



HARTSWOOD  
FILMS

**SHERLOCK SERIES 2**

Episode 3 - "The  
Reichenbach Fall"

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On ELLA - JOHN'S THERAPIST.

Her consulting room. Pale sunlight.

ELLA

Why now?

Camera turns around - JOHN on the sofa. *Again*. First time in an age. He stares at the window. Can't seem to look at her.

ELLA (CONT'D)

John?

(Still nothing from him)

Why today?

(Checks her notes)

Eighteen months since your last appointment.

JOHN

You want to hear me say it?

(Beat)

You read the papers.

ELLA

Sometimes.

JOHN

You watch TV. You know why I'm here. It's because...

Can't say it.

ELLA

What happened, John?

And he burst into tears. A soldier's tears. Not an hysterical flood - but the tears of someone who hates crying.

ELLA (CONT'D)

You need to get it out.

JOHN

Sherlock.

ELLA

Yes.

JOHN

My best friend. Sherlock Holmes.  
He's gone.

Music swells and...

**OPENING TITLES**

1

INT. GALLERY. DAY

1

TIGHT IN on a painting. A rich, Romantic landscape - A *cascading waterfall*.

Camera pulls back -

The painting on a easel, in front of a (small) crowd. The DIRECTOR of the Gallery addressing them.

DIRECTOR

... 'Falls of the Reichenbach'.  
Turner's masterpiece. Thankfully  
recovered, owing to the  
prodigious talent of Mr. Sherlock  
Holmes...

He beams at JOHN and SHERLOCK. A ripple of applause for our heroes. Shake hands.

SHERLOCK looking bored. JOHN smiling his arse off to try to compensate.

Offers SHERLOCK a small gift - a little box wrapped in posh paper.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

A small token of our gratitude -

SHERLOCK

(Graceless)  
Diamond cufflinks.

Odd. Hasn't even unwrapped it yet but knows what it is all the same.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

My cuffs all have buttons.

JOHN

He means 'Thank you'.

SHERLOCK

Do I?

JOHN

(Mutters firmly)  
Say it.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

Cameras clicking --

JOHN notices the small gaggle of REPORTERS, come to cover the story. Scribbling in their pads...

Out on JOHN, frowning - what are they writing?

2

EXT. GALLERY/CAB. DAY

2

Coming out of the Gallery, into the street -

SHERLOCK

High-functioning sociopath  
remember, John? I don't do  
"please" and "thankyou" and all  
those ... slow bits.

JOHN

Sociopath, I get. Still waiting for  
the 'high functioning'.

Chin-nods at the REPORTERS, leaving to file their stories.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Look at them all. Off to file their  
stories.

SHERLOCK

I know.

JOHN

About you.

SHERLOCK

So?

On John, troubled, watching them.

JOHN

Watch it. That's all, just watch  
it.

3

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

The front steps of a Kensington home. A smiling FAMILY -  
FATHER, MOTHER, SON - facing the press, SHERLOCK and JOHN  
beside them.

FATHER

... back with my family, after my  
terrifying ordeal. And we have  
one person to thank for my  
deliverance. Sherlock Holmes...

More applause. The little boy offers SHERLOCK a 'Thank you'  
gift - again, in wrapping paper.

SHERLOCK

(Aside to John, sighs)  
Tie pin. Don't wear ties.

JOHN

Sh.

*How does he do it with the wrapping still on?*

The press gaggle a little bigger. Clicking cameras take us into -

4 INT. OFFICE. DAY 4

SCENE IS CUT

5 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY 5

The press room at Scotland Yard. LESTRADE at the podium. SHERLOCK and JOHN beside him.

He clicks on a projector lead and an ugly-looking mug shot is projected on a screen.

LESTRADE

Peter Ricoletti. Number one on Interpol's most wanted list since 1982. Well...

(beams)

...we've got him. And there's one person we have to thank for giving us the decisive leads...

He looks over to Sherlock. And there's Sherlock and John, a little uneasy in front of the biggest press gaggle we've seen.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

... with all his customary diplomacy and tact.

JOHN

(Sotto; to Sherlock)  
Sarcasm.

SHERLOCK

Yes!

On the press applauding.

Now on a parcel being passed over to John, then to Sherlock. On Sherlock, looking grim, getting it already.

LESTRADE

We all chipped in.

Over at the side: ANDERSON and SALLY DONOVAN, smirking at what's to come -

- and Sherlock has unwrapped ... a deerstalker.

Cries from the press. "Put it on!" "Put the hat on."

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Sherlock. Put it on.

JOHN  
(Sotto)  
Get it over with.

Glowing, Sherlock pops the hat on his head. A fusillade of camera flashes. Flash! Flash! Flash! Each one becomes a different newspaper photograph of Sherlock glowing in his hated deerstalker.

On the final flash we cut to:

6 INT. 221B BAKER ST. DAY 6

- the DEERSTALKER, now skewered to the MANTELPIECE with Sherlock's KNIFE (in place of the usual mail.)

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
Boffin??

Sherlock has just thrown aside a NEWSPAPER, is now pacing the flat, angrily.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
'Boffin' Sherlock Holmes.

On JOHN. He's sitting with a pile of newspapers. The boys are checking their reviews.

JOHN  
(Shrugs)  
Everybody gets one.

SHERLOCK  
One what?

JOHN  
Tabloid nickname. 'Foxy Knoxy'.  
'Nasty Nick'. Shouldn't worry.  
I'll probably get one soon.

SHERLOCK  
Page five. Column six. First sentence.

JOHN is now scanning the paper -

JOHN  
"Bachelor"?

SHERLOCK  
And it's always the hat photograph!  
Every time, the *hat*!

JOHN  
'Bachelor John Watson'??

Sherlock has ripped the deerstalker from the mantel, now examines it in disgust.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
'Bachelor'!? What the hell are  
they - (implying?)

SHERLOCK  
What kind of hat is it anyway? Is  
it a cap? Why's it got two fronts?

JOHN  
It's a *deerstalker*.  
(Raeads)  
'Frequently in the company of  
bachelor John Watson'.

SHERLOCK  
How do you stalk a *deer* with a  
*hat*? What do you do, throw it?

JOHN  
(Another paper)  
-"Confirmed bachelor John Watson."  
-

SHERLOCK  
- Like a death-frisbee! -

JOHN  
Okay, this is too much. We need to  
be more careful.

SHERLOCK  
It's got ear-flaps. John, it's an  
*ear-hat!!*  
(Registers what John is  
glowering at)  
Careful? What do you mean?

John snatches the deerstalker from him.

JOHN  
I mean this isn't a deerstalker now  
- it's a Sherlock Holmes hat. I  
mean you're not exactly a *private*  
detective any more. You're *this far*  
from famous.

SHERLOCK  
It'll pass.

JOHN  
It better pass. Because the press  
will turn, Sherlock. They always  
turn, and they'll turn on you.

SHERLOCK  
It actually bothers you.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
What people say.

JOHN  
Yes!

SHERLOCK  
About me. I don't understand. Why  
would it upset you?

JOHN is going to say it - but then changes his mind.

JOHN  
Just try to keep a low profile.  
Find yourself a *little* case this  
week. Stay out of the news.

7

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

7

Camera soars over London - TIGHT IN on Tower Hill.

**Caption: 'Tower Of London 11am'.**

Ravens. Beefeaters. Traitor's gate. The Bloody Tower.  
Snaking queues of tourists lining up outside the kiosk.

TIGHTER STILL on a swarm of TOURISTS inside the walls -

BEEFEATER  
(Announcement)  
Crown Jewels.

Camera whips around.

Standing in the middle of the group, taking photos with his  
Smartphone -

JIM MORIARTY.

Wearing a baseball cap that says 'I love London'. And  
chewing gum.

8

INT. JEWEL ROOM. DAY

8

TOURISTS walk through a metal detector as they enter the  
Jewel Room itself. Emptying their pockets -

JIM puts his Smartphone in the plastic tray - passes through  
the metal detector without incident.

Walks inside and sees... **The Crown Jewels.**

The Imperial State Crown, teeming with diamonds, trimmed  
with ermine. Sceptre. Jewelled orb. All surrounded by a  
humming network of red laser beams.



Metal screens hover over the entrances, ready to slam shut if any one of the beams is cut.

And up above - the ceiling is filled with rotating cameras, chattering and whirring -

JIM takes out a pair of headphones, coolly places them in his ears and clicks 'Play' on his Smartphone.

Music starts to play - ROSSINI, 'LA GAZZA LADRA'. Plays through the entire Tower of London sequence -

CUT TO:

Bank of TV screens.

A SECURITY GUARD studies them. A SECOND GUARD stands just behind him, idly watching. It's a boring day.

The screens: we see the guided tour passing through the jewel house. They dwindle then disappear. One person lingers behind as they go...

JIM, listening to his music. The SECOND SECURITY GUARD says something like, "fancy a cuppa?"

9 INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. DAY

9

CUT TO a fine bone china cup and saucer. A young man in a suit (INTERN) carries it through an oak-panneled office.

**Caption: 'Bank of England 11am'.**

The BANK DIRECTOR (MERVYN KING lookalike, basically - mop of grey hair and glasses) sits at his desk scanning his computer screen. Studying the exchange rates.

BANK DIRECTOR  
Gilts at seven. Dutch Telecoms in  
free-fall.

The INTERN gingerly puts his tea in front of him.

BANK DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Harvey.

Just before it lands we CUT AWAY to...

10 INT. PENTONVILLE PRISON. DAY

10

The PRISON GOVERNOR'S office.

**Caption: 'Pentonville Prison 11am'.**

A PRISON WARDER plonks a tea tray on the table - prison issue mugs and a biscuit barrel.

THE GOVERNOR'S in a meeting - a parole hearing. A handful of staff around a table, wading through a huge stack prisoners' personal files. He sighs.

GOVERNOR

What d'you say? Refuse them all  
parole and bring back the rope?

No-one laughs.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Oh well.

Wearily, he picks up the first heavy file.

11 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

11

JIM in the jewel room - music still playing.

He has a little plastic aerosol. Taps the GUARD on the shoulder and sprays him in the mouth as he turns. The GUARD collapses to the floor from effect.

Next he reaches into his jacket - produces a small plastic capsule which he snaps and throws into the corner.

It explodes! A smoke bomb. Then a second one -

Smoke everywhere. The few remaining TOURISTS run for the exit.

TIGHT IN on the Smartphone display.

He finds an App called 'JEWEL HOUSE' - the Queen's crown emblazoned on it. Presses it -

And our screen suddenly fills with text - computer code.  
(The on-screen texts in this episode are lines and lines and lines of binary computer code.)

10010110011010001010111010101001001011001100011100000101...

*TIGHT IN on a circuit board - a digital signal whizzing down the wires. The electrical pulse reaches it's destination - sparks -*

A metal gate suddenly comes crashing down.

JIM presses it again. Another gate. And then another.

12 INT. TOWER OF LONDON, SECURITY. DAY

12

The GUARD saunters back into the SECURITY ROOM with his styrofoam cup of tea.

Beeep. Beeep. Beeep.

His display panel is lighting up like a Christmas tree. The gates are slamming shut. The laser beams all cutting out.

Spills his tea (crushes the cup?) and dashes to the phone...

13 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY

13

SERGEANT DONOVAN scuttles into the office - looking for LESTRADE. LESTRADE eating a bun and drinking coffee.

DONOVAN

Sir, there's been a break-in.

LESTRADE

(Barely audible)

Not our division.

DONOVAN

You'll want it.

14 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

14

JOHN in his dressing gown, wet hair.

SHERLOCK'S MOBILE beeping madly on the desk - he glances over to see SHERLOCK working away at his microscope.

Just beyond Sherlock there is - apparently - a MAN HANGING BY HIS NECK FROM THE CEILING, slowly rotating.

John barely seems to register this.

JOHN

That's your phone.

SHERLOCK

Yes, it keeps doing that.

JOHN

(Looks to the hanging man)

So - did you just talk to him for a really long time?

As the man rotates, we see it is a DUMMY.

SHERLOCK

Twenty-three wounds - only was was lethal. Who struck the lethal blow?

JOHN

Against who?

Offers a clearly ANCIENT TEXT BOOK. **'THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CAESAR'**.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Oh, pressing case then.

John is heading over to the beeping phone, picks it up.

SHERLOCK  
They're all pressing till they're  
solved.

But John isn't listening any more. He's staring at the phone -  
oh no! *Oh God!!*

15 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 15

JIM clicks his phone. Finds another App labelled 'Bank of  
England'. Picture of a piggy bank. Presses it, and -

*1001001010011101010010101010101010000011101011110101001...*

*TIGHT IN on a circuit board again --*

16 INT. BANK OF ENGLAND. DAY 16

The BANK DIRECTOR lifts his tea cup to his mouth. But then -  
the floor starts to shake ever so gently - you can only see  
it in the surface of the tea.

BANK DIRECTOR  
The vault. That's the vault.

Spills his tea into his lap.

On his computer screen - a warning flashes up:

'BANK VAULT - DOOR 1 OPENING'.

Then 'DOOR 2 OPENING'.

'DOOR 3 OPENING'.

17 INT. POLICE CAR. DAY 17

LESTRADE and DONOVAN in the back of the squad car, racing  
to Tower Hill. (DONOVAN on the phone.)

LESTRADE  
*Hacked in? Hacked into the Tower  
of bloody London's bloody  
security? How?*

DONOVAN hands him the phone.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)  
Tell them we're already on our  
way.

DONOVAN

No. Another one. Another break-  
in. Bank of England.

On LESTRADE - what!?

18 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

18

JOHN to SHERLOCK, offers him his phone.

SHERLOCK

Not now.

JOHN

(Emphatic)

Sherlock -

SHERLOCK

Not now. Busy.

Something in JOHN'S tone... SHERLOCK looks up -

JOHN

He's back.

Hands it to him. Stares at the display.

**'Come and play. Tower Hill. Jim Moriarty x.'**

19 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

19

JIM rummages in his pocket again. Another plastic aerosol.

He starts spraying something backwards on the glass of the  
jewel case using the aerosol.

