



## SHERLOCK SERIES 2

Episode 1 - "The Hounds  
of the Baskervilles"

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FADE UP FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOODS. DAY. 1991.

1

Early morning.

A wooded copse formed from strange, gnarled trees and tumbled rocks.

Wandering out of it, lost and alone, is seven year old HENRY.

He's bewildered, shocked, wide-eyed. Dressed for a hike but his clothes are muddied and disarranged.

We cut with violent speed to --

CUT TO:

2 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991.

2

ECU:

Bloodied hands.

The snarling mouth of a huge wolf-like creature.

Dark human eyes, wild and terrified.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DARTMOOR. EDGE OF WOODS. DAY. 1991.

3

Young HENRY wanders on, his face is blank and expressionless.

FAST CUT TO:

4 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991.

4

Through the fog and in the stuttering beam of a torch, we can just make out a well-built man in his 20s, CHARLIE, fending off a savage attack.

Snatched, horrible images.

Fur.

Claws.

Teeth.

The steam of the beast's breath.

Charlie's fists smashing at it --

-- and little HENRY, hidden beneath an outcrop of boulders, watching in petrified silence.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991.

5

An elderly woman, GRACE, is walking her dog. It's on a long lead, snuffling around on a dramatic, rocky tor. Suddenly its ears prick up as HENRY wanders down off the moor like a ghost.

Grace notices.

GRACE

Oh. Hello.  
(frowns)  
Are you alright?

Henry just stares at her.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991. EARLIER.

6

Snatched shots:

Razor sharp teeth. Dripping with blood.

CHARLIE curling into a ball as the thing pounces for him --

GRACE (V.O.)  
What is it, dear?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991.

7

GRACE is staring down at HENRY, deeply concerned.

GRACE  
Are you lost?

Henry blinks and glances over at Grace's friendly-looking dog.

Then he **SCREAMS!**

We close in on his horrified face -- *screaming, screaming, screaming!*

CUT TO:

7A EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. DAY.

7A

HENRY, twenty years older, is standing in the hollow, staring into the darkness. Fog drifts and billows around him.

He's deep in thought. His head snaps round. He's suddenly scared. Is there something out there?

He turns on his heel and goes.

CUT TO:

8 TITLES.

8

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BAKER ST. SPEEDY'S. DAY.

9

CLOSE on a 'nodding dog' toy. It's in the window of 'Speedy's' cafe. The dog starts madly nodding as a door slams (someone entering 22lb!)

CUT TO:

10 INT. BAKER ST. DAY.

10

The flat door flies open, revealing -

- SHERLOCK, blood spattered, carrying a harpoon.

SHERLOCK

Well that was tedious!

Now we see JOHN in his armchair, staring at him.

JOHN

You went on the tube like that?

CUT TO:

10A INT. BAKER ST. DAY.

10A

SHERLOCK, now cleaned up and in his dressing gown, pacing, agitated, still carrying the harpoon, gesticulating with it.

JOHN's in his chair, surrounded by a litter of newspapers and the remains of breakfast.

SHERLOCK

Nothing?

JOHN

Military coup in Uganda.

(smiles)

Another photo of you in the...um -

In the paper, we see a picture of Sherlock wearing the deerstalker.

Sherlock groans.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Cabinet re-shuffle -

SHERLOCK  
Nothing of *interest*, I mean! Oh  
God.

He manically bangs the end of the harpoon off the floor.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
John, I need some. Get me some!

JOHN  
No.

SHERLOCK  
Get me some!

JOHN  
No! Cold turkey. We agreed. No  
matter what.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, you've paid everyone off,  
remember? No-one within a two  
mile radius will sell you any!

SHERLOCK  
Stupid idea! Whose idea was *that*?

JOHN  
Yours.

SHERLOCK  
(yells)  
*Mrs Hudson!*

He lays the harpoon aside and starts rooting through the  
bric-a-brac of the flat, flinging books, magazines, laptops  
over his shoulder.

JOHN  
You're doing really well. Don't  
give in now.

SHERLOCK  
Tell me where they are. Please.  
*Tell me. Pleeeease.*

JOHN  
(steely)  
I can't help you. Sorry.

SHERLOCK

I'll let you know next week's  
lottery numbers.

A sceptical look from John. Sherlock crumbles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Worth a try.

He narrows his eyes - then pounces on an old, curly-toed Persian slipper tucked away near the fireplace. With a cry of triumph, he burrows his hand inside -- but it's empty. He hurls it disgustedly across the room.

MRS HUDSON pops her head round the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(without looking round)

I had an emergency packet. What  
have you done with my emergency  
packet?!

MRS HUDSON

Eh?

SHERLOCK

*Cigarettes!* Where've you hidden  
them? I know you've got them  
somewhere.

Mrs Hudson glances quickly at John. He shakes his head --  
*shh!*

MRS HUDSON

You know you never let me touch  
your things. Chance'd be a fine  
thing.

SHERLOCK

(sharp)

I thought you weren't my  
housekeeper?

MRS HUDSON

(thrown)

I'm not -

John throws an appealing look at her.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

How about a nice cuppa? And  
perhaps you could put away your  
harpoon.

SHERLOCK

I need something stronger than  
tea.

(sotto)

*Maybe seven per cent stronger.*

Sherlock spins round and looks Mrs Hudson up and down, forensically and not a little cruelly. He picks up the harpoon and points it accusingly at her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You've been to see Mr Chatterjee again.

MRS HUDSON

Pardon?

SHERLOCK

In the sandwich shop. You're wearing a new dress but there's flour on your sleeve. You'd never wear that for baking -

JOHN

Sherlock...

Sherlock points the harpoon at Mrs Hudson's hands.

SHERLOCK

Thumbnail. Little traces of foil. Playing the scratch-cards again? We all know where that leads, don't we?

(sniffs)

And '*Casbah Nights*'. Pretty racy for first thing on a Monday morning, isn't it? I've written a little blog about the identification of perfumes. It's on the website. You should look it up!

MRS HUDSON

Please -

SHERLOCK

I wouldn't pin your hopes on that cruise with Mr Chatterjee. He's got a wife in Doncaster that nobody knows about.

JOHN

*Sherlock!*

SHERLOCK

Well, nobody except me.

MRS HUDSON

I don't know what you're talking about. Really, I don't.

She marches out, on the verge of tears. Slams the door.

JOHN

What the hell was all that about?

SHERLOCK

You don't understand. Of course  
you don't.

JOHN

Go after her. Go and apologise.

SHERLOCK

*Apologise?*

He throws down the harpoon and flops into his chair, hugging his knees to his chin.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I envy you so much, John.

JOHN

You envy me?

SHERLOCK

Your mind. It's so placid! So  
straightforward. Barely used.

A look from John. *Cheers.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mine's like an engine. Racing. Out  
of control. A rocket, trapped on  
the launch pad, tearing itself to  
pieces. I need a case!!

JOHN

You've just solved one! By  
harpooning a dead pig, apparently!

SHERLOCK

That was this morning. Where's the  
next one??

JOHN

Nothing on the website?

Sherlock grabs an open laptop and shoves it at John.

SHERLOCK

"Dear Sherlock Holmes. I can't  
find Bluebell anywhere. Please,  
please, please can you help?"

JOHN

Bluebell?

SHERLOCK

A rabbit, John.

JOHN

Oh.

SHERLOCK

Ah, but there's more! Before it disappeared, Bluebell turned luminous! Like a fairy - according to little Kirsty. Then the next morning, Bluebell was gone, hutch still locked, no sign of forced entry - what am I say this is *brilliant!*

(Grabs laptop)

Phone Lestrade, tell him there's an escaped rabbit!

JOHN

You're kidding.

SHERLOCK

It's this or Cluedo.

JOHN

No. We're *never* playing that again.

SHERLOCK

Why not?

JOHN

Because it's not actually possible for the *victim* to have done it, Sherlock, that's why.

SHERLOCK

I couldn't see any other solution.

JOHN

It's not in the rules!

SHERLOCK

Then the rule are wrong!

The doorbell downstairs buzzes. Sherlock and John look at each other, suddenly.

JOHN

Single ring!

SHERLOCK

Maximum pressure, just under the half-second!

Big grins!

SHERLOCK & JOHN

Client!!

CUT TO:

11

TV FOOTAGE.

11

Stock footage of Dartmoor. Bleak. Wild. Wind howls.

PRESENTER V/O

Dartmoor. It's always been a place of myth and legend. But is there something else lurking out there? Something very real?

Shaky, hand-held, drive by shots of a grim-looking military compound. 'Keep Out' signs and barbed wire everywhere.

PRESENTER V/O (CONT'D)

Because Dartmoor is also home to one of the Government's most secretive operations. The chemical and biological weapons research centre that's said to be even more sensitive than Porton Down. Since the end of the second world war, there have been persistent stories about the Baskerville experiments.

Close on a battered, tree-screened M.O.D. sign:

**BASKERVILLE.**

Now (if possible) on hillside with the military compound visible beyond him.

PRESENTER

Genetic mutations. Animals grown for the battlefield. There are many who believe that within this compound, in the heart of this ancient wilderness, there are horrors beyond imagining ...

Closer on the presenter now - dramatic emphasis.

PRESENTER (CONT'D)

... but the real question is, are all of them still inside?

The documentary now cuts to Henry, sitting in his messy front door. Shaking - neurotic but determined, a man recalling terrible memories. As he speaks, a caption comes up:

HENRY KNIGHT

HENRY

I was just a kid. It was on the moor, it was dark, but I know what I saw. I know what killed my father.

And the image freezes.

12

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

12

-- on the TV in Baker Street.

SHERLOCK has the remote.

SHERLOCK

What did you see?

There's a newcomer in the sitting room - HENRY KNIGHT (20s, nervy) the man from the documentary. He points, slightly feebly, at the screen.

HENRY

I was just about to say.

SHERLOCK

Yes, in a TV interview. I prefer to do my own editing.

He snaps the television off.

HENRY

Yes. Sorry, yes, of course.

He takes out a scrunched up paper napkin and rubs his nose, dislodging all kinds of rubbish from his pocket. He stuffs the napkin away.

JOHN

In your own time.

SHERLOCK

But quite quickly.

HENRY

Do you know Dartmoor, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

No.

HENRY

It's an amazing place. Like nowhere else - sort of bleak but beautiful -

SHERLOCK

Yes, don't care, moving on.

HENRY

We used to go for walks - after my Mum died, my Dad and me, every evening we'd go out on the moor-

SHERLOCK

Yes, good, skipping on to the night he was violently killed - where did it happen?

HENRY

There's a place - a sort of local landmark - called Dower's Hollow.

(A beat - grim)

That's an ancient name for the devil.

SHERLOCK

So?

Henry flusters in the face of Sherlock's indifference.

JOHN

Did you see the devil that night?

HENRY

... yes.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Expressionistic flashes. Red eyes! Snapping jaws! Muscle and fur! A man thrashing under a savage attack. Now blood spattering across the screen and --

CUT TO:

Henry, shaken at the memory.

HENRY

It got him. Tore at him. Tore his throat out.

(shrugs)

I can't remember anything else. They found me the next morning. Just wandering on the moor. My Dad's body was never found.

John looks at the notes he's been taking.

JOHN

Red eyes. Coal black fur. Enormous.

(To Sherlock)

A dog? A wolf?

SHERLOCK

A genetic experiment?

Henry looks at him, sharply, catching something in his tone.

HENRY

Are you laughing at me, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Why, are you joking?

HENRY

My Dad was always going on about the things they were doing at Baskerville. What kind of monsters they might be breeding. People used to laugh at him too. At least the TV people took me seriously.

SHERLOCK

And I'm sure did wonders for Devon tourism.

Colour now springing into Henry's cheeks. *What??*

JOHN

Whatever happened to your father, it was twenty years ago. Why come to us now?

But Henry has already sprung to his feet.

HENRY

Not sure you can help me, Mr. Holmes - since you find it all so *funny!*

SHERLOCK

(Answering John)

Because of what happened last night.

JOHN

... sorry, what? What happened last night?

Henry is staring at Sherlock now.

HENRY

How did you know?

SHERLOCK

I didn't know - I noticed. You've come up from Devon by the first available train this morning. You had a disappointing breakfast and a cup of black coffee. A girl in the seat across the aisle fancied you but, although you were initially keen, you've now changed your mind. You are, though, extremely anxious to have your first cigarette of the day. Sit down, Mr Knight. And do please smoke. I'd be *delighted*. Unless you still think I can't be of help to you?

Henry looks astonished. Then relapses back into his chair.

HENRY

How could you "notice" all that?

JOHN

He'll tell you later. It's not  
important --

Sherlock nods towards the floor.

SHERLOCK

Punched-out holes from where your  
ticket's been checked.

JOHN

Not now, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Oh go on. I've been cooped up in  
here for ages.

JOHN

You're just showing off.

SHERLOCK

Of course! I'm a show off! That's  
what we do!

He leans over and pulls out the paper napkin from Henry's pocket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Train napkin which you've used to  
mop up spilled coffee. Strength  
of the stain shows you didn't  
take milk. There are traces of  
ketchup on it and round your lips  
and on your sleeve. Cooked  
breakfast. Or the nearest thing  
those trains can manage. Probably  
a sandwich.

HENRY

How do you know it was...  
disappointing?

SHERLOCK

Is there any other kind of  
breakfast on a train? The girl --  
female handwriting's quite  
distinctive -- wrote down her  
phone number on the napkin. I can  
see from the angle she wrote at  
that she was sitting across from  
you on the other side of the  
aisle. Later - after she'd got  
off I imagine - you used the  
napkin to mop up your coffee and  
accidentally smudged the number.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You've gone over the last four digits yourself with another pen so you wanted to keep the number. Just a moment ago, though, you used the napkin to blow your nose. Maybe you're not that into her after all. Then there's the nicotine stains on your fingers. Your *shaking* fingers. I know the signs. No chance to smoke on the train, no time to roll one before you got the cab here. You're desperate. It's now a little after 9.15. The first train from Exeter to London is at 5.46 am. You got the first one possible so something important must've happened last night. Am I wrong?

Beat.

HENRY

No. You're right. You're exactly right. Bloody hell. I heard you were quick.

