



SHERLOCK SERIES 2

Episode 2 -

"A Scandal In Belgravia"

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1

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

1

... recap ...

... into the scene now.

... JOHN, noticing the red dots suddenly buzzing on his shirt, SHERLOCK, the same ...

Now JIM MORIARTY striding back into the room.

JIM

Sorry, boys, I'm so changeable. It is a weakness with me, but to be fair to myself, it is my only weakness. You can't be allowed to continue. You just can't. I would try to convince you, but everything I have to say has already to say has already crossed your mind.

Sherlock and John - a glance. A nod from John. And Sherlock turns, levels his gun at Jim.

SHERLOCK

Then possibly my answer has crossed yours.

And now lowers the gun -

- to point at the piles of explosives.

And we build to the cliffhanger, just as before, the music building and building, and then ...

The BeeGees! From somewhere, Staying Alive is playing.

John and Sherlock: a world of *what??*

But Jim just smirks.

He pats his jacket pocket - his phone, we're hearing the ringtone.

JIM

Mind if I get that?

SHERLOCK

You have the rest of your life.

Jim grins, pulls out the phone.

JIM

Hello?

(Listens, impatient)

Yes, of course it is, what do you want?

He rolls his eyes at Sherlock - honestly, some people! But now his face is changing at what he's hearing. Now, he's interested - alert and cold and fierce.

JIM

Say that again. Say it again, and understand that if you are lying to me, I will find you and I will skin you!

John and Sherlock exchanging a look - what the hell ... ?

Jim, listening, deciding.

JIM

Yes. Yes, of course I am. Wait!

He looks up at his unseen gunmen above, makes a motion - *get out!*

On John and Sherlock -

- and all the little red dots are disappearing. From off we can hear feet footfalls, doors banging, people leaving.

On John, looking up, listening. Are they actually going to survive.

On Sherlock: doesn't take his eyes off Jim, doesn't lower his gun.

Now Jim is stepping forward to Sherlock.

JIM

Sorry, my dear. Wrong day to die.

SHERLOCK

(Looking to the phone)
Did somebody make you a better offer.

JIM

Oh, don't you worry, we'll find the right moment. Because we've got a problem to solve together, you and I. Do you know what it is?

SHERLOCK

I'm fascinated.

JIM

The big one. The best one. The final problem. And the funny thing is, I've already told you all about it. You'll be hearing from me, Sherlock - but not for a while.

And he turns on his heel and just walks away. Talking on his phone.

JIM

If you have what you say you have, I will make you rich. If you don't, I will make you into *shoes*...

He's gone. A moment on Sherlock and John. Sherlock finally lowers the gun.

They look at each other.

JOHN
What was that?

SHERLOCK
Who was that?

2 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

2

A woman's hand, red-fingernailed, is hanging up a phone -- then reaches for a riding crop lying next to it. As she heads away, we pan up --

- to see a woman dressed in tight fitting leather. She's heading away from us, through an opulent hotel suite. She carries the riding crop lightly in one hand.

And now she disappears through the open door of what is a clearly a bedroom.

From off, we hear her voice.

IRENE ADLER
(From off)
Well now. Have you been wicked,
your highness?

And then, in reply, another female voice.

FEMALE VOICE
(From off)
Yes, Miss Adler.

Swish, crack, and on this we

3 THE OPENING TITLES

3

4 EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

4

Establisher of the flat, closing in on ...

221b. Over this, we hear typing. The plastic rattle of a computer keyboard.

5 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

5

SHERLOCK and JOHN in their accustomed position across the table from each other. Breakfast, coffee - Sherlock scanning and discarding the papers, John typing away on his computer.

SHERLOCK
What are you typing?

JOHN
Blog.

SHERLOCK
About?

JOHN
Us.

SHERLOCK
You mean me.

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Well you're typing a lot.

John gives him a look - the ego of the man! But Sherlock is already throwing aside his paper, springing up ready for action.

SHERLOCK
Right then! So what have we got?

(The following sequence is a sort of montage - a few months a in the life of John and Sherlock at the top of their game. Fast, fluid, music-driven.)

6 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

6

A TIMID MAN sitting in the client chair, in 221b. (We haven't nominated one, but let's do it - should be facing the boys armchairs.)

TIMID MAN
My wife seems to be spending a very long time at the office -

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Boring!

CUT TO:

Same shot, same chair a WOMAN

WOMAN
I think my husband might be having an affair -

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Yes!

CUT TO:

Same shot, same chair, a big beefy creepy guy.

CREEPY GUY

She's not my real Aunt, she's been replaced, I know she has.

(Holds up an urn)
I know human ash!

SHERLOCK

Leave!

WHIP PAN TO:

A MARRIED COUPLE this time. He stands in front of the fireplace, addressing Sherlock and John - pompous, full of himself - and she hovers timidly at his shoulder. Sherlock is pacing boredly.

HUSBAND

... no one should have been able to empty that bank account, other than myself and my wife.

SHERLOCK

Then why didn't you assume it was your wife?

HUSBAND

Because I have always had total faith -

SHERLOCK

No, because you knew you emptied it yourself.

(Prods the man's
waistband, hair, face in
rapid successions)

Weight-loss! Hair dye! Botox!
Affair!

(Hands a card to the wife)

Lawyer!

WHIP PAN TO:

Back to the client chair. An important looking man, in a business suit - flanked by two other men in suits.

BUSINESS MAN

... we are prepared to offer any sum of money you care to name, for the recovery of these files -

Sherlock walks across the frame -

SHERLOCK

Boring!

The frame wipes with Sherlock's cross and becomes:

A nervy, geeky young man in a sci-fi tee-shirt. He is flanked by two other geeky teenagers, standing just behind him. (Positions exactly resembling the business men.)

GEEKY YOUNG MAN

We have this website - it explains the true meaning of comic books, cos people miss a lot of the themes - but then all the comic books started coming true.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Oh, interesting.

WHIP PAN TO:

John typing away at his computer, Sherlock looking grumpily over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

The Geek Interpreter. What's that?

JOHN

The title.

SHERLOCK

What does it need a title for?

WHIP PAN TO:

7

INT. BARTS CORRIDOR - DAY

7

SHERLOCK and JOHN heading along the corridor towards us, SALLY DONOVAN leading the way.

A YOUNG OFFICER passes in the opposite direction.

YOUNG OFFICER

(To John)

Loved The Geek Interpreter.

SALLY DONONVAN

Yeah, that was good one.

8

INT. MORGUE - DAY

8

On a blonde woman, lying dead. Her face is covered in blotches and spots. SHERLOCK and JOHN doing their examination. LESTRADE stands a few feet away, waiting for them to be done.

SHERLOCK
So people actually *read* that blog.

JOHN
Where do you think our clients come from?

SHERLOCK
I have a website ...

JOHN
Where you enumerate 240 different types of tobacco ash - nobody's reading your website.

(Of the corpse)
Okay, mid-thirties, reasonable condition, dyed blonde hair, no obvious cause of death - except these speckles, whatever they are.

WHIP PAN TO:

9 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

9

Again, John typing away, Sherlock reading grumpily over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK
Oh for God's sake!

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
The Speckled Blonde!

WHIP PAN TO:

9C INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

9C

Two little girls squeezed together on the client chair.

LITTLE GIRL
They wouldn't let us see Grandad when he was dead. Is that cos he'd gone to heaven?

SHERLOCK
(From off)
People don't really go to heaven - they're taken to a special room and burned --

JOHN
Sherlock!

9A

INT. BACK STREET - DAY

9A

Another day, another crime scene. LESTRADE leading JOHN and SHERLOCK along a back alley - at the end there's a crashed car, with the boot open, and a dead man's arm hanging out.

LESTRADE

There was a plane crash near Dusseldorf yesterday, everyone dead.

SHERLOCK

Suspected terrorist bomb, we do watch the news.

JOHN

You said boring and turned over.

Lestrade now standing over the body in the boot.

LESTRADE

According to the flight details, this man was checked in on board.

Inside his coat ...

(Holding up clear plastic evidence bags)

... stub of his boarding pass, napkins from the flight, even one of their special biscuits. Here's his passport stamped in Berlin airport. This man should have died in a plane crash in Germany yesterday. But instead he's dead in a car boot in Southwark.

JOHN

Lucky escape.

LESTRADE

Any ideas?

SHERLOCK

Eight so far.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sherlock examining the body - frowning, as he works.

SHERLOCK

Okay four ideas.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sherlock examining the boarding pass. Frown's getting worse.

SHERLOCK

Maybe two ideas.

9B

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

9B

SHERLOCK looking over JOHN's shoulder at the blog again.

SHERLOCK
Don't mention the *unsolved* ones!

JOHN
People want to know you're human.

SHERLOCK
Why?

JOHN
Because they're interested.

SHERLOCK
No they aren't. Why are they?

He storms off to his own side of the desk - but John has had enough. Taps his computer screen.

JOHN
One thousand, eight-hundred and ninety five.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, what?

JOHN
I reset the counter last night.
This blog had nearly two-thousand hits in the last eight hours. This is your *living*, Sherlock - not 240 different types of tobacco ash!

SHERLOCK
... 243.

John, back to his typing. We pan up his screen to the hit counter - 1895.

WHIP PAN TO:

10

INT. THEATRE BACK STAGE - NIGHT

10

SHERLOCK and JOHN heading along a back stage corridor - UNIFORMED POLICE are dashing in the opposite direction, and our heroes are heading home.

SHERLOCK
So what's this one? The Bellybutton Murders?

JOHN
The Navel Treatment?

SHERLOCK

Eww.

They are heading down a flight of steps to:

CUT TO:

11

INT. STAGE DOOR - NIGHT

11

- SHERLOCK and JOHN emerging into the stage door area. More POLICEMEN, and LESTRADE. (There's a COAT RACK here, a row of coats.)

LESTRADE

Guys, there's a lot of press outside.

SHERLOCK

(Heading to the doors)
Well they won't be interested in us.

LESTRADE

Yeah, that was before you were an internet phenomenon. Couple of them specifically wanted photographs of you two.

SHERLOCK

Oh, for God's sake.

Sherlock has gone to the coat rack, taken a couple of hats - the only two ones there - and now tosses one to John.

SHERLOCK

Cover your face, John, we'll move fast.

John is pulling a cap down over his face..

LESTRADE

Still, good for the public image, big case like this.

SHERLOCK

I'm a *private* detective. The last thing I need is a public image.

As he says this, he jams a hat on this heat - and fatefully, it happens to be a deerstalker. He pulls it down over his face, and starts pushing through the doors -

- into an explosion of flashbulbs. And the first flash becomes -

- a newspaper photograph!

A black and white of deerstalker-ed Sherlock and John heading out the doors. Pulling out to the headline (NOT front page) HAT-MAN AND ROBIN, THE WEB DETECTIVES.

Now a series of flashes and we see variants of the same image from various angles in various pages, always centred on the deerstalker. Various headlines. SHERLOCK HOLMES - NET PHENOMENON. SHERLOCK - NET 'TEC. SHERLOCK AND JOHN - BLOGGER DETECTIVES.

On the final flash the last one becomes -

12 INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

12

- an actual newspaper lying on a table. We hold on a moment -
- then a hand reaches into shot, a red fingernail traces Sherlock's cheekbone for a moment. During this, from off, we hear the beeps of someone punching a number into a phone. The phone is now being answered and the hand withdraws.

IRENE ADLER
(From off)
Hello. I think it's time - don't you?

And then something is tossed casually on to the paper - a riding crop, lying right across Sherlock's face ...

We fade to black ...

13 EXT. BAKER STREET - EARLY MORNING

13

Establisher of the flat. A beautiful, sunny day. Early morning sunshine.

14 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EARLY MORNING

14

Morning light blazing over the deserted sitting room - panning over details ...

... last night's pizza boxes, coffee cups, a cluedo board skewered to the wall with a knife ...

... closing on the kitchen. MRS HUDSON has been trying to tidy up. She's now kneeling at the freezer. She's pulled out a bag of something of something squelchy and unsavoury.

She peers at it.

MRS HUDSON
Oh dear! Thumbs!

A movement makes her look up. She startles.

Standing in the living room, a MAN, portly, profoundly worried. He's panting, like he's been running. He looks frightened, sweaty, at his wits end. This is PHIL.

PHIL
Sorry, the door ... the door was
...

As Mrs. Hudson stares at him, he sways on his feet -
- then crashes headlong to the floor in a dead faint.

A moment, as Mrs Hudson stares at the prone figure. Then she turns and calls.

MRS HUDSON
Boys! You've got another one!

15 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

15

On PHIL now, sitting in client chair (same framing as the others) looking a bit lost and bewildered.

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Tell us from the start. Don't be
boring.

And we track super-fast round Phil so that we're looking at him in profile and shot becomes -

16 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/PHIL'S CAR - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

16

- PHIL sitting at the wheel of his car. The car stationary, and he's trying to start it. The engine turns, coughs, splutters.

CAPTION

10 HOURS PREVIOUSLY.

He's now getting out of the car, go to the propped-open bonnet.

He's parked at side of a country road. Fields fall away all around - magnificent desolation.

On Phil grimly contemplating the state of his engine. He glances around him. No one for miles ... except ...

Phil's POV. In the middle of the rolling fields, standing with his back to us, is a solitary figure - a HIKER. He's some distance away, but we can see that he has a BACKPACK at his feet and seems to have stopped a moment to admire the scenery. He stands a few feet from a stream, runs between the Phil and the Hiker.

Phil heads back to the driving seat, tries the engine. This time - *bang!* The car's backfired. Phil sighs, starts to climb out again -

- but stops at something he sees.

Phil's POV. The HIKER, is now lying flat on his back like he's fallen, or been struck down.

Phil frowns - something about the way the man is lying.

PHIL
(Calling over)
Hey! You okay? Excuse me, are you all right?

No answer. Phil - curious, maybe a little chilled - starts heading over.

Clone on the HIKER. Lying flat on his back, staring sightlessly at the sky - a stain spreading on the grass beneath him, as we dissolve to:

16A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

16A

The same patch of grass a few hours later. The blood stain has dried and the body has now been replaced by an outline. Pulling further back, we see that a tent has been built round this little area, and D.I. Carter is now ducking out of it.

Wider: uniformed POLICE searching in the grass for a murder weapon. PHIL's car is still parked by the side of the road, where we last saw it and there are several police vehicles parked around the place.

A YOUNG POLICEMAN is now calling out of a larger police van which is clearly the centre of operations.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
(Calling to Carter)
Sir! Phone call for you?

22 INT. SCOTLAND YARD/ LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

22

LESTRADE. On his phone, talking. Wearied and business-like - as if he's had to make calls like this a few times.

LESTRADE
Have you heard of Sherlock Holmes?

23 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

23

(Intercut as required.)

CARTER
Who?

The SOUND OF A CAR drawing up. Carter glances round - a CAR is slowing to halt at the side of the road. The YOUNG POLICEMAN is already heading over to talk to the driver.

LESTRADE

You're about to meet him. Now it's your case, it's entirely up to you - this is just friendly advice. Give Sherlock five minutes on your crime scene, listen to everything he says, and as far as possible, try not to punch him

Carter's face: *what??*

24

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

24

JOHN, now leaning against his parked car (the one we saw arriving) holding a laptop. The YOUNG POLICEMAN who stopped him turns as CARTER approaches.

POLICEMAN

Sir, this gentlemen says he needs to talk to you, he said -

CARTER

Yeah, I know. Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN

John Watson. Are you set up for wi-fi?

