**Sherlock and John’s first meeting from “A study in pink” – *Sherlock* BBC**

You may watch the episode from this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VaT7IYQgyqo>

A little later they have bought take-away coffees and are sitting side by side on a bench in the park. Mike looks at John worriedly. Oblivious, John takes a sip from his coffee then looks across to his old friend.

JOHN: Are you still at Bart’s, then?

MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them!

(They both laugh.)

MIKE: What about you? Just staying in town ’til you get yourself sorted?

JOHN: I can’t afford London on an Army pension.

MIKE: Ah, and you couldn’t bear to be anywhere else. That’s not the John Watson I know.

JOHN (uncomfortably): Yeah, I’m not the John Watson ...

(He stops. Mike awkwardly looks away and drinks his coffee. John switches his own cup to his right hand and looks down at his left hand, clenching it into a fist as he tries to control the tremor that has started. Mike looks round at him again.)

MIKE: Couldn’t Harry help?

JOHN (sarcastically): Yeah, like that’s gonna happen!

MIKE (shrugging): I dunno – get a flatshare or something?

JOHN: Come on – who’d want me for a flatmate?

(Mike chuckles thoughtfully.)

JOHN: What?

MIKE: Well, you’re the second person to say that to me today.

JOHN: Who was the first?

ST BARTHOLOMEW’S HOSPITAL MORGUE. Sherlock Holmes unzips the body bag lying on the table and peers at the corpse inside. He sniffs.

SHERLOCK: How fresh?

(Pathologist Molly Hooper walks over.)

MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here. I knew him. He was nice.

(Zipping the bag up again, Sherlock straightens up, turns to her and smiles falsely.)

SHERLOCK: Fine. We’ll start with the riding crop.

Shortly afterwards the body has been removed from the bag and is lying on its back on the table. In the observation room next door, Molly watches and flinches while Sherlock flogs the body repeatedly and violently with a riding crop, but her face is also full of admiration. She walks back into the room and as he finishes and straightens up, breathless, she goes over to him.

MOLLY (jokingly): So, bad day, was it?

SHERLOCK (ignoring her banter as he gets out a notebook and starts writing in it): I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man’s alibi depends on it. Text me.

MOLLY: Listen, I was wondering: maybe later, when you’re finished ...

(Sherlock glances across to her as he is writing, then does a double-take and frowns at her.)

SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren’t wearing lipstick before.

MOLLY (nervously): I, er, I refreshed it a bit.

(She smiles at him flirtatiously. He gives her a long oblivious look, then goes back to writing in his notebook.)

SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?

MOLLY (gazing at him intently): I was wondering if you’d like to have coffee.

(Sherlock puts his notebook away.)

SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I’ll be upstairs.

(He walks away.)

MOLLY: ... Okay.

BART’S LAB. Sherlock is standing at the far end of the lab using a pipette to squeeze a few drops of liquid onto a Petri dish. Mike knocks on the door and brings John in with him. Sherlock glances across at them briefly before looking at his work again. John limps into the room, looking around at all the equipment.

JOHN: Well, bit different from my day.

MIKE (chuckling): You’ve no idea!

SHERLOCK (sitting down): Mike, can I borrow your phone? There’s no signal on mine.

MIKE: And what’s wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK: I prefer to text.

MIKE: Sorry. It’s in my coat.

(John fishes in his back pocket and takes out his own phone.)

JOHN: Er, here. Use mine.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Thank you.

(Glancing briefly at Mike, he stands up and walks towards John. Mike introduces him.)

MIKE: It’s an old friend of mine, John Watson.

(Sherlock reaches John and takes his phone from him. Turning partially away from him, he flips open the keypad and starts to type on it.)

SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq?

(John frowns. Nearby, Mike smiles knowingly. John looks at Sherlock as he continues to type.)

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: Which was it – Afghanistan or Iraq?

(He briefly raises his eyes to John’s before looking back to the phone. John hesitates, then looks across to Mike, confused. Mike just smiles smugly.)

JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...?

(Sherlock looks up as Molly comes into the room holding a mug of coffee.)

SHERLOCK: Ah, Molly, coffee. Thank you.

(He shuts down John’s phone and hands it back while Molly brings the mug over to him. He takes it and looks closely at her. Her mouth is paler again.)

SHERLOCK: What happened to the lipstick?

MOLLY (smiling awkwardly at him): It wasn’t working for me.

SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Your mouth’s too small now.

(He turns and walks back to his station, taking a sip from the mug and grimacing at the taste.)

MOLLY: ... Okay.

(She turns and heads back towards the door.)

SHERLOCK: How do you feel about the violin?

(John looks round at Molly but she’s on her way out the door. He glances at Mike who is still smiling smugly, and finally realises that Sherlock is talking to him.)

JOHN: I’m sorry, what?

SHERLOCK (typing on a laptop keyboard as he talks): I play the violin when I’m thinking. Sometimes I don’t talk for days on end. (He looks round at John.) Would that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other.

(He throws a hideously false smile at John, who looks at him blankly for a moment then looks across to Mike.)

JOHN: Oh, you ... you told him about me?

MIKE: Not a word.

JOHN (turning to Sherlock again): Then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK (picking up his greatcoat and putting it on): I did. Told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is just after lunch with an old friend, clearly just home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn’t that difficult a leap.

JOHN: How did you know about Afghanistan?

(Sherlock ignores the question, wraps his scarf around his neck, then picks up his mobile and checks it.)

SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we ought to be able to afford it.

(He walks towards John.)

SHERLOCK: We’ll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o’clock. Sorry – gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.

(Putting his phone into the inside pocket of his coat, he walks past John and heads for the door.)

JOHN (turning to look at him): Is that it?

(Sherlock turns back from the door and strolls closer to John again.)

SHERLOCK: Is that what?

JOHN: We’ve only just met and we’re gonna go and look at a flat?

SHERLOCK: Problem?

(John smiles in disbelief, looking across to Mike for help, but his friend just continues to smile as he looks at Sherlock. John turns back to the younger man.)

JOHN: We don’t know a thing about each other; I don’t know where we’re meeting; I don’t even know your name.

(Sherlock looks closely at him for a moment before speaking.)

SHERLOCK: I know you’re an Army doctor and you’ve been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you’ve got a brother who’s worried about you but you won’t go to him for help because you don’t approve of him – possibly because he’s an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that your therapist thinks your limp’s psychosomatic – quite correctly, I’m afraid.

(John looks down at his leg and cane and shuffles his feet awkwardly.)

SHERLOCK (smugly): That’s enough to be going on with, don’t you think?

(He turns and walks to the door again, opening it and going through, but then leans back into the room again.)

SHERLOCK: The name’s Sherlock Holmes and the address is two-two-one B, Baker Street.

Script source: <http://arianedevere.livejournal.com/43794.html>