SHERLOCK

It's my job. Now shut up and smoke!

Henry takes out a packet of Rizlas, rolls a cigarette and lights up. The smoke drifts. Sherlock, not so subtly, inhales.

John shoots him a disapproving look, then turns to Henry. His approach is careful and gentle, full of genuine bedside manner.

JOHN

(gently)

So you lost both parents. And you were only - what? - seven years old. It must've been quite a trauma  
...

HENRY

No -

JOHN

Have you thought maybe you invented this story, this ... big bad wolf, to account for it?

HENRY

That's what Dr. Mortimer says.

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK  
His therapist.

HENRY  
My therapist.

SHERLOCK  
Obviously!

HENRY  
Louise Mortimer. She's the reason I  
came back to Dartmoor. She thinks I  
have to ... face my demons.

SHERLOCK  
And when you returned to Scratch's  
Hollow last night, what happened?  
You went there on the advice of a  
therapist, and now you're  
consulting a detective - what did  
you see, that changed everything?

HENRY  
... It's a strange place, the  
Hollow - makes you feel so cold  
inside - so afraid -

SHERLOCK  
If I wanted poetry, I'd read John's  
emails to his girlfriends - much  
funnier. What did you see?

HENRY  
Footprints. On the exact spot where  
I saw my father torn apart.

JOHN  
A man's or a woman's.

HENRY  
Neither. They were -

SHERLOCK  
Is that all? Anything else -  
*footprints*, is that it?

HENRY  
Yes, but they were -

SHERLOCK  
Sorry, Dr. Mortimer wins - it's a  
childhood trauma masked by an  
invented memory. Boring. Goodbye,  
Mr. Knight - thank you for smoking.

Sherlock is now striding through the back, as if to his  
bedroom.

HENRY  
But what about the footprints?

SHERLOCK

Paw-prints, I assume, Could be anything - therefore nothing. Off to Devon with you - have a cream tea on me.

Starts heading away again.

HENRY

Mr. Holmes ... **they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!**

On the back of Sherlock's head as he jolts to a halt. Now turns slowly. Now he's looking at Henry, now he's interested.

SHERLOCK

Say that again.

HENRY

I found paw prints - they were *big*, they were - ...

SHERLOCK

No, no. Your exact words. Repeat your exact words from a moment ago, exactly as you said them.

On Henry. Puzzled, a little self-conscious. Exchanges a look with an equally bewildered John - who just nods. Do as he says.

HENRY

Mr. Holmes ... they were the footprints of a gigantic hound.

On Sherlock: eyes gleaming, mind whirling.

SHERLOCK

... I'll take the case.

JOHN

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

Thank you for bringing this to my attention, it's very promising.

JOHN

No, sorry, what?? A minute ago footprints were boring, now they've very promising!

SHERLOCK

It's nothing to do with the footprints. As ever, John, you weren't listening. This place, Baskerville - ever heard of it?

JOHN

Vaguely. Very hush-hush.

SHERLOCK

Sounds like a good place to start.

HENRY

You'll come down then?

Beat. Sherlock looks at John.

SHERLOCK

No, I can't leave London at the moment, far too busy. But don't worry, I'm sending my best man.

(Claps John on the shoulder)

I know I can rely on John to send me all the relevant data as he never understands a word of it himself.

JOHN

What're you talking about, you're too busy?? You haven't got any cases! You were just complaining -

SHERLOCK

Bluebell. I've got Bluebell. The case of the vanishing glow-in-the-dark rabbit.

(To Henry)

NATO is in uproar.

HENRY

Sorry. You're not coming then?

Oh John - resigned, getting it.

JOHN

Okay. Okay.

John sighs hugely, goes over to the mantelpiece, lifts up the skull and retrieves Sherlock's emergency packet of cigarettes. He tosses them over.

Sherlock catches them, laughs and chuckles them over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

Don't need 'em any more, I'm going to Dartmoor.

HENRY

Sorry - you are coming?

SHERLOCK

A twenty year old disappearance!  
A monster Hound! I wouldn't miss  
this for the world!

CUT TO:

13

EXT. BAKER ST. DAY. LATER.

13

SHERLOCK is holding open the door of a cab as JOHN comes out of 221b with their bags.

They both turn at the sound of raised voices from Speedy's sandwich shop.

A floury bap slams against the window.

JOHN

I guess Mrs Hudson just got to the wife in Doncaster.

SHERLOCK

Wait till she finds out about the one in Islamabad.

He ducks into the taxi, gets out his phone.

**zoom** into the screen of the phone.

Staggered, Google-Earth stills of an English village.

On-screen text: Grimpent, Dartmoor.

The stills jerk past in procession, opening out onto --

CUT TO:

14

EXT. DARTMOOR. DAY.

14

-- the vast, bleak moor, in photographic form.

This scrolls by to show a sprawling complex of brick buildings ringed by a huge wire fence --

CUT TO:

15

EXT. BASKERVILLE. DAY.

15

-- Baskerville.

The photo becomes the present day.

The perimeter of the base is bristling with barbed wire and armed soldiers.

There's a big sign: **BASKERVILLE. AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY. DANGER AREA!**

The cloudy sky lowers over the base like a bruise.

There are double gates and a landrover has pulled up at the check-point.

CUT TO:

16

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

16

SHERLOCK's driving. JOHN's in the passenger seat.

Sherlock looks out. Details: heavily armed soldiers, guard dogs, masses of security cameras.

Sherlock's window glides down with an electronic hum. He proffers a laminated ID card to a uniformed MILITARY POLICEMAN who takes it, frowning and crosses to his hut.

JOHN

You've got ID for Baskerville?  
How?

SHERLOCK

It's not specific to this place.  
It's my brother's. Sort of  
'access all areas'. I...acquired  
it. Ages ago. Just in case.

JOHN

Oh brilliant.

SHERLOCK

What's the matter?

JOHN

We'll get caught.

SHERLOCK

No, we won't. Not for a bit.

JOHN

Caught in five minutes. 'Hello! We just thought we'd have a wander round your top secret weapons base'. 'Oh yeah? Great! Come in. Kettle's just boiled'.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's if we don't get shot.

SHERLOCK

Well that's not a problem. We'll almost certainly get shot at some point.

CUT TO:

17

INT. BASKERVILLE. CHECK-POINT. DAY.

17

CLOSE on the ID card. A complicated bar-code and a signature: *Mycroft Holmes*.

The MILITARY POLICEMAN swipes it through a reader -beep! - then hands it back to Sherlock and waves the landrover through.

CUT TO:

18

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

18

JOHN puts the car in gear.

JOHN

Mycroft's name literally opens doors.

SHERLOCK

I've told you. He practically *is* the British Government.  
Right. I reckon we've got twenty minutes until they find out something's wrong!

He puts his foot down, the landrover roars ahead.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY.

19

JOHN screeches the landrover to a halt in a concrete compound. There are army trucks and civilian cars everywhere along with huge, mysterious pipes and metal tanks.

A uniformed Corporal, LYONS (20s, small, trim) darts from the brick entrance-way to meet them.

LYONS

What is it? Are we in trouble?

SHERLOCK

Are we in trouble, *sir*.

Lyons comes to attention.

LYONS

Yes, *sir*. Sorry, *sir*.

SHERLOCK

You were expecting us?

LYONS

Your ID showed up straight away,  
Mr Holmes. Corporal Lyons.  
(MORE)

LYONS (CONT'D)

Security. Is there something wrong, sir?

SHERLOCK

I hope not, Corporal. I hope not.

LYONS

We don't get inspected, you see, sir. It just doesn't happen.

JOHN

Never heard of a spot check?

Lyons looks questioningly at John who pulls out his own army ID.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Captain John Watson. Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lyons snaps to attention and salutes. John reciprocates.

LYONS

Sir!

LYONS (CONT'D)

(squirming)

Major Barrymore won't be pleased, sir. He'll want to see you both. Immediately.

JOHN

I'm afraid we don't have time for that. We need the full tour. Right now. Carry on.

Lyons hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's an order, Corporal.

LYONS

Yes, sir.

Lyons leads them through into the glass portico.

Sherlock checks his watch.

Lyons swipes his card through another reader - *beep!*

Sherlock swipes his fake card - *beep!*

And we **zoom** into the guts of the ID reader. The screen immediately crowds with a matrix-like scree of data.

A trail of golden numbers seem to follow Sherlock, John and Lyons as they head into the base.

CUT TO:

20

INT. BASKERVILLE. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR. DAY. 20

LYONS leads them down a brick corridor.

SHERLOCK

(to John)

Nice touch.

JOHN

Haven't pulled rank in ages.

SHERLOCK

Enjoy it?

JOHN

(delighted)

Oh yes.

Lyons leads them into an elevator. As the doors close, SHERLOCK notices the number of buttons. The base obviously goes a long way down...

CUT TO:

21

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY.

21

The lift doors open onto a spartan, modern lab set-up. A contrast to the old brick walls. Stark white light alternates with pools of a sort of underwater green.

CLOSE on a shrieking, caged chimp, rattling the bars of its prison.

Masked and gowned SCIENTISTS are at work-stations, busy on innumerable and unknown experiments. A few glance round as the strangers walk past.

The scientists all seem equally blank and unknown. Their masks rendering them chillingly identical.

In cages all over the place are rats, mice, monkeys ... and dogs.

SHERLOCK

How many animals do you keep down here?

LYONS

Lots.

SHERLOCK

Any of them ever get out?

LYONS

(smiles)

They'd have to know how to get through that door, sir. And we're not breeding them that clever.

SHERLOCK

Unless they have help?

Lyons doesn't respond.

There's a door close by with a home-made cardboard sign on it. In cheery writing it says "Keep Out - unless you want a cold!!"

Through a window in the door, we see a figure in gas mask and protective suit getting out of his gear.

JOHN

What exactly do you do in here?

LYONS

I thought you'd know. This being an inspection. Sir.

JOHN

(cold)

Yes. But I'm not an expert. Am I?

Lyons is stung by this. Tries to make amends.

LYONS

Everything from stem cell research to trying to cure the common cold, sir.

JOHN

But mostly weaponry?

LYONS

Of one sort or another.

JOHN

Biological, chemical...

LYONS

One war ends. Another one begins, sir. New enemies to fight. We have to be prepared.

The airlock door opens with a hiss, revealing DR FRANKLAND (50s, breezy).

FRANKLAND

Can I help?

LYONS

That's ok, Dr Frankland. Just showing these gentlemen around.

FRANKLAND

Oh. New faces! How nice. Careful you don't get stuck here, though. I only came to fix a tap.

He smiles then passes them, walking to the lift. He jabs his finger at the button.

Close to them is an enclosed area made up of plastic strips. Through it we can see shadowy figures at work on who-knows-what.

JOHN  
(nodding to the lift)  
How far down does that go?

LYONS  
Quite a way.

Frankland gets into the lift and the doors close over his face. As they do, he narrows his eyes at Sherlock. Does he recognise him?

JOHN  
And what's down there?

LYONS  
(shrugs)  
We have to keep the bins  
somewhere, sir. This way, please.

Sherlock looks at his watch again.

Lyons and Sherlock swipe their cards again. *Beep! - beep!*

The golden trail of numbers suddenly branches out like a Tube map over the screen.

CUT TO:

22

INT. BASKERVILLE. SERVICE CORRIDOR. DAY.

22

A long, dimly-lit corridor. Antiseptic in its starkness. LYONS appears, SHERLOCK and JOHN following close behind.

JOHN  
Get out much, do you? From Baskerville, I mean?

LYONS  
Not really, sir. It's a bit like doing a tour of duty on a sub. We rarely come up for air. There's a mess room where we're meant to unwind. But you can only watch 'The Lion King' so many times, you know.

They pass a door. Sherlock peers through the round glass panel inset in it.

Sherlock's POV: Another white-coated scientist is by a glass tank. He's wearing a surgical mask. The room is bleach-white. Microscopes, computer screens everywhere.

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into two, following the path of a phone line.

We stay with Sherlock, John and Lyons on one side of the screen. In the other, a WOMAN, seen only from behind, picks up a phone.

CUT TO:

23 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB B. DAY.

23

Beep! Beep!

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LYONS enter another lab. It's a big white room studded with small amber coloured windows. There's a long row of sheeted rectangular shapes along one wall and a smaller room towards the back. It's labelled 'Clean Room'.

An experiment is coming to an end. One wall is like a huge light box. A sandy-haired woman - JACQUI STAPLETON (40s, hard) - is standing behind a lab monkey. The creature's head is festooned with electrodes. It reaches out its paw for some food and a bell rings. Correct response. The wall lights up green with a huge luminous white circle.

AS they watch, Stapleton adjusts a dial and the monkey reaches out for more food. Incorrect response. The light-wall turns red with white crosses. An ASSISTANT stands to one side.

STAPLETON

Ok, Tim. We'll try Harlow 3 next time -

She catches sight of the newcomers. An ASSISTANT leads the monkey away.

LYONS

Dr Stapleton -

SHERLOCK

(alert)  
Stapleton?

STAPLETON

Yes. Who's this?

LYONS

Priority ultra, Ma'am. Orders from on high. An inspection.

STAPLETON

Really?

SHERLOCK

We're to be accorded every courtesy, Dr Stapleton. What's your role at Baskerville?

She laughs contemptuously.

JOHN

Accorded ever courtesy, wasn't that the idea?

STAPLETON

I'm not free to say. Official Secrets.

SHERLOCK

Oh, you most certainly are free. And I suggest you remain that way.

A beat on Stapleton - registering the threat.

STAPLETON

I have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies. I like to mix things up. Genes, mostly. Now and then, actual fingers.

SHERLOCK

Stapleton - I know the name.

STAPLETON

I doubt it.

Sherlock takes out a notebook and hastily scribbles down something.

SHERLOCK

People say there's no such thing as coincidence - what dull lives they must have.

He holds up the note. It says: **BLUEBELL**.

STAPLETON

*Have you been talking to my daughter?*

SHERLOCK

Why did Bluebell have to die, Dr. Stapleton?

JOHN

The rabbit?

SHERLOCK

Disappeared from inside a locked hutch. Which was always suggestive.

JOHN

*The rabbit?*

SHERLOCK

Clearly an inside job.

STAPLETON

Oh, you reckon?