25

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

25

The POLICE TEAM we saw earlier, now standing to one side of the crime scene, like they've been cleared out of the way. They're watching something in bemusement.

27

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

27

On Sherlock. He's at the desk, wearing only a bedsheet, wrapped around him like he's a Roman consul. Clearly he's just got out of bed and not even bothered to get dressed.

JOHN

(From off)

You realise this is a tiny bit humiliating?

SHERLOCK

Oh, I'm fine. Take me to the stream.

28

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

28

On JOHN. He's holding his LAPTOP open in front of him, screen outward. On the screen we can see Sherlock in his sheet, on the sofa in Baker Street, peering at everything John shows him as he's now carries him over the to the stream. Skype Detective! Carter is walking a few paces behind, not quite believing his eyes.

JOHN

Didn't really mean for you.

29

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

29

Sherlock at the desk - we now see his laptop open in front of him. On the screen we can see the POV of the webcam built into John's laptop.

SHERLOCK

This is a six out of ten. There's no point in me leaving the flat for anything less than a seven - we agreed. Now take me back, closer on the grass.

30

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

30

John, now carrying Sherlock back towards the tent. (We now intercut between Baker Street and here as required.)

JOHN

When did we agree that?

SHERLOCK

We discussed it yesterday. Stop.
Lower.

John is now lowering the laptop for a closer view of the grass.

JOHN

I wasn't even home yesterday. I was in Dublin.

SHERLOCK

Hardly my fault if you weren't listening.

On Sherlock - as the doorbell rings. He glances off.

SHERLOCK

(Yelling off)

Shut up!

JOHN

Do you just keep talking when I'm away?

SHERLOCK

I don't know - are you away often?
Now show me the car.

He swings round to show Phil's car.

SHERLOCK

And that's the one that back-fired -
it made a noise, yes?

JOHN

If you're thinking gunshot, there
wasn't one. He wasn't shot, he was
killed by a single blow to the back
of the head from a blunt
instrument. Which then magically
disappeared along with the killer.
This has got to be an eight, at
least.

CARTER

You've got two more minutes. And
then I want to know more about the
driver...

SHERLOCK

Oh, forget him, the driver's an
idiot. Why else would he think he's
a suspect?

CARTER

I think he's a suspect.

SHERLOCK

(Sighs)
Take me over.

JOHN

Okay, but there's a mute button and
I will use it.

He turns the laptop to face Carter.

SHERLOCK

Up a bit. I'm not talking from down
here.

Biting his lip, John raises the laptop to nearly eye-level.
We stay on the laptop screen as Sherlock talks. (Under this,
we start building helicopter noise - not emphasised, but
slowly increasing.)

SHERLOCK

Having driven to a remote location,
and successfully committed a crime
without a single witness, why did
he then phone the police and
consult a detective? Fair play?

CARTER

Well he's trying to be clever,
isn't he? It's over-confidence.

SHERLOCK

Did you see him? Morbidly
obese, the undisguised halitosis of
single man who lives alone, the
right sleeve of an internet porn
addict, and the breathing pattern
of an untreated heart condition.
Low self-esteem, tiny IQ, and
limited life expectancy - and you
think he's an audacious criminal
mastermind?

He looks over his shoulder, revealing the driver (Phil)
sitting on the sofa directly behind him, a little troubled
now.

SHERLOCK

Don't worry, this is just stupid.

PHIL

What did you say? Heart what?

SHERLOCK

(Turning back to the
computer)

Have you looked in the stream yet?

CARTER

What's in the stream?

SHERLOCK

Go and see.

MRS HUDSON

(From off)

Sherlock?

MRS HUDSON, standing in the doorway - looking a bit nervous.
Behind her, TWO MEN IN DARK SUITS. One of them is PLUMMER.

MRS HUDSON

You weren't answering your
doorbell...

PLUMMER

(To the other man)

His room's through the back, get
him some clothes.

SHERLOCK

Who the hell are you??

PLUMMER

Sorry, Mr. Holmes -

JOHN
(Protesting from the
computer)
What's going on? Sherlock, what's
happening?

Plummer has reached over and shut the laptop, cutting off John.

PLUMMER
- you're coming with us.

39

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

39

John, at the laptop, trying to fix the connection.

JOHN
Sorry, he got cut off, I don't -

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Dr. Watson?

John glances round - the YOUNG POLICEMAN is turning towards him, phone at his ear. He looks a little bemused.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
It's for you.

JOHN
Me? Okay.

He puts his hand out for the phone, but the young policeman shakes his head.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
No, sir. The helicopter.

John follows his look.

A little distance away, a HELICOPTER is landing.

On John's face: *what??*

40

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

40

On Sherlock's CLOTHES being placed in a neat pile in front of him. Sherlock, still standing, defiant in his bedsheet.

PLUMMER
Please, Mr. Holmes. Where you're
going, you'll want to be dressed.

On Sherlock's eyes - scanning the man.

SHERLOCK VISION: We now see the man through Sherlock's personal heads-up display - words floating over different parts of the man's body - all this fast.

Over the jacket - SUIT: £700.

Over the armpit - UNARMED.

Over the hand - MANICURED. OFFICE WORKER. LEFT HANDED.

Over the shoes - INDOOR WORKER

Over the lower part of the trousers - we zoom in super-fast to see tiny dog hairs, and the words starting popping up: SMALL DOG. TWO SMALL DOGS. THREE SMALL DOGS.

Sherlock, smiling faintly now.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I know exactly where I'm going.

On this we dissolve to:

41 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

41

Buckingham Palace, seen from the air, the roar of a helicopter all around us.

On John, sitting in the helicopter, staring down at their destination.

No! Can't be, no!

42 INT. BUCKINGHAM PACE - CORRIDOR - DAY

42

Another of the DARK SUITED MEN is leading JOHN down a vast, ornate corridor.

On John, looking around. This is impossible, this is ridiculous.

43 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

43

A pair of double doors are swept open, revealing a huge, spectacular room, empty, except for ...

... SHERLOCK HOLMES, sitting on an ornate sofa, right in the middle, still wrapped in a bedsheets and clearly in a towering sulk.

On JOHN, observing him from the door. The DARK SUITED MAN ushers him in.

John steps inside, the man withdraws.

A silence as John and Sherlock look at each other. John spreads his hands - a questioning gesture, what the hell is going on?

Sherlock: shrugs back. Search me.

John comes in to the room, sits on the other end of the sofa.
Another silence.

JOHN
... are you wearing pants?

SHERLOCK
No.

JOHN
Okay.

They look at each other -

- and then both just burst out laughing. Just the joyous absurdity of it. Where they are, what they're doing, *for God's sake!!*

Through the laughter:

JOHN
What are we doing here? Sherlock, seriously, what?

SHERLOCK
I don't know!

JOHN
Are we here to see the Queen?

The thought almost quells the laughter for a second. And then the door opens, and MYCROFT steps in.

SHERLOCK
Apparently, yes.

And this childish jokes sets them off again, roaring with laughter.

Hugely annoyed. Mycroft bangs shut the door.

MYCROFT
Just once, could you two behave like grown-ups.

JOHN
We solve crimes, I blog about it, and he forgets his pants - how high are your standards?

SHERLOCK
I was in the middle of a case, Mycroft!

MYCROFT
What, the hiker and the back-fire? I glanced at the police report - bit obvious, surely.

SHERLOCK
Transparent.

MYCROFT
Time to move on, then.

Mycroft has picked up Sherlock's folded clothes from the chair.

MYCROFT
We are in Buckingham Palace. The
very heart of the British nation.
(Presents the clothes with
mock formality)
Sherlock Holmes - put your trousers
on.

SHERLOCK
What for?

MYCROFT
Your client.

SHERLOCK
And my client is ... ?

A voice from off.

THE EQUERRY
Illustrious.

They look round.

There's a side door, almost concealed in the ornate wall, and entering through is a formidable, older man. Probably an ex-army officer, carries a truly frightening air of self-possession and importance.

THE EQUERRY
In the extreme. And remaining, I
have to inform you, entirely
anonymous. Mycroft!

MYCROFT
(Shaking hands)
Harry. Can I just apologise for the
state of my little brother.

THE EQUERRY
A full time occupation, I imagine.
And this must be Dr. John Watson,
formerly of the Fifth
Northumberland Fusiliers?

JOHN
(Shaking his hand)
Hello, yes

THE EQUERRY

My employer is a tremendous fan
your blog.

JOHN

... your employer?

THE EQUERRY

Particularly enjoyed the one about
the aluminium crutch.

(Turning to Sherlock)

And Mr. Holmes, the younger. You
look taller in your photographs.

SHERLOCK

I take the precaution of a good
coat and a short friend.
Mycroft, I don't do anonymous
clients. I'm used to a mystery at
one end of my cases - both ends is
too much work. Good morning.

He starts to head to the door. Mycroft puts out a foot, and
stands on the trailing end of Sherlock's sheet, stopping him
in tracks.

MYCROFT

This is a matter of national
importance. Grow up!

SHERLOCK

Get off my sheet.

MYCROFT

Or what?

SHERLOCK

I'll just walk away.

MYCROFT

I'll let you.

JOHN

Boys, please, not here.

SHERLOCK

Who is my client?

MYCROFT

Take a look at where you're
standing and make a deduction - you
are to be engaged by the highest in
the land. Now for Gods sake, put
your clothes on!

MYCROFT
I'll be mother.

SHERLOCK
And there's a whole childhood in a nutshell.

THE EQUERRY
My employer has a ... problem.

MYCROFT
A matter has come to light of an extremely delicate, and potentially criminal nature - and in this hour of need, dear brother, your name has arisen.

SHERLOCK
Why? You have a police force - of sorts. Even a marginally secret service. Why come to me?

THE EQUERRY
People do come to you for help, don't they, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK
Not, to date, anyone with a navy.

MYCROFT
This is a matter of the highest security, and therefore of trust.

JOHN
You don't trust your own secret service?

MYCROFT
Naturally not. They all spy on people for money.

SHERLOCK
Fair point.

JOHN
But it's Sherlock you want - what am I doing here?

THE EQUERRY
I did wonder myself, Mycroft.

MYCROFT
My baby brother is a genius in his chosen field. But in this case, we need a genius with a conscience - which, typically, my brother has outsourced.

JOHN
Oh, great. I'm Jiminy Cricket.

The Holmes brothers both laugh - a rare moment of bonding.

MYCROFT
Actually, that rather works.

SHERLOCK
It does, doesn't it?

THE EQUERRY
(Sharply)
I do think we have a timetable.

MYCROFT
Of course, yes.

He has taken an ENVELOPE from his CASE, now slides a PHOTOGRAPH from it. He passes it to Sherlock.

MYCROFT
What do you know about this woman?

On the photograph - a headshot of a stunningly beautiful woman. And as we see this we cut to:

45 INT. LIMO - DAY

45

The same WOMAN - IRENE ADLER - but live. She's sitting the back of the car, looking boredly, but imperiously, out of the window. Her phone beeps, she glances at it:

Screen text: I'M SENDING YOU A TREAT.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Nothing whatsoever.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

46

On SHERLOCK as he now flicks the photo around for JOHN, as if trying it out on him. John, sipping his tea, almost misses.

SHERLOCK
- but she's clearly very
attractive. John, you might want to
dab your shirt front. Who is she?

47 INT. SMART HOUSE IN BELGRAVIA - DAY

47

The LIMO has drawn up at a lovely London town house. The FEMALE CHAUFFEUR is now walking round to open the rear door... (We continue hearing the conversation at Buckingham Palace.)

MYCROFT

(V.O.)

Irene Adler. Professionally known
as the Woman.

(MORE)

MYCROFT (cont'd)

JOHN
(V.O.)
Professionally?

IRENE ADLER now stepping out the car - spectacular in spectacular heels.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
There are many names for what she does - she prefers dominatrix.

Irene, now heading towards the house. She glances at her phone.

Screen text: PHOTOS DOWNLOADING.

48

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

48

SHERLOCK
Dominatrix?

MYCROFT
Don't be alarmed. It's do to with sex.

SHERLOCK
Sex doesn't alarm me.

MYCROFT
How would you know? She provides, you might say, recreational scolding to those enjoy that sort of thing, and are prepared to pay for it.

He's now passing Sherlock several COLOURFUL PRINTED SHEETS (clearly a printed-out website.)

MYCROFT
This is all from her website.

On the sheets. A page of material, with the masthead that reads The Woman. The page prominently illustrated with photos of IRENE in various kinds of terrifying and sexy fetish gear.

He flicks to the second page -

- but the picture becomes -

CUT TO:

49

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

49

- close on IRENE's phone -

A photograph, on a long lens of SHERLOCK in Baker Street. He's wrapped in the sheet we saw him in earlier, and being manhandled into the car, by the two dark-suited men. He looks preposterous and vulnerable.

She flicks to the second photograph -

- but the picture becomes -

CUT TO:

50

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

50

- IRENE in spectacular fetish gear, brandishing a whip, menacingly -

Sherlock flicks to the next sheet but it becomes -

CUT TO:

51

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

51

IRENE's phone: closer on SHERLOCK, vulnerable is sheet -

On Irene's face, looking at his. She smirks, amused

CUT TO:

52

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

52

Oh Sherlock's face. He frowns in distaste, puts the sheets face down on the table.

SHERLOCK

I assume this Adler woman has some compromising photographs.

THE EQUERRY

You're very quick, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Hardly a difficult deduction.
Photographs of whom?

THE EQUERRY

A person of significance to my employer.

SHERLOCK

Family member, friend, distant relative ... ?

THE EQUERRY
We prefer not be more specific at
this time.

SHERLOCK
Anonymous client, anonymous victim -
would it help if I investigated
wearing a blindfold?

JOHN
You can't tell us anything?

MYCROFT
I can tell you, it's a young
person.
(Hesitates)
A young *female* person.

SHERLOCK
How many photographs?

MYCROFT
A considerable number, apparently.

SHERLOCK
Do Miss Adler and this young female
person appear in the photographs
together?

MYCROFT
Yes, they do.

SHERLOCK
I assume in a variety of
compromising scenarios.

MYCROFT
An imaginative range, we're
assured.

A silence. They digest.

SHERLOCK
... John, you probably want to keep
that cup in the saucer now.

John has had the cup frozen half-way to his mouth. He now
delicately sets it down.

THE EQUERRY
It is our opinion that should these
photographs come to light, they
would have a catastrophic effect on
the establishment you see around
you. Can you help us, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK
How?

THE EQUERRY
Will you take the case?

SHERLOCK
What case? Pay her. Now, and in full. As Miss Adler remarks on her masthead - know when you are beaten.

MYCROFT
She doesn't want anything. She got in touch. She informed us that the photographs existed. She indicated that she had no intention to use them to extort either money or favour.

JOHN
... Then why get in touch at all?

MYCROFT
We don't know.

On Sherlock - now the ghost of a smile. Intrigued for the first time.

SHERLOCK
... oh! A power play. A power play with the most powerful family in Britain. Now *that's* a dominatrix. Oh this is getting a bit fun now, isn't it?

JOHN
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK
Where is she?

MYCROFT
In London, currently. She's staying at -

SHERLOCK
Text me the details. I'll be in touch by the end of the day.

He's heading for the door now, John following.

THE EQUERRY
Do you really think you'll have news by then?

SHERLOCK
No. I think I'll have the photographs.

He turns to sweep out.

THE EQUERRY
One can only hope you're as good as
you seem to think.