Surfs the Apps again -

Finds one labelled 'Pentonville Prison'. Presses it.

*10010011110010011000110100101011001010010001101010101010...*

*TIGHT IN again on the circuitry, the electrical pulse --*

20 INT. PENTONVILLE. DAY

20

The PRISONER GOVERNOR sipping his tea. And then suddenly a  
siren starts to wail. Tea crashes to the floor.

Another WARDER comes running in.

WARDER

Sir! Security's down, sir. It's  
failing! The cells are opening.

GOVERNOR

Which block?

The WARDER looks white. Can't answer.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)  
Davis. Which block!?

WARDER  
All of them.

21 EXT/INT. CAR. DAY

21

Police car speeding along --

Inside - LESTRADE in the back seat, on DONOVAN'S phone.

*His* phone is ringing now - DONOVAN answers it for him.

LESTRADE  
Get a team to the Bank of  
England. Apparently the security  
system in the vault has gone  
down.

LESTRADE hangs up. DONOVAN offers him his own phone.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)  
What is it now?

DONOVAN  
Pentonville Prison.

LESTRADE  
Oh no --

On Donovan: Oh yes!

22 INT. JEWEL HOUSE. DAY

22

JIM finishes his backwards writing on the glass case.

Takes the gum out of his mouth - sticks it in the middle of  
the glass.

And then from his pocket, he takes a little box. He takes  
something from it - delicately, it's *tiny* - and sticks it  
into the gum. As he moves away, we close in the gum -

- till we see something sparkling at its centre, a tiny  
glittering thing -

On a fire extinguisher being swung back -

- and then Jim slams, with sudden shocking violence into the  
glass right where the diamond is positioned. The glass now  
*shattering!*

23 INT/EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 23

Police car screams up at the Tower - LESTRADE and DONOVAN leap out -

And they run into the Jewel House.

CUT TO:

JIM treading on broken glass - reaches into the jewel case.

CUT TO:

SWAT team with electric screwdrivers, taking the access panels off the walls.

LESTRADE

Come on! Open it!

They cut the wires that lead to the vault doors.

The metal screens slide up again. The lasers beams click back on. LESTRADE/DONOVAN run into the jewel house.

And there is JIM...

Sitting alone, wearing the Crown of England, the Queen's ermined-trimmed robe and carrying the sceptre and orb.

JIM

(Laconic)

No rush.

Music ends.

24 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 24

JIM lead away and bundled into a car by UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He doesn't resist. LESTRADE has the Smartphone - turns it over in his hand. Dead.

24A INT. JEWEL HOUSE. DAY 24A

The smashed glass case, the floor glittering with glass. Now TAPED OFF - a FORENSICS TEAM picking their way through the evidence.

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE on the other side of the tape, just watching.

LESTRADE

Shouldn't have been possible. That glass, tougher than anything.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps.

His eyes flicks down, as he zeroes in on something.

Sherlock's POV. We zoom in on another piece of glitter in among all the shattered glass - Jim's diamond.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
(Rounds on Lestrade)  
Where is he, where did you take him? I want Moriarty!

LESTRADE  
Well. It's mutual.

25 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 25

Jewel House Security Room.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE. LESTRADE winding back the CCTV footage to the point just before JIM smashes the glass. In eerie slow motion, the glass re-assembles and for the first time we can see the big, black letters the right way round.

**GET**

**SHERLOCK**

TO BLACK.

Then FADE UP ON -

26 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 26

Full-length mirror. SHERLOCK dressing - buttoning up his shirt.

CUT TO a second mirror. JOHN doing the same. Suit and tie.

CUT BETWEEN the two of them, dressing.

CUT TO:

About to leave 221B. Hand on the door latch.

JOHN  
Ready?

SHERLOCK nods. And they open their front door to -

27 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 27

- REPORTERS. Paparazzi on the front step:

*'Sherlock'. 'Sherlock'. 'Sherlock'. 'This way! This way!'*

A POLICEMAN steers them towards an open car door. One of the PAPS is waving a Deerstalker. A PAP shouts something like, "Oi. Give us a shot with the hat on!"



Doors slam shut. And they speed away.

28 INT. SQUAD CAR. DAY

28

SHERLOCK and JOHN in the back of the car.

JOHN

Remember -

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Remember -

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Remember what they told you.  
Don't try to be -

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

- clever. Just PLEASE keep it  
simple. And brief!

SHERLOCK

God forbid the star witness in  
the trial should come across as  
intelligent.

JOHN

Intelligent - fine. Let's give  
'smartarse' a wide berth.

SHERLOCK

I'll just be myself.

JOHN

... are you listening to me?

29 EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY

29

TV crews outside the Old Bailey. JUMP CUT through -

BBC REPORTER

...all hype aside, John, is this  
the 'Trial of the Century'?

SKY REPORTER

...James Moriarty, accused of  
attempting to steal the crown  
jewels....

ITV REPORTER  
...conspiring to break into the  
Bank of England...

SKY REPORTER  
...massive prison break-out,  
orchestrated by Moriarty...

BBC REPORTER  
...arrived here with an  
unprecedented police escort...

ITV REPORTER  
...Reichenbach-hero Sherlock  
Holmes in the witness box...

TV graphic - a still from the security camera at the Tower:  
'GET SHERLOCK'.

30

INT. OLD BAILEY, CELL BLOCK. DAY

30

Clomp clomp clomp. Five pairs of feet. Through the  
catacombs of the Old Bailey.

*Four pairs of steel-toe DMs. One pair of Gucci brogues.*

ARMED POLICE. Cans of mace and the truncheons swinging at  
their belts. Fully armed. Fully ready.

Wider now to reveal their prisoner - JIM. Handcuffed to two  
of them - one on either side.

Camera behind as he ascends the wooden stairs that go up to  
the dock. Bubbling gossip as he enters.

The dock constructed like in a Mafia trial - a metal mesh.  
JIM is cuffed to the chair, one each side. Turns to one of  
his captors (the youngest male GUARD).

JIM  
(Deadpan)  
Would you mind slipping your hand  
inside my pocket?

An icy pause. What the hell is this about?

The GUARD looks at his boss - who nods 'OK'. And then he  
rummages around in JIM'S trousers. JIM looks at him,  
expressionless, nose to nose.

The GUARD produces a packet of gum. Sighs with relief.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Thanks awfully.

Sticks out his tongue to receive the gum.

31 INT. OLD BAILEY. TOILETS. DAY

31

Running water. SHERLOCK washing his hands. A row of porcelain sinks. The public toilets at the Bailey.

In the mirror - there's a woman at his shoulder. 20s. Bright smile. This is KITTY RILEY.

She's wearing a Deer Stalker. And a home-made 'SHERLOCK' badge. Oh dear.

KITTY

You're him.

SHERLOCK

Wrong toilet.

KITTY

I'm a *big* fan.

SHERLOCK

Apparently.

KITTY

I read your cases. Follow them all. Sign my shirt, would you?

Tugs her jacket open - shirt unbuttoned, full on cleavage. Offers him a felt pen. He doesn't take it.

SHERLOCK

Two types of 'fans'.

KITTY

Oh?

SHERLOCK

Catch-me-before-I-kill-again. Type A.

KITTY

Uh-huh. And what's type B?

SHERLOCK

Your bedroom's just a taxi ride away.

Little laughter.

KITTY

Guess which I am.

SHERLOCK scans her with lightning speed.

Texts flash on the screen -- 'PRESSURE MARKS' -- 'INK' -- 'POCKET' -- 'HEM' --

SHERLOCK

Neither.

KITTY

Really?

SHERLOCK

Not a fan at all. Those marks on  
your forearms -

She has a red line on either forearm.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Edges of a desk. You've been  
typing, probably in a hurry.  
Pressing too hard. Under pressure.  
Facing a deadline.

KITTY

That all?

SHERLOCK

There's the ink-smudge on your  
wrist. And the bulge in your left  
jacket pocket.

CUT AWAY to the clear outline of a dictaphone in her jacket  
pocket - And then TIGHT IN on the dictaphone itself.

KITTY

Bit of a giveaway?

SHERLOCK

The smudge is deliberate. To see  
if I'm as good as they say I am.

He takes her hand - examines a black smudge. Sniffs it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Oil-based. Used in newsprint. But  
drawn with an index finger.

Examines her other hand. A spot of ink on her index finger.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Your finger.

She laughs. Can't help it. He really is that good.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Journalist. Unlikely you'd have  
ink from the presses on your  
hand. You put it there as a test.

KITTY

Wow. I'm liking you.

SHERLOCK

You mean I'd make a feature.  
'Sherlock Holmes - the man beneath  
the hat'.

KITTY

(Smiles, offers her hand)

Kitty. Riley. Pleased to meet you.

Doesn't take her hand.

SHERLOCK

No.

(What does he mean?)

Just saving you the trouble of asking. 'No, I won't give you an interview'. 'No, I don't want the money'.

KITTY

'You and John Watson. Just platonic?' Can I put you down for a 'No' there as well?

But SHERLOCK'S leaving.

KITTY (CONT'D)

(Hungry)

Oh come on. There's all sorts of gossip in the press about you - eventually you're gonna need someone on your side. Someone to set the record straight.

SHERLOCK

You think you're the woman for the job.

KITTY

I'm smart. And you can trust me. Totally.

Finds her business card - pops it in his top pocket.

SHERLOCK

Smart? OK. Investigative journalist. Look at me and tell me what you see. If you're so skilful you won't need an interview. You can simply *read* everything you need.

Pause. She can't do what he can do. Her face falls - wounded.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

No?

(Breath)

OK, my turn. I look at you and I can see you're waiting for that first big scoop so your Editor will notice you. Expensive skirt. But -

On her suit -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's been re-hemmed twice. Only  
posh skirt you've got.

On her hands, chipped nails -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
And your nails. You can't afford to  
have them done that often. I see  
someone who's hungry. I don't see  
smart. And I definitely don't see  
trustworthy.

He reaches into her jacket pocket - the bulge! - and takes  
out her digital voice recorder. Not trustworthy.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
But I'll give you a quote if you  
like. Three little words.

Into the digital voice recorder.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
You. Repel. Me.

And he's gone. Out on KITTY - humiliated, angry.

32 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

32

SHERLOCK in the witness box.

The PROSECUTING BARRISTER - a plummy woman in her early 40s  
- on her feet. The JURY all sit in rapt attention.

JOHN in the gallery, edge of his seat.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER  
"A consulting criminal".

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER  
Your words.

SHERLOCK locks eyes with JIM for just a second.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER (CONT'D)  
Can you expand on that answer?

SHERLOCK  
James Moriarty is for hire.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER  
A tradesman?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

But not the sort who'd fix your heating?

SHERLOCK

No. The sort who'd plant a bomb or stage an assassination.

Muttering in the gallery.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

Would you describe him as...?

SHERLOCK

Leading.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

What?

SHERLOCK

You're leading me. Can't lead the witness -

He gestures to the DEFENCE BARRISTER - a young guy.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He'll object. And the Judge will uphold.

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes -

SHERLOCK

Ask me 'how'. 'How' would I describe him? 'What opinion have I formed?' Did they not teach you this?

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes. We're fine *without* your help.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

How would you describe this man? His character?

Little smile from SHERLOCK. She took his advice.

SHERLOCK

First mistake. Moriarty's not a man at all.

Muttering in court.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Deadly earnest)

He's a *spider*. A spider at the centre of a web. A criminal web with a thousand threads. And he knows precisely how every single one of them dances.

Is JIM smiling?

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

And how long...?

SHERLOCK

Don't. Don't go there. You don't want to ask me that. Bad question.

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes!

SHERLOCK

'How long have I known him?' Not your best line of enquiry. I met him twice. Five minutes in total. I pulled a gun. He tried to blow me up. I felt we had a special something.

Murmurs. The witness' credibility suddenly a little suspect.

The JUDGE looks at the DEFENCE BARRISTER - expecting him to seize on this. But he does nothing. So -

JUDGE

Miss Sorrel, are you seriously claiming this man is an expert? After knowing the accused for just five minutes.

SHERLOCK

Two minutes would have made me an expert. Five was ample.

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes - that's a matter for the jury.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Really?

Oh dear. Here we go. JOHN rolls his eyes.

SHERLOCK looks at the JURY. All taking notes in little note pads.

The screen is suddenly flooded with text - a wealth of information describing these twelve people.



TEACHER -- SECRETARY -- BOND DEALER -- LIBRARIAN --

TIGHT IN. One of them has numbered her pages with a simple indexing system. (SHERLOCK reading it upside down!)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
One librarian -

TIGHT IN. Two of them have put the date at the top of their page and underlined it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Two teachers -

TIGHT IN. Two guys who can't keep their pencils still - they twirl them round in their fingers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Two from high-pressure jobs.

Bite marks in the pencil ends!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Probably city.

TIGHT IN. Female FOREMAN writing in shorthand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
And the Foreman's a medical secretary. Trained abroad judging by her short hand.

JUDGE  
Mr. Holmes -

SHERLOCK  
Seven are married. Two having affairs. With each other it would seem -

TIGHT IN. Two JURORS sit close with fingers ends touching.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
And they've just had tea and biscuits. Like to know who ate the wafer?

TIGHT IN. Pink biscuit crumbs on a lapel.

JUDGE  
*Mr. Holmes!*

JOHN just hangs his head. It's all going soooo wrong. The press in the gallery are furiously scribbling notes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You've been called here to answer Miss Sorrel's questions - not to give us a display of your intellectual prowess. Keep your answers brief and to the point. Anything else will be treated as contempt. Do you think you could survive just a few minutes without showing off?

On SHERLOCK - can he?

33 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 33

JIM marched back to the cells. Double hand-cuffed.

And twenty paces behind - SHERLOCK marched there too. In contempt of court.

34 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 34

Clang! Clang!

JIM and SHERLOCK. Shut in neighbouring cells. Silence.

JUMP CUT between the two. Listening to the silence. Aware that one's arch-enemy is in the very next room. Every tiny movement suddenly eloquent.

Sound of a scraping chair. SHERLOCK sits.

JIM mirrors it perfectly. The same scraping noise. The same sitting position.