SHERLOCK

*Why? Because it glowed in the dark?*

STAPLETON

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. *Who are you?*

SHERLOCK

(checks watch)

Well, I think we've seen enough for now, Corporal. Thank you so much.

LYONS

That's it?

SHERLOCK

That's it.

STAPLETON

Just a minute!

SHERLOCK

It's this way, isn't it?

JOHN

(Catching up with him -  
sotto)

Have we broken into a military base to investigate a *rabbit*??

Sherlock swipes his ID through the door reader.

*Beep!*

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into four.

Screen One: another phone call. Screen Two: another. Screen Three: a computer terminal.

On-screen, in the same golden font:

**UNAUTHORISED USE.**

Finally, the golden thread connects to --

CUT TO:

24

INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGERS' ROOM. DAY.

24

-- MYCROFT, in a leather armchair, sipping tea. His phone beeps. He checks it. Doesn't look pleased.

CUT TO:

25

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY.

25

*Beep - beep!*

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LYONS hurry through the first lab.

Sherlock's phone buzzes. He checks it.

On-screen text: *What are you doing?*

SHERLOCK  
Twenty three minutes.  
(smiles)  
Mycroft's getting slow.

Sherlock swipes his ID card through the elevator reader.

*Beep!*

The elevator doors open - revealing Frankland.

FRANKLAND  
Hello again.

Sherlock, John and Lyons join him inside.

CUT TO:

26

INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR.

26

The elevator doors spring open - revealing MAJOR BARRYMORE (50s, trim black beard).

LYONS  
Oh - Major -

BARRYMORE  
This is bloody outrageous! Why  
wasn't I told?

SHERLOCK and JOHN step past him into the corridor and walk swiftly towards the exit. Barrymore races after them. FRANKLAND and LYONS bring up the rear.

JOHN  
Major Barrymore, is it? Yes.  
Well. Good. Very good. We're very  
impressed. Aren't we, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK  
Deeply. Hugely.

His phone buzzes again.

On-screen text: *What's going on, Sherlock?*

BARRYMORE

The whole point of Baskerville  
was to eliminate this kind of  
bureaucratic nonsense!

SHERLOCK

(pleasant)

I'm so sorry, Major --

BARRYMORE

*Inspections!*

SHERLOCK

-- but it's new policy. We can't  
leave you un-monitored forever.  
Goodness knows what you'd get up  
to.

(sotto)

Keep walking.

Suddenly a klaxon shrieks!

Lyons races up to them, phone in hand.

LYONS

Sir! ID unauthorised, sir!

JOHN

What?

LYONS

Just had the call.

BARRYMORE

(pleased)

Is that right?

He slams his hand against a button on the wall and the door  
in front of them seals with a hiss.

Sherlock and John are trapped. Sherlock is totally calm.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

JOHN

Look, there's obviously been some  
kind of mistake -

Barrymore holds out his hand, Sherlock gives him the ID  
Card.

BARRYMORE

Clearly not Mycroft Holmes.

JOHN

(tuts)

Computer error, Major. It'll all have to go in the report.

BARRYMORE

What the hell's going on?

FRANKLAND (O.S.)

It's alright, Major. I know exactly who these gentlemen are.

They turn. FRANKLAND has appeared from behind.

BARRYMORE

You do?

FRANKLAND

Getting slow on faces - but Mr. Holmes isn't someone I expected to show up in this place.

He's approaching. On Sherlock - bracing himself for rapid-fire explanation.

SHERLOCK

Ah! Well!

FRANKLAND

Good to see you again, Mycroft.

On Sherlock and John. Wha - ??

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

(To Barrymore)

I had the honour of meeting Mr Holmes at the W.H.O. Conference. Brussels, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

(blithely)

Vienna.

FRANKLAND

That's right.

He smiles pleasantly at Barrymore.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

This *is* Mr Mycroft Holmes, Major. There's obviously been a mistake.

Barrymore looks them glacially up and down.

BARRYMORE

On your head be it, Dr Frankland.

He jabs his finger at the button and the door unlocks. Barrymore turns on his heel and goes.

FRANKLAND

(to Lyons)  
I'll show them out, Corporal.

Lyons still seems suspicious.

LYONS

Very well, sir.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY.

27

SHERLOCK, JOHN and FRANKLAND walk briskly out of the main doors.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

FRANKLAND

(urgent)  
This is about Henry Knight, isn't it?

Sherlock doesn't answer.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Thought so. I knew he wanted to get help. Didn't realise he'd contact Sherlock Holmes. Oh I know who you really are. Never off that website! Thought you'd be wearing the hat.

SHERLOCK

It wasn't my hat.

FRANKLAND

Hardly recognise you without it.

SHERLOCK

Really wasn't mine.

FRANKLAND

Love the blog too, Dr Watson.

JOHN

Cheers.

FRANKLAND

The Pink thing! And that one about the Aluminium Crutch!

SHERLOCK

(cutting across)  
You know Henry Knight?

Frankland's tone darkens.

FRANKLAND

I knew his Dad better. He had all kinds of mad theories about this place - but still, he was a good friend --

He glances round. BARRYMORE is watching them through the window.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Look, I can't talk now. Here's my cell number.

(Handing him a card)

If I can help, with Henry, give me a call.

SHERLOCK

I never asked, Dr Frankland. What is it you do up here, exactly?

FRANKLAND

(smiles)

Well, you know, I'd love to tell you but then I'd have to kill you.

SHERLOCK

That would be tremendously ambitious of you. Tell me about Dr. Stapleton.

FRANKLAND

I never speak ill of a colleague.

SHERLOCK

But you'd speak well of one. Which you are clearly omitting to do.

FRANKLAND

I do seem to be, don't I?

SHERLOCK

(Indicating card)  
I'll be in touch.

FRANKLAND

Any time.

Frankland heads away.

JOHN

So?

SHERLOCK

So?

JOHN

What was all that stuff about the rabbit?

Sherlock just gives an enigmatic smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Oh look. Can we not do this, this time?

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOHN

You being all...mysterious. With your -- *cheekbones* -- and turning up your coat collar so you look cool.

SHERLOCK

I don't do that.

JOHN

Yes you do.

A bit miffed, Sherlock gets into the landrover. John gets into the passenger side and they drive off -- pulling up sharp at the check-point --

*Beep!*

-- and then roaring away onto the moor.

CUT TO:

28

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

28

JOHN

So, the email from Kirsty - the missing luminous rabbit...

SHERLOCK

Kirsty Stapleton - whose mother specialises in genetic manipulation.

JOHN

She made her daughter's rabbit glow in the dark?

SHERLOCK

Probably a fluorescent gene. Removed and spliced into the specimen. Simple enough these days.

JOHN

So?

SHERLOCK

So we know Dr. Stapleton performs secret genetic experiments on animals. The question is, has she been working on something deadlier than a rabbit?

JOHN

... in fairness, that is quite a wide field.

CUT TO:

29

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. DAY.

29

*Flash!*

Bloodied hands.

Snarling dog's mouth.

CHARLIE's wild, terrified eyes.

HENRY opens his eyes. He's lying on his own sofa. It's a large room with big patio windows looking out onto the garden.

HENRY

That part doesn't change.

LOUISE (O.S.)

What does?

He glances over at DR LOUISE MORTIMER (30s, neat), his therapist sitting in a chair by the window.

HENRY

There's something else. A name.

Henry concentrates. Closes his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Liberty.

LOUISE

Liberty?

She scribbles down notes on a pad.

HENRY

And there's another word. 'In'.  
*I.N. 'Liberty in.'* What do you think it means?

Mortimer shrugs helplessly.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Liberty in what?

CUT TO:

30 EXT. DARTMOOR. DAY.

30

*FLAP!*

JOHN opens a map. He and SHERLOCK and JOHN are standing on a tor overlooking Dartmoor. Sherlock is gazing out over the vast, bleak, landscape. John glances from the map to the moor.

JOHN  
There's Baskerville.

We can just make out some of the brick buildings, partially obscured by trees. Some way off is a cluster of houses.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
And Grimpen village. That must be  
- yes - Dower's Hollow.

He looks over onto the moor where's there's a separate little wooded area. Sherlock takes out some binoculars.

Sherlock's POV: There's a big, fenced off area in front of Baskerville.

SHERLOCK  
What's that?

He hands the binoculars to John. John looks, then checks with the map. We see that around the rectangular shapes of the base is a large shaded area marked with a skull and crossbones.

JOHN  
(glancing at map)  
Minefield, maybe.

Sherlock looks over.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Technically, Baskerville's an army base. I guess they've always been keen to keep people out.

SHERLOCK  
Clearly.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. GRIMPEN HIGH STREET. DAY.

31

*ROAR!*

A huge, snarling wolf's head thrusts straight towards camera --

-- but it's a mask worn by FLETCHER (20s, skater-punk chic). A group of TOURISTS in walking gear are flocked round him in the pleasant village of Grimpen. Plenty of new housing and a veggie gastro-pub: The Cross Keys. The moor is visible through gaps in the twisty streets

One of the tourists shrieks delightedly, and then laughs as Fletcher removes the wolf's head.

FLETCHER

Gotcha! Hope you've enjoyed yourselves, anyway, ladies and gents! If you're with a loved one, I hope you held their hand. If you're on your own, I hope this was an opportunity to make new friends!

More laughter.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Three tours a day. Tell your friends. Tell anyone! Don't be strangers and remember, stay away from the moor at night! If you value your lives!

He howls like a wolf. Lots of laughter. The crowd disperse, leaving SHERLOCK and JOHN watching. Fletcher packs up his things including a big, home-made sign: a scary-looking woodcut of a savage dog and, in writing dripping with black blood 'Beware the Hound!!'

Sherlock turns up his coat collar. John gives him a look.

SHERLOCK

It's cold.

CUT TO:

32

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

32

A nicely refurbished pub, veggie menu prominent. Lots of low light and iron furniture. It's pretty busy too.

Landlord GARY (50s, burly, Glaswegian) is behind the bar, facing JOHN and SHERLOCK, who's watching the punters. There's a spike with receipts on it next to a lifeboat appeal box.

GARY

(winks)

Sorry we couldn't do a double room for you.

JOHN

That's fine. We're not -  
(sighs)  
Here you go.

He hands over some money.

GARY

Ta. I'll just get your change.

He goes to the till. John glances down at the bar and something catches his eye. One of the receipts. Hastily John rips it from the spike and pockets it just as Gary returns.

JOHN

(a bit thrown)  
Um - Couldn't help noticing. On the map of the moor. Skull and cross bones.

GARY

Oh *that*.

JOHN

Pirates?

GARY

(laughs)  
The Great Grimpen Minefield, they call it.

JOHN

Yeah?

GARY

Not what you think. It's the Baskerville testing site. It's been going for eighty odd years, I'm not sure anyone's really sure what's there any more.

JOHN

What, explosives?

GARY

Not just explosives. Break into that that place, you're in luck if you only get blown up - so they say.

(laughs)

In case you're planning a nice stroll.

JOHN

Ta. We'll remember.

GARY

Buggered up tourism a bit - so  
thank God for the demon hound!  
You see that show? The  
documentary?

JOHN

Quite recently.

GARY

God bless Henry Knight and his  
monster from hell.

JOHN

You seen it. The Hound?

GARY

Me? Nah. Fletcher has though.

He nods to FLETCHER who's now having a pint in the corner  
with some mates. He has a ruck-sack on his back.

GARY (CONT'D)

He runs these walks. Monster  
walks, you know. For the  
tourists. He's seen it.

Sherlock's ears prick up at this. As he watches, Fletcher's  
phone rings and he heads out of the back of the pub.

JOHN

That's handy. For trade.

A slim, younger man - BILLY - crosses from the kitchen.

GARY

Just saying, we've been rushed  
off our feet, haven't we, Billy?

BILLY

Yes. Lots of monster hunters.  
Doesn't take much these days. One  
mention on Twitter and - *whoomph!*  
(to Gary)  
We're out of 'Wicked'.

GARY

Right.

BILLY

What with the monster and the  
ruddy prison, I don't know how we  
sleep at night, do you, Gary?

GARY

Like a baby.

BILLY

That's not true. He's a snorer.  
Yours a snorer?

JOHN

(quickly)  
Got any crisps?

CUT TO:

33 EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

33

The front of the pub. Benches and furled umbrellas.  
FLETCHER is on his phone.

FLETCHER

(into phone)  
No. Tom's got plenty. No. I told  
him. Yeah. Ok. 'Bye.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

Fletcher turns. Sherlock's right next to him. Fletcher  
shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's not true, is it? You haven't  
seen this...Hound thing?

FLETCHER

(suspicious)  
You from the papers?

SHERLOCK

No. Nothing like that. Just  
curious. Have you seen it?

FLETCHER

Maybe.

SHERLOCK

Got any proof?

FLETCHER

Why would I tell you if I did?  
'Scuse me.

He makes to go past Sherlock just as JOHN comes out from  
the pub.

JOHN

I called Henry -

SHERLOCK

Bet's off, John. Sorry.

JOHN

What?

Fletcher stops in his tracks.

FLETCHER

*Bet?*

SHERLOCK

My plan needs darkness. We've still got about half an hour -

FLETCHER

Hang on, hang on. What bet?

SHERLOCK

I bet John here fifty quid you couldn't prove you'd seen the Hound.

A quick glance between John and Sherlock. John gets up to speed straight away.

JOHN

The guys in the pub said you could.

Fletcher's eyes light up.

FLETCHER

(to Sherlock)

Well, you're gonna lose your money, mate.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

Yeah?

Fletcher scrolls through pictures on his phone.

FLETCHER

I have seen it. Only about a month ago. It was up by the hollow. It was foggy, mind. Couldn't make much out.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

I see. No witnesses, I suppose.

FLETCHER

No, but -

SHERLOCK

Never are.

FLETCHER

Wait -

Fletcher brandishes his phone triumphantly.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

There!

We see: a blurred, flash-lit image of some kind of huge dog. It's running. And fog obscures most of it. Fletcher scrolls through a few more similar photos.

Sherlock snorts.

SHERLOCK

Is that it? Hardly proof. Sorry, John. I win.

He turns to go.

