

Mrs. Hudson/Watson 1

MRS. HUDSON. Miss Sherlock?

(SHERLOCK does not respond, wrapped in her own thoughts.)

MRS. HUDSON *(cont'd)*. It was a lovely service, I thought. He was a very nice man. You know, it's times like this, I think of my son George.

WATSON. I've seen the photograph you keep on your mantle. He looked quite smart in his uniform. He was a very handsome man.

MRS. HUDSON. Oh, you would have liked him. He was going to be a doctor too, you know. But then, he had a higher calling. He was with the Third Bombay Light Cavalry when they won the Battle of Khushab. I heard they faced five hundred enemy soldiers, and only twenty of them escaped. My George was in the first line. They shot him, but he stayed on his horse. And that was how he died.

WATSON. You've never told us that before.

MRS. HUDSON. It's not an easy thing to talk about. He died brave, like an Englishman should. I couldn't be more proud. It's just the same with the inspector. He was doing his duty. You couldn't ask for better.

SHERLOCK. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON. All right, love. **STOP**

(MYCROFT enters.)

MYCROFT. Forgive the intrusion, ladies. I offer my condolences.

SHERLOCK. Don't, Mycroft.

MYCROFT. Very well. Have you had opportunity to examine the scene?