand off, lowering the cab window and starts shooting. ‘JOHN!!! STOP!!! PLEASE!!!! JOHN!!’ Sherlock shouts, but John continues. Suddenly he stands up and grabs him by the arm to drag him inside, but suddenly a bullet hits John on the right shoulder. Sherlock drags him in the taxi, the cab stops, a wheel is blow out. Sherlock drags John down the backseat, completely covering and protecting him. The cab driver walks out and starts running away, shouting. Sherlock doesn’t move, suddenly he slowly looks out the cab window, seeing the car going away. He turns toward John, his face down, doesn’t answering.

‘John!!!!’

Sherlock turns him slowly, John has his eyes half opened, suffering, tries to talk ‘They’r......’ gasping ‘they’....’

‘it’s okay now, I’m here, we’ll go away, don’t worry, it’s all over now, It’s all over’ He puts his left arm around his back, the other one on his legs, bringing him out the taxi and sitting on the sidewalk. John is in his arms, his eyes almost closed, whispering random words, Sherlock is sweating nervously. He takes his phone, but there are signal boots problem, so puts a hand on John’s pocket, taking his’, reading a message he has just received.

FROM: MARY
TO: JOHN

I’m leaving London..see you in a couple of days.

‘Mycroft, run over here, John got shot!! Please!!! Please!!!!’ He shouts, gasping. John sees Sherlock’s face quickly blurring in front of him, slowly closing his eyes...

///////////
John walks through a corridor, it's dark inside. He walks slowly, noticing a light in a room on the left. He decides to open it: John Rance is standing in the centre of it, looking at a corpse lying down on the floor: it's Sherlock. John tries to shout but not a word comes out his voice, he can't move, terrified. ‘Sherlock!!! Sherlock!!!’ John Rance stares at John shouting, then looking down at Sherlock on the floor. ‘He’s dead’

John finally runs out the room, coming back in the corridor, and opening a new door. There’s Victor, sitting in a chair, arms crossed, calm, waiting for him. He sits next to a desk. John sits next to him.

‘Why does he love you?’

'Because you chose her'

John feels the anger inside him. He lowers his voice, trembling, ‘did you make love to him?’ ‘Yes’ Victor answers, immovable.

‘How many times?’

‘Many’

John shrugs, feeling his desire growing ‘How is he...in bed?’

Victor smiles, looking up, thinking ‘Sweet, passionate, sub, insatiable’

John suddenly stands up, throwing the desk away with anger, shouting. Victor disappears. Greg suddenly pops up, a bottle of beer in his hands ‘Are you sure that you’re not afraid of losing Sherlock because of Victor?’

John turns, gasping, trying to control himself. ‘

What were you two before Reichenbach, John?’

John turns, looking at Greg, hearing his conversation with him during the birthday night ‘and one night he came into my room, and we slept together. Just...sleep, nothing else. He walked in my room, silently, with his pillow’...

John focuses his attention on the angle of the room, suddenly realizing it’s him and Sherlock on Sherlock’s sofa. John is up on him, hugging and covering him totally with his arms, kissing Sherlock passionately. They’re giving each other long kisses, their tongues touching. John grabs Sherlock by his neck with his left hand, Sherlock caresses John’s hand, giving him small soft kisses.

John suddenly turns, hearing Greg’s voice ‘It was just a friendship? We have to clarify this point because, otherwise, we have to see what’s happening from another point of view’

John hears himself ‘it was a night, after Baskerville, I couldn’t sleep.....we just slept together, nothing else’...

John turns, seeing Greg angry to him ‘you lied to me! You are lying to yourself! You kissed him! It happened! Right? John! It happened! John, you are dying. You are dying John.’

John runs away the room, going back into the corridor, opening another room. It’s Enoch Drebber, in his dressing gown, standing still in front of the window, talking to John ‘Tell him you love him! What’s the worst that could happen?’ He turns, going toward the door, but finding inspector Gregson, looking up at the wall, talking to himself ‘They loved each other, but not at the same
time’. John grabs Gregson’s arm to push him away, opening the door and running away in the corridor, where he finds Sherlock next to Victor. ‘This is my boyfriend, Victor’.

John shouts ‘NO!’

‘This is my boyfriend, Victor’

John runs away the corridor, but he can’t find the exit, running and running, the corridor seems infinite, with no exit doors. He tries to escape, but all doors are open and he finds always the same people. He’s scared, terrified. He turns, looking at the other side of the corridor, long and dark. He’s afraid of going there, thinking he will never find the exit. He decides to run through the dark corridor, but he can still see and hear Greg behind him while he walks away.

[Soundtrack: ♫The dream♫]

‘Tell him what you feel!’

‘What’s the worst that could happen?’

John runs outside the stairs, still hearing Greg voice ‘Tell him what you feel!’ Suddenly he stops. He’s outside the door, hearing people outside walking and chatting. ‘Tell him what you feel’ he repeats to himself, as he walks toward the street, trying to look after Sherlock.

He sees a tall man walking with a coat and curly hair. John walks toward him, running, he grabs him by the arm, turning him: it’s Sherlock.

‘Sherlock!’ John gasps, moved. ‘Sherlock, don’t go away, I must tell you, I must.’ John turns around and realizes that another man, on his right, looks exactly like Sherlock. And another one on his left is like Sherlock, too.

He turns and sees a crowd walking towards him: they all look like Sherlock.

John turns, bewildered, not knowing who to talk to, upset, stopping a man, and another one ‘Are you Sherlock?? Sherlock!!’ he turns crazed ‘Is it you??’ Who’s the real Sherlock??’ John starts shouting, crying ‘I love you! I love you Sherlock!!! Sherlock!!!!’

///////////

Suddenly John wakes up, he’s in Baker Street, in Sherlock’s bed.

John is still gasping, trying to take breath and calm down. He looks around, confused, still shocked. The clock says eleven pm. The room is dark, illuminated by a lamp on the bedside table. His right shoulder still hurts. Sherlock is lying next to him, sleeping deeply, face down, his right hand next to John’s body. The door is open, John can hear sounds and voices coming from the tv in the living room:

“Do you include violin-playing in your category of rows?”

“It depends on the player. A well played violin is a treat for the gods—a badly-played one—”

“Oh, that’s all right, I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you.”

“When shall we see them?”

"Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we’ll go together and settle everything.”
Suddenly, an sms on Sherlock's phone gets John's attention, he takes the phone, reading the message:

FROM: INSPECTOR GREGSON

TO: SHERLOCK

We know who shot you in the taxi, we have proofs. Moran's real name is Victor Trevor.
Victor is slowly walking from a side to another of the crowded class.

Victor: “There are two kinds of happiness: the happiness you don’t expect, the one that suddenly catch you up on some idle Friday afternoon. This kind of happiness makes you so happy that the feeling lasts even after the experience itself. Usually, the best experiences of happiness are the ones who leave you something inside you, that makes you want to change something of your life, like an epiphany saying ‘ehi, that’s how your life could be, so why don’t you change it?’ that moment of happiness gives you the key, and from that moment you just need to open the door and change the root of your life forever.

And then there’s the second kind of happiness, the one you predict, a moment of happiness you plan, and you know it’ll arrive soon. In my opinion, this is the best kind of happiness: waiting for it. Usually, it last longer than the first kind of happiness, and it’s more beautiful to live the wait than obtain what you’ve waited for. You can taste each second, each minute, dreaming about it. Sadly, this kind of happiness lies on dreams and melancholy, because it’s more beautiful to wait and dream for it, than actually live the moment, because when the moment arrives you’re so caught by it that you don’t really understand what’s happening. And once you have happiness in your hands you don’t want it to slip away and you feel uncomfortable, because you want to enjoy the moment but you’re also scared it’ll past away soon.

This kind of emotion leaves you a sadness that lasts for a long time, because you miss that moment of rare happiness. You know happiness is not an experience....it’s not even a feeling. It’s a brief emotion, the briefest we can experience, and it’s the most powerful of all. It last seconds, and the moment we understand happiness arrives, it suddenly slips away.”

A moment of silence, Victor takes the book from the desk with his left hand rising it up “A season in hell”, this is for next week, and bring me an essay about Rimbaud poem <<Happiness>>”

The whole class stand up, taking books and notes from the desks and walking outside. A girl slowly walks toward Victor’s desk, trying to catch his look and attention ‘Professor Trevor’. Victor rises his eyes, smiling widely ‘Ehi, Sarah, what’s up?’

‘..I’d like to talk to you about something important, if you have any time’ ‘Sure, is it for the essay? Or the exam?’
‘No, it’s about something else...can we meet in your office or..at the bar?’
‘Of course, just give me a couple of minutes, I’ll be there’

Sarah is sitting on a bench under a tree, drinking a coke, Victor is next to her. Victor: ‘I see you’re a bit concerned, is it about the course?’

The girl looks down at the coke, playing with the straw ‘No, it’s...about Daniel. The guy who used to attend class with me, do you remember him?’

Victor leans down, crossing his hands ‘Of course, I haven’t seen him lately, did something happen?
Is he ill?’

The sound of a siren is heard throughout the bar.

‘No, I...I can’t find him, he disappeared. It’s been two days now, his family is worried and I saw him three days ago after university, we had to study together, then he called me saying he had to do a thing and couldn’t come, I called the day after but he didn’t answer. He didn’t attend class yesterday, so I sent him a message on whatsapp but he didn’t answer again. Then I saw a post on facebook of his sister that he was lost and he didn’t come back home. I was shocked, I didn’t know what to do, I thought you knew something about it’

Victor frowns, surprised and worried ‘No, I.. I didn’t know anything. I saw him after the class about four days ago, he wanted some explanations about the book and I told him to meet this week, but he didn’t show up and didn’t send me any email to fix a day...are you sure he isn’t somewhere else,...didn’t he say you anything?’

‘No, I told you, I didn’t worry until I saw that post on facebook, he hasn’t come back home, and now her mother is constantly calling us asking about him, if we’ve seen him or anything, I didn’t expect she didn’t call you’

‘She hasn’t, and I’m sorry. I’ll inform my colleagues and the dean, we have to print a missing poster and alert everyone.’

‘It’s the only thing we can do. His phone is off, I hope he’s safe’

‘He is, don’t worry, we’ll do anything to bring him back home’ Victor stands up, putting a hand on her shoulder. Suddenly the police breaks in the bar, some students stands up scared from the bar tables. Victor looks at the cops walking toward him, not understanding their intentions, he looks at the girl ‘probably they’re here for Daniel’

Sarah nods turning to them. The cops runs toward Victor, taking him by his arm, arresting him.

‘What—what happened? What’s going on??’ Victor turns to the police rising his voice, nervous. ‘What have I done?? Is it for Daniel??’

‘You must follow us at Scotland Yard, Mr. Trevor’

‘I know nothing about him! What are you doing?? Tell him Sarah!!’

Sarah looks shocked at the scene, pulling back.

‘Sarah!!! Just tell them! Tell them!! You can’t do this to me! I’m at university!! It’s a shame!! I’m not guilty!! I have not done anything!! Leave me!!’

**BAKER STREET**

Greg walks in the living room ‘Where’s John?’

Sherlock turns, putting the violin on the sofa ‘Sleeping’

‘What the doctor said?’

‘Fortunately the bullet touched him lightly, now he needs some rest’

‘Is...Mycroft here?’
‘Mycr-?’ Sherlock rises his eyebrow, thinking, then suddenly realises, turning toward Greg ‘He’s planning to move here, isn’t he?’ walking threatening.

‘I—I don’t know anything about it!’

‘That’s why he was here yesterday, he wanted to tell me he’s moving here’ Sherlock smiles nervously ‘And he thinks I’ll let him enter into my flat and sleep upstairs?!??!’ cracking a laugh.

‘Well, maybe it’s just temporary...you know...’

‘I don’t care!!!! Tell him I’ll leave him on the doorstep, why don’t you invite him, instead? He would be pleased’

‘I’m not here to talk about Mycroft’

‘So why are you here?’

‘You know why I’m here..’ Greg walks slowly toward Sherlock, who turns looking at him, sternly.

‘What happened?’

‘...You don’t know anything? Gregson...the message he sent you last night, he called me, I arrived here with the first flight’

Sherlock runs in the bedroom, slowly opening the door. He silently walks in, checking if John is still sleeping, his arms wide spread, snoring. Sherlock takes his phone on the bedside table, reading the message.

FROM: INSPECTOR GREGSON

TO: SHERLOCK

We know who shot you in the taxi, we have proofs. Moran's real name is Victor Trevor.

Sherlock frowns, going in the living room.

‘What the hell this mean? Are you joking?’

‘He’s at Scotland Yard, Sally is waiting for us’

‘This is ridiculous’

‘Sherlock....if you know anything, anything at all about him...just tell me.’

John wakes up, hearing Sherlock rising his voice angrily, listening to the conversation.

‘What?? What should I know about him?? Why are you all assuming he's a bad guy?’

Silent.

‘Gregson said he has proofs that Victor was with the Moran gang before he arrived here in London’

‘This is bullshit, you're getting nowhere, I was so close to solve the case yesterday, the truth was right there, but somebody is misleading us, that’s why we got shot in the taxi, it already happened, Victor has nothing to do with Moran’

‘Are you so sure?’
‘I am!! You’re all far afield from the truth, that’s why it’s taking so much to solve this fucking case, because you’re all concerned about me and Victor, he’s a pawn Moran is moving like she wants to distract you. And tell Mycroft I don’t need a nurse to look after me, he’ll leave the flat today.’

Sherlock takes off his dressing gown, taking his coat and going downstairs, Greg runs following him.

John opens the bedroom door, frowning. "Victor...I knew it."

**SCOTLAND YARD**

Victor is sitting in front of Sally, her arms crossed. Mary is standing next to her, the record player is on.

‘I already told you....I have nothing to do with Moran’

Greg and Sherlock enters the office, not speaking. Victor turns, looking at Sherlock. ‘Sherlock!’ He stands up

Sally ‘Don’t move!’

Two policemen block him, grabbing him by the arms, Victor sits down again ‘Sherlock, what am I doing here?? Please, tell them, tell them I have nothing to do with Moran, Jesus Christ, I was at university, everyone saw you arrested me, you can’t treat me like that’

Mary ‘Victor, we want to help you,...but you should tell us the truth. I got a call by one of my colleagues, these are some photos taken by the C.I.A. on the 3rd of March, one week before Adair was killed, and two weeks before your arrival in London.’

Mary shows some photos on the desk. It's Victor with Adair and another unknown man.

Mary ‘These were taken in Paris’

Sherlock gets closer, looking at the photos, surprised. Victor takes a long breath, not talking.

Greg ‘Why did you meet Adair?’

‘I...’ he turns to Sherlock, then starts talking again ‘I was called by a man, one day..he said he knew who I was and my plan to go to London. He knew I wanted to meet Sherlock again, and he started talking about business...and money. We met one day outside a café, he said he knew that I wanted to open a winery in London, and he wanted to help me. He offered me hundred thousand pounds if I had given him informations about Sherlock’

Greg ‘And you accepted’

‘No!! I didn’t!! I didn’t accept, I didn’t know who he was and I was afraid they could hurt to Sherlock, so I declined’

Mary snorts ‘You are telling us that you refused one hundred thousand pounds for some info about Sherlock?’

‘YES!! Please, believe me...Sherlock, you believe me, right?’

Sherlock doesn’t answer.

Sally ‘And who gave you the money to open a winery in Soho?’
‘I had! My family, my father left everything to me, he was rich, Sherlock knows it, please, Sherlock tell them!’

Sherlock ‘His father was a police chief, despite his love for alcohol he hadn’t much hobbies, Victor studied at Oxford university. When his father died Victor sold his home in Avignon and saved the money to come here and open a winery’

Sally ‘That’s not a proof’

Mary ‘The proofs are right here, Sherlock. Adair met Victor, and we don’t know what happened when he arrived in London, probably he was still in contact with Moran's gang.’

Victor's voice trembles ‘I wasn’t!!! Sherlock, I never told you anything because I was afraid you would have left me, that you wouldn’t have believed me, I was too afraid to lose you, it was so hard for me to get in touch with you again after so many years, I didn’t think it was important, that’s why I didn’t say anything, please you have to believe me’

Sally ‘Who’s that man next to Adair in the photo?’