FLETCHER

Wait, wait! That's not all. People don't like going up there, you know. To the hollow. Gives them a...bad sort of feeling.

SHERLOCK

Ooh. Haunted? Is that supposed to convince me?

FLETCHER

Nah. Don't be stupid. Nothing like that. But I reckon there is *something* out there. Something from Baskerville. Escaped.

SHERLOCK

What? A clone? A super-dog?

FLETCHER

Maybe. God knows what they've been spraying on us all these years. Or putting in the water. I wouldn't trust them as far as I could spit.

SHERLOCK

Is that the best you've got?

Fletcher undoes his rucksack. As he does so, he leans conspiratorially towards John and Sherlock.

FLETCHER

I had a mate once who worked for the MOD. One weekend we were meant to be going fishing and he didn't turn up. Well, not till late. And when he did, he was white as a sheet. I can see him now. "I've seen things today, Fletch", he said. "That I never want to see again".

Sherlock and John listen, fascinated.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

He'd been sent to some secret army place. Porton Down, maybe. Maybe Baskerville. Or somewhere else. And in the labs there, in some of the really secret labs he said he'd seen...terrible things. Rats as big as dogs, he said.

He looks gravely at them.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

And dogs. Dogs the size of horses...

And now he takes something from his ruck-sack. It's a plaster cast of a dog's footprint. A HUGE dog's footprint.

Sherlock looks chastened. He turns to go. John clears his throat and holds out his hand.

JOHN

We did say fifty?

Reluctantly, Sherlock gets out his wallet.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. GRIMPEN. HENRY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

34

SHERLOCK make their way down an avenue of trees to Henry's house.

SHERLOCK

'Racing Post' in his back pocket. Did you see it? You can always draw information from people like that with the threat of a bet. If I'd offered him a grand he'd never have told us as much!

Henry's house is unexpectedly imposing. A very old, ramshackle conservatory with a very modern extension (patio doors, security lights).

They pass through a ruined, overgrown conservatory to get to the front door.

Sherlock rings the bell, then holds out his hand to John.

JOHN

No. I'm keeping that.

SHERLOCK

You can't. It wasn't a real bet.

JOHN

You owe me.

SHERLOCK

Do I?

JOHN

*Oh yes.*

The door opens and Henry is framed there.

HENRY

Hi. Come in, come in.

They pass through --

CUT TO:

34A

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

34A

-- into the hallway. JOHN glances into a plush, well-appointed Georgian room. Again, its opulence is surprising.

JOHN

This is...

(shrugs)

Are you...rich?

HENRY

Yeah.

JOHN

Right.

CUT TO:

34B

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

34B

A bit later. SHERLOCK, JOHN and HENRY are finishing cups of coffee.

HENRY

A couple of words. That's what I keep seeing. 'Liberty'.

JOHN

Liberty?

HENRY

'Liberty' and 'in.' Just that.  
'Liberty in.'

Sherlock glances at John. He shrugs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(of the cups)

You finished?

JOHN

Ta.

Henry takes the cups to the sink.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sotto, to Sherlock)  
Mean anything to you?

SHERLOCK

(grave)

"Liberty in death"? Isn't that the  
expression? The only true freedom.

At the sink, Henry turns.

HENRY

What now then?

What now, then?

JOHN

Sherlock's got a plan.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

HENRY

Right.

He looks expectantly at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

We take you back out onto the  
moor.

HENRY

Ok.

SHERLOCK

And see if anything attacks you.

Beat.

JOHN

What?

Henry looks appalled.

SHERLOCK

That should bring things to a  
head.

HENRY

At night? You want me to go out  
there at night?

JOHN

*That's your plan? Brilliant.*

SHERLOCK

Do you have any better ideas?

JOHN

That's not a plan!

SHERLOCK

Look, if there's a monster out there, John, there's only one thing to do. Find out where it lives!

CUT TO:

35

EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DUSK.

35

Montage.

HENRY is leading SHERLOCK and JOHN over the rocky tor. The sun is setting over the wild, bleak landscape.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. DARTMOOR. ENTRANCE TO WOOD. DUSK.

36

They enter the knot of twisted woodland where we first saw little Henry.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT.

37

Three torch beams slice through the darkness, lighting up the gnarled and sinister limbs of the ancient trees.

SHERLOCK points his torch down a narrow avenue of trees. The beam throws huge shadows over the ground.

He walks on down the avenue. HENRY follows.

JOHN lingers on his own for a moment, thoughtful. Then brings his torch to bear on the dark spaces between the trees.

They stand out like gaps in a mouthful of bad teeth. The darkness seems deep. Threatening.

He's about to follow the others when something catches his eye, some way away on the moor.

It's a light. Flashing intermittently on and off.

*A signal?*

John is immediately intrigued.

He glances round for his companions but can't see them so takes out his notebook and urgently scribbles down what appears to be a Morse message.

JOHN  
U...M...Q...R...A.  
Umqra?

The light vanishes.

John waits.

It comes back on, flashing very briefly.

John scribbles and waits. But the flashing has stopped.

He hurries down the avenue of trees in search of Sherlock and Henry.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. WOOD. KNOLL. NIGHT.

38

SHERLOCK's torch flickers over a grassy knoll.

SHERLOCK  
We met a friend of yours.

HENRY  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Dr Frankland.

HENRY  
Oh. Right. Bob. Yeah.

SHERLOCK  
He seems pretty concerned about  
you.

HENRY  
He's a worrier. Bless him. He's  
been very kind to me since I came  
back.

SHERLOCK  
He knew your father?

HENRY  
Yeah.

SHERLOCK

But he works at Baskerville.  
Didn't your dad have a problem  
with that?

HENRY

Mates are mates, aren't they?  
Look at you and John.

SHERLOCK

What about us?

HENRY

Well, I mean. He's a pretty  
straightforward bloke and -

He tails off. Sherlock is watching him closely.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They agreed never to discuss  
work. Uncle Bob and my dad.

SHERLOCK

It's this way? The hollow?

HENRY

Yes.

They walk on. The ground begins to dip.

Below them is a strange hollow with darkened caves inset in it. As they walk down the slope, mist begins to creep over their shoes.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. WOOD. GLADE. NIGHT.

39

JOHN enters a glade, where the trees thin out a little. It's silent as a tomb. He shines his torch. The strange, twisted trees throw grotesque shadows.

And then stops dead.

*Thud.*

*Thud.*

*Thud.*

He listens. It comes again.

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

Regular as a heart beat. Where's that coming from?

John glances over his shoulder. Sees nothing. He frowns. Not frightened. Just intrigued.

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

In the warm emptiness, the sound is somehow strangely loud and unsettling. What *is* it?

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

John shines his torch into the darkness. Sweeps it over the trees.

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

The sound is closer.

John quickens his step again.

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

Definitely closer. He starts to run towards the sound --

-- and almost falls over a big, rusted oil-drum that's lying abandoned in the wood.

He looks.

A gnarled tree overhangs the oil-drum and from the branches falls a steady stream of raindrops from a recent downpour. They're hitting the rusty metal --

*Thud. Thud. Thud.*

John sighs. He turns back to face the way he's come and --

*SOMETHING* flashes past him at speed.

We see it. He doesn't.

John turns back. Then --

***HOWWWWL!***

-- a blood-curdling, unearthly howl splits the night air!!

John races off in the direction of the sound.

JOHN  
(calling)  
*Sherlock!*

He runs on, his torch beam bobbing and weaving through the trees.

***HOWWWWL!***

It comes again. Even more haunting and scary.

In the beam of his torch, the stark tree trunks stand out like skeletal fingers.

John hurries off in pursuit.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

40

Fog ripples within the hollow. SHERLOCK appears on the lip of it and stumbles down the slope. HENRY is some way behind.

**HOWWWWW!**

CLOSE on HUGE footprints in the wet soil of the slope.

A dog's footprints.

The beam of SHERLOCK's torch illuminates them as he totters down the slope. He looks wildly round -- and stops dead.

He stares and stares and stares.

What is he seeing?

We zoom into Sherlock, still as a statue.

And then we cut to *something's* POV of Sherlock.

**Growwwl.**

Sherlock freezes.

Then whatever it is races away. We can hear its great paws slapping at the marshy ground.

Henry appears behind Sherlock and gawps --

HENRY

*Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!!*  
*Did you ...did you see that?*

He swings round to Sherlock who is silent and pale.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Sherlock)  
*Did you see it?*

Sherlock says nothing. He just stands there with the fog billowing around him.

CUT TO:

41

EXT. WOOD. NIGHT.

41

The beam of JOHN's torch weaves over the uneven ground.

Suddenly it picks out SHERLOCK. HENRY running behind him.

JOHN

Did you hear - ?

HENRY

(over)

We saw it. We saw it!

SHERLOCK

No.

Beat.

HENRY

What?

SHERLOCK

I didn't see anything.

HENRY

What're you talking about?

SHERLOCK

(snarl)

I didn't see anything!

He stalks away.

On Henry: *what??*

CUT TO:

42

EXT. BASKERVILLE. CHECKPOINT. NIGHT.

42

In full running gear, CORPORAL LYONS jogs back towards the base. He nods to the MP on duty --

MP

'Evening, sir.

-- and swipes his ID card.

*Beep!*

As he passes through into the compound, something catches his eye. Distantly, out on the moor, a light flashes. He frowns. Then goes inside.

CUT TO:

43

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

43

CLOSE on a syringe as JOHN injects HENRY in the arm. Henry is in a total state, almost gibbering with fear.

HENRY

He must have seen it! I saw it.  
He must've --

JOHN

Ok, get your head down now. Come on.

HENRY

Why would he say that? It was there. It *was*.

John gently pushes Henry down onto the sofa and pulls a duvet over him.

JOHN

Just try and relax. Ok? Get some sleep.

HENRY

I'm ok! Really I am. This is good news, John. It's *good*. I'm not crazy. There is a Hound. There *is*. Sherlock saw it too. No matter what he says.

On John: he doesn't know what to think.

CUT TO:

44

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. NIGHT.

44

SHERLOCK is sitting alone by the fire. He looks pale and shaken.

JOHN comes in and sits down opposite him.

JOHN

He's in a pretty bad way. Manic. He's totally convinced there's some kind of mutant super-dog on the moor. But there isn't, is there? Cos if people could make mutant super-dogs, we'd know. They'd be for sale - that's how it works.

Sherlock: no response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen, I saw someone signalling. Out on the moor. Morse. I guess it's Morse. Doesn't make a lot of sense, though. U.M.Q.R.A. Mean anything to - ?

Still nothing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So. Ok. What have we got? There are footprints. Henry found them. So did that tour bloke. We all heard something...

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Maybe we should just look for  
whoever's got a big dog.

SHERLOCK

Henry's right.

JOHN

What?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too.

JOHN

What?

Sherlock turns to look at John. There's a sort of mania in  
his red-rimmed eyes.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too, John.

JOHN

Hang on. You saw *what* exactly?

SHERLOCK

A hound. Out there. In the  
hollow. A *giant* hound.

Worried, John glances round.

JOHN

(sotto)

Look. *Sherlock*. We've got to be  
rational about this. Ok? You of  
all people can't just - Let's  
stick to what we know, yeah? To  
the facts.

SHERLOCK

(grave)

Once you've ruled out the  
impossible, whatever remains,  
however improbable, must be true.

JOHN

What the hell's that supposed to  
mean?

Sherlock lifts his glass and gazes, fascinated, at his own  
trembling hand.

SHERLOCK

Look at me. I'm afraid, John.  
*Afraid.*

JOHN

Sherlock -

SHERLOCK

I've...I've always been able to  
keep myself detached. Divorce  
myself from...feelings. But look.  
My body is *betraying* me.  
Interesting. You see? Emotions -  
the grit on the lens, the fly in  
the ointment!

JOHN

Yeah, alright, Spock. Just take  
it easy. Look, you've been  
pretty...wired lately. You know  
you have. Maybe you got yourself  
worked up out there. A bit  
hysterical.

SHERLOCK

*Worked up?*

JOHN

It was scary and dark and --

SHERLOCK

*Me? There's nothing wrong with  
me.*

Sherlock closes his eyes. His heartbeat pounds in his ears.

JOHN (O.S.)

*Sherlock?*

Sherlock doesn't move. We hear his heart beat wildly on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Sherlock?*

SHERLOCK

*(suddenly furious)*  
*There is nothing wrong with me!*  
*You understand? You want me to*  
*prove it? Do you?*

He looks round wildly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*We're looking for a dog, yes? A*  
*great big dog! That's your*  
*brilliant theory. Cherchez le*  
*chien! Excellent. Good. Yes!*  
*Where shall we start?*

He scans the room. There's a MAN (40s, scruffy) in a loud  
jumper eating in silence with a smartly-dressed WOMAN  
(60s).

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How about them - -

Text explodes around them: *Christmas. Scars. Threadbare. Heels. Worn. Starter. Pudding. Wedding ring. Jewellery. Cheap. Hairs. Knee high.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- the sentimental widow and her son the unemployed fisherman? The answer's yes.

JOHN

Yes?

SHERLOCK

She's got a West Highland terrier called 'Whisky'. Not really what we're looking for.

JOHN

Sherlock, for God's sake --

But he's off like an express train, scarcely pausing for breath (sorry, Benedict).

SHERLOCK

Look at his jumper. Hardly been worn and he's clearly uncomfortable in it. Maybe because of the material, more likely the hideous pattern. Suggests it was a gift. Probably Christmas. So, he wants into his Mother's good books. Why? Almost certainly money. He's treating her to a meal but his own portion is small. That means he wants to impress her but is still trying to economise on his own food.

JOHN

Maybe he's not very hungry.

SHERLOCK

No! Small plate - a starter - and he's almost licked it clean. She's onto her pavlova. If *she'd* treated *him*, he'd have had as much as he could. He's hungry alright. And not well off. You can see that from the state of his cuffs and his heels.

(imitating John)

*How do you know she's his mother?*  
Who else would give him a Christmas present like that?  
Could be an Aunt. Older sister.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But mother's most likely. Now he was a fisherman. The pattern scarring on his hands is from fish-hooks. Very distinctive. But they're all quite old which means he's been off work some time. Not much industry in this part of the world so now he's turned to his widowed mother for help.