Staring at the wall between them. Just the sound of their breathing.

HOLD...

35 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 35

SHERLOCK signing for his things. JOHN paid Sherlock's fine.

JOHN

What did I say? I said don't get clever.

SHERLOCK

It's not something I can turn on and off like a tap.

(Beat)

Well?

JOHN

Well, what?

SHERLOCK

You were up in the gallery. You saw the whole thing - start to finish.

JOHN

Like you said it would be. Sat on his backside. Never even stirred.

FLASHBACK. The courtroom. JIM'S DEFENCE BARRISTER. Not moving. Glued to his seat.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Moriarty's not mounting any defence.

And they sweep out -

36 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

36

Returning to Baker Street - cameras clicking.

Door slams. MRS. HUDSON pokes her head out. A new outfit and very bold make-up. Most glam we've ever seen her.

MRS. HUDSON

Saw you on the telly. John looked smart.

SHERLOCK

Lipstick?

MRS. HUDSON

In case they catch me through a window. Don't want to do a Cherie.

JOHN and SHERLOCK whistle past her, trudge upstairs.

37 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

37

JOHN drops into his chair. SHERLOCK paces.

JOHN

Ok. Ok.

(sighs)

Bank of England; Tower of London; Pentonville. Three of the most secure places in the country. Six weeks ago, Moriarty breaks in. No-one knows how or why. All we know is...

SHERLOCK

He ended up in custody.

SHERLOCK looking meaningfully at JOHN.

JOHN  
Don't do that.

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
The look.

SHERLOCK  
Look?

JOHN  
You're doing the look again.

SHERLOCK  
I can't see it, can I?

Pushes him in front of the mirror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's my face.

JOHN  
And it's doing a 'thing'. You're  
doing a 'We-both-know-what's-  
really-going-on-here' face.

SHERLOCK  
We do!

JOHN  
No. I don't. Which is why I find  
the face so annoying.

SHERLOCK  
If Moriarty wanted the jewels  
he'd have got them - if he wanted  
those prisoners freed they'd be  
out on the streets. The only  
reason he's sitting in a cell  
right now is because he chose to  
be there. Somehow this is part of  
his scheme.

And something catches his eye.

A spider. In 221B. It has made a little web above the  
bookcase.

Early morning. Plush London hotel.

Inside - an ARMED POLICEMAN knocking on doors. One by one  
the JURY emerge from their hotel rooms.

Fleeting shot through an open door - the hotel information service on the TV.

39 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

39

Court is in session. JOHN in the gallery.

The JUDGE enters and sits. Hush. Addresses the DEFENCE BARRISTER.

JUDGE

Mr. Crayhill? Can we have your first witness?

The young DEFENCE BARRISTER clambers to his feet.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

Your Honour. We're not calling any witnesses.

An icy pause.

JUDGE

I don't follow. You've entered a plea of 'Not guilty'.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

Nevertheless - my client is offering no evidence. The defence rests.

And he sits. Lots of murmuring.

JIM turns for the very first time and looks straight at JOHN. Gives him a polite smile. It's meant for SHERLOCK.

40 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

40

SHERLOCK, in his dressing gown, lies on the sofa, staring at the ceiling.

Imagining the JUDGE'S summing up - guessing the content, with a great deal of accuracy.

SHERLOCK

Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury...

41 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

41

The JUDGE'S summing up.

JUDGE

James Moriarty stands accused of multiple counts of attempted burglary...

JUMP CUT BETWEEN the two.

SHERLOCK  
...crimes which, if he is found  
guilty, will illicit a very long  
custodial sentence. And yet...

JUDGE  
...his legal team has chosen to  
offer...

SHERLOCK  
...no evidence whatsoever to  
support their plea.

JUDGE  
I find myself in the unusual  
position of recommending a  
verdict wholeheartedly.

SHERLOCK  
You must find him 'Guilty'.

JUDGE  
...'Guilty'.

42 INT. OLD BAILEY, CORRIDOR. DAY

42

The JURY marched to their green room by their POLICE  
escorts.

An OFFICER locks them in with a computer key card and hangs  
it around his neck. Two ARMED POLICE stationed outside.

A clock on the wall: '10.44am'. Tick tick tick.

43 INT. OLD BAILEY - ATRIUM. DAY

43

JOHN outside the courtroom. Sits alone. Just the tick tick  
tick of his watch. '10.50am'.

The CLERK OF THE COURT comes out.

CLERK OF THE COURT  
Coming back...

JOHN  
Already?

JOHN glances at his watch.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Six minutes.

CLERK OF THE COURT  
Surprised it took 'em that long to  
be honest. There was a queue for  
the loo.

44 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

44

The JURY file into court again.

CUT TO:

The FOREMAN stands.

CUT TO:

The CLERK OF THE COURT addresses her.

CLERK OF THE COURT  
Have you reached a verdict on  
which you are all agreed?

The FOREMAN opens her mouth, and...

HARD CUT TO:

45 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

45

SHERLOCK on the sofa - eyes closed.

His phone buzzes beside him. He was expecting this call.

46 EXT. STREET. DAY

46

JOHN in the street.

JOHN  
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK  
What happened?

JOHN  
'Not guilty'.

SHERLOCK  
Yes. Of course.

JOHN  
You were right. No defence. And  
yet they just let him walk free.  
Moriarty's disappeared. You think  
he might come and try to find  
you?

SHERLOCK hangs up. Beeeep.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Sherlock? Sherlock? You still  
 there?

47 INT/EXT. 221B BAKER STREET/STREET. DAY 47

SHERLOCK puts the phone down. Sloooowly.

Goes to the kitchen. Kettle. Fills it from the tap. On the  
 details - running water, flicking switch, steam rising.

CUT TO:

JOHN - dialling his mobile again. 'Scotland Yard'.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK opens a cupboard and takes out two cups and  
 saucers, tea pot, milk jug. The best tea service.

Laying the tea tray. For two. He's expecting company.

CUT TO:

JOHN on the mobile.

JOHN  
 Lestrade? John. Look - I'm worried.  
 Jim's back on the streets -

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK walks back into the lounge with the tray - puts it  
 down on the side table. Pours two cups.

Takes out his violin and starts to play -

A BACH SONATA for solo violin. (g minor)

48 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - HALL. DAY 48

The hall at 221B is dark and shadowy -

Someone fiddles with the latch, and then it opens. It's  
 JIM. We can just make him out in the dark.

Softly closes the door. He can hear SHERLOCK playing.

Starts to climb the stairs - his feet barely making any  
 sound on the stair carpet. Step step step --

And then the violin suddenly stops. SHERLOCK knows he is  
 coming.

JIM falters for a second. And then the violin begins again -  
 so he carries on walking.



49

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

49

JIM pushes open the door. SHERLOCK stops. Doesn't turn.

SHERLOCK

Most people knock.

(Beat)

But then you're not *most people* I suppose. Kettle's just boiled.

JIM

You're not going to finish your tune? Johann Sebastian Bach would be appalled.

Indicates the chair.

JIM (CONT'D)

May I?

SHERLOCK

Please.

JIM

(Sits)

Do you know, when he was on his death bed - Bach - he heard his son at the piano playing one of his ditties? The boy stopped before he got to the end and...

SHERLOCK

...the dying man jumped up, rushed to the instrument and finished it.

JIM

Couldn't cope with an unfinished melody.

SHERLOCK

Neither can you. That's why you've come.

JIM

Be honest - you're just a tiny bit pleased.

SHERLOCK

With the verdict?

JIM

With me, back on the streets. You need someone to play with - to test you. And every fairy-tale needs a good old-fashioned villain.

Fruit bowl - JIM selects the reddest apple of all and starts to polish it on his lapel.

JIM (CONT'D)

You need me, or you're nothing.  
Because we're just alike, you and  
I. Except you're boring. You're on  
the side of the angels

SHERLOCK

You got to the jury, of course.

JIM

I got into the Tower Of London.  
You think I can't worm my way  
inside twelve hotel bedrooms?

Takes SHERLOCK'S pen-knife to peel the apple.

SHERLOCK

Ah... Cable network.

JIM

Every hotel bedroom has a  
personalised TV screen.

FLASHBACK.

FOREMAN in her hotel room, eating room service.

TV control in hand. Scrolling through a menu: 'Ms.  
WILLIAMS, WELCOME TO THE WESTHAMPTON HOTEL INFORMATION  
SERVICE.'

JIM (V.O)(CONT'D)

And everyone has a pressure  
point.

A photo of the woman's kids suddenly flashes up on screen.  
And a personalised message from MORIARTY -

**'IF YOU WANT YOUR BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN TO STAY BEAUTIFUL THEN  
FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS...'**

JIM (CONT'D)

Someone that they want to protect  
from harm. Easy-peasy.

Back to 221B -

SHERLOCK

So. How are you going to do it?  
*Burn me?*

JIM

I told you how. The final  
problem. Have you worked out what  
it is yet?

On Sherlock. He doesn't know. Hates that.

Jim, grins, expectant.

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on, Sherl. What's the final problem? I did tell you, honest. But did you *listen*??

Sherlock - impassive. Because, damn it, he *doesn't know*.

JIM starts to drum with his fingers on the edge of the chair - And odd irregular rhythm -

*Da - dada - da - da- dadadah - da - dada - da!*

And then suddenly stops.

JIM (CONT'D)

How hard do you find it, Sherlock - having to say "I don't know."?

SHERLOCK

I don't know.

JIM

Oh, that was clever. That was quite clever actually. Speaking of clever, have you told your little friends yet?

SHERLOCK

Told them what?

JIM

Why I did it. Why I broke into all those places and never took anything?

SHERLOCK

No.

JIM

But you understand?

SHERLOCK

Of course.

JIM

On you go then.

SHERLOCK

You want me to tell you what you already know?

JIM

I want you to *prove* that you know it. Can't trust anyone, can you?

SHERLOCK

You didn't take anything because you didn't need to.

JIM

Good.

SHERLOCK

You'll never need to take anything again.

JIM

Very good. Because?

SHERLOCK

Because nothing in the Bank of England - or the Tower of London - could possibly equal the value of a key that could open both.

JIM

(Smiles)

Bingo. I can open any door, anywhere. With a few tiny lines of computer code. No such thing as a private bank account now - they're all mine. No such thing as secrecy. I *own* secrecy. Nuclear codes? I could blow up NATO in alphabetical order. In a world of locked rooms, the man with the key is King. And, honey, you should see me in a crown.

SHERLOCK

You were advertising.

JIM

And you were helping.

SHERLOCK

The whole trial. You were just showing the world what you can do.

JIM

(Waves his new mobile)

Big client list here. Rogue Governments; terror cells; intelligence community. They all want *me*, Sherlock - suddenly I'm Mr. Sex!

SHERLOCK

If you can break any bank, what do you care about the highest bidder?

JIM

I just like to watch them all competing. "Daddy's brought a treat home." Aren't ordinary people *adorable*?

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Well, you know - that's why you've got John. I should get a live-in one, it must be so funny.

A silence. Sherlock just staring. Never quite getting the measure of this man.

SHERLOCK

Why are you doing all this? Money doesn't interest you, power doesn't really - what's it all for?

JIM

To solve the problem, Sherlock. Our problem. The *final* problem.

Siren.

JIM (CONT'D)

Right on queue. Flatfoot breaks the mood.

SHERLOCK starts striding to the window. Jim's voice stops him.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's going to start very soon now, Sherlock - the fall. But don't be scared. Falling's just like flying, except there's a destination.

SHERLOCK

Never liked riddles.

JIM

Learn to. Because I owe you a fall, Sherlock Holmes. I. Owe. You.

Voices from outside. Sherlock looks out the window.

Sherlock's POV. LESTRADE climbing out of his squad car. Running out. JOHN with him.

Turns. JIM'S gone. The lamp in the kitchen swinging - the door to the bedroom banging. He's gone out the back, down the fire escape. LESTRADE bursts in. JOHN behind.

LESTRADE

Moriarty...?

SHERLOCK shakes his head. Picks up the apple. MORIARTY has carved three letters in it with the knife:

'IOU'.

Fade to BLACK.

CAPTION: 'TWO MONTHS LATER'.

51 EXT. STREET. DAY 51

Cashpoint.

JOHN queuing at a busy ATM. Finally it's his turn. Puts his card in and punches his pin.

Unusually long pause. Then a personal message on the screen:

**'There is a problem with your card. Please wait a moment.'**

JOHN rolls his eyes. Pause.

**'A member of staff will be with you shortly.'**

**'Thank you for your patience, John.'** 'JOHN'???

Just behind him a familiar black car pulls up in the street.

52 EXT. STREET. DAY 52

Pall Mall.

JOHN in the back of the black car. It pulls up outside a London club.

A brass plate - 'The Diogenes Club'. See JOHN'S reflection in it as he scuttles up the steps.

53 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY 53

A sea of leather chairs, wood panelling and coffee tables. Occupied by a host of men, mostly in chalk pin-stripe suits.

JOHN looks for someone - can't see him. So he approaches a GENTLEMAN at the nearest table.

JOHN

Er... excuse me? Mycroft Holmes?

The gentleman blanks him. Merely stares at his paper.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(Whispers this time)

Do you know if Mycroft Holmes is about?

The gentleman rustles his paper but again totally ignores John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Can you not hear me?

People are getting up out of their chairs and peering over at him, scandalized.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anyone know Mycroft Holmes? I've been asked to meet him here.

The gentleman turns and scowls at John, the full thunder of the British Establishment etched on his furious face! Then he presses a bell on the wall. No sound comes from it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Am i invisible? HELLO!

The muffled sound of running feet. LIVERIED MEN come racing in. Their shoes are covered in cloth!

JOHN (CONT'D)

What!? I was just asking.

They try to put their hands over his mouth to stop him talking, then drag him away, loudly protesting.

The Gentleman returns to his paper and sips a glass of whiskey, satisfied that order has been restored.

54 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

54

A second room - the *Strangers' Room*.

JOHN and MYCROFT - JOHN straightening his clothes after his brush with the staff.

MYCROFT

Tradition, John. Our traditions define us.

JOHN

Total silence is traditional, is it?

