



**HARTSWOOD  
FILMS**

**SHERLOCK CHRISTMAS**  
**SPECIAL**

"The Abominable Bride"

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FINAL

SHOOTING SCRIPT 04.02.15

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1

**EXT. AFGHANISTAN/JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1880**

1

A blizzard of shots.

A foreign battlefield at night.

The crackle of gunfire.

Now on a dimly glimpsed figure in bed, tossing and turning in a nightmare.

Close on the glitter of metal. Bayonets, clashing.

Over this, a voice. Almost familiar - the voice of John Watson. John Watson as he might have sounded had he lived many years ago.

JOHN

(V.O.)

The Second Afghan War brought honours and promotion to many -

Someone is running, their breath ragged.

Suddenly, the night sky is lit up by an explosion.

And everything's red.

Not blood.

Not fire.

But the glimpse of a uniform. A red uniform. Its braiding glints in the afterglow of the explosion.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

- but for me it meant nothing but misfortune and disaster.

The crack of a rifle. The owner of the uniform is spun backwards into the night and -

In the bedroom, John Watson awakes, sitting up, recovering. Just another nightmare.

He lets his breathing return to normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

2

**EXT. VICTORIAN LONDON - DAY 1**

2

A murky, lowering sky - pillars of smoke rising into it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

(V.O.)

I returned to England with my health irretrievably ruined and my future bleak. Under such circumstances, I naturally gravitated to London -

- panning down now to discover the great sprawling, smoking, furnace of Victorian London.

JOHN (CONT'D)

- that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are drained.

Now cutting, around Victorian London - fast, punchy, choppy. Not the cardboard Victoriana of Hollywood - this is muddy and clattering and fast. Belching steam trains, and clattering cabs and all the filthy torrent of humanity.

Now on one figure, marching grimly against the tide: Dr. John Watson. This is the John we know, but careworn and tanned. The stick is back, he limps along. (NB - at this point, clean shaven.)

Now, a voice calling:

STAMFORD

Watson! Watson!

John turns. A portly figure, pushing his way through the throng. Stamford (identical to the Mike Stamford we saw A Study In Pink.) He's grabbed John's hand, is pumping it furiously.

STAMFORD (CONT'D)

Stamford, remember? We were at Barts together.

JOHN

Yes, of course, Stamford.

STAMFORD

Good lord, man, where have you been? You're as brown as a nut.

On John's face: that haunted look. Not a story he likes telling ...

CUT TO:

A corner table in the packed pub. Stamford is staring, a little shocked at John's account of his adventures.

(CONTINUED)

Big in the foreground, John sets down his glass with shaking hand.

STAMFORD  
You poor devil.

John just shrugs.

JOHN  
I made it home. Many weren't so lucky.

STAMFORD  
So what now?

JOHN  
Need a place to live - somewhere decent at an affordable price. Not easy.

STAMFORD  
You know, you're the second person to say that to me today?

JOHN  
Who was the first?

Swish, *crack*, and -

CUT TO:

4

INT. BARTS/CORRIDOR - DAY 1

4

A long narrow corridor, frosted glass windows along one side, looking on to another room. A shadow of the room's occupant flaps grotesquely against the misted windows - a man slashing away with a riding crop. Now panning to:

John and Stamford, entering the corridor.

*Swish-crack!*

JOHN  
Good Lord.

STAMFORD  
It's an experiment, apparently. Beating corpses to establish how long after death bruising is still possible.

JOHN  
Is there a medical point to that?

STAMFORD  
I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Neither am I. So where's this  
friend of yours then?

He's marching on down the corridor -

- but Stamford has halted, a little apologetically, by the door to the dissecting room.

*Swish-crack!*

John gets it. *No! Not him!*

CUT TO:

5

**INT. DISSECTING ROOM - DAY 1**

5

On Stamford and John as they come through the door -

- rows of tables, with sheeted bodies, and just out of shot -

- *swish crack!*

STAMFORD

Excuse me?

JOHN

I hope we're not interrupting.

And SHERLOCK snaps up into a close-up. Those blazing, green eyes, as ever, but the hair slicked back - he looks colder and more exact: this is Victorian Holmes.

SHERLOCK

You've been in Afghanistan, I  
perceive.

STAMFORD

Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherl -

Whack!!

- Sherlock has thrown the riding crop at John, who instinctively catches it.

SHERLOCK

Excellent reflexes - you'll do.

JOHN

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

I have my eye on a suite of rooms  
near Regents Park. Between us we  
could afford them.

He's pulling on his coat, striding for the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Rooms? Who said anything about rooms?

SHERLOCK

I did. I mentioned to Stamford this morning that I was in need of a fellow lodger, and now he appears after lunch in the company of a man of military aspect with a tan and a recent injury, both suggestive of the campaign in Afghanistan and an enforced departure from it. The conclusion seemed inescapable. We'll meet tomorrow evening, and finalise the details. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a hanging in Wandsworth and I'd hate them to start without me.

JOHN

A hanging??

SHERLOCK

I take a professional interest. I also play the violin and smoke a pipe. I take it that's not a problem?

JOHN

Well, no, I -

SHERLOCK

And you're clearly acclimatized to never getting to the end of a sentence - we'll get on splendidly. Tomorrow, seven o'clock then.

(Moves to go, pops his head back round the door)

Oh! The name's Sherlock Holmes and the address is 221B Baker Street.

He goes.

A stunned silence. John looks to Stamford.

STAMFORD

Yes. He's always been like that.

As we know them - but Victorian!

Piccadilly Circus, swarming with horse-drawn traffic.

The Palace of Westminster.

An army service revolver. John is loading it.

Sherlock thrashing with a cane at a poisonous snake!

Sherlock and John contemplating a large felt hat.

Sherlock and John running down a fog-shrouded, cobbled street.

Scribbled hand-written notes and the tap-tap-tap of the telegraph.

Close on Sherlock's eye through a big, old-fashioned magnifying glass.

CUT TO:

7

**EXT. VICTORIAN LONDON - DAY 2**

7

A busy street. Hansom cabs clopping along. It's cold, possibly even snowing. A few hints here and there that Christmas is not far off.

A news stand - with a wooden-legged NEWSVENDOR. Many copies of The Strand being sold - even a queue -

- and now a hansom cab is drawing up at the kerb. A head pops out of the window.

It's JOHN. Time has passed - he looks healthy and happy, and now sports a proper Watson moustache.

JOHN

How's the The Blue Carbuncle doing?

NEWSVENDOR

Very popular, Dr Watson. But is there going to a proper murder next month?

JOHN

I'll have a word with the criminal classes.

NEWSVENDOR

If you wouldn't mind.

From inside the cab, a puff of smoke - like someone is in there, smoking. The NewsVendor sees this -

NEWSVENDOR (CONT'D)

Is that him? Is he in there?

A thump and John startles like someone just kicked him in the shin.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

No, no, not at all. Good day to  
you!

And the hansom cab moves swiftly on. The newsvendor looks  
after it, awestruck. *It was him!!*

NEWSVENDOR

Merry Christmas, Mr. Holmes.

CUT TO:

8

INT. BAKER STREET - DAY 2

8

The sign: Baker Street!

The door: 221B!

The door flies open, and the Victorian version of Mrs Hudson  
comes flying out, to see:

Sherlock and John climbing out of the cab.

MRS HUDSON

Mr. Holmes, I do wish you'd let me  
know when you're planning to come  
home!

On Sherlock as he steps to the pavement, deerstalker cap,  
Inverness cape, pipe clenched in his teeth: a hero shot.  
SHERLOCK in the traditional style.

SHERLOCK

I hardly knew myself, Mrs. Hudson.  
That's the trouble with dismembered  
country squires - they're  
notoriously difficult to schedule.

MRS HUDSON

Billy, fetch the cases.

A page boy, dashing to get the cases from the cab. (It's the  
Page Boy from The Sign Of Three.) John has a hat box.

BILLY

Did you catch the murderer, Mr.  
Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Caught the murderer, still looking  
for the legs. I think we'll call it  
a draw.

BILLY

(of the hat box)  
What's in there?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Never mind.

MRS HUDSON

And I notice you've published  
another of your stories, Dr Watson.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Did you enjoy it?

MRS HUDSON

No.

JOHN

... are you sure?

MRS HUDSON

I never enjoy them.

JOHN

Why not?

MRS HUDSON

Because I never *say* anything, do I?  
According to you, I just show  
people up the stairs, and serve you  
breakfast.

JOHN

Well. Within the narrative, that  
is, broadly speaking, your  
function.

MRS HUDSON

My *what*??

Billy is heading up the stairs. The others follow, squabbling amiably.

SHERLOCK

You mustn't feel singled out, Mrs  
Hudson, I'm hardly in the dog one.

JOHN

(Affronted)

The dog one??

MRS HUDSON

I'm your landlady, not a plot  
device.

JOHN

Do you mean the Hound Of The  
Baskervilles??

MRS HUDSON

And you make the rooms look so drab  
and dingy.

JOHN

Oh, blame it on the illustrator,  
he's out of control. I've had to  
grow this moustache just so people  
will recognise me.

(CONTINUED)

Pulling back from 221b now, as our heroes disappear inside. A proper view of the Victorian residence, hansom cabs speeding past. Just below the famous residence is Speedwell's Restaurant and Tea Rooms.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Over the many years it has been my privilege to record the exploits of my remarkable friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, it has sometimes been difficult to choose which of his many cases to set before my readers.

CUT TO:

9

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 2**

9

The familiar room, but the blinds are lowered - in the shadows, we can't quite see the differences from the modern version. SHERLOCK is now crossing to the window, raising the blind.

Cutting round the room, as the light picks all the many changes from the modern room we're used to.

JOHN

(V.O.)

The extraordinary affair of the adamantine menagerie is perhaps too recent in the minds of the public to bear repetition, while the terrible events concerning Professor Challenger and his flying leeches is a matter for which the world is not yet prepared. But in all our many adventures together, no case pushed my friend to such mental and physical extremes as that of ...

Sherlock now raising the second blind -

- revealing a veiled woman, dressed all in black, standing in front of the fireplace.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

... the abominable bride.

Sherlock turns to see her, just as John enters and does the same.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Good lord!

(CONTINUED)

Sherlock frowns at the motionless figure, almost bristles - Victorian Holmes does not appreciate an unexpected woman in his apartment. He strides to the door, bellowing down the stairs.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, there's a *woman* in my sitting room - is it intentional?

MRS HUDSON

(From off)

She's a client. Said you were out, insisted on waiting.

John, slightly nervously approaches the still, solemn figure.

JOHN

Would you care to sit down?

The veiled woman just cocks her head at him - silent, sinister.

SHERLOCK

(Yelling down)

Didn't you ask her what she wanted?

MRS HUDSON

(From off)

You ask her!

SHERLOCK

Why didn't you ask her?

MRS HUDSON

(From off)

How could I, what with me never talking, and everything!

Sherlock rolls his eyes, rejoins John.

SHERLOCK

For God's sake, give her some lines. She's perfectly capable of starving us.

(To the veiled woman)

Good afternoon, I am Sherlock Holmes. This is my friend and colleague, Dr Watson - you may speak freely in front of him as he rarely understands a word.

JOHN

Holmes!

SHERLOCK

Before you do, however, allow me to make some trifling observations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You have an impish sense of humour, which you are currently deploying to ease a degree of personal anguish. You have recently married a man, seemingly of kindly disposition who has now abandoned you for an unsavoury companion of dubious morals. You have come to this agency as a last resort, in hope that reconciliation may still be possible.

JOHN

Good lord, Holmes.

SHERLOCK

All this is, of course, perfectly evident from your perfume. Pray be seated.

JOHN

Her perfume?

They are now in the accustomed chair - the woman in the client chair, facing the fireplace.

SHERLOCK

Her perfume, yes - which brings insight to me, and disaster to you.

JOHN

How so?

SHERLOCK

Because I recognised it -

He leans over and throws back the lady's veil -

- revealing Mary Watson. Who looks sardonically at John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- and you didn't.

JOHN

Mary!

MARY

John!

JOHN

Why in God's name are you pretending to be a client??

MARY

Because I could think of no other way to see my husband, husband.

CUT TO:

10

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING 2

10

A little while later.

Sherlock (now with his dressing gown thrown over his tweeds) stands at the window, playing away at his violin - we might recognise it as Waltz For Mary And John from The Sign Of Three.

Behind him, drowned out by the violin, Mary and John are having something of a domestic, which we barely hear over the music!

JOHN

It was an affair of international  
intrigue.

MARY

It was a murdered country squire -

JOHN

Nevertheless, matters were pressing  
-

MARY

I don't mind you going, darling - I  
mind you leaving me behind.

JOHN

But what could you do?

MARY

What do you do, except wander  
around taking notes, and looking  
surprised??

Suddenly a discordant note from the violin. This causes Mary and John to startle and turn to look at him. Sherlock throws aside the violin, looks fiercely out of the window.

SHERLOCK

Enough! The stage is set, the  
curtain rises - we are ready to  
begin.

Mary and John exchange a look.

MARY

Begin what?

Sherlock is staring out of the window. Abstracted, haunted.

SHERLOCK

Sometimes to solve a case, one must  
first solve another.

JOHN

You have a case then? A new one?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

An old one. Very old. I shall have to go deep.

JOHN

Deep? Into what?

Oh Sherlock, still staring out of the window.

We move in on the window, the Victorian evening outside, the gas lamps, the cabs.

SHERLOCK

Myself!

Abruptly, we roll focus to bring Sherlock's reflection into focus for a fleeting moment -

- barely long enough to realise we are looking at modern Sherlock, in his coat and turned up collar -

- this spectre of the future hangs above the Victorian street scene for the tiniest moment -

- and before we are sure what we are looking at -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Lestrade!

He spins round from the window, now back to his Victorian self.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Do stop loitering by the door and come in.

The door pushes open - revealing the Victorian version of Inspector Lestrade, complete with mutton chop whiskers and Derby hat.

LESTRADE

How did you know it was me?

SHERLOCK

The regulation tread is unmistakable. Too light for Jones, too heavy for Gregson.

LESTRADE

Sorry - I just came up, Mrs. Hudson didn't seem to be ... talking.

SHERLOCK

I fear she has branched into literary criticism by means of satire - it is a distressing trend in the modern landlady. What brings you here in your off-duty hours?

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

How do you know I'm off duty?

SHERLOCK

Since arrival you have addressed over forty percent of your remarks to my decanter. Watson, give the inspector what he so clearly wants.

John busies himself pouring a drink.

JOHN

What can we do for you, Lestrade?

LESTRADE

I'm not here on business, I just thought I'd ...drop by.

Sherlock and John look at each other.

JOHN

A social call?

LESTRADE

Of course. To wish you the compliments of the season.

(An uneasy pause, in the face of scepticism)

Merry Christmas.

A look among Sherlock and the Watsons.

SHERLOCK

Merry Christmas.

JOHN

Merry Christmas.

MARY

Merry Christmas.

SHERLOCK

Well thank God that's over. Now Inspector, what strange happening compels you to my door, but embarrasses you to relate?

LESTRADE

(Defensive)

Who said anything happened?

SHERLOCK

You did, by every means short of actual speech.

JOHN

Holmes, you have misdiagnosed.

SHERLOCK  
Then correct me, doctor.

John has plucked the now empty glass from Lestrade's hand, shows it to Sherlock.

JOHN  
He didn't *want* a drink, he *needed* one. He's not embarrassed - he's afraid.

SHERLOCK  
My Boswell is learning - they grow up so fast.  
(He tosses the empty glass to Mary)  
Mary, restore the courage of Scotland Yard. Inspector, do sit down.

JOHN  
I'll get my notebook.

Lestrade, a little uncertainly, takes the client chair, as Mary hands him a drink.

LESTRADE  
I'm not afraid exactly ...

SHERLOCK  
Fear is wisdom in the face of danger - it is nothing to be ashamed of.

He grabs his pipe and matches.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
From the beginning then!

He strikes his match with a great flourish and -

- *blam!!* -

- and the striking match becomes:

CUT TO:

11

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 1A FLASHBACK

11

The exploding muzzle of a gun as it fires!

- now on young man - ALF - as he staggers back, his face and shirt front sprayed with blood, staring in horror. Confused, horrified, what the hell just happened??

Wider: an ordinary London street. Alf stands on the pavement, in the bustle -

(CONTINUED)

- next to him, in the street, a horse tied up at a cab rank.
- Alf, staring in confusion at the blood drenching him - a woman is screaming as she sees him.