(answering John's  
unasked question)

*Widow, yes! Obviously.*

There's a man's wedding ring on a chain round her neck. Clearly her late husband's but too big for her finger. She's well-dressed but the rest of her jewellery is pretty cheap. She's hung onto it even though she can afford better. *Sentimental.* Now. The dog. Little white hairs all over her legs from when it gets a bit too friendly. But the hairs don't go further than the knee which says it's a small dog, probably a terrier. Not really what we're looking for. In fact it's a West Highland terrier called Whisky.  
*How the hell can you know that, Sherlock?* Because they were on the same train as us and I heard her calling its name! And that's not cheating, that's *listening*. I use *my* senses, John, unlike some people. So. You see? I'm *fine!* In fact, I've never been better! SO JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!

John sits back, as if struck. More punters look round. The whole pub is silenced.

JOHN

Ok. No problem. Why would you want to listen to me? I'm just your friend.

SHERLOCK

I don't have friends.

Beat.

JOHN

No. I wonder why.

He gets up and stalks out of the pub.

Sherlock forms his hands into fists, desperate to hold himself together. He stares into the flickering flames of the fire...

CUT TO:

45

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. BEER GARDEN. NIGHT.

45

JOHN strides furiously round the back of the pub into the beer garden.

He plunges his hands into his pockets, fuming, then stiffens as he sees something. Out on the moor, in the darkness.

The light again!

It's only there for a second. John peers ahead. Was it there?

Yes. The light comes again. Quickly on and off. On and off.

He looks back towards the village, hoping to see an answering signal.

But there's nothing. John glances towards the pub and then heads decisively towards the moor.

CUT TO:

46

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

46

HENRY is sleeping. But he's restless. Troubled.

Quick, almost subliminal flash: '*Liberty. 'In'*'.

Henry reacts.

Flash.

'Liberty, In'. The sentence again. But this time, a proper memory. It's a logo, like a stitch-on patch on old jeans.

Henry opens his eyes, unsure where he is. Then he looks out through the patio windows at the great, dark, mysterious moor beyond.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

47

The light flashes again. Convinced he's onto something, JOHN races on.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. DARTMOOR. LAY-BY/CAR-PARK. NIGHT.

48

John suddenly finds he's off the moor and in a small moorland car park.

There are several cars grouped around, all with their headlights off.

John shines his torch over them. He catches quick glimpses of embarrassed-looking men.

In the middle of the area is another car, rocking gently from side to side. Its windows are steamed up.

A terrible realisation dawns on John.

JOHN

Oh God.

As the car rocks, its headlights suddenly flash on and off, on and off. From inside the car:

ALISON (O.S.)

Mr Selden! You've done it *again!*

SELDEN (O.S.)

*Sorry. I keep catching it with my belt.*

John clicks off his torch, turns swiftly on his heel and start striding away.

As he strides away, his phone beeps. He yanks it out, bad-temperedly. A text! It appears on screen.

HENRY'S THERAPIST CURRENTLY IN CROSS-KEYS PUB.

John, in no mood for this.

JOHN

So?

Text: INTERVIEW HER?

On John: no way.

Another beep. On screen:

PHOTO DOWNLOADING.

Now close on John's phone - a photograph of Louise Mortimer. She's extremely attractive.

On John, looking resignedly at the photo.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh you bad, bad man.

And over John's shoulder we see all the cars bobbing away.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

49

HENRY is back on the sofa. The TV is blaring. He keeps glancing into the shadows as though being watched. On the TV screen, a big Alsatian appears. Henry hastily switches channels.

His gaze flicks to the patio windows again.

The garden is in total darkness. And then --

*Snap.*

The outside security light bursts into life, flooding the garden with its bone-white glare.

Henry starts. But doesn't pay much attention. It'll just be a bird or a squirrel. Usual thing.

The garden looks strangely exposed in the light. We see a shed. A bike. A coiled garden hose. A spade leaning against the wall.

Then the security light clicks off again.

Henry returns to watching the TV. He fumbles for the remote and changes channels. There's another bloody dog on. Henry sighs, changes channels. Flick-flick-flick. And now there's a werewolf movie on! Can't get away from it! Angrily he turns off the TV --

*Snap.*

The security light comes on again.

Henry gets up and shuffles to the patio doors. He looks out.

Shed. Bike. Hose. Spade. All as before.

Henry peers out, trying to make out some sign of life.

Henry's POV: Just as the light goes out again -- he sees something else. A big, bulky shape. Flitting swiftly past.

Henry steps back from the window, scared.

The light goes out again.

And from outside comes a long, low **GROWL...**

Henry freezes.

He doesn't dare move. Sweat trickles down his forehead.

Again, from outside. **GROWL...**

There's a low, heavy breathing now and the sound of something very large padding around in the garden.

Henry glances towards the table where a gun is lying.

Heart pounding, he starts to sidle stealthily towards the weapon.

*GROWL...*

Henry reaches the gun and his sweating fingers close over it.

He turns, terrified, towards the pitch black patio windows.

His own breathing and his own heartbeat dominate now as moves closer...closer to the window.

*Snap!* The security light flashes back on and --

**BANG!!**

-- slamming its great paws against the glass door is --

**THE HOUND!**

We only see it for a second -- a huge black silhouette with demonic, blood red eyes.

*Henry screams!*

The security light snaps off and the Hound vanishes from sight as though plucked back into the darkness.

The light snaps back on. The garden is empty.

Henry falls, sobbing to the floor. And his wails become -

CUT TO:

50 SCENE DELETED 50

51 INT. THE "CROSS KEYS" - NIGHT 51

- laughter in the bright and noisy pub.

We now find John Watson and Louise Mortimer chatting away. John is just refilling Louise's glass from the wine bottle sitting between them.

JOHN

More wine, doctor?

LOUISE

You trying to get me drunk, doctor?

JOHN

The thought never occurred

LOUISE

Because a while ago I thought you  
were chatting me up ...

JOHN

Where did I go wrong?

LOUISE

When you started asking me about my  
patients ...

JOHN

Yeah, but I'm one of Henry's oldest  
friends.

LOUISE

And he's one of my patients, so I  
can't talk about him.

(Shoots him a look)

Though he has told me about all his  
oldest friends - which one are you?

JOHN

... a new one. What about his  
father, he wasn't your patient.  
Some sort of conspiracy nutter,  
yeah?

LOUISE

You're only a nutter if you're  
wrong.

JOHN

Was he wrong?

LOUISE

I should think so.

JOHN

Got fixated about Baskerville,  
yeah? What they were up to in  
there? Maybe Henry's gone the same  
way - started imagining a Hound -

LOUISE

Why do you think I'm going to talk  
about this?

JOHN

Because I think you're worried  
about him. And because I'm a doctor  
too.

(Hesitates)

JOHN (CONT'D)

And because I've got another friend  
who might be having the same  
problem.

On Louise - John is on the money, and this might just be the tipping point. She might actually open up.

And a hand claps down on John's shoulder. It's Frankland - not on his first drink.

FRANKLAND

Hello, Dr. Watson! How's the investigation going?

JOHN

Um - hello ...

LOUISE

Sorry, what? Investigation?

FRANKLAND

Didn't you know? Don't you read the blog - Sherlock Holmes?

LOUISE

Sherlock who?

FRANKLAND

Private detective. This is his PA.

JOHN

PA??

FRANKLAND

(Friendly wink)  
Well - "live in" PA.

JOHN

Oh, perfect!

LOUISE

Live-in?

JOHN

This is Dr. Mortimer, Henry's therapist.

FRANKLAND

Bob Frankland, hello.

(To John)

Tell Sherlock, I've been keeping an eye on Stapleton. Any time he wants a chat.

With a cheery wave, he heads off to the bar.

A cold silence between John and Louise. She starts to get up.

LOUISE

Why don't you buy *him* a drink? I  
think he likes you

JOHN

Yeah.

CUT TO:

52

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. DAY.

52

SHERLOCK barges past a shattered-looking HENRY and flings the curtains open wide. Henry blinks in the light.

SHERLOCK

'Morning! How're you feeling?

HENRY (O.S.)

I'm -- I didn't sleep very well --

SHERLOCK

That's a shame. Shall I make us some coffee?

He darts into the kitchen --

CUT TO:

53

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

53

-- and his smile instantly drops. He goes straight to the kitchen cupboards and starts rooting through them, opening and closing doors at high speed. He grabs something and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

54

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

54

HENRY comes in, pulling on a jumper. Sherlock is busy making the coffee.

HENRY

Listen. Last night. Why did you say you hadn't seen anything? I mean, I only saw the Hound for a minute but -

SHERLOCK

Hound.

HENRY

What?

SHERLOCK

Why do you call it a Hound? Why a  
*Hound?*

HENRY

*Why? What do you mean, why?*

SHERLOCK

It's odd, isn't it? It's very  
odd. Strange choice of word.  
Archaic. That's why I took this  
case - "Mr. Holmes, they were the  
footprints of a giant hound." Why  
would you say *hound*?

Henry looks baffled.

HENRY

I dunno. I've never -

SHERLOCK

Actually, I'd better skip the  
coffee.

He dashes back out.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. GRIMPEN VILLAGE. DAY.

55

JOHN is sitting outside, looking through his notes.

SHERLOCK suddenly appears from round the corner.

A brief stand off. Neither speaks.

At last --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Get anywhere with that Morse  
code?

John shakes his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

U.m.q.r.a, wasn't it? What could  
that mean? Umqra...

JOHN

Nothing.

SHERLOCK

Umq --

JOHN

Forget it. It's -  
I thought I was onto something. I  
wasn't.

SHERLOCK

Sure?

JOHN

Yeah.

SHERLOCK

How about Louise Mortimer? Did you get anywhere with her?

JOHN

No.

SHERLOCK

Too bad. But did you get any information?

JOHN

Oh, you're being funny now, are you?

SHERLOCK

I thought it might break the ice a bit.

JOHN

Funny doesn't suit you. Stick to ice.

He gets up, makes to go.

SHERLOCK

John -

JOHN

It's fine.

SHERLOCK

No. Listen to me.

John stops with his back to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Something happened last night.  
Something I've not really experienced before.

JOHN

(bitter)

Yeah. You said. Fear. Sherlock Holmes got scared. You said.

SHERLOCK

It was more than that, John. It was doubt. I felt....doubt.

John glances at him, still not forgiving.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I thought I could trust my own  
senses. The evidence of my own  
eyes. Till last night.

JOHN

You can't actually believe you  
saw some kind of monster -

SHERLOCK

No. I can't believe that.  
(smiles grimly)  
But I *did* see it. So the question  
is - how? *How?*

JOHN

Right. Ok. Good. You've got  
something to go on, then. Good  
luck with that.

He crosses to the pub door.

SHERLOCK

Wait. What I said before, John.  
It's true. I don't have friends.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I've only got one.

Beat.

John looks away. He's touched but he's not going to show  
it.

JOHN

Right.

He goes inside.

Sherlock suddenly cocks his head to one side, struck by a  
thought.

SHERLOCK

*John, John, John....*

He dashes after John into the pub.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

You are brilliant! You're  
*fantastic!*

JOHN

Look, it's ok. You don't have to  
overdo the -

SHERLOCK

You may not be very luminous  
yourself but as a conductor of  
light, you're unbeatable!

JOHN

(not sure)

Cheers. *What?*

SHERLOCK

Some people who aren't geniuses  
have an amazing ability to  
stimulate it -

JOHN

You were saying *sorry* a minute  
ago! I think. Don't mess it up --

(sighs)

*What?* What did I do that's so  
bloody stimulating?

Sherlock takes out his notebook and hastily scribbles down  
the word 'HOUND'. He holds it up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah. What of it?

Sherlock jabs his pen at the notebook.

SHERLOCK

Maybe it's not a word. Maybe it's  
individual letters.

He holds up the notebook again. It now reads 'H.O.U.N.D'.

JOHN

An acronym? Why would it be an  
acronym?

SHERLOCK

I have absolutely no idea. But  
there's something....*something* I  
can't quite remember --

He closes his eyes. Thinks, thinks, thinks. Opens his eyes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

John -

John is staring ahead. Sherlock looks. A man in sunglasses  
is sitting at the bar, beaming at them.

LESTRADE

Hello.

It's LESTRADE! He's tanned and dressed much more casually than usual.

SHERLOCK  
What're you doing here?

LESTRADE  
Nice to see you too.  
I'm on holiday, would you believe?

SHERLOCK  
No. I wouldn't.

LESTRADE  
Hello John.

JOHN  
Greg.

LESTRADE  
Heard you were in the area.  
What're you up to? You after this Hound of Hell like on the telly?

SHERLOCK  
I'm waiting for an explanation, Inspector. Why are you here?

LESTRADE  
I told you, I'm -

SHERLOCK  
You're brown as a nut. Clearly you've just come back from your holidays.

LESTRADE  
(feebley)  
Fancied another one.

SHERLOCK  
This is Mycroft, isn't it?

LESTRADE  
Look -

SHERLOCK  
'Course it is. One mention of Baskerville and he sends down my handler to spy on me. Incognito. Is that why you're calling yourself 'Greg'?

JOHN  
Greg's his name!

SHERLOCK  
Is it?

LESTRADE

Yes! If you'd ever bothered to find out. Look. I'm not your handler, and I don't just do what your brother tells me.

JOHN

Actually, you might be just the man we want.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

I haven't been idle, Sherlock. I think I might have found something.

John roots in his pocket and takes out the receipt he took from the pub.

Sherlock looks: '*Undershaw Meat Supplies, Coombe Tracey*'.

John nods towards the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's a lot of meat for a vegetarian restaurant.

SHERLOCK

(pleased)

Excellent.

JOHN

A nice, scary inspector from Scotland Yard who can put in a few calls might come in very handy.

He goes to the bar and bangs the bell.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shop!

LESTRADE

Happy to help!

Beat.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(grins)

I will need your brother's ID back, though.

CUT TO:

57

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB C. DAY.

57

DR STAPLETON walks past a row of glass cages full of animals.

She has a surgical mask in her rubber-gloved hands. Carefully she puts it on.

CUT TO:

58

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. BACK ROOM. DAY.

58

GARY and BILLY are standing opposite SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE in the neat back room of the pub. Lestrade's looking through some photocopied papers. Sherlock is, rather surprisingly, making coffee again.