JOHN

You can't even say... 'Pass the sugar'?

MYCROFT

Three quarters of the diplomatic service and half of the Government front bench all sharing one tea trolley? It's for the best, believe me.

He stares into space for a moment. Shudders.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

We don't want a repeat of 1971.

MYCROFT leads him to a table by the fire -

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

We can talk here.

A glass of whisky and a newspaper already there. JOHN glances at the paper - a red top.

JOHN

You read this stuff?

MYCROFT points at the side bar -

MYCROFT

Caught my eye.

**'EXCLUSIVE IN SUNDAY'S PAPER - SHERLOCK: SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT HERO SLEUTH'.**

It's written by KITTY RILEY. (Picture in the byline).

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Sunday. They're doing a big expose.

JOHN

Love to know where she got her information.

MYCROFT points to the sub-heading: **'CLOSE FRIEND RICHARD BROOK TELLS ALL'.**

MYCROFT

Someone called Brook. Recognise the name?

JOHN

(Doesn't)  
School friend maybe.

MYCROFT

(Amused)  
Of *Sherlock's*?

MYCROFT takes the paper and folds it away.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

But that's not why I asked you here.

He takes out a cardboard folder - pulls out a photo. A man. Stern face. Grim features. Tattooed neck.



JOHN

Who's this?

MYCROFT

You don't know him?

JOHN

No.

MYCROFT

Never seen his face before?

JOHN

Um...

Maybe he is a bit familiar.

MYCROFT

He's taken a flat in Baker  
Street. Two doors down from you.

JOHN

(Joking)

I was thinking of doing a drinks  
thing for the neighbours...

MYCROFT

I'm not sure you'll want to.

Hands JOHN the rest of the file.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Sulejmani. Albanian hit squad.  
Expertly-trained killer. Living  
less than twenty feet from your  
front door.

JOHN

Great location. Jubilee line's  
handy.

MYCROFT

John...

JOHN

What's it got to do with me? I  
didn't ask him to move in, did I?

MYCROFT hands JOHN a second file. Another photo - a woman.

MYCROFT

Dyachenko. Ludmila.

JOHN

Hang on. I think I have seen -  
(her)

MYCROFT

(Shakes his head)  
Russian killer. Taken the flat  
opposite.

JOHN

OK. Sensing a pattern here.

Offers two more files.

MYCROFT

In fact - four top international  
assassins re-locate to within  
spitting distance of 221B.

(Beat)

Anything you'd like to share with  
me?

JOHN

I'm moving.

MYCROFT

Not hard to guess the common  
denominator, is it?

JOHN

It's not Moriarty.

MYCROFT

He promised Sherlock he would  
come.

JOHN

If it was Moriarty then we  
wouldn't be here talking. I'd  
already be dead. Sherlock too.

MYCROFT

If not Moriarty then whom...?

JOHN

Why not talk to Sherlock, if  
you're so concerned for him?

Knows the answer before he even asked.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Don't tell me.

MYCROFT

Too much history between us,  
John. Old scores, resentments...

JOHN

Pinched all his Smurfs? Broke his  
action men?

MYCROFT

I know you want to protect him.  
From the 'slings and arrows of  
outrageous fortune'. Is that the  
Doctor in you, I wonder? Or  
something else. The solider's  
weakness. Hero worship.

JOHN

Are we done?

Gets up to go.

MYCROFT

We both know what's coming, John.  
Moriarty is obsessed. He's sworn  
to destroy his only rival.

JOHN

You want me to watch out for your  
kid brother - because he won't  
accept your help?

MYCROFT

(Icy smile)  
If it's not too much trouble.

55 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

55

JOHN arrives back at Baker Street -

Looks at the faces in street - do any of them look like  
terrorists or assassins? Commuters and tourists.

Suddenly everyone seems suspicious.

CUT TO:

Crosses the road to 221B. The front door is wide open and a  
TRADESMAN is trudging in and out with flat pack boxes. MRS.  
HUDSON'S new kitchen.

JOHN smiles at him, then stares down at the mat. There is a  
red envelope there. Not addressed. Is it for them?

Picks it up gingerly - rips the top open.

Inside - *it is filled with bread crumbs*. What???

A big handful of bread crumbs! They slip between his  
fingers and fall to the floor.

A pigeon arrives and starts to peck them.

56 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

56

JOHN running up the stairs.

JOHN

Sherlock? Something weird -

Goes into the flat. LESTRADE and DONOVAN are here, plus a  
JUNIOR OFFICER -

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's going on?

SHERLOCK

Kidnapping.

LESTRADE

Rufus Bruhl. The Ambassador to  
the U.S.

JOHN

(Confused)

Isn't he in Washington?

LESTRADE

Not him. His children.

JOHN

What?

LESTRADE

(Reading from notes)

Max and Claudette. Seven and  
nine.

DONOVAN shows them a photo. Angelic children.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

They're at St. Aldate's.

DONOVAN

Posh boarding place down in  
Surrey.

LESTRADE

School broke up. All the other  
boarders went home. Just a few  
kids remained - including those  
two.

DONOVAN

The kids have vanished.

LESTRADE

The Ambassador's asked for you  
personally.

DONOVAN  
(Unimpressed)  
The Reichenbach hero.

Different POV -

*For the final seconds of the scene a black and white grainy picture. POV corner of the room behind the cobweb.*

*Is there a hidden camera up there?*

56A

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY

56A

JOHN and SHERLOCK climbing into a police car.

SHERLOCK  
How was Mycroft?

JOHN confused - how does he know? From the smell...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Leather polish. Stale whisky.  
(Gestures to the street)  
He was asking about our new  
neighbours.

JOHN  
You already know.

SHERLOCK  
I know that there are four sets  
of curtains that are closed in  
broad daylight. 'Who's behind  
them?' is the interesting  
question, though.

JOHN looks up - sure enough, four sets of curtains are  
closed - four separate flats in the street.

Closer on Sherlock as he looks up at them -

- and then frowns - something else!

Some graffiti on a section of wall - woven into it, quite  
clearly if you look, three letters: I.O.U.

On Sherlock - alive to this now, fascinated.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Here we go!

JOHN  
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK  
Nothing. Nothing.

57

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

57

Sign: 'ST. ALDATE'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL.' '7-13. DAY AND BOARDING.'

Long gravel drive, rolling grounds. Hockey nets. Scrum machine. Plenty of money flying around.

A handful of UNIFORMED POLICE combing the grounds.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE, DONOVAN, JUNIOR OFFICER running up the steps.

MISS MACKENZIE is a mousey little Scottish Schoolmistress. Pale, distressed, weeping into her handkerchief, seated.

A POLICEMAN offers her tea and blanket - the usual routine.

LESTRADE

(Whispers)

Miss MacKenzie, House-mistress.  
Go easy.

SHERLOCK

Miss MacKenzie. You're  
responsible for pupil welfare.  
And yet you left this place wide  
open last night. Are you an  
idiot, or a drunk, or a criminal.

The WOMAN - utter shock. SHERLOCK now just yanks her blanket off.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now, quickly, tell me!!

MISS MACKENZIE

(Blurts it all out)

All the doors and windows were  
properly bolted. The atrium is  
monitored by 24 hour CCTV. Noone -  
not even me - went to their room  
last night. You have to believe  
me.

SHERLOCK'S expression suddenly softens.

SHERLOCK

(Suddenly smiley)

I do. I just wanted you to speak  
quickly.

(As he sweeps in)

Miss MacKenzie needs to breathe  
into a bag now.

59 INT. SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY 59

A tour of the rooms.

Everywhere cold and empty now that the children have gone.

In the corridor - a row of big old laundry baskets.

60 INT. DORMITARY. DAY 60

A Victorian-style dormitory. Four girls.

Three of them have left for the Christmas vacation. Empty cupboards swing open on their hinges. Bare notice boards. Drawing pins in rectangular patterns.

CLAUDIE BRUHL'S bed is the only one with bed-clothes still on it - crumpled from where they've been slept in.

A lonely-looking teddy bear tucked in the top.

Three pairs of shoes lined up. Five blouses in the cupboard. Five skirts. Five pairs of regulation socks.

SHERLOCK opens the trunk -

Inside it - some children's fiction - stuff a seven year-old girl would read. 'POPPY LOVE' and 'BALLET SHOES'.

Something stuck in a red envelope. SHERLOCK retrieves it - JOHN does not see.

A compendium of Grimm's Fairy Tales SHERLOCK lets it fall open at the chapter headings...

Reads. Frowns. Shuts the trunk.

SHERLOCK  
Show me where the brother slept.

61 INT. DORMITARY. DAY 61

Similar room. Four beds. Three of them stripped - the fourth recently slept in.

Three pairs of boy's shoes. Five shirts. Five pairs of trousers etc...

Some boy's fiction - spy mysteries, mainly. A cricket bat with a bottle of linseed oil.

SHERLOCK examines the dormitory door. An old wooden door with a frosted glass panel.

He opens it - studies the light outside. Watches as the light casts the shadow of his hand on to the glass.

SHERLOCK

Boy sleeps in that bed every night - gazing at the only light source, out in the corridor. He would know every shape, every outline - the silhouette of everyone who stood outside his room.

LESTRADE

OK. So...?

SHERLOCK

So someone approaches his door - someone whose shape he didn't recognise. An intruder.

FLASHBACK - the intruder's silhouette.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And the person has his sister beside him - maybe he can even see the outline of a weapon.

Makes a gun shape with his fingers - the shadows fall.

CUT between the shape of SHERLOCK (with fingers!) and the FLASHBACK to the real intruder.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What would he do? He'd have only a few precious seconds - before they came into the room.

Runs to the bed - lies on it. Pretending to be the boy.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How would he use them? If not to cry out?

Leaps up again, goes to the books on the shelf.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This little boy, this particular little boy, who reads all these spy books ... what would he do?

Picks up the cricket bat - sniffs it, deep breaths. But it doesn't smell. Sniffs the air. Shakes the bottle of linseed, half-empty.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Get Anderson.



62 INT. DORMITARY. DAY (INC. DIALOGUE & ACTION FROM SC. 63) 62

Ultra-violet lights on stands. Forensics - lead by ANDERSON - pulling curtains, taping blackout material across the skylights.

The room becoming darker and darker. On SHERLOCK and JOHN as they pass deeper into shadow...

...and finally blackness.

LESTRADE

No sign of blood. Why the ultra-violet?

SHERLOCK

Linseed oil.

The door slams shut. Total blackout.

Click. On goes to ultra-violet.

And there, on the wall, written in splashes of oil from the bottle... a giant message picked out in ultra-violet.

#### **HELP US**

A message left by the ten year-old MAX BRUHL.

The UV glow picking out SHERLOCK'S profile.

ANDERSON

(Sighs)

Not much use. Doesn't lead us to the kidnapper.

SHERLOCK

Brilliant, Anderson.

ANDERSON

Really?

SHERLOCK

Yes. Brilliant impression of an idiot.

(Points)

Floor!

Camera pans down - There, on the floor: UV footprints.

The boy poured a pool of oil on the ground as well, so that the intruder trod in it. And there are his foot marks, plain as day.

Along side those of two children. An eerie echo of what went on.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The boy was made to walk ahead of him.

Examining MAX BRUHL'S footprints. No heel?

JOHN

On tip-toe?

SHERLOCK

Indicates anxiety. Probably with the gun at his head. The girl was held beside him. Dragged sideways. Probably means he had his left arm cradled about her neck.

ANDERSON

(at the door)

That's the end of it. We don't know where they went from here. Tells us nothing, after all.

SHERLOCK

Right, Anderson. Nothing at all. Expect his shoe size, his height, his gait, his walking pace.

Lights click on.

JOHN

Having fun?

SHERLOCK

Starting to.

JOHN

(Whispers)

Maybe don't do the smiling. Kidnapped children.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK kneels on the floor, takes a petri dish from his pocket and starts to scrape the surface of the parquet.

64

INT. CAB. DAY

64

JOHN and SHERLOCK in a cab.

JOHN

How did he get past the CCTV? If all the doors were locked...

SHERLOCK

He walked in when they weren't locked.

JOHN

A stranger can't just walk into a school like this.

SHERLOCK

Anyone can walk anywhere if they pick their moment. Yesterday, the last day of term. Parents milling around, chauffeurs, staff. What's one more stranger among that lot?

FLASHBACK. Parents come to collect their kids. Kissing them 'Hello'. Lugging out suitcases.

Camera follows a dark figure through the throng. We do not see his face...

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

All he had to do was find a place to hide.

FLASHBACK -

The corridor. Right outside the room is the laundry basket.

65 EXT/INT. BART'S LABORATORY. DAY

65

Establishing shots of BART'S.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK comes striding through the doors of Bart's lab, JOHN in his wake.

MOLLY is there, putting on her coat.

SHERLOCK

Molly!

MOLLY

Oh, hello. I'm just on my way out.

SHERLOCK

No. You're not.

Steers her back into the room.

MOLLY

I've got a lunch date.

SHERLOCK

You'll need to cancel it. Having lunch with me.

Digs two packets of Quavers out of his pockets.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Need your help, and in fairness I must tell you - it's one of your old boyfriends we're trying to track down. Been a bit naughty.

JOHN

You think this is Moriarty?

SHERLOCK

Of course it's Moriarty.

MOLLY

Sorry - er, actually Moriarty was never my boyfriend. We went out three times. I ended it.

SHERLOCK

Yes. And then he stole the crown jewels, broke into the Bank Of England, and organised a prison break at Pentonville. For the sake of law and order, Molly, I think it's best if you avoid all future attempts at a relationship.

She is horrified. He steers her back into the room and opens her bag of crisps.

66 INT. BART'S LABORATORY. DAY

66

MOLLY struggling under a huge weight of folders - scientific journals - puts them on the lab bench for SHERLOCK to read.

SHERLOCK is engaged with a microscope - scraping a tiny pinch of powder on to a slide.

SHERLOCK

The oil, John.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

The oil in his footprints. All the chemical traces on his shoe have been preserved. The sole of the shoe is like a passport. If we're lucky can see exactly what he's been up to.

