

LESTRADE. Miss Holmes, can you hear me? *(No response.)*
I'm sorry it took me a few days to get in here. Are they ...
treating you all right? *(No response.)* Bastards.

(SHERLOCK gives a weak laugh.)

SHERLOCK. Hello, inspector ... Are you unwell, inspector?
You are displaying some rather strange physiological
reactions. Dilated pupils, increased respiration, perspiration
around the brow and neckline. Indeed, you seem a trifle
flushed. Watson, what is wrong with him?

LESTRADE. Dr. Watson isn't here, Miss Holmes. I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK. You are not what most consider an "attractive"
man, are you?

LESTRADE. Um, well, I—

SHERLOCK. I'm asking for a friend.

(SHERLOCK laughs.)

LESTRADE. What have they given you?

SHERLOCK. Thoughts are like ... swimming through
treacle.

LESTRADE. I honestly don't know if that's good or bad.

SHERLOCK. Watson? Where is ...

LESTRADE. She's all right. She's been overseeing the
care of Edwin Greener, who is recovering from a gunshot
wound. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that,
would you?

SHERLOCK. Clean.

LESTRADE. Sorry?

SHERLOCK. Very clean. Clean as a whistle. Are whistles
particularly clean?

LESTRADE. Uh ... I haven't really thought about it.

SHERLOCK. This requires further investigation.

LESTRADE. I don't like seeing you like this, Miss Holmes.

(Awkwardness.) And I think the best way to sway your brother from this course is to discredit Inspector Chapman.

SHERLOCK. 'S a good plan.

LESTRADE. But I need your help, Miss Holmes. I'm afraid a jury won't find Edwin Greener all that reliable. His testimony alone won't be enough. We still can't prove Chapman was there when Katherine died, and we still don't know what happened to Eudora Featherstone. He's too smart for me.