Victor ‘I don’t know...I don’t know who he is.’ shaking.

Greg ‘You can’t leave the city, anyway, and you’ll stay in contact with Sally cause we still have some questions for you’

Sally ‘What about the map and the tape you found yesterday at the hotel, Sherlock?’

Sherlock ‘The map was the plan that Moran and Moriarty had to kill me, and the caveau where the money are hidden’

Greg ‘And what about the tape? It’s the most important proof, we could easily solve the case with it’

Sherlock takes a long breath, looking down ‘I...I lost it.’

Greg ‘You...??what?’

‘When John was shot I lost it, I couldn’t find it, I don’t know where it is, probably it’s still in the taxi or on the street, I couldn’t care about it...John was shot, I didn’t take it’ Sherlock looks away, embarrassed.

Greg ‘We’ll come back on that street, trying to find the tape. Victor, you’ll stay here this afternoon’

Victor ‘I can’t!!! I had to be at university today....and I was coming here because one of my student is lost, I thought you were coming for him, not for me!! You are doing a big mistake accusing me’

Sally ‘Who’s lost?’

Victor ‘Daniel, one of my student...I was at the bar talking with Sarah, his friend..she told me he didn’t come back home and now his family is worried, she wanted my help to find him’

Mary ‘What’s his last name?’

‘Williams. Daniel Williams’

Greg, looking at Sally ‘Daniel Williams is the guy who shot John yesterday in the car’

Everyone ‘WHAT?’
Greg ‘The CCTV caught him yesterday and we made a research with the screenshots, the server gave us the name of the guy who was driving the car behind the taxi, it’s Daniel Williams’

Victor looks shocked ‘Daniel?? He....he couldn’t do such a horrible thing...he’s a good guy.’

Sherlock ‘We must find him and ask him who gave him money to shoot us’

Greg ‘You think he was sent by someone else?’

Sherlock ‘Of course he was sent by someone else! Moran would never drive a car, risking to be caught by the CCTV, somebody promised him a good amount of money, his family mustn’t earn much money since his brother death, so he accepted.’ Sherlock goes toward the office door, going away.

Greg ‘Where are you going?’

‘Looking for Daniel, he’ll tell us who’s Moran. Victor, don’t worry, you’ll get out of this mess soon.’

BAKER STREET

Mycroft is upstairs, arranging the bag, putting the clothes in the drawer. John walks in, taking him by surprise ‘Are you moving here?’

Mycroft turns, hinting a smile ‘No. He would turn mad.’ He closes the drawer, taking more clothes from the bag. ‘Did you watch the tv show last night?’

‘Not had the chance, actually, I got shot’ He replies ironically

‘But I clearly heard the tv on last night...I read a couple of reviews this morning’

‘Any good?’

‘Excellent’

‘Good. Probably it was Sherlock who watched it.’

‘Of course. He pretends he doesn’t care’

‘He always does.’

‘He loves to be dramatic.’

John sits on the bed, his face twists in a grimace of pain ‘Damn it’

‘You need some rest, John. You won't follow the case for a long time’

‘Apparently, but you can do something for me’

‘What?’

‘Trevor’

Mycroft leaves the clothes on the bed, looking at John. ‘What do you want to know?’

‘Everything.’
Mycroft is leaning against the table, leafing some document’s pages, when John walks in. ‘Ohh... it will take long time, apparently.’

‘yes.’ Mycroft replies, reading some pages. He goes back to the desk, sitting on the chair ‘So...why Trevor?’

John takes a long breath ‘I want to know who’s that guy’

Mycroft looks at him, not answering.

‘You know who I’m talking about, .....the guy who suddenly has become Sherlock’s center of the world, who suddenly has caught his attention, God knows where the hell does he come from...he sends Sherlock thousands of messages everyday, makes him surprises, buys him breakfast, leaves him love letters, Greg finds him in Sherlock’s bed...I see him everywhere! Every time I come at Baker Street I see his smiling face running upstairs,....and Sherlock seems to be always busy because of him,...and he was with Sherlock the night he got overdosed, and now he’s involved in the Moran case. I don’t know who’s him, Mycroft, neither what he has to do with Sherlock, ...and I’m sure you know things better than me ...’

Mycroft glances at the pages on the table, randomly leafing them with his thumb, talking slowly ‘You.....You never heard him talk of.....Victor Trevor?’

‘No, never.’

Mycroft opens the document in front of him, on the header John reads: V.C.

Mycroft leafs slowly some pages.’So...Trevor,...Victor’ Looking at John ‘Born in Rouen, 1976...He arrived in London 5 months ago, to open a winery in Soho. He moved definitively 3 months ago, when he got a job as teacher at the UCL in London...he was seen at Sherlock’s house one month ago, at about 11 pm, he left after an hour. After that day, him and Sherlock regularly met everyday, night and day. They spent their first night out three weeks ago, with some old friends of both....as you can see here, at the Cookhouse Joe’ Mycroft shows to John some photos of Sherlock in a pub next to Victor.

‘Then...the night you and Greg looked after him...’ Mycroft gives to John more photos, Sherlock sitting on a table, drinking, Victor next to him, his hand on Sherlock’s back, kissing him on his neck. ‘They...seemed to get acquainted.’ Mycroft comment, smiling ironically. ‘Then the night Sherlock got overdosed...’

Mycroft shows to John more photos ‘and then...here,...Sherlock going to Victor’s house in Kensington and leaving the morning after...here Sherlock’s going out to have dinner at Victor’s house...’

‘When this happened?’

‘The first day you were in your honeymoon’ then shows him more photos ‘Here at Victor’s winery bar, drinking...the second day of the week..this one at the Japanese restaurant in Soho..., the third one...’

John looks through all the photos, baffled.

‘Here...at the cinema..., the fourth day...the fifth day they were in a famous fancy restaurant, The Trinity...the sixth day they were having lunch at the park...’
‘Do you have photos of them in bed, too?’ John asks ironically.

‘Would you be surprised?’ Mycroft closes the folder, slowly crossing hands, trying to get a reaction from John. ‘What would we deduce now, John?’

‘That I’m expecting a happy announcement by the end of the week?’ John comments, sarcastically, Mycroft laughs ironically.

John huffs out, annoyed, rubbing his eyes ‘Why did you show me all...this, Mycroft?’

‘Because you wanted to know about Trevor.’

‘I wanted to know who’s him, what he has to do with Sherlock, not how he's sleeping with Sherlock. You spied on him since he arrived in London, if there wasn’t anything wrong you wouldn’t have done it...so I’m right...when Victor is with Sherlock, Sherlock is in danger, is it true?’

Mycroft nods a bit ‘...Maybe?’

John cracks an annoyed laugh ‘Would you like to tell me more about him or should I go get my way in it?’

‘What would you like to do, then?’

‘I don’t know, you could give me some tips since you’re so good at getting informations, despite the fact that I don’t spy on people.’

‘Oh, it’s not worth it for Trevor, you can follow him on his Twitter.’

‘Or I’ll simply go and ask him, I’m getting really tired of this...comedy, Sherlock not telling me anything, you...all elusive about him..I’m done, sorry..bye’ John stands up, but suddenly Mycroft stops him.

‘Things are different than you think.’

John suddenly shouts, annoyed, yelling ‘So why don’t you tell me??? Is it so hard to be honest and tell me everything?? I’m doing my best to come back with Sherlock, but it’s hard for me to help him if I don’t know who the hell is this man!’

Mycroft looks at him, then glances down, taking a long breath ‘...When Sherlock finished college, he didn’t want to go to university, ....he preferred studying by his own, doing his experiments in his room. But father signed him up at Chemistry University....’

John comes back next to the chair, slowly sitting down.

‘...He’s never been friendly, so we took a single room for him. At the beginning he seemed shy and introvert with the studies...he didn’t like professors, he didn’t like how they taught,...and it was hard for father and me to look after him, I already took a role for the Government, started to get my way in it......I knew the Trevor family, Victor’s father was an important police chief who worked for the French Government, they left France because he was undertaken by the British Government for an important case that year, so he brought his son to Oxford. Sherlock needed somebody who could look after him, and Victor seemed to be the perfect guy for him, or at least, at the beginning. So I sent him to Sherlock, who changed room and took a double one with Victor. Later I discovered that they had already met at the park, that Sherlock got an accident with Victor’s dog....that’s why when I first introduced Victor to my brother he didn't react well, but then they started to get on well together. Victor seemed to be perfect for my brother, they shared the same hobbies, he could cope with
Sherlock’s bad moods and knew how to cheer him up. But soon after their friendship became something...different. I met Victor’s father who told me they were......not just ‘friends’, and I suddenly understood everything. I didn’t mind, at the beginning....Victor was a kind guy, romantic and rebel...but their pair soon became dangerous. Victor liked to make scene, despite his good marks at the exams he was pestiferous, and Sherlock followed him. I remember how many times the University faculty called me...I lost count. They started making the college life, drugs...parties...Victor was used to it, but not Sherlock, and he started to get lost in it, getting a drugs addiction....and he seemed not to be able to stop. His vices worsened their relationship...and one day something bad happened.’

‘What?’

‘...Sherlock used to go to Victor’s house during the weekends..one day his father found a pocket of drugs in his son’s room...despite it was Sherlock’s, Victor took the blame for it. Victor’s father was a respectable man, and he couldn’t stand that his son could take drugs, and that was the moment he decided to split them. Victor left London 3 days later, came back to France, and that was the moment their friendship ended. Over the years Victor has always sent many letters and birthday greetings to Sherlock...but they never saw each other...until now’.

John takes a long breath ‘Well, it seems that since he’s back into Sherlock’s life, they’re back doing what they did when they were teenagers’

‘Are you talking about the drugs?’

‘Of course...’

Mycroft stretches out on the chair, getting his hands together, thinking ‘Well,...that’s debatable.’

‘Sherlock was with him that night.’

‘This doesn’t make it a proof. You know John, , ...I know Victor isn't good for Sherlock, he has never been, actually. Sherlock seems to lose his mind when he’s with him, but I know Victor helped him, and, to be honest, I believe he’s helping Sherlock now...in some way.’

‘For what?’

‘He helped him to get through a bad period of his life, and now this one.’

‘Helping him? How? letting him taking drugs and getting drunk? What kind of help is this....you can’t say he’s helping Sherlock if you do admit he’s dangerous for your brother’

‘Because he seems to be...the only one who understands Sherlock now’ Mycroft peers at John, his face turns gloomy ‘You know John...how Sherlock has never been good at...dealing with feeling. He actually doesn’t know how to react to them. Two years waiting to come back.....’ Silent. ‘He did never have any kind of...life, he was just waiting to come back to live, come back to his London, come back to you. And since he thought, innocently, that you were doing the same, when he came back he realised that, without any doubt, things had changed. And he suddenly couldn’t cope with his new....life, an empty flat...an engaged best friend, he didn’t know how to react to his new life. He was used to something better, I presume. And that’s how drugs are his way to get through feelings, and easily deal with them...deal with this new life.’

John keeps silent, glancing down. ‘....Victor is using Sherlock, he knows he can do whatever he wants with him just because....Sherlock wants to distract himself...but I think he has to do with Sherlock’s overdose, and I think you should investigate about it.’
‘I already did’
‘And?’
‘It was Sebastian who gave drugs to Sherlock.’
‘Who’s Sebastian?’
‘The Johnny Rocket’s owner.’

John keeps silent for few seconds ‘So...it...wasn’t Victor?’
‘No.’

Silent.

‘What you mean when you say he helped Sherlock to get through a bad period of his life? What are you referring to?’

Mycroft doesn't answer, glancing down, then takes a long breath and starts talking again, slowly.
‘Our mother died in 1992,...I was at the college,...last year,...ready for the university...Sherlock was at primary school’. Suddenly he stops. Silent, again.

‘He was eight. That day changed our life forever,...it made us stronger,...our relationship started changing,...it was harder....I had to be a mother,...a brother,...and he hated me, because he couldn’t cope with mum’s death, and he rejected it on me, because I was her reflect,...and, not at least, his unique friend.’

John stares at him, shocked, regretful.

‘Victor understood Sherlock since the first time they met, and he helped him getting through the university days, that weren't easy for my brother. I remember the first months guys used to mock on him,...sometimes I saw him with punched eyes...he was alone, John... he didn’t know how to get friends, neither know how to react to bullies, and I was far away, what could I do? I grew up without a father, he was always away...and when Sherlock was born, I wanted the best for him, I wanted him to not be unhappy having a father away, and I promised myself that I would have done my best to replace him, to not make him feel dad’s absence...and instead...the tables turned: he had to deal with mum’s death. And I couldn’t cope with mum’s death, too, but mostly, see my brother loosing her-’

Mycroft suddenly stops, almost crying, but quickly stands up.

John doesn’t answer.

‘I quickly understood that Victor was important for Sherlock. That’s why I sent Sherlock to Victor’s house, his father was a kind man, and replaced our father’s role many times. Victor’s dad knew it , he understood everything,...and he stayed with my brother for long time. They spent a summer together, Sherlock, Victor, and his dad, until Sherlock got too far with the drugs, and Victor’s dad decided to split them, forever...until now...’

Silent.

Mycroft walks toward the bookshelf, looking at the book 'The Little Prince', a sad smile appears on his face ‘Sometimes I can see the anger in his eyes, maybe he thinks I don’t know what he went through,...that’s another reason why he’s always so vicious to me. Mycroft, the older brother who was lucky enough to grew up away from home and take a respectable job, always far away from problems, responsibilities, and traumas, who hadn’t any kind of troubles, ....that’s who I am for my
brother.’

‘But why you two are always so...detached from each other? You do care for him but there’s always this...eternal war between each other.’

‘Sherlock never grew up, John. There’s always a part of him who’s a child, and there'll always be. The child who hadn’t the chance to enjoy his childhood and who sees in his brother the cause of his unhappy adolescence.’

John ‘I’m...I’m..sorry, I don’t know what to say.’

‘Anyway...’ Mycroft turns to John ‘..This is Victor Trevor’.

John stands up ‘Thank you...’ He remains silent for a moment, slowly walking toward the door

Mycroft puts a hand on the chair ‘Why you never ask to my brother about Victor? He needs you, ...now more than ever.’ John turns back, glancing down.

Mycroft ‘Why do you avoid him?’

‘He’s the one who avoids me, it seems like I can’t help him anymore, doing everything by his own and always hanging out with...Victor’ He steps forward, talking closely ‘Sherlock has changed, Mycroft. And he’s slowly replacing me with Trevor in his life.’

‘Maybe it was an unconscious move? Find another....friend to do with him the things he would have done with you?’

‘Mycroft...I can’t come back at Baker Street, he wanted me back at Baker Street but I can’t, ... things can’t be like they were two years ago,...he’s changed’

‘Why you think he’s changed?’

‘Because I’m away, because I don’t live with him anymore, and because he thinks I don’t care about him like I did before, because he believes things can’t come back as they were before, that’s why.’

‘Because you have a...wife, now?’

‘Yes!!’ John answers, annoyed, huffing out.

‘You know John....what I asked to Victor when I saw him the first time after many years the day after Sherlock’s flat was attacked by bombs?’

John stands still, in silent.

‘I asked him if he was going to be Sherlock’s friend again......and he answered <<best friends are always best friends, no matter how life change their lives. But lovers... once they’ve loved, will never be friends again.>>

John looks at him, not answering, shaking. Downstairs someone is opening the door.

‘Sherlock’ Mycroft whispers 'I always recognise his feet climbing the stairs.'

When he walks in, Sherlock glances down, trying not to meet his brother’s look. ‘I already know why you’re here, and what you two are gossiping about, I give you ten minutes to pack your things and come back to your lovely Pall Mall’
Mycroft takes breath to answer, but Mrs Hudson pops in, excited ‘Mycroft!’ Mrs Hudson welcomes him with a huge smile ‘What a beautiful tv show, isn’t it?? And your character was really good, indeed!’

‘Thank you Mrs Hudson’ Mycroft answer smiling.