Myriad coloured grains under the microscope. (*White, grey, red, green, brown.*)

JUMP CUT through a sequence of experiments as SHERLOCK and MOLLY struggle to identify the parts of the compound.

Bubbling flasks and dripping pipettes.

SHERLOCK starts to compile a handwritten list of the compound elements as he recognises them...

On Molly watching him. Rapt, so lost him in.

CUT TO:

Experiment one yields a white residue in a test tube.  
Molly, helping, doing a litmus test.

MOLLY

Alkaline.

Sherlock writes:

**Chalk (cretaceous)**

SHERLOCK

Thanks, John.

MOLLY

Molly.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

CUT TO:

Experiment two. This one centres on the grey grains, spun in a centrifuge machine. Examines the texture of the residue.

Writes:

**Asphalt**

CUT TO:

Experiment three. Fine red grains, reacting to a chemical spray. John watching this time.

On Molly watching them two of them work together. Maybe the tiniest frown.

Writes:

**Brick dust (1950's)**

CUT TO:

Four. Tiny green particles fizzing in a jar.

Writes:

**Vegetation (2 types) - Rhododendron flower**

CUT TO:

The final part of the compound is brownish and oily. And here SHERLOCK is completely stuck.

Writes:

???

Adds more and more question marks all the time.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Some sort of glycerol molecule.  
What are you?

CUT TO:

MOLLY now watching Sherlock closely. She is frowning, serious. (We can see John some distance away, his back to us, working at something - not part of this conversation.)

MOLLY  
... What did you mean ... IOU?

Sherlock looks up at her sharply. What?

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
You said IOU. You were sort of  
muttering when you were working.

SHERLOCK  
... Nothing. Mental note.

He resumes working. Molly looking at him thoughtfully.  
Summons the courage for another blurt.

MOLLY  
You know, you're a bit like my Dad.  
He's dead. No, sorry...

SHERLOCK  
Molly, please don't feel obliged to  
make conversation - it's really not  
your area.

MOLLY  
But when he was dying, he was  
always so cheerful, he was lovely.  
Except when he thought no one could  
see. I caught him once, he looked  
so sad.

SHERLOCK  
Molly -

MOLLY  
You look sad -  
(Glances at John)  
- when you don't think he can see.

Sherlock: caught off-guard. What?

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay, and don't say you are, because I know what it means - looking sad, when you think no one can see you.

SHERLOCK

You can see me.

MOLLY

I don't count.

That floors him for a moment. Too honest, too true. On Molly, now in a blurty rush:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And what I was going to say, if there's anything I can do, anything you need at all, you can have me. No! I mean, I just mean - please. If there's anything you need ... it's fine.

Blushing furiously now, staring at the floor.

SHERLOCK

... What would I need from you?

MOLLY

I don't know, but you should probably say thank you, actually.

SHERLOCK

... thank you.

MOLLY

And now I'm going to get more crisps, do you want anything, it's okay, I know you don't.

And off she goes, a picture of humiliation. On Sherlock: *almost* guilt.

SHERLOCK

Actually, maybe I could -

MOLLY

*I know you don't!*

And she's walking away, bit too fast, feet rattling across the floor.

She passes behind John we hold on him.

JOHN studying the forensic photographs of the kids' rooms -

Looks hard at the picture of the girl's dormitory. A photograph of the contents of the trunk. The red envelope - inside it the book of fairy tales.

And it hits him -

JOHN  
Sherlock!

John, crossing to Sherlock now...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
That envelope - in her trunk.  
There's another.

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
Identical. Left on our doorstep.  
I found it today.

Where did he put it? It's stuffed in his jacket pocket.

Compares it to the envelope in the photograph. Two red envelopes.

JOHN hands SHERLOCK the envelope. Looks inside it - sees traces of -

SHERLOCK  
Bread crumbs?

JOHN  
Uh-huh. They were there when I  
got back.

SHERLOCK  
A trail of bread crumbs...? And a  
little book of Fairy Tales...?

FLASHBACK - SHERLOCK looking at the book, studying it at the school.

Chapter heading... 'SNOW WHITE', 'ASCHPUTTEL', 'HANSEL AND GRETEL'

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Two children, taken out into the  
forest by a wicked father,  
following a little trail of bread  
crumbs.

JOHN  
(Dawns on him)  
Hansel and Gretel!

FLASHBACK -

A man's hand leaving the book in the trunk --

The same man's hand leaving the bread crumbs on the  
doorstep --



JOHN (CONT'D)

What sort of kidnapper leaves  
clues?

SHERLOCK

The Jim sort. The sort that likes  
to boast. The sort that treats it  
like a game. He sat in the flat.  
Said these exact words to me...

FLASHBACK. JIM at 221B.

JIM

Every fairy-tale needs a good old-  
fashioned villain.

TIGHT IN on the red apple.

Back to present -

SHERLOCK'S face changes. EUREKA! Suddenly knows what he's  
missing.

SHERLOCK

The fifth substance! It's part of  
the fairy tale. The witch's  
house.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

The glycerol molecule.  
(Staring at the  
microscopic compound)  
*PGPR.*

JOHN

What's that?

SHERLOCK

Used in making chocolate.

68 INT. DARK ROOM. DAY

68

Candlelight - illuminating sweetie wrappers, coloured foil,  
gold and silver. The sound of chewing and gorging.

Camera sweeps across the room, through the shadows, passes  
a locked door.

All over the floor - bag and bags of sweets.

And the shadows of two children. Eating.

69 CUT

69

70 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INCIDENT ROOM. DAY

70

SHERLOCK walks into the Incident Room at Scotland Yard - the place is buzzing.

Lestrade shows them a fax.

LESTRADE

Fax arrived, an hour ago.

Says:

**"Hurry up - they're dying"**

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

What have you got for us?

SHERLOCK produces the list he wrote -

SHERLOCK

We need to find a place in or around the city where these five things intersect.

On the list, the chemicals on the kidnapper's shoes:

**Chalk (cretaceous)**

**Asphalt**

**Brick dust (50's)**

**Vegetation (2 types)**

**Chocolate**

TIGHT IN on **'Chocolate'**.

LESTRADE

What the hell is this?  
'Chocolate'??

SHERLOCK

I think we're looking for some sort of disused sweet factory.

LESTRADE clicks his fingers and his JUNIOR OFFICER goes scuttling off to surf the web.

TIGHT IN on **'Asphalt'**.

LESTRADE picks up the list.

LESTRADE

Asphalt?

SHERLOCK  
No good. Not specific enough.

TIGHT IN on '**Chalk (cretaceous)**'

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Chalk, though - chalky clay -  
that's a very thin band of  
Geology.

CUT AWAY to an imaginary map of London in SHERLOCK'S mind.

A big coloured stripe for the chalky geology.

TIGHT IN on '**Brick dust**'

LESTRADE  
Brick dust.

SHERLOCK  
Building site. Bricks from the  
1950's.

LESTRADE  
There's thousands of building  
sites in London!

SHERLOCK  
I've got people out looking.

LESTRADE  
So have I!

His phone pings. Someone has texted him a picture of a  
building site.

And then it pings again. Another! And another! And another!

LESTRADE sprints over to the computers to urge them on.

SHERLOCK looks carefully at the photos.

Again we flash to the imaginary map in his mind - the  
various building sites start to appear on it as coloured  
dots.

CUT TO:

On the clock - time passing -

LESTRADE and his team hammering away on the internet,  
trying to find sweet factories and building sites -

SHERLOCK'S phone pings again. Gazes at it.

SHERLOCK  
John. Look at this one.  
Rhododendron ponticom.

TIGHT IN on '**Vegetation**'.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Exactly the same type of  
vegetation.

On the imaginary map - highlights one of the building sites  
in a new colour. All the shaded area coincide.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
(Immersed in his mind  
map)  
Addlestone.

LESTRADE  
What?

SHERLOCK  
There's a mile of disused  
factories between the river and  
the park. Matches everything.

71 EXT. FACTORY. DUSK

71

Dusk light.

An big ugly 1950s factory building. A sign says 'DRAYTON  
CONFECTIONARY'.

Camera in a high window, looks down on -

Squad cars arriving. LESTRADE/SHERLOCK/DONOVAN/JOHN/JUNIOR  
OFFICER. Scatter in all directions. The hunt is on for  
Hansel and Gretel.

Torches click on.

72 INT/EXT. FACTORY. DUSK

72

Torches shine across a disused factory floor - machinery,  
laced with cobwebs. *Linger on the cobwebs.*

The dancing beams pick out details - machines; a stack of  
old crates stamped with the names of chocolate bars.

A torch finds the foot of a staircase. Travels up the dusty  
stairs to -

An upper gallery. A door.

CUT TO:

SALLY DONOVAN searching through the scrubland.

CUT TO:

Door crashing open - kicked down by the JUNIOR OFFICER.  
Wooden splinters.

They all shine their torches inside. It's a disused  
accounting office. Broken furniture.

There is a strange metallic glare from one corner. The  
floor is absolutely littered with sweet wrappers!

SHERLOCK

Fed them sweets.

No-one here. A few candles in a saucer burned down.

SHERLOCK puts his hand over them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Alight thirty minutes ago.

A broken floorboard. The gap looks just big enough for a  
child to squeeze through.

Air is coming through. A tiny strand of fibre caught on a  
nail, blowing in the breeze. White fibre. School shirt.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hansel and Gretel got away.

CUT TO:

Scrubland. SALLY DONOVAN peering through the darkness. She  
swears she can hear something moving - rustling.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK examines the sweet papers. Lifts one to his face -  
sniffs it. And then licks it. Eeuugh!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mercury.

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

The papers. Painted with mercury.  
Lethal. The more of the stuff  
they ate...

JOHN

It was killing them.

SHERLOCK

Not enough to kill on it's own, but  
taken in large quantities -  
eventually it would have killed  
them. He didn't have to be there  
for the execution. He could be a  
thousand miles away.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Murder by remote control. The  
hungrier they got, the more they  
ate, the faster they died. Neat!

JOHN

Sherlock!

CUT TO:

The sobbing louder and louder. SALLY peers through the  
darkness with her torch and -

Sees something in the trees. On her face.

DONOVAN

Oh my God.

Two little children. A BOY and a GIRL. Faces smeared with  
chocolate and toffee.

The BOY lying in his sister's lap. Is he unconscious?

73

INT. SCOTLAND YARD, CORRIDOR. NIGHT

73

DONOVAN

Right, then. The professionals  
have finished. If the amateurs  
want to go in and have their  
turn.

SHERLOCK and JOHN on their way out. He stops them.

LESTRADE

Remember. She's in shock. And  
she's seven years-old. Anything  
you can do to...

SHERLOCK

Not be myself.

LESTRADE

Yep. Might be helpful.

74

INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INTERVIEW ROOM. NIGHT

74

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE, DONOVAN enter the interview room.

CLAUDIE RUHL - a SOCIAL WORKER holding her hand and  
administering cocoa.

She's come through a terrible ordeal - eyes fixed on the  
carpet. Won't speak.

SHERLOCK

Claudette...

CLAUDIE looks up.... And starts screaming.

Screaming. Screaming. Screaming. Utterly hysterical.

Points at SHERLOCK and screams for her life. Wild and uncontrollable. Something about him...

LESTRADE  
(To Sherlock)  
Out. Get out!

SHERLOCK quickly ushered away.

On Donovan, watching him go. She looks between Claudie and Sherlock - what was that? *What??*

75

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

75

LESTRADE'S office. SHERLOCK/JOHN/LESTRADE/SALLY DONOVAN

Through the internal windows - small groups of OFFICERS gossiping in corners about what just happened.

SHERLOCK silent - standing with his back to the others, staring out of a window. Frowning, haunted.

JOHN  
Doesn't make any sense.

LESTRADE  
Kid's traumatised. Something about Sherlock reminded her of the kidnapper.

On Sally. She's also deep in thought - but registers what Lestrade just said, and glances towards -

- Sherlock, standing at the window.

Closer on Sherlock. He doesn't turn, but his eyes flick to:

Donovan, reflected in the window in front - staring at his back, appraisingly.

As she glances away, we roll focus -

- to see a row of three darkened windows in the building opposite. And painted on each a letter, spelling out I.O.U.

Sherlock now staring. Neck-prickling moment. Behind him the conversation has been continuing.

JOHN  
What's she said?

LESTRADE  
Hasn't uttered another syllable.

JOHN  
And the boy?

LESTRADE  
(Shakes his head)  
Unconscious. Still in intensive  
care.

On Sherlock, staring at those letters -  
- and it is that a shadowy figure moving in the room beyond.  
LESTRADE drags him from his reverie.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)  
Well. Don't let it get to you. I  
always feel like screaming when you  
walk into a room. In fact, so do  
most people.

He starts leading the way out. Sherlock makes to follow, but  
Donovan - still at the table - speaks up.

DONOVAN  
Brilliant work, you did. Finding  
those kids, from just a footprint.  
Really amazing.

SHERLOCK  
Thankyou.

He makes to the door.

DONOVAN  
Unbelievable.

Sherlock hesitates in the doorway - then, without turning to  
look at her, just heads on.

As he clears frame, we're left with a shot of the three I O U  
windows across the street. A man standing at the central  
window, staring through the oval of the O.

75A EXT. STREET. DAY

75A

JOHN and SHERLOCK hailing a CAB.

JOHN  
You okay?

SHERLOCK  
Thinking.  
(Hailing cab)  
This is my cab - you get the next  
one.

JOHN  
Why?



SHERLOCK  
You might talk.

He's already climbing into the cab ...

76 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INCIDENT ROOM. NIGHT

76

DONOVAN enters the incident room. Shuts the door. Switches on the light.

The evidence still spread across the table - the note in SHERLOCK'S handwriting - the five chemicals traces.

We can see the cogs turning in her mind. A voice from the door -

- LESTRADE, standing there.

LESTRADE  
Problem?

76A INT. CAB. DAY

76A

SHERLOCK, in the back of the cab, lost in his own thoughts, dark and so troubled. There's light flickering on his face, he glances towards it ...