Just the tiniest flash in Sherlock's eye. He turns back to him -

- the barest glimpse: SHERLOCK's POV, words swirling round her. (None emphasised, but they include DOG LOVER, HORSE RIDER, EARLY RISER, LEFT SIDE OF BED, NON-SMOKER, FATHER, RIGHT-HANDED, KEEN READER, TEA DRINKER.)

SHERLOCK
I'll need some equipment, of
course.

MYCROFT
Anything you require, I'll have it
send over.

SHERLOCK
Could I have a box of matches?

- and now holds out a hand, expectantly, to the Equerry.

THE EQUERRY
I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK
Or your cigarette lighter, either
would do.

THE EQUERRY
I don't smoke.

SHERLOCK
I know you don't. But your employer
does.

An impasse of stares -

- then the Equerry reaches into his pocket, produces a lighter, hands it to Sherlock.

THE EQUERRY
We have kept lot of people
successfully in the dark about this
little fact, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK
I'm not the commonwealth.

JOHN
And that's as modest as he gets.
Pleasure to meet you.

He gives a little bow. Sherlock glances contemptuously at him - the fawner!

SHERLOCK

Laters.

He heads out, John following.

54

INT. TAXI - DAY

54

SHERLOCK and JOHN, in the back of the taxi, as it drives away from BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

JOHN

Okay - the smoking, how did you know?

SHERLOCK

The evidence was right under your nose, John - as ever you see, but you do not observe.

JOHN

Observe what?

He pulls something from his coat, tosses it to John.

SHERLOCK

The ashtray.

He tosses a stolen ashtray to John.

John laughs - and then they're both sniggering like schoolboys.

55

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

55

As the car sweeps away from us along the Mall, the picture clicks and freezes, becoming a photograph on -

56

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

56

- IRENE's phone.

Wider on Irene. She's on the edge of her bed, smiling now. (The bedroom around, as wild and dangerous as you'd expect.)

IRENE ADLER

Kate?

The Chauffeur, now dressed as a MAID.

IRENE ADLER

We're going to have a visitor. I'll need a bit of time to get ready.

KATE

A long time.

Irene smiles - a demonic grin.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, *ages!*

We cut to darkness -

- then the screen splits into light as wardrobe doors are flung open. We are looking Irene through endless rails of dresses ...

57

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

57

JOHN, standing in the kitchen. He's looking, a little impatiently, into the back corridor (where Sherlock's room is.)

As we watch, various items of clothing are tossed through Sherlock's open door - a SOLDIER'S UNIFORM, WORKMAN'S OVERALLS - as each is rejected. A TUXEDO joins the pile.

JOHN

What are you *doing?*

Sherlock appears through the door, with a policeman's jacket slung over his normal clothes.

SHERLOCK

I'm going into battle, John. Need the right armour.

(Looks down at his police jacket)

Nah!

He disappears back into his room, pulling the jacket off.

58

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

58

IRENE modeling a startling mini-dress in the mirror. Considers, then -

IRENE ADLER

Nah.

Kate is leaning in the doorway, watching appreciatively.

KATE

Works for me.

IRENE ADLER

Everything works on you.

KATE

Is that bad?

IRENE ADLER

I hope so.

59

INT. TAXI - DAY

59

JOHN and SHERLOCK in the back of a taxi.

JOHN

So what's the plan?

SHERLOCK

We know her address.

JOHN

So what do we do. Ring the doorbell?

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

(Leaning forward, to the cabbie)

Here please.

JOHN

But you didn't even change your clothes.

SHERLOCK

Then it's time to add a splash of colour.

60

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

60

IRENE, at her make-up table.

KATE is delicately applying her make-up. Their eyes meet for a moment - a flirtatious smile...

61

INT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

61

A back alley - smart, but deserted. JOHN and SHERLOCK heading towards us. Beyond them, we can see the TAXI leaving from the end of the alley.

JOHN

Are we here?

SHERLOCK

Couple of streets away. But this will do.

JOHN

For what?

Sherlock rounds on John.

SHERLOCK

Punch me in the face.

62

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

62

Kate is holding up a range of lipsticks for IRENE's approval.

KATE

Shade?

On Irene - that demonic smile again.

IRENE ADLER

Blood.

63

EXT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

63

SHERLOCK and JOHN in confrontation.

JOHN

Punch you?

SHERLOCK

Yes, punch me. In the face, didn't you hear me?

JOHN

I always hear "punch me in the face" when you're speaking. But it's usually subtext.

SHERLOCK

Oh for God's sake.

And smartly and efficiently, he just slaps John round the face. John is whacked right back out of shot -

- and then a beat later comes tearing back into frame, fists flailing at Sherlock.

64

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

64

Kate, sitting very close, is now applying IRENE's lipstick. Their eyes meet again.

65

EXT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

65

JOHN now has SHERLOCK in a headlock, and the struggle continues.

SHERLOCK

Okay! I think we're done now.

JOHN

You want to remember, Sherlock, I was a soldier! I killed people!

SHERLOCK

You were a doctor!!

JOHN
I had bad days!!

66

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

66

Kate, applying the finishing touches.

KATE
What are you going to wear?

IRENE ADLER
My battledress.

KATE
Lucky boy.

We hear the doorbell ring.

KATE
Is that him?

IRENE ADLER
Got to be.

KATE
Ringing the doorbell? Does he think
we'll just let him in?

IRENE ADLER
He must think he's got a way of
persuading us. Go and see what it
is.

67

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

67

On Kate, now making her way down the hallway.

She presses the entry phone unit next to the door.

KATE
Hello?

On the little screen, we see SHERLOCK, seeming bent over, as
if injured.

SHERLOCK
(On screen)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I've been
attacked - I think they took my
wallet - please could you help me
...

Kate's face - amused.

KATE
I could phone the police, if you
want.

SHERLOCK

(On screen)

Yes, please, if you could. Do you mind if I just wait out here?

On screen, he straightens up slightly -

- reveal that he's wearing a clerical collar.

On Kate's face - oh, he's pretending to be a vicar. A knowing smirk - which she hides as she starts opening the door -

- to reveal Sherlock, and (to her surprise) John, seemingly helping him.

JOHN

I saw it happen - It's okay, I'm a doctor.

And before she can stop them, they're through the door.

68

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

68

A sumptuous, and very respectable, living room. Sherlock, alone, is perched on the end of a sofa, dabbing at his bruised face.

We hear a door open behind him.

IRENE ADLER

(From off)

Hello, sorry to hear you've been hurt. I don't think Kate caught your name.

Sherlock, getting hurriedly to his feet.

SHERLOCK

Yes, sorry, I'm -

And he breaks off. For the first time ever, we see all the brakes jam on in his brain as he just *stares*.

Because IRENE ADLER is standing in front of him, entirely naked. (NB. This shot for pre-watershed. We know she is naked but we don't see anything. Like Sherlock, we always manage to avert our eyes.)

Irene is just smiling at him now.

IRENE ADLER

Oh it's always so hard to remember an alias when you've just had a fright, isn't

She steps lightly forward, plucks off his clerical collar.

IRENE ADLER

There now, we're both defrocked -
Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Irene Adler, I presume.

On Sherlock: on the back foot for once. And now she's running a finger along one of his cheekbones.

IRENE ADLER

Look at these cheekbones. I think I could cut my hand slapping your face. Would you like me to try?

With an impish smile, she pops the clerical collar in her mouth, snapping her teeth shut on it.

- just as John enters (bowl, towel, the cuts and bruises paraphernalia you find in any bathroom.)

JOHN

Right then, so ...

And he stops dead at what he sees: Sherlock, fact to face with a naked woman, who has his clerical collar in her teeth.

JOHN

... okay. Missed something, did I?

Irene just smiles. Without a care in the world, she heads over to the other sofa, settles down on it. (Perhaps she picks up a cushion at this point - just to make the scene shootable.)

IRENE ADLER

Please, sit down. If you'd like some tea, I'll call the maid.

SHERLOCK

I had some at the Palace.

IRENE ADLER

I know.

SHERLOCK

Clearly.

Sherlock and Irene, now sitting on opposite - burning the air between them, with *staring*.

John, feeling very out of it:

JOHN

... I had a tea at the palace too.
If anyone's interested.

They clearly aren't.

On Sherlock - something troubling him.

Sherlock's POV. On Irene, just sitting there. As he glances over to John we see the normal swirl of words round him (TWO DAY SHIRT. ELECTRIC NOT BLADE. HAD A LARGE CAPPUCCINO. DATE TONIGHT. HASN'T PHONED SISTER. NEW TOOTHBRUSH. NIGHT OUT WITH STAMFORD.) but when he looks back to Irene -

- nothing.

He blinks.

Nothing.

Blinks again.

Nothing.

IRENE ADLER
(Tosses the dog collar in
her hand)

Do you know the big problem with
disguise, Mr. Holmes? However hard
you try, it's always a self-
portrait.

SHERLOCK
You think I'm a vicar with a
bleeding face?

IRENE ADLER
I think you're damaged, delusional,
and believe in a higher power -
though in your case, it's yourself.
And somebody loves you.

On Sherlock - a flicker of confusion.

IRENE ADLER
If I had to punch you in the face
I'd try to avoid your teeth and
your nose too.

Her eyes to flash like lasers to John - who just bridles.

JOHN
Could you put something on, please?
Anything at all - a napkin.

IRENE ADLER
Why - are you feeling exposed?

Sherlock pulls his coat, from where it's lying on the sofa next to him. He tosses it over to Irene.

SHERLOCK

I don't think John knows where to look.

Irene, now pulling the coat on.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, I think he knows exactly where. I'm not sure about you.

SHERLOCK

If I wanted to look at naked women, I'd borrow his laptop.

JOHN

You do borrow my laptop.

SHERLOCK

I confiscate it.

IRENE ADLER

Never mind all that, we've got better things to talk about. Tell me, I need to know - how was it done.

SHERLOCK

.... what?

IRENE ADLER

The hiker with the bashed in head. How was he killed?

Sherlock and John exchanging a look - what?

SHERLOCK

That's not why I'm here.

IRENE ADLER

No, you're here for the photographs. But you're never going to get them, so seeing as we're chatting anyway...

On Sherlock - something new here. Something he's not quite in control of. But he's keeping it calm, staying impassive.

JOHN

That story hasn't even been on the news. How do you know about it?

IRENE ADLER

I know one of the policemen. Well - I know what he likes.

JOHN

What, and you like policemen?

IRENE ADLER

I like detective stories. And
detectives. Brainy - it's the new
sexy.

SHERLOCK

The position of the car.

John and Irene look at him. What?

SHERLOCK

The position of the car, relative
to the hiker, at the time of the
backfire. That plus the fact that
the death blow was on the back of
his head. All the information you
need.

IRENE ADLER

Okay, tell me. How was he murdered?

SHERLOCK

He wasn't.

IRENE ADLER

You don't think it was murder.

SHERLOCK

I know it wasn't.

IRENE ADLER

How?

SHERLOCK

The same way I know the victim was
an excellent sportsman, recently
returned from foreign travel. And
that the photographs I'm looking
for are in this room.

IRENE ADLER

Okay, but how?

SHERLOCK

(Springing to his feet)
So they are in this room - thank
you! John, outside, man the door,
let no one in.

John is already heading to the door.

As he passes, Sherlock the tiniest look of complicity flashes
between them. They're up to something, and this is part of
the plan -

On Irene: what's going on?

69

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

69

John emerging from the room, closing the door. Looks around, then up at the ceiling. Sees what he needs.

Now steps across the hallway, takes a magazine from a table, rolls it up ...

... and from this jacket he takes the lighter the Equerry gave Sherlock ...

70

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

70

Sherlock swanning around the room, in his element now - explaining!

SHERLOCK

Okay. Two men, alone in countryside, several yards apart, and one car...

IRENE ADLER

Oh, I thought you were looking for the photographs now?

SHERLOCK

Oh, no, looking takes *ages*! I'm just going to *find* them. But we've got a minute, and you're moderately clever, so let's pass the time. Two men, a car, and nobody else.

71

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

71

Now FLASHBACKING to the earlier scene, but in SHERLOCK VISION. PHIL is at the wheel of his car, trying to start his car - he's in freeze-frame.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

The driver's trying to fix his engine ...

Now SHERLOCK walks past Phil (in reality, still swanning about Irene's room talking to her, but visually now walking among the flashback.)

SHERLOCK

Getting nowhere.

Whip pan to:

Over at with HIKER, also frozen. He's standing, seemingly staring at the sky

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

And the hiker is taking a moment.
Looking at the sky. Watching the
birds?

And SHERLOCK steps from behind FROZEN HIKER. (Again still
really swanning about Irene's room, but stitched into the
flashback.)

SHERLOCK

Any moment now something's going to
happen. What?

We cut to Irene, still sitting on the sofa - but now the sofa
is SITTING IN THE THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD. Beyond her, we can
see Phil in the car.

IRENE ADLER

The hiker's going to die.

SHERLOCK

No. That's the result. What's going
to happen.

IRENE ADLER

... I don't understand.

SHERLOCK

Try to.

IRENE ADLER

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because your job is ridiculous.
Because you cater to the whims of
the pathetic and take your clothes
off to make an impression. Stop
boring me and think. It's the new
sexy.

On Irene - those words landing like slaps. Regroups.

IRENE ADLER

... the car's going to backfire.

SHERLOCK

There's going to be loud noise.

IRENE ADLER

So what?

SHERLOCK

Oh, noises are important. Noises
can tell you everything. For
instance -

And the beep-beep-beep-beep-beep. The shrill of smoke alarm.

Super fast zoom on Sherlock's eyes. Stylised slow-motion, as they swivel to look at Irene with a big, slamming sound effect.

On Irene: stylised slow motion as she turns her to look at -
- big slamming sound effect -
- an ornate mirror on the wall.

SHERLOCK

Thank you!

Sherlock starts striding towards the mirror.

SHERLOCK

A mother, hearing a smoke alarm,
would look towards her child ...

He slides the mirror to one side, revealing a safe built into the wall, with a keypad on it.

SHERLOCK

I really hope you don't have a baby

in here.

(Calls off)

You can turn it off, John.

72

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

72

John is standing in the hallway - has the magazine held aloft like a torch, one end lit and smoking right under a smoke alarm.

He now beats against the wall, putting it out.

SHERLOCK

(Yelling from)

I said turn it off.

JOHN

Well give me a moment -

And then, from off - a calm American voice -

NEILSON

Excuse me -

John looks round.

Three men standing in the hallway now. Big, black suits, square-jawed - traditional men in black. NEILSON, Tranter, ARCHER.

NEILSON

Let me take care of that for you.

And Neilson draws a gun with silence from under his jacket, aims it at the alarm, and shoots it. It falls silent.

JOHN

... thanks.

73

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

73

Sherlock, examining the keypad.

SHERLOCK

You should use a glove on these things, you know - ever seen the state of an iPad screen? Now the heaviest oil deposit is always on the first key used - that's clearly a 3 - but the sequence is almost impossible to read after that. I know from the make it's a six digit code, and it can't be your birthday - no disrespect, but you were clearly born in the 80s and the eight is barely used - so -

IRENE ADLER

I'd tell you the code right now - but you know what?

He looks at her.

IRENE ADLER

I already have.

On Sherlock - frowns. What?

IRENE ADLER

Think!

And now the door is bursting open. John is being shoved into the room, slammed down to his knees - Archer takes John, Tranter takes Irene, Neilson walks among them, barking orders.

NEILSON

Hands behind your head, on the floor, keep it still!

JOHN

Sorry, Sherlock.

NEILSON

Miss Adler, on the floor!