Sherlock suddenly answers with his usual sarcastic, bitter tone ‘Do not laud him too much Mrs Hudson, he’s already above himself’ Then keeps tapping on his phone while talking to his brother. ‘So, you’ve got news about the car’

‘Exactly’

‘Who was? Moran’s gang?’ John asks

‘Russian spies’

Sherlock suddenly holds up, thinking.

‘They followed you since the arrival at the hotel, they waited in the car, and when you went out they followed your taxi.’

‘Why? They could kill us before’ Sherlock comments, John turns worried towards him ‘Jesus...’

‘I think it was...predetermined’

‘The shot at John by Daniel?’

‘Clearly’

John turns at both of them, confused and worried ‘Wh---who’s Daniel?’

‘A news alert?’ Mycroft asks, peering at Sherlock, who takes a long breath, thinking.

John: ‘But Why Russian? What this has to do with the case? Wasn’t it about Victor? I thought I understood something about it, now I’m getting lost again’

Mycroft looks at Sherlock, who seems reluctant to talk, and answers to John ‘Because you want to know too much’ Mycroft answers, smiling at John.

Sherlock turns answering to John ‘Victor has nothing to do with it, anyway’

Mycroft answers rapidly ‘It’s still not clear’

‘It is! He’s in the dark about everything and has always been. Moran is confusing us, that’s why she took him, because she knows-‘ suddenly Sherlock stops, thinking about his words, both John and Mycroft stare at him, realising he has understood something important ‘...she knows you all hate him’

John ‘We don’t hate him...’

Mycroft looks at John, rising his eyebrow.

Sherlock goes toward the kitchen.

Mycroft looks at John ‘How you feel, loyal soldier?’

‘Good’ He smiles ‘Better...’
‘Be careful...I think it’ll be more dangerous to get out now’

‘Yes..indeed.’ looking at Sherlock in the kitchen.

‘So, how was the Tv Show? Did you like it?’

‘Well...we really didn’t watch it?’

‘Why? Were you busy doing something else?’

‘MYCROFT!’ Sherlock shouts from the kitchen, scolding his brother for the wrong assumption. John looks bewildered at Mycroft, who tries to answers, a little embarrassed, stuttering ‘I---I didn’t mean...that..way...absolutely’ smiling oddly.

‘I just...fell asleep, that’s-‘ John can’t finish his sentence when Sherlock walks straight toward his brother, as facing him ‘I bet you enjoyed watching the tv show having dinner with Lestrade.’

‘A lot’ Mycroft looks his brother in the eyes, challenging his provocation ‘But I presume your attempt to imitate Victor’s cooking to John was a sad disaster since I can clearly smell burnt food and since half of the food is still on the dish in the kitchen’

‘It was good!! Really!’ John tries to diffuse the tension, embarrassed.

They still look at each other, Mycroft continues ‘I suggest you to take more lessons, that one you took at his winery last Monday wasn’t good enough, I believe he just opened it for you, right? A private opening, I presume.’

‘Guys, plea-‘

‘I’m astonished you were even capable of following me with your CCTV since that night you were, again, busy having dinner with Lestrade and the Minister, but sadly he was locked in my bathroom thanks to your brilliant alarm system program, trying all the possible password combinations, he didn't want to miss dinner with his 'Myke' Sherlock looks at his brother with a cheeky smirk, John tries to hold the laugh.

Silent. Mycroft looks at his brother with an odd calm look on his face.

‘You know brother...how I assured myself that the cctv weren’t put in your bedroom, for privacy. But I soon found myself regretting to have place them in the living room, too...but knew it was all done to simply showing off, you really are trying to have a life since John left, taking Victor as an excuse to show the world you can have someone by your side, too.’

John narrows his eyes, pouting with his mouth, thinking.

They still look at each other, Sherlock’s breath becomes stronger, his look sterner. Suddenly, Sherlock’s phone rings.

From: Anderson
To: Sherlock

I saw the tv show last night. It’s the gayest thing I’ve ever seen.

Sherlock’s voice becomes deeper and lower ‘Do you know how ridiculous you are talking about me when you’ve never had anyone in your life? Not even a cat who could stand your arrogance and your fake superiority, when you actually just spend your time coming here bothering me because you really don’t have anyone who to talk you, because none can really stand you, you’re alone, you’ve
always been alone, Christmas evenings passed browsing on your phone sitting by the fireplace alone, even when we were kids and you couldn’t bother to read me some bedtime stories because you were too busy with yourself doing nothing! and birthdays never celebrated because nobody cared when you were born, even dad and mum, and you come here talking to me about loneliness? You’ve always spent your days alone hoping to know Sherlock has made a mistake again, so that you can come here and give me a good lecture about how life should be and how perfect you are in your fresh clothes and good shoes, because you’ve never looked yourself in the mirror, probably because you’re terrified to admit you’re ridiculous.’

‘.....I don’t think I’ll open the door downstairs again from tomorrow’

‘Oh, what a relief’

John tries to calm them down ‘Girls...please-’

Mycroft continues ‘I shall deduce I must take my stuff upstairs.’

‘Oh, don’t go out of your way, I’ll do it for you’ Sherlock quickly climb the stairs, while Mycroft shouts from the living room ‘I won’t allow you to throw my stuff away!! Can you listen to me Sherlock???’

‘Please, guys!! Stop it!! Could you..please stop this??’ John shouts, annoyed. Mycroft turns toward John, angrily.

Sherlock arrives upstairs, he shuts the door and walks inside the room: it’s perfectly cleaned. It smells good, everything is in order, perfectly set up. Sherlock takes the suitcase on the bed, and drags it toward the stairs, it’s open, and half of the clothes fall on the floor. He throws it down the stairs, the suitcase falls on the first floor. He can hear Mycroft shouting downstairs, then comes back in the bedroom and looks at another smaller suitcase on the dresser: this one is closed. He opens it. ‘Oops’ he comments, sarcastically.

Before dragging it as the other one he looks at the stuff in it: papers, agendas and letters. He randomly looks at them, leafing briefly: letters from Ministers, Governments, acts, law sketches, reports on the economic status of the country, everything is chronologically organised. He takes a huge packet of them, smirking ‘Guess who’s having fun, now, Mycroft’. While he takes them to throw them all downstairs, one of them falls on the floor. He takes it and opens it.

Suddenly Sherlock stops, astonished and shocked, feeling a punch in the stomach.
Sherlock starts crying, shaking.

Mycroft comes in, out of breath ‘WHAT THE HEL-‘ he looks at Sherlock crying while holding the paper ‘Sh...sherlock..’

Drops of tears are falling on the paper, Sherlock whispers with his voice trembling, shaking. ‘I needed you and you never noticed it.’

Mycroft tries to mumble some words ‘I...’ He takes the paper, putting it on the bed, grabbing Sherlock, who looks down, not facing his brother. ‘I just wanted to take care of you....’ He whispers, angrily. Mycroft tries to hold back the tears ‘I didn’t know what to do...I lost her too, Sherlock...it wasn’t easy for me. Why don’t you understand it?? It wasn’t easy to not make you feel her absence...I wasn’t good, I know. I’ve never been, I thought that controlling you was the best way to raise you...I made mistakes, I didn’t know what to do...I was scared just like you but I couldn’t show it because I had to be with you and make you feel that everything was alright, but I know it wasn’t. I know it and I’m sorry’

‘I just needed a hug, Mycroft. That’s all I needed.’

Mycroft grabs Sherlock by his arms, hugging him tight.

Mycroft cries, shaking ‘I’m sorry. I was scared, Sherlock. I missed her like mad, and we didn’t have any fault’
John slowly opens the door, looking at Mycroft and Sherlock hugging and crying together.

He tilts back, surprised. Then slowly turns, closing the door behind him, smiling.

Mrs. Hudson looks at the clothes downstairs, exhausted "What a hell of a mess! And this is just the first day he moved in! How can they pretend to live together?"

John smiles to her while coming down the stairs.

"I can't imagine what their parents must have been going through"

"Don't worry Mrs. Hudson, they sorted it out"

"Don't be so optimistic, John, they've always been like this, after all, the Holmes brothers will never change"

"Well, sometimes we do change,....and a hug is worth a thousand words."
TEA FOR TWO

JOHN'S HOUSE

John slowly wakes up, rubbing his eyes still closed, walking through the kitchen. He glances at the tv while opening the fridge. Suddenly his phone rings, he peers at it while taking it from the kitchen table.

"Mary?" he whispers, looking around, realising she's not home.

"John how are you?"

"I feel..better, where the hell are you? I was nearly killed off the other day."

Mary snorts "Come on...it was just a scrape"

"It wasn't just a scrape, and Sherlock took care of me, because you didn't even bother to show up!"

"I was busy with the case, and anyway I called him, he told me you were fine, I wanted to visit later but he told me you still needed some rest."

"Where are you?"

"John, I can’t talk right now,...the CIA head called me....and I see you don’t need me anyway, you’re safer in Baker Street"

"I'm not in Baker Street! I'm home! Our home! And lately you keep disappearing without giving me any answer."

Mary shuts the phone. John tries to call her again “Mary...Ma—...oh, Fuck." He shuts the phone, throwing in on the sofa, taking the remote control, focusing on the news:

♫

[Soundtrack: SARAH]♪

"Today the police has spoken of their concern for the well-being of a 20 year-old school girl from London University who went missing yesterday morning. Sarah Sawyer was last seen at about 1 pm with her friends at the London University bar. The police believe that this could be connected to the case of Daniel Williams, Sarah’s boyfriend, who's also missing. Police have been carrying out house-to-house enquiries in the area of Canada Water and distributing posters as part of the search"

John, while sending a message on the phone, "I guess Victor knows her"

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

Are you watching the news?

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN

Yes. Sarah.

A journalist interviews Sarah’s mother, who cries “If...anyone has seen her, ....please tell us,...Sarah, whatever we’ve done to you please come back home, we love you, and we’re worried about you”.

John stares at the news, concerned.

The Journalist “Her close friends and everyone else at school would like to appeal directly to Sarah to come home and be with people who care about her.”

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

She’s only 20...for God’s sake, hope Moran did nothing to her.

FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

They kidnapped her, probably Daniel escaped after the shooting and now Moran is worried he could reveal her identity. She wants to find him.

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

Give me 10 minutes and I'll be in Baker Street

FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

Are you sure you want to come? How you feel?

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

Better, thanks to you.
FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Don't stress yourself so highly.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
I feel good, and I'm bored. Let's get into trouble.

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Couldn't wish for better.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
Is Mycroft there?

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Yes

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
He didn't move out then..

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Don't pretend like you didn't see anything yesterday. I heard you.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK

And I could blackmail you for all the stuff I've seen...

FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

Stop it.

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

You both could even pay me a meaningful sum of money on a regular basis to ease your way

FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

Do something useful: call Lestrade, wake him up, and tell him to meet us at Tonkotsu Bar in 10 minutes.

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK

He's probably already awake, signing autographs for your brother.

FROM: SHERLOCK

TO: JOHN

What

FROM: JOHN

TO: SHERLOCK
FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
What the hell is this

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
It’s called fame, Sherlock. Your brother is the most famous character in the show, everyone loves him, and he got famous.

Lestrade sent me this photo yesterday...apparently signing autographs for your brother is his new job.

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
They should meet the real one.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
How will you manage the success now? a diva in your flat won’t make things easier.
FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
We’ll try to keep a low profile

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Why is Mycroft famous? What has he done? I'm the main character, not him.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
Because you're the problematic one.

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
.....

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
In the tv series! Not in real life.

FROM: JOHN
TO: SHERLOCK
I mean, in the real life, too. But that's another story. Is Victor coming?

FROM: SHERLOCK
TO: JOHN
Yes, we need him.
ON THE STREET

John & Greg are walking toward the bar.

John’s excited “He knows it!! He knows Victor has something to do with Moran!”

Greg “What do you mean?”

John “I mean Sherlock has known everything since the beginning. Victor has something to do with Moran, that’s why he kept Victor close to him for so long! You understand?”

Greg looks at the excited and happy look on John’s face, confused.

John “He’s not in love with him! He’s using him!! That’s...” grinning “...incredible...really! it is...!”

Greg “so you...think that Sherlock is just using Victor to get informations from him?”

John “Sure. And he got the proof with the news of Sarah.”

Greg’s mouth twist into an unsatisfied smirk.

John tries to convince him “Listen. I talked to Mycroft last night. He knows everything about Victor, he’s spying on him since the beginning.” They get close to the bar, John lowers his voice, almost whispering “Do you think he didn’t know that Victor met Adair and Moran friends before coming to London?!”

They stop in front of the bar.

John "Do you think Sherlock let Victor into his life without any advantages? Come on! He knows how he can use Victor to get to Moran, that’s why he needs him. He just played a role. He faked a relationship, he doesn’t feel...anything. Victor is there just for the case.”

Greg slowly opens the bar's door, thoughtful “Mm...I can't see the light in this case.”

John smirks “I do”

TONKOTSU BAR

Sherlock, John, Lestrade and Victor are sitting at the table.

Sherlock to Victor: “What did she tell you when you met her at the university bar?”

Victor looks worried “Nothing...just...she talked about Daniel...that he was missing. She told me he didn’t answer her calls, and his family was looking for him. I didn’t know anything, he used to skip class, so I didn’t worry that much, until she told me she couldn’t find him. And then the police arrived. I thought it was for Daniel, and instead it was for me.."

Greg “ You think she didn’t know what Daniel was up to? Do you think she didn’t know he was involved in this case?"

Victor “ I don’t know..I don’t think. She didn’t tell me,...she was worried and wanted me to warn the colleagues, to spread the word.."

John “So you didn’t know what he was planning?”
Victor ‘No...absolutely. How could I? I don’t know much about my students, some of them are more open with me and they like to chat or call me whenever they need anything, but I didn’t see him often...Sarah, yes...she is a good student, she’s quiet and studious. I used to see her with Daniel, but...I didn’t bother to know if they were a couple."

Greg “Do you have her phone number? Or Daniel’s?”

Victor “Yes, sure” he takes his phone from the pocket, scrolling down the contacts and shows the number to Greg.

Greg “Let’s just do it.” Greg calls Daniel while John looks at Sherlock and at Victor “So you...” insisting “didn’t know anything? You didn’t know anything about Daniel...and what he was planning to do..you don’t even know Sarah is his girlfriend? Maybe she’s involved just like him...”

Victor “no..I told you, I don’t know! She’s such a kind girl, she couldn’t do such a terrible thing”

John laughs sarcastically “What a coincidence” sipping his beer.

Victor “what?”

“Oh, nothing...absolutely...Sherlock,...did you tell him?” pointing at Victor

Victor "Tell me what?"

"Where we were going the day Daniel shot me"

Victor frowns nervously “What the hell are you implying?” rising his voice, looking at John “Are you out of your mind??” Victor stands up, hitting his hand on the table.

John stands up, smiling provocatively “Why are you upset, teacher? Something wrong?”

“Yes! Because you're implying I'm involved in this case!”

John “Could you please stop acting like the victim crying like a baby? you’re ridiculous!”

Greg “Calm!!! keep calm!!”

Victor “And you’re just a pretentious prick”

Greg, putting both hands on their shoulders, trying to ease the tension “Ok sit down now”

Sherlock, impassive “nothing?” looking at Greg and his phone

“Out of service”

“Let’s go to Sarah’s family, if we find her, we’ll find Daniel too”

They all stand up, Victor still looks at John, angrily.

They get out together, standing in front of the bar. Victor puts his jacket on, he looks resentful “Sherlock, I’m going away.”

Sherlock, surprised “Where? we need you, we must go to Sarah’s family, you know her, you can help us!”

“No, I’m...not going to do this...”
John rolls his eyes, annoyed.

“You’re the detective...I don’t want other troubles...I’ll let you know where she lives, but I’m going home now” He walking away.

Greg gives a quick look to John, who rises his eyebrows, annoyed.

Sherlock takes a long breath, then look at both of them “You two, wait for Mycroft. He went to Pall Mall to recover a file. Wait him in Baker Street till he’s back. It’s time to move my brother informers, I’ll go to Sarah’s family, hoping to get something.”