Sherlock's POV. It's one of the cabs with a telly. The sound is turned down, but it's some kind of Jackanory-style kids show. There are illustrations of Knights in armour, fighting dragons, and there's a STORY-TELLER sitting in a big chair.

SHERLOCK  
(To the CABBIE)  
Could you turn that off, please?

But the CABBIE, talking away on the phone, not listening. Irritated, Sherlock's eyes flash back to the screen -

- and now he's staring.

On screen: closer on the storyteller on the screen - it's JIM MORIARTY.

Sherlock, now scrabbling to find the volume control ...

79 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INCIDENT ROOM. NIGHT

79

LESTRADE, DONOVAN.

DONOVAN  
A footprint, that's all he had. A  
*footprint.*

LESTRADE

Well you know what he's like -  
CSI Baker Street.

DONOVAN

Our boys couldn't have done it.

LESTRADE

That's why we need him. He's  
better.

DONOVAN

That's *one* explanation.

LESTRADE

What's the other?

80

INT. CAB. NIGHT

80

SHERLOCK just staring at the screen - the impossible  
screen. JIM talking away from his storyteller's armchair

JIM

(On screen)

Sir Boast-A-Lot was bravest and  
cleverest Knight at the round  
table. But soon the other Knights  
grew tired of all his stories,  
about brave he was and how many  
dragons he'd slain. And soon some  
of them even began to wonder if all  
Sir Boast-A-Lot's stories were  
true...

On Sherlock's face - what? *What??*

81

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. INCIDENT ROOM. NIGHT

81

LESTRADE and DONOVAN.

DONOVAN

Only *he* could have found that  
evidence. And then the girl  
screams her head off when she  
sees him. A man she'd never seen  
before. Unless she *had* seen  
before.

LESTRADE

What's your point?

DONOVAN

You *know* what my point is. You just  
don't want to think about it!

Lestrade's mobile rings. He answers.

LESTRADE

Lestrade.

Covers the phone.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(Whispers to Donovan)

Chief Super. Talk later.

She turns on her heel, starts stalking out.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

Sir?

As he listens, his eyes drift to all the evidence. Over this we hear JIM'S STORYTELLING VOICE (perhaps even inter-cutting with his face on the screen.)

JIM

And so a Knight went to Arthur, and told him they didn't believe all Sir Boast-A-Lot's stories. And after a while even the King began to wonder...

We have now close in on Lestrade's troubled face.

81A INT. CAB. NIGHT

81A

On JIM's on screen.

JIM

But that wasn't the end of Sir Boast-A-Lot's problem. No, that wasn't the *final* problem.

And the screen clicks off, because -

- the cab has stopped. The driver has already slammed down the window, awaiting payment.

SHERLOCK

What was that?

He's now tearing out of the cab -

81B EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

81B

- and racing round to the driver's window.

SHERLOCK

What was it -

And he realises - *the Cab Driver is Jim Moriarty!!!*

JIM

No charge!

And he roars off, taking off at top speed.

Sherlock, racing after him now, doesn't see -

- a car coming towards him fast! The DRIVER texting someone, not noticing SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK is about to be hit with the full force. The car rushing at him, and then -

Someone steps out of nowhere and saves him.

He lies there on the pavement with his rescuer - a burly SHAVEN-HEADED MAN with a tattooed neck. Lying right on top of SHERLOCK in the street.

Slowly they dusk themselves off and stand.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

SHERLOCK clasps his hand warmly.

And as he does the SHAVEN-HEADED MAN suddenly gets shot in the back -

*Twice!*

*No three times!*

*From three different directions! Bang bang bang.*

He slumps into SHERLOCK'S arms, bleeding.

*What the hell just happened here?*

JOHN

(Calling from off)

Sherlock?

John, climbing out another cab now racing towards him.

83

INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INCIDENT ROOM. NIGHT

83

Darkness. DONOVAN at a computer.

She's playing the CCTV tape of CLAUDIE RUHL. In the movie SHERLOCK enters the room and she starts to scream. Scream scream scream.

Freeze frame on her screaming face.

And then a knock at the door. ANDERSON enters.

ANDERSON

Got your text.

DONOVAN  
Something I need you to see.

84 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

84

SHERLOCK and JOHN.

Blue light flashing - ambulance taking the body away. JOHN recognises the tattoo on the neck of the dead man.

JOHN  
Sulej - something. Sulejmani.  
That was it. Mycroft showed me  
this whole big fat file. Albanian  
gangster living two doors down  
from us.

SHERLOCK  
He died because I shook his hand.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Saved my life, but couldn't touch  
me. Why?

Jumps up and heads back to the flat, JOHN scuttling after -

85 INT. 221B BAKER STREET, HALL. NIGHT

85

SHERLOCK runs in excited, JOHN after.

SHERLOCK  
Four assassins living on our  
doorstep. They haven't come here  
to kill me. They have to keep me  
alive!

86 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

86

SHERLOCK runs in - sits down in front of his laptop.

SHERLOCK  
I've got something that they ALL  
want. But whoever approaches  
me...

JOHN  
(Realises)  
...the others kill him before he  
can get it.

SHERLOCK and JOHN at the computer - checking the wifi  
networks list. **'New networks available.'**

Some of them have names in other languages: Russian, Albanian, Czech...

SHERLOCK

There's a surveillance web,  
centring on us right now.

JOHN

What have you got that's so  
important?

On SHERLOCK. No idea.

He runs his finger across the table and stares at the *layer of dust...*

*Dust...*

SHERLOCK

We need to ask about the dusting.

On JOHN - *what??*

SCENE 87 CUT

88 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

88

DONOVAN and ANDERSON - come to see LESTRADE together.

LESTRADE

No! No way.

ANDERSON

Just hear Sally out, would you?

DONOVAN

He saved them in the nick of  
time. Covered himself in glory.

LESTRADE

You're not seriously suggesting  
he's involved?

ANDERSON

I think we have to entertain the  
possibility.

(Lestrade about to  
protest)

It was a set up. He abducted  
those kids. Left the whole trail  
of evidence.

LESTRADE

He's solved dozens of cases for  
us in the past! Why would he  
stage a hoax one?

ANDERSON

Got an image to maintain.

She tosses a newspaper across to him. KITTY'S by-line.  
**'EXCLUSIVE IN SUNDAY'S PAPER - SHERLOCK: SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT  
HERO SLEUTH'.**

**'CLOSE FRIEND RICHARD BROOK TELLS ALL'.**

DONOVAN

We have to question him at least.

Beat. LESTRADE breathes deeply.

LESTRADE

OK. I'll do it.

89 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

89

SHERLOCK and MRS. HUDSON are doing an inventory of the  
dusting - examining every nook and cranny.

SHERLOCK

Precise details. The last week.  
What's been cleaned?

MRS. HUDSON

Well, Tuesday I did your lino.

SHERLOCK

No. Here. This room. This is  
where we'll find it. Any breaks  
in the dust layer. They can put  
back anything but dust. Dust is  
eloquent.

A knock at the door. JOHN goes to answer.

MRS. HUDSON

(To John)

What's he on about?

JOHN shrugs.

SHERLOCK

Cameras. We're being watched.

MRS. HUDSON

What?? There's cameras here? I'm  
in my nightie.

He thinks he's found one... the top bookshelf. Something has  
wiped the dust away. Eureka! A little camera up there.

*POV camera. SHERLOCK up close, playing with it.*

JOHN appears with LESTRADE.

SHERLOCK  
No, Inspector.

LESTRADE  
What?

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

SHERLOCK  
'No'. That's the answer.

LESTRADE  
You haven't heard the question.

SHERLOCK  
You want me to come down to the station. Just saving you the trouble of asking.

LESTRADE  
Sherlock...

SHERLOCK  
The scream.

LESTRADE  
Yes, look...

SHERLOCK  
Who was it? Donovan? I bet it was Donovan. 'Am I somehow responsible for the kidnapping?' Oh, Moriarty's smart. He put that doubt in her head. That little nagging sensation. You'll have to be strong to resist it.

LESTRADE  
Look -

SHERLOCK  
A man who could corrupt a jury. Making a girl scream was amateur hour. He's got inside your heads. Clever, clever. How can you kill an idea? You can't. Not once it makes a home there.

LESTRADE  
Will you come?

SHERLOCK  
One photograph. That's the next move.



LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

Moriarty's game. First the scream. Then I'm photographed being taken in for questioning. He wants to destroy me inch by inch. He's going to turn me into a fraud, probably using the press.

On JOHN - genuine concern.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's a game, Lestrade. And it's not one I'm willing to play. Not when I've got a proper mystery on my doorstep.

Hits a button on his laptop - he's managed to hack into the signal from the surveillance camera.

The screen shows them all standing there right now.

90 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

90

LESTRADE leaving the building. Climbs into his car.

DONOVAN and ANDERSON are sitting there, waiting for him. LESTRADE shakes his head.

91 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

91

JOHN peeping out of the curtains at the car below. It drives off.

SHERLOCK at the computer - trying to hack into more surveillance cameras.

SHERLOCK

He'll be deciding.

JOHN

Deciding?

SHERLOCK

Whether to come back with a warrant and arrest me.

JOHN

You think?

SHERLOCK

Standard procedure.

JOHN

You should have gone with him.  
People will think...

SHERLOCK

I don't care what people think.

JOHN

You'd care if they thought you  
were stupid or wrong.

SHERLOCK

No, that just means that *they're*  
stupid or wrong doesn't it?

JOHN

Sherlock! I don't want the whole  
world believing you're --

SHERLOCK

What? That I'm *what*?

JOHN

A fraud.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

You're worried they're right.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

You're worried they're right  
about me.

JOHN

No!

SHERLOCK

That's why you're so upset. You  
don't even want to entertain the  
possibility. You're afraid that  
you've been taken in as well.

JOHN

No! No way.

SHERLOCK

Moriarty's playing with your mind  
too. Can't you see what's  
happening?

Silence. An uncomfortable stand-off.

JOHN

I know you're for real.

SHERLOCK  
A hundred per cent?

JOHN  
Yes. Nobody could fake being such  
an annoying bastard *all* the time.

A little smile from SHERLOCK.

92 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, CHIEF SUPER'S OFFICE. NIGHT 92

LESTRADE, DONOVAN, ANDERSON in with the CHIEF SUPER. He  
leans back in his chair, frowning.

CHIEF SUPER  
Sherlock Holmes?

LESTRADE  
Yes, sir.

CHIEF SUPER  
That bloke who's been in the  
press?

LESTRADE  
Mm-hm.

CHIEF SUPER  
I thought he was just some sort  
of... Private Eye.

LESTRADE  
He is.

CHIEF SUPER  
But we've been consulting him?  
That's what you're telling me?  
(Lestrade nods)  
We haven't been using him for  
any... proper cases though, have  
we?

An eloquent pause.

CHIEF SUPER (CONT'D)  
I mean we haven't let him near  
any crime scenes, or anything.

LESTRADE  
One or two...

ANDERSON  
(Mutters)  
Or twenty or thirty.

CHIEF SUPER  
(Explodes)  
What?

LESTRADE

(Like a guilty child)  
I wasn't the only senior officer  
who did it! Gregson called him in  
for that triple murder. Even let  
him take some of the evidence  
home with him.

CHIEF SUPER

So. An amateur detective given  
access to all sorts of classified  
information. And now he's a  
suspect in a case. Do you have  
any idea how this looks??

LESTRADE

Sir...

CHIEF SUPER

You bloody idiot, Lestrade. Bring  
him in. Right now.  
(They don't move)  
Do it!

CUT TO:

Corridor. LESTRADE, ANDERSON, DONOVAN leaving side by side.

LESTRADE

Proud of yourselves?

ANDERSON

What if it's not just this case?  
What if he's done this to us  
every single time?

They hurry out to arrest SHERLOCK. LESTRADE hangs back and  
dials his mobile.

93

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

93

JOHN hangs up his phone.

JOHN

Still got some friends on the  
force. Lestrade. Says they're all  
coming over here right now.  
They'll be queuing up to slap on  
the handcuffs - every single  
officer you've ever made feel  
like a tit. Which is a lot of  
people.

Knock at the door. MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

Oo-ooh. Sorry. Am I interrupting?

(CONT'D)

MRS. HUDSON  
Some chap delivered a parcel. I  
forgot. Marked perishable. I had  
to sign.

Offers them a padded envelope. A red padded envelope.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)  
Funny name. German. Like the  
fairy tales.

SHERLOCK stares at JOHN. They both know the significance.  
Grabs the note from MRS. HUDSON and studies it.

SHERLOCK rips it open.

Inside - a gingerbread man. Over-done. Blackened at the  
edges.

SHERLOCK  
Burnt to a crisp.

JOHN  
What's it mean?

Bang bang bang on the door. MRS. HUDSON runs down to  
answer.

Blue lights flashing at the windows. The POLICE have come.

94 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

94

LESTRADE leading the team. Speaking with no enthusiasm. MRS  
HUDSON is in tears.

LESTRADE  
Sherlock Holmes. I'm arresting  
you on suspicion of abduction and  
kidnapping.

JOHN loses it big time as they try to drag his friend away.

JOHN  
Sherlock...

SHERLOCK  
It's alright.

JOHN  
No way, it's ridiculous...

LESTRADE  
Get him downstairs. Now.

JOHN tries to intervene.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Don't try to interfere or I'll  
arrest you too.

And SHERLOCK is dragged downstairs. JOHN left in the room  
with SALLY DONOVAN.

Silence. And then...

DONOVAN

I said it. First time we met.

JOHN

Don't...

DONOVAN

Solving crime won't be enough.  
One day he'll cross the line. Ask  
yourself: what kind of man would  
kidnap those kids, just so he  
could impress us all by finding  
them.

Door opens. The CHIEF SUPER walks in. Come to survey the  
scene. Doesn't see JOHN behind him.

CHIEF SUPER

Donovan.

DONOVAN

Sir.

CHIEF SUPER

Got our man.

DONOVAN

Yes, sir.

CHIEF SUPER

Looked like a bit of a weirdo, if  
you ask me. Often are, these  
vigilante types.

Studies the flat - the skull on the mantelpiece. Grunts  
contemptuously.

John is glaring at him.