On Alf - a beat of confusion: he's not hit, he's not hurt.

ALF

What in God's name - ?

Then there is a horrible whinnying gurgle.

- the horse starts, slowly and dreadfully, to crumple to the ground. It has been shot! (The blood from the wound has sprayed over Alf.)

Alf staring in incomprehension.

CABBIE

Somebody shot my -

*Blam!* The window in the cab shatters.

Now people running, screaming --

-- someone is shooting, someone has a gun --

On Alf: staring up - *oh my God!!*

The house opposite - there's a high window, a little balcony over-looking the street -

- and standing there, THE BRIDE!! A woman, a traditional wedding dress fluttering in the breeze -

- *and revolvers in her hand!*

On her face -

- deadly white, her mouth a red slash, her eyes crazed -

The revolvers now swivelling around, looking for a target.

Close on her hideous, red slash of a mouth as she screams -

THE BRIDE

You!!

And the revolvers swing round to level at -

- a man, GILES, puffing along the screen, trying to get out of the line of fire.

He stumbles to a halt, transfixed -

- the gun muzzles levelled at him, those deranged staring eyes -

GILES

No! Please, no, don't!

But suddenly the guns swing again, now pointing at -

- the cabbie with the dead horse, still seated where he was, staring in shock!

THE BRIDE

You!!

The cabbie throws himself off the cab, out of sight.

The Bride swings her guns round again -

- a young man, trying to scramble out of sight in a doorway.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

You!!

He flattens himself against the door.

The revolvers swing again, this time zeroing on -

- blood-soaked Alf, the dead horse still slumped in front of him. He stares at the Bride, transfixed in shock.

On the Bride - it's like she's settled on him. The crimson slash of a mouth breaks into a terrible, grin.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

You!!

The young man in the doorway sees his chance, makes a run for it. We pan with him as races across the street, until -

SHERLOCK

(From)

A moment!

- and the picture freezes, the man caught mid-run. We now track round him, holding him a three-dimensional frozen image to see, incongruously -

- now set up in the middle of the street, is the fireplace from 221b, with SHERLOCK reclining his armchair next to it, Lestrade in the client chair, JOHN in his chair with Mary sitting on the arm.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

When was this?

LESTRADE

Yesterday morning.

SHERLOCK

The Bride's face - how was it described?

(CONTINUED)

Closer on the group, but now actually in -

CUT TO:

12

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING 2**

12

The group round the fireplace. Lestrade flipping through his notebook.

LESTRADE

(Consulting his notes.)  
White as death, mouth like a  
crimson wound.

Sherlock has sprung to his feet, now paces to the window, staring out.

SHERLOCK

Poetry or truth?

LESTRADE

There are many who would say they  
are the same thing -

SHERLOCK

Yes, idiots - poetry or truth?

LESTRADE

I saw her face myself - afterwards.

SHERLOCK

After what?

The young man now goes running through 221b. We whip pan with him, as races right out of the set and on to:

CUT TO:

13

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 1A FLASHBACK**

13

- the young man races, we pan back up to the Bride and her revolvers.

THE BRIDE

You ... !!

Alf, whimpering with fear, drops to his knees, covers his head.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

...or me.

On Alf: still tense, waiting. What did she say?

From off - *blam!*

(CONTINUED)

Alf spasms, convulses, takes a moment to realise -  
 - he hasn't been hit!! Looks up.

The balcony is empty, the window stands open, the curtains flap as before -

- but now there is a slash of blood across them!

We hold in this for a moment, closing in on it -

- and then Sherlock crosses the window -

SHERLOCK  
 Really, Inspector -

CUT TO:

14

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING 2**

14

- Sherlock is now crossing in front of his own window -

SHERLOCK  
 - a woman blows her own brains out,  
 in public, and you need help  
 identifying the guilty party. I  
 fear Scotland Yard has reached a  
 new low.

LESTRADE  
 I'm not here about that.

SHERLOCK  
 I surmised.

DR WATSON  
 What was her name - the bride?

15

**INT. EMELIA RICOLETTI'S BEDROOM - DAY 1A FLASHBACK**

15

A dead hand in a lacy cuff. Blood on fluttering curtain...

LESTRADE  
 (V.O.)  
 Emelia Ricoletti. Yesterday was her  
 wedding anniversary.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 2**

16

LESTRADE  
 The police, of course, were called  
 and her body taken to the morgue.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Standard procedure. Why are you telling us what may be presumed?

LESTRADE

Because of what happened next.

17

**EXT. LIMEHOUSE ALLEY. NIGHT 1A FLASHBACK**

17

**FOG.**

Dense, swirling, impenetrable. The muffled chimes of a church clock sound midnight. We're in Limehouse. Seedy, dirty, corrupt. A faded sign in Chinese tells us we're outside 'The Bar of Gold'.

Now, striding through a big wooden doorway - RICOLETTI. Tall, 30's, with a big black moustache, evening dress.

And, like the running man, he freezes. We track round him, to see the Baker Street fireplace set up in the street, with Holmes, Lestrade and the Watsons grouped round it in their accustomed positions.

LESTRADE

Thomas Ricoletti. Emelia Ricoletti's husband.

Cutting close on Sherlock, so that we are now in:

CUT TO:

18

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 2**

18

SHERLOCK

Presumably on his way to the morgue to identify her remains.

Lestrade takes another drink. Visibly shaken.

LESTRADE

As it turned out, he was saved the trip!

CUT TO:

19

**EXT. LIMEHOUSE ALLEY. NIGHT 1A FLASHBACK**

19

*Craaaaack!*

A horsewhip sounds and suddenly a hansom cab thunders directly at Ricoletti, who staggers back a pace.

The cab comes to shuddering halt right before Ricoletti

(CONTINUED)

The DRIVER is a stocky man, bundled up against the cold. And he's pale as death - sweating. Staring at Ricoletti - clearly terrified for his life.

DRIVER  
(To Ricoletti)  
I'm sorry. She made me. She *made* me.

RICOLETTI  
Who made you do what? What are saying - ?

He breaks off as his eye goes to:

Through the shuttered hole in the cab roof protrude both barrels of a shotgun!

What??

Now the shotgun withdraws.

Now the cab door opens.

Cutting close on details. A slim ankle in soft, white leather boots and then the hem of a white dress. But not just any white dress. A wedding dress!

The BRIDE stands before Ricoletti in a beautiful Victorian gown. But the delicate veil that covers her face is filthy and blood-stained. She raises her gloved hand and points the shotgun at Ricoletti.

RICOLETTI (CONT'D)  
(terrified)  
Who are you?? What do you want??

The Bride jerks the shotgun towards him. *Up.*

Ricoletti flinches, holding up his hands in abject submission

The Bride gestures with the gun again.

*Back.*

Ricoletti frowns then backs away slowly the way he came. He throws a panicked look towards the cab driver, who looks quickly away. No comfort there.

RICOLETTI (CONT'D)  
Who are you? Why are you doing  
this?? Just tell me who you are!!

Beat. Then, for answer ... singing. Eerie, ethereal, the Bride sings!

(CONTINUED)

BRIDE

*"Do not forget me! do not forget  
me!  
Remember the maid, the maid of the  
mill..."*

Ricoletti: staring at her now aghast. *Oh my God!!*

BRIDE (CONT'D)

You recognise our song, my dear, I  
sang it at our wedding.

Keeping him covered, the Bride lifts her veil with one hand, revealing a delicately beautiful face, white as chalk. And unquestionably the woman who was shooting from the window.

RICOLETTI

*E...Emelia?*

DRIVER

(sotto)  
Christ preserve us.

RICOLETTI

You're dead. You can't be here, you  
died!

BRIDE

*Am I not beautiful, Thomas? As  
beautiful as the day you married  
me?*

Ricoletti gibbers in terror.

RICOLETTI

Impossible. It's not...possible!

Suddenly, there are footsteps in the fog.

RANCE (V.O.)

Alright, miss! Now be a good girl  
and put that thing down!

A young Police Constable - RANCE has appeared.

BRIDE

Put it down?  
(smiles)  
If you insist!

She swings the gun towards Ricoletti.

RANCE

No! No! For God's sake, think what  
you're doing! What the hell's all  
this about?

The Bride turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDE

What does it look like, my handsome friend?

She aims the gun.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

It's a shotgun wedding!

**BOOOOM!**

She lets fly with both barrels and Ricoletti is blasted in the chest and catapulted backwards onto the cobbles --

-- but as he lands, we cut to him landing in --

CUT TO:

19A **INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 2.**

19A

-- Ricoletti lands on the 221B carpet, our team looking down at him.

SHERLOCK

Till death us do part. Twice in this case.

Rance runs past the camera, taking us back to:

CUT TO:

19B **EXT. LIMEHOUSE ALLEY. NIGHT 1A FLASHBACK**

19B

Rance races towards the body.

RANCE

Oh my God, you've done for him!  
Help! Help! *Murder!* MURDER!

The Bride just smiles again and puts her veil back into place. She hurls the shotgun to the ground and walks slowly away.

Rance makes to follow her then stops dead in his tracks.

The back of the Bride's head is now visible. Or, rather, what should be the back of her head. Instead, it's a mess of compacted blood and gore. Then she's swallowed up by the fog.

Rance snaps out of his trance and follows - but she's gone! He can't be more than a few feet behind but there's absolutely no sign of the Bride. The fog swirls around Rance, as if mocking him. At last he races back to the hansom cab.

(CONTINUED)

RANCE (CONT'D)

Bloody hell, they'll skin me alive  
if I've lost her. You! You saw it  
all! You saw her.

The Driver nods slowly.

DRIVER

I saw her. Mrs Emelia Ricoletti.

Rance sighs with relief.

RANCE

Right. That's something then.  
Where does she live?

Beat.

DRIVER

Where does she live? She doesn't  
live anywhere. She blew her brains  
out yesterday!

(CONTINUED)

Ashen-faced, Rance pulls out his whistle and blasts on it.

The fog envelopes them as the shrill shriek of the whistle blares over -

CUT TO:

20

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 2**

20

A sombre silence. Lestrade takes another sip.

JOHN  
Extraordinary.

MARY  
Impossible.

SHERLOCK  
Superb!

Sherlock leaps to his feet, exuberant.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Suicide as street theatre, murder  
by corpse - and it's not even  
Christmas yet! Lestrade, you're  
spoiling us. Watson, your hat and  
boots.

JOHN  
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK  
The morgue - there's not a moment  
to lose. Which one can so rarely  
say of a morgue.

MARY  
Am I supposed just to sit here?

JOHN  
Not at all, my dear - we'll be  
hungry later.  
(To Sherlock)  
Holmes, just one thing ... tweeds  
in a morgue?

SHERLOCK  
Needs must when the devil drives,  
Watson.

He claps his deerstalker to his head and off they dash. Mary, seething. Lestrade gives her a nod -

LESTRADE  
Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

- and rises to follow.

MARY

I'm part of a campaign, you know.

LESTRADE

A campaign?

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
Votes for women.

LESTRADE  
... are you for or against?

MARY  
Get out.

Bemused, Lestrade goes.

Beat.

Mary broods.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. HANSOM CAB. NIGHT 2**

21

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE are squeezed together in the back of a cab.

SHERLOCK  
Who's on mortuary duty?

Lestrade sighs. Sherlock sighs back.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Always him.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 2**

22

MARY is staring into the fire.

MRS HUDSON (O.S.)  
Ooh-ooh!

Mrs Hudson pops her head round the door.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)  
They gone off again, have they? I  
don't know. What a life those  
gentlemen lead.

MARY  
Yes.

She sits.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Those *gentlemen*.

(CONTINUED)

MRS HUDSON

Never mind, my dear. Ooh, almost forgot. This came for you.

She hands over an envelope. Mary: instantly curious, alert - like she recognises the stationery. She rips open the envelope, a card falls into her hand.

On screen text: in immaculate handwriting, a single word: *Immediately*.

She flips the card over. On the rear side is a single letter:

M.

Mary smiles - you'd almost think the game was afoot.

MARY

Tell my husband I'll be late home - I have some urgent business.

MRS HUDSON

Is everything all right?

MARY

Oh, you know - just a friend in need.

MRS HUDSON

Oh dear, what friend?

Mary, at the door, turns back. Pushing in on her, hero shot, as she smiles.

MARY

England.

And off she goes -

- leaving Mrs Hudson, flabbergasted for a moment.

MRS HUDSON

Well that's not very specific.

CUT TO:

23

**CUT**

23

24

**INT. MORTUARY. NIGHT 2**

24

Gas-light flares off the sterile white tiles of the mortuary. John, Lestrade and Sherlock entering ...

Sherlock comes to a halt, staring.

On the slab lies the sheeted body of the Bride -

(CONTINUED)

- and the corpse has been chained and manacled to the table.

SHERLOCK

Please tell me which idiot did  
this??

Now on: a man in his shirt sleeves, clearly working here:  
it's Anderson!

ANDERSON

It's for everyone's safety.

John has already stepped forward, pulling back the top of the  
sheet -

- to reveal the terrible face of the Bride, still and waxen  
in death.

JOHN

This woman is dead. Half her head  
is missing, she isn't a threat to  
anyone.

ANDERSON

Tell that to her husband - he's  
under a sheet in the next room.

SHERLOCK

Whatever happened in Limehouse last  
night, I think we can safely assume  
it wasn't the work of a dead woman.

ANDERSON

Stranger things have happened.

SHERLOCK

Such as?

ANDERSON

Well. Strange things.

JOHN

You're talking like a child.

SHERLOCK

And this is clearly man's work.  
Where is he?

The creak of a door, light falls across the room, the shadow  
of a new arrival.

HOOPER

Mr. Holmes!

Hero shot, pushing in on -

Impossibly, it's Molly Hooper. But dressed a man. It just  
about works - thin, with fine features, a moustache.

(CONTINUED)

Holmes gives him (her) a guarded nod. They're almost squaring up to each other.

SHERLOCK  
Hooper.

HOOPE  
Holmes.  
(Shoots a look at  
Anderson)  
You. Back to work.

Anderson turns, picks up a mop and pail and continues swabbing the tiled floor.

Hooper and Sherlock lock eyes. Clearly there is bitter history here.

HOOPER  
So. Come to astonish us with your magic tricks, I suppose.

SHERLOCK  
Is there anything to which you'd like to draw my attention?

HOOPER  
Nothing at all, Mr. Holmes. You may leave any time you wish.

LESTRADE  
Dr. Hooper, I asked Mr. Holmes to come here - co-operate. That's an order.

Hooper shoots him a sour look - oh, all right.

HOOPER  
There are two "features of interest" as you're always saying in Dr Watson's stories.

SHERLOCK  
I never say that.

JOHN  
You do, actually. Quite a lot.

HOOPER  
First of all, this is definitely Emilia Ricoletti. She has been categorically identified. Beyond doubt, this is her.

JOHN  
Then who was that in Limehouse last night?

HOOPER

That was also Emelia Ricoletti.

JOHN

It can't have been. She was dead,  
she was here.

HOOPER

She was positively identified by  
her own husband seconds before he  
died. He had no reason to lie, and  
could hardly have been mistaken.

LESTRADE

The cabbie knew her too. No  
question it was her.

Sherlock, now frowning. This is tricky.

JOHN

But she can't have been in two  
places at the same time, can she?

SHERLOCK

No, Watson. One place is strictly  
the limit for the recently  
deceased.

JOHN

Holmes! Could it have been twins?

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

Why not?

SHERLOCK

Because it's never twins.

LESTRADE

Emelia was not a twin, nor did she  
have any sisters. She had one older  
brother who died four years ago.

JOHN

Well - maybe there was a ... secret  
twin?

SHERLOCK

A *what??*

JOHN

You know. A secret twin. A twin,  
that nobody knew about. This whole  
thing could've been planned..

SHERLOCK

Since the moment of conception? How  
breathtakingly prescient of her.  
It's never twins, Watson.

JOHN

Then what's *your* theory?

SHERLOCK

More to the point -  
(Rounds on Lestrade)  
What's your problem?

LESTRADE

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK

Why were you so frightened? Nothing  
so far has justified your assault  
on my decanter. You've allowed a  
dead body to be placed under arrest  
...

HOOPER

Ah. That would be the other feature  
of interest.

Hooper has raised the right hand of the dead woman,  
indicating a smear of blood on the forefinger.

JOHN

A smear of blood on the finger?  
That could've happened any number  
of ways.

HOOPER

Oh, indeed. There's just one thing.  
It wasn't there earlier.