Greg “So he didn’t move away....he’s still in Baker Street.”

Sherlock turns, calmly “Yes...my brother is still in Baker Street. And I’m surprisingly happy about it, can't you see it?” showing a fake smile on his face, John and Greg laugh.

**BAKER STREET**

Greg is reading the newspaper, standing near the table, his legs crossed. Mrs Hudson enters in the living room. “Since Mycroft moved here this flat is so....tidy!”

Greg smiles and nods “And clean too”

Mrs Hudson goes toward the kitchen drawer making tea “hope Mycroft will find his medicines, I put them here..”

Greg asks surprised “medicines? what medicines?”

She notices a book on the table, *The Little Prince*, then looks at both Greg and John “Is it Sherlock’s?”

John gets close to it, checking it "I don't have a clue"

Mycroft enters, visibly stressed, still panting “What?” he turns toward Mrs. Hudson and John, looking at the book “Oh...yes...Sherlock is reading it, I suppose, ...or his boyfriend is.”

John peers at the book, leafing briefly some pages “I don’t think this is the kind of stuff Sherlock would read, honestly”

Mycroft replies, smirking “Sherlock is changing, John” looking at him “you'd be surprised”

Greg “Can we join in?”

Mrs. Hudson, going toward the stairs “Do you want to read the book, too?”

Greg “No, I’m talking about tea”

John frowns, looking again at the book on the kitchen table. “Yeah...me too, thanks”

Mrs. Hudson, smiling "The kettle is over there, boys, I have to go.”

Mycroft“I'll take care of my hosts, Mrs. Hudson. I know how to prepare tea.”

“Make yourself at home, Mycroft..I’m your landlady!”

Everyone, together “Not your housekeeper!”
Mrs. Hudson smiles, going away while sipping tea.

Mycroft closes the door: “I presume you have questions for me.”

Greg “Such a clever guy Sherlock’s brother, isn’t he?” smiling at John

“Yes but...tea first, thanks”

Mycroft fakes a smile, walking toward the kitchen to prepare it.

Greg: “You learnt...to make tea??”

Mycroft “I’ve always known how to do it, I'm not that stupid. But I’ve always assumed there was someone else ready to do it for me.”

John “So why did you start now?”

“For Sherlock...I always wake up early, so I make it for him, too”

John “I’m not used to such brotherly love, are you feeling well Mycroft?”

Greg laughs.

Mycroft doesn’t reply, smiling back at John.“Sherlock went to Sarah’s family...”

“Yes...and we want some informations from your insiders about Moran, did you take the file?” John keeps a small notebook with a pen, ready to write everything relevant.

Mycroft takes a long breath, looking around “Yes, I know.” He sits on Sherlock’s chair, trying to relax for a few seconds. Then takes breath again “Russia wants Sherlock dead”

Greg and John frowns at him. A moment of silence. Simultaneously “...who?”

“Russia. Moriarty kept the most influential part of his business in Russia: terrorists ready to act whenever and wherever he wanted. That’s where he and Moran built their empire, that’s where they ran the eastern world from. Each terrorist attack in the whole world was planned by them, with them....Sherlock was becoming a real threat, that’s why Moriarty wanted to stop him. But he survived, and Moran took his place, her plane is to destroy the man who destroyed her partner. She wants her revenge. That’s why she’s back.”

John takes a long breath “the map we found...in the hotel, with the tape-”

Mycroft “It was their plane to kill Sherlock. They would have split money....” Mycroft touches his stomach, grimacing with pain. Greg and John look at him, worried, then fakes a smile, looking at each other uncomfortably “....a lot of money...they’re still in the caveau drawn in the map. But then the plan was destroyed, Moriarty killed himself, and Moran decided to kill one of the gang and burn him to fake her death. That's why she was “dead” for Scotland Yard, she changed face and identity, and came back to London to kill him, because Adair knew who she was and what she was planning. She wanted to close the case with Adair's death, and take all the money. Until Sherlock came back...with you” looking at John “He came back investigating. And she’s coming after him, ready to kill him”

Greg “…and what about Victor?”

John waits for Mycroft to answer
Mycroft “....he has nothing to do with this case. he’s just Sherlock’s boyfriend” looking at John “get over it.”

Suddenly Mycroft starts coughing while touching his stomach, his face turns red, suffering. Greg stands up “Myke, you need help?”

John looks both confused and worried.

“I’m....fine...it’s just a cold” trying to take breath, slowly closing his eyes, calming himself. Greg puts his hand on Mycroft’s shoulder, keeping closer in a more intimate way “are you fine?”

“yes..yes..don’t worry, just...sit down! please!” Mycroft answers embarrassed, almost nervously.

John closes the notebook, standing up, going toward the window. Greg turns toward John, concerned.

Mycroft sips tea, then puts the mug on the table. “She hired a Victor’s student to mislead Sherlock..and all of us.”

Greg “I just asked him some questions, since inspector Gregson told me he had contacts with Moran”

Mycroft “Who told him about it? Who gave you the photos?”

“Mary....”

John turns, surprised.

“Mary and Sally...Mary brought the photos to Sally and she called Gregson, and I took the first flight to London”

Mycroft “They wanted a spy to keep an eye on Sherlock, and Victor refused. Sherlock would know if Victor had something to do with Moran, included me” smiling, sipping more tea.

**IN THE TAXI**

John is thoughtful, while looking through the window cab, Greg occasionally looks at him. “what are you thinking about?”

John “.....you know it”

Greg “.....is it about victor?.and sherlock?”

John turns to him, quite surprised, answering irritated “no,...for once in my life no! i’m not thinking about victor and sherlock”

“so what are you thinking about?”

few seconds of silent follows his answer, dejected. “mary”

“...because mycroft made her name?”

“because I don’t think I know who my wife is anymore..” John says, looking down, dejected. “I’ve made a mistake Greg..I thought I could forget Sherlock marrying her. And it didn’t work. Now she’s somewhere else, and I don’t know why or where.”

Greg “she’s...away?”
“She flew away this morning, she told me she had to meet the CIA head.”

Greg doesn’t answer.

“yes,...Greg...I’m worried. I’m worried she knows something, that she’s hiding me something I don’t know..”

Greg doesn’t know how to answer once again.

“She wasn’t like that...before Sherlock arrived. She was...a woman like any other. Then Sherlock arrived and..BOOM! surprise! always detached and ready to pack. She didn’t even turn up in Baker Street after the shooting...But it’s not this...it’s not about us, I’m talking about the case! I’m worried she could....she could know something and she doesn't say anything because I’m close to Sherlock...because she’s afraid I could reveal something to him...I’m...probably ranting and raving—”

“Ok, ok...I got it. keep calm, you're just...confused. I think you’re simply confused. Before Victor and now Mary. She works for the CIA, if she knew something she would told us, just like the photos she gave us. If something comes up about the case she will be the first to know it, and she’ll let us know.” trying to comfort him, but John looks still confused and worried, not convinced. “Okay...” he replies, turning toward the window cab for one last time before getting off.

CANADA WATER, LONDON. SARAH'S HOME.

Sherlock is sitting on the sofa, in the living room, next to Sarah’s mother and Sarah’s sister, Melanie. She’s comforting her mother, holding her hands.

“...that was the last time I saw her. Then she called to tell me she was going to her friend’s house to take some class notes....but she never went there.”

Sherlock “Did you hear them? can you confirm it?”

Melanie “Yes..I called them, they told me they saw her at university and that she wanted some books but she never came to their house.”

Sarah’s mother “Mr. Holmes, please....find her, she never did anything wrong, she never got herself into troubles, she's a kind girl, she loves her friends and family...she wouldn't go away purposely.”

Sarah’s mother starts crying again, Melanie comforts her, stroking her gently “Mom, don’t worry, we’ll find her, mr. Holmes is a great man and he’ll find her soon, don’t worry” looking at Sherlock, who smile slight, then looks away, worried. “How she was dressed the last time you saw her?”

Melanie “She had a red long shirt...and blue trousers...and...black shoes...maybe white sneakers..I can’t remember.."

Sherlock “it’s fine"

“and she had her ring...the ring Daniel gave her..on her left hand, a white ring"

Sherlock stands up, going toward the door “thank you for everything, keep us in contact and call me whenever she calls or if you know something new about her"

Sarah’s mother “yes, of course.."

Melanie goes toward the door with Sherlock, opening it “That’s Daniel's phone number. It’s off but...nobody knows what can happen, you can try and call him.."
Sherlock “I’ll do my best to bring your sister back home...hope to have news for you soon.”

KENSINGTON

Victor is lying on his bed, scrolling through his phone, sending a message to Sarah Sawyer

FROM: VICTOR
TO: SARAH

Send me a message whenever you can. tell me if you’re alright, please. tell me where you are.

He closes his phone, takes a long breath...then takes his phone again, calling Molly. She doesn’t answer.

Victor closes the call nervously, leaving a voice mail:

“Molly..I’m..Victor....I’m calling because...so many things happened and...I’m a bit confused right now...and I don’t have many friends here in London...I lost my job due to the case.....and the police closed my winery....I’ve lost everything. And now I believe Sherlock is doubting about me, too...I’m...confused..I don’t know what to do.....if you would like to...have coffee..just to talk...I would be glad if you could call me back...just to have a chat. Molly, I’m worried, I’m worried for Sherlock...I want to know what’s happening, if you want to help me let me know....I...I want to help him get out of this mess. But he mustn’t know. Call me back, please”

Then he sends a message to Sherlock

FROM: VICTOR
TO: SHERLOCK

Dinner? Come home, I’ll prepare something special just for you tonight.

He sends another message:

FROM: VICTOR
TO: SHERLOCK

I love you.

OUTSIDE LONDON, IN A CONSTRUCTION SITE

Sarah Sawyer is tied to a chair with a rope, she’s screaming while Moran is biting her with a wood stick “Tell me!!! tell me!!! Where is Daniel?? Where???”
Sarah screams and cries, head down, long hair covering her face full of tears: “I don’t know!! I don’t know!! Leave me!!! please....”

“Tell me!! You know where he is!! You know it you little bitch! Where the fuck is Daniel?? Where??”

Sarah screams again, Moran gets closer to her, grabbing her by the neck, talking to her ear “Listen,...I won’t do nothing to both of you....if you tell me where Daniel is, we’ll both go to him and then I’ll set you free...ok?”

Sarah turns to her, shivering “I don’t know....Leave me! leave me please.”

Moran smirks, full of anger, then loads the gun.

Sarah, eyes wide open, shocked. “No!! No!”

VICTOR’S HOUSE, KENSINGTON

Sherlock and Victor are having dinner in front of the fireplace, with a wool blanket on the floor and a bottle of wine and Japanese food. Victor pours wine in the glasses.

“Have you read the poetry?” “What poetry?” Sherlock answers, munching.

Victor smiles “The one I wrote you, it’s in the Little Prince's book.”

“I’ll read it...one day”

"I’m not here to talk you about poetry, anyway...I shouldn’t...since I’m not a teacher anymore..they fired me”

A moment of silence, Sherlock looks at Victor, glass on his hand “....well, you can try get into another university”

“No, I can’t Sherlock..and they wouldn't take me, anyway. They closed my winery, too...I don’t think I’ll be able to stay here longer than a couple of months. I have to leave London.”

“Why? you can stay in Baker Street, with me.”

"For what?” Victor hold back the tears, but his voice shakes “Everything I created...everything I dreamt about was destroyed, every piece of it, for what? nothing, for something I didn't. I spent months and....years to save money...to open my winery, and come back here, to stay here....to...meet you again, and have a job as teacher...And now I’ve lost everything.”

Sherlock looks away, not knowing what to say, trying to comfort him "I..know, but-" Victor “why?...why me, Sherlock? what have I done to deserve this?”

Sherlock puts the glass of wine on the blanket, looking at Victor “..sometimes we build hopes and dreams, and we have lots of expectations,....and things don’t go as planned.”

“why...” he whispers, crying.

“because...it's life, Victor. And sometimes it disappoints you.” Sherlock hugs him tightly.
“I’ve spent...years...dreaming to come back here, and trying to have a new life, a new job, and be with you. I thought about it everyday of my life. And now...the dream is over.”

“You’re talented, you know so many things, you’ll find a new job in two weeks.”

“I don’t want a new job Sherlock! I want my books and students back! that was my dream job!! I’m not a criminal and I was treated as one, and I feel ashamed every second of my life for what happened. Everyone was looking at me...when the police arrived, all their eyes were on me..I can’t sleep at night thinking about it.”

“You can’t spend the rest of your life crying, you have to do something. Get out and find something else.”

“No, I failed Sherlock. I feel like a shit. For something I’ve not done. And I was publicly shamed. I have to pack and come back home.”

“What the hell are you talking about?! Why do you want to go home now?”

A moment of silence. Sherlock looks at Victor, dejected.

“You’re so talented, Victor. Really. You know so much about art, and literature, and poetry. You never let yourself down and you always try to find a solution for everything...you can’t give up now.”

“You know what’s the truth Sherlock? I just surround myself with books, and art, and poetry because I want to escape from myself. I just have to come face to face with the fact that I’m not gifted. I can appreciate art, and I love music, and poetry....but, it’s sad, really... because I feel like I have a lot to express and I am not gifted. I’m just a fool who thinks to have some kind of a talent, but I’m just a loser who gets himself into troubles.”

“It’s not true! You wrote a poem! for me!” Sherlock smiles, making Victor laughs.

Sherlock gets closer to Victor, slowly putting his arms around him again, smiling. “Everything’s gonna be alright” he whispers. “I promise you”

“Are you sure? Do you still trust me?”

“Of course...why I shouldn’t?”

“Because they arrested me. And you saw photos of me with Adair, and because they accused me to be on Moran’s side. All that matters to me is to know if you trust me, if you still believe in me.”

“They were wrong. I know you. I know who you are. You would never do that to me. Never.” Victor smiles, suddenly looking more relaxed and cheerful “That’s all I wanted to hear” He slowly kisses Sherlock, biting his lips while looking into his eyes, then suddenly laughs.

“What?” Sherlock frowns.

“Nothing, I...I never thought we could...get into this...really be into a relationship, you and me...something...serious. I thought it was something pointless for you, just for the sex...”

“What makes you think it isn’t now?”

“Your eyes. I never saw you looking at me like that before.”

Sherlock smiles, pleasantly surprised. “I’m learning. You’re still a good teacher”
Victor laughs, getting closer to Sherlock, hugging and kissing him, both lying on the wool blanket.

**BAKER STREET, THE NEXT MORNING**

John is typing, updating his blog, looking at the notes he wrote and trying connect all the informations, randomly reading them.

“When the tiger dies...leaves her name...Seraphita...Moran’s real name is S.S.M., Seraphita Sebastian Moran...”

Sherlock is at his phone, laughing and chatting. John turns to him glimpsing at the phone.

Two cups of hot tea are one the table, John takes one: “This is sure better than Mycroft’s tea..” Sherlock laughs.

“Jesus it was disgusting!”

“Why do you accept food from my brother? He could kill you.”

“I couldn’t drink it..I pretended to drink it...He can’t even make proper tea!”

“He tried to learn how to do it a couple of days ago, and to make breakfast. But he failed.”

“Does he know it?”

“I don’t think”

“You didn’t tell him?”

“Nope”

“You should”

“I know but..he puts so much efforts and...excitement to prepare it..”

“yeah, and it’s disgusting.”

“I know. I am the master of tea.”

John nods “You calculate the perfect temperature and you add the perfect solution of milk. I remember when once you stole Mrs. Hudson’s recipe and made biscuits, they were delicious”

Sherlock laughs “and I brought it to you in front of the fireplace while you were reading.”

John: "...it was just...perfect"

Sherlock, rising his head, looking at John “So you do remember little things like that"

John doesn’t reply, staring at the laptop, embarrassed. Then nods. “..mm...yeah. Listen, I was trying to write and update my blog, but...I don’t know if we have the situation clear..I was trying to recollect everything, from the beginning: I was shot.”