CHIEF SUPER (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

SHERLOCK outside by the police van. Armed support unit -  
the CHIEF SUPER has pulled out all the stops for this  
arrest, just as JOHN predicted.

The front door opens and JOHN is bundled out.

SHERLOCK  
Joining me?

JOHN  
Uh-huh. Apparently it's against  
the law to chin the Chief  
Superintendent.

A POLICEMAN handcuffs them together

The CHIEF SUPER comes out with a handkerchief pressed to  
his lip.

SHERLOCK  
Bit awkward this.

JOHN  
Mm. No-one to bail us out.

SHERLOCK  
I was thinking more about our  
imminent daring escape.

Did JOHN just hear that correctly?

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK reaches into the open POLICE CAR (JOHN too,  
because they're cuffed together) and turns up the volume on  
the radio unit. There is a spare ear-piece on the dashboard  
- he holds it next to the speaker.

All the ARMED OFFICERS (wearing ear pieces) suddenly cringe  
in pain - the feedback is deafening.

SHERLOCK grabs a gun turns it on them.

SHERLOCK  
Ladies and gentlemen. If you  
could all please kneel.

All the officers turn and stare - LESTRADE, DONOVAN, THE  
CHIEF SUPER.

SHERLOCK pulls back the trigger.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Now would be good.

They all comply.

JOHN  
Just so you're aware - the gun is  
his idea. I'm just - you know...

SHERLOCK

My hostage.

JOHN

Yeah. OK. Hostage works.

Whispers to SHERLOCK.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What happens now?

SHERLOCK

I do what Jim wants. Become a fugitive.

96 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

96

SHERLOCK and JOHN running through the back alleys. Cuffed together so they have to hold hands.

JOHN

(Breathless)

Now they'll definitely talk.

97 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

97

JOHN and SHERLOCK running through the city at night, darting through the shadows, cuffed together -

SHERLOCK scrabbles over a fence -

JOHN

Sherlock, wait.

But he won't wait. He dives over the fence fast and they're left hanging there, one either side, face to face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're going to need to coordinate.

CUT TO:

They sink down in an alley, panting. A police car zooms past - searching for them.

SHERLOCK

(Whispers)

Everyone wants to believe it.  
That's what makes it so clever -  
a lie that's more appealing than  
the truth. All my brilliant  
deductions were a sham. No-one  
feels inadequate. Sherlock's just  
an ordinary man.



JOHN

What about Mycroft? He could help us.

SHERLOCK

Big family reconciliation - not really the moment.

JOHN thinks he spots someone in the shadows.

JOHN

Sherlock - there's someone behind us.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

In the shadows. The police have found us.

SHERLOCK

It's not the police. They couldn't get a tail on us that fast. It's one of our new neighbours from Baker Street. Well, maybe he'll give us some answers...

And he darts from the shadows, dragging JOHN with him.

JOHN

Where are we going?

SHERLOCK

We're jumping in front of that bus.

Drags JOHN up and they run into a busy road. They are caught, side by side, in the headlights of an oncoming double decker.

Suddenly a DARK MAN sprints from the shadows - all dressed in black, hooded.

He grabs them, pulls them back to the pavement.

SHERLOCK seizes the opportunity - reaches into the MAN'S jacket and pulls out a gun. Aims it straight at him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What is it that you want from me?

Cocks the trigger.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Tell me.

DARK MAN

He left it at your flat.

SHERLOCK

He?

DARK MAN

Moriarty.

SHERLOCK

What?

DARK MAN

The computer key code.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Of course. He's selling it. The programme that he used to break into the Tower. He planted it when he came over.

Gunshot!

Someone has just shot the DARK MAN in the back. Two shots.

They see a police car coming and make a run for it again.

98

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

98

SHERLOCK and JOHN at a late-night Kebab van.

SHERLOCK

A game changer - the ultimate key  
- it can break into any system.  
And it's sitting in our flat  
right now.

FLASHBACK -

'GET SHERLOCK' written in big black letters on the glass of the Tower of London.

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

That's why he wrote the message -  
telling everyone where to come.  
Get Sherlock!

FLASHBACK -

JIM sitting with his apple at 221B.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We have to get inside the flat  
and search.

JOHN

CID will be camped out.

(Breath)

Why plant it on you?

SHERLOCK

Another subtle way of smearing my  
name - now I'm best pals with all  
those criminals.

A news van drops a stack of papers outside a doorway.  
Another advert for KITTY'S story.

JOHN

Seen this?

Rips the page out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Kiss and tell. Some bloke called  
Brook. Rich Brook. Who is he?

SHERLOCK as if he has suddenly been hit over the head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I don't think you've ever  
mentioned him.

99 EXT/INT. SUBURBAN STREET/FLAT. NIGHT

99

Car parking in a suburban street. A woman jumps out and  
locks it - KITTY.

Goes to her front door - raises the key to the lock but the  
door swings open of its own accord. OMG! Someone has broken  
in to her flat.

She pushes the door gently - it creaks open - and peers  
inside. No sign of anyone. No evidence of a disturbance.

Into the lounge - switches on the light.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are sitting there in the darkness - still  
handcuffed.

SHERLOCK holds the business card she gave him.

SHERLOCK

Too late to go on the record?

100 INT. FLAT. NIGHT

100

SHERLOCK/KITTY/JOHN. In KITTY'S flat.

She has given them a hairpin - SHERLOCK releases the  
handcuffs.

SHERLOCK

Congratulations. The truth about  
Sherlock Holmes. Everybody wanted  
the scoop and you got it. Bravo.

KITTY

I gave you your opportunity. I wanted to be on your side, remember? You turned me down. So -

SHERLOCK

I did. And then - lo and behold! - someone else turns up to spill the beans. How utterly convenient. Who is Brook?

She shrugs: 'Dunno'.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Kitty. You don't trust a voice on the end of a telephone. There were furtive little meetings in cafes. There were sessions in hotel rooms where he gabbled away into your dictaphone.

Her silence is assent - SHERLOCK is quite right.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How did you know you could trust him? A man turns up with the Holy Grail in his pocket. What were his credentials?

Behind them, the front door bangs. And coming into the room, with bags of shopping is -

Jim Moriarty! (But different - different accent, different voice, different manner.)

JIM

Couldn't get any ground coffee, so I got some instant - I prefer instant, don't you?

He sees John and Sherlock, jolts to a halt, drops the shopping.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

JOHN

... Moriarty?

JIM

(Rounds on Kitty)  
You said he wouldn't find me - you said I'd be safe here.

KITTY

You are safe, Richard. I'm a witness, he wouldn't harm you in front of witnesses.

JOHN

What, he's her source? Moriarty?  
He's Richard Brook?

KITTY

Of course he's Richard Brook -  
there is no Moriarty, there never  
has been.

JOHN

... what? Sorry, what?

On Sherlock - impassive, this is worse than he thought.

Kitty has picked up a copy of Spotlight, tosses it to John.

KITTY

Look him up - in Spotlight. Rich  
Brook. An actor Sherlock Holmes  
hired to be Moriarty.

JIM

Dr. Watson, I know you're a decent  
man. Please don't hurt me.

JOHN

You're Moriarty. We *met* remember -  
you were going to blow me up!!

JIM

I'm sorry. He paid me, I was out of  
work, needed the money, I'm *sorry*.

JOHN

Sherlock, explain - I'm not getting  
it.

KITTY

Oh, I'll be doing the explaining -  
in print.

Tosses him a copy of her story - a proof of what will be in  
the paper.

KITTY (CONT'D)

It's all there. Conclusive proof.  
You invented James Moriarty -  
your nemesis.

JOHN

Invented him??

KITTY

Mm-hm. You invented all the  
crimes, actually - and to cap it  
all you made up a master villain.

JOHN

That's -! Don't be so bloody stupid.

KITTY

Ask him! He's right here, just ask him. Tell him, Richard.

JOHN

For God's sake. This man was on trial!

KITTY

Yes.

(to Sherlock)

And you paid him. Paid him to take the rap. Promised you'd rig the jury. Not exactly a West End role, but I'll bet the money was good.

(Grins)

But not so good he didn't want to sell his story.

JIM

I'm so sorry. I really am

JOHN looks between them - utterly amazed.

SHERLOCK

And that's what you're publishing on Sunday? That's the big conclusion of this story. Moriarty is an actor?

JIM

But you know I am. I can prove it. Kitty show them.

She opens a folder on her laptop - A folder of articles about BROOK.

Birth certificate, CV, reviews of plays that he's been in!  
(Can we have some pictures of JIM in tights playing Hamlet?)

JIM has really done a thorough job inventing himself.

JIM (CONT'D)

(To John)

You must have seen me - I was on that kids show, I was the storyteller. It's on DVD.

He points to a picture from the Storyteller show.

JIM (CONT'D)

(To Sherlock)

Sherlock, just tell him - it's all coming out anyway, it's all over.

On Sherlock - a flash of anger in those eyes, now stepping forward to Jim.

Jim cowers back, truly frightened.

JIM (CONT'D)

Don't you hit me. Don't you dare  
lay a finger on me!!

SHERLOCK

Enough of this. Stop it, stop it  
*right now!*

Jim, staring at him, appalled but fascinated.

JIM

Jesus, look at you. It's like you  
think it's all real. Just how mad  
are you?

KITTY

Mad enough to invent his own super-  
villain, so he could look good.

(to John)

Dr. Watson, please just think about  
it. An arch-enemy? A master  
criminal? How real does any of this  
seem to you? Who's the one man who  
could make this stuff up?

On John - almost like he's rocked for a moment. Then -

Jim is bolting for it, racing down the hall, slamming into  
the bathroom. Sherlock, racing after him.

Doors locked! Kicks it once, twice. The door slams open.

Jim is gone. John leaps towards the window, Sherlock holds  
him back.

SHERLOCK

He'll have back-up

Kitty is behind them in the hallway.

KITTY

You know what, Sherlock Holmes - I  
look at you now and I can *read* you.  
And - You. Repel. Me.

Sherlock, striding past her now!

JOHN

Can he do it? Change his whole  
identity.

Close on Sherlock's face. He blinks, thinking, memory  
slamming into his mind.

FLASH: Jim, on the screen in cab.

FLASH: Jim, as the cabbie.

FLASH: the distant figure of JIM staring through the oval of  
the O on the window.

FLASH: Sherlock in Baker Street, turning to see the Jim has  
vanished.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Make you the criminal.

SHERLOCK holds the copy KITTY has given him.

SHERLOCK

He's got my whole life story.  
That's how you sell a big lie -  
you wrap it in truth to make it  
palatable.

JOHN takes it, reads.

JOHN

It'll be your word against his.

SHERLOCK

Which is why he's spent twenty-  
four hours sowing doubts in  
people's minds. The only thing to  
make his game complete would  
be...

Freezes - deep in thought. Eyes wide. He's just realised  
how this is going to end.

JOHN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Go home. There's something I need  
to do.

JOHN

What? Can I help?

SHERLOCK

No. Go home.

And he's walking off into the night.



102 INT. BART'S. NIGHT

102

MOLLY finishing her shift - very late.

Hangs up her coat in her locker. And she becomes aware that she's not alone. There's someone in the shadows, watching. She stiffens in utter fright.

MOLLY

Who's that? Who's there?

That familiar voice.

SHERLOCK

You're wrong, you know. You do count.

Sherlock Holmes, stepping from the shadows.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You have always counted and I have always trusted you. But you were also right. I'm not okay.

MOLLY

Tell me what's wrong.

SHERLOCK

Molly ... I think I'm going to die.

Beat. She remembers their conversation from before.

MOLLY

What do you need?

Sherlock: stepping closer. His face, pained, troubled.

SHERLOCK

If I wasn't everything you think I am ... everything I think I am ... would you still want to help me?

MOLLY

(A beat)

What do you need?

A silence. Another step closer.

SHERLOCK

You.

103 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT

103

Pall Mall.

Brass plate. *The Diogenes*.

104 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. NIGHT

104

Very late, dim lights. MYCROFT arrives in the Strangers Room at the Club. Sits down at his regular place and -

JOHN is there waiting for him, in the high-backed chair.

MYCROFT

John!

JOHN hands MYCROFT the proof of KITTY'S story.

Long pause whilst MYCROFT reads.

JOHN

She's really done her homework, Miss Riley. Stuff that only someone close to Sherlock could know.

MYCROFT

Ah.

JOHN

Have you checked your brother's address book lately? Two names. Yours and mine. And Moriarty didn't get this stuff from me. So...

MYCROFT

(Hears the accusation)

John...

JOHN

How does your relationship work? You two get together for a coffee now and then? You and psycho boy?

MYCROFT

Now, John...

JOHN

Your own brother! Your *only* brother. And you blab about his whole bloody life to that maniac!

MYCROFT

I never intended... I mean, I never dreamed...

JOHN

This - this is what you were trying to tell me, isn't it? 'Watch his back. Because I've made a mistake'.

(Beat)

How d'you meet him?

MYCROFT

People like James Moriarty. We watch them. We know about them. The most dangerous criminal mind the world has ever seen. And in his pocket - the ultimate weapon too. A key code - a few lines of computer code that can unlock any door.

JOHN

You abducted him - to try to get the key code.

MYCROFT

Interrogated him for weeks.

JOHN

And?

MYCROFT

He wouldn't play along. Just sat there - staring into the darkness.

FLASHBACK to JIM in a cell, surrounded by men in grey suits - his interrogators. His eyes closed.

MYCROFT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only thing that made him open up...

In the FLASHBACK MYCROFT enters the cell. JIM'S eyes flick open like a reptile. Stares.

Back to the Diogenes -

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

I could get him to talk, just a little, but -

JOHN

(Disgusted)

In return you had to offer him Sherlock's life story.

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

One big lie, - Sherlock's a fraud. People will swallow it because it's wrapped up in all these truths. Moriarty wanted Sherlock destroyed and you've given him the perfect ammunition.

He makes to go.

MYCROFT

John.

John turns.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry. Tell him, would you?

John stalks out.

105 INT. BART'S. NIGHT

105

JOHN comes back to Bart's to find SHERLOCK sitting in the dark. A squash ball in his hand - bouncing it around.