Archer stays behind John, gun leveled at his head. The other two men move swiftly into the room - Neilson has his gun on Sherlock.

Neilson has his gun on Sherlock.

On Sherlock, staring down the barrel, cool as ever.

SHERLOCK
... don't you want me on the floor
too?

NEILSON
No, sir - I want you to open the
safe.

SHERLOCK
American. Interesting. Why would
you care -

NEILSON
Sir, the safe, now please.

SHERLOCK
I don't know the code.

NEILSON
(Touches his ear)
We've been listening. She said she
told you.

SHERLOCK
If you've been listening, you know
she didn't.

He raises his gun slightly, so it's pointing directly at
Sherlock's forehead.

NEILSON
I'm assuming I missed something -
from your reputation, I'm assuming
you didn't - Mr. Holmes.

JOHN
For God's sake, she's the one who
knows - ask her!!

NEILSON
Yes, sir. She also knows the code
that automatically calls the
police, or sets off the burglar
alarm - I've learned not to trust
this woman.

IRENE ADLER
Mr. Holmes -

NEILSON
Shut up! One word out of you, just
one, I will decorate that wall with
the insides of your head. This, for
me, will not be hardship.

Irene falls silent - looks to Sherlock. Something intense in
her gaze, like she's trying to communicate something.

NEILSON
Mr. Archer, at the count of three,
shoot Dr. Watson.

JOHN

Oh, for God's sake, *what??*

SHERLOCK

I don't know the code.

NEILSON

One.

SHERLOCK

I don't know the code!

NEILSON

Two.

SHERLOCK

She didn't tell me, I don't know it!!

NEILSON

I'm prepared to believe you - any second now. Three!

SHERLOCK

No, stop!!

And he's got it! The lights go on in his head.

He spins to the keypad. His hand over it now. Cutting fast round -

Sherlock's face: is he right?

Irene's face: fascinated!

John's face: oh shit!

And now Sherlock is punching in a code - six rapid beeps. And the safe chimes. And the LED display reads OPEN.

On Sherlock sags. So close.

On John: oh dear God! But keeping it together.

NEILSON

Thank you, Mr. Holmes. Open it, please.

Now, very fast - Sherlock glances to Irene -

- Irene, stricken-faced - tiniest shake of her head -

- Sherlock, a frown, a flicker of thought, gets it - now reaching for safe door -

SHERLOCK

Vatican cameos!

On John, hearing that, recognising the words - what?

Now, stylised show motion -

- Sherlock slams open the safe door -
- in the same moment, he starts to duck -
- close on the interior of the safe, as the door opens -
- a handgun (also with silencer) mounted on a little tripod, pointing out. A cable runs from the door, through hooks or hoops, arranged so that the cable runs right over the trigger -
- the action of the opening door, now tightening the cable over the trigger -
- closer on the silenced muzzle as the bullet explodes from the end -
- Archer, standing behind the still kneeling John, is the direct line of fire -
- he starts to crumple -
- on Neilson, turning in shock - and Sherlock is already cannoning into him -
- on Irene. She's still kneeling in front of Tranter, who stands behind her, gun at her head -
- and now she's throwing punch backwards over her shoulder, right into the man's groin
- he starts to crumple -
- on John, leaping to retrieve the gun from Archer as he falls -

Normal speed.

Sherlock has grabbed Neilson's gun, now has it trained on Neilson who is sprawled on the floor in front of him.

Similarly, Irene has Tranter's gun aimed at him, as he's doubled up, retching on the floor.

John is checking Archer.

JOHN
... okay. He's dead.

They all look at each other. What do they do now?

Sherlock steps smartly over Neilson, clubs him from behind with the gun butt. He falls limps.

SHERLOCK
(To IRENE)
Would you mind?

IRENE ADLER
Not at all.

She moves to do the same to Archer. As she does so, Sherlock glances towards the safe - there's a little leopard skin object in there.

Thump! Archer hits the floor.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

IRENE ADLER
Thank *you* - you're very ...
observant.

JOHN
Observant?

IRENE ADLER
I'm flattered.

SHERLOCK
(Striding from the room)
Don't be.

JOHN
Flattered? Sorry, what?

He's following Sherlock from the room.

74

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

74

Sherlock is striding for the front door.

SHERLOCK
There must be more of them -
they'll have back-up watching the
house.

JOHN
We should call the police.

SHERLOCK
Yes.

Sherlock has opened the door. In one motion he yanks the silencer off the gun, and fires up into the sky. Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!

SHERLOCK
On their way.

JOHN
Oh, for God's sake.

SHERLOCK

Shut up, it's quick. Check the rest
of the house, see how they got in.

75

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

75

IRENE is at the safe, looking inside for something.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Well that's the Knighthood in the
bag.

She spins. SHERLOCK, leaning in the doorway. He tosses
something in his hand.

Close on it. A phone with a built in camera, blackberry-
style, but funkier. A leopard skin cover, a fetishists phone,
something we'd instantly recognise.

IRENE ADLER

That's mine.

SHERLOCK

I take it they're all on here? The
photographs.

He presses a button.

Close on the screen -

I AM

LOCKED

Four boxes appear in the centre of the screen, for the number
to be typed, so that it now appears

I AM

[] [] [] []

LOCKED

IRENE ADLER

I have other copies, of course.

SHERLOCK

No, you don't. You'll have
permanently disabled any kind of
connection or uplink - unless the
contents of this phone are provably
unique, you wouldn't be able to
sell them.

IRENE ADLER

Who says I'm selling?

SHERLOCK
(Looking at the three
prone men)
But why are they interested?
Whatever's on here, it's more than
just photographs...

A cold stare from Irene. No flirtatiousness now, deadly serious.

IRENE ADLER
It's my life, Mr. Holmes. My
protection.

SHERLOCK
It was.

He tosses the phone in his hand again.

JOHN
(Calling from)
Sherlock!

Sherlock heads away.

Irene: that cold stare for a moment - then starts to follow.

76

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

76

Irene's spectacular bedroom. The TALL WINDOWS stand open - JOHN is kneeling by Kate who's sprawled on the floor, unconscious.

JOHN
Must have come in this way.

SHERLOCK
Clearly.

IRENE is coming into the room now.

JOHN
She's okay, just out cold.

IRENE ADLER
Well God knows, she's used to that.
There's a back door - better check
it, Dr. Watson.

And she goes straight to her bedside table, rooting about in it for something.

Sherlock and John - exchange a glance. Blimey, she's cold. Sherlock gives John a nod.

JOHN
Sure.

John heads out.

SHERLOCK

You're very calm - your booby trap
just killed a man.

IRENE ADLER

Well he'd have killed me - it was
self-defence in advance.

And she turns with what's she taken from bedside cabinet -
- and slams a hypodermic into his arm. Sherlock shoots to his
feet.

SHERLOCK

What?? What have you - ??

He's reeling now, trying to grab the hypo from his arm. Irene
slaps him hard across the face.

IRENE ADLER

Give it to me.

He staggers against the wall - tries to get away from her.
She steps calmly forward, slaps him hard again.

IRENE ADLER

Now! Give it to me!

He reels away from her, but clinging to consciousness,
gripping on to that damn camera-phone.

SHERLOCK

No!

IRENE ADLER

Oh, for goodness sake!

She snatches up her riding crop from the bedside table - now
slashes at him, calm and expert. More lion-tamer, than
sadist.

IRENE ADLER

Drop it.
(Slashes)
I said, drop it!

She cracks him across the back of the hand. He drops the
camera-phone, with a cry.

She kneels by him, picks up the camera phone, smiles.

IRENE ADLER

Thankyou, dear. Now tell that sweet
little posh thing, the pictures are
safe with me. They're not for
blackmail, just insurance. Besides -
I might want to see her again.

He makes a flailing grab for the camera-phone - she easily
avoids.

IRENE ADLER

No, no - it's been a pleasure,
don't spoil it.

(Tickle him under the chin
with her crop)

This is how I want you to remember
me - the woman who beat you. Good
night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN

Jesus!

John has just come back through the door, staring now.

JOHN

What are you doing?

Irene is already stepping to the window, starting to climb
out.

IRENE ADLER

He'll sleep for a few hours. Make
sure he doesn't choke on his own
vomit, it makes for a very
unattractive corpse.

John, now finding the hypodermic -

JOHN

What is this, what did you give
him. Sherlock??

IRENE ADLER

He'll be fine, I've used it on
loads of my friends.

JOHN

Sherlock, can you hear me??

Irene, about to climb out the window, turns back for a
moment, contemplating Sherlock. He's still grimly clinging to
consciously, trying to sit up, fighting for breath.

IRENE ADLER

You know, I was wrong about him. He
did know where to look.

JOHN

For what? What are you talking
about?

IRENE ADLER

The keycode to my safe.

JOHN

What was it?

IRENE ADLER

(To Sherlock)

Shall I tell him?
(MORE)

IRENE ADLER (cont'd)

(A best - smiles at John)

My measurements.

On John - oh!

On Sherlock, losing the fight - he flops back on the floor.

- we hold on him a moment, and then:

And then (a bit like with Phil the driver earlier) the camera spins on its axis, as if turning Sherlock upright again and we:

77

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

77

- this time it's SHERLOCK, not Phil, sitting at the wheel. He looks a little dazed, confused. The image is slightly, twisted, distorted - dreamy.

And where Sherlock swanned past last time, this time it's IRENE.

IRENE ADLER

Got it!

Sherlock blinks confusedly at her.

IRENE ADLER

Shh, now, don't get up. I'll do the talking. So the car's about to back-fire ... and the hiker ...

She looks to the HIKER. We whip pan to:

The frozen HIKER, staring at the sky. We widen the shot to include -

SHERLOCK and IRENE, standing a few feet from him, observers only. (Sherlock in his normal suit, Irene now in Sherlock's coat.)

IRENE ADLER

... is staring at the sky. You said he could be watching the birds - but he wasn't, was he? He was watching another kind of flying thing.

Bang!

IRENE ADLER

The car back-fires, the hiker turns to look.

The Hiker turn to look behind him ...

Now from the POV of something flying through the air, super-fast, towards the Hiker. We go slamming right into the back of the Hiker's head, and the screen goes black.

IRENE ADLER
Which was his big mistake ...

On Phil looking out his car, to see:

Phil's POV. The Hiker now lying dead.

IRENE ADLER
By the time the driver looks up,
the hiker is already dead. What he
doesn't see is what killed him -
because it's fallen in the stream.

Shot from above the stream, bubbling along.

IRENE ADLER
(From off)
An accomplished sportsman recently
returned from foreign travel - with
a boomerang.

And there, floating downstream, is a blood-stained boomerang.

We pan up to see Sherlock and Irene watching it float away.

IRENE ADLER
You got all that from one look.
Definitely the new sexy.

SHERLOCK
I ... I don't ...

Closer on Irene - now more stylised, she's surrounded by
darkness.

IRENE ADLER
Hush now, it's okay.
(Kissing his cheek)
I'm only returning your coat.

On Sherlock startling awake!

Where is he?? In his bed! How the hell did he get here??

SHERLOCK
John! John!

He's trying to climb out of bed now, so unsteady on his feet,
drunken.

The door is opening, John is there.

JOHN
You okay?

SHERLOCK
How did I get here?

JOHN

I don't suppose you remember much,
you weren't making a lot of sense.
Should warn you, I think Lestrade
filmed you on his phone.

SHERLOCK

Where is she?

JOHN

Where's who?

SHERLOCK

She was here, the woman, that
woman.

Sherlock is looking around wildly - clearly no one else is here. But the window - just a little open, curtain blowing in the breeze.

JOHN

What woman?

SHERLOCK

The woman - the *woman* woman.

JOHN

Irene Adler? She got away, no one
saw her - she wasn't here,
Sherlock.

Sherlock is checking under his bed now. John is hauling him back to his feet.

JOHN

Back in bed, you'll be fine in the
morning. Just *sleep*!

SHERLOCK

Yes, of course I'll be fine. I *am*
fine, I'm absolutely fine!

He's climbing unsteadily back into bed.

JOHN

Yep, you are, you're just great.
I'll be right next door if you need
me.

SHERLOCK

Why would I need you?

JOHN

No reason at all

And John goes, closing the door.

- revealing something hanging on the hook on the back.

Sherlock doesn't see it for a moment - then does. His coat - returned.

He stares at it for a moment. How did that happen?

And then - a little orgasmic gasp. Definitely female. Where did that come from?

On his coat - something is glowing. He steps groggily, and retrieves his own phone from the own pocket. He's received a text (the gasp was the text arriving.) He reads it.

TEXT ON SCREEN: Good night, Mr. Holmes.

On Sherlock's face, frowning at the text. In the faint light of the phone, we see a kiss of lipstick on his cheek.

89

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

89

On MYCROFT, irate.

MYCROFT
How about the foreign legion?

Mycroft is pacing the floor, furious. SHERLOCK and JOHN are having their breakfast, doing their best to ignore him. MRS HUDSON is cleaning up in the kitchen, and generally not being a housekeeper.

MYCROFT
Does one still join the foreign legion, when in disgrace - what is the modern form? Do you retire to the study with a loaded revolver, or take a job in Manchester?

SHERLOCK
The photographs are perfectly safe.

MYCROFT
In the hands of a fugitive sex worker?

SHERLOCK
She's not interested in blackmail - I think she just wants ... protection, for some reason. I take it you've stood down the police investigation into the shooting at her house?

MYCROFT
How we can do anything, while she has those photographs? Our hands are tied.

SHERLOCK
She would applaud your choice of words. You see how it works?
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

That camera is her get-out-of-jail
free card. You have to leave her
alone. Treat her like royalty,
Mycroft.

JOHN

Though not the way *she* treats
royalty.

Sherlock laughs -

- and as he does there's a little orgasmic gasp. Everyone
startles a little. Sherlock just picks up his phone, glances
at it.

ON SCREEN TEXT: Good morning, Mr. Holmes.

JOHN

What was that?

SHERLOCK

Just a text.

JOHN

But what was the noise?

SHERLOCK

Did you know there were other
people after her too. Before you
sent John and me in there? CIA
trained killers, at an excellent
guess.

JOHN

Yeah, cheers for that, Mycroft.

Mrs Hudson pipes up from the kitchen.

MRS HUDSON

It's disgrace, sending your little
brother into danger like that.
Family's all we have in the end,
Mycroft Holmes!

MYCROFT

Oh, shut up, Mrs Hudson!

SHERLOCK
(Outraged)
Mycroft!

JOHN
(Outraged)
Oi!

Two indignant stares, and Mycroft realises he's crossed a
line.

MYCROFT

(To Mrs Hudson)

Apologies.

MRS HUDSON

Thankyou!

SHERLOCK
Though do, in fact, shut up.

Another little orgasmic gasp.

MRS HUDSON
Oh, it's a bit rude, that noise,
isn't it?

Sherlock absently checks his phone as he continues talking -
John watching him, curiously.

SHERLOCK
There's nothing you can do for now -
and nothing she will do, as far I
understand.

During above:

ON SCREEN TEXT: Feeling better?

Sherlock puts the phone down again.

MYCROFT
I can put maximum surveillance on
her.

SHERLOCK
Why bother - you can follow her on
twitter. I believe her user name is
The Whip Hand.

MYCROFT
Yes, most amusing - excuse me.

He's now answering his phone, which has been buzzing. He
steps away for a whispered conversation.

John has been dying to know:

JOHN
Why does your phone make that
noise?

SHERLOCK
What noise?

JOHN
That noise - the one it just made.

SHERLOCK
It's a text alert. It means I've
got a text.