Sherlock gets closer to him, reading his notes “You got shot..." John suddenly freezes up, noticing how close Sherlock is to him, he can almost feel his breath on his neck, and hear his heart beating. He turns a bit on the left, looking at his profile, not hearing his words, with a strange urge to kiss him, dreaming of the past, remembering the last time Sherlock got so close to him: Sherlock was
sitting on John's sofa, in his dressing gown. He was sleepy, tired, his eyes half-closed when John walked in the living room.

"tired?" John asks, in a soft voice.

"mmm" Sherlock mumbles, curling up.

"you ok?" John gets closer to him, kissing Sherlock's forehead, looking at him.

Sherlock smiles, shyly. "Yes.."

John smiles, kissing him deeply on the left cheek, hugging him. "you want to come to bed? you'll fall asleep here."

"ok"

Sherlock rises both his arms, asking for John's hands to help him standing up, but John slowly take Sherlock hands, holding them, closing one finger at a time. He gets closer to Sherlock, closing his eyes and meeting his lips for a soft kiss. They still are close to each other, nose to nose, eyes still closed-

"Got it?"

"What?" John suddenly jerks "Oh yes, ehm...Victor. Victor got accused to be in contact with Adair..."

Sherlock rolls his eyes with an annoyed moan “Why are you insisting on Victor? He didn’t take the money, leave him alone. he couldn’t kill a fly..he’s afraid of his own shadow, he still sleeps with the lights on"

John cracks a laugh, mocking him “So why he met Adair the day before arriving to London?"

“He didn’t know who Adair was."

John “Probably, but he lied to you. He’s acting like an innocent boy, I can’t stand him.”

Sherlock can't hide his smile “Stop it! Stop accusing Victor just because you’re jealous.”

John tilts back with an annoyed laugh “excuse me?”

“Admit it! You can’t stop accusing him because you’re jealous. We’ve already proved Victor is innocent, if you keep accusing him we’ll get nowhere.”

“I’m not jealous, what the hell are you talking about"

“You just want Victor to be involved in the case because you can’t admit to yourself he’s my boyfriend.”

Silent. John turns, faking a laugh, nervously, then bits his lips. Sherlock feels tension between them.

John takes a long breath, ready to reply, but Sherlock stops him “-And you’re suspicious about Mary because she’s always away not telling you why. And this leads you to accuse Victor because you’re too scared she might be involved in the case.”

“I’m not covering Mary! It’s you! You’re trying to cover Victor! Ok he's innocent but he really met Adair and other Moran friends so he lied to you! He has to do with the case, accept it! That's why
he's your boyfriend, you're using him! Mary gave us the photos because she works for the C.I.A, I don't suspect anything!"

Sherlock walks fast toward the table, taking his phone. “I'm not using him, he's useful for the case because Moran has chosen Victor to mislead us, and now two of his students are involved and he can help us. I’m going to call the CIA Inspector, so that we clear this Victor thing, ok?”

John “now?”

Sherlock “Yes...probably Mary doesn’t know everything...she just got the photos...if we call him we’ll clarify everything...Mr. Buckley? it’s Sherlock...from Scotland Yard.....I would like to thank you for helping us in the Moran case...I knew about the photos that Mary Morstan gave us.......

John tries to listen carefully, then Sherlock sets the speakerphone mode.

“I don’t recall that...."

They both frown,...John whispers “keep talking!!"

“Ehm....yes, Morstan...Mary Mostan..she gave us some photos of Trevor, Victor Trevor,...she told us that you caught him with Moran's gang,...we have the photos...it's him with Adair...and few others.....we wanted to ask you some questions about him."

A moment of silence. they look at each other, confused.

“The last time I saw Mrs. Morstan was four months ago, Mr. Holmes. I’m sorry but I really don’t know what you’re talking about"

John frowns again, worried and confused, looking at Sherlock.

“So you are telling me that you never met Mrs. Morstan to collaborate about the Moran case?” John interrupts Sherlock, whispering “what about the list? the list she gave us...the illegal surgeons that worked in London two years ago?"

“I’m sorry for this misunderstanding Mr. Holmes but I should inform you that Mrs. Morstan resigned..she resigned four months ago, before we started to investigate about the case.”

John's eyes are wide open, he looks shocked

“I'm...sorry,...we didn’t know it,...thank you for your help Mr. Buckley"

“Let me know about the case, I've just known about Daniel and Sarah, the two guys kidnapped.”

“Yes...yes...we’re doing our best to find them."

“If you need anything you can contact me whenever you want. Good luck Mr. Holmes”

John jumps out the chair, hold on to anger, tremor in his left hand. Sherlock turns the phone off, taking a long breath, looking at John dejected.

John “Maybe she didn’t tell me because...she was hoping to come back-"

Sherlock “John..if there’s something you know about her.."

“What? what should I know?”
“Keep calm, I'm saying that if-"

“Are you doubting me?”

“No”

“You think I would lie to you to protect Mary?”

“No, John...I'm trying to make you understand that it’s not the end of the world-"

“Oh no!!! it’s not!!! I don’t know who my wife is!! You know where is she now?? I don’t know! I
don’t know it! She told me Russia! For the case! I hate her! I FUCKING HATE HER!! WHY THE
HELL DID YOU JUMP OFF THAT FUCKING BUILDING???? WHY???” John kicks a chair
with his leg, shouting and going around the room, nervously.

Sherlock frowns, confused, then walks slowly toward him, almost whispering “You chose to love
her.”

John looks Sherlock in the eyes, asking for the truth “And you chose to love Victor, because he’s in
love with you, right? You’re both in love with each other?”

"John, when you got married I understood that I had to go on with my life."

"I never said you couldn’t"

"No, but you assumed it"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it wasn't just you who tried to survive for two years, who tried to change your life and
choose somebody by your side who could love you. I learnt that I can have somebody who loves me
as well. And I don't have to feel ashamed for it, that I don't have to hide behind closed curtains like
before."

"What are you talking about? Is it about me??"

"John-"

"Even you didn't know what the hell we had become anymore"

"Yes, but I wasn't afraid! I was ready!"

John freezes up.

Sherlock continues "You were too busy thinking about what others thought of us."

"No..no"

"Trying not to look too close to me.."

"no!"

"You were afraid of some gossip headline"

John shouts "I was trying to protect us!! I was scared to lose you!"

"But you were too busy caring about what other people could think and you didn't look at me!"
"Stop it! stop it! You never said a word about it! Never!"

"Because I didn't know what you thought, I was afraid it didn't mean anything to you"

"The kiss?"

"The kiss!"

"But how could we face it? Kitty Riley, the cameras in the house, Moriarty!.. I was waiting for the storm to pass! I didn't want to rush it...It was something important for me, I wanted to take things slowly...I thought we could solve the Reichenbach case, I was waiting for it to be over to talk to you...and settle everything! But you died!!"

A moment of silence...John huffs out, dejected, then turns away...walking nervously through the living room “You know what’s the only mistake I’ve done? Trusting Greg, and coming back to you for this fucking case. I didn’t have to listen to him. And you know why? Because I still haven’t forgiven you for what you’ve done to me. Because if you had told me you were alive I would have waited for you. I wouldn’t have moved on, trying to survive, meeting someone that could make me feel a little better than a piece of shit ready to kill myself. And I probably wouldn’t have come back with you pretending to care about the case and see you avoiding me since Victor arrived.”

“‘You got married! You looked like the happiest man on the planet! It was too late!’"

“But I never knew the truth about us!...you knew it Sherlock? Do you know what we were doing? Me and you...sleeping in the same bed, waking up together, having breakfast, saying ‘good morning’ to each other like we were married or something, and carrying on with our lives. It wasn’t a friendship anymore, but we both didn’t know what it was, right? We only kissed once..just once! I didn’t know what it meant for you. And then you died, and you let me grieve you for two fucking years. And when you came back I was pretending that everything was okay, but it wasn’t. I hoped that things could change. But nothing happened, I just kept regretting to have married her while you had met your soulmate, the man of your life! While the woman I chose is lying to me since the first day and I don’t know why. Everything’s crushing in front of my eyes, Mary....You....”

Sherlock looks away, sadly. "John..if only I had known-"

“‘You don’t need me to solve this case.” John takes his jacket, but Sherlock grabs his arm.

"Let me finish-"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Because it doesn't make sense now, it's too late!” Sherlock leaves him, hopeless.

"‘You don’t need me in your life anymore.’

“‘John!’ Sherlock looks terrified.

“‘Mycroft was right!’

Sherlock frowns hearing his brother’s name.

John continues “‘We can’t be friends...we can’t pretend to be friends, we will never be, Sherlock. So it’s better for me and you to not see each other anymore. We are destroying ourselves. Our lives.
You’re right. It’s too late now. I’ve married Mary. And you chose Victor. Good luck with that.”

John walks fast toward the stairs, running down and shutting the door behind him.

LONDON UNIVERSITY, DEPARTMENT HEAD

Victor is sitting in front of the desk, his scarf on his hands, nervously joking with it. “...so...I can’t even try to...get in for the next four months?”

“No, I told you Mr. Trevor, We can’t.”

“Neither with....other jobs...I could...work as collaborator.”

The headmaster gives a “no” look, rising his eyebrows, almost annoyed.

“In the bar...I could work in the bar! I’m good with coffee, and cappuccino...and with sandwiches!”

“I’m sorry...but We can’t. I told you. It’s becoming ridiculous and embarrassing. Please...Mr. Trevor,...get out of this office, there are students outside this door that are waiting to see me. I can’t help you. I’m sorry.”

Victor seems lost. He lowers his head and slowly takes his jacket and scarf, going away. He closes the door behind him, walking through the aisle, walking fast to get rid of the people staring at him.

One of his student calls him. “Professor Trevor!!! Professor Trevor!!”

Victor pretends not to hear him, walking faster, going toward the exit door.

“Victor!!!” The student reaches him, grabbing him by the coat “Professor Trevor!”

Trevor turns, panting “...Mark...”

“Professor Trevor, I want to thank you for everything you’ve done for us. We are all shocked, and we know you don’t have any fault in the case, we hope Sarah and Daniel will come back home soon.”

“Yeah..” dejected “I hope it, too Mark. Thank you, you’re a kind guy” he smiles at him, gloomily.

“I read the poem...by Rimbaud.."Happiness". I loved it. We are all excited for the poetry day! Everyone wrote a poem, thanks to your tips and lessons..hope you won’t miss it, you’ll be there...right?”

Victor fakes a smile “No, Mark..I can’t.”

“But...you can just drop by and have a look, just to listen to our poems..You also wrote one! Why don’t you read it?”

“Mark...I can’t stay here anymore, I’ll just take my stuff and pack...I...I have to go away”

You won’t take part at the event??”

“no...I'm sorry.”

“But you organised it!”

“I know but...it’s....futile. These things I taught you are all senseless...they don’t mean anything.. It’s stupid. And I lied to you: you don’t get the meaning of your life reading a poem or a book, Mark.
You don’t understand your life by a few lines written by a poet you never met in your life. Don’t believe in it...it doesn’t have any sense. It’s just a book.”

Mark looks confused, frowning, then trying to say something “Ehm....”

Victor goes away, running down the stairs.

“You should"

Victor stops, looking back at him

“You should believe in what you taught us...because we believed in you. We still believe in you, just like we still believe in literature, and poetry. Sometimes a few lines of a quote can save a life.”

Victor doesn’t answer, standing still for few seconds, then running down the stairs. He walks down the road, taking a long breath “Do not cry, idiot, do not cry!” He huffs out and coughs, trying to hold back the tears.

Suddenly, his phone rings. He takes it and checks the voice mails. It's from Sarah. He runs as fast as he can, going back home. He jumps up the stairs, shuts the door, and still panting, presses play:

_Tell me!!! tell me where Daniel is!!!” “I don’t know!!!!!!! I don’t know!!!! Leave me!!! please....”_  
“Tell me!! You know where he is!! You know it little bitch where the fuck is Daniel???? where????”  
“Listen,...I won’t do nothing to both of you....if you tell me where Daniel is, I’ll bring you to him, and then I’ll let you free...ok?”

Victor freezes up, stepping back, panting. His eyes wide open, his hand on his mouth, shocked. He's trembling. Still panting and shivering,...he mutters: “....Mary...."

**BAKER STREET**

Mycroft is sitting in front of the fireplace, a bit sleepy. His left finger on his temple. When he hears the door opening, he whispers ’Sherlock’, clearing his throat and taking a long breath. He turns when Sherlock is on the living room’s doorstep, meeting his eyes. Mycroft knows Sherlock is upset, but he stills smiles at him.

Sherlock “We need to talk”

“I know” he replies, in a soft voice.

Sherlock doesn’t take his coat off and sits on his chair, taking his scarf off, holding in in his hands. He looks at Mycroft nervously.

“Mycroft...we called the CIA Inspector...he has never met Mary since the case began...he has never met her. She’s been lying to us all the time.”

Mycroft seems uninterested, not paying attention. Then answers calmly “I know”

“And I don’t know what’s going on with John..” Sherlock is still shaking, upset. “if...if he knows something about her....if...he’s simply afraid....I don’t know....also,...those photos of Victor,.I know he is not Moran, that he did nothing...but...” he turns away “Mycroft, I don’t know who I can trust anymore.” Sherlock is shaking, visibly upset ”Help me, please” He looks desperate. ”Only you can help me... John left me. We had a quarrel about...us...and he went away. I don’t know if I’ll see him anymore. I’m scared, Mycroft......Mycroft...?”
Mycroft rises his head, looking at his brother in the eyes, trying to take courage “Sherlock....I must tell you something.”

Sherlock’s confused, not understanding his brother’s intentions, frowning. "Is it about John?"

"No...no...it's me."

"Are you leaving? Why?"

"No-"

"Is it for the tea? I like it! I mean, you can improve but it's fine."

"Sherlock, it's not for the tea.."

Sherlock looks confused, not understanding his brother concern and sadness.

“....I’m ill, Sherlock...” Mycroft whispers, knowing he’s causing pain to his brother. Sherlock looks dejected, confused, shocked

"...And I don’t think I have much to live.”

Sherlock scarf falls on the floor. He doesn’t reply.

They don’t move, sitting on their chairs in front of each other, in silent.
MAKING PLANS

TONKOTSU BAR, LONDON. Early Morning.

Mary walks into the restaurant, still empty, going toward the counter, smiling at the cashier.

“We’re closed”

She keeps walking, getting closer to her, answering kindly. “..yes..I know, but I’m looking for Tatsuya Tanaka...is she there?

“She’s in the kitchen, just wait a second, I’ll call her.”

“Thanks”

After a few seconds, a small, middle aged woman gets outside the kitchen, hair tied up, wearing a dirty apron and a rag in her left hand. She looks tired and dejected.

“May I help you?”

Mary smiles. “Yes,...I know about Daniel, I know he's your son, and..I would like to know if he got in contact with you in the last few days.”

The woman looks at Mary with uncertainty.

Silence.

Mary clears her throat “Ok, you don’t know me and I understand you wouldn't trust me but,...I’m Daniel’s friend and I’m worried about him.”

Silence, again.

She continues, getting closer to her and talking in an intimate way. "I have a son, too. I know how you feel." Mary takes a pen on the counter and a napkin, writing. “This is my number...if you know something about him, will you call me, please?’”

The woman nods, not speaking, taking the napkin and lowering her head. Mary holds her hand “Be strong, I’ll do my best to bring Daniel home. I promise it.”

BAKER STREET

An opened suitcase is on the sofa, full of shirts and trousers. Mycroft is arranging his sweaters on the table. Sherlock enters in the living room, he looks gloomy. He notices the suitcase on the sofa, snapping at his brother. “You’re not going on holiday, Mycroft. it’s a hospital, you won’t wear your ties.”

“I didn’t take my ties” he answers, calmly.

"Yes but you put all your wardrobe in there! The best thing you’ll wear is a pyjama!”

Mycroft waits before answering, feeling Sherlock's stress and rage. “..You don’t have to go with me, if you don’t want to.”

