

## Worthington/Sherlock

WATSON. Right. Good day, Inspector. *(To herself.)* Good Lord.

**START** VAUXHALL GARDENS

*(The scene shifts to a tree-lined park. SHERLOCK and WORTHINGTON enter. SHERLOCK makes careful observations of the area, oblivious as WORTHINGTON flirts awkwardly with her.)*

WORTHINGTON. Perhaps you are aware that the London planetree was formed by hybridization in the seventeenth century, right here in Vauxhall Gardens, after an oriental planetree was planted next to a sycamore, which as you know also happens to be called the American planetree. The leaf and flower characteristics are intermediate between the two parent species, the leaf being more deeply lobed than the sycamore, but less so than the oriental variety. It shares many visual similarities with the sycamore, of course, but really the two species are rather easy to distinguish, particularly since the London plane is planted almost exclusively in urban environments, while the American sycamore—

SHERLOCK. Ah. Here we are.

*(SHERLOCK finds a cluster of seeds.)*

WORTHINGTON. Yes, look at that! These are identical to the seeds I saw on Priya's shawl. This may be the very spot where she made her rendezvous.

SHERLOCK. Perhaps. *(She looks around.)* Vauxhall is not convenient to where Miss Singh rents her room, nor to Mrs. Butler's offices. One might assume, then, that this location is convenient for this writer of hers.

WORTHINGTON. My thoughts precisely.

Lord.

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SHERLOCK. There are a handful of factories to the west of us, between the gardens and the river. Several pubs to the north, and a theater to the east. To the south we have Kennington Lane, a church, a café and the Winstead Hotel.

WORTHINGTON. I say. Do you spend a lot of time in this area?

SHERLOCK. No. I am an avid consumer of maps. Although if I have a curiosity about any particular point of interest I will not hesitate to conduct a bit of urban exploration.

WORTHINGTON. Really? That sounds delightful. I do hope you'll let me know the next time you go exploring.

SHERLOCK. To what purpose?

WORTHINGTON. So ... that I might, um, accompany you? Perhaps? If that would be ... to your liking?

*(SHERLOCK doesn't respond.)*

WORTHINGTON *(cont'd)*. Or not.

SHERLOCK. What sort of writer did you say he was?

WORTHINGTON. Er ... essays and articles, that sort of thing, I believe.

SHERLOCK. Probably not a factory worker then, although I cannot exclude that notion entirely. A writer might frequent any of the pubs to the north, or cafés to the south.

WORTHINGTON. Don't forget the theater. And the hotel.

SHERLOCK. Indeed.

WORTHINGTON. The needle in the haystack, it seems.

SHERLOCK. Yes. I shall have to find some other approach to narrow our search. I apologize, Mr. Worthington. This has been rather a complete waste of your time.

WORTHINGTON. Quite the contrary. I went for a walk in a lovely park and talked about trees with the most delightful companion. I cannot think of a more pleasant way to spend an afternoon.