

Mycroft/Sherlock/Watson

JOSEPHINE. I don't like this. There must be someone at Scotland Yard who can be trusted.

OLIVE. What would you tell them? The nurse who runs your clinics got scared by something and ran off? They won't do anything.

JOSEPHINE. This is unacceptable. There must be someone who can help.

OLIVE. There might be.

JOSEPHINE. Might be what?

OLIVE. Someone who can help. If we can find them.

(OLIVE starts to exit.)

JOSEPHINE. Find whom? Olive? Who are you talking about?

(They leave. JOSEPHINE hurries to keep up with OLIVE.)

CONFERENCE AT BAKER STREET

(The scene shifts to the sitting room at 221B Baker Street. A large board covered by a cloth dominates the room.)

MYCROFT HOLMES sits, waiting. SHERLOCK and WATSON enter.)

START SHERLOCK. Ah, Mycroft. Early as usual.

MYCROFT. You examined the crime scene?

WATSON. And a pleasant evening to you, as well.

SHERLOCK. We did.

MYCROFT. And your assessment?

SHERLOCK. We are not quite prepared to accept your hypothesis.

MYCROFT. You believe it was a coincidence?

SHERLOCK. I “believe” nothing. But the evidence will not allow us to discount the possibility. Mr. Burke was killed by a woman, someone he knew. The scene had all the hallmarks of an act of self-defense. At worst, it might be classified as a crime of passion, but this is the furthest thing from an assassination.

MYCROFT. So a coincidence, then.

SHERLOCK. Perhaps not. A cursory examination of the crime scene is insufficient for me to entirely rule out a connection between Burke’s death and our investigation.

MYCROFT. Four years. Over four years since this experiment began, after that little adventure with the corrupt police inspector and his diabolical wife. Four years since we learned of the existence of this conspiracy. I agreed to allow you and Dr. Watson to continue with your escapades provided that your energies were directed toward unraveling this web, but after four years all you have to show for your efforts is this.

(MYCROFT removes the cloth from the board, revealing an intricate collage of newspaper clippings, maps, sketches, and a web of threads connecting all of them to an anonymous silhouette in the center, labeled “The Professor.”)

WATSON. I think it’s rather impressive, personally.

MYCROFT. The Professor. Why do they call him that? Professor of what? Is it one man, or some sort of cabal?

SHERLOCK. Why are you so certain the Professor is a man?

MYCROFT *(losing his temper)*. I am certain of nothing in this case, and I find uncertainty intolerable. We require facts and evidence, not theories and conjecture.

SHERLOCK. Calmly, dear brother. If you are right, that would confirm a number of hypotheses regarding the Professor’s organizational structure and influence. We know Daniel Burke was involved in the Professor’s financial dealings. Tonight’s events could cause a good deal of turbulence.

MYCROFT. We had him. We had Burke. A cut of the profits from every criminal act in this city funneled its way through him. We had someone who had almost certainly looked the Professor in the face, perhaps even knew his name. Then, just as we were about to close the circuit, the line was cut short. *(He reaches a decision.)* I believe this has played out as far as it can go. If the Professor is willing to eliminate his own lieutenants to protect himself from justice, then the time has come to adopt a new strategy. The risk is just too great.

SHERLOCK. Mycroft, you disappoint me. Do you honestly expect me to believe you have such a concern for our safety?

MYCROFT. I expect you, as always, to believe the evidence.

SHERLOCK. We have one last thread to follow up on. The foreign woman. I've already put the word out. Let us find her for you.

(MYCROFT considers this.)

MYCROFT. I can give you a few days. After that, I will need to reconsider our options.

SHERLOCK. Thank you, Mycroft. **STOP**

(MYCROFT exits.)

WATSON. Do you really think the Professor might be a woman?

SHERLOCK. No. I just knew how much the idea would annoy Mycroft.

WATSON. Does he really think he can make us stop, after all we've done?

SHERLOCK. He runs a hidden branch of her majesty's government. I'm sure Mycroft thinks he can do anything.

WATSON. Sherlock, how bad is this, really? I thought Daniel Burke was the break we'd been searching for.