Lestrade has picked up a gas lamp from a table, now raises it  
to illuminate something on the wall ...

LESTRADE

And neither was that!

The word **YOU** is smeared in blood on the wall.

They all stare. Sherlock, in particular, is fascinated. And  
silent.

JOHN

... Holmes? Say something.

When Sherlock speaks, he is staring at the words - haunted,  
thrilling to the moment.

SHERLOCK

A gun in the mouth. A bullet  
through the brain. The back of the  
head blown clean off. How could he  
survive?

The others exchange glances.

JOHN

"She", you mean?

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

JOHN

Not "he". "She".

SHERLOCK

... yes. Yes, of course.  
(Brightens, back to  
business)

Thank you, all, for a fascinating  
case. I'll send you a telegram when  
I've solved it. Watson!

And he sweeps out of the room -

- as he passes a mirror, we seem fleetingly reflected - but again as the modern Sherlock, in his coat and scarf. As last time, this is so fast we can't be sure.

John turns to Hooper. With Sherlock gone, he's slightly different - crisper, more business-like.

JOHN

The gunshot wound was obviously the cause of death, but there are some clear indicators of consumption. Might be worth a post-mortem, we need all the information we can get.

HOOPER

Oh, isn't he observant, now that Daddy's gone.

JOHN

I'm observant in some ways -  
(Lands such a level gaze  
on her)  
- just as Holmes is quite blind in others.

HOOPER

Really?

JOHN

Yes. Really.

He holds Hooper's look for a moment - then very pointedly, raises his hat to her. As he might, if there were a lady present.

Hooper almost blushes. He's on to her.

John claps his hat back on, and sweeps out after Sherlock.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(As he goes)  
Amazing what one has to do to get  
ahead in a man's world!

ANDERSON  
What's he saying that for?

HOOPER  
Get back to work!

DISSOLVE TO:

25

**INT. HANSOM CAB - NIGHT 2**

25

Sherlock and John in the cab, Sherlock silent and smoking his pipe - till John can stand it no longer.

JOHN  
Well, Holmes? Surely you must have  
some theory??

A silence. Then:

SHERLOCK  
Not yet. These are deep waters,  
Watson, deep waters.  
(Frowns abstracted)  
And I shall have to go deeper still  
...

And he falls into silence, staring abstractedly out of the window.

Now on Watson, watching him - frowning, troubled.

JOHN (V.O.)  
It was not for several months that  
we were to pick up the threads of  
this strange case again...

CUT TO:

26

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 3**

26

Sherlock is pacing among several books and diagrams, actively studying something, trying to understand it.

(CONTINUED)

A plaintive Lestrade is following Sherlock about, as if trying to get his attention.

JOHN (V.O.)  
- and then under very unexpected circumstances...

LESTRADE  
Five of them now - all the same, every one of them.

SHERLOCK  
Hush, please, this is a matter of supreme importance.

LESTRADE  
What is?

SHERLOCK  
The obliquity of the ecliptic. I have to understand it.

LESTRADE  
What is it?

SHERLOCK  
I don't know, I'm still trying to understand it.

LESTRADE  
I thought you understood everything.

SHERLOCK  
Of course I don't, that would be an appalling waste of brain space - I specialize.

LESTRADE  
Then what's so important about this?

SHERLOCK  
What's so important about five boring murders?

LESTRADE  
They're not boring. Five men dead, murdered in their own homes. Rice on the floor, like at a wedding - and the word YOU written in blood on the wall.

(A beat)  
It's her. It's the Bride. Somehow she's risen again -

SHERLOCK  
Solved it.

LESTRADE

You can't have solved it.

SHERLOCK

Of course I've solved it, it's simple. The incident of the mysterious Mrs Ricoletti, the killer from the beyond the grave, has been widely reported in the popular press. Now people are disguising their own dull little murders as the work of a ghost to confuse the an impossibly imbecilic Scotland Yard. There you are, solved. Pay Mrs. Hudson a visit on the way out, she likes to feel involved.

LESTRADE

... You sure?

SHERLOCK

Certainly, go away.

(Spins round)

Watson, I'm ready - we have an important appointment. Your hat and boots.

But he is addressing an empty chair. Where's he gone?

LESTRADE

Didn't Dr. Watson move out a few months ago?

SHERLOCK

He did, didn't he? Who have I been talking to all this time?

LESTRADE

Well speaking on behalf of the impossibly imbecilic Scotland Yard, that chair is definitely empty.

SHERLOCK

Yes, it is. Works surprisingly well though. Actually, I thought he was improving.

CUT TO:

JOHN sits at the breakfast table, the picture of Victorian respectability. He rings a bell on the table.

The clock ticks gently on the mantelpiece.

JOHN (V.O.)  
- and then under very unexpected  
circumstances...

John turns the page of his newspaper, checks his pocket watch, sighs, rings the bell again.

At last, the door is flung open and a very flustered servant, MARY JANE, appears. There's soot on her cheek and flour all over her apron - the worst maid in the world but brimming with sass.

JOHN  
Where have you been?

MARY JANE  
Sorry, sir. I'm rather behind my  
time this morning.

JOHN  
And my breakfast?

COOK (O.S.)  
*Mary Jane!! Oh my Lord!*

Mary Jane casts a forlorn look back towards the kitchen. Smoke curls ominously round the door jamb.

JOHN  
This is intolerable.

MARY JANE  
Yes, sir. Sorry sir.

JOHN  
Are you incapable of boiling an  
egg?

Mary Jane just hangs her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The fires are rarely lit, there is  
dust everywhere and you almost  
destroyed my boots scraping the mud  
off them. If it wasn't my wife's  
business to deal with the staff,  
I'd talk to you myself -  
(A beat: frowns)  
Where is my wife?

MARY JANE  
Begging your pardon, sir but the  
Mistress has gone out.

JOHN  
Out? At this hour of the morning?

(CONTINUED)

MARY JANE

Yes, sir.

(Tiny twinkle of malice)

Did you not know that, sir?

JOHN

Where did she go?? She's always out  
these days.

MARY JANE

Not unlike yourself, sir.

JOHN

I'm sorry?

MARY JANE

Just observing, sir.

JOHN

That's quite enough - nobody asked  
you to be observant!

MARY JANE

Sorry, sir. I just meant, you're  
hardly ever home together any more,  
sir.

JOHN

You are dangerously close to  
impertinence. I shall have a word  
with wife to have a word with you.

MARY JANE

Very good, sir. And when will you  
be seeing her, sir?

JOHN

Now listen -

MARY JANE

Oh, I nearly forgot, sir - a  
telegram came for you.

She passes him a telegram.

JOHN

You forgot??

MARY JANE

No, I *nearly* forgot.

JOHN

What have you been *doing* all  
morning??

MARY JANE

Reading your new one in the Strand,  
sir.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
Did you enjoy it?

MARY JANE  
Why do you never mention me, sir?

JOHN  
Go away.

And off she goes, leaving John to rip open the telegram.

On screen text:

**Come at once if convenient. If inconvenient, come all the same. HOLMES.**

John heads for the door.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 3

28

SHERLOCK and JOHN are striding along a sunny London street.

JOHN  
The what of the what?

SHERLOCK  
The obliquity of the ecliptic.

JOHN  
Come at once, you said. I assumed  
it was important.

SHERLOCK  
It is. It's the inclination of the  
Earth's equator to the apparent  
path of the sun on the celestial  
plane.

JOHN  
... have you been swotting up?

SHERLOCK  
Why would I do that?

JOHN  
To sound clever.

SHERLOCK  
I am clever.

JOHN  
Oh, I see.

SHERLOCK  
You see what?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I deduce we're on our way to see  
someone cleverer than you.

SHERLOCK

...shut up.

They halt outside an imposing white walled building and a brass sign: The Diogenes Club.

CUT TO:

29

INT. DIOGENES CLUB. LOBBY. DAY 3

29

Paintings of stern-looking men peer down from the dark panelled walls. Liveried servants with cloth-muffles on their shoes glide about. Heavy pot plants contribute to the atmosphere of gloom. And there's a HUGE sign in gold letters -

**"ABSOLUTE SILENCE."**

SHERLOCK marches up to the uniformed doorman, WILDER, behind the front desk and smiles. Unexpectedly, they start to communicate - in sign language!

SHERLOCK

(subtitles)

Good morning, Wilder. Is my brother  
in?

WILDER

(subtitles)

Naturally, sir. It's breakfast  
time.

SHERLOCK

(subtitles)

The Stranger's Room?

WILDER

(subtitles)

Yes, sir.

Sherlock nods towards JOHN.

SHERLOCK

(subtitles)

This gentleman is my guest.

WILDER

(subtitles)

Ah, yes! Dr Watson, of course.  
Enjoyed 'The Blue Carbuncle', sir.

John just smiles at him. Sherlock jabs him with his elbow.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Oh.

He starts signing, clumsily.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(subtitles)

Thank you. I...am...glad  
you...liked it. You are  
very...ugly.

Wilder looks shocked.

WILDER

(subtitles)

I beg your pardon?

JOHN

(subtitles)

Ugly. What you said about 'The Blue  
Fishmonger'. Very ugly. I am glad  
you liked my potato.

SHERLOCK

(subtitles)

Yes. Needs work, Watson. Too much  
time spent on dancing lessons.

JOHN

(aloud)

Sorry - what?

Everyone turns and glares at John. Sherlock sweeps out. John turns to Wilder, and gives a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

30

INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGER'S ROOM. DAY 3

30

The familiar room (from 'Reichenbach'), little different to its present day counterpart.

SHERLOCK pushes open the door and we see the back of a big leather arm-chair. Next to it, a brass telescope pointed towards the window.

MYCROFT (O.S.)

To anyone who wishes to study  
Mankind, this is the spot!

SHERLOCK

Handy, really, as your ever-expanding backside is permanently glued to it. Good morning, brother mine!

(CONTINUED)

We move round to reveal the occupier of the chair - a colossally fat man. Not just overweight but obese. He's wearing a very well cut but enormous frock-coat with pinstripe trousers. A gold watch chain is stretched to breaking point over his vast belly. MYCROFT!

MYCROFT

Sherlock.

He extends a flipper-like hand to John.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Dr Watson.

Mycroft is surrounded by trays and trays of food. Sausages, bacon, pies, puddings, steaming soup. He's like the Ghost of Christmas Present, sitting on a pile of nosh. As he speaks, he stuffs his fearfully fat face, sweat running down his chins.

JOHN

You look well, sir.

MYCROFT

Really? I rather thought I looked enormous.

JOHN

Well now that you mention it, this level of consumption is incredibly injurious to your health. Your heart -

SHERLOCK

No need to worry on that score, Watson.

JOHN

No?

SHERLOCK

There's only an empty cavity where that organ should reside.

MYCROFT

It's a family trait.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I wasn't being critical.

JOHN

If you continue like this, sir, I give you five years at the most.

MYCROFT

Five?? We thought three, did we not, Sherlock?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
I still incline to four.

MYCROFT  
As ever, you see but you do not observe. Note the discolouration in the whites of my eyes, and the visible rings round the corneas.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, good point. I'm changing my bet to three years, four months and eleven days.

JOHN  
*Bet?!*

SHERLOCK  
I understand your disapproval, Watson - it's perfectly within his power to die early, if he's feeling competitive.

MYCROFT  
It's a risk you'll have to take.

JOHN  
You're gambling with your own life?

MYCROFT  
Why not? It's so much more exciting than gambling with others'.

SHERLOCK  
Three years flat if you eat that plum pudding!

MYCROFT  
Done.

He grabs a huge slab of pudding and stuffs it into his mouth.

CUT TO:

31

INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGER'S ROOM. DAY 3

31

A few minutes later. John and Sherlock now have coffees.

MYCROFT  
I expected to see you a few days ago, about the Manor House case? I thought you might be a little out of your depth there.

SHERLOCK  
No. I solved it.

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT

It was Adams, of course.

SHERLOCK

Yes, it was Adams.

MYCROFT

Murderous jealousy. He'd written a paper for the Royal Astronomical Society on the obliquity of the ecliptic and then read another that seemed to surpass it.

SHERLOCK

I know, I read it.

MYCROFT

Did you understand it?

SHERLOCK

Of course I understood it, it was perfectly simple.

A look between Sherlock and John - Sherlock has been caught out: he was swotting!

MYCROFT

No, did you understand the murderous jealousy? It is no easy thing for a great mind to contemplate a still greater one ...

Sherlock, furious now.

SHERLOCK

Did you summon me here just to humiliate me?

MYCROFT

Yes.

Sherlock looks at him, stonily - gets up.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Of course not, but it is by far the greater pleasure.

SHERLOCK

Then kindly explain what you are -

MYCROFT

Our way of life is under threat from an invisibly enemy, one that hovers at our elbow on a daily basis. These enemies are everywhere, undetected and unstoppable.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
... Bolsheviks?

MYCROFT  
Not Bolsheviks, doctor, no.

JOHN  
Anarchists?

MYCROFT  
No.

JOHN  
The French? The suffragists?

MYCROFT  
Is there any large body of people  
you're not concerned about?

SHERLOCK  
Dr. Watson is endlessly vigilant.  
Elaborate!

MYCROFT  
No. Investigate. This is a  
conjecture of mine - I need you to  
confirm it. I'm sending you a case.

JOHN  
The Scots?

SHERLOCK  
The Scots!

MYCROFT  
Are you aware of recent theories  
concerning what is known as  
paranoia?

JOHN  
Sounds Serbian.

MYCROFT  
(To Sherlock)  
A woman will call on you. Lady  
Louisa Carmichael. I should like  
you to take her case.

JOHN  
But these enemies! How are we to  
defeat them if you won't tell us  
about them?

MYCROFT  
We don't defeat them. We must  
certainly lose to them.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
... why?

MYCROFT  
Because they are right. And we are wrong.

John: baffled.

SHERLOCK  
Lady Carmichael's case - what is it?

MYCROFT  
Rest assured - it has features of interest.

SHERLOCK  
I never really say that.

JOHN  
You really do.

SHERLOCK  
And you've solved it already, have you?

MYCROFT  
Only in my head. I need you for the legwork.

JOHN  
But why not tell us your solution?

MYCROFT  
Where's the sport in that? Will you do it, Sherlock? I can promise you a superior distraction.

Sherlock - tempted, but resentful.

SHERLOCK  
... On one condition. Have another plum pudding.

MYCROFT  
There's one on the way!

Sherlock springs up, heads for the door.

SHERLOCK  
(As he goes)  
Two years, eleven months and four days.

MYCROFT  
Oh, it's getting exciting now. Tick tock, tick tock.

(CONTINUED)

As Sherlock and John exit, Wilder is gliding, bearing a covered a tray. He sets the tray down in front of Mycroft.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)  
Thankyou, Wilder.

WILDER  
There is also a Mr. Melas to see you, Mr. Holmes.

MYCROFT  
Give me five minutes - I have a wager to win.

He uncovers the tray - revealing *three plum puddings*. He twinkles at Wilder.

WILDER  
Make it fifteen!

Wilder nods and withdraws. Mycroft grabs his spoon with gusto!

MYCROFT  
Tick tock!!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

32

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY 3

32

LADY CARMICHAEL

Mr Holmes, I have come here for  
advice.

CUT TO:

33

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY 3

33

SHERLOCK

That's easily got.

LADY CARMICHAEL

And help.

SHERLOCK

Not always so easy.

LADY CARMICHAEL is an elegant, beautiful woman in her 50s.  
She stares into space a moment.

LADY CARMICHAEL

Something has happened to me, Mr  
Holmes. Something...unusual. And  
terrifying.

SHERLOCK

Well you're in luck then.

LADY CARMICHAEL

Luck??

SHERLOCK

Those happen to be my specialisms.  
This is really very promising.

(CONTINUED)

WATSON  
(Gentle warning)  
Holmes.

SHERLOCK  
(Takes the hint: turns on  
the compassion)  
Please, tell us what has so  
distressed you.

LADY CARMICHAEL  
I thought long and hard as to what  
to do but then it occurred to me  
that my husband was an acquaintance  
of your brother. And that perhaps  
through him - The fact is, I'm not  
sure this comes within your  
purview, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK  
No?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Lord help me, but I think it may be  
a matter for a priest!

CUT TO:

34

**INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY 2A FLASHBACK**

34

SIR EUSTACE CARMICHAEL (50s, thin, bearded) sits at the head  
of a large table. LADY CARMICHAEL and their CHILDREN are  
there too. SERVANTS plonk kedgeree onto their plates as SIR  
EUSTACE slices open his morning correspondence with a letter  
knife.