Sherlock doesn't answer going in the kitchen to prepare tea.
The tv is on:

“A body has been found inside a car on fire in a field in Croxley Green. Firefighters found the body in the boot of the Volkswagen Jetta, which was parked near the river Gade. The Police said they were trying to identify the person and to determine the gender. The vehicle suffered extensive fire damage. A white gold ring has been found next to the body, which suggests that the victim is a woman, probably a young girl. A post-mortem examination to determine the cause of death is due to take place later. Local residents Rosemary and Paul Shackell said they were aware of the fire once they saw "thick black plumes of smoke" in the sky. <<You could hear either the tyres or the airbags going. There was another plume of smoke going up each time there was a bang>> Mr Shackell said. <<You don't really expect this on your doorstep>> he added. Inspector Lestrade said officers were treating it as a murder investigation and were following several lines of inquiry. He asked for anyone with any information about the car or who saw it being abandoned and set on fire to contact police.”

Sherlock turns the tv off, throwing the remote control on the table, while serving tea to Mycroft. Mycroft, taking the cuppa and sipping tea: “You don’t know anything?”

“No....”

“The corpse could be Sarah’s..”

“She IS Sarah..” He answers, angrily and sad.

“How would you know?”

“The ring..”

They are in front of each other.

“Did you call Lestrade?”

“No”

“Probably he’s coming after you.”

“No, he won’t.”

“You told him you’re out of the case, right?”

“Yes”

Mycroft laughs, shaking his head with disbelief. "..the fragility of the genius..”

“Why you ask me if you already got everything, it’s annoying.” Sherlock turns nervously sitting on the sofa.

Mycroft insists “Why did you leave the case?”

“Because it’s boring!”

“....Ok, so? What are you going to do? Stop investigating because John won’t help you anymore?”

“Don’t get involved! I know what I have to do.”

“I don’t think, since less than ten hours ago you were begging for help.”
Sherlock stares at Mycroft, sulking, then jumps out the sofa closing the suitcase “I’ll take you to the hospital”

“I can go by myself”

(louder) “No, you won’t.”

Mycroft shouts “Get out of here and find Daniel before Moran will kill him!”

Sherlock answers back, shouting more “I’m fucking tired of this case, ok? I’m not obligated to keep investigating if I don’t want to!”

“You promised to find Moran!”

“I didn’t”

“You can’t leave now.”

“Yes, I can. This case is boring, I’ll leave it. Why you care so much?”

Mycroft grabs Sherlock by his dressing gown, angrily. “You can’t leave now just because of John.”

“I’m not leaving because of him.”

“You’re a detective. Give Moran a name, and save Daniel’s life. I can’t help you anymore, Sherlock. Don’t you understand, YOU CAN’T LEAVE NOW!” he shouts.

Sherlock looks sad and tired. He takes a long breath.

Mycroft insists, trying to convince him, lowering his voice, speaking softly “Do it for me. It’s for your safety. If you don’t find her, you’ll risk your life. And I won’t let it happen.”

“You can’t do anything, anymore. We’re loosing, Mycroft. Let’s face it.” Sherlock answers, dejected.

“That’s because you are not trying enough.”

Mycroft turns, still staring at Sherlock, taking the suitcase, his coat and umbrella, ready to go.

KENSGINGTON

Molly is sitting on the sofa, finishing her tea.

Victor walks in, still upset, swallowing nervously “Molly...this is a copy of the voice mail” He hands her a usb.

“Now I’ll tell you what you have to do if something happens to me, ok?”

Molly, hesitantly “...why? what do you want to do?”

“.I want to talk to her...I have to save Sherlock’s life”

“Victor...why don’t you ask for Lestrade’s help?”

“No,...it would be dangerous, I want to try to talk to her, I want to settle for a compromise.” Molly looks frightened “I don't want to see her anymore, I can't-”

"Molly...we have to be brave, we’ll go to the funeral now, we’ll be next to her. We have to be calm,
and act normal....we just have to wait, and be patient. That's the only way to win her."

Molly looks at Victor with a mixture of kindness and concern, whispering. "You love him so much, don't you?"

Victor looks at her, frowning a bit, surprised, not answering.

"From the first time we met in the bus..when you showed me your notebook full of polaroids and scribbles of you and him at the school...you've always loved him...for so many years."

"We never stop loving someone. Even when we know that person belongs to someone else, or we quit a relationship badly and we don't want to see someone for the rest of our life. There'll always be a part of our heart that will always love that person forever."

"You think Sherlock doesn't love you back?"

Victor smiles. "I think in a way, he does. But it doesn't mean he belongs to me."

**CANADA WATER CHURCH**

The church is crowded. Sarah’s family is in the front row, her mum and sister are next to each other, holding hands, crying. On the other side of the church there’s Sherlock and Victor sitting next to each other. Behind them, John, Lestrade and Mary.

The priest: “The gospel of the Lord” All “Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.”

They all sit.

The priest walks slowly through the altar, looking at the people in front of him. “Sarah was a 21 years old girl...and the Lord knows that someone is behind this tremendous murder of a young girl, whose only crime was to be in love with someone who made a mistake. But we must understand that there's someone else behind their actions: a young woman was dragged in a dangerous story, and she didn’t have any fault. She is a martyr, killed to hide a truth too disturbing to be told. A mouth was closed, but not the truth. Because one day, the truth will be revealed, and Sarah’s death will turn against those who committed it. If not in this life, then in front of the Lord. And he won’t forgive a young girl’s murder, whose life was full of hopes and dreams. May she rest in peace. Stand up.”

Victor glances at Mary.

**OUTSIDE THE CHURCH**

Victor hugs Sarah’s sister, crying. Greg is standing on the church’s stairs, staring off into the distance. Sherlock is next to him.

“Poor girl...” His grimace expresses his displeasure. He looks at Sherlock. “So....are you sure about it?..”

Sherlock doesn't answer, looking at Victor, still crying and hugging Sarah’s sister, then she turns to Sherlock, weeping “You promised me....”

Sarah's friends and relatives look at Sherlock.

“You promised to keep her safe”

Her father holds her “Don’t blame him, he did his best...it’s not his fault.”
Sherlock looks away, embarrassed. John stares at him going away, with his hands in the coat pockets. Mary watches the whole scene, and gets closer to John, her hands on his left shoulder. “John” she whispers, kindly.

John turns surprised, looking at her angrily, and walks away.

“John, wait!”

John walks faster, uninterested.

“John!! I can explain...”

“No!” He shouts.

“You don’t even know what I have to tell you”

"I don’t want to know it"

"I came here for you!"

“Can you please stop running away from me??”

John stops, turning to her “I don’t care what you have to tell me”

“I want to tell you the truth”

“I don’t need it. I don’t want to know. I don’t care, I’m packing.”

“You're out of your mind John’

“Me??? I’m out of mind!! Not you! Right? It's always my fault! You’ve been lying to me since the first day we met!”

“This is not true...”

“You never told me the truth, you’ve been lying to me for months.”

“It was for your safety”

“I don’t fucking care about safety! You’re just making up excuses again! Shut up!!! Shut up!! I don’t want to hear you anymore! I don’t care anymore! Go away!! Go away from my life!”

Mary looks at him, shocked.“Ok,...fine...it’s over then? You don’t even want to know my reasons”

“Nothing can justify what you've done to me....” He says, dejected. “And I wouldn’t believe you anyway...” John tries to hold the tears. “It’s over, Mary...everything’s over.” He turns, going away, walking fast. Mary lowers her head, whispering “I know whose fault it is...” she turns, looking at Sherlock going away from the other side of the street. A child runs toward her, hands in pockets, head down. “The teacher..he knows it, madam, he knows the story! And he’s going to tell it to the class, soon, very soon! Exam time! Clock is ticking.”

Mary turns, eyes wide open, shocked.

THE NEXT DAY, LONDON UNIVERSITY, LECTURE HALL.

The hall is crowded. The students are reading their poems at the centre of the hall, with their sheets
on the bookstand. Teachers are listening carefully. The hall is covered with flowers and a banner with photos of Sarah on the wall. Victor's students look at him walking in, quietly. They all smile, Victor smiles back, looking at Mark.

“How’s going?” Victor whispers with a warm smile for his students.

“Good...there’s the dean, too!” A student points with the finger to the department head. Another student whispers to Victor’s ear from behind “There’s the press, too...one of them made a recording with the camera when Mark was reading, he got too excited and stuttered” he laughs, snorting. They all giggle.

Victor “Shh!!”, whispering “Keep quite!”

Mark “Come on professor Trevor! Let’s go to the bookstand and read your poetry! Did you bring it?”

“Yes, I did..but..I don’t think that’s appropriate right now, after what happened...there’s the dean too, he wouldn’t approve it.”

"You organized this event and anyway, you got fired, so they can’t do you anything, don’t you think?"

A student has just finished reading her poem when Mark walks in, taking the microphone and speaking, clearing his throat “And now, let me introduce you professor Trevor, who organized this event. A great teacher and a beloved friend for us all.”

Victor students clap their hands while Victor walks through the hall and everyone turn to stare at him.

He gets toward the bookstand, taking a long breath, coughing and arranging the microphone.

“Thanks, Mark. Thanks to all of you...my students. Thanks for all the things you’ve taught me, thanks for your support and your help.”

[Soundtrack: Making Plans]

He stares at his class, moved “This is for you guys, who wake up everyday and fight your life's battle: young students who want to be special, think different, and live an extraordinary life. Boys and girls...who believe the greatest and bravest thing in life is to wake up, study, and do what they love and enjoy most in life. Just like Sarah, a beautiful, clever woman who loved books and writing. When we live a tragic event, it always remind us how life is the greatest gift we have, and despite the hard times, the failures, the losses, we must live it to the fullest and fight for our dreams. Many of my students talked to me about their dreams during the classes, some of them want to be writers, others teachers, other simply don't know what they want to do in their life, and that's good. You'll find out one day. We’ve talked about art in our class, about poetry, ...and there’s a stupid idea that you have to be arrogant or miserable to create it. I’ve heard it, many times. And it’s not right. It’s nonsense. You have to believe in yourself, you have to be kind, and work hard. And enjoy and love what you do. That’s it. And take care of yourself, because it’s not selfish. And if you love doing something, but you don’t know how to get it, start somewhere. The rest will begin by itself, cause if it’s meant to be, it will happen anyway. If not, you’ll understand it one day. My poem is entitled Making Plans:

“I spent all my life making plans. Not any longer. Now I spend the days remembering the good intentions which vanished. In part because of laziness, in part because of carelessness. What’s wrong with feeling nostalgic?
John walks in Greg’s living room, holding a duffel bag.

Greg “Leave it here, don’t worry.”

John puts the bag on the sofa “It will be just for tonight, don’t worry.”

“It’s fine, no problem...you can stay as much as you want.”

“I found a good apartment, but I have to wait until tomorrow to get in.”

Greg’s phone rings. “Mike” he whispers.

“Mycroft?”

“Y-yes...he...he’s in hospital.”

“Why?” John asks worried and surprised.

“He must have surgery in a couple of days.”

John frowns “..why? What happened?”

“He’s ill.” Greg reveals, slowly.

“Ill?...how? why?..” He asks, incredulous “We saw him a couple of days ago.”

“I know, he didn't say anything cause he didn’t want to worry us...He’s got cancer. He must have surgery this week, he discovered it late that's why they decided to operate him immediately. If the operation goes well, he’ll need months of chemotherapy,...it won’t be easy.”

John looks dejected and shocked “I didn’t know it...I...he seemed to feel good...I couldn’t imagine..and Sherlock didn’t tell me anything.”

“Neither Sherlock knew it, Mycroft told him yesterday night. That’s why he doesn’t want to go on with the case.”

“He told you so?”

“Yes...he sent me a message, right after it. And after you and him argued.”

“How you know we argued??” John frowns angrily.

Greg rolls his eyes, sighing annoyed.

“So he left the case? Sherlock???”

“Yes! Because of you!”

“You said he left because of Mycroft.”

“It's for both! anyway, if you didn’t leave him he would still look for Daniel.”
“It’s not my fault, I don’t want to help him for the case anymore, Greg, that’s it.”

“So you neither want to help me?”

“No!”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, you two are leaving me alone in this case just because you don’t talk to each other!”

“We did and it was a disaster! And we decided to not see each other anymore, and I want to start my life again now, ok?”

“Why?”

John takes time, breathing deeply, biting his lower lip while looking at Greg “Do you remember when this case started and we were in your office and you asked me to come back with Sherlock after he came back from death?”

“Sure..” Greg crosses his arms.

“I told you that I came back just to help him for the case...you remember?”

Greg rises his eyes, thinking “Mmmm...yes”

“But I didn’t keep the promise. I involved myself again into Sherlock’s life, and it was a mistake. Now I learnt the lesson...but please, Greg, don’t try getting me involved in this stuff again, because it’s over. Me and Sherlock, over..I won’t help him anymore, I won’t write about the cases anymore, or- oh, right, I just remembered I have to close the blog.”

Greg swallows nervously looking sad “You...seriously want to end all this?”

“It was a disaster. A complete disaster. I’m not blaming you..I’m just saying it was an error..me trying to come back to him and...then Victor, and...” he takes a long breath, dejected “you know it, I don’t have to tell you the whole story...” John turns, looking at the bag. “you know what? Maybe I shouldn't sleep here, sorry”. Suddenly John takes his bag, going toward the door.

"John, come on, what are you doing" Greg closes the door in front of him.

"I made a mistake sorry...sorry Greg, I shouldn't be here..I didn't have to ask you for help."

Greg, surprised: "Why? What are you talking about?"

"I don't want to involve myself into this, not again! We were talking about Sherlock again, and I don't want this..I can't change my life if I still keep talk to you about him"

"Well then don't do it."

"No, because every time i'm with you it happens that you start talking about Sherlock and feelings, and what I should tell him...and you drag me into this, and I don't want it to happen again."

"John...." Greg turns John, facing him, concerned. "Are you okay?"

"Stop telling me what I should do."

"I've never told you what you should do.." Greg answers, looking hurt and gloomy.
“Yes, Greg, and it went wrong. Always...I am fine..probably I just need to be alone for a while. Sorry.”

John shuts the door behind him. Greg stands in silence.

From: Victor
To: Mary
Hi mary...It’s Victor. I want to talk to you..can we meet in my winery in Soho?

From: Mary
To: Victor
Sure! :) No problem...see you there.

KENSINGTON

Victor is dressing, putting on a blue shirt and dark blue trousers with a brown belt. He takes hand cream while looking at himself in the mirror. Sherlock is sitting on the sofa, chatting with his phone, Victor’s dog is next to him.

From: Sherlock
To: Mycroft
How’s the room?

From: Mycroft
To: Sherlock
Surprisingly blue, with white dots. I feel like I’m in a kindergarten.

From: Sherlock
To: Mycroft
See you soon. I’ll be there in a couple of hours.

From: Mycroft
To: Sherlock
You saw me yesterday, nothing changed since then.

From: Sherlock
To: Mycroft
I'll just check that you're annoying everyone in your department.

From: Mycroft
To: Sherlock
Are you coming to tell me bedtime stories?

From: Sherlock
To: Mycroft
I could come to poison you and you wouldn't notice.

From: Mycroft
To: Sherlock
I'll settle for the bedtime story.
Victor enters in the living room in a hurry, Sherlock notices his agitation. “Where did I put my watch? It is here?”

“Where are you going?”

Victor smiles, then answers ‘I’ll meet a friend.’

“You’re lying.”

Victor laughs.

“Do I know him?”

“Why? Are you jealous?” putting perfume on and taking the watch on the table. He walks toward Sherlock, leaning down and kissing him on the cheek, looking at him. Sherlock is munching biscuits, staring at the phone and notices Victor is staring at him ‘Why are you staring me? have you never seen my face before?’

Victor smiles ‘yes, and it’s beautiful.’ he kisses Sherlock once more.

‘Bye honey’

Sherlock, still munching biscuits ‘Bye’

Victor opens the door, but Sherlock stops him. “What should I do with your dog? Shouldn’t he get out or something?”

‘Take a walk with him, just for half an hour.’

‘Will you be home late?’

Victor stops. ‘...maybe, no...I won’t. I’ll be home soon, don’t worry, bye love.’

CITY STAY BED & BREAKFAST, LONDON

The tv is on.

"My dear Watson, I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected.”