JOHN
Your texts don't usually make that
noise.

Sherlock now studying the paper, really not wanting to get
into this.

SHERLOCK

Well. Someone got hold of my phone,
and for a joke, apparently,
personalised their text alert
noise.

JOHN

So every time they text you ...

Another orgasmic gasp.

SHERLOCK

It would seem so.

MRS HUDSON

(From the kitchen, a
little flustered)

Could you turn that phone down a
bit, at my time of life.

He glances at the phone:

ON-SCREEN TEXT: I'm fine, since you didn't ask.

He lays aside the phone again - pointedly, face down. John,
looking at him, pondering. Maybe even smiling a bit.

JOHN

I'm just wondering who could have
got hold of your phone recently.
Cos it would've been in your coat,
wouldn't it?

SHERLOCK

I leave you to your deductions.

JOHN

I'm not stupid, you know.

SHERLOCK

Where do you get that idea?

He glances over at Mycroft, just concluding his call.

MYCROFT

Bond Air is go, that's decided -
check with the Coventry lot. Talk
later.

Mycroft clicking stepping over, phone call done. The moment
he clicks.

SHERLOCK

What else does she have?

(Off Mycroft's frown)

Irene Adler. The Americans wouldn't
be interested in a few compromising
photographs, there's more. A lot
more. There's something big coming -
isn't there?

MYCROFT

Irene Adler is no longer any concern of yours. From now, you will stay out of this.

SHERLOCK

Oh, will I?

MYCROFT

Yes, Sherlock, you will. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a long and arduous apology to make to a very old friend.

SHERLOCK

Give her my love.

He's snatched up his violin and plays Mycroft out the door - God Save The Queen.

Mycroft just rolls his eyes - when will he grow up.

We cut to just outside the window, pulling back from the little domestic scene inside. We can still see Sherlock playing, still hear the music, as we dissolve to:

90

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

90

... the same window, but now there are CHRISTMAS LIGHTS around it, and maybe even a little snow drifting past. And the violin is still playing, but it's "We Wish You A Merry Christmas."

Inside. Christmas Eve in Baker Street. MRS HUDSON is sitting in the chair by the fire, looking happier than we have ever seen her. JOHN, wearing a SANTA HAT, is pouring her a cup of tea and JEANETTE (a pretty woman we haven't seen before) is serving her a TRAY OF MINCE PIES. SHERLOCK stands on the run, serenading her with his VIOLIN.

He comes to the end with an elaborate flourish and a deep bow.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, that was lovely, Sherlock, just lovely. But I wish you'd worn the antlers.

SHERLOCK

Some things, Mrs. Hudson, are best left to the imagination.

Lestrade pipes up from the kitchen - he's sitting there with a drink, and he's probably had a few.

LESTRADE

Nah, I've got photoshop on my computer - hours of fun after a day of Sherlock.

JOHN

Yeah.

(Off Sherlock's look)

Sorry.

SHERLOCK

Still here, are you? I had no idea
we had so much gin. No thank you,
Sarah.

He's speaking Jeanette who's offering him the tray of mince
pies. The room drops a degree.

John, appears next to Jeanette, arm round her.

JOHN

He's not good at names.

SHERLOCK

No, hang on, I know this. Sarah was
the doctor one, then there was the
spotty one, the nose one, and who
came after the boring teacher?

JEANETTE

Nobody.

SHERLOCK

Jeanette! Process of elimination.

Now bustling through the doors, Molly Hooper, with big
shopping bags full of presents.

MOLLY

Hello everyone, sorry, hello. It
said on the door, just to come up.

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)

Oh dear Lord.

MRS HUDSON

Molly, dear, in you come.

JOHN

Hello, Molly!

JEANETTE

Hello, Molly.

LESTRADE

Hello, Moll -

SHERLOCK

Is everyone going to say hello to
everyone??

MOLLY

Are we having a Christmas drinkies
then?

SHERLOCK
There's no stopping them.
Apparently.

Sherlock is now at this desk, busying himself.

MRS HUDSON

It's the one day a year the boys
have to be nice to me. It's almost
worth it.

SHERLOCK

John, this counter's stuck.
(He's pointing to John's
laptop)
On your blog, it's still 1895.

JOHN

Oh no - Christmas is cancelled.

SHERLOCK

And you've got a photograph of me
in that hat!

On John's laptop screen, a photo of Sherlock in the deerstalker - illustrating a story called "The Six Thatchers."

JOHN

People like the hat.

SHERLOCK

No they don't. What people??

MOLLY

How's the hip?

MRS HUDSON

Atrocious, thanks for asking.

MOLLY

Oh, I've seen worse. But then, I do
post-mortems.
(Colours)
Oh God, sorry, I just - oh!

SHERLOCK

Don't make jokes, Molly.

MOLLY

No. sorry.
(To Lestrade)
Didn't expect to see you - I
thought you were going to Dorset
for Christmas.

LESTRADE

First thing tomorrow, me and the
wife. Back together, all sorted.

SHERLOCK

No. She's sleeping with a PE
teacher.

MOLLY

... and John, I hear you're off to
your sister's, is that right?
Sherlock was complaining. *Saying.*

JOHN

First time ever. She's cleaned up
her act, she's off the booze.

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

... shut up, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

I see you've got a new boyfriend,
Molly, and you're serious about
him.

Molly: instantly blushing.

MOLLY

... What? Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

And in fact, you're going to see
him this very night and deliver him
a present.

JOHN

Oh, take a day off!

LESTRADE

Shut up and have a drink.

SHERLOCK

But surely you've noticed the top
present in the bag.

He's pointing to a splendidly wrapped present, in red
wrapping paper.

SHERLOCK

Perfectly wrapped, with a bow,
whereas the others are all slapdash
at best. It's for someone special
then. The shade of red echoes her
lipstick - either an unconscious
association, or one she's
deliberately trying to encourage.
Either way, Miss Hooper has love on
her mind.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

That she's serious about him, is clear from the fact she's giving him a Christmas gift at all - that always suggests long term hopes, however forlorn - and the fact that she's seeing him tonight is evident from her make up and clothing. She's obviously trying to compensate for the size of her mouth and breasts -

As he speaks he's picked up the parcel, taken a look -

- and now freeze in the closest he gets to embarrassment. The label says Sherlock. An aching silence.

Everyone avoiding looking at anyone - cos everyone saw this train crash coming.

Finally:

On Molly - so discomfited, almost tearful.

MOLLY

You always say such horrible things. Every time, you're just so mean, always, always...

Train crash now getting worse. No one can even look at Sherlock now.

On Sherlock: and even he - perhaps for the first time ever - is getting it. He glances round to the others - no help there - and is about to step away...but no. He can do better! He almost has to brace himself, but ...

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. Forgive me.

John, Mrs Hudson, Lestrade - just staring. What? That's new, what??

Sherlock touches Molly's arm.

SHERLOCK

Merry Christmas, Molly Hooper.

And he leans in and - a little stiff, a little formal, but meaning it - kisses her on the cheek.

On John watching - almost smiling, almost proud. Sherlock Holmes, being human.

Sherlock straightens up from Molly, and she's just staring at him. A moment of kindness - the first one ever. She opens her mouth to speak, but before she can -

- an orgasmic gasp (Sherlock's phone.)

Molly's hand flies to her mouth.

MOLLY
No, that wasn't - I didn't -

SHERLOCK
No, it's fine, it was me.

LESTRADE
My God, really?

SHERLOCK
My phone.

He's pulled his phone from his jacket, now looks at the text.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Mantelpiece.

JOHN
Fifty-seven.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, what?

Sherlock is looking over at the Mantelpiece. There's a tiny little red parcel there, with a bow on it.

JOHN
Fifty-seven of those texts - just the ones I've heard.

SHERLOCK
How thrilling that you've counted.

Sherlock is now examining the little parcel. A bow on it. Red. (NB. It's not identical to Molly's parcel, but clearly the same set of impulses went into it.)

Quick flash: Irene's lipsticked mouth - the same shade as the paper.

SHERLOCK
Excuse me!

Now he's striding through the kitchen, heading for his room.

JOHN
What's wrong? Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
I said, excuse me!

JOHN
Do you ever reply?

But he's gone.

Sherlock now ripping the wrapping paper off to reveal - - Irene's leopard skin camera-phone.

He stares at it! No! Why?

An orgasmic gasp. He checks his phone.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Merry Christmas, Mr. Holmes.

92

INT. MYCROFT'S STUDY - NIGHT

92

Mycroft, in a leather armchair, in a cold and lofty study, in his cold and lofty home.

MYCROFT

Oh dear Lord, we're not going to have Christmas phone calls now, are we? Have they passed a new law?

93

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

93

On SHERLOCK, sitting on his bed, on the phone. We intercut.

SHERLOCK

I think you're going to find Irene Adler tonight.

MYCROFT

We already know where she is. As you were kind enough to point out, it hardly matters.

SHERLOCK

No. I think you're going to find her dead.

As he says this he turns to see -

- JOHN, leaning in the doorway. Clearly been listening. Sherlock instantly snaps the phone off, stands, looks coldly at John. Doesn't like being interrupted.

JOHN

You okay?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

And Sherlock steps forward and closes the door in John's face.

94

EXT. BARTS - NIGHT

94

Establisher of BARTS by night. Still a little snow drifting through frame.

CAPTION:

CHRISTMAS DAY 2 AM.

95

INT. BARTS/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

95

A long, bleak, cold corridor. Marching along it, towards us, MYCROFT and SHERLOCK.

96

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

96

A BODY on the the slab, covered, ready to be identified. MOLLY waiting there. Now SHERLOCK and MYCROFT coming into the room.

MYCROFT

The only one who fitted the description. Had her taken here, your home from home.

SHERLOCK

You didn't need to come in, Molly.

MOLLY

It's okay, everybody else was busy with ... Christmas.

She winces, again giving away too much of her lonely life. She's pulling back the sheet now.

MOLLY

I'm afraid her face is a bit sort of bashed, it might be a little bit difficult.

Sherlock and Mycroft look coldly down. (We don't see.)

MYCROFT

It's her, isn't it?

SHERLOCK

Show me the rest of her.

Molly hesitates, then pulls back the rest of the sheet.

SHERLOCK

(Looking at her)

It's her.

He turns, walks out.

MYCROFT

Thank you, Miss Hooper.

MOLLY

Who is she? How did Sherlock recognise her from ... not her face.

On Mycroft - he's been pondering the same thing. Doesn't answer, just turns on his heel.

97

INT. BARTS/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

97

SHERLOCK, standing staring out of the window at the end of the corridor, watching the snow fall. He doesn't look sad - just faintly preoccupied.

MYCROFT appears next to him, holds up a cigarette, offering it to him.

MYCROFT

Just the one.

SHERLOCK

Why?

MYCROFT

Merry Christmas.

Sherlock smiles, takes it. Mycroft starts lighting it for him.

SHERLOCK

Smoking indoors. Isn't there one of those law things?

MYCROFT

We're in a morgue - there's only so much damage you can do. How did you know she was dead?

SHERLOCK

She had an item in her possession - one she told me her life depended on. She chose to give it up.

MYCROFT

Where is this item now?

Sherlock doesn't answer. He's looking down the corridor - at the far, three people have emerged from the mortuary. A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE, and an OLDER WOMAN. They're all clutching each other, sobbing. Clearly they have also had some bad news. A mortuary attendant stands at a respectful distance.

Sherlock regards them, clinically.

SHERLOCK

Look at them. They all care so much. Do you ever wonder if there's something wrong with us?

MYCROFT

All lives end, all hearts are broken. Caring is not an advantage, Sherlock.

That last word, just a little pointed. Like a gentle, brotherly warning.

Sherlock just sucks at his cigarette. Then frowns at it.

SHERLOCK
This is low tar.

MYCROFT
Well you barely knew her.

Sherlock gives an abrupt little laugh. Then starts heading away down the corridor. As he goes -

SHERLOCK
Merry Christmas, Mycroft.

We hold on Mycroft, framed against the window, the snow, and the dark. Such a cold figure.

MYCROFT
And a happy new year.

As Sherlock's footsteps echo away, Mycroft already has his phone out, dialling. Now the phone is being answered.

MYCROFT
He's on his way. Have you found anything?

Turning into close-up, phone at his ear, JOHN. We now intercut.

JOHN
No. Did he take the cigarette?

MYCROFT
Yes.

JOHN
Shit.
(Turns, calls)
He's coming. Ten minutes.

MRS HUDSON now emerging from Sherlock's bedroom. We also see Jeanette sitting on the sofa, watching all this, a bit crossly.

MRS HUDSON
Nothing in the bedroom.

JOHN
Looks like he's clean anyway, we've checked all the usual places. Are you sure tonight's a danger night?

MYCROFT
No, but I never am. You have to stay with him.

JOHN
(Glancing at Jeanette)
I've got plans.

MYCROFT
No.

Mycroft hangs up. John's face - damn it. Turns to Jeanette.

JOHN
Look, I'm really sorry -

JEANETTE
You know, my friends are wrong
about you - you're a great
boyfriend.

JOHN
Well, that's good, I always thought
I was great, but -

JEANETTE
Sherlock Holmes is a lucky man.

She's already getting up, pulling on a coat, so cross -

JOHN
Jeanette - please -

JEANETTE
No, I mean it. It's heartwarming,
you'll do *anything* for him.
And he can't even tell your
girlfriends apart!

JOHN
I do things for you. What is it I'm
not doing - just tell me, what?

JEANETTE
Don't make me compete with Sherlock
Holmes.

JOHN
I'll walk your dog. There you go, I
give in - I'll even walk your
stupid dog for you!

JEANETTE
... I don't have a dog.

JOHN
Oh, no, that was ... that was the
last ... okay.

John's face: no good way out of this one.

JEANETTE
Jesus!

And she storms away down the stairs.

JOHN
(Calling after her)
I'll phone you.

JEANETTE
No.

JOHN
Okay.

MRS HUDSON
That really wasn't very good, was
it, dear?

99 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

99

JOHN sitting by the fire. Glass of brandy in hand, trying to concentrate on a book. But really, he's waiting.

Outside some drunken revellers are singing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." Distant, lonely, eerie.

We hear the door. John looks round.

SHERLOCK, standing in the doorway, sombre.

John, relieved to see him, hiding it.

JOHN
Hi. You okay?

Sherlock reflects for a moment. He scans around the room - a forensic sweep of a look.

SHERLOCK
Hope you haven't messed up my sock
index this time!

And we hear his bedroom door bang!

Oh JOHN: damn! And over this we hear a soaring sad melody, being played on a violin...

100 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

100

SHERLOCK, in his DRESSING GOWN, is playing this sweetest saddest tune on his VIOLIN. He stands at the window, focussed on the music. JOHN is pottering about the flat - putting on his coat, clearly about to go out. MRS HUDSON is clearing away plates from where John and Sherlock have been eating. John's plate is cleared, Sherlock's is untouched.

Mrs Hudson pointedly shows the plate to John as she heads to the kitchen. He hasn't eaten again.

MRS HUDSON

Lovely tune. Haven't heard that one before, Sherlock.

Sherlock stops for a moment, makes a mark on sheet of manuscript.

JOHN

Are you composing?

SHERLOCK

Helps me think.

The sad, haunting tune continues.

JOHN

What are you thinking about?

And a discordant note from Sherlock - he throws down the violin, strides over to where John's laptop stands open at his desk. He's pulled from his dressing gown pocket, Irene's leopard skin phone.

Sherlock has pulled up John's blog page. The counter still stands at 1895.