SIR EUSTACE  
And what does your morning  
threaten, my dear? A vigorous round  
of embroidery? An exhausting  
appointment at the milliners?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
I hope you're teasing, Eustace.

SIR EUSTACE  
(laughs)  
Of course I am. But heavens knows I  
envy you sometimes, Louisa. No  
cares. No responsibilities...

LADY CARMICHAEL  
(terse)  
Simply raising our children, and  
caring for this household.

(CONTINUED)

SIR EUSTACE

Well, exactly -

He stops in his tracks. Sir Eustace has opened a letter and is gazing inside the envelope.

LADY CARMICHAEL

What is it?

He doesn't reply. But he's gone white as a sheet.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Eustace?

Still he sits rooted to the spot. Lady Carmichael turns to the children.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Daniel, Sophie. Go out and play.

SOPHIE

But Mama -

LADY CARMICHAEL

Do as I tell you! Quickly now.

Reluctantly, the children run out of the room, Daniel grabbing a couple of slices of toast and stuffing them into his mouth.

Lady Carmichael takes the envelope from her husband's hand and tips it up. Small, dry objects patter into the palm of her hand.

*Five orange pips.*

She bursts out laughing but then the smile is wiped from her face as Sir Eustace turns to her for the first time.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Eustace? What does this mean?

SIR EUSTACE

*Death.*

LADY CARMICHAEL

What?

Suddenly, Sir Eustace plasters a weak smile onto his face.

SIR EUSTACE

Nothing. It's nothing. I was mistaken.

LADY CARMICHAEL

My dear, you've gone quite pale.

Sir Eustace scrapes back his chair and gets up.

(CONTINUED)

SIR EUSTACE  
It's nothing!

He collects himself.

SIR EUSTACE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

He goes out, leaving Lady Carmichael bewildered.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY 3

35

SHERLOCK  
You kept the envelope?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
My husband destroyed it. But it was  
blank. No name or address of any  
kind.

SHERLOCK  
Tell me, has Sir Eustace spent time  
in America?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
No.

SHERLOCK  
Not even before your marriage?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Not to my knowledge.

SHERLOCK  
Hm.  
(smiles)  
Pray continue with your fascinating  
narrative.

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Well...that incident took place  
last Monday morning. It was two  
days later, on the Wednesday, that  
my husband first saw her.

JOHN  
Who?

On Lady Carmichael: a look of absolute dread.

CUT TO:

36

**INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2B FLASHBACK**

36

LADY CARMICHAEL is in bed. She stirs and realises that the rumpled sheets next to her are unoccupied. She sits up.

SIR EUSTACE is at the window, staring out into the night. His expression is fixed, eyes wide.

LADY CARMICHAEL

Eustace?

Sir Eustace emits a low, desperate groan. Lady Carmichael jumps out of bed and rushes to his side.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Eustace! Are you ill?

Sir Eustace grabs her roughly by the shoulders. She shrieks in alarm.

SIR EUSTACE

She's come for me, Louisa! Oh God help me, my sins have found me out! She's come for me!

LADY CARMICHAEL

Who has come for you? Eustace, you're frightening me -

SIR EUSTACE

Look! Look!

He drags his wife to the window. She looks out into the night.

Lady Carmichael's POV: the moonlit garden. Well tended trees, bushes. A sundial. A maze.

SIR EUSTACE (CONT'D)

Don't you see her?

LADY CARMICHAEL

I see no-one!

SIR EUSTACE

Look, woman, look!

He presses his face to the glass, eyes wild.

SIR EUSTACE (CONT'D)

Gone. She's gone.

He sinks down, slumped against the wall and starts to sob. Tenderly, Lady Carmichael strokes her husband's hair.

LADY CARMICHAEL

You keep so many secrets from me, is this another? Who have you seen?

(CONTINUED)

Sir Eustace snaps his head round, his face wet with sweat and terror.

SIR EUSTACE  
Don't you understand? It was her!  
It was the *Bride*!!

CUT TO:

37

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY 3

37

On SHERLOCK and JOHN. Both of them have pricked up their ears at this.

John shoots Sherlock a look, Sherlock gently indicates that John should keep calm.

SHERLOCK  
You saw nothing?

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Nothing.

SHERLOCK  
And did your husband describe -

LADY CARMICHAEL  
*Nothing until this morning.*

John straightens up in his chair, all alert.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAWN 2C FLASHBACK

38

LADY CARMICHAEL wakes and finds the bed empty as before. But this time there's no sign of her husband.

She moves swiftly to the window and draws back the curtains.

CUT TO:

In the garden below, SIR EUSTACE, in his nightshirt strides swiftly through the garden.

From the window, Lady Carmichael watches in fascination.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAWN 2C FLASHBACK

39

Hastily pulling a coat over her nightdress, LADY CARMICHAEL dashes into the garden in pursuit of her husband.

(CONTINUED)

She finds herself at the entrance to the maze and stops dead. A low breeze moves the dark foliage. There's something very sinister about it in the bleak dawn.

She glances down to see one of her husband's slippers lying abandoned on the grass.

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Eustace?

With dread inevitability, she enters the maze...

CUT TO:

40 **INT. MAZE. DAWN 2C FLASHBACK**

40

LADY CARMICHAEL walks swiftly into the first section of the maze and immediately comes to a cross-roads. She looks up at the hedges towering over her.

LADY CARMICHAEL  
Eustace?

No reply. Only the thin hiss of the breeze.

She looks right then left. Which way?

She makes a decision and plunges right.

CUT TO:

Keeping close to the hedge, LADY CARMICHAEL strides on. Ahead of her is a gap in the hedge. She moves swiftly towards it and then trips up, falling headlong.

She gasps in pain and examines her hands which are cut and bloody.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Blast it!

She's cross now.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Eustace! Eustace, it's me! Where  
are you? Eustace?

As she peers ahead into the darkness, behind her a white figure sweeps past the gap in the hedge.

The **BRIDE!!**

It pays no attention to her and is swallowed up by the darkness before Lady Carmichael can turn round. But turn round she does, aware that something isn't quite right.

(CONTINUED)

She gets slowly to her feet - and presses on.

CUT TO:

LADY CARMICHAEL turns left, right, left again.

The she freezes. There's something else audible above the sigh of the wind.

A woman is *singing*.

VOICE

*"Do not forget me, do not forget  
me!  
Think sometimes of me still; "*

Lady Carmichael is rooted to the spot by the haunting, plaintive sound.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*"When the morn breaks and the  
throstle awakes, Remember the maid  
of the mill...."*

She decides to turn back. The song doesn't seem to get any fainter. She races back the way she came, the branches and leaves whipping at her face.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*"Do not forget me! do not forget  
me!..."*

But she's lost. Hopelessly lost. She turns - and is confronted by blank hedge. Turns again and finds another blank hedge.

She throws herself blindly into the darkness. All the time, the song echoes through her head...

VOICE (CONT'D)

*"Remember the maid,"*

...and suddenly, standing there, staring ahead is Sir Eustace.

Opposite him, her dress grave-begrimed and filthy, her veil down, stands the BRIDE.

BRIDE

(sings)  
*"the maid of the mill..."*

The Bride cocks her head, staring at Lady Carmichael who tries to cry out. But all that will come out is a strangulated gasp.

(CONTINUED)

She can hardly contain her terror.

But at last she takes hold of her senses.

LADY CARMICHAEL

Who are you? I demand you speak!  
Who are you?

The Bride doesn't respond. Lady Carmichael grabs her husband and swings him round. His face is chalk white.

LADY CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Eustace! Speak to me! In the name  
of God!

She slaps him across the face. Gibbering with fear, he finally manages to speak.

SIR EDWIN

She...she is Emelia Ricoletti!

The Bride glides towards them.

SIR EUSTACE

No. Not you, no, please!

The Bride glides towards them.

BRIDE

*This night, Eustace Carmichael, you  
will DIE!*

She puts her filthy gloved hands to her veil, ready to raise it.

Lady Carmichael prepares herself for the sight of the ghostly face - but is too much for Sir Eustace, who faints on the spot.

Lady Carmichael drops down to save him from falling - and when she looks again, the Bride has vanished.

CUT TO:

41

**INT/EXT. MAZE. DAWN 2C FLASHBACK**

41

WIDE

Lady Carmichael and her unconscious husband in the maze, the wind whipping at the foliage. Alone...

CUT TO:

42

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY 3

42

SHERLOCK is silent, fingers steepled. John is staring at Holmes, barely concealing his excitement.

JOHN

Holmes!

SHERLOCK

Hush, Watson.

JOHN

But Emilia Ricoletti - the Bride!

LADY CARMICHAEL

You know the name?

SHERLOCK

You must forgive Watson - he has an enthusiasm for stating the obvious which borders on mania. May I ask, how is your husband this morning?

LADY CARMICHAEL

He refuses to speak about the matter. Obviously, I have urged him to leave the house -

SHERLOCK

No, no, he must stay exactly where he is.

LADY CARMICHAEL

You don't think he's in danger?

SHERLOCK

Oh, no, someone's definitely wants to kill him - which is good for us, because you can't set a trap without bait.

LADY CARMICHAEL

My husband is not bait, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

No, but he could be, if we play our cards right. Now, listen - you must return home immediately, and Dr Watson and I will follow on the next train. There's not a moment to lose - Sir Eustace is to die tonight.

JOHN

(Gentle warning)  
Holmes.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
And we should probably avoid that.

JOHN  
Definitely.

SHERLOCK  
Definitely avoid that.

DISSOLVE TO:

43

INT. DIOGENES CLUB/STRANGERS ROOM - DAY 3

43

The clock ticks.

Mycroft stands at the window, looking out, so sombre.

Behind him we hear the door open. A distorted reflection in the window - someone entering.

Without turning, Mycroft addresses the newcomer.

MYCROFT  
Little brother has taken the case, of course - I now rely on you to keep an eye on things. But he must never suspect you are working for me.

(Turns to look at the newcomer)

Are you clear on that, Watson?

Pan to:

Oh!

It's Mary Watson!!

MARY  
You can rely on me, Mr. Holmes.

CUT TO:

44

INT. TRAIN. DAY 3

44

SHERLOCK and JOHN are in a train carriage, racing through the countryside. Both are wearing their country tweeds and Sherlock is, of course, in Inverness cape and deer-stalker. Holmes is reclining, apparently asleep.

JOHN  
You don't suppose -

SHERLOCK  
No I don't, and neither should you.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You don't know what I was going to say.

SHERLOCK

You were about to suggest that there might be some supernatural agency involved in this matter, and I was about to laugh in your face.

JOHN

But the Bride, Holmes! Emelia Ricoletti again. A dead woman, walking the earth.

Sherlock opens his eyes, stares at him.

SHERLOCK

You amaze me, Watson.

JOHN

I do?

SHERLOCK

Since when have you had any kind of imagination?

JOHN

Perhaps since I convinced the reading public that an unprincipled drug addict was some kind of gentleman hero.

SHERLOCK

Yes, now that you mention it, that was quite impressive. You may, however, rest assured - there are no ghosts in this world. Save those we make for ourselves.

He closes his eyes again. Watson, frowning.

JOHN

Sorry, what did you say?

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ghosts we make for ourselves - what do you mean?

But Sherlock is silent. Lost in his thoughts, or perhaps even asleep ...

CUT TO:

45

EXT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. DAY 3

45

A very large and ugly old house in its own grounds, swamped in fog.

SIR EUSTACE (V.O.)  
Somnambulism.

CUT TO:

46

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. STUDY. DAY 3

46

Hollow-eyed and frightened, SIR EUSTACE stands opposite JOHN, who seems to be conducting the interview. Sherlock, seemingly a bit abstracted, is strolling round the room, an idle examination.

JOHN  
I beg your pardon?

SIR EUSTACE  
I sleep-walk! That is all. It is a common enough condition. The whole thing was a bad dream.

JOHN  
Including the contents of the envelope you received?

SIR EUSTACE  
(shrugs)  
A grotesque joke.

JOHN  
That's not the impression you gave your wife, sir.

SIR EUSTACE  
She's an hysterick! Prone to fancies.

SHERLOCK  
No.

Sherlock doesn't even glance round as he speaks, just carries on with his casual inspection.

SIR EUSTACE  
I'm sorry, what did you say?

SHERLOCK  
I said no, she's not an hysterick. She's a highly intelligent woman of rare perception.

(CONTINUED)

SIR EUSTACE

My wife sees terror in an orange  
pip.

SHERLOCK

Your wife can see worlds where no  
one else can see anything of value  
at all.

SIR EUSTACE

Can she really? And how do you  
"deduce" that, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

She married *you* - I assume she was  
capable of finding a reason. I'll  
do my best to save your life  
tonight. But first it would help if  
you explained your connection to  
the Ricoletti case.

SIR EUSTACE

Ricoletti?

SHERLOCK

Yes. In detail please.

SIR EUSTACE

Never heard of her.

SHERLOCK

Interesting. I didn't mention she  
was a woman. We'll show ourselves  
out - I hope to see you again in  
the morning.

SIR EUSTACE

You will not.

SHERLOCK

Then sadly I shall be solving your  
murder. Good day.

CUT TO:

47

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY 3

47

JOHN

Well, you tried.

SHERLOCK is scribbling a note in his pocket book. He hands  
the note to the BUTLER.

SHERLOCK

Would you see that Lady Carmichael  
gets this? Thank you. Good  
afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

He puts on his deerstalker and exits.

CUT TO:

48

**EXT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. DAY 3**

48

JOHN

What was that?

SHERLOCK

Lady Carmichael will sleep alone  
tonight upon the pretence of a  
violent headache. All the doors and  
windows of the house will be  
locked.

JOHN

You think the spectre -  
(A look from Sherlock)  
- the...Bride will attempt to lure  
Sir Eustace outside again?

SHERLOCK

Certainly. Why else the portentous  
warning? "This night you will die!"

JOHN

But he won't follow her, surely?

SHERLOCK

It's hard to know quite what he  
will do. Guilt is eating away at  
his soul.

JOHN

Guilt about what?

SHERLOCK

Something in his past. The orange  
pips were a reminder.

JOHN

Not a joke.

SHERLOCK

Not at all. Orange pips are a  
traditional warning of avenging  
death, originating in America. Sir  
Eustace knows that perfectly well -  
just as he knows why he is to be  
punished.

JOHN

Something to do with Emelia  
Ricoletti?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

I presume. We all have a past, Watson. *Ghosts*. They are the shadows that define our every sunny day. Sir Eustace knows he is a marked man, but it's more than murder he fears. He believes he is to be dragged to hell by the risen corpse of the late Mrs Ricoletti.

A beat, as they solemnly contemplate this.

JOHN

That's a lot of nonsense, isn't it?

SHERLOCK

God, yes. Did you bring your revolver?

JOHN

What use would that be against a ghost?

SHERLOCK

Exactly. You brought it?

JOHN

Of course.

Sherlock claps his hands together.

SHERLOCK

Then come, Watson. Come! The game's afoot!

He strides off up the driveway, beaming with pleasure.

Time passes. The scene darkens as night falls along with a dense fog.

CUT TO:

A single lamp has been lit in one of the downstairs windows of the house.

A little way down the drive, amongst the trees is a summerhouse. At its dirty window appears JOHN.

SHERLOCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get down, Watson! For Heaven's sake!

JOHN

Sorry.

CUT TO:

49

INT. SUMMERHOUSE. NIGHT 3

49

JOHN ducks down from the window. He turns apologetically to SHERLOCK, who sits, knees to his chin, in the dusty corner of the summerhouse.

JOHN

Cramp.

Sherlock just nods.

SHERLOCK

Is the lamp still burning?

JOHN

Yes.

Sherlock moves to the window and, keeping low, peeks out of the window.

SHERLOCK

There goes Sir Eustace.

John joins him and they watch as the lamp moves from the study window. There's darkness briefly and then the light reappears in successive windows as SIR EUSTACE climbs the stairs to bed.

The lamp reaches the bedroom window, the curtains are drawn and the lamp extinguished.

Then another lamp goes out.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And Lady Carmichael. The house sleeps.

They sit down again.

JOHN

Good God, this is the longest night of my life.

SHERLOCK

Patience, Watson.

Distantly, there's the tolling of a church clock.

JOHN

Only midnight.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know, it's rare that we sit together like this.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
I should hope so. It's murder on  
the knees.

