

*(The scene shifts to MYCROFT's carriage. MYCROFT and SHERLOCK enter. MYCROFT offers SHERLOCK his coat, which she reluctantly takes and wraps around herself. They sit opposite each other in awkward silence as London in 1881 passes by outside.)*

MYCROFT. You were gone nearly a fortnight this time. That's a record, I believe. *(Waits for SHERLOCK to respond. She doesn't.)* What exactly were you trying to accomplish this time? *(Pause.)* Do you even recall where you were when the police came? You broke a young man's arm. I assume he tried to touch you. *(Pause.)* I fail to see how these so-called "clients" of yours can possibly be worth all this trouble.

*(SHERLOCK looks at MYCROFT. She considers fighting, then decides it isn't worth the effort.)*

MYCROFT *(cont'd)*. If you moved back home you could avoid situations like this. If you stayed with people who were aware of your requirements. *(Pause.)* I wish I knew why you hated me so.

SHERLOCK. Don't be melodramatic, Mycroft.

MYCROFT. I can't see how else to interpret your behavior. There must be some reason for these outbursts.

SHERLOCK. My reasons are my own.

MYCROFT. Sherlock, I can't keep doing this. You know my position. My work with the government requires—

SHERLOCK. Don't mince words. You *are* the government.

MYCROFT. My work with the government requires a degree of discretion that is difficult to maintain when I have to drop everything to hunt you down, cover your tracks and repair whatever damage you may have caused whenever you go off on one of your tantrums.

SHERLOCK. I am not a child, Mycroft.

MYCROFT. Alas, no. If you were, explaining your behavior would be far easier, and far less expensive to keep quiet.

SHERLOCK. Is that what I am to you? A business expense?

MYCROFT. Surely you weren't expecting sentiment?

SHERLOCK. Of course not, Mycroft. Don't be vulgar.

MYCROFT. Then let me make one thing quite plain. I will not let you undermine my work. If you will not conform to the standards expected of you, I am prepared to take drastic measures.

*(They sit in silence. SHERLOCK raises an exploratory hand to her bruised face.)*

MYCROFT *(cont'd)*. Does it hurt?

SHERLOCK. Just take me home, Mycroft. Please.