SHERLOCK

Your blog counter - it's still stuck at 1895.

JOHN

Yeah - it's faulty, I can't seem to fix it.

SHERLOCK

Faulty, or you've been hacked, and it's a message.

On the leopard skin phone, the screen:

I AM

[] [] [] []

LOCKED

In the four empty boxes, he enters 1895.

The screen flashes red, and

WRONG PASSCODE.

TWO ATTEMPTS REMAINING.

SHERLOCK

No, it's just faulty.

Sherlock's face - *damn it!*

He heads back to his violin, picks it starts playing again. That same haunting tune.

JOHN

Okay. Going out for a bit.

Sherlock ignores him, carries on that sad, sad tune. But his face: unreadable.

John, watching him a moment. What's he thinking, what's he feeling. No clue. He starts towards the stairs, passes Mrs Hudson. On impulse, he pulls her aside.

JOHN

Has he ever had ... anyone.
Girlfriend, boyfriend, any kind of relationship?

MRS HUDSON

I don't know.

JOHN

How can we not know?

MRS HUDSON

He's Sherlock. We'll never know what's going on in that funny old head.

101

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

101

John, coming out the door of 221B. A beautiful woman, turns as he passes.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(From off)

John?

JOHN

(Turning)

Hello.

(Registers that he doesn't know her)

Hello?

(Registers that she's beautiful and he'd better start making an effort)

Hello!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

So any plans for New Year tonight?

JOHN

Well. Nothing *fixed*. Nothing I couldn't heartlessly abandon. Any ideas?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

One.

A BIG BLACK CAR is sliding up the kerb between them. She steps over, goes to one of rear doors, and holds it open for him.

John says. *Oh!*

We cut to a higher shot of John now climbing into the car. The POV of:

SHERLOCK, watching from the window.

On John, now climbing into the car.

JOHN

You know, Mycroft could just *phone* me! If he didn't have some bloody stupid power complex!

102

EXT. BATTERSEA POWER STATION - DAY

102

The big black car now rolls to halt outside the ruined old building.

On JOHN, staring through the window at his destination.

JOHN

Seriously?

INT. BATTERSEA POWER STATION/WALKWAY - DAY

JOHN and the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN now heading along a suspended walkway together, John looking around the huge, abandoned building.

JOHN

Couldn't we just go to a *cafe*?
Sherlock doesn't follow me
everywhere!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Through here.

She's now gesturing towards a door. John duck through it.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Into phone)
He's on his way. You were right -
he thinks it's Mycroft.

103

INT. ABANDONED CONTROL ROOM - DAY

103

John, waiting. Face sombre, distracted. A movement from off - steps approaching in the gloom.

JOHN

He's writing sad music. Doesn't eat, barely talks, except to correct the television. I'd say he was heartbroken, but he's Sherlock, he does all that anyway...

He's turned to look at Mycroft -

- and just stares.

Because it isn't Mycroft, it's IRENE ADLER. (As dramatic and mysterious as we can get away with - cape and hood?)

IRENE ADLER

Hello, Dr. Watson.

A silence. John, just appalled, just for a moment, wordless. Then:

JOHN

Tell him you're alive.

IRENE ADLER

He'd come after me.

JOHN

I'll come after you if you don't.

IRENE ADLER

I believe you.

JOHN

You were dead on a slab. It was definitely you!

IRENE ADLER

DNA tests are only as good as the records you keep.

JOHN

Oh, and I bet you know the record-keeper.

IRENE ADLER

I know what he likes. And I needed to disappear...

JOHN

Then how come I can see you - and I don't even want to!

IRENE ADLER

I made a mistake. I sent Sherlock something for safe-keeping, now I need it back. So I need your help.

JOHN

No.

IRENE ADLER
It's for his own safety.

JOHN
So's this - tell him you're alive.

IRENE ADLER
I can't.

JOHN
Fine, *I'll* tell him. And I still
won't help you.

A silence. Then she pulls out her phone (NOT the leopard skin camera phone, just her regular mobile.)

IRENE ADLER
What do I say?

JOHN
What do you normally say? You
texted him a lot.

IRENE ADLER
Just the usual stuff.

JOHN
There is no "usual" in this case.

IRENE ADLER
"Good morning". "I like your funny
hat". "I'm sad tonight, let's have
dinner." "You looked sexy on
Crimewatch, let's have dinner."
"I'm not hungry - let's have
dinner."

JOHN
You *flirted* with Sherlock Holmes?

IRENE ADLER
At him. He never replies.

JOHN
Sherlock *always* replies, to
everything. He can't help himself -
he's Mr. Punchline. He'll outlive
God, trying to have the last word.

IRENE ADLER
Does that make me special?

JOHN
I don't know. Maybe.

IRENE ADLER
Are you jealous?

JOHN
For God's sake. We're not a couple.

IRENE ADLER

Yes, you are.

(Sends text - shows John
that it's sent)

"I'm not dead. Let's have dinner."

JOHN

... Who the hell knows about
Sherlock Holmes, but for the
record, if anyone out there still
cares, I'm not actually gay.

IRENE ADLER

I am. And look at us both.

A moment. And they both smile. Now laughing - a shared moment
of warmth at the absurdity of their conversation. Cut short
by:

From the shadows, a familiar ORGASMIC GASP. The text has
arrived.

Irene and John startle, turn, look into the shadows of the
ancient room -

- is there just an outline standing there, black against
black.

And before they can be sure, the scrape of a foot, and
footsteps heading rapidly away into the dark.

John, stricken now, makes to follow. Irene stops him.

IRENE ADLER

I don't think so - do you?

104

EXT. BAKER STREET - EVENING

104

Sherlock heading along the street.

Tight on his face now - again, just blank, unreadable. What's
going on in that head?

Now at the door to 221B. Stops. Stares. Oh!

SHERLOCK VISION: the door is standing minutely open. Zooming
in super close: tiny SPLINTERS and GASHES in the paintwork of
the door, freshly made. Has someone forced their way in?

Sherlock, cold as ice now, so alert. He steps through the
door.

105

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AT 221B - EVENING

105

Sherlock now coming carefully through the door, scanning.

SHERLOCK VISION: Mrs Hudson's door, standing open. Zooming to - Mrs Hudson's bucket of cleaning things, standing abandoned in the corner (an disinfectant spray bottle is prominent, but not featured.) Zooming to the stairs now. Super close - new black scuff mark on the skirting

VERY FAST FLASHBACK: Two pairs of black shoes climbing stairs, Mrs Hudson's feet between them - she's clearly struggling. One of the black shoes scuffs against the paintwork.

SHERLOCK VISION: Now zooming fast on a tiny tear in the wallpaper.

VERY FAST FLASHBACK: Mrs Hudson's hand trying to cling to the wall, her fingernail tears the paper...

Close on Sherlock's face. Full alert now - bad news for someone.

106

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING

106

MRS HUDSON sitting terrified on a chair. NEILSON (one of the Americans) has a GUN leveled right at her head. He has two black suited goons - TRANTER and a new one - standing by the fireplace.

And now SHERLOCK comes strolling through the door, cool as anything, hands clasped behind him, cool as anything - like Prince Charles on an official visit.

Mrs Hudson gives a little whimper as she sees him.

SHERLOCK

Please don't snivel, Mrs. Hudson -
it does nothing to impede the
flight of a bullet. What a tender
world that would be.

MRS HUDSON

Sorry, Sherlock.

On Sherlock, as his eyes flick to:

SHERLOCK VISION: we zoom in a red mark on Mrs Hudson's face. She's been slapped, hard. Zooming in further - there is a little trickle of blood in the centre of the bruise.

We pans super fast to Neilson's hand holding the gun. Now zooming in on the ring on his finger. There's a tiny smear of blood.

NEILSON

I believe you have something that
we want, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Then you should ask for it.

Sherlock has stepped forward to Mrs Hudson. Gently he pushes one of her sleeves up - blotches on her arm. Finger marks where she's been tightly gripped. Now his fingers go to where there's a rip in her blouse - he's almost tender. She's been roughed up - and now she's shaking like a leaf.

NEILSON

I've been asking this one - she doesn't seem to know anything. But you know what I'm asking for, don't you, Mr. Holmes?

Sherlock's gaze slams on to Neilson - a stare like cold blue lasers.

SHERLOCK

I believe I do.

On Neilson - and now swirling round him, words start swirling round him. CARTOID ARTERY. RIBS. SKULL. LUNGS. EYES. THROAT. The word ARTERY appears over several areas on his body. Sherlock Holmes, choosing a target.

Neilson levels his gun at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

First, send your boys away.

NEILSON

Why?

SHERLOCK

I dislike being outnumbered. It makes for too much stupid in the room.

NEILSON

You two, go to the car.

They start moving.

SHERLOCK

Then get in the car and drive away. Don't try to trick me - you know who I am, it doesn't work.

The two men leave.

SHERLOCK

Next, stop pointing that gun at me.

NEILSON

So you can point a gun at me?

SHERLOCK

I'm unarmed.

NEILSON

You don't mind if I check?

SHERLOCK

I insist.

Neilson steps forward, and with his gun still trained on him, he starts briskly and efficiently frisking with his other hand. As he bends to his task, Sherlock helpfully raises his hands over his head -

- we pan up with them and now see what he's been concealing behind him. The SPRAY BOTTLE from Mrs Hudson's cleaning bucket, held in his hand.

He glances at Mrs Hudson over Neilson's shoulder. She's seen the aerosol gives him an impish smile - he just rolls his eyes at the stupidity of goons these day -

- and as Neilson straightens up, he blasts him right in the face with the spray bottle. Neilson screams and -

SHERLOCK

Moron!

- Sherlock gives him a cracking headbutt!

107

EXT. BAKER STREET - EVENING

107

John is just climbing out of the big black car -

- to see a NOTE pinned to the door of 221b. In Sherlock's handwriting it says:

CRIME IN PROGRESS. PLEASE DISTURB.

- and John is already running.

108

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING

108

John comes bursting through the door of the flat to discover -

Neilson, now handcuffed to chair, with gaffer tape across his * mouth.

Sherlock, pacing, with phone at his ear.

JOHN

What's going on? What the hell is happening??

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson has been slapped by an American - I'm restoring balance to the universe.

Now sees Mrs Hudson, on the sofa, still recovering.

JOHN

Oh, my God, Mrs Hudson, are you all right? Jesus, what did they do?

MRS HUDSON
Oh, I'm being so silly.

And she's sobbing against him now.

SHERLOCK
Downstairs, take her downstairs,
look after her.

JOHN
(Helping her to the door)
Are you going to explain what's
been going on here?

SHERLOCK
I expect so, now go!
(Into phone)
Lestrade! We've had a break-in at
Baker Street. Send your least
irritating officers, and an
ambulance.
(An ambulance?)
No, no, we're fine. But the burglar
seems to have got himself badly
injured.

On Neilson's eyes, widening. What. What?? (Lestrade is
asking, what do mean, badly injured?)

Sherlock is looking speculatively at his prisoner.

SHERLOCK
Oh, you know. Few broken ribs,
skull fracture, possibly a
punctured lung - he fell out the
window.

And he snaps his phone shut savagely shut -
- and looks down at Neilson like the wrath of God...
On Neilson's face. Oh shit.

John and Mrs Hudson, as John cleans her wound -
- and there is the sound of breaking glass, then a tremendous
crash from outside the window next to them. Something has
landed with a huge clamour, but through the net curtains, we
can't quite see what's happened.

MRS HUDSON
That was right on my bins!

110

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

110

An ambulance is pulling away from 221B. We pan with it, taking as to a shot of LESTRADE and SHERLOCK, face to face.

LESTRADE

And exactly how many times did he fall out of that window?

SHERLOCK

It was all a bit of a blur, Detective Inspector. I lost count.

111

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

111

JOHN sitting with a still shaky Mrs Hudson as Sherlock enters.

JOHN

She'll have to sleep upstairs in our flat tonight - we need to look after her.

SHERLOCK

Of course, but she's fine.

JOHN

No, she's not, look at her. She's got to take some time away from Baker Street - she can go and stay with her sister. Doctor's orders.

SHERLOCK

Don't be absurd.

JOHN

She's in shock, for God's sake! And all for that bloody stupid camera-phone - where is it anyway?

SHERLOCK

In the safest place I know.

He goes to Mrs. Hudson, puts out his hand - and she pulls the leopard skin CAMERA-PHONE from inside her blouse and hands it to him.

MRS HUDSON

You left it in the pocket of your second best dressing gown, you clot. Managed to sneak it out when they thought I was having a cry.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

(Tosses the camera-phone
in his hand, slips it in
his pocket)

Shame on you, John Watson.

JOHN

... Shame on me?

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson? Leave Baker Street??

He puts his arms round her, gives her the biggest hug.

SHERLOCK

England would fall.

112

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

112

On MRS HUDSON, peacefully asleep in Sherlock's bed. We pan from her to bedside digital clock.

11.59.

113

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

113

John slumped in one of the armchairs. The door bangs, Sherlock now entering. He's been out somewhere.

JOHN

So where is it now?

SHERLOCK

Where no one will look.

JOHN

Whatever's in that camera, it's more than just pictures.

SHERLOCK

Yes, it is.

He's crossed to the window, now looking out at the night. He picks up his violin, toying with it, thoughtfully.

JOHN

So. She's alive then. How are we feeling about that?

And from outside, there are cheers, and fireworks going off.

SHERLOCK

Happy New Year, John.

JOHN

Do you think you'll be ... seeing
her again?

Sherlock just looks at him - he overheard that conversation and they both know it. But he doesn't answer the question - or maybe he does. Still looking at John, he tucks the violin under his chin, and starts to play.

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of old lang syne!*

As Sherlock plays he's turned to the window. Looking out, he has just the faintest of smiles.

114

EXT. LONDON STREETS/OUTSIDE PUB - NIGHT

114

The same song is being taken up in a pub - from outside we can hear the revellers singing, as a caped, hooded figure heads quickly past.

Closer: IRENE ADLER, heading who knows where...

She stops, hearing a chime. Pulls out her phone - and stares in surprise at it.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Happy New Year. SH.

She smiles - incredulous, maybe a bit thrilled - then heads on.

DISSOLVE TO:

115

EXT. LONDON STREETS/OUTSIDE - DAY

115

The same street - but now it's a blazing hot day. People in shorts and tee-shirts, ice cream vans. Summer has arrived.

116

EXT. BARTS - DAY

116

Establisher of Barts.

117

INT. BARTS LAB - DAY

117

SHERLOCK is working in Barts lab, Molly assisting.

Sherlock is working at an X-ray machine. On the screen we can see Irene's camera-phone, its workings exposed.

MOLLY

Is that a phone?

SHERLOCK

A camera-phone.

MOLLY
And you're X-raying it?

SHERLOCK
Yes, I am.

Sherlock now examining the X-Rayed phone - close on some details several black shapes, positioned around the phone's workings. What are those?

MOLLY
Whose phone is it?

SHERLOCK
A woman's.

MOLLY
(Instant pang)
Your girlfriend?

SHERLOCK
You think she's my girlfriend
because I'm X-raying her
possessions?

MOLLY
(A slightly guilty
startle)
We all do silly things!

She scuttles away, not able to meet his eye
-- but that idea seems to impact on Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Yes! They do, dont they -
very silly.

He's pulled the camera-phone from inside the X-Ray -

SHERLOCK
She sent this to my address - and
she loves to play games.

MOLLY
(instantly worried)
She does?

Ignoring her, he's typing in a new attempt at the entry code.

I AM

[2] [2] [1] [B]

LOCKED.