JOHN  
Two old friends. Just talking.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Chewing the fat.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Man to man...

Sherlock looks alarmed.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(carefully)  
A remarkable woman.

SHERLOCK  
Who?

JOHN  
Lady Carmichael.

SHERLOCK  
The fair sex are your department,  
Watson. I'll take your word for it.

JOHN  
You liked her. "A woman of rare  
perception" ...

SHERLOCK  
And admirably high arches. I  
noticed them as soon as she stepped  
into the room.

JOHN  
She's far too good for him.

SHERLOCK  
Do you think so?

JOHN  
No. You think so. I could tell.

SHERLOCK  
On the contrary. I have no view on  
the matter.

JOHN  
Yes, you do.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Marriage is not a subject upon  
which I dwell.

JOHN

Why not?

SHERLOCK

What's the matter with you this  
evening?

JOHN

That watch you're wearing. There's  
a photograph inside it - I glimpsed  
it once. I believe it is of Irene  
Adler.

SHERLOCK

You didn't glimpse it - you waited  
till I was asleep and had a look.

JOHN

Yes, I did.

SHERLOCK

You seriously thought I wouldn't  
notice?

JOHN

Irene Adler.

SHERLOCK

A formidable opponent. A remarkable  
adventure.

JOHN

A very nice photograph.

SHERLOCK

Why are you talking like this??

JOHN

Why are you determined to be alone?

SHERLOCK

... Are you quite well, Watson??

JOHN

Is it such a curious question?

SHERLOCK

From a Viennese alienist, no. From  
a retired Army surgeon, most  
certainly.

JOHN

Holmes! Against absolutely no opposition whatsoever, I am your closest friend -

SHERLOCK

I concede it.

JOHN

And I am currently attempting to have a perfectly normal conversation with you -

SHERLOCK

Please don't.

JOHN

Why do you need to be alone?

SHERLOCK

If you're referring to romantic entanglement, Watson - which I rather fear you are - then as I have often explained, all emotion is abhorrent to me. It is the grit in a sensitive instrument -

JOHN

- the crack in the lens.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- the crack in the lens.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There you are, I've said it all before.

JOHN

No. I wrote all that. You're quoting yourself from the Strand Magazine.

SHERLOCK

Well, exactly.

JOHN

Those are my words, not yours! That's the version of you I present to the public. The brain without a heart. The calculating machine. I write all that, Holmes, and the readers lap it up - but I don't believe it.

SHERLOCK

Well! I've a good mind to write to your editor.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You're a living, breathing man.  
You've lived a life, you have ... a  
past -

SHERLOCK

A *what*??

JOHN

Well, you must have had - ...

SHERLOCK

Had what?

JOHN

You know.

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

... experiences.

SHERLOCK

Pass me your revolver, I have a  
sudden need to use it.

JOHN

Damn it, Holmes, you're flesh and  
blood. You have feelings, you have  
... you *must* have ... impulses ...

SHERLOCK

Dear Lord, I have never been so  
impatient to be attacked by a  
murderous ghost.

JOHN

As your friend - as someone who  
worries about you ... what made you  
like this?

On Sherlock now. And the mood has changed. He's sombre -  
almost haunted.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Watson. Nothing made me.

Suddenly, at the doorway, a soft, persistent scratching  
noise.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*I* made me.

John turns towards the door.

*Scratch, scratch, scratch...*

(CONTINUED)

John stares. What is that?

*Scratch, scratch, scratch...*

Sherlock turns towards the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Redbeard?

Suddenly, John grips Sherlock's arm.

Sherlock looks up at the window.

Just visible between the trees, standing with her back towards them, looking up at the house is -

**THE BRIDE!!**

JOHN  
Good God!

John gawps, unable quite to believe what he's seeing.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What are we to do?

Sherlock stares.

SHERLOCK  
Why don't we go and have a chat?

JOHN  
A - ?

But before he can do anything, Sherlock is already at the door.

CUT TO:

50

**EXT. SUMMERHOUSE. NIGHT 3**

50

JOHN tumbles after SHERLOCK as he tears from the summer house and strides up the drive.

John's POV as he runs. The trees are stark black shapes. The Bride is occasionally obscured but still there, eerily insubstantial as wisps of fog swirl about her.

SHERLOCK  
(cheery)  
Mrs Ricoletti, I believe! A very pleasant evening for the time of year, is it not?

The Bride does not react.

He makes to move but John grabs at him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
It cannot be true, Holmes! It  
cannot!

SHERLOCK  
No. It can't.

He moves towards the ghostly shape when -

**SCREEEEEAAAAM!!**

The dying scream of a man from the house!

Then the unmistakable sound of shattering glass.

LADY CARMICHAEL (O.S.)  
Help me! Help me *please!!*

Both of them look towards the house. When they look back, the Bride has gone.

SHERLOCK  
Come on!

They race to the house.

JOHN  
Doors all bolted! Damn it!

SHERLOCK  
As per instruction.

JOHN  
But that sound - It was a window  
breaking -

He scans the front of the house. No broken windows.

SHERLOCK  
The only broken window we should  
concern ourselves with -

Without hesitation, he whips off his coat, wraps it round his arm -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
- is this one!

- and smashes his way inside! John follows.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK inside - a dusty old box room. JOHN follows him in.

SHERLOCK  
Stay here, Watson!

JOHN  
What? No!

SHERLOCK  
All doors and windows locked. So  
this is their only way out! I need  
you here!

JOHN  
But the sound was so close. It had  
to be from this side of the house -

SHERLOCK  
STAY HERE!!

He races out --

CUT TO:

52

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3

52

-- into the hallway and up the stairs.

SHERLOCK runs round the corner, where the bedroom door is ajar. LADY CARMICHAEL is framed there, gazing down at the floor -

CUT TO:

53

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 3

53

- where there's a huge pool of blood! There's no sign of SIR EUSTACE.

CUT TO:

54

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BOX ROOM. NIGHT 3

54

JOHN freezes. He's not alone.

With the quiet calm of the soldier, he takes his service revolver from his coat and cocks it.

From close by, the creak of a floorboard.

John tenses.

CUT TO:

55

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 3

55

SERVANTS have entered the bedroom. The Housekeeper is comforting the sobbing LADY CARMICHAEL as SHERLOCK examines the pool of blood.

LADY CARMICHAEL

You promised to keep him safe! You  
*promised!*

On Sherlock: grim faced. He lights a bulls-eye lantern and tears from the room, following a trail of blood spots.

CUT TO:

56

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BOX ROOM. NIGHT 3

56

JOHN is standing by the door-jamb, every muscle tensed. He looks out into the hallway.

John's POV: the hallway in darkness. Just a square of foggy grey light from the tall window.

(CONTINUED)

He steps out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

57

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3

57

CLOSE on JOHN's face.

Another floorboard creaks.

John takes up his position, guarding the door to the box room, gun raised.

CUT TO:

58

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. STAIRCASE. NIGHT 3

58

The beam of his lamp bobbing over the stairs, SHERLOCK follows the trail of blood upwards.

CUT TO:

59

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3

59

JOHN still points the gun, his arm steady.

JOHN

You're human, I know that. You must be. So why don't you just show yourself, hm?

There's no reply.

John glances round. There's a candle stick right by him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's little sense standing here in the dark, is there? This is the Nineteenth Century.

Swiftly, he takes out his match case, strikes one and lights the candle.

The hallway looks a little more cheerful. John sweeps his arm round, covering every corner with the pistol. No sign of anyone.

CUT TO:

60

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. UPPER LANDING. NIGHT 3

60

SHERLOCK has reached the top of the house, almost the attic.

Suddenly, the beam of his lamp illuminates a crumpled shape.

(CONTINUED)

Sherlock walks up the last few steps towards the small landing then reaches out and turns over --

- the body of SIR EUSTACE, eyes fixed open, his face a mask of absolute horror.

There's a huge, ornamental dagger sticking out of his chest.

**SCREEEEEAAAAM!**

Sherlock spins round. A young HOUSEMAID has emerged from her room and immediately taken in the scene.

CUT TO:

61

**INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3**

61

JOHN reacts to the scream --

- and the candle flame goes out!

John scrambles about in the darkness. He puts down the candle on the floor and tries to strike another match.

One.

Two.

The third flares into life and he relights the candle.

Something enters the pool of candlelight. The hem of a white dress...

John stops dead, full of dread. There's only the sound of his ragged breathing and then -

BRIDE

(sings)

*"Do not forget me! do not forget  
me!  
Remember the maid, the maid of the  
mill."*

John scoops up the candle and sees -

- the BRIDE!

She reaches out her mottled, rotted, claw-like hands towards him!!

John takes to his heels and throws himself onto the stairs. He takes them three at a time, all dignity abandoned and suddenly -

- slams into SHERLOCK on the stair. John cries out.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
She's there! Down there!

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
Don't tell me you've abandoned your post!

JOHN  
What? She's there, Holmes! I saw her!

Sherlock clatters down the stairs and strides towards the gas mantle, takes out a box of matches and calmly lights it. Then he steps into the box room.

CUT TO:

62

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BOX ROOM. NIGHT 3

62

He gazes towards the shattered window and then turns, glowering, to JOHN.

SHERLOCK  
Empty, thanks to you. Our bird is flown.

JOHN  
No, no, Holmes. It wasn't what you think. I saw her! The ghost!

SHERLOCK  
(Suddenly blazing at him)  
*There are no ghosts!!!*

JOHN  
(For a moment, startled by the vehemence)  
What happened? Where's Sir Eustace?

SHERLOCK  
Dead.

CUT TO:

63

INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. UPPER LANDING. NIGHT 3

63

LESTRADE and a uniformed CONSTABLE have arrived. A rug has been thrown over the corpse. Sherlock and John in grave conversation with Lestrade.

LESTRADE  
You really mustn't blame yourself, you know.

SHERLOCK  
No, you're quite right.

JOHN  
I'm glad you're seeing sense.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Watson here is equally culpable.  
Between us, we've managed to botch  
this whole case.

John sighs. He bends down and throws back the rug to examine the body.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I gave an undertaking to protect  
that man and now he's lying there  
with a dagger in his breast.

JOHN

In fact, you gave an undertaking to  
investigate his murder -

SHERLOCK

*In the confident expectation I  
would not have to!*

LESTRADE

Anything you can tell us, doctor?

JOHN

He's been stabbed with considerable  
force.

LESTRADE

A man, then?

John looks at Sherlock but he doesn't respond.

JOHN

Possibly.

LESTRADE

Very keen blade, though. So it  
could conceivably have been a  
woman?

JOHN

In theory. But we *know* who it was.  
I saw her.

SHERLOCK

Watson!

JOHN

I saw the ghost, with my own eyes!

SHERLOCK

You saw nothing. You saw what you  
were supposed to see.

JOHN

You said yourself, I have no  
imagination -

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Then use your brain, such as it is. Eliminate the impossible - in this case, the ghost - and observe what remains - in this case a solution so blindingly obvious Lestrade could work it out.

LESTRADE

Thankyou.

SHERLOCK

Forget spectres from the netherworld - there is only one suspect, with motive and opportunity. They might as well have a left note.

LESTRADE

They did leave a note.

SHERLOCK

Then there is the matter of the other broken window.

LESTRADE

What other broken window?

SHERLOCK

Precisely! There isn't one! The only window broken in this establishment is the one Watson and I entered through. Yet prior to that we distinctly heard -  
(Breaks, derailed by something)  
... what did you say?

LESTRADE

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

About a note - *what did you say?*

LESTRADE

I said the murderer *did* leave a note.

SHERLOCK

No, they didn't.

LESTRADE

There was a message tied to the dagger. You must have seen it?

SHERLOCK

There was no message.

LESTRADE

Yes -

SHERLOCK

There was no message when I found  
the body!

Lestrade frowns, then produces the dagger from his coat. It's wrapped in a white handkerchief and the blood has seeped through.

Sherlock whips back the handkerchief. There's a small brown rectangle tied to the dagger like a luggage label.

Sherlock's face falls.

JOHN

What is it?

Sherlock walks away, face ashen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Holmes?

(CONTINUED)

He crosses to Lestrade and examines the label himself.

CLOSE on the label. In bold, inky letters it says:

**MISS ME?**

CUT TO:

64 - 66 CUT

64 - 66

67 **INT. DIOGENES CLUB/STRANGERS ROOM - NIGHT 4**

67

Night, silence, the hiss of the gaslamps.

Sherlock stands at the window, staring out. In the foreground, Mycroft is staring at the "Miss Me?" label.

MYCROFT

Do you?

SHERLOCK

Do I what?

For answer Mycroft just holds up the label.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How did you get that? I left it at the crime scene.

MYCROFT

"Crime scene"? Where do you pick up these extraordinary expressions. Do you miss him?

Sherlock frowns, turns back to the window, like he doesn't want to have this conversation.

SHERLOCK

Moriarty's dead.

MYCROFT

And yet?

SHERLOCK

His body was never recovered.

Mycroft's gazes move to:

A painting on the wall: Turner's Reichenbach falls.

MYCROFT

To be expected when one pushes a maths professor down a waterfall. Pure reason toppled by sheer melodrama - your life in a nutshell.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Where do you pick up these  
extraordinary expressions?

He stares hauntedly at the picture. Blinks -

- because for a fleeting moment, the picture animates, the  
water roars -

Blinks. It stops. Pulls himself together, faces Mycroft.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

... have you put on weight?

MYCROFT

You saw me only yesterday. Does  
that seem possible?

SHERLOCK

No.

MYCROFT

Yet here I am, increased. What does  
that tell the foremost criminal  
investigator in England?

SHERLOCK

In *England*?

MYCROFT

You're in deep, Sherlock. Deeper  
than you ever intended to be. Have  
you made a list?

SHERLOCK

Of what?

MYCROFT

Everything. We will need a list.

A silence. Sherlock, clearly uneasy -

- then he plucks a scrap of folded paper from his pocket,  
holds it up.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Good boy.

Mycroft puts out his pudgy hand to take it. But Sherlock,  
doesn't comply - keeps the scrap.

SHERLOCK

No. I'm not finished yet.

MYCROFT

Moriarty may beg to differ.

SHERLOCK

He's trying to distract me - derail  
me.

MYCROFT

Yes. He's the crack in the lens,  
the fly in the ointment ...  
(A sharp look - making a  
point)  
- the virus in the data ...

Sherlock returns that sharp look - that oddly modern  
reference -

- resumes his agitated pacing.

SHERLOCK

I have to finish this!

MYCROFT

If Moriarty has risen from the  
Reichenbach cauldron, he will seek  
you out.

SHERLOCK

I'll be waiting.

Sherlock striding from the room.

On Mycroft - brooding thoughtful. His eyes flick to the  
painting.

As we hold on his face, we hear the roar of the waters ...

MYCROFT

Yes, I'm very much afraid you will  
...

CUT TO:

68

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY 5

68

SHERLOCK is cross-legged on a divan of cushions, almost  
invisible beneath a huge cloud of smoke.

On the floor before him are scattered dozens of newspapers.  
The headlines tell us all:

GHOSTLY BRIDE MYSTERY.

'GHOST' IDENTIFIED?

STATEMENT FROM CAB DRIVER - IT WAS MRS RICOLETTI.

WHO WILL BE NEXT?

Through the door we see:

(CONTINUED)

MRS HUDSON  
 (sotto)  
 Two days he's been like that.

CUT TO:

69

INT. BAKER STREET. LANDING. DAY 5

69

LESTRADE  
 (sotto)  
 Has he eaten?

MRS HUDSON  
 (sotto)  
 Not a morsel.

Lestrade holds up a copy of 'The Illustrated Police Gazette'. Its cover shows lurid ink drawings of the death of SIR EUSTACE and the ghostly Bride.

LESTRADE  
 The press are having a ruddy field day. There's still reporters outside.

MRS HUDSON  
 Oh, they've been here all the time, I can't get rid of them. I've been run off my feet, making tea.

LESTRADE  
 Why do you make them tea?

MRS HUDSON  
 I don't know, I just sort of do.

LESTRADE  
 He says there's only one suspect, and he just walks off. Now he won't explain.

MRS HUDSON  
 Which is very strange, he likes that bit.

LESTRADE  
 Said it was so simple I could solve it.

MRS HUDSON  
 I'm sure he was exaggerating.

LESTRADE  
 What's he doing, do you think?

MRS HUDSON  
 Says he's waiting.

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

For what?

Mrs Hudson looks away.

MRS HUDSON

The Devil.

Beat.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be surprised. We get all sorts here.

