

*(SOUND: A phonograph starting. Fuzzy, recorded, being replayed on the phonograph, we hear a snippet of the confrontation from episode 9:)*

FAWX

*(recorded)*

Wonderful thing, recording devices. My partner, James, managed to invest early after he got hit by a city carriage in this very handy thing called a wax cylinder. They say it's going to revolutionise the way we get information—no need to write anything down, you can hear it directly from the source.

CRIMERIA

*(recorded)*

Oh right, and where would this hypothetical wax cylinder even live? Your bodice? Mr. Stallion's hand me down ascot?

STALLION

*(recorded)*

That was a gift!

FAWX

*(recorded)*

No. You see, here's another thing I learned this weekend, from my other partner, Madge: you can hide a lot in a lady's bustle. Priceless jewels, a stick of chewing gum...A full confession from Jonathan Crimeria himself.

*(Over the dramatic pause from the episode, the phonograph still playing, the theme music creeping in:)*

HOLMES

Fascinating.

*(Into:)*

CREDITS (HOLMES)

Fawx and Stallion, by Ian Geers and Lauren Grace Thompson. Chapter 10: The Case of the Well-Earned—

*(Abruptly, cutting off his last word and the music, the door of 221B Baker Street SLAMS open. John WATSON, carrying far too many suitcases and still quite out of breath, makes his way in.*

*Sherlock HOLMES sits at his desk with the phonograph, which continues to play the confrontation from 9 faintly over the next line.)*

WATSON

*(struggling)*

Oh no no no, don't worry about me, everyone! I'm fine, I'll just get...*all* the bags, shall I?

HOLMES

Sorry, did you need help with those?

*(SOUND: HOLMES brings the phonograph to a stop. WATSON sets the bags down heavily.)*

WATSON

Did you know there are *seventeen* steps up to our flat? Because I certainly do now...What is [that on the table]-

HOLMES

Well, *16* steps if you're not counting the initial half step.

WATSON

Holmes...

HOLMES

Which I don't.

WATSON

Are we doing that thing-

HOLMES

Additionally, if you take into account the broken 6th step-

WATSON

*(over him)*

-where I make a facetious comment-

HOLMES

-could we really consider that *17 functional* steps?

WATSON

-and you make it *exhaustingly* literal?

HOLMES

Well, you are a doctor, wouldn't you say being exact is paramount for the job?

WATSON

Well, I would have said so, but I appear to have been demoted to the valet while I wasn't paying attention.

*(Beat. They've done this a lot.)*

HOLMES

I will assist with the bags next time. Better?

WATSON

I'll believe it when I see it. Now. What is *that* on our dining room table?

HOLMES

I'm so happy you asked. Rather fascinating, actually. This little roly-pole is something called a phonograph—I've been exploring the quality of the recorded voice while I was waiting for you to finish—

*(WATSON makes a "think about the end of that sentence carefully" sound)*

—very *kindly* and *industriously* bringing the bags up. One of the advertisers from The Standard sent it over after hearing about its involvement in the Fletchley Case, more than likely hoping you'll mention it in one of your little stories they're so fond of.

WATSON

Eugh. Hounds, the lot of them.

HOLMES

They did also send champagne.

WATSON

There may be hope for them yet...

HOLMES

If the note is to be believed, they thought we were on holiday.

*(WATSON crosses to his desk, picks up the champagne, and with it, the note)*

WATSON

“We hope your holiday was restful, zestful, and ultimately unmolestful. Now time to pop this ‘pagne for our favorite detective team’s return!” Zestful?

HOLMES

*(‘that’s not the right word’)*

“Unmolestful”?

WATSON

God, “on holiday?” In *Dartmoor*? Shudder to think. Oh well, I suppose it is time to ‘pop this ‘pagne’ as the note says - you know how I am about following rhymed orders on cardstock. Flute for you?

HOLMES

What’s the region?

WATSON

*(checking)*

Uhh... Champagne.

HOLMES

I’m fine.

WATSON

Suit yourself. By the by, I saw someone pop into 224 on my way up. Looked like a client.

HOLMES

Oh, yes. Poor man believes he’s being haunted.

WATSON

Really. How can you tell?

HOLMES

I hoped you’d be able to answer that for yourself.

WATSON

Right. Well, ignoring that this is clearly a trap...Mismatched tie and suit, hat un-accentedly popped, constant looking over his shoulder, sign of the cross three times by my count.

So...religious, paranoid, doesn't even feel safe on a crowded London street. Hence...followed by a ghost?

*(Slight beat. With a smile:)*

Was that just...*remarkably* bad?

*(HOLMES considers for a moment. Attempts to be polite:)*

HOLMES

No.

*(Fails at being polite)*

I mean, objectively, incorrect. *But* objective reality can be counterbalanced by a certain...*artistic* reality, of which you are certainly well-versed. Besides, I am growing quite fascinated with your thinking face. You are aware that eyebrow gesticulation has shown no correspondence with deductive—

WATSON

*(realizing he's being teased, laughing it off)*

Yeah, yeah, I see how it is. Relegated to the “aspiring pupil” once again.

HOLMES

Would you prefer “friendly biographer” or “brother in arms”? You can take your pick from the Standard, there's a new one every day.

*(HOLMES starts flipping through the paper, WATSON stops him)*

WATSON

You know what, I'll take any improvement on “valet,” if I'm honest.

*(A pause, a “let's get to work” deep breath, and then:)*

Well, do you think we should...[go over]?

HOLMES

Perhaps...

WATSON

If needs must...

*(They consider. Neither as excited as they thought he'd be at the prospect. A thought:)*

HOLMES

However, The Standard *does* seem to believe that we're owed a holiday...

*(This is a truly baffling thing for HOLMES to have said. They both recognize it.)*

WATSON

Are you saying *you*. Actually *want*. A holiday?

HOLMES

I mean... I'm not...*not*...open to the idea.

WATSON

Alright...

HOLMES

You might even say I was...favorable to it.

*(A beat. WATSON realizes he's telling the truth.)*

WATSON

Right. Actually. *Love* that.

HOLMES

Oh. Excellent! So. *Holiday*.

WATSON

Holiday.

HOLMES

Holiday!

WATSON

221: off the clock.

HOLMES

Closed for business.

WATSON

Unavailable.

HOLMES

Promised elsewhere!

WATSON

Holiday mode: Engaged.

HOLMES

Indeed!

*(Beat. They both just sort of sit there, considering)*

So... What exactly does one *do* on holiday?

WATSON

Haven't the foggiest.

*(Beat. Both of them at a loss. Finally, a brain blast:)*

Oh! Marriage of Figaro is still playing at the Warehouse!

HOLMES

Oh my—Yes. I love an oedipal comedy.

WATSON

Matinee. Out by 5. Salmon for dinner, nightcap, bed by eight.

HOLMES

My dear Watson, you may be a genius.

WATSON

Valet to genius in... what was that, a minute?

HOLMES

Four! What shall you do next?

*(WATSON pops the champagne.)*

WATSON

Well, first, I believe a toast is in order.

HOLMES

Then *I* believe I will take a flute. And you may fill that flute with... champagne. From Champagne.

WATSON

Very daring of you.

*(WATSON pours them glasses)*

So. To...holidays?

HOLMES

To holidays. *And* to the considerate neighbors who give them to us.

WATSON/HOLMES

To neighbors.

*(Cheers)*