

(Read in British accent)

SHERLOCK:

It's raining. No one would leave the house on a day like today without something to protect against the weather. Yet, the only coats and umbrellas hanging near the entrance belong to the five of us. Thus, Toby is the only guard on duty. And if Toby is the only guard on duty then the cabbie certainly isn't a "security threat". Especially since the keys are missing from Toby's belt, which he most likely left in the keyhole on the opposite side of the door. And being that he isn't a security threat, contrary to popular opinion, I would venture to guess that he's rather feeble, likely old, certainly lonely. After all - no one has come to see him. Which makes sense, a grumpy old man without any money? I wouldn't visit him either.

JOHN:

You know, Sherlock... sometimes you're absolutely intolerable. I've gone to the ends of the world for you. I've written story after story for you. Your face on every newspaper. Your name being lauded by the whole city for stopping that bomb. Well, it's not fair. And so you're on your own and I wish I could say I'm sorry, but I'm not.

MORIARTY:

Indeed. You do this by running around with your friend, solving crimes, and writing about it in the newspapers until the next murder has been committed and on and on for eternity. My method is going to be far more universal, far more permanent.

ALL WOMEN'S ROLES:

It started off a day like any other. Not raining but misty. We had finished our morning meeting – just the ambassador, two officials, and myself. When it came time to leave, we boarded a carriage – only then the ambassador said he had forgotten something inside. So he ran back in, promising to follow in the next Carriage. This is where it becomes peculiar. When I arrived, I waited for him on the steps just outside City Hall. But when his carriage pulled up and I opened the door -- it was empty!