The screen flashes

WRONG PASSCODE

1 MORE ATTEMPTS

Sherlock's face: *damn!*

119A INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

119A

On SHERLOCK - just arrived home, now tensing. Something's wrong. Looks around, scanning.

Sherlock's POV. The kitchen - everything seems normal.

Except ...

Sherlock vision: zooming in the window. It's slightly open. The glass in front of the catch has been discreetly broken. Someone's got in.

He sniffs now.

FLASHBACK: Irene's red lips.

He now walks quickly to his bedroom, throws open the door.

119B INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - DAY

119B

IRENE ADLER is fast asleep in his bed. She looks tousled, her face dirt-streaked. She's been living rough.

On Sherlock's face: we can read nothing. From off we hear JOHN arriving.

JOHN
(From off)
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
We have a client.

JOHN
(From off)
What, in your bedroom.

He joins Sherlock in the doorway. Sees who it is.

JOHN
Oh.

132 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

132

IRENE - showered now, in one of Sherlock's dressing gowns - is curled in Sherlock's armchair, sipping some tea.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are with her.

SHERLOCK
Who's after you?

IRENE ADLER
People who want to kill me.

SHERLOCK
And who's that?

IRENE ADLER
Killers.

JOHN
Would help if you were a tiny bit more specific.

SHERLOCK
So you faked your death to keep ahead of them.

IRENE ADLER
It worked for a while.

SHERLOCK
Expect you told John you were alive - and therefore, told me.

IRENE ADLER
I knew you'd keep my secret.

SHERLOCK
You couldn't.

IRENE ADLER

But you did, didn't you?

(A teasing smile - then)

Where's my camera-phone?

JOHN

Not here, we're not stupid.

IRENE ADLER

Then what you done with it? If
they've guessed you've got it,
they'll have been watching you.

SHERLOCK

If they've been watching me,
they'll know I took a safety
deposit box at a bank on the
Strand, a few months ago.

IRENE ADLER

I need it.

JOHN

Okay, but we can't just go and get it, can we?

(To Sherlock)

Molly Hooper? She could pick it up, take it to Barts. One of your homeless network, could bring it here, leave it in the cafe. One of the guys could bring it up the back.

SHERLOCK

Very good, John - an excellent plan, full of intelligent precautions.

JOHN

Thankyou, why don't I get straight on to -

But Sherlock has pulled the camera-phone from his pocket.

JOHN

... okay.

133

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

133

On the leopard skin CAMERA PHONE. Sherlock, in his armchair, has it in his hand, is examining it.

SHERLOCK

So what do you keep on here. In general, I mean.

IRENE ADLER

Pictures. Information. Anything I might find useful.

JOHN

For blackmail?

IRENE ADLER

For protection. I make my way in the world. I misbehave. I like to know there will be people on my side - exactly when I need them to be.

SHERLOCK

And how do you acquire this information?

IRENE ADLER

I told you - I misbehave.

SHERLOCK

But you've acquired something that is more danger, than protection. Do you know what it is.

IRENE ADLER

Yes. But I don't understand it.

SHERLOCK

I assumed. Show me.

She puts her hand out for the phone - Sherlock affects to ignore that.

SHERLOCK

What's the passcode?

One hand with the other, and enters the code -

- and now frowns.

IRENE ADLER

It's not working.

Sherlock is already lifting camera-phone from her hand.

SHERLOCK

That's because it's a duplicate I had made.

(Checking the display)

Into which you just entered the number 1058. Funny, I thought you'd choose something more specific.

He tosses the duplicate aside and produces the real leopard skin camera phone from behind a book on the shelf.

SHERLOCK

But thanks anyway.

He punches in the number.

On the screen.

It's flashing again.

WRONG PASSCODE

0 MORE ATTEMPTS

He blinks in confusion - looks to Irene, who is smirking at him.

IRENE ADLER

It told you that camera phone is my life. I know when it's in my hand.

He passes it to her.

SHERLOCK

You're rather good.

IRENE ADLER

You're not so bad.

JOHN
Hamish.

They look at him.

JOHN
Johh Hamish Watson. Just if you're looking for kids names.

IRENE ADLER
There was a man - an MOD official - and I knew what he liked. One of the things he liked was showing off.

Passes the phone to Sherlock. A photograph of a computer screen - on it we can see an email.

IRENE ADLER
He told me this email was going to save the world. He didn't know I photographed it - he was a bit tied up at the time.

On the screen. The email is headed:

007 CONFIRMED ALLOCATION

And the content of the email is as follows.

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34I34J60D12H33K34K

Sherlock takes the camera-phone to his desk, examines now bends over it, like he's trying to drink in every detail.

IRENE ADLER
It's a bit small on that screen - can you read it?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

IRENE ADLER
Code obviously. I had one of the top cryptographers in the country have a go at this - though he was mostly upside down at the time! Couldn't make anything of it. What can you do, Mr. Holmes?

She's at his shoulder now, leaning into him, flirty.

IRENE ADLER
Go on - impress a girl!

And impulsively she leans in to kiss his cheek - - and time slows down!

On Irene, leaning in - glacier speed.

Oh John, setting down his teacup - barel moving.

On Sherlock - he alone is normal speed, twitching, thinking, brain on hyperdrive.

The code from the email now swirls on the screen in front of him -

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34I34J60D12H

- the letters and numbers spin and dance and re-arrange.
- on Irene's lips moving closer, so very slowly -
- on John's teacup, with maddening slowness, descending to the saucer -

Sherlock blinking, thinking, frowning, come on, *come on!!*

The letters swirling re-arranging, now in their original line. (The following is *fast*, we don't hang around - this will take a while to read but should be fluid and zippy on screen.)

First we see the original line:

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34I34J60D12H

Then all the letters fade out leaving us with.

4 12 45 13 13 60 60 61 34 34 60 12

Then the letters return and the numbers fade leaving us with.

C C F E G A B F I J D H

Sherlock blink, noticing something

The letters rearrange into alphabetical order:

A B C C D E F F G H I J

Now the duplicate letters disappear to become

A B C D E F G H I J

Frowning, recognising, seen that before.

Irene's lips, closer.

John's teacup descending.

Now the letters all move slightly, some compressing, some spreading out to become.

ABC DEFG HIJ

Now boxes form around the letters, and we're zooming out to see -

- the seating plan of the coach section of a passenger jet.

Now seat row numbers are appearing next to the rows of letters, and we're streaking down the schematic to the back row - numbered as always 55.

And Sherlock just *smiles* at that.

And the kiss lands, and teacup chinks into the saucer, and Sherlock says:

SHERLOCK

There's a margin for error, but I'm pretty sure there's a 747 leaving Heathrow at 6.30 tomorrow evening for Baltimore, and apparently it's going to save the world. Not sure how that could be true, but give me a moment, I've only been on the case for eight seconds.

They just look at him, startled.

SHERLOCK

Oh, come on, it's not code, these are seat allocations on a passenger jet. Look! There are no letters past J - the width of the plane is the limit. The numbers only appear singly and never in sequence, but the letters have little runs of sequence all over place - families and couples sitting together. Only a Jumbo is wide enough to need a letter J, or rows past 55, which always require an upstairs section. There's a row 13, so we can eliminate the more superstitious airlines. The style of the flight number - zero zero seven - eliminates a few more, and assuming a British point of origin, which would be logical given the original source of the information, and assuming from the increased pressure on you lately, that the crisis is imminent, the only flight which matches all the criteria and departs within a week, is the 6.30 to Baltimore tomorrow evening, from Heathrow airport.

Again just silence. That was alarming fast and clever. For the first time, Irene is just staring at him in a general state of wow!

SHERLOCK

Please don't feel obliged to tell me that was remarkable or amazing.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

John has expressed that thought in
every possible variant available to
the English language.

IRENE ADLER

I would have you, on this desk,
right now, till you begged for
mercy, twice.

SHERLOCK

..... John, could you check
those flight schedules, see if I'm
right?

JOHN

... yeah, right, on it, yeah.

He potters at a computer. Grateful to be out of the conversation.

Sherlock looks back at Irene, still that roasting stare from a bit too close. He makes a modest flail for dignity.

SHERLOCK

Never begged for mercy in my life.

IRENE ADLER

Twice.

JOHN

Yep, you're right - double-O-seven,
licensed to fly.

On Sherlock - the words impact on him.

SHERLOCK

What did you say??

JOHN

I said, you're right.

SHERLOCK

No, after that, what did you say
after that??

JOHN

Double-O-seven. Flight double-O-
seven.

Sherlock distracted now, moving away - something haunting him, chiming in his head.

On Irene, watching him, apparently worried -

- but the camera swoops down behind her, closing on one hand held slightly behind her. She has her phone in her hand and is rapidly thumbing a text.

The words now running across the screen:

747 TOMORROW 6.30PM. HEATHROW.

The words keep typing as the picture behind them dissolves to:

134

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

134

From behind, a MAN heading along. As the words complete, there is the beep of a text arriving. The man stops walking, pulls out his mobile phone, looks at it -

- and as he does so, we swoop round in front of him. It's JIM MORIARTY! He reads the text in mounting joy. A mad, spreading, grin.

135

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

135

On Sherlock, pacing now, bit frantic, trying to reach for something

SHERLOCK

Double-O-seven! Double-O-seven.

(Slaps his head)

There's something! What? What??

136

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

136

JIM MORIARTY, rapidly texting away.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Jumbo jet. Dear me, Mr. Holmes, dear me.

As Jim, he giggles happily, childishly. He glances up a Big Ben and the House of Commons - and blows a big raspberry.

137

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

137

Sherlock still pacing, still frantic.

SHERLOCK

Licensed to fly, license to -

Then it hits him like a physical impact.

FLASHBACK: Mycroft on the phone, in this very flat.

MYCROFT

(Repeating, on a loop)

Bond Air is go, Bond Air is go,
Bond Air is go, Bond Air is go ...

Tracking in on Sherlock's bemused face. What? What??

138

INT. MYCROFT'S STUDY - DAY

138

A blackberry on a leather-topped desk. It buzzes, a text arriving. A hand reaches in, picks it up to read.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Jumbo jet. Dear me, Mr. Holmes, dear me.

And the camera moves to reveal -

- Mycroft staring at the text in mounting horror.

We're pulling back from now, a smaller and smaller figure. He's just received the worst news in the world. Dissolve to:

The same pulling back shot, but now Mycroft is sitting in his leather armchair, stricken-faced, a brandy in his hand. Dissolve to:

The same pulling back shot. Mycroft, sitting in the chair, his head held in his hands. How the hell is he going to deal with this one.

139 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

139

SHERLOCK sprawled in his armchair, plucking listlessly at his violin - the same sad tune he composed earlier, but he's probably unaware of that. Deep, deep, in thought.

Flashback.

MYCROFT

Bond Air is go, that's decided -
check with the Coventry lot. Talk
later.

Sherlock frowning, distracted. Blinks, rewinds.

MYCROFT

Coventry - Coventry - Coventry -
Coventry -

Wider shot. Someone's POV, as Sherlock cogitates.

On IRENE leaning in the kitchen doorway, watching him. Her face: so sad. For the first time, she looks full of regrets.

SHERLOCK

Coventry.

IRENE ADLER

Never been, is it nice?

Sherlock looks up a little startled.

SHERLOCK

Where's John?

IRENE ADLER

He went out - couple of hours ago.

SHERLOCK

But I was just talking to him.

IRENE ADLER

He said you'd do that. What's
Coventry got to do with anything?

SHERLOCK

There's a story - possibly not true. In the second world war, the allies knew Coventry was going to be bombed - because they'd broken the Germans code. But they didn't want the Germans to know they'd broken it, so they let the bombing happen away...

IRENE ADLER

Have you ever had anyone?

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

IRENE ADLER

And when I say "had", I'm being indelicate.

SHERLOCK

I don't understand.

IRENE ADLER

I'll be delicate then. Let's have dinner.

SHERLOCK

Why?

IRENE ADLER

You might be hungry.

SHERLOCK

I'm not.

IRENE ADLER

Good.

She's kneeling by him now, taking his hand. (We note that he seems to reciprocate slightly, but a little clumsily.)

SHERLOCK

Why would I want to have dinner, if I wasn't hungry?

She's leaning in close to him - studying his face, hungrily. He's equally fascinated, maybe a bit more forensic.

IRENE ADLER

Mr. Holmes ... if it was end of the world, if this was the very last night ... would you have dinner with me?

On Sherlock, puzzled. Then there's a knock at the door.

MRS HUDSON

(From off)

Sherlock?

IRENE ADLER

Too late.

SHERLOCK

That's not the end of the world,
that's Mrs Hudson.

She gives the saddest look, like she knows he's wrong, and moves away from him.

The door is opening - MRS HUDSON. Behind her we can see PLUMMER - the man who first took Sherlock to Buckingham Palace.

MRS HUDSON

Sherlock, this man was at the door -

is the bell still not working?

(To PLUMMER)

He shot it.

Plummer is already entering the room.

SHERLOCK

Are you taking me away again.

PLUMMER

Yes, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

I decline.

PLUMMER

I don't think you do.

And Plummer has taken a long envelope from inside his jacket, now passes it to Sherlock.

A puzzled Sherlock slits it open - and falling into his hand is -

- a boarding pass. Flight 007 to BALTIMORE, 18.30.

He stares at it. *What??*

140

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

140

SHERLOCK again climbing into the back of a big black car - PLUMMER now climbing in next to him.

The car starts to pull away. We pan up to IRENE ADLER, standing at the window, watching it go...

141

INT. BIG BLACK CAR - NIGHT

141

PLUMMER and SHERLOCK in the back. The street lights flashing across their faces. A silence. Then.

SHERLOCK

There's going to be a bomb on a passenger jet. And the British and American governments know about it. And rather than expose the source of their information they're going to let the plane blow up. Coventry all over again. The wheel turns, nothing is ever new.

PLUMMER

... I read that blog your friend writes about you.

SHERLOCK

And?

PLUMMER

And I didn't expect you to be an idiot.

Silence resumes. Sherlock - just the trace of a frown. Something's not good here.

Sherlock's POV. Lights and signs speeding past - we're turning towards HEATHROW.

142

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

142

We're on a remote part of the airfield. A JUMBO JET standing by a HANGER. The passenger staircase is in place.

The BIG BLACK CAR goes gliding up. Stops next to it. As Sherlock climbs out he sees -

NEILSON and his TWO AMERICAN AGENTS standing at the foot of the steps, like they're there to guide him on to the plane.

Sherlock, walking over to them now.

SHERLOCK

(To NEILSON)

Well you're looking all better. How are you feeling?

NEILSON

Like putting a bullet in your brain, sir.

He gestures to the steps, for Sherlock to ascend. Sherlock starts heading up.

NEILSON

They'd pin a medal on me, if I did. Sir.

Sherlock just stops for a moment, registering that. Then carries on up the steps.

143

INT. JUMBO - NIGHT

143

Sherlock, looking around.

The interior of the plane is darkened, creepy. The only light from the portholes.

As Sherlock's eyes adjust to the gloom, he realises he's not alone ...

... all the seats are occupied. Still, motionless figures, sitting and slumped. Sherlock steps closer to one of them - clicks on the overhead light. And there, in the little spotlight, is a a DEAD MAN.

He clicks on another light. A DEAD WOMAN.

Another light. Yet another DEAD PASSENGER.

On Sherlock: even for him, a neck-prickling realisation. Everyone on this plane dead. A passenger manifest of corpses.

And then, impossible - a light nearer the front of the plane seems to click on by itself. And there's a familiar voice.