Lestrade rubs his eyes.

LESTRADE

Wire me if there's any change.

He goes off down the stairs. Mrs Hudson throws one last concerned look towards Sherlock and then closes the door.

CUT TO:

70

**INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 5**

70

On Sherlock, on his divan of cushions.

His eyes flutter open. A sigh. Like it's not working. He reaches over, moves one of the papers, as if to read it ...

... and when he does, he reveals something. A neat morocco case.

Stares at it - haunted - for a moment. Now picks it up, opens it.

Inside, lies a hypodermic syringe ...

Still staring at syringe -

- as if hypnotised ...

On the syringe, a slow, sinister

DISSOLVE TO:

70A

**INT. 221B - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 5**

70A

The door is slowly opening ....

A shadow is sliding across the floor ...

CUT TO:

71-72 **CUT**

71-72

73 **INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 5**

73

SHERLOCK is still in the sitting room.

Silence as he smokes, eyes closed.

Then there's the slightest creak of a floorboard.

A shadow passes over Sherlock.

Pauses there. Sherlock seems to wince slightly, in distaste - as if he feels it. As if it's *clammy*.

The shadow passes on.

A stillness for a moment. Then, from off, the familiar voice:

MORIARTY

(From off)

Everything I have to say has already crossed your mind.

Closer on Sherlock - those eyes still closed.

SHERLOCK

Then possibly my answer has crossed yours.

MORIARTY

Like a bullet!!

Close on Sherlock's eyes: slo-mo as they snap open, to the distant dreamy sound of a gun shot.

Sherlock's POV. Standing at the window, framed against the gaslight -

- the silhouette of Moriarty.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

It is a dangerous habit to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one's dressing gown ...

Moriarty, stepping forward into the light, demonic.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

... or are you just pleased to see me?

Dressed in a respectably sober black frock-coat with a stiff Imperial collar, the face is familiar, even though he has a neat black beard. His head oscillates from side to side like a lizard's. **MORIARTY!**

(CONTINUED)

Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK  
You'll forgive me taking  
precautions.

He takes the gun from his pocket, trains it on Moriarty

MORIARTY  
I'd be offended if you didn't -  
obviously I have returned the  
courtesy.

He has plucked a gun from his pockets. He waves it negligently, as if it was no more than pen or pointer. As he talks he gestures with it - strokes his chin with it, scratches his head. As if completely unaware of its deadly potential. (Basically, he's taking the piss out the gun that Sherlock has pointed at him.)

He is now strolling about, relaxed, unconcerned.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
I like your rooms, they smell so  
... manly.

SHERLOCK  
I'm sure you've acquainted yourself  
with them before now.

MORIARTY  
Well, you're always away having  
your little adventures for the  
Strand. Does the illustrator travel  
with you? Do you have to pose  
during your cases?

SHERLOCK  
I've been fully aware of the six  
occasions when you have visited  
these apartments, during my  
absence.

MORIARTY  
I know. By the way, you have a  
surprisingly comfortable bed.  
(Sweeps a finger a long a  
surface, looks at the  
smudge on his finger)  
Did you know that dust is largely  
composed of human skin?

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

MORIARTY  
(Licks his finger)  
Doesn't taste the same though.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

You want skin fresh. Just a little  
crispy.

SHERLOCK

Won't you sit down?

MORIARTY

(Ignoring him)

That's all people really are, you  
know - dust waiting to be  
distributed. And it gets  
everywhere. In every breath you  
take, dancing in every sunbeam, all  
the used up people.

SHERLOCK

Fascinating, I'm sure but won't you  
-

Moriarty looks down the barrel of his gun. Blows dust out of it.

MORIARTY

People, people, people. You can't  
keep anything shiny.

He puts his eye to the barrel of the gun, peers right down it. Places his thumb on the trigger.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Mind if I fire? Just to clean it  
out?

Sherlock stares at him - what? Then gets it. He tosses the gun aside.

- and Moriarty lowers his.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Exactly. Let's stop playing. We  
don't need toys to kill each other.  
Where's the intimacy in that?

SHERLOCK

Sit down.

MORIARTY

Why? What do you want?

SHERLOCK

You chose to come here -

MORIARTY

Not true - you know that's not  
true. *What do you want??*

Sherlock - taken aback for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

The truth.

MORIARTY

Oh, *that!*

As he says that word, Moriarty passes a mirror - just for an instant, we see him reflected as we usually know him. Neat modern suit, slicked back black hair.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Truth's boring.

Moriarty now sits opposite Sherlock.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Didn't expect me to turn up at the scene of the crime, did you? Poor old Sir Eustace. He got what was coming to him.

SHERLOCK

But you couldn't have killed him.

MORIARTY

So what? Does it matter? Oh, stop it. Stop this now. You don't care about Sir Eustace, or the Bride, or any of it. There is only one thing in this whole business you find interesting.

SHERLOCK

I know what you're doing.

A slight tremor - as if there was the tiniest earthquake. Glassware shivers, tinkles.

MORIARTY

The bride put a gun in her mouth, and shot the back of her head off - *and then she came back.* Impossible! But she did it.

The whole room seems to lurch slightly. A few items fall over. Neither Sherlock nor Moriarty react - what is happening??

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

You need to know how. Don't you? *Don't you??* It's tearing your world apart, not knowing.

Cutting round details of the room. Ornaments tinkle. Paintings tremble on the walls.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

You're trying to stop. Distract me,  
derail me.

MORIARTY

Because doesn't this remind you on  
another case? Didn't this all  
happen before? There's nothing new  
under the sun!

Sherlock: nothing!

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

What was that case? Do you  
remember? It's on the tip of my  
tongue.

Tosses the gun in his hand. Looks at it, idly.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

The tip of my tongue ...

He extends his tongue, touches the end of the gun.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

The tip ... of my ... tongue ...

And he slides the gun into his mouth.

Sherlock - keeps it cool.

SHERLOCK

For the sake Mrs Hudson's  
wallpaper, I'm obliged to remind  
you that one slip of your finger,  
and you'll be dead.

Moriaty speaks - hmmph mmph mmph. Can't make it out, cos the  
there's a gun in his mouth.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry?

Hmmph mmmph mph.

Moriarty rolls his eyes, pulls the gun back out of his mouth.

MORIARTY

Dead is the new sexy.

- and he jams the gun back in his mouth, and *BLAM!!*

*Blood explodes over the wall behind him!*

And the whole room *slants*, as if we're on a banking plane.  
Furniture tumbles. Sherlock barely registers this, like it  
doesn't matter -

(CONTINUED)

- because he's staring at -

Moriarty, still just standing there, with slash of blood behind him. He takes the gun out of his mouth.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Oh, I tell you what - that blows the cobwebs away!

Sherlock, staring, in a thrill of horror.

SHERLOCK

... how can you be alive?

MORIARTY

How do I look?

Horror moment: Moriarty turns his head this way and that - and the back of his head is missing!!

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Be honest - is it noticeable?

SHERLOCK

You blew your own brains out - how could you survive??

**FLASHBACK: sudden, jarring. The Reichenbach Fall, Jim Moriarty jamming the gun in his mouth -**

MORIARTY

I could back-comb.

SHERLOCK

I saw you die!! Why aren't you dead??

**FLASHBACK: Sherlock reeling back in horror. Jim lying in a pool of his own blood ...**

MORIARTY

Because it's not the fall that kills you.

**FLASHBACK: Sherlock on the ledge, spreading his arms, preparing to jump -**

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Of all people, you should know that. It's never the fall ...

**FLASHBACK: Sherlock falling through the air, clawing with his hands -**

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

It's the landing.

The flat *bumps* as though it's been dropped from a great height -

- and there is a screech of tyres.

Sherlock tumbles back into his chair, grips the arms.

*Bump, screech.* The flat shakes again, and we -

CUT TO:

74

**EXT. AIR STRIP. DAY 6**

74

We're back in the final scene of His Last Vow - the jet is landing as, John and Mary watch...

CUT TO:

75

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE. DAY 6**

75

CLOSE on SHERLOCK as he opens his eyes wide. He blinks. Disorientated.

He's still on the jet from the end of 'His Last Vow'!

DIAMOND (30s, pleasant) is beaming down at him.

DIAMOND

We've landed, sir.

SHERLOCK

What?

DIAMOND

We've landed.

SHERLOCK

No! Not now. NOT NOW!!

PILOT(O.S.)

I trust you had a pleasant flight,  
sir?

Sherlock turns. The PILOT is strangely familiar - LADY CARMICHAEL!

Sherlock: recovering, looking around, where he really.

A newspaper lies next to him, opened at a picture of a maze - "England's oldest maze".

CUT TO:

76

EXT. AIR STRIP. DAY 6

76

The jet has come to a halt on the air strip.

JOHN, MARY and MYCROFT racing up to it. They're all just as we saw them at the end of 'Vow'.

Steps are lowered and they pile on board.

CUT TO:

77

INT. PRIVATE PLANE. DAY 6

77

MYCROFT is the first on board.

MYCROFT

Well, a somewhat shorter exile than we'd imagined, brother mine but probably adequate given your levels of OCD -

SHERLOCK leaps from his seat and grabs him by the lapels.

SHERLOCK

I've got to go back!

MYCROFT

What?

SHERLOCK

Shut up!! Everyone! I nearly had it. I was nearly there!

MYCROFT

What on Earth are you talking about?

John lays a soothing hand on Sherlock's arm.

JOHN

Hey, hey, take it easy. Go back where? You didn't get very far.

SHERLOCK

Ricoletti and his abominable wife! Don't you understand?

MARY

No. Of course we don't! You're not making any sense, Sherlock.

Sherlock sinks back into his seat and rubs the balls of his palms into his eyes.

SHERLOCK

A case. A famous case. From a hundred years ago.

(CONTINUED)

He taps his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Lodged in my hard-drive. She seemed to be dead. But she came back.

JOHN

Like Moriarty?

SHERLOCK

Shot herself in the head. *Exactly* like Moriarty.

MARY

But you've only just been told. We've only just found out! He's on every TV screen in the country -

SHERLOCK

Yes! So? It's been five minutes since Mycroft called. What progress have you made? What have you been doing?

JOHN

More to the point, what have *you* been doing?

SHERLOCK

I've been in my mind palace, of course.

JOHN

Of course.

SHERLOCK

Running an experiment. How I would have solved the case, if I'd been around in 1895...

On Mycroft - stony-faced, just looking at him. Something he's not buying here. Not at all. There is an infinite sadness in his face.

MYCROFT

Oh, Sherlock ...

Sherlock - visibly agitated now, almost sweaty.

SHERLOCK

I had every detail, perfect. I was there! All of it, everything, I was immersed.

MYCROFT

Of course you were.

Mary has picked up Sherlock's phone, is looking at it.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You were reading John's blog - the story of how you met ...

SHERLOCK

It helps to see myself through his eyes, sometimes - I'm so much cleverer.

MYCROFT

Do you really think anyone is believing you?

JOHN

No, he can do this, I've seen him. His Mind Palace, it's like a whole world in his head - ...

SHERLOCK

Yes, and I need to go back there!

MYCROFT

A Mind Palace is a memory technique. I know what it can do, and I know what it most certainly can not.

SHERLOCK

Well maybe there are one or two things I know you don't.

MYCROFT

Oh, there certainly are, little brother. Did you make a list?

The question - the same one Dream Mycroft - asked, hits home in Sherlock. Something new in his face - little brother resentment.

SHERLOCK

You're putting on weight. Your waistcoat is clearly newer than your jacket -

MYCROFT

(Flaring)  
*Stop this, just stop it.* Did you make a list?

SHERLOCK

Of what??

MYCROFT

Everything, Sherlock. Everything you've taken.

JOHN

No, it's not that - he can go into  
a sort of trance, I've seen him do  
it -

But John breaks off, staring -

- because Sherlock has reached into his coat, and produced a folded slip of paper.

He tosses it at Mycroft's feet, turns away.

John, so wounded.

Mycroft, calmly picking up the paper.

MYCROFT

We have an agreement, my brother  
and I, ever since...that day.

Flashback.

Everything blurred, shifted, out of focus.

CLOSE on a stick thin, pale young man, writhing in agony. A 17 year old Sherlock.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

Wherever I find him, in whatever  
back alley, or doss house, there  
will always be a list.

CUT TO:

JOHN has snatched the list from him.

JOHN

He couldn't have taken all that in  
five minutes.

MYCROFT

He was high before he got on the  
plane.

MARY

Didn't seem high.

On Mary: she is now in the of seats, on her phone, rapidly  
typing away.

MYCROFT

Nobody deceives like an addict.

A beat as Mycroft notices Mary is working away.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

I'm not an addict, I'm a user. I alleviate boredom, occasionally I enhance my mental processes -

JOHN

For God's sake. This could kill you. You could die!

SHERLOCK

Controlled usage is not usually fatal - and abstinence is not immortality.

MYCROFT

(To Mary)  
What are you doing?

MARY

Emelia Ricoletti - looking her up.

MYCROFT

Oh, I suppose we should. I have access to the top level of the MI5 archive, we could always -

MARY

Yeah, that's where I'm looking.

MYCROFT

(Icy)  
... What do think of MI5 security?

MARY

I think it would be a good idea.

(Hands him the phone)

Emelia Ricoletti - unsolved, like he says.

Sherlock is seating himself at the back of the plane, as if ready to meditate.

SHERLOCK

Could you all shut up a minute - I have to go back. I nearly had it, before you all came in and started yapping.

JOHN

Yapping?? Sorry, were we interrupting your bender??

Mycroft, pushes past him. Focussed on Sherlock. Serious now, even compassionate.

MYCROFT

Sherlock, listen to me.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

No, it'll only encourage you.

MYCROFT

I'm not angry with you.

SHERLOCK

Well that's a relief, I was really worried. No, hang on, I really wasn't.

MYCROFT

(completely sincere)

I was there for you before. I'll be there for you again. I'll always be there for you.

Flashback.

A horrible, featureless room. SHERLOCK on the bed, strung out, silent howling.

By his side, a well-dressed man in his early 20s. Mycroft.

CUT TO:

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

This was my fault.

SHERLOCK

It was nothing to do with you.

MYCROFT

A week in a prison cell - I should have realised.

SHERLOCK

Should've realised what?

MYCROFT

That in your case, solitary confinement is locking you up with your worst enemy.

SHERLOCK

Oh for God's sake -

JOHN

(From off)

Morphine or cocaine?

Sherlock looks in confusion.

SHERLOCK

What did you say?

JOHN

I didn't say anything?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
Yes, you did, you said -

And now we hear John's voice again, but John is clearly not speaking.

JOHN  
(O.S.)  
Which is it today - morphine or cocaine?

Sherlock, bewildered for a moment - clearly no one else can hear this -

Then:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(O.S.)  
Holmes!!

CUT TO:

78

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY/EARLY EVENING 7

78

Close on Victorian Holmes - just as his eyes snap open!

Wider. Sherlock is sprawled on his divan of cushions. Looks around, orientating himself.

There's the neat morocco case - opened and empty.

There's the hypodermic - used and discarded.

And there's Victorian John, standing just inside the door -

- and he's in a towering rage. He slams the door like a thunderclap. Every trace of Nigel Bruce is gone - this man is an angry soldier.

JOHN  
Answer me, damn it!

Sherlock: confused, blinking.

SHERLOCK  
... Moriarty was here.

JOHN  
Moriarty's dead.

SHERLOCK  
I was ... I was on a jet ...

JOHN  
A what?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

You were there. Mycroft ...

JOHN

You haven't left these rooms,  
Holmes. You haven't moved. Now tell  
me - Morphine or Cocaine?

On Sherlock: pulling himself together. Now rising -

SHERLOCK

Cocaine. A seven percent solution,  
would you care to try it?

JOHN

No, but I'd quite like to find  
every ounce of the stuff in your  
possession and pour it out of the  
window.

SHERLOCK

I should be inclined to stop you.

JOHN

Then you would be reminded, quite  
forcibly, which of us is a soldier,  
and which of us is a drug addict.

SHERLOCK

You're not a soldier, you're a  
doctor.

JOHN

An army doctor - which means I  
could break every bone in your body  
while naming them!!

SHERLOCK

My dear Watson, you are allowing  
emotion to cloud your judgement.

JOHN

Never on a case - you promised me,  
never on a case!

SHERLOCK

No, I just said that in one of your  
stories.

JOHN

Listen. I'm happy to play the fool  
for you. I will run along behind  
you, like a half-witted puppy,  
making you look clever, if that's  
what you need - but dear God above,  
you will hold yourself to a higher  
standard.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

Because people need you to.

