

HOLMES sits. WATSON enters with a human finger bone.

WATSON: Holmes – hi, good morning. I was just, um, putting away my toothbrush, and in my holder, I found, –this?

HOLMES: Ah! I wondered where that had gone!

WATSON: Yeah. Is it – is it a finger?

HOLMES: Look who’s making deductions now!

WATSON: Is it – is it real?

HOLMES: It has mass, weight, dimension, Watson. It is obviously real.

HOLMES takes the finger. WATSON reaches for a mug of coffee.

WATSON: Umhm, umhm, right. I meant – (*sips coffee*) – was that once attached to a living human bei–

HOLMES: STOP! Watson – you didn’t put creamer in that coffee, did you? From the fridge?

WATSON: No, what – why?

HOLMES: Good. Do not use the creamer.

WATSON: ...why?!

HOLMES: You shouldn’t be eating my food anyhow!

WATSON: Holmes. Why no creamer?!!!

HOLMES: Nothing. No reason. – I am in the midst of some minor experiments. (*a moment*) It may contain the teeniest bit of arsenic.

WATSON: AhhhHHHHhhh!

HOLMES: I *knew* it.

WATSON: Am I going to die?!!

HOLMES: No, no, no. Probably not. Let me know if your tongue goes numb.

WATSON: (*scrubs tongue*)

HOLMES: In fact, you really should stay away from every dairy product. Just to be safe.

WATSON: – are they all poisoned?!!!

HOLMES: No, Watson. You have a spot of lactose intolerance.

WATSON: How do you – nope, nope, never mind. Not taking the bait.

HOLMES and LESTRADE stand near a dead body.

HOLMES: Who, exactly, is our friend, Lestrade – and how did he come to this pass?

LESTRADE: Still an open question. We’re pulling security tapes from the front desk–

HOLMES: Cheating.

LESTRADE: We are running toxicology–

HOLMES: Double-cheating–

LESTRADE: And we took fingerprints as well.

HOLMES: Aaaand the trifecta!

LESTRADE: I beg your pardon!

HOLMES: You rely overmuch on externals, Lestrade! Dependence on technology – surveillance tapes this, blood tests that – will make your original thinking flabby and weak and trite! All you need is this (*she pulls out a magnifying glass*) – and a highly efficient microchip! (*she taps her head*)

LESTRADE: Microchip?

HOLMES: What have you actually observed, with your own two feeble and fallible eyes?

LESTRADE: The victim seems to have rented the room under a false name, unless we are really mourning the loss of a Mr. I. P. Freely.

HOLMES: Alas poor Freely.

LESTRADE: He checked in by himself. No strange cars in the lot. And only one set of footprints into the room. It rained last week, and he’s tracked mud to the bed. You see the impression in the carpet!

HOLMES: Look at you, *observing* things. That is *very* very good.

LESTRADE: Gosh, thanks!

IRENE lounges on the couch. WATSON stands, watching her every move.

IRENE: Well. What should we do first, Watz – braid hair, gossip, or make prank calls? (*She starts to get up.*) Shall I paint your nails, Bestie?

WATSON lifts a convenient frying pan.

WATSON: Hey! You are not slithering out of here, Adler!

IRENE: Planning to cook me breakfast? Cheeky, I haven't said I'm sleeping over.

WATSON: This – is in case you get any funny ideas.

IRENE: –what, about flapjacks?

WATSON: You – are not cute. And I do not want to banter.

IRENE: Poo. (*gestures at Watson's forehead*) You're getting angry eleven's, doll. Is all this – scowling judgment – really about my profession?

WATSON: ...

IRENE: It's a trade like any other. And I learned it from the best.

WATSON: ...

IRENE: You know, people need connection, now more than ever, Watson. Maybe even Holmes. Maybe even y–

WATSON: Oh my God, please please spare me the “sex work is work” hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold-as-emotional-laborer-slash-defacto-therapist speech. I get it. That's not the friggin' thing, okay! I don't care what you do!

IRENE: But you may care *who* I do. Is all this just jealousy over dearest Sherlock?

WATSON: Why do you have to make everything all – ooh, ahh, oozing with sexy feelingsy-touchy sex. Maybe I just don't want to see her get hurt. Maybe we're friends. You ever think of that?

IRENE: I believe that you're *her* friend. But – these things – can be a bit one-sided. (*sing-songy*) Someone has an unrequited crush.

WATSON: I'll show you a crush. Sit down.