MYCROFT

The Coventry conundrum. What do you think of my solution?

And now a figure is rising from one the front seats, turn to face him. Mycroft.

MYCROFT

The flight of the dead.

Sherlock, looking around, collecting himself, regaining his cool.

SHERLOCK

The plane blows up in mid-air, mission accomplished for the terrorists, hundreds of casualties ... and nobody dies.

MYCROFT

Neat, don't you think? You've been stumbling round the fringes of this one for ages - or were you too bored to notice the pattern.

On Sherlock blinking, remembering

FLASHBACK: The big, beefy creepy guy, holding his Aunt's urn.

CREEPY GUY

I know human ash!

FLASHBACK: The two little girls squeezed into the client chair.

LITTLE GIRL

They wouldn't let us see Grandad
when he was dead -

Back on the plane:

MYCROFT

We ran a similar project with the
Germans a while back - though I
understand one of our passengers
didn't make the flight - ...

FLASHBACK: Sherlock examining the inexplicable body in the
boot of the car.

MYCROFT

But that's the deceased for you -
late in every sense of the word.

SHERLOCK

How does the plane fly? Of course,
unmanned aircraft, hardly new -

MYCROFT

It doesn't fly, it will never fly.
This entire project is cancelled.
The terrorist cells have been
informed that we know about the
bomb - we can't fool them now. We
have lost everything. One fragment
of one email - and months and years
of planning are finished.

SHERLOCK

Your MOD man...

MYCROFT

That's all it takes. One lonely,
naive man, desperate to show off,
and a woman clever enough to make
him feel special ...

SHERLOCK

You should screen your defence
people more carefully ...

MYCROFT

I'm not talking about the MOD man,
Sherlock, I'm talking about you!

On Sherlock. Rocked by that. No.

MYCROFT

A damsel in distress. In the end,
are you really so obvious, because
this was textbook! The promise of
love, the pain of loss, the joy of
redemption. Then give him a puzzle
and watch him dance...

SHERLOCK
Don't be absurd!

MYCROFT

Absurd? How quickly did you decipher that email for her - the full minute, or were you really trying to impress?

IRENE ADLER

(From)

I think it was less than five seconds.

Sherlock looks round. There's IRENE, by the entrance to first class. NEILSON stands behind her, clearly has just shown her up. She's back in her own clothes - never looked more ice queen. The armour's back on..

Sherlock staring at her - guarded, unsure. Mycroft, genuinely penitent.

MYCROFT

And I drove you into her path. I'm sorry, I didn't know.

IRENE ADLER

Mr. Holmes, I think we need to talk.

Sherlock, now striding towards her. Casual and assured now, back to his old stuff.

SHERLOCK

I think so too. There are a number of aspects I'm still not completely clear on -

IRENE ADLER

Not you, junior, you're done now.

And she simply walks past him, goes to Mycroft. She produces her leopard skin camera-phone, tosses it in her hand.

IRENE ADLER

There's more - loads more. And if you like, I'll keep on proving that. You have no idea how much havoc I can cause, and exactly one way to stop me.

On Mycroft. No answer. Because she's right.

MYCROFT at his desk. On the table in front of him, the leopard skin camera-phone. Opposite is IRENE. Standing with his back to them both, SHERLOCK looking out into the night - a brooding, silent presence.

Mycroft prods the phone with his finger.

MYCROFT

We have people who can get into this.

IRENE ADLER

I tested that theory for you - I let Sherlock Holmes try for six months. Sherlock, dear, tell him what you found when you X-rayed my camera-phone.

Sherlock doesn't turn, just speaks from where he's standing.

SHERLOCK

There are four additional units wired into the casing - I suspect containing acid or a small amount of explosive. Any attempt to open the casing, will burn the hard drive.

IRENE ADLER

Explosive. It's more me.

MYCROFT

Some data is always recoverable.

IRENE ADLER

Take that risk then.

MYCROFT

... you have a passcode to open this. I deeply regret to say, we have people who can extract it from you.

IRENE ADLER

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

There will be two codes. One to open the phone, one to burn the drive. Even under duress, you can't know which one she's given you. And there would be no point in a second attempt.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, isn't he good. I should have him on a leash. In fact, I might.

*

MYCROFT

We destroy this then. No one has the information.

IRENE ADLER

Fine, good idea. Unless there are lives of British citizens depending on the information you're about to burn.

MYCROFT

Are there?

IRENE ADLER

Telling you, would be playing fair.
I'm not playing any more.

She's tossed him an envelope across the desk to Mycroft.

IRENE ADLER

A list of requests, and some ideas
about my protection once they're
granted.

Mycroft has slit open the envelope, glanced at the single sheet.

IRENE ADLER

I'd say it wouldn't blow much of a
hole in the wealth of a nation, but
I'd be lying. I imagine you'd like
to sleep on it.

MYCROFT

Thank you, yes.

IRENE ADLER

Too bad. Off you pop and talk to
people.

He looks at her. A grim moment - total defeat. A polite little bow of his head.

MYCROFT

You've been very ... thorough. I
wish our lot were half as good as
you.

IRENE ADLER

Can't take all the credit. Got a
bit of help. Jim Moriarty sends his
love.

On Sherlock's back - stiffening.

On Mycroft, a sober note.

MYCROFT

Yes, he's been in touch. He seems
to be desperate for my attention.

(Makes a note)

Which I'm sure can be arranged.

IRENE ADLER

I had all this stuff, never really
knew what to do with it. Thank God,
for the consultant criminal.
Gave me lots of advice on how to
play the Holmes boys. Do you know
what he calls you - the Ice Man.
And the Virgin.

On Sherlock again. Still not turning, still not rising to it.

IRENE ADLER

Didn't even ask for anything. I
think he just likes to cause
trouble. Now *that's* my kind of man.

MYCROFT

And here you are. The dominatrix
who brought a nation to its knees.
Nicely played.

He starts to stand, but -

SHERLOCK

(Still without turning)

No.

IRENE ADLER

I'm sorry?

Sherlock, turning now. Quite his old self, cold as ice.

SHERLOCK

I said, no. Very, very close, but
no. You got carried away, the game
was far too elaborate - you enjoyed
yourself too much.

IRENE ADLER

There's no such thing as too much.

SHERLOCK

Enjoying thrill of the chase is
fine. Craving the distraction of
the game - I entirely sympathise.
But sentiment? Sentiment is a
chemical defect found in the losing
side.

IRENE ADLER

Sentiment? What are you talking
about?

SHERLOCK

You.

IRENE ADLER

Oh dear God, look at the poor man.
You don't think I was actually
interested in you? Why? Because
you're the great Sherlock Holmes?
The clever detective with the funny
hat?

SHERLOCK

No. Because I took your pulse.

FLASHBACK: in 221B, Irene taking Sherlock's hand, Sherlock
clumsily reciprocating - but actually taking her pulse.

SHERLOCK
Elevated. Your pupils dilated.

FLASHBACK: Irene studying his face hungrily. Sherlock staring, back forensic. Closer now on her dilating pupil.

SHERLOCK
I imagine John Watson thinks love is a mystery to me. But the chemistry is terribly simple. And very destructive.

He's walking round the desk - in swanning about, explaining mode. He picks up her camera-phone.

On Irene - just the first uncertainty. Is she in trouble now?

SHERLOCK
You told me, when we first met, that disguise is always a self-portrait. How true of you. The combination of your safe - your measurements. But this -
(Tosses the camera-phone in his hand)
This is more intimate. It's your heart. And you should never let it rule your head.
(Presses one key. A beep)
You could have chosen any random number and you'd have walked away today, with everything you worked for.
(Another key - beep)
But you couldn't resist it, could you? I've always assumed that love was a dangerous disadvantage -
(Beep)
Thank you for the final proof.

He holds the phone out to her, displaying the screen.

Irene, rocked already, just stares at it. Everything is lost. Maybe there's even a tear in her eye, as she looks up at him.

IRENE ADLER
Everything I said tonight - it wasn't real. It was just playing the game.

SHERLOCK
I know. And this is just losing.

The final beep. And now we see the fully entered code. Letters not numbers, and the screen now reads:

I AM

[S] [H] [E] [R]

LOCKED

The screen flashes, folds out into menu displays.

SHERLOCK
And so you are.

He tosses it to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK
There you go, brother. I hope the contents make up for any inconvenience I've caused you this evening.

Mycroft, bemusedly staring at the phone. He's pleased at the victory, but just a little chilled at how Sherlock won.

MYCROFT
I'm certain they will...

SHERLOCK
If you're feeling kind, lock her up. If not, let her go. I doubt she'll last long without her protection.

IRENE ADLER
Are you expecting me to beg?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

He turns, heading to the door, almost gets there -

IRENE ADLER
Please.

He looks round. She's standing now - so vulnerable. Pleading.

IRENE ADLER
You're right. I won't last six months. Please.

Pushing in Sherlock now - that cold, cruel face.

SHERLOCK
Sorry about dinner.

And he goes, closing the door behind him. And slowly we fade to black.

It's winter again - and raining like hell: a day for terrible news. JOHN is dashing along through the downpour. He stops as he sees an unfamiliar sight.

MYCROFT, leaning against the wall, outside Speedy's. He's under shelter of the awning and smoking. He has big ziplock file under his arm. John approaches.

JOHN
You don't smoke.

MYCROFT
I also don't frequent cafes.

He turns and heads into Speedy's, clearly expecting John to follow.

147 INT. SPEEDY'S CAFE - DAY

147

MYCROFT and JOHN, sitting across the table from each other, with coffees. Silence for a moment - just the hiss of the rain outside, the under-sea gloom of the cafe, the soaking wet coats of the customers.

John's eyes go to:

The zip-lock file on the table. Through the transparent cover he can see a sheaf of papers, and the leopard skin camera-phone.

JOHN
The file on Irene Adler.

MYCROFT
Closed for ever. I'm about to go and inform my brother - or, if you prefer, you are - that she somehow got herself into a witness protection scheme in America. New name, new identity. She will survive and thrive - but he will never see her again.

JOHN
Why would he care?

Mycroft just looks at him. Oh, come now.

JOHN
He despised her at the end. He won't even mention her by name - just "the woman."

MYCROFT
Is that loathing, or a salute? One of a kind, the one woman who matters?

JOHN
He's not like that. He doesn't feel things that way. I don't think ...

MYCROFT
My brother has the brain of scientist, or a philosopher. Yet he elects to be a detective. What might we deduce about his heart?

JOHN
I don't know.

MYCROFT
Neither do I. But initially he wanted to be a pirate.

JOHN
He'll be okay with this. Witness protection, never seeing her again, he'll be fine.

MYCROFT
I agree. That's why I decided to tell him that.

John looks at Mycroft. Something new in the room now. What does he mean?

JOHN
... instead of what?

MYCROFT
She's dead. She was captured by a terrorist cell in Islamabad two months ago, and beheaded.

A silence between them. Oh.

JOHN
Definitely her? She's done this before...

MYCROFT
I was thorough this time. It would take Sherlock Holmes to fool me, and I don't think he was on hand, do you?

Another silence. Oh God.

MYCROFT
So.
(Pushes the file over to John)
What shall we tell Sherlock?

SHERLOCK at the kitchen table. He's at his microscope studying something.

On John. He's hesitating a few feet away. He has the file in his hand.

The rain is streaming down the windows, casting shadow-patterns all over the walls. The little flat has never looked so gloomy.

SHERLOCK

(Without looking up)

Clearly you have news. If it's
about that triple murder in Leeds,
it was the gardener. Did nobody
notice his earring?

JOHN

Hi. No, it's ... it's about Irene
Adler.

And Sherlock looks up, instantly interested.

On John, registering this.

SHERLOCK

Well? Has something happened? Has
she turned up again?

JOHN

No. No, she's ... I just bumped
into Mycroft downstairs, he had to
take a call ...

SHERLOCK

Is she back in London?

And he's on his feet. He's come over to John. He's just that
little bit too interested.

JOHN

No. She's ...

And he's looking hard at Sherlock. And Sherlock is looking a
bit too hard at him. And John makes the fateful decision.

JOHN

She's in America.

SHERLOCK

America?

JOHN

Yeah. She's gone into a witness
protection scheme, apparently.
Don't know how she swung it. But,
you know ...

SHERLOCK

I know what?

JOHN

Well. You won't be able to see her
again.

SHERLOCK

Why would I want to see her again?

JOHN

Didn't say you did.

SHERLOCK
Is that her file?

JOHN
Yeah - got to take it back to
Mycroft. Do you ... want a look at
it?

SHERLOCK
No.

Sherlock has gone back to his microscope.

Oh John: has he misjudged. Should he have told him,

JOHN
Listen. Actually -

SHERLOCK
(Without looking up)
Oh, but I'll have the camera-phone.

He puts his hand out for it.

JOHN
There's nothing on it any more. It
was all stripped off.

SHERLOCK
I know. But I'll have it.

JOHN
No, it has to go back to Mycroft.
You can't keep this.

Sherlock doesn't reply, or even look at him. Just continues to hold his hand out.

JOHN
Sherlock, I have to take this back.
It's government property now, it's -

SHERLOCK
Please.

Still hasn't looked round, still hasn't registered any emotion.

John: what the hell does he do. He steps over, hands him the camera-phone. Sherlock pockets it.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

John, now hesitating to the door.

JOHN
Better take this back down.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

John, at the door, turns.

JOHN

Did she ever text you again? After
... all that?

SHERLOCK

Once. A couple of months ago.

JOHN

What did she say?

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, Mr. Holmes.

On John. Considers that for a moment - probably the last day of her life. He heads out.

We stay on Sherlock. Sits back from the microscope. Then stands, crossing to the window. He's got his phone out, is scrolling through some old texts.

Closer on the phone. Under the heading The Woman, all her texts. The last one

GOOD-BYE MR. HOLMES.

On this we dissolve to:

149

INT. GROTTY LITTLE ROOM/ISLAMABAD - DAY

149

IRENE, on her last day, kneeling in the centre of a room, surrounded by MASKED AND ROBED TERRORISTS.

Irene is calm, serene - and sending one last text. She now hands her phone to one of the terrorists, and we see her say "Thankyou". Her EXECUTIONER is stepping up behind her now, swinging back with his long sword.

Closer on Irene now, as she straightens her neck and prepares herself for the end. So sad, so full of regrets. She slowly closes her eyes.

And as her eyes close, the screen fades into darkness.

We hold the darkness for a long final moment, like the movie really is over. Then:

An ORGASMIC GASP. A text has arrived!

On Irene as her eyes fly open again. What? Where did that come from??

The terrorists all looking at each other now. What??

But Irene is looking up at her tall, thin executioner. The face is covered but the voice is familiar.

SHERLOCK
When I say run, *run!*

On Irene - her face breaks into a delighted, incredulous grin.

150 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

150

And now the same grin on Sherlock's face, remembering that day. He laughs! Fooled them all again! He pulls the leopard skin camera-phone from his pocket, tosses it in his hand.

SHERLOCK
(As a sort of salute)
The Woman!

He takes the camera-phone, opens his desk drawer, drops it inside. Looks at it lying there for moment.

SHERLOCK
(More fondly)
The Woman.

On his face, clear moment of warmth - remembering the long contest, that remarkable woman, the year of Irene Adler.

Then he closes the drawer. It's almost ceremonial - like he's putting something away. Then the warmth just drops from his face, and he's Sherlock Holmes again.

We hold the closed drawer big in the foreground as he turns and walks away - back to his microscope, back to work...

END CREDITS