Sherlock thrusts a mug at John.

JOHN

What's this?

SHERLOCK

Coffee. I made coffee.

JOHN

You never make coffee.

SHERLOCK

I just did. Don't you want it?

JOHN

Look, you don't have to keep saying sorry...

Sherlock looks at him eagerly, like a puppy.

John takes a big swig. Pulls a face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I don't take -

Sherlock's face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's good. Nice, yeah.

He drinks more. Lestrade puts down the files, looks sternly at Gary and Billy.

LESTRADE

These records go back nearly two months. Was that when you had the idea? After the TV show went out?

BILLY

(panicked)

It's me. It was me.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

Sorry, Gary, I couldn't help it.  
I had a bacon sandwich at Cal's  
wedding and one thing led to  
another.

LESTRADE

Nice try.

Gary and Billy look at each other. Gary sighs, defeated.

GARY

We were just trying to give  
things a bit of a boost, you  
know. Let a great big dog run  
wild on the moor. It was heaven  
sent. Like having our own Loch  
Ness Monster.

LESTRADE

Where do you keep it?

GARY

There's an old mine shaft. Not  
far off. He was alright there.

SHERLOCK

Was?

GARY

We couldn't control the bloody  
thing. It was vicious.  
So Billy took it to the vet's a  
about a month ago to...you  
know...

Beat.

JOHN

It's dead?

GARY

Put down.

BILLY

Yeah. No choice. So --  
(shrugs)  
It's over.

GARY

It was just a joke, you know -

Lestrade glares at them.

LESTRADE

*Hilarious. You've nearly driven a  
man out of his mind.*

Gary and Billy look suitably shame-faced.

CUT TO:

59

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

59

JOHN and LESTRADE emerge first.

JOHN

You do know he's actually pleased  
you're here? Secretly pleased.

LESTRADE

Is he? That's nice. I suppose he  
likes having all the same faces  
back together. It appeals to  
his...his --

JOHN

Asperger's?

SHERLOCK emerges from the pub.

LESTRADE

You believe them? About having  
the dog destroyed?

SHERLOCK

No reason not to.

LESTRADE

(brightly)

Well, hopefully no harm done. I'm  
not quite sure what I'd charge  
them with anyway. I'll have a  
word with the local force. That's  
that, then. Catch you later. I'm  
enjoying this! Nice to get London  
out of your lungs!

He goes off.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

So their dog is what people saw?  
Out there on the moor?

SHERLOCK

Looks like it.

JOHN

But that's not what you saw. That  
wasn't just an ordinary dog.

SHERLOCK

No.

(remembers)

It was immense.

'MORE'

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

With *burning* red eyes. And it was glowing, John. Its whole body. Glowing.

Sherlock shakes his head as if to clear it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I've got a theory. But we need to get back into Baskerville to test it.

JOHN

How? You can't pull off the ID trick again.

SHERLOCK

Maybe I won't have to.

He takes out his phone, speed dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(oozing charm)

Hello, brother dear. How are you?

CUT TO:

60

EXT. BASKERVILLE. CHECK-POINT. DAY.

60

The landrover pulls up at the checkpoint again. The window hums down and SHERLOCK offers up his ID - with full confidence this time.

SHERLOCK

I need to see Major Barrymore as soon as we get inside.

JOHN

Ok.

SHERLOCK

Which means you have to start the search. For the Hound.

JOHN

Right.

SHERLOCK

In the labs. The big one first. Could be...dangerous.

\*

JOHN smiles.

CUT TO:

61

INT. BASKERVILLE. BARRYMORE'S OFFICE. DAY.

61

A neat, well-furnished office. There's a bust of Churchill on the desk and a computer. Books line the facing wall.

SHERLOCK is facing MAJOR BARRYMORE across it. He's laughing.

BARRYMORE

Oh, do you know I'd love to. I'd love to give you unlimited access to this place. Why not?

SHERLOCK

It's a simple enough request, Major.

BARRYMORE

I've never heard anything so bizarre.

SHERLOCK

You have to give me twenty four hours. That's what I've...negotiated.

BARRYMORE

And not a second more! I may have to comply with this order but I don't have to like it. I don't know what the hell you expect to find here, anyway.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps the truth.

BARRYMORE

About what?

He looks Sherlock up and down.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Oh. I see! The big coat should've told me. You're one of the conspiracy lot, aren't you?

(laughs)

Oh, well then go ahead. Seek them out. The monsters. The death rays. The aliens.

SHERLOCK

You have any of those?

A look from Barrymore.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Just wondering.

BARRYMORE

A couple. Crash landed here in  
the 60s. We call them Eric and  
Ernie.

He smiles icily.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Good luck, Mr Holmes.

CUT TO:

62

INT. HENRY'S FRONT ROOM. DAY.

62

HENRY is looking out of the patio doors towards the moor.  
The sun is setting. He looks terrible. He's holding a faded  
photo showing him as a toddler with his mum and CHARLIE.

They're smiling. Not a care in the world.

Henry closes his eyes.

*Flash!*

The red eyes of the Hound.

Henry opens his eyes. Rubs his sweating face. He's close to  
the edge.

CUT TO:

63

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

63

CUT

CUT TO:

64

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. DAY

64

*Beep!*

The lift doors slide open as JOHN re-enters Lab 'A'. A couple  
of white-coated figures are just going off-duty through the  
far exit he, Sherlock and Lyons used earlier.

Plastic strips flutter eerily in the draft. The door clicks  
slowly shut after them.

John walks past the cages they saw earlier. They're now all  
covered by dust sheets.

John spots the air-lock door through which Frankland first  
emerged. He glances at the cardboard warning sign - Keep Out!  
Unless you want a cold!!

He thinks -- then turns the handle and goes inside.

CUT TO:

64A INT. BASKERVILLE. PIPE ROOM. DAY.

64A

A grim concrete room. Big metal pipes curve down so they are flush with the floor.

JOHN glances round. There's evidence that Frankland has slightly domesticated the room. A couple of white coats are hanging up along with gas-masks. There's a nudie calendar and another of his 'funny' sighs. This one says 'GET A GRIPPE!!!'

John glances at the pipes. They're very old, rusty and leaking. Thin clouds of vapour are leaking from their cracked joints. There are gas cylinders attached to them.

John covers his mouth, looks around and then heads back out.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

65

CUT

CUT TO:

66 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT.

66

JOHN re-enters Lab 'A' --

-- and suddenly the overhead lights BLAZE.

John winces, shields his eyes. They're like interrogation lights.

John's POV: the lights scorches into his retinas.

JOHN

Jesus -

Squinting, he looks around. Is there a switch? What the hell's going on? He covers his eyes.

The light burns.

Then there's a sound. A high-pitched hum. Like a physical assault. John can't cover his eyes and his ears.

The burning lights and the humming continue.

John runs towards the lift, scrabbling inside his jacket for his ID card. Hands shaking, he tries to swipe it through the security reader.

It squawks. Negative.

He tries again. Same result. John can't believe it. *Not now!*

He tries once more. The reader won't allow him to leave.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Come on!*

No good.

Suddenly the lights and the hum snap off.

The room is plunged into darkness, lit only by tiny points of light - jellyfish glowing in glass cases, monitor lights etc.

It's very quiet and very spooky. John looks round.

John's POV: after-images float over his eyes. The burnt-in image of the overhead lights. Spots. Floaters. A pair of them.

But now they look like a pair of eyes, dancing over his retinas.

John blinks. Are they eyes?

He peers into the gloom. The shapes seem to shift about, as though something is hiding from him.

John rubs his face. Tries to pull himself together. He takes out his torch and sweeps the beam around.

He turns to the first of the sheeted cages and pulls away the cloth. Beneath is an empty metal cage.

He moves onto the second. Another metal cage. Also empty.

He pulls away the third, only half-looking --

*SHRIEK!*

A grinning monkey glares up at him, teeth bared. John throws the sheet back the way it was, genuinely shocked. He pulls himself together, really cross now and takes a few deep breaths. He's a soldier. This is nothing. Yet he's sweating.

He clears his throat, then moves to the last of the sheeted shapes and pulls away the cloth. It's a very tall rectangular, barred steel cage. And the end side is buckled. As though something BIG has forced its way out.

John stares at the cage. It's big enough to hold a gorilla. Or, perhaps, a dog the size of a horse...

CUT TO:

67

CC-TV IMAGE

67

John in stark black and white on the CC-TV monitor. He looks round, trying to hold it together.

CUT TO:

68

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT.

68

JOHN is about to move on when --

*Pad, pad, pad.*

He freezes. Footsteps!

*Pad, pad, pad. Not human.*

There's something in there with him.

CUT TO:

69

INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

69

CUT

CUT TO:

70

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT.

70

John swallows, scared stiff and sweeps the torch around. The beam highlights a long metal pole with a leash on the end.

*Pad, pad, pad...*

CUT TO:

71

CC-TV IMAGE.

71

JOHN lifts the pole, ready to defend himself.

CUT TO:

72

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. DAY.

72

CUT

CUT TO:

73

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT.

73

Every nerve on edge, JOHN creeps back towards Frankland's room. It's the closest exit.

Carefully he takes out his ID again and, as quietly as he can, swipes it through the reader.

*Squawk!*

Negative. John looks anxiously round. Has it heard him?

The footsteps seem to come from all around him. Echoing in the room. It's like he's being stalked.

He tries the reader again.

*Squawk!*

John looks desperately, anxiously about. Then he pulls out his phone and speed dials. It rings. And rings.

JOHN  
(sotto)  
*Come on, come on!*

John's POV: slightly shaky. He seems to see the 'eyes' again, twinkling in the shadows.

The phone rings on.

PHONE  
*The person you are calling is not available -*

John kills the call in frustration. He tries to stay calm.

He points the torch down the room towards the exit through which he, Sherlock and Lyons left the room. It's a long way off, but it's the only one he hasn't tried.

Heart pounding, John starts to make his way down the lab, sweeping the torch beam back and forth. We see rabbits' eyes glinting pinkly. We hear unseen rodents scratching and scrabbling about.

Through the plastic sheeting, shadows seem to move as though alive.

He's almost reached the exit door, lifts his ID towards the reader and --

*There's a heavy, animalistic breathing. And a low, terrifying GROWWWWWL.*

It feels like it's right by him.

John **RUNS** wildly back the way he came, right towards the cages. He hurls open the door of one, jumps inside and slams the door.

He hardly dares to breathe. We can hear his heart-beat thumping like a piston.

Very, very carefully, he reaches through the bars and starts to slowly drag the dust sheet back over the cage.

Suddenly:

*His phone rings!*

John almost yells and drops his phone as he tries to get it out from his jacket. He stabs at the buttons.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

John? John, what's wrong?

JOHN

It's in here! It's in here with me!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Where are you?

JOHN

Get me out, Sherlock! You've got to get me out! The big lab. The first lab we saw --

*Pad, pad, pad.*

John whimpers in terror.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

John? John!

John presses the phone close to his mouth.

JOHN

(sotto)

Please, Sherlock. Now!!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Alright. I'll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN

(sotto)

No! It'll hear me.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Keep talking. What are you seeing?

*Pad, pad, pad.*

John pushes back a corner of the cloth and peers out.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

John?

JOHN

(sotto)

I'm here.

SHERLOCK

What can you see?

JOHN

(sotto)

Don't know. I can hear it, though.

*Pad, pad, pad.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

*There! Did you - ?*

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Stay calm. Stay calm. Can you see it?

John's breathing is rapid and scared, he strains to see anything in the gloom.

John's POV: the lab beyond seems empty.

SHERLOCK

Can you see it?

JOHN

No. No I --

He stops dead.

His eyes widen in absolute terror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I can see it.

(hissing)

*Sherlock! It's here! It's here!*

We see John from the other side of the cage bars. His eyes are huge and wide.

John curls into a ball --

*And the dust sheet is thrown back! The overhead lights flicker on.*

SHERLOCK

John! Are you ok? John?

SHERLOCK throws open the cage door. John pushes past him, back into the main lab, now fully lit again.

There's nothing there.

JOHN

Jesus. It was the Hound! It was here. Sherlock. I swear it was. It must be here!

He dashes around the big room and points to the huge empty cage.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Did you see it? You must have --

SHERLOCK  
It's alright, John. It's ok now.

John grabs Sherlock, gabbling feverishly.

JOHN  
It's not! It's not ok! I *saw* it,  
Sherlock. I was wrong.

Sherlock gently detaches John's hand from his coat. He seems to be quietly suppressing excitement.

SHERLOCK  
Let's not jump to conclusions.

Beat.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
What did you see?

JOHN  
I told you! The Hound!

SHERLOCK  
Huge? Red eyes?

JOHN  
Yes!

SHERLOCK  
Glowing?

JOHN  
YES!

SHERLOCK  
No.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
I made up the bit about glowing.  
You saw what you expected to see  
because I told you. You've been  
drugged. We've all been drugged.

JOHN  
Drugged?

SHERLOCK

Can you walk?

JOHN

'Course! Of course I can walk.

SHERLOCK

Come on, then. It's time we laid  
this ghost.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

74

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'A'. NIGHT

74

Behind the plastic partition we saw before, DR STAPLETON is  
in front of several glass tanks of white rabbits.

The plastic strips are pulled back.

John and Sherlock, standing there. John still looks very  
shaken.

STAPLETON

Oh, back again. What's on your mind  
this time?

SHERLOCK

Murder, Dr. Stapleton. Refined,  
cold-blooded murder.

He reaches for the light switch, snaps it off.

Immediately, the rabbits start to glow fluorescent green!

He snaps them back on again.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Will you tell little Kirsty what  
happened to Bluebell or shall I?

On Stapleton - sighs, resigned, he's got her.

STAPLETON

Okay, what do you want?

SHERLOCK

Can I borrow your microscope?

CUT TO:

75

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'B'. NIGHT.

75

SHERLOCK is bent over a big, expensive microscope. JOHN  
looks on. He's pale and jumpy. STAPLETON watches,  
intrigued.

CLOSE on Sherlock as he switches slides, drops various liquids onto them, watches them dissolve and change colour.

On a white-board close by he has written the word: **HOUND**.