SHERLOCK

What people? Why? Because of your  
idiot stories?

JOHN

Yes. Because of my idiot stories!

From off -

BILLY

Mr. Holmes ... !

The door flies open - BILLY, the page boy.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Mr Holmes! Telegram, Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK tears it open. Pales.

WATSON

What is it? What's wrong?

SHERLOCK

It's Mary.

JOHN

*Mary??* What about her?

Sherlock looks at him - manner totally different now.  
Suddenly haggard with worry.

SHERLOCK

It is entirely possible that she's  
in danger.

JOHN

Danger??

SHERLOCK

There's not a moment to lose.

JOHN

Is this the cocaine talking? What  
danger could Mary be in? I'm sure  
she's just visiting friends.

Sherlock, throwing aside his dressing gown, pulling on his  
coat -

SHERLOCK

Come on!

78A

INT. BAKER STREET/STAIRS/HALLWAY - DAY/EARLY EVENING 7

78A

Sherlock and John, clattering down the stairs.

JOHN

But what's going on?? Are you even  
in a fit state?

SHERLOCK

For Mary, of course I am! Never  
doubt that, Watson - never that!

But as reaches to take his topper from the hatstand, he  
gasps, staggers against the wall -

JOHN

Holmes.

SHERLOCK

I'm fine. I'm fine.

John looks at him - disgusted, but he has to find a way to  
help him. He grabs, the topper from his hand, tosses it.

JOHN

Not that one -  
(Now hands him the  
deerstalker)  
- this one.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

You're Sherlock Holmes. Wear the  
damn hat!!

CUT TO:

79

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY/EARLY EVENING 7

79

SHERLOCK and JOHN dash out into the street. There's a hansom  
cab close by but no driver.

JOHN

Cabbie! Cabbie!

SHERLOCK

Never mind. No time!

He jumps up into the driver's seat and lashes at the horses,  
just as John clammers inside.

From out of a nearby tea-stall the CABBIE comes darting,  
holding a mug of tea in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CABBIE

'Ere!

CUT TO:

80

EXT. LONDON STREET. EVENING 7

80

SHERLOCK whips at the horses as the cab streaks along the street.

JOHN

(yelling)

So tell me, where is she? You must tell me, what's going on!

SHERLOCK

Good old Watson! How would we fill the time if you didn't ask questions!

JOHN

Sherlock, tell me where my bloody wife is, you pompous prick or I'll punch your lights out!

Sherlock looks at him in astonishment -

- for a moment, as the street flick past, he is looking at Modern John - then a flick of shadow and the moustache is back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Holmes? Where is she?

SHERLOCK

A de-sanctified church. She thinks she's found the solution, and for no better reason than that, has put herself in the path of considerable danger. What an excellent choice of wife.

He cracks the whip.

CUT TO:

81

EXT. CHURCH. DUSK 7

81

The hansom cab comes careering round the corner into a patch of overgrown ground. In the centre, a big, ugly, tumbledown church.

CUT TO:

82

INT. CHURCH. NIGHT 7

82

Moonlight pours through a high shattered stained-glass window, throwing coloured shapes over the stone floor.

SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

From somewhere in the church, they can hear a soft susurration, a murmuring. Voices, in unison. Chanting?

They exchange a look. John takes out his revolver and cocks it.

They creep past a pew. Suddenly, MARY steps out.

JOHN

What the devil - ?

MARY

I've found them.

She takes John's hand and leads him down - down - down a spiral staircase into the vault below. Sherlock follows.

CUT TO:

83

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

83

They emerge into a stone vault, dripping with damp.

JOHN

What is all this, Mary?

MARY

This is the heart of it all, John.  
The heart of the conspiracy.

She makes to open a door but Sherlock stops her.

He opens the door with a soft *click*. Flame-red light spills out into the vault. They look down onto -

CUT TO:

84

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

84

- a vision from Hell! A massive, Dennis Wheatley-like Satanic sabbath. The crypt is packed with ACOLYTES, all swathed in purple robes and scary high, peaked hoods like the KKK.

There's a stone altar at this end of the room and tall black candles sputter and flicker on it.

Gently, Sherlock closes the door.

CUT TO:

85

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

85

JOHN

Great God, what is this place?

He turns to Mary.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And what the devil are you doing  
here?

MARY

I've been making enquiries - Mr.  
Holmes asked me.

JOHN

Holmes - how could you??

MARY

No, not him - the clever one. It  
seemed obvious to me that this  
business couldn't have been managed  
alone. My theory is that Mrs  
Ricoletti had help. Help from her  
friends.

SHERLOCK

Bravo, Mary.

(A beat)

The clever one??

JOHN

I...I thought I was losing you. I  
thought perhaps, we were neglecting  
each other.

SHERLOCK

Well you're the one who moved out.

JOHN

I was talking to Mary. You're  
working for Mycroft??

MARY

He likes to keep an eye on his mad  
little brother.

SHERLOCK

And he had a spy to hand. Has it  
never occurred to you that your  
wife's skills are rather excessive  
for a nurse.

MARY

Of course it didn't - because he  
knows what a nurse is capable of!  
When did it occur to you?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Only now I'm afraid.

MARY

Must be difficult, being the slow  
little brother.

SHERLOCK

Time I sped up then. Enough  
chatter, let's concentrate.

MARY

All right, what's all this for?  
What do they think they'll  
accomplish?

SHERLOCK

Why don't we go and find out?

CUT TO:

86

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

86

A flight of stone steps leads down into the crypt. The whole place is lit by flickering, flaming torches.

The purple-robed acolytes have formed two massive columns on either side of the room. They chant an obscure and obsessive dirge.

In the corner of the room is a huge gong -

- and suddenly it's rung!

SHERLOCK, JOHN and MARY have descended the steps into the room.

The chanting abruptly cuts out as the sound of the booming gong resonates through the crypt. All the hooded figures turn their heads towards him.

Sherlock sounds the gong again.

The crowd, turning, staring.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. I can never resist a gong.  
Or a touch of the dramatic.

MARY

Never have guessed!

JOHN

(Admonishing)

Mary!

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Though I see you share my enthusiasm, in that regard.

(Starts to slow hand clap)  
Excellent. Superlative theatre. I applaud the spectacle!

He walks into the midst of the acolytes. They part before him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Emelia Ricoletti shot herself, then, apparently, returned from the grave and killed her husband. So. How was it done?

Silence from the acolytes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Let's take the events in order.

CUT TO:

87

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 1A FLASHBACK

87

FLASHBACK.

CABBIE

Somebody shot my -

*Blam!* The window in the cab shatters.

Now people running, screaming --

-- someone is shooting, someone has a gun --

CUT TO:

88

INT. MRS RICOLETTI'S BEDROOM. DAY 1A FLASHBACK

88

In the window, dressed in her bridal gown is MRS RICOLETTI, loosing off bullets into the street.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Mrs Ricoletti gets everyone's attention in very efficient fashion.

THE BRIDE

You...or me.

The Bride grins diabolically down at ALF in the street. Now takes the revolver, places the muzzle in her mouth.

She stares down with mad, glittering eyes -

(CONTINUED)

- and winks.

Blam! She fires the gun and falls backwards. A torrent of blood splashes across the curtains. But it's come from -

- a bucket in the hands of a WOMAN IN BLACK (we only see her from behind)

Mrs Ricoletti crawls swiftly across the carpet and out of the far door of the bedroom. Two other WOMEN step through the door carrying a body in an identical wedding dress.

SHERLOCK

The substitute corpse bears a strong resemblance to Mrs Ricoletti but once a gun has been placed in its mouth -

*Blam!*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- there'll be no chance for detailed identification just yet. Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

89

EXT. THE RICOLETTIS' HOUSE. DAY 1A FLASHBACK

89

MRS RICOLETTI slips quietly out of the back of the house. She's in an entirely different dress. She pulls down her veil and is instantly lost in the London crowds.

CUT TO:

90

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

90

SHERLOCK

Now comes the really clever part. Mrs Ricoletti persuades a cab driver -

CUT TO:

91

EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT 1A FLASHBACK

91

CLOSE on the twin barrels of a shotgun.

MRS RICOLETTI is holding up the CAB DRIVER. He raises his hands, terrified.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Someone who knows her, to intercept her husband outside his favourite opium den. The perfect stage, for a perfect drama!

CUT TO:

92

**EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. NIGHT 1A FLASHBACK**

92

The BRIDE levels her shotgun at her husband.

She lifts her veil with one hand, revealing MRS RICOLETTI.

RICOLETTI

*E...Emelia?*

DRIVER

(sotto)

Christ preserve us.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

A perfect, positive identification. The late Mrs Ricoletti has returned from the grave and -

**BOOOOM!**

Ricoletti is flung back into the Thames.

Constable RANCE moves towards the Bride.

RANCE

Now look here, miss. Everything will be alright. But I think you'd better come with me --

She turns, walks away. The back of her head a mess of compacted blood and gore.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

A little skilled make-up and you have nothing less than the wrath of a vengeful ghost...

Ashen-faced, Rance pulls out his whistle and blasts on it.

The Bride walks into the dense fog.

Suddenly, a man-hole cover opens up before her and another WOMAN IN BLACK appears, clinging to a sewer-ladder. She helps the Bride clamber down. In an instant, the cover is replaced, just as Rance races across it, looking scared and bewildered.

CUT TO:

93

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

93

SHERLOCK

Then there was only one thing left  
to do.

CUT TO:

94

INT. BARE ROOM. DAWN 1A FLASHBACK

94

A neat, white bed in a small bare room, lit by gas-jets. MRS RICOLETTI is saying goodbye. She kisses each and every one of the large group of women who surround her.

Then she lays down on the bed.

A WOMAN stands by her. She's holding a revolver.

MRS RICOLETTI

Swiftly now. No tears.

The Woman steels herself, places the gun in Mrs Ricoletti's mouth and -

**BANG!**

CUT TO:

95

INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

95

SHERLOCK

After that, it was merely a question of substituting the real Mrs Ricoletti for the corpse in the morgue. This time, should anyone attempt to identify her, it would be positively, absolutely her.

Mary removes her hood.

MARY

But why would she do that? Die to prove a point?

SHERLOCK

Every great cause has martyrs. Every war has suicide missions. And make no mistake, this is war. One half of the human race at war with the other. The invisible army, hovering at our elbow. Tending to our homes, raising our children. Ignored, patronised, disregarded. Not allowed so much as a vote.

(CONTINUED)

Now all the hoods are being lowered - and now we see that they are all women. Every one of them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But an army nonetheless, ready to rise in the best of causes - to put right an injustice as old as humanity itself.

(To John)

You see, Watson - Mycroft was right. This is a war we must lose.

JOHN

She was dying.

SHERLOCK

Who was?

JOHN

Emilia Ricoletti. There were clear signs of Consumption. I doubt she was long for this world.

SHERLOCK

So she decided to make her death count. She already knew of the secret societies of America. She was able to draw on their methods of intimidation and fear to publicly - very publicly - confront Sir Eustace Carmichael with the sins of his past.

A voice rings out. One that we might recognise:

MOLLY

He knew her out in the States. Promised her everything. Marriage. Position.

Stepping forward from the crowd - MOLLY HOOPER!

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Then he had his way with her - and threw her over. Left her abandoned and penniless.

SHERLOCK

Hooper!

MOLLY

Holmes!

JOHN

For the record, Holmes - she didn't have *me* fooled.

(CONTINUED)

His moment of smugness is cut off when he notices among the crowd -

- his own maid, Mary Jane. She gives me a little wave.

The next acolyte steps forward. It's Janine, from His Last Vow.

JANINE

Emelia thought she'd found  
happiness with Ricoletti but... He  
was a brute too.

She turns to Sherlock, her face set with passion.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Emelia Ricoletti was our friend.  
You have no idea how that bastard  
treated her.

JOHN

But the Bride, Holmes! We saw her!

SHERLOCK

We did, Watson. But that breaking  
glass we heard? Not a window. Just  
an old theatrical trick...

CUT TO:

95A

EXT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT 3.

95A

In an archway by the side of Carmichael's house - an angled sheet of glass, a bright, blazing light and the very solid and real figure of THE BRIDE. She steps into the light and is reflected in the glass. Immediately, a ghostly image appears in the fog some way off.

We see SHERLOCK and JOHN run towards the ghostly image.

From the house, the sound of Sir Eustace's scream.

The Bride backs out of the light and 'disappears'. Two black-clothed WOMEN appear from the shadows and start to move the pane of glass. It wobbles violently - and suddenly shatters.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

It didn't really matter that the  
trick went a little wrong.

CUT TO:

95B INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7.

95B

SHERLOCK  
Look around you. This room is full  
of Brides.

CUT TO:

96 INT. MAZE. DAWN 2C FLASHBACK

96

The BRIDE glides through the maze. Briefly, she lifts up her  
veil to check her direction. It's JANINE.

CUT TO:

96A INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7

96A

SHERLOCK  
Once she had risen, anyone could be  
her.

97 INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 3 FLASHBACK

97

JOHN scoops up the candle and sees -

- the BRIDE.

She reaches out her mottled, rotted claw-like hands towards  
him!!

John runs off.

(CONTINUED)

And the Bride moves swiftly away --

CUT TO:

98

**INT. CARMICHAEL'S HOUSE. BOX ROOM. NIGHT 3 FLASHBACK**

98

-- into the box room and out of the shattered window.

She lifts her veil. MOLLY!

CUT TO:

99

**INT. CHURCH. VAULT. NIGHT 7**

99

SHERLOCK

Once the idea exists, then it  
cannot be killed.

He tails off. A stone door has creaked open in the far wall  
and a figure steps out into the hellish red glow -

**THE BRIDE!**

Veiled and still wearing the ghastly, stained wedding dress,  
she makes her way down the 'aisle' formed by the rows of  
acolytes, like some nightmarish parody of the wedding  
service. The Bride takes her place by Sherlock by the altar:

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This is the work of a single minded  
person. Someone who knew first hand  
about Sir Eustace's mental cruelty.  
The dark secret kept from all but  
her closest friends. Including  
Emelia Ricoletti. The woman her  
husband had wronged all those years  
before. If one disregards the  
ghost, there is only one suspect,  
isn't there ...

He turns to face the Bride.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

...Lady Carmichael?

... but, silence.

The veil, impenetrable.

The ghost of a frown on Sherlock's face - like this isn't  
going the way he expected.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

One small detail doesn't quite make  
sense to me, however.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Why did you engage me to prevent a  
murder you intended to commit?

Silence. The veil...

Then ... a soft, Irish chuckle.

Sherlock: a reeling, shifting moment - this isn't right, this  
is so, so wrong!

Then, from behind the veil, the voice of ...

MORIARTY

"Doesn't quite make sense!" Of  
course it doesn't make sense!

And now he raises the veil - the face of Moriarty!

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Peek-a-boo.

Sherlock, now reeling back.

SHERLOCK

No, no! Not you - it can't be you!

MORIARTY

I mean, come on, be serious! The  
costumes?? The *gong*?? Speaking as a  
criminal mastermind, we don't  
really have gongs and special  
outfits.

And John and Mary, watching, astonished.

JOHN

What the hell is going on??

MORIARTY

Is it silly enough for you yet.  
Gothic enough? Mad enough even for  
you?? It doesn't make sense,  
Sherlock, because it's *not real*!!  
None of it!

An now light blazes in the room, momentarily blinding  
Sherlock - he falls to knees.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

This is all in your mind.

JOHN

Holmes? What's he talking about?

Sherlock looks fuzzily round at them. He's sweating,  
desperate.

(CONTINUED)

Sherlock's POV. John and Mary, staring at him.

The light pulses fiercely and now John and Mary are their modern day counterparts.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Sherlock?

The light pulses. They're back to Victorian.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Holmes?

MORIARTY  
Dreaming, Sherlock - big bad dream  
and you're never getting out.

Sherlock pounds his fist on the floor.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear the story of Sherlock  
Holmes? His head grew so big he  
lost himself inside it.

The light pulsing again, dazzling.

SHERLOCK  
I have to wake. This isn't real, I  
need to wake up.

Moriarty now pushes his face at Sherlock.

MORIARTY  
No, Sherlock, you need to dream.  
Dream and dream, Sherlock. Dream  
with me!

And the light blazes again, this time becoming a white screen.

We hear a voice.

MARY  
Is he dreaming?