“Holmes! Is it really you? Can it in- deed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?”

The tv is on, volume high. John is lying on the bed, Japanese food is already finished, but he's still drinking beer.

“Wait a moment, are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance.”

John watches the scene.

“I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you — you of all men—should be standing in my study!”

“Same reaction as mine” John comments, sarcastically, holding a glass of whisky. He takes the phone and stands up, staggering and sipping once more before putting the glass on the bedside table and taking his jacket.
FROM: John
TO: Sherlock
Where are you?? can we talk?? loike now?? k???

FROM: Sherlock
TO: John
Are you drunk?

From: Sherlock
To: John
No, that wasn't a question. Why are you drunk?

FROM: John
TO: Sherlock
Fuck you, I'm coming to baker sreet nwo I dont care if youre there or not i ll wait anywyay we have to talk ok????

FROM: Sherlock
TO: John
....ok.

SOHO, WINE BAR.

Victor and Mary are sitting in front of each other. Victor hands her his phone, pressing play.

“Tell me!!! tell me where Daniel is!!!” “I don’t know!!!!!!! I don’t know!!!! Leave me!!! please....”
“Tell me!! You know where he is!! You know it little bitch where the fuck is Daniel???? where?????”

“Listen,...I won’t do nothing to both of you....if you tell me where Daniel is, I’ll bring you to him, and then I’ll let you free...ok?”

Mary stares at Victor calmly, smiling.

“You killed a 21 years old girl....” Silent. Victor takes a long breath, trying to look calm and steady.
“You betrayed us all...none could forgive you for what you’ve done.

Mary doesn’t answer, staring him careless.

"You've nothing to say?"

"Why am I here?"

"Why you accepted to see me?"

"Because I know you know"

"So?"

"So you don't want to arrest me, you would have called Lestrade." Silent.

♯[Soundtrack: HER SMILE]♫
Mary takes a long breath, staring at Victor giving him a quick smile. “I could kill you right now and nobody would notice it”

Victor smiles back, nervously. “If something happens to me, Molly will give a usb drive with this recording to Lestrade. And then everyone will know you’re the villain. Even John.”

“So?” She answers, rising her voice nervously. "What's the deal?"

“I don’t want Sherlock to know it. Neither John or Lestrade...but you must do what I tell you.”

“What?”

“You must go away, and never come back again. I’ll give you the privilege to not be guilted for what you’ve done. But you don’t have to kill Sherlock, and you must go away from here. Far, far away. And never come back again.” Victor stands up, taking his phone. “Do what I told you...if you want to save your life.”

Mary watches Victor going away, slowly standing up, and going toward the exit door. She takes a step outside the wine bar, looking around, and slowly walking away, keeping her hands in the black fur coat pockets. Three motorcycles run fast on the street toward Victor, who’s crossing the road, shooting him in the back. He falls on the ground, the phone crushes.

Mary shows a smile on her face, coughing, slowly walking away, while people on the street shout and get closer to Victor, calling the ambulance.

**SCOTLAND YARD**

Mary walks in Lestrade’s office, talking on the phone, whispering. “So...is it done?...good. And Molly? Great” She waits, then smiles “Good...good job.”

She knocks at the door, slowly walking in, peering at Greg, who's focused on reading documents on his desk.

“Hey” she whispers, smiling.

“Mary” Greg answers, surprised.

Mary walks in silently, sitting on the chair in front of him.

“I’m here because I want to tell you the truth. I want to help you with the case Greg. it's time now.”

“You...” he peers at her "you have a lot of things to say...”

Mary smiles “Yes...yes, I know. That’s why I’m here. I want this case closed just like you. Let’s close it together.”

“Yes but...you can’t go on if you don’t tell me the truth first, we knew you resigned from your job at CIA before this case started, and you've lied all the time...why?”

They stare at each other, then Mary speaks. “I lied to protect Sherlock, and John. Victor Trevor was involved in the Moran case since the beginning. I’ve lied to you, to all of you..to get closer to him. But now it's over. The case is almost complete." She smirks.

Greg frowns, shocked and surprised, not sure about her intentions. “And what about the Holmes brothers?...and John?”

Mary crosses her hands, getting closer to him. “Sherlock has nothing to say, Greg...he’s over. Defeated. He’s the past. He won’t help you anymore, and you know it. If you want to close this case, I’m the only one who can help you.” She holds his hand, reassuring him.

Greg nods, showing her a pile of documents, talking to her.

**LONDON HOSPITAL**

The doctor opens the door, Mycroft rises his head, he looks nervous. “Are you ready?”
“Yes” He nods, taking a long breath. He closes the book in front of him, putting it on the table next to him.

A nurse goes toward the doctor, he turns to her “Get Holmes, he must have surgery right now.” “Why?” she asks, doubtful.

“Because tomorrow would be too late.”

Mycroft takes his phone for one last time, checking it.

FROM: Mycroft
TO: Sherlock

Goodnight little brother.

BAKER STREET

♫[Soundtrack: SING ME TO SLEEP]♬

Sherlock is looking through the window, randomly checking his phone, thoughtful. John walks in, shutting the door, still panting. Sherlock turns, frowning surprised. Sherlock doesn't talk, he just looks at John, who keeps walking slowly toward him. “I'm going away. I'll leave London.” he mumbles, still drunk. Sherlock tries to reply but John stops him. "I won't write on the blog anymore, if you want you can use it for your future cases."

"John-

"Or you can close it, I don't care anyway."

"you're drunk.." Sherlock comments, hoping he doesn't mean a word he says.

"I don't fucking care! I'm leaving you, I'm leaving London, everything, I've been waiting much too long."

Sherlock feels his heart dropping, but not replying, trying to look calm. "wh--" he mutters "when are you leaving?"

"I don't know" John mumbles, disoriented "in a week, maybe." He turns, going toward downstairs. Suddenly he gets a message.

FROM: GREG
TO: JOHN

Victor is dead. How are we gonna tell Sherlock?

He suddenly freezes, trying to take breath, shocked, turning to look at Sherlock, who suddenly frowns.

"Something wrong?"

Mrs. Hudson walks in the living room, shaking, weeping. “Oh..Sherlock..”
“Mrs Hudson..what happened?”

She covers her mouth with her hand, shaking.

Sherlock gets closer to her, trying to comfort her “Are you okay?” in a soft voice. Sherlock turns, looking at John, getting nervous. (louder) "What the hell happened???

“Sherlock..” she tries to grab Sherlock's dressing gown, shaking. "...Victor...and Molly..” Sherlock looks at her worried.

“They shot them....” She cries.

Sherlock swallows nervously "...who? wh- what happened?"

John walks back toward the living room. 'Jesus...'

Mrs. Hudson: “They shot them...” Sherlock's mouth drops open as he stares at John.

Mrs Hudson continues: "She's in the hospital, she pulled through...but Victor...” Mrs. Hudson looks at Sherlock, crying, trying to take courage. “Oh Sherlock I'm so sorry.....”

Sherlock suddenly loses control, falling on the chair, shaking. He stares blankly into space, shocked, not talking.

John grabs him, putting his hand on Sherlock's shoulder. "Sherlock" he whispers. Sherlock looks up at John, tears rolling down his face. John gets Sherlock closer to him, hugging him, Sherlock leans against John's chest.

"No..." he cries "not him, please...please, no."
Baker Street

The rain is hitting the window, leaning against the glass and slowly falling down. The curtains are half closed, and only a little ray of sunshine lights up the room, giving the room different shadows on the floor. Baker Street is cold and dark. The press is outside the flat, waiting to see someone coming outside to take a photo and get an interview. Mrs. Hudson is downstairs, hearing the press outside chatting and calling her, but she refuses to go out.

“How does he feel?” A low, scratched voice talks to Mrs. Hudson throughout the phone, she’s sitting on the chair, next to the table. Her left arm on her temple, face down, speaking in a low voice. “He’s always in his room, or curled up on the sofa sleeping. I think he’s taking sedatives. He doesn’t eat...barely talks.” She takes a moment to breath deeply. “Oh, John...I can hear him crying in the night,...he often goes to the bathroom to throw up...he’s so pale...” John doesn’t reply.

“...Will you...I mean...”

“Yes, Mrs. Hudson, I’ll help him. Don’t worry.”

“If you don’t want to just tell me...I know what you two have been through,...”

“It doesn’t matter now.”

“Maybe he’ll feel a little better with you.”

Sherlock is standing in the hallway, trying to focus. He slowly walks, shaking, toward the kitchen. Victor’s dogs bark in the living room, wagging their tails. Sherlock puts a hand on the table, trying not to lose balance. He turns, looking at the kitchen: he sees Victor everywhere, he can still hear his voice while looking around. He goes toward the living room, sitting in his chair, staring at the box with all the stuff Victor left in Baker Street, then stands up, going toward the bookshelf.

He stares at it, touching the books with his soft fingers and taking one: The Little Prince. He opens the first page: there’s a note, Sherlock reads the poem written in it.
(Some things, once you've loved them, become yours forever. And if you try to let them go they only circle back and return to you. They become part of who you are...or they destroy you.)

Sherlock swallows, coughing to hold back the tears, and taking the note. He turns it and reads something:

Take the Elvis vinyl, it's on the bookshelf next to the window. There’s a pen drive for you. (I know you would have read it, one day..)

Sherlock frowns, still stoned and confused, searching in the box through Victor’s stuff. He takes Elvis’s vinyl and finds a pen drive inside it, hen takes the laptop and quickly reads the usb, where he finds an audio file:

“Tell me!!! tell me where Daniel is!!!” "I don’t know!!!!!!! I don’t know!!!! Leave me!!! please...." "Tell me!! You know where he is!! You know it little bitch where the fuck is Daniel???? where?????

“Listen,...I won’t do nothing to both of you....if you tell me where Daniel is, I’ll bring you to him,
and then I’ll let you free...ok?”

Sherlock doesn’t move, eyes wide open in shock while listening to the audio. He turns, looking at Victor's dogs: “Time to get ready, the show is on.”

LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL, MORGUE.

Sherlock walks through the morgue hall toward the exit door, when suddenly Mary appears, opening the door, quickly running to Sherlock.

“Oh, Sherlock” she cries, hugging him tightly. “Thanks for calling me, I’m glad I can be with you in this hard time, I just can’t find the words for what happened to Victor...”

Sherlock looks away, doesn’t move and doesn’t hug her, she suddenly steps back, keeping her arms away, frowning nervously. Sherlock keeps walking slowly toward the exit door going outside, a hearse is waiting for him. He opens the door, looking at her “Come inside, there’s a seat for you too.” She stands still for a while, thoughtful, unsure of Sherlock’s intentions. The driver opens the car door for her “Please, madam.” She feels uncomfortable while sitting next to the window seat, trying to avoid Sherlock’s look.

The car leaves the hospital to go to the cemetery. Sherlock and Mary are sitting next to each other, he looks tired, dejected, Mary looks nervous "Why I'm here?"

"You said you're glad to be with me in this hard time. It's Victor's hearse, he's right behind us, he's probably having a laugh now looking at us..."

Mary looks anxious but tries to hide it.

“Do you remember what the priest said?” Sherlock breaks the silence.

Mary turns, thoughtful.

“He said that God sees everything...that he knows everything. Do you believe that?”

“Yes”

“I don’t. If God knew and saw who killed Sarah...why he didn’t protect her?” He slowly turns to look at her. Mary swallows nervously. “If he really knew...if he really knew about Victor, why he did nothing? That’s why I never believed. God is a concept by which we measure our pain. If he really exists..then he also knows who has killed Sarah and Victor. He also knows that we had to stay right here today, in this car, behind Victor's coffin, he knew we belonged here...”

She turns away, looking out the car window, not answering.

“We would like to believe in someone who can save us, we would like to believe that we know what we’re going to do tomorrow and how to manage our life,...but we don’t. Neither God knows. He neither knows how this story is going to end.” They both turn to stare at each other, Sherlock adds a sad smirk on his face but his eyes betrays him, he’s devastated, and the dark circles under his eyes confirm it. Mary looks away, breathing nervously, feeling the tension rising.

LONDON CEMETERY

♫ [Soundtrack: FLEET FOXES - MEADOWLARK] ♪

The air is cold and damp, a light rain is falling down, touching Sherlock’s hair, who’s standing in front of Victor’s grave. He touches it with his left hand, thoughtful. He stands in silent for a while, shivering.

“I just...want to say that I read your poetry.” He stops, holding back the tears, breathing deeply. “It’s beautiful, and I know it’s too late now. Sorry if I never read it. I know you felt bad every time I told you I didn’t read it. Sorry if I didn’t care. Sorry if I never cared as much as you cared.”

He tries to hold the tears “Why you didn’t tell me anything? I would have saved you! You would be here now.” He rests a red rose on Victor's grave, whispering "Thank you...thank you for everything,
Thank you for teaching me how to love, thank you for teaching me how to forgive, that kindness is a form of strength, that we should always believe in what we do, and never give up, even when the whole world is against us.”

Sherlock raises his head and see Victor’s students walking toward him, followed by Greg, John and Mrs. Hudson, that form a circle around Victor’s grave. His students hug each other, crying, some of them leave books and poems next to the grave and lighting candles. A group of them go toward Sherlock to offer condolences, but he keeps staring at Mary with a cold and impassive look. She pretends not to see him, and looks away, but every time she turns, Sherlock is staring at her, with the same blank look in his eyes. While everyone goes to Sherlock, Mary slowly steps back, slowly walking away, but Greg stops her “Mary!”

She startles, noticing Greg getting closer “I—I should....Greg, I have to go now...sorry”. He stops her, grabbing her by the shoulder “Wait, where are you going? are you okay?” he peers at her, frowning confused.

“Yes!” She snaps at him “I must go, sorry!”

She runs away, Greg looks confused and notices Sherlock still staring at her.

A well known voice makes Greg turn: it’s John. He smiles shyly. “Ehi..”, moving his feet uncomfortably.

“John...” Greg smiles. “How are you?”

“Fine...ehm...” he turns around, coughing. “I—I should probably apologise.” Greg smiles “Come on..."

“No, seriously...I’m.” he shakes his head. “I was a dickhead, sorry. You were trying to help me and I acted like a moron.”

“It’s fine, it’s only me. I shouldn’t tell you what you have to do. It's your life"

John takes a huge gasp “Probably I should...stay with him.” He peers at Greg, to see a reaction “It’s not a good moment for him...Mycroft,...and Victor...I’m worried he could do something dangerous..”

Greg looks at John “Not when he’s with you. As long as you’ll be with him, he’s safe...”

A little smile appears on John’s face. “I always need your words, now and then” They both smile. John turns, to see Sherlock staring at something, he frowns, confused, looking around and realises Mary has gone.

**BAKER STREET**

11:00 pm

Sherlock is standing in front of the window, he wears the red dressing gown, with a white, dirty t-shirt and a grey jogger.

He's on the phone: “Greg...” he whispers, with his scratched voice. “how he feel?....”

He nods “are you going to stay with him?...tonight?........ok.....call me if something happens, ok?...thank you, bye.” Sherlock turns the phone off and looks through the window: it starts raining again.

♬[Soundtrack: YOU NEVER NEED NOBODY]♬

He suddenly hears little steps coming up the stairs, and turns slowly, sensing it's John.

“Sherlock” he whispers.

Sherlock smiles “Ehi...”

“Can I come in?” He asks, licking his lower lip.
“Sure..”

John stands still for a while, embarrassed, rubbing his left hand while looking around, walking slowly toward Sherlock.

“How you feel?”

“Good” Sherlock smiles.

“I saw a missed call before, sorry, I didn’t reply cause I was coming right here...”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“What did you want?”

“Hm?”

“You had to...tell me something? Why you called me? I’m here...”

Sherlock sees the pen drive on the table, then looks at John. “Nothing...nothing important.”

“You sure?”

“Yes...” he smiles again.

John gets closer to him, looking into his eyes, behind the sad smile. “I know this period is not great for you,...and I know you probably need someone you want to talk to, so...if you need anything, or just...somebody...even if...even if we-

Suddenly Sherlock grabs John’s shirt, hugging him tightly, bursting into tears.