By the H he has scribbled: HYDROGEN?

By the N: NITROGEN?

By the D: DEUTERIUM?

Then a host of chemical formulae.

*(C17 H23 NO3) 2•H2SO4•H2O...C17H23NO3 ...C17H21NO4*

*C20H25NO3...C19H35NO2 ...*

STAPLETON

(to John)

You're sure you're ok? You look very peeky.

JOHN

(terse)

I'm alright.

STAPLETON

It was the GFP gene from a jellyfish, in case you were wondering.

JOHN

What?

STAPLETON

In the rabbits. *Aequorea victoria*, if you really want to know.

JOHN

Right. Yeah. *Why?*

STAPLETON

Why not? We don't ask questions like that here. It isn't done. There was a mix up, anyway. My daughter ended up with one of the lab specimens. So...poor Bluebell had to go.

JOHN

Your compassion's overwhelming.

STAPLETON

I know. I hate myself sometimes.

JOHN

So. Come on. I'm not a nutter.  
You can tell me. What else have  
you got hidden away up here?

Beat.

STAPLETON

(sighs)

Listen. If you can imagine it,  
someone's probably doing it  
somewhere. Of course they are.

JOHN

Cloning?

STAPLETON

Yes. Of course! Dolly the Sheep,  
remember?

JOHN

*Human cloning?*

STAPLETON

Why not?

JOHN

And what about animals?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Big animals.*

STAPLETON

Size isn't a problem. Not at all.  
The only limits are ethics and  
the law. And both those things  
can be very....flexible. But not  
here. Not at Baskerville. I swear  
to you.

Suddenly Sherlock smashes the slide against the wall.

SHERLOCK

It's not *there!* There's nothing  
there! It doesn't make sense.

STAPLETON

What were you expecting to find?

SHERLOCK

A drug, of course! It has to be a  
drug! An hallucinogenic or a  
deliriant of some kind. But  
there's no trace of anything in  
the sugar!

JOHN

Sugar?

SHERLOCK

Sugar! Yes! Simple process of elimination. I saw the Hound. Saw it as my imagination expected me to see it. A genetically engineered monster! I knew I couldn't believe the evidence of my own eyes. There were seven possible reasons for it, the most likely being a narcotic. Henry Knight saw the Hound too. But you didn't, John. You *didn't*. We'd eaten and drunk the same things since we came to Grimpen, except for one thing. You don't take sugar in your coffee.

He points angrily at the smashed slide.

JOHN

I see. So --

SHERLOCK

I took that from Henry's kitchen. *His sugar*. But it's perfectly alright.

JOHN

Maybe it isn't a drug?

SHERLOCK

It must be! But how did it get into our systems? *How?*

He throws himself down into a chair. Puts his head in his hands.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

There's something...something buried deep.

He sits back in the chair. Closes his eyes and steeplest his fingertips.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Get out.

STAPLETON

What?

SHERLOCK

I need to go to my mind palace.  
Get out.

STAPLETON

Your *what*?

But he doesn't answer. John sighs.

JOHN

He's not going to be doing much talking for a while. We might as well go.

STAPLETON

His *what*?

JOHN

Mind *palace*. It's a memory technique. A sort of mental map. You map out a location. Doesn't have to be a real place. Then you...deposit memories there. Theoretically, you can never forget anything. All you have to do is find your way back to it.

He moves towards the door.

STAPLETON

So this...imaginary location. It can be anything. Like a street or a house?

JOHN

Yeah.

STAPLETON

But he said *palace*. He said his was a *palace*.

JOHN

Yeah, well he would, wouldn't he?

They go out.

We stay on Sherlock. He's still as a statue.

We zoom into his closed eyes - almost unbearably close.

Across the left-hand side of his face a photograph appears.

It's a familiar floral pattern. A Liberty pattern.

The photo clicks upwards like the dial of a fruit machine. Replaced by a picture of the Liberty store in London, then by the symbol of the French Republic - liberte, egalite, fraternite - then by one of the Liberty Bell. The cracked symbol of American Independence. Then John Philip Sousa, composer of the Liberty bell March. Then they spin into a blur --

On-screen text: *Liberty, Liberty, Liberty, Liberty, Liberty.*

The word 'in' appears in the middle of Sherlock's face.

On-screen text: *Preposition. Adverb. Noun. Adjective.*  
(Rare)

Then it becomes a photo of an olde-worlde pub.

Text: *Inn.*

Then a photo of Mumbai.

Text: *India*

Then a number plate.

Text: *Ingolstadt, Germany.*

Then an atomic model.

Text: *Indium. Atomic number 49.*

The middle section spins too.

Finally a third picture appears on the right side of  
Sherlock's face. A Ridgeback dog. Then an Irish Wolfhound.  
Then Elvis.

Text: *HOUND.*

All three columns are now spinning wildly like a fruit  
machine.

Sherlock's eyes snap open!

And the three columns settle *one - two -three!*

Text: *Liberty, Indiana. H.O.U.N.D.*

Sherlock smiles.

CUT TO:

HENRY is running for his life.

He pounds across the moor, his feet slipping and sliding on  
the wet soil.

He looks over his shoulder, utterly terrified.

Silhouetted against the moon he sees: the Hound!

Its eyes are livid red.

*Howwwl!*

He races on, but the great beast comes after him.

Suddenly Henry realises he has a gun in his hand. He looks at it for a long moment, nonplussed, then turns to face the monster.

Breath coming in huge, ragged bursts he aims the gun.

The Hound pounds on, snarling with rage.

And Henry fires!

Close on Henry's eyes. He blinks. Sways on his feet --

CUT TO:

77

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

77

-- and finds that he's standing in his own front room --

He puts a shaking hand to his face and realises he really *is* holding a gun. It's smoking.

He looks dazedly round the room. And what he sees horrifies him.

LOUISE MORTIMER is cowering in the corner, terrified. There's evidence that the gun has been fired. Broken mirror/window/china?

Henry looks a the gun.

HENRY

*Ohmygodohmygod...*

Louise stares at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Sorry...I'm so sorry...*

He turns on his heel and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

77A

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

77A

CUT

CUT TO:

78

INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

78

*Beep!*

A door opens and overhead lights flicker on, revealing a big, impressive control room packed with CC-TV monitors and computers.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and STAPLETON enter.

SHERLOCK

John?

JOHN

I'm on it.

John guards the door.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

'Project H.O.U.N.D.'

I must have read about it  
somewhere. Tucked it away. An  
experiment in a C.I.A. facility  
in Liberty, Indiana.

Stapleton sits down, facing the main computer. She swipes her ID card through a reader on the side --

*Beep!*

-- and the computer hums into life. Stapleton rapidly taps away at the keyboard.

She goes through the various protocols.

On-screen text:

*NO ACCESS. MOST SECRET.*

*STAPLETON 641/0065.*

*ACCEPTED.*

She looks to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

H...O...U...N...D.

She taps it in.

The computer pauses. Then -

*NO ACCESS. MOST SECRET.*

She taps in:

*STAPLETON 641/0065.*

The computer pauses again. Then:

*NO ACCESS. CIA CLASSIFIED.*

STAPLETON

That's as far as my access goes,  
I'm afraid.

JOHN

There must be an override. A  
password.

STAPLETON

I imagine so. But that'd be Major  
Barrymore's.

On Sherlock: not a problem. He crosses to Barrymore's office chair and flops down in it.

SHERLOCK

*Password, password, password.*  
He'd have sat here, thinking it  
up.

His gaze roams forensically around the low-lit room. The bust of Churchill. A black and white photo of a man in uniform with a skinny teenage boy. Children's paintings. Neatly ordered books. Well-watered plants.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Describe him to me.

STAPLETON

You've seen him.

SHERLOCK

*Describe him.*

STAPLETON

He's a bloody martinet. A throw  
back. The sort they'd have sent  
into Suez.

SHERLOCK

Good. Excellent. Old-fashioned. A  
traditionalist. Not the sort of  
man who'd use his children's  
names as a password. Loves his  
job. Proud of it. And this is  
work-related.

He gazes a round the room.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sitting here. What's at eye-  
level? Books.

(he peers)

Jane's defence weekly. Bound  
copies. Hannibal, Wellington.  
Rommel. Churchill's 'History of  
the English-Speaking Peoples'.  
All four volumes.

Glances at the bust.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Churchill. He *likes* Churchill.  
But...there's also 'The Downing  
Street Years'. In fact... one,  
two, three, four, *five* separate  
biographies of Mrs Thatcher.

He glances at the photo on the desk.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mid 1980s, I'd say. Father and son.  
Barrymore Snr? *Medals*.  
(nods to photo)  
Distinguished Service Medal. His  
father was a soldier too.

JOHN

That date. Could only have been a  
Falklands veteran.

SHERLOCK

Right. Thatcher's looking a  
better bet than Churchill.

STAPLETON

So that's the password?

SHERLOCK

No. For a man like Major  
Barrymore, I imagine only first  
name terms would do.

CUT TO:

79

OMITTEDDIALOGUE INCORPORTATED IN SC.78

79

80

INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

80

SHERLOCK taps 'Margaret' into the computer.

Pause.

*Override 300/421 accepted.*

The computer pauses again, agonizingly. Then:

The screen crowds with images and information.

A photo of a jolly-looking group of women and (mostly) bearded men on an American campus. They're all in matching sweat-shirts. Some are giving a thumbs-up to the camera.

A list of names immediately stands out: Leonard Hansen, Jack O'Mara, Kate Uslowski, Rick Nader, Elaine Dyson.

Sherlock highlights the names and suddenly it pings out.

Leonard **Hansen**

Jack **O'Mara**

Kate **Uslowski**

Rick **Nader**

Elaine **Dyson**

STAPLETON

*H.O.U.N.D.!*

Sherlock reads it all with almost supernatural speed.

Black and white photos of shaven-headed soldiers - front and side on, like criminals.

On-screen, a blur of text. '*Extreme suggestibility*'. '*Fear and stimulus*'. '*Conditioned terror*'. '*Aerosol dispersal*'.

Later photos of the same men, their faces contorted into terrifying, manic scowls. Eyes bulging. Mouths slavering.

More text. '*Paranoia*'. '*Severe frontal lobe damage*'. '*Blood-brain*'. '*Neuro-chemical functions*'. '*Dangerous acceleration*'. '*Gross cranial trauma*'. '*Multiple homicide*'.

Almost subliminal colour photos. Victims. Blood. Broken bones. Cells bathed in spattered blood.

JOHN

Jesus.

On-screen: *Project H.O.U.N.D. CANCELLED. 17/4/86*

SHERLOCK

Project H.O.U.N.D. A new deliriant drug which rendered the subjects incredibly suggestible. They wanted to use it as an anti-personnel weapon. To totally disorientate the enemy through fear and stimulus. But it was shut down and hidden away in 1986.

Stapleton reads from the screen.

STAPLETON

Because of what it did to the subjects it was tested on?

SHERLOCK

(darkly)

And what they did to others.  
Prolonged exposure drove them  
insane. Made them almost  
uncontrollably aggressive.

JOHN

So, someone's been doing it  
again? Carrying on the  
experiments?

SHERLOCK

Attempting to refine it, perhaps.  
For the last twenty years.

STAPLETON

Who?

JOHN

Did those names mean anything to  
you?

STAPLETON

No. Not a thing.

SHERLOCK

The five principal scientists.  
Twenty five years ago. Maybe our  
friend is somewhere in the  
background...Someone who's the  
right age to have been on that  
project back in 1986.

(new thought)

Perhaps someone who says 'cell  
phone' because of the time they  
spent in America. You remember,  
John? He gave us his number, in  
case we needed him.

Sherlock finds the photo of the scientists and clicks on  
the enlarge option.

The picture gets bigger. Bigger. Bigger.

The faces are unfamiliar -- until one.

STAPLETON

Oh my God!

We see a young FRANKLAND grinning in the photo.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

But Bob doesn't work on -- I  
mean, he's a virologist. This was  
chemical warfare, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

This is where he started, though.  
And he's never lost that  
certainty, that *obsession* that  
the drug could really work.

Something else in the photo is suddenly very clear. The identical sweat-shirts that the team all wear. An iron-on transfer design of a howling dog and underneath it the logo: *H.O.U.N.D. Liberty, In.*

Sherlock takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Kind of him to give us his  
number. Let's arrange a little  
meeting.

Suddenly John's phone rings. He glances at it and is about to turn it off but the number intrigues him.

JOHN

(answering)

Hello?

On the other end of the phone we can just hear sobbing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who is this?

LOUISE(V.O.)

*You've...you've got to find Henry.*

John throws a glance at Sherlock.

JOHN

It's Louise Mortimer.

(into phone)

Louise, what's wrong?

CUT TO:

LOUISE

Henry was...was remembering. Then -  
he tried...He's got a gun! He went  
for the gun and tried to...

She breaks down.

JOHN (V.O.)

*What?*

LOUISE

He's gone. You've got to stop him.  
I don't know what he might do.

CUT TO:

82

INT. BASKERVILLE. BARRYMORE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

82

JOHN

Where are you? Louise, where are  
you?

LOUISE (V.O.)

His house. I'm ok. I'm ok. Find  
Henry. Please!

JOHN

Stay there. We'll get someone to  
you, ok?

He hangs up.

SHERLOCK

Henry?

JOHN

He's attacked her.

SHERLOCK

Gone?

John nods.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's only one place he'll go.  
Back to where it all began.

He pulls out his phone, speed dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Lestrade? Get to the hollow.  
Dewer's Hollow. NOW!

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*Bring a gun!*

He dashes out.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

83

A wild-eyed HENRY is stumbling across the moor. It's uncannily like the image we first had of him as a little boy.

Except he's holding the gun.

He seems to be walking almost automatically, as though in a trance.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. DARTMOOR. ROAD. NIGHT.

84

The landrover powers across the moor away from Baskerville.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT.

85

HENRY staggers on, zombie-like, through the wooded area on the moor. He approaches the lip of the hollow.

Once again, fog begins to creep over his shoes.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

86

The landrover's headlights scythe through the darkness as it goes off-road and over the moor.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

87

HENRY starts to stumble down the scree slope into the fog-filled hollow.

It billows thickly around him.