The light becomes -

CUT TO:

100-102 CUT

100-102

103 INT. HOSPITAL. DAY 6

103

-- a beam of bright light, shining into SHERLOCK's eye.

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT (O.S.)

And there he is. Though we'd lost  
you for a moment.

Sherlock looks over. He's lying on top of a hospital bed,  
fully clothed. A DOCTOR is shining the light in his eye.  
MYCROFT is sitting by the bed, smiling.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

May I just check - is this what you  
mean by controlled usage?

Sherlock sits up.

SHERLOCK

Mrs Emelia Ricoletti. I need to  
know where she was buried!

MYCROFT

In 1895?

SHERLOCK

Yes!

MYCROFT

Oh come on. It would take *months* to  
find. If those record even exist.  
Even with my resources, it's beyond  
feasibility -

MARY

Got it!

Pan to Mary - she's back on her phone.

CUT TO:

104

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY. DAY 6

104

The cemetery, in splendid gothic decay.

A couple of police cars screech to a halt outside. The door  
flies open and SHERLOCK jumps out, carrying a spade. With  
him, JOHN, MARY, MYCROFT, LESTRADE.

JOHN

I don't get it. How is this  
relevant?

SHERLOCK

I just need to know I was right.  
Then I'll be sure.

MARY

You mean how Moriarty did it?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

But none of that really happened -  
it was in your head.

SHERLOCK

My investigation was the fantasy -  
the crime happened exactly as I  
described.

MYCROFT

This is the spot. The stone was  
erected by a group of her friends.  
Though what you think you'll find  
here...

SHERLOCK

I need to try.

CUT TO:

105

EXT. GRAVESIDE. DAY 6

105

SHERLOCK, JOHN, MYCROFT, LESTRADE and MARY gaze down at an  
ancient, unloved grave. On the stone, faded letters -

EMELIA RICOLETTI. 'BELOVED SISTER - FAITHFUL BEYOND DEATH'.

SHERLOCK

Mrs Ricoletti was buried here. But  
what happened to the other one? The  
corpse they substituted for her  
after the so-called suicide?

JOHN

They'd get rid of it. Of course  
they would.

SHERLOCK

But where?

JOHN

Well, not here.

SHERLOCK

But that's exactly what must have  
happened. The conspirators had  
someone on the inside. They found a  
body just like Molly Hooper found  
one for me when I...

John shoots him a look. Still a sore point.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Yes, well, there's no need to go over all that again, is there?

He starts frantically digging at the soil.

JOHN

Are you seriously going to do this.

SHERLOCK

It's why we came here. I need to know.

JOHN

Oh, spoken like an addict.

SHERLOCK

*This is important to me!!*

JOHN

No, this is you needing a fix.

SHERLOCK

John -

JOHN

Moriarty's back - we have a case, we have a real live problem right now ... !

SHERLOCK

Getting to that! Very next thing on the list! Just let me do this.

JOHN

Everyone lets you do everything you want, that's how you got in this state.

SHERLOCK

John, please -

JOHN

Not this time, not playing. When you're ready to get to work, give me a call. I'm taking Mary home.

MARY

You're what?

JOHN

Mary's taking me home.

MARY

Better.

John takes Mary's arm, off they go. Mycroft looks mildly at Sherlock.

MYCROFT  
He's right, you know.

SHERLOCK  
So what, he's right. He's always right, it's boring. Will you help me??

He looks to the pair of them. Mycroft and Lestrade exchange a glance. Oh God! Mycroft shrugs

MYCROFT  
*Cherchez la femme.*

CUT TO:

106

EXT. GRAVESEIDE. NIGHT 6

106

LATER

Night has fallen. By the lights of powerful torches, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE have taken over digging duties. They're down deep now. MYCROFT - naturally - stands above, holding the torch.

LESTRADE's spade strikes something hard. He looks up SHERLOCK.

CUT TO:

A horrible, rending screech as LESTRADE pulls open the ancient coffin lid.

MYCROFT points the beam of his torch into the grave.

SHOCK ECU!! - the appalling, desiccated features of EMELIA RICOLETTI, in her ancient, rotted wedding gown. The eyes are blank, black sockets, writhing with worms, the nose has been eaten away. The mouth is a gaping, slimy black maw. Her skeletal arms are crossed over her rib-cage.

CUT TO:

Faces contorted in disgust, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE heave the coffin onto the ground by the grave. Inside the coffin, one the Bride's crossed arms falls to its side.

MYCROFT points his torch into the coffin. There's a torn, stained, horrible silk lining - nothing else.

MYCROFT  
Oh dear. The cupboard is bare.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
It was buried underneath, then.  
Under the coffin!

He jumps into the grave, scrabbling at the black soil beneath.

Down.

Down.

Down.

But there's nothing there.

LESTRADE

Bad luck, Sherlock. Maybe they got rid of the body some other way.

MYCROFT

More than likely. In any event, it was a very long time ago. We do have slightly more pressing matters, little brother.

(A meaningful look)

Moriarty, back from the dead.

On the word "dead" -

In the light of the torch beams we can see the skeleton of Mrs Ricoletti. Unnoticed by all of them, its arm moves back over its chest!

Sherlock nods, defeated. Lestrade puts out his hand and pulls Sherlock out of the grave.

As he scrambles up, they all freeze. From out of the black night, someone is singing. A lungless, cracked, horrible breathy --

*"Do not forget me! do not forget me!"*

*Remember the maid, the maid of the mill."*

John points his torch towards Sherlock's ankle. There's a rotten, skeletal hand clamped around it! And, rising up behind Sherlock -

**THE BRIDE!**

The decayed veil flutters in a supernatural wind. The black maw of a mouth drops open.

*And the Bride screeeeeams!*

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Oh my - !

LESTRADE

*Jesus!*

Sherlock yells as the skeletal arms clutch at him, embrace him.

MYCROFT

Get it off! Get it off him!

LESTRADE

Sherlock - hang on -

But the Bride's grip is remorseless. Sherlock claws at the corpse but it's embrace is like iron.

Soon he is face to face with her. He blanches in pure panic as the great slavering maw comes closer and closer as if to kiss him. And then --

CUT TO:

107

**EXT. PATHWAY. NIGHT 7**

107

SHERLOCK blinks awake.

He's lying on a muddy pathway. There's a deafening noise all around and he's wet with spray.

He shakes his head, tries to orientate himself.

He seems to be on the rocky edge of a cliff. He drags himself to his feet, looks down - and almost swoons.

Tumbling far, far below him is a colossal, thundering waterfall!

A sixth sense tells him to turn and he sees, silhouetted at the end of the pathway, the somewhat sinister figure of MORIARTY.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I see. Still not awake, am I?

MORIARTY

The first time you woke up was real. But not the hospital and the grave! You're still ODing on the plane. Too deep, Sherlock. Way, way too deep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

Congratulations - you'll be the  
first man in history to be buried  
in his own mind palace.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
(Looking around)  
The setting is a shade  
melodramatic, don't you think?

MORIARTY  
For you and me? Not at all.

SHERLOCK  
... What are you?

MORIARTY  
You know what I am. I'm Moriarty.  
The Napoleon of Crime.

SHERLOCK  
Moriarty's dead.

MORIARTY  
Not in your mind. I'll never be  
dead there. I'm every doubt you've  
ever had, Sherlock. Every bad day.  
Worming away inside that brilliant  
brain of yours. Don't you see? Even  
if I only survive as an *idea*, I'll  
have beaten you. I'll always beat  
you. You once called your brain a  
hard drive. Well say hello to the  
virus.

CLOSE on Sherlock. A moment of realisation.

SHERLOCK  
That's how you did it.

MORIARTY  
What?

SHERLOCK  
I get it now. How you blew your  
brains out and survived. I  
understand. Brilliant.

MORIARTY  
(smiles)  
Aren't I?

CUT TO:

108 **EXT PATHWAY. NIGHT 7**

108

WIDE

The two tiny figures on the lip of the precipice, the  
waterfall roaring below them.

(CONTINUED)

It begins to rain.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK  
You want to finish this?

He takes a sombre pace forward.

MORIARTY  
This is how we end, you and I.  
Always here, always together.

He takes a pace forward too.

SHERLOCK  
You have a magnificent brain,  
Moriarty. I admire it. I conceded  
it may even be the equal of my own.

Pace.

MORIARTY  
I'm touched. I'm honoured.

Pace. Almost face to face.

SHERLOCK  
But when it comes to the matter of  
unarmed combat on the edge of a  
precipice ...

(Looming over Moriarty, he  
now stoops to look right  
into his face - and  
modern Sherlock bares his  
teeth)  
... you're going in the water,  
short-arse.

Moriarty grins up at him, delighted -

- and then his face falls into a fearful mask of hatred. His head oscillates from side to side -  
- and he throws himself at Sherlock!

They grapple. Moriarty's fingers squeeze at Sherlock's face. Sherlock manages to bring up his knee into Moriarty's stomach. Moriarty lurches, winded, then swings round his fist and slams it into Sherlock's chin.

Sherlock falls back onto the slippery ledge - as shocked as he is winded -

MORIARTY  
You're big and strong, Sherlock.  
But not with me.

(CONTINUED)

The rain is falling heavily and Sherlock slips on the filthy black soil as he struggles to get up.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
I am your weakness.

Moriarty charges him again. Sherlock swings a fist - and misses. Moriarty head-butts him and Sherlock goes down again. He slides through the mud, closer to the edge of the waterfall.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
I keep you down.

And Moriarty's on him. Punches him again, again, again.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
When you stumble, when you fail ...  
every time you're weak - *I am there!*

He's yanked the dazed Sherlock half to his feet. His arms now wrapped around him from behind, he swings Sherlock round to look out over the falls.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
I make you fall.

Sherlock tries to struggle - but Moriarty's grip is vice-like.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
No, no, baby, stop that, hush.  
(Almost nuzzling into him)  
Don't fight it. Lie back and lose,  
it's so relaxing.

Sherlock, blinking, disorientated.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
Oh, are all those funny little  
chemicals fizzing your brain again.  
Here, let me splash some water on  
your face.

He shuffles him closer to the edge. Weak as a kitten, Sherlock tries to resist.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)  
Shall we go over together? Are you  
read to say *wheee?* It has to be  
together, doesn't it. At the end,  
it's always just you and me.

From off, a throat is cleared.

Moriarty: what??

(CONTINUED)

The click of a gun being cocked.

From off:

JOHN

Professor, if you wouldn't mind  
stepping away from my friend - I do  
believe he finds your attention a  
shade annoying.

Moriarty looks round in astonishment.

There's John Watson on the ledge, his gun levelled right at  
him.

MORIARTY

Oh, that's not fair. There's two of  
you.

JOHN

There's always two of us. Don't you  
read The Strand?

Moriarty has stepped away from Sherlock, who now scrambles  
up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

On your knees, Professor. Hands  
behind your head.

Moriarty complies.

SHERLOCK

Thank you, John.

JOHN

Since when do you call me John??

SHERLOCK

You'd be surprised.

JOHN

Actually, I really wouldn't. Time  
you woke up, Sherlock.

Sherlock at him surprise. John just smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm a story teller. I know when I'm  
in one.

Sherlock smiles. Always underestimates him.

SHERLOCK

Of course. Of course you do.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

What's he like? The other me in the  
other place?

SHERLOCK

Smarter than he looks.

JOHN

Pretty damned smart then.

SHERLOCK

Pretty damned smart.

MORIARTY

Oh, why don't you two just elope,  
for God's sake?

JOHN

Annoying.

SHERLOCK

Offensive.

JOHN

Actually, would you mind?

SHERLOCK

Not at all.

John steps casually forward -

- and kicks Moriarty hard. Moriarty flails, screams, and plunges, disappearing down into the torrent.

JOHN

It was my turn.

SHERLOCK

Quite so.

Beat.

JOHN

So how do you plan to wake up?

SHERLOCK

Oh, I should think, like this.

Sherlock steps to the ledge, spreads his arms, just as he did in The Reichenbach Fall.

JOHN

Are you sure?

SHERLOCK

Between you and me, John, I always  
survive a fall.

JOHN

But how?

SHERLOCK

Elementary, my dear Watson.

And he dives from the ledge.

Close on Sherlock - a surreal, slow motion swan dive through the raging spray and raging torrent.

He smiles....

CUT TO:

109

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE. DAY 6**

109

- and SHERLOCK opens his eyes with a great whooping gasp!

Looking down at him in the plane seat - JOHN, MARY, MYCROFT, DIAMOND. Even the PILOT.

Sherlock is deathly pale, sweating.

Sherlock passes a hand over his eyes. It was a close run thing.

He smiles up at his friends.

SHERLOCK

Miss me?

JOHN

Sherlock? Are you all right?

He's sitting up, groggy, but pulling himself together.

SHERLOCK

Of course I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be all right?

MARY

Because you probably just OD'd. You should be in a hospital.

SHERLOCK

There isn't time. Baker Street, now - Moriarty's back.

He's on his feet -

- but Mycroft is blocking his.

MYCROFT

I almost hope he is.

(holds up the list)

If it'll save you from this.

(CONTINUED)

A moment.

Sherlock takes the list - and tears it in half, tosses it away.

SHERLOCK

No need for that. I've got the real thing now. I've got *work* to do.

But Mycroft, not budging, so serious. Haunted, worlds unspoken.

MYCROFT

Sherlock ... *promise* me.

SHERLOCK

Why are you still here. Shouldn't you be off arranging me a pardon, or something? Like a proper big brother?

He pushes past, strides.

A moment. Mycroft kneels, carefully retrieves the torn list, preserving the pieces.

As Mary and John move to follow Sherlock -

MYCROFT

Dr. Watson ...

John turns. Mycroft, kneeling on the floor, torn list in hand. Never looked more vulnerable.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Look after him. Please.

A beat on John. A stiff little nod. And he and Mary go.

We hold on Mycroft, as he slips the torn pieces into a slim notebook he has retrieved from his jacket. It is a fairly old notebook, packed with Mycroft's handwriting.

We glimpse a page of notes, headed with the single word: Readbeard -

- before he snaps the notebook shut!

(If we can make this seem to be the same notebook Mycroft had in A Study In Pink - in his first meeting with John - so much the better!)

CUT TO:

110 **EXT. AIR STRIP. DAY 6**

110

Sherlock is striding away from the airplane, Mary and John catching up...

JOHN

Sherlock, hang on, explain.  
Moriarty's alive then.

SHERLOCK

I never said he was alive. I said  
he was back.

MARY

Then he's dead.

SHERLOCK

Of course he's dead! He blew his  
own brains out, no one survives  
that. I've just been to the trouble  
of an overdose to prove it.  
Moriarty's dead, no question. But  
more importantly -

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I know exactly what he's going to  
do next!

Music rises as we cut:

WIDE - Sherlock strides towards a car, JOHN, MARY and MYCROFT  
close behind...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

Holding on the black till you think it's over, then we hear.

JOHN (V.O.)

Good lord, Holmes. Flying machines,  
those telephone contraptions - what  
sort of lunatic fantasy is that?

And we come up on --

CUT TO:

111 **INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 8**

111

Back in the Victorian world.

Sherlock and John, Victorian versions, by the fireside,  
smoking their pipes.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

It is simply my conjecture of what a future world might look like. And how you and I might fit inside it. From a drop of water a logician should be able to infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara.

JOHN

Or a Reichenbach?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

You've written up your own account of the case?

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Modified to put it down as one of my rare failures, of course?

JOHN

Of course.

SHERLOCK

'The Adventure of the Invisible Army'? 'The League of Furies'? 'The Monstrous Regiment'?

JOHN

I rather thought...'The Abominable Bride'.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

A trifle lurid.

JOHN

It'll sell. It's got proper murders in it too!

SHERLOCK

(smiles)

You're the expert.

JOHN

As for your own tale...You're sure it's still just a seven percent solution that you take? I think you might have increased the dosage.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Well perhaps I'm being fanciful.  
But perhaps such things could come  
to pass. And I know I would be very  
much at home in such a world.

JOHN

I don't think I would be.

SHERLOCK

I beg to differ.

Sherlock has stood up, strolled to the window. He looks out over Baker Street.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But then, I have always known I was a man out of his time.

CUT TO:

112

**EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT 8**

112

-- we're on the outside of the window, looking in. Victorian Sherlock, looking out at his world -

- but as we pull back, we see -

- modern Baker Street! Traffic, pedestrians, all of modern London crowds the screen, framing the Victorian Sherlock Holmes.

Our show in a nutshell!

END TITLES.