John hugs him back, tightly, closing his eyes, feeling Sherlock’s bones under the dressing gown. “I’m here, Sherlock...I’m here.” John tries to hold back the tears “I’m sorry.”

“It’s my fault.”

“Sherlock....it’s not-

“He would have done anything for me...I didn’t deserve him...I didn’t deserve his love...I was selfish, it’s my fault.”

John hugs him tightly, stroking his back “He wanted to save you...” John comments with a broken voice.

“Tell me you won’t go away, John. Please.”

“Sherlock..” John answers, shocked and confused.

“I don’t want to lose you, too.” He weeps. “Stay with me, please. Please John, don’t go away.” “I won’t....I’m here..I’ll always be.”

They hug each other as they stand next to the window. The light rain outside turns into a thunderstorm, and suddenly the living room seems warmer and the sofa smaller than it ever was for both of them. They lie down all night and keep each other warm and safe: John feels Sherlock's soft curls under his chin, passing his hand through them, and slowly caressing Sherlock's cheek, feeling his tears falling down, whispering "it's okay, I'm here..I'm here Sherlock.", kissing him on the head.
John feels Sherlock's hands around his waist and behind his back, the skinny and soft fingers shaking and slowly meeting his right hand. Their bodies are perfectly intertwined as they slowly fall asleep in tears and pain, still hearing the rain falling outside, until the first light of the morning shines through the window to wake them up.
Sherlock is lying on the sofa, still sleeping, while a thin beam of light shines through the window, reaching his angular face and gently showing his curly hair and his profile to John, who smiles looking at him. Sherlock slowly wakes up, smelling John's perfume next to him, his head is still spinning from the cries he shared with John last night. He turns, looking at the living room: the fireplace is lighten, and a gently smell of coffee and croissants crowds the room. He knows who's there.

"John" He whispers, turning to face him.

"Sherlock" John lies down next to him. "How you feel?"

Sherlock smiles back at him, softly. "Did you prepare breakfast?"

"Yeah, sure. I mean-not,...me...the bakery."

They both look at each other, smiling.

"Hungry?"

"Starving."

They both stand up, sitting at the dining table. John takes a croissant, while looking at Sherlock, who drinks coffee. "Take a bite...you're a pale as a sheet."

Sherlock peers at him out of the corner of his eye, smiling. "How you feel?"

"Better"

"Good."

"I didn't expect you here"

"You didn't want me?"

"No, I didn't expect you'd be still here...it's....surprising. It doesn't mean I don't appreciate it."

John, feeling uncomfortable, changes the subject "Are you going at the show tonight? They're giving awards, the Sherlock cast will be there."

"No"

"They invited us"

"I won't go"

"The fans and the press are outside, they want to see the real superhero tonight." John smiles,
ironically. Sherlock pretends not to look at him, hiding his smile, reading the newspaper. John continues: "They tried to get in and interview Mrs. Hudson but she slammed the door."

They both laugh.

"Why, she hadn't make up on?"

"No, she said they all lie anyway."

"Will you...go?"

"I don't think."

"Why?...you seem interested"

"Yeah,...but I'm not going alone."

"So what"

"Just John Watson? No Sherlock Holmes?? Come on..."

"You can go with Mary. Or Lestrade."

John stops munching for a bit, staring at Sherlock. "I won't go with her, and I still have to apologize to Lestrade."

"Well...you can pretend it's 1895 for a night."

"I'm not the John Watson they show on tv."

"I know. You're smarter.' Sherlock smiles at him. Suddenly, the phone rings.

[LESTRADE CALLING]

Sherlock stands up, walking away, worried. John follows him, but Sherlock's hand stops him. "Lestrade. What happened? Is he alright??"

John looks at Sherlock with concern.

"Nothing...don't worry, your bother is fine....I called for something else."

Sherlock feels John's attention on him and walks close to the door, opening it. He whispers ".what."

"Mary."

"What happened?" he whispers.

"I can't find her! Her phone is off, yesterday she looked scared and worried...she's helping me, you know.. since you left me alone...I had to find someone else...I've been looking for her for hours...her flat is empty. I'm afraid something happened to her, Sherlock."

"Give me five minutes, I'll be out and call you."

Sherlock quickly goes inside the flat and takes his coat, John frowns, not understanding what's going on. "Where are you going?"

"Nothing...it's...for...Lestrade you know...."
"I'm coming, too. I want to help him."

"No! you can't! It's too dangerous."

"Why?? what? dangerous? Sherlock, come on!"

John grabs Sherlock's arm, while he's trying to open the door and go away "Tell me what's going on, who are you protecting? Tell me!"

Sherlock looks at him, panting, not answering, opening the door and going away. John turns, laughing ruefully.

**OUTSIDE BAKER STREET**

Sherlock runs, calling a cab, waving his head on the street, talking on the phone. "Lestrade...put a bounty on Mary."

"...wh--what? why?"

"Mary is Moran."

**EAST LONDON BARRY HOUSE B&B**

Mary is pacing rapidly between the door and the window, looking repeatedly at the phone on the bed. Suddenly she gets a call. She peers at the number, trying to figure out who it belongs to, painting, biting her nails. She takes the phone and goes toward the window's curtain, hiding behind it, and looking out the street to see if anybody is out.

She takes the call, keeping her voice calm and low, waiting a few seconds before answering. "....Hello?"

"Mary?"

"Who is calling?"

"I'm Patricia."

"....who?"

"Patricia,...Daniel's mother."

Mary looks surprised, her eyes wide open. "Where's Daniel?"

"He called me!" Daniel's mother sounds happy and smiling through the phone, excited to tell the news to Mary.

"Ok, but where's he?" Mary asks, nervously.

"You are from the police..right?" Daniel's mother asks, confused.

"Of course..of course I am! I work with Inspector Lestrade. You can trust me."

"He's in London, he's always been. Tonight he is going to the Sherlock tv awards..."

Mary smiles."Oh, really? What a coincidence..I'm going there, too. It'll be a pleasure to see him, Patricia."
Mary switches the phone off, looking outside the window once more, and disappearing behind the
curtains.

**LONDON HOSPITAL**

**LATE AFTERNOON**

Sherlock walks fast through the hallway, nervously glancing at the people and doctors walking next
to him. He stops at room n.7, slowly opening the door.

He sees his brother, sleeping unconsciously. Next to him there's Greg, half-asleep, sitting on a chair
with his head down, snoring. The door creaks a bit, and Greg wakes up, shaking his head, trying to
focus.

Sherlock looks embarrassed. "Sorry...didn't mean to wake you up"

"Don't worry,..." Greg stands up, rubbing his eyes with his fingers "It's fine."

"I didn't expect you here" Sherlock admits.

"Oh well,.I...just dropped by..you know." Greg answers, embarrassed.

"Thank you."

Greg turns, looking Sherlock in the eyes "He'll be fine, don't worry."

Sherlock looks at Mycroft once more before turning to Greg "Well, since you're here...it's time to
show you a research I did before about a woman called Seraphita Sebastian Moran."

Greg looks at the laptop Sherlock is holding, smirking.

**BAKER STREET**

**LATE EVENING**

John is in the flat, looking around, walking through the living room, confused. Mrs Hudson is
standing by the dining table, she looks at John with concern, who holds his phone and tries to call
Sherlock. He doesn't answer.

"Why do you always keep me away from it?" John whispers, his words full of angst and anger.
"Maybe he wants to protect you." Mrs Hudson answers.

"Why?" John shouts.

Mrs Hudson jumps and flails, going away. "Somebody is at the door, better check it..."

John peers at the usb on the table, he takes it, and goes upstairs, taking his laptop. When he comes
back in the living room, Daniel's mother knocks at the door, followed by Mrs Hudson.

John turns, while putting the laptop on the table, frowning, confused. "Who's she?"

"She's-

Patricia stops Mrs. Hudson, walking in. "I'm Daniel's mother."

"Oh."

John answers, surprised, but still confused.
"I know there's a tv show tonight on tv about Sherlock Holmes-"

John looks irritated "sorry I don't...I won't go, I'm not interested in-"

Patricia stops him "I'm not here for it, I'm not...a fan..."

"So what do you want?" John answers, pissed.

"I know there's a bounty on Mary Morstan."

Suddenly John freezes.

"I've been in contact with Inspector Lestrade, I know she'll be at the Awards tonight, I wanted to warn Scotland Yard and Mr. Holmes. Is he there?"

"Oh my God" John answers softly, his voice full of horror.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

The press and paparazzi are outside, interviewing and taking photos at the actresses and famous people from the star system. Inside, the audience is sitting quietly, waiting for the show to begin. Sherlock actors are all sitting next to each other, chatting. A journalist gets closer to the actor who plays professor Moriarty.

"The tv show is breaking all the records this year, do you expect to win many awards tonight?"

Richard Brook smiles, giggling with the actors "I don't know, I'm glad I'm part of this show, and we are all proud of this success, this is all thanks to our devoted fans."

"Are we going to see the real characters of this show tonight?" The journalist turns, to ask the question to Jeremy Brett, the actor who portrays Sherlock Holmes. "What do you think of the real man, Sherlock? The man behind the cases? Have you ever been in touch with him? People said he may be here, tonight."

Jeremy Brett smiles "I'm proud to portray such a genius and great human being. I'm not sure we're going to see him, tonight. He hates it!" He laughs. "But I'd be glad to meet him, one day."

The journalist turns to face Amanda Abbington "And what about Mary?, it's confirmed she'll be here tonight."

"Oh really?" The actress comments, smiling surprised.

"What do you like about Watson's wife?"

"Her kindness, bravery...and her talent. She's the typical Victorian woman, but she's also capable of standing beside Watson and help Holmes in the Sign of Four."

The host get on stage, the camera is on. They are ready to begin.

FROM: MARY
TO: SHERLOCK
The Royal Albert Hall's basement. See you there.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL THE DRESSING ROOMS
"So...we're finally here...me and you, the final game."

"You remind me of someone else..." Sherlock answers, walking silently, trying to understand where her voice comes from.

Mary smiles "Someone you killed three years ago?"

"He shot himself."

"That was your fault" Mary appears in front of Sherlock, pointing a gun at him.

Sherlock slowly rises his hands "So..that's why you're here, Seraphita."

"You don't know anything."

"I do...I got the tape." She looks at him surprised.

"The tape you kept behind the painting at the hotel....and now I want to tell you a story. Just to check if you've got good memory. Three years ago the Moriarty's web planned to kill me and share the money the Russian spies were ready to give you once the case was closed. But when I faked my death, only one of the gang got arrested, Ronald Adair, and he didn't reveal the name of the other accomplices to the police. Two days later, the police found a body burnt dead, and a credit card with your name next to it, so the police assumed it was you. But your gang knew it wasn't you, but another collaborator, Duran. While Adair was in jail, Duran disappeared, and someone spread the news that you were dead. Hard to think it was a coincidence. You knew there was a good surgeon that could help you change your identity. And a month after Duran's disappearance, the surgeon was killed by a truck on the street. The universe is rarely so lazy. When Adair went out of prison, he came back to London to meet his collaborator, Moran, to have his money back. Adair found Moran, but Moran had another face, and another name. But the same killer instinct....and unfortunately, Adair found himself with a stab in the back. And I'm sure that Seraphita Sebastian Moran is in front of me right now."

Mary laughs "Fantastic. Really nice story. What a drama queen, but I'll kill you, Sherlock, like I killed the rest of useless idiots who dared to go against me."

"You want to kill me, why? The police is on your way, everyone is looking for you, you're dead, Seraphita. The game is over."

"You don't know anything."

"Then tell me your story."

"Why?"

"After Reichenbach you've buried Moriarty under the grave of a woman named Mary Morstan. You took her identity and escaped from Moriarty's gang, they knew you weren't dead, but for the rest of the world you were somebody else: Mary. You didn't kill Adair for the money, you were afraid he could reveal your identity. You got closer to John, creating a new identity just to get to me. Why."

"You were the last piece of the puzzle."

"The last piece you wanted to kill to get your new identity. But it can't be enough...you killed all those people...Adair..Tanaka, Sarah.." Sherlock takes a deep breath "Victor..."

"Do you remember Reichenbach?"
"Of course."

"The day I kidnapped the two kids from the college...I was sick. So I started to think that I was pregnant. Before that line went blue, I was Moriarty's woman...a killer ready to die for him. But when that line became blue, I couldn't do it anymore. I escaped, changing face and name. I had a son, and I decided to not follow that life anymore. I didn't want you to know the truth!" She holds the tears "When you came back I knew you were ready to investigate about Reichenbach again, and I knew you were going to find out about my identity when Adair died. You ruined my life, you've killed Moriarty and now you're killing my life and my son's life!" She shouts.

"You did it, all by yourself, with your own hands. And you know why? Because you don't know humanity. You would like to be a mother, a woman in love, but you're not."

"I was trying to change my life! Just like you! You came back so sure about John's intentions, you thought he was ready to come back to you, you were disillusioned. It didn't happen, and Victor was an excuse to show him you're capable of love!"

"Victor was a human being!" Sherlock rises his voice, angrily. "Not your puppet! And Sarah! You killed all those people because you were afraid they could reveal your identity! You wanted to create a fake world in which you could live with John, and your son. Moriarty's son. I've seen him: you brought him to the cemetery when Sarah died."

Mary looks surprised.

"He even helped you." Sherlock repeats the child's words 'Exam time! Clock is ticking.' You already brought him into your world, you can't escape your own nature."

Silent.

They hear the audience clapping hands from the basement, both rise their eyes and look at each other again.

"Have you watched the Sherlock tv show?" Sherlock asks, curiously.

"No, I haven't."

"It's set in the Victorian era. Sherlock Holmes is a superhero, and just all like all the heroes, he has an alter ego."

Mary rises her eyebrow, not understanding, still pointing the gun at him.

"But he's different from other heroes. Batman is Bruce Wayne, Spiderman is Peter Parker. When Sherlock Holmes gets up in the morning, he is not Sherlock, he mustn't put on a costume to become the genius detective, with the hat and the pipe. That's why he's unique. When Holmes wakes up in the morning, he's already Sherlock Holmes. His alter ego is Sherlock, when he's in his dressing gown, playing the violin; that's his costume, to hide in plain sight. Sherlock is the alter ego of the genius Holmes, the way he sees society. And which are his characteristics? He's frail, irritable, doesn't believe in himself, and he's addicted to drugs. Sherlock represents the critic of Holmes to the human race, just like you and Mary Morstan."

"We've got to the point, then, finally." Mary comments, sarcastically.

"You would love to wear the costume of Mary Morstan, but you're Seraphita Moran. And each morning, when you wake up, you're Seraphita Moran, not Mary Morstan, the lovely Watson's wife."
"Are you telling me that I'm a superhero?"

"I'm just saying that you're a killer. A born killer. You've always been, and you'll be Moran for the rest of your life. Moving on with another name, changing your face and getting married with John, that's you trying to hide in plain sight. But you're not like everyone else. You're a killer, and you can kill me right now, and impress everyone at Scotland Yard, fool Lestrade and the police, and have John back, and get on living your life as a normal human being. But it won't change your nature. You really think your life would have worked?"

She shouts "No! But I would have had my son, and my revenge towards you!"

She shots but suddenly a hand moves the gun away, making her fall on the floor: it's John.

"Run, Sherlock, run!" John shouts.

"Do you want to kill me?" She asks, provoking John "Come on! Do it! I lied to you, I lied all the time, I have a son and you don't even know his name!" They both struggle to take the gun.

Sherlock shouts "John!"

Mary: "If you take one more step I'll push the trigger and it could kill John, you'll regret it for the rest of your life, what do you think now, superhero? I think you would kill yourself right here if John died, wouldn't you?"

"Sherlock, don't listen to her, go away!!!!"

Sherlock stands frightened, uncapable of moving, knowing any small step could kill John. His eyes carry a flash of not anger, but hurt, while he mumbles "Y...yes, I would. If I lost him."

John moves the gun towards her "You think I wouldn't kill you right now, Moran?"

"JOHN! NO!" Sherlock shouts, running towards him, desperate.

John pushes the trigger, but Mary moves the gun towards him.

"JOHN!!"

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