HENRY's POV: the whole landscape shifts and blurs as he climbs. The fog. The starry sky.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT.

88

The landrover screeches to a halt in the wooded area. SHERLOCK and JOHN leap out.

CUT TO:

89

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

89

The fog swirls round HENRY as he drops down on his backside. He cradles the gun in his lap.

He stares into the drifting fog.

He lifts the gun to his face and slowly inches it towards his mouth.

Henry's POV: the gun barrel shifts and buckles, skewed by the drug. It looms before him like a deep, dark tunnel.

HENRY

Sorry. I'm sorry, Dad.

His finger starts to squeeze the trigger --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

No! Henry, no!

SHERLOCK and JOHN come pelting out of the fog.

Henry immediately turns the gun on them.

HENRY

Get back! Get away from me!

JOHN

It's ok, it's ok, Henry. Just relax.

HENRY

(miserably)

I know what I am. What I tried to do.

JOHN

Just drop the gun, Henry. It's ok.

HENRY

*I know what I am.*

With shaking hands, he presses the gun to his lips.

SHERLOCK

Yes. I'm sure you do know, Henry. It's all been explained to you, hasn't it? Explained very carefully.

HENRY

(dully)

What?

SHERLOCK

Someone needed to keep you quiet, Henry.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Needed to keep you as a child. To  
reassert the dream that you'd  
both clung to. Because you'd  
started to *remember*.

Henry turns exhausted, stupefied eyes onto Sherlock. He  
holds the gun more firmly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Remember now, Henry! You've got  
to remember. What happened here  
when you were a little boy...

*Flash!*

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991.

90

By the stuttering light of a torch --

CHARLIE KNIGHT tries to fend off a savage assault.

The flash of the Hound's savage teeth.

Charlie screaming --

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

91

HENRY

I thought it got my Dad. The  
Hound. I thought - *Oh Jesus*. I  
don't know any more.

He cocks the gun.

SHERLOCK

Think, Henry! *Remember*.  
'Liberty'. 'In'. Two words. Two  
words a frightened little boy saw  
twenty years ago. You'd started  
to piece things together. And  
remember what *really* happened  
that night. It wasn't an animal  
at all, was it, Henry? Not a  
monster...

Henry blinks.

*Flash!*

CUT TO:

92

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991.

92

The torchlight flickers and we see --

CHARLIE is being attacked - but not by a Hound.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

*A man!*

A man in a gas-mask is locked in a savage fight with CHARLIE, hands wrapped round Charlie's throat, throttling him.

The horrible gas mask has red lenses. They flash vividly and hugely in the torch-light.

Under a rocky outcrop, watching in mute terror is HENRY.

Charlie grapples with the gas-mask and pulls it aside.

Just for a moment we see: FRANKLAND!

Then he slams Charlie against a rock. There's a horrible - *crack!* - and Charlie's head lolls to one side. His neck has been broken.

As little Henry watches, wide-eyed, the fog swirling around him, Frankland sinks back against the rocks and pulls the gas-mask back over his face. In the beam of Charlie's abandoned flash-light, Frankland's torso is illuminated. He's wearing a faded sweatshirt with the now-familiar 'howling dog' logo and the legend **H.O.U.N.D. Liberty, In.**

Little Henry pants with terror, gazes at the scary gas-masked figure in the sweatshirt - and blinks.

Blinks.

The moment is frozen forever.

CUT TO:

93

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

93

HENRY lets the gun drop from his lips just a fraction.

SHERLOCK

You couldn't cope with it, Henry.  
You were just a child.  
So you rationalized it into  
something very different.

Henry blinks again.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then you started remembering.  
So you had to be stopped.  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Driven out of your mind so no-one  
would believe a word of what you  
said.

*Flash!*

CUT TO:

94

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

94

HENRY is in a chair, head slumped on his chest.

FRANKLAND sits opposite. He speaks in a low, urgent  
whisper.

FRANKLAND

It's inescapable, Henry. You know  
it is. The darkness overcame your  
dad. It'll overcome you too. It's  
inevitable. There's no monster  
out there, Henry. Just inside.  
Inside you...

CUT TO:

95

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

95

HENRY

*Him. He did this. He did this to  
me.*

Sherlock cocks his head. Footsteps?

SHERLOCK

He wanted to make sure no-one would  
ever listen to you again.

CUT TO:

96

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

96

CUT

CUT TO:

97

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

97

HENRY is slumped on the sofa.

FRANKLAND

(whisper)

You've got to kill it, Henry! Kill  
the monster inside you! KILL IT!

The doped, suggestible Henry twitches with fear.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Kill it, Henry! You've got to kill  
it!

CUT TO:

98

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

98

HENRY drops the gun.

JOHN darts in and grabs it.

JOHN

Ok, mate, it's ok.

SHERLOCK

I think our guest has arrived.

Sherlock peers into the fog. He calls out.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'd come out if I were you, Dr  
Frankland. Seems a shame to miss  
the party.

Nothing moves.

Then there's a figure in the fog. Walking slowly forward.

The fog is so thick it's impossible to see who it is. But  
he raises a rifle and points it at Sherlock.

John aims his gun at the figure. But another gun clicks.

They turn. LESTRADE is walking down the slope, his own  
pistol trained on Frankland.

LESTRADE

Don't do anything silly, sir.

Henry stares at the apparition.

HENRY

But we saw it! The Hound. Last  
night. We *did*!

SHERLOCK

There *was* a dog out here, Henry.  
Leaving footprints. Scaring  
witnesses. But it was nothing  
more than an ordinary dog. We  
both saw it. But we saw it the  
way our drugged minds wanted us  
to see it. Fear and stimulus.  
That's how it works. But there  
never was any monster.

And then, from the fog-choked slope above them --

***Growwwl.***

Sherlock freezes. *What?*

***Growwwl.***

There's a shape in the fog, on the lip of the hollow, prowling back and forth, back and forth. A huge beast.

Henry shrieks.

HENRY

No, no, no!

JOHN

Sherlock?

Sherlock gawps as the Hound paces.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Lestrade)

You seeing this?

Lestrade nods, scared stiff.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(hissed whisper)

*He's not been drugged, Sherlock.  
So what is that? What is it?*

***Growwwl.***

SHERLOCK

Alright! It's still there! But  
it's just a dog. Nothing more  
than an ordinary dog!

At last the fog parts above the lip of the hollow revealing

--

**THE HOUND!**

It's IMMENSE! As big as a horse! A hound from Hell with massive, distended, drooling jaws and blazing red eyes. And it's glowing!

LESTRADE

*Oh my God!*

Sherlock stares at the monster -- then rushes towards the human figure in the fog. As he gets closer we see the figure is wearing a gas mask.

Sherlock reacts, then wrenches it off revealing --

**JIM MORIARTY!!**

Sherlock's jaw drops.

Jim chuckles. Then laughs and laughs and laughs.

Suddenly Sherlock's eyes light up. He looks wildly around.

SHERLOCK

The fog!!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

It's the *FOG*!! The drug's in the fog!

He grabs Jim by the lapels and shakes him, willing things to become clear.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(savage, angry)

Aerosol dispersant, that's what it said in those records. Project H.O.U.N.D. It's the **FOG**!

'Jim' resists, tries to get out of Sherlock's grip, struggling to get the gas mask back on. Sherlock slaps himself across the face, forcing himself to see clearly.

Sherlock's POV: Jim's face blurs. Changes.

And FRANKLAND is there, in Sherlock's grip.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

A minefield! A *chemical* minefield.

*Howwwwl!*

The Hound begins to race towards them down the slope, its massive paws throwing up the soil in great wet spumes.

FRANKLAND

For God's sake! Kill it! KILL IT!!

He tries to raise the rifle.

Lestrade struggles to see through the fog. His finger squeezes the trigger and he looses off three bullets. Misses.

The Hound ploughs on towards them, jaws dripping until -- BANG! BANG! BANG!

On John: the marksman. In total control. He takes it down.

The Hound shrieks in pain, rolling over and over.

SHERLOCK

Look at it! Really look!

John stares at it. Blinks.

John's POV: the Hound is suddenly diminished. A big, savage-looking Great Dane. But only a dog. It lies still.

Suddenly HENRY launches himself at Frankland, punching him violently to the ground.

HENRY

Bastard! You bastard! You  
BASTARD!! Twenty years! Twenty  
years of my life, making no  
sense!! *Why didn't you just kill  
me??*

Lestrade drags him off Frankland.

LESTRADE

Ok, son. It's ok!

SHERLOCK

Because dead men get listened to.  
It wasn't enough to kill you - he  
had to discredit every word you  
ever said.

HENRY

About my father's death.

SHERLOCK

Exactly. And Frankland had the  
means, right at his feet. A  
chemical minefield! Pressure pads  
in the ground! Dosing you up every  
time you came back here. Murder  
weapon and scene of the crime all  
at once. Oh, this case, Henry!  
Thank you! It's been brilliant!

JOHN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

(sotto)

*Timing, for God's sake. Not now!*

SHERLOCK

Not good?

JOHN

His whole life's been messed up.  
Give him a minute -

HENRY

No! No, no, it's ok. It's fine!  
Because it means my Dad was right.  
Everything he said about  
Baskerville was true!  
(to Frankland)  
He'd found something out, hadn't  
he? That's why you killed him.  
Because he wasn't mad, he was  
right! And he found you right in  
the middle of an experiment.

Henry triumphant, the ghosts of the past, buried. But  
Frankland is smiling cynically.

FRANKLAND

I let him find me. Only way I could  
get him alone.

Henry's face falls.

HENRY

But why....why would you...?

FRANKLAND

I had a wife once.

Beat.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Your father had her too.

A horrible silence as this hits home in Henry. Then...

*Growwwwl.*

Everyone swings round. It's a last sign of life from the  
Hound. John fires! Now it's definitely dead.

But Frankland takes advantage of the distraction -- and  
tears off into the darkness.

The four men race after him.

CUT TO:

FRANKLAND staggers on and reaches a trampled-down wire  
fence. He pauses to grab a ragged breath, then clammers  
over.

He doesn't notice the skull and cross-bones warning sign.

He scrambles in his pockets to find a torch. With shaking  
hands he clicks it on and points the beam dead ahead.

The ground seems clear so he stumbles on.

Suddenly, there's a dull metallic *click*.

Hand shaking, Frankland brings the torch beam to bear on the ground at his feet. He's standing on a rusty pressure-mine. The slightest wrong move...

Frankland swallows, petrified.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. DARTMOOR. FENCE. NIGHT.

100

**BOOOOOOM!!**

A massive fireball erupts across the moor. SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE and HENRY hurl themselves to the ground. The vast, bleak moor is briefly lit up by the explosion, as if by a bolt of summer lightning.

On Henry: grimly satisfied.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

101

JOHN is demolishing his breakfast. SHERLOCK comes out of the pub, carrying two mugs of coffee.

SHERLOCK

(puzzled)

So...They didn't have it put down. The dog.

JOHN

Obviously. Suppose they just couldn't bring themselves to do it

SHERLOCK

I see.

JOHN

No, you don't.

SHERLOCK

No, I don't. Sentiment?

JOHN

Sentiment.

John eats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen - What happened to me. In the lab. What was all that about?

SHERLOCK  
(evasive)  
Do you want any sauce?

JOHN  
I'd never been to the hollow. So how come I heard those things? In there? Fear and stimulus, you said.

SHERLOCK  
You must have been dosed elsewhere. When you went to look in the labs, maybe. You saw those pipes. Pretty ancient. Leaky as a sieve. And that's where the gas was coming from. Ketchup, was it? Or Brown?

JOHN  
Hang on.

He fixes Sherlock with a beady glare.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You thought it was in the sugar, right? You were convinced it was in the sugar.

SHERLOCK  
We'd better get going, actually.  
There's a train at -

It dawns on John.

JOHN  
It was you! You locked me in that bloody lab!

SHERLOCK  
I had to. It was an experiment.

JOHN  
(bellows)  
AN EXPERIMENT!

SHERLOCK  
Shh!

JOHN  
I was terrified, Sherlock. I was scared to death!

SHERLOCK  
I thought the drug was in the sugar. So I put the sugar in your coffee. Then I arranged everything with Major Barrymore.  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It was all totally scientific.  
Laboratory conditions. Literally.

CUT TO:

102 INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

102

A bank of CC-TV monitors show JOHN trapped inside the cold storage room.

SHERLOCK is watching with his feet up. He's on his phone.

SHERLOCK  
Alright. I'll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN (V.O.)  
No! It'll hear me.

SHERLOCK  
Keep talking. What are you seeing?

He clicks on a digital recorder placed next to a tannoy.  
The tape plays --

*Growwwwl.*

CUT TO:

103 EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

103

SHERLOCK  
I knew what effect it had on a superior mind. I needed to try it on an average one.

On John: *I am going to kill you.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
You know what I mean.

Beat.

JOHN  
But it wasn't in the sugar.

SHERLOCK  
No. I wasn't to know you'd already been exposed to the gas.

JOHN  
So you got it wrong.

SHERLOCK  
No -

JOHN

You were wrong. You thought it  
was in the sugar. You got it  
wrong.

SHERLOCK

A little bit.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Won't happen again.

John calms down somewhat.

JOHN

Any... long...term effects?

SHERLOCK

Not at all. You'll be ok once  
you've excreted it. We all will.

Beat.

JOHN

Yeah, well. Think I might have  
taken care of that already.

Sherlock looks at him. They laugh.

GARY comes out of the pub. He catches Sherlock's eye and  
smiles feebly.

Sherlock gets up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

SHERLOCK

Won't be a minute. Gotta see a  
man about a dog.

CUT TO:

104 EXT/INT. CELL. DAY.

104

Darkness. A door half opens, framing a familiar, silhouetted  
elfin FIGURE (we don't see his face)

Next to him is a MAN IN A SUIT who nods towards the door.  
Tells the figure it's time to go.

The silhouetted figure pauses for a long moment, then exits.

Inside the cell, the suited man sighs heavily and looks  
around the walls.

His POV: scratched onto the wall, one word: SHERLOCK

We pull back to see that the entire cell is COVERED in the same angry, jagged lettering. Everywhere, scrawled, scraped, gouged into the plaster:

SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK. SHERLOCK...

**END**