JOHN

Got your message

SHERLOCK

That computer code is the key to this. We find it we can use it. Beat Moriarty at his own game.

JOHN

What do you mean 'use it'?

SHERLOCK

He's created a false identity...

JOHN

(Realises, excited)  
You mean go into those records and destroy Brook? Bring Jim Moriarty back again?

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in 221B - somewhere, on the day of the verdict - he left it hidden...

FLASHBACK -

JUMP CUT through a sequence of memories -

JIM arriving in the flat -

JIM sitting in the chair -

JIM eating the apple -

JOHN

What did he touch?

SHERLOCK

An apple. Nothing else.

JOHN

Did he write anything down?

SHERLOCK

No.

Sherlock's screws his eyes shut. Thinks, thinks, thinks.

He starts drumming his fingers on the arm of the chair.

Suddenly his eyes flash open. He looks furtively over at John and takes out his phone.

Finds the text from Jim from months ago. Chooses 'Reply'.

**'Come and play. Bart's Hospital. Rooftop. SH. PS. Got something of yours you might want back.'**

Send.

106 INT. BART'S LABORATORY. DAY

106

Later. Dawn is breaking.

SHERLOCK playing with the squash ball. JOHN's phone buzzes.

JOHN

Hello?

(Listens)

Yes. I'm John Watson. Yes?

(Sherlock glances over)

What?

John's face falls. It's seriously bad news.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Is she ok? What happened?

(listens)

Oh God. I'm coming. Ok. I'm coming now.

He hangs up.

SHERLOCK

What is it?

JOHN

Paramedics. Mrs Hudson. She's been shot.

SHERLOCK

What? How?

JOHN

(Angry)

I don't know!

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

One of those bloody killers  
you've managed to attract! *Jesus*.  
She's dying, Sherlock. Come on.

He dashes to the door.

SHERLOCK

You go. I'm busy.

JOHN

*Busy?*

SHERLOCK

Thinking. I need to think.

JOHN

(Appalled)

You've got to - Doesn't she mean  
*anything* to you?

SHERLOCK

She's my landlady.

JOHN

She's *dying*, you  
bloody...machine!

He despairs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh sod this. You stay here if you  
want to. On your own.

SHERLOCK

Alone is what I have. Alone  
protects me.

JOHN

Friends protect people.

Sherlock shrugs.

JOHN looks at him with utter disgust, then grabs his coat  
and rushes out.

SHERLOCK'S mobile beeps. Message says: '**Waiting**'.

SHERLOCK watches as the door swings shut after John, then  
calmly heads for the exit.

107 EXT. BART'S ROOFTOP. DAY

107

Sunlight. Dawn. SHERLOCK steps out on to the roof of Bart's.  
Suddenly... Music.

'Staying Alive'. Just like in episode one.

JIM waiting for him - sitting precariously on the edge of the building. The music is coming from his phone, sitting in a speaker.

JIM

Lovely morning. Well, here we at last. You and me, Sherlock. And our problem. The final problem. Did you guess it?

The song hits the chorus.

JIM (CONT'D)

Staying alive. It's just so boring. Isn't it? It's just ... *staying*. I've been searching all my life for distractions. You were the best - and now I don't even have you. Because I've beaten you - and you know what, in the end it was easy. So easy. And now it's back to playing with the ordinary people again - and it turns out you're one of them after all. Boo.

For a moment he's just staring, haunted - like he's really lost something. Then he pulls himself together - to business!

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh well!

(teasingly)

Come on. Admit it. Did you almost start to wonder if I was real? Did I nearly get you? Did I?

SHERLOCK

Richard Brook.

JIM

No one seems to get the joke. But you do.

SHERLOCK

Of course.

JIM

Attaboy.

SHERLOCK

Rich Brook. In German it's 'Reichenbach'.

FLASHBACK to Auction House.

A lush Romantic painting -

The REICHENBACH falls.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The case that made my name.

Back to Bart's -

JIM  
Just trying to have some fun. Not  
cross, are you?

SHERLOCK shrugs: doesn't mind.

He taps his fingers on the wall. A distinctive rhythm.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Oh, good. You got that too.

FLASHBACK to JIM drumming his fingers.

*Da - dada - da - da- dadadah - da - dada - da!*

SHERLOCK  
The beats. Like digits.

FLASHBACK - JIM still drumming.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Every beat is a one - every rest a  
zero. Binary code. That's why all  
those assassins tried to save my  
life - it was hidden on me. Hidden  
inside my head. A few lines of  
computer code that can break inside  
any system!

JIM  
(Grins)  
Told all my clients - last one to  
get to Sherlock is a sissy.

SHERLOCK  
Yes. But now I've got the code here  
-  
(taps his head)  
- I can alter all the records you  
created - kill Rich Brook and bring  
back Jim Moriarty.

JIM starts to laugh.

JIM  
Oh my. You're so easy to tease.  
*There is no key, doofus.* Those  
digits are utterly meaningless.

SHERLOCK looks crestfallen.



JIM (CONT'D)

You really think a couple of lines of code are going to crash the whole world around our ears? I'm disappointed in you, *ordinary* Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

But the rhythm...

JIM

Partita no.1. I earned a billion thanks to Johann Sebastian Bach.

SHERLOCK

Then --

JIM

How did I break in? To the bank, the Tower, the prison? Daylight robbery. Just takes some willing participants.

FLASHBACK.

The Tower of London. Security Room. Two SECURITY GUARDS watching, a SECURITY GUARD says something like, " fancy a cuupa?"

The colleague goes out.

The one left alone starts to press the buttons to shut all the doors and turn off the lasers.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Back to rooftop -

JIM (CONT'D)

I knew you'd fall for it. Your weakness - you always want everything to be *clever*. Now. Shall we finish the game? One final act. Glad you chose a tall building. Groovy way to do it.

SHERLOCK

Do what?

Silence. SHERLOCK stares.

And then he 'realises' with horror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah yes. Of course. My suicide.

JIM

Disgraced detective - proved to be a fraud. I read it in the press so it must be true. I love newspapers. Nothing's ever tentative. Everything's sooo black and white. Fairy tales. And pretty Grimm ones too.

CUT TO:

107A EXT. BAKER ST. DAY. 107A

A cab screeches to a halt outside 221B and JOHN jumps out. He scrabbles with his key in the lock --

107B INT. BAKER ST. HALL. DAY. 107B

-- and thunders up the stairs. He throws open the door to the flat --

107C INT. BAKER ST. FRONT ROOM. DAY. 107C

-- but it's empty. Where are the paramedics? Where is Mrs Hudson?

He looks wildly round. Then races back downstairs.

107D INT. BAKER ST. HALL. DAY. 107D

As he reaches the front door, MRS HUDSON appears in her own flat doorway with a WORKMAN in overalls.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, Dr Watson! You did make me jump.

JOHN

But -

MRS HUDSON

Is everything ok now? With the police? Has Sherlock sorted it all out?

On John: cold, dawning horror.

JOHN

Oh my God.

He tears outside, leaving the door wide open.

107E EXT. BART'S ROOFTOP. DAY.

107E

SHERLOCK

You're too obvious. Getting John out of the way.

JIM

You realised?

SHERLOCK

Please!

JIM

Well... I just wanted us to be alone. No gooseberries.

(smiles)

You did it to yourself, you know? All I did was pull one tiny little thread. All that resentment, you created that - I just had to pull it down on top of you.

SHERLOCK

You haven't won yet.

JIM

No?

SHERLOCK

No. I can prove still my innocence. Prove you made up a whole false identity...

JIM

Killing yourself would really be a lot less effort.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh go on. For me. *Pleeease*.

SHERLOCK

You're insane.

JIM

Are you just getting that? Let me give you a little bit of extra incentive...

He knows what he means without asking.

SHERLOCK

John?

JIM

Not just John. Everyone. EVERYONE.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson.

JIM

Everyone.

SHERLOCK

Lestrade.

JIM

Three bullets. Three gunmen. I have sent three assassins. There's no stopping them now.

CUT to MRS. HUDSON back in her kitchen - brings up a cup of tea for the WORKMAN doing the tiling. Camera lingers on him - his grave expression. Something hard and cruel in his facial expression when her back is turned.

CUT to LESTRADE'S new JUNIOR OFFICER bringing LESTRADE some paperwork. His cold expression.

CUT to a THIRD ASSASIN - in an undisclosed location, taking a rifle out of it's case.

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

They've been given their orders to kill. You can have me arrested - do what you like - nothing will prevent them from pulling the trigger. Your only three friends in the world will die...

Back to the rooftop.

SHERLOCK

...unless I kill myself; complete your story.

JIM

Have to admit it's neater.

SHERLOCK

My reputation has to die as well.

JIM

Of course. That's half the fun of it.

107Fpt1 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

107Fpt1

JOHN desperately trying to grab a cab. He's wide-eyed with panic.

A cab pulls up and a MAN tries to take it. John shoves him violently out of the way and leaps inside.

CUT TO:

107Fpt2 EXT. BART'S ROOFTOP. DAY.

107Fpt2

JIM is now staring down over the balcony. Bart's staff are arriving for work. He yawns - it's all too easy.

JIM

Oh, come on Sherlock - you've even got an audience now. Off you pop. Strawberry jam time.

Sherlock - now looking down, like he's really contemplating the fall, actually doing it.

JIM (CONT'D)

Go on. I've told you how this ends. No alternatives, baby. The only thing that will call off the killers is your death - I'm certainly not going to do it.

SHERLOCK

I take it I'm allowed a moment of privacy.

JIM

Of course.

Sherlock - has taken a step closer to the edge. Jim starts to walk away, but -

- suddenly Sherlock laughs.

This impacts on Jim. What? What??

Sherlock turns. Confident. He's realised something.

JIM (CONT'D)

(Slightly unnerved)  
What? What is it?

Sherlock smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)

*What is it?* What have I missed?

SHERLOCK

You're not going to do it? The killers *can* be called off, then?

On Jim - oops!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's a recall code or a word or a number?

Jim doesn't respond.

Sherlock steps towards him. Framed against the sky. And his smile drops. He looks almost demonic now.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I don't have to die - if I've got you.

JIM

What - you think you're going to make me abort the order? You think you can make me do that?

Sherlock - stepping closer now. So calm, so scary.

SHERLOCK

Yes. And so do you.

Jim faltering back a step.

JIM

Oh, come on. Even your brother and all the King's horses couldn't make me do a thing I didn't want to.

SHERLOCK

I'm not my brother. Remember -

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*I'm you. Prepared to do anything - prepared to burn. Prepared to do what ordinary people won't do. You want me to go the distance. To shake hands in hell, Jim. I'm not going to disappoint you.*

A step closer. But Jim - still smiling, still confident.

JIM

Nah. You talk big, but nah. You're ordinary - you're on the side of the angels.

SHERLOCK

On the side of the angels - yes, maybe. But Jim - don't ever think I'm one of them.

On Jim - oh! As he starts to believe him, and he melts into a smile.

JIM

Oh, you're right. You are, you're me.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)  
 (Heartfelt - almost  
 relieved)  
 And you are good! You're not  
 ordinary after all. Thank you! And  
 bless you, Sherlock Holmes! So long  
 as you've got me, you can save your  
 friends. As long as I'm alive,  
 you've got a way out.  
 (A beat, a grin)  
 Well! Good luck with that!

And casually - easiest thing in the world - he puts the gun  
 to his head and blows his brains out.

His final defeat of SHERLOCK. JIM falls to his knees, smiling -  
 his body crumpling at SHERLOCK'S feet.

CUT TO:

107Fpt3 STREET LEVEL.

107Fpt3

Bystanders looks up. Hear the bullet echo.

107G EXT. BART'S ROOF. DAY.

107G

SHERLOCK looks down from the roof at the scene below.

CUT TO:

JOHN is running up to the hospital entrance. His phone  
 rings. He answers.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
 John -

JOHN  
 Sherlock! Are you ok?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
 Walk over to the other side of  
 the street. Bit tricky to  
 explain.

JOHN  
 What?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
 I'm alright. Just do as I say.

JOHN  
 I'm coming up.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
 No. Please. Just this once. Do as  
 I ask.

Reluctantly JOHN crosses back over the street, away from the hospital -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Stop there.

JOHN  
Sherlock -

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
OK. Look up. I'm on the rooftop right above you. I can't come down, but I wanted to see you, so we'll have to do it here.

CUT between the roof and the street.

A crowd of DOCTORS still gathered below.

JOHN  
What's going on?

SHERLOCK  
Well, an apology.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
It's all true.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Everything Kitty wrote about me.

JOHN'S world suddenly freezes over. He finds it hard to even speak.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I invented Moriarty.

JOHN  
Why are you saying this?

SHERLOCK  
I'm a fake.

JOHN  
Don't. Please.

SHERLOCK  
Every case. All those deductions.

JOHN  
Sherlock...



SHERLOCK

The newspapers were right. Tell  
Lestrade. And Mrs. Hudson. And  
Molly. In fact tell everyone who  
will listen. I created Moriarty  
for my own purposes.

Beat. JOHN just doesn't know how to reply -

JOHN

When we met - the first time we  
met. You knew all about my sister  
-

SHERLOCK

No-one could be that clever.

JOHN

You could.

SHERLOCK

I researched you. Before we met.  
I discovered what I could to  
impress you. It's a trick, John.  
Just a magic trick.

JOHN

(Bellowing)  
Stop it!

JOHN instinctively takes a step onto the road -

SHERLOCK

Don't. Don't move. Stay right  
where you are. Keep your eyes  
fixed on me. I need you to do  
this for me.

JOHN

Do what?

SHERLOCK

This phone call. It's my note, in  
a way. You have to write a note.

JOHN

Write a note when?

POV JOHN. SHERLOCK throws himself off the building...

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Sherlock!!!*

Down, down, down.

Crashing to the ground.

No-one could possible survive an impact of that magnitude.

JOHN rushes across the street - and a CYCLIST knocks into him. John is hurled onto the tarmac. The cyclist doesn't stop.

John's POV as he gets up. It's like he's underwater. Sound, images, all distorted. People try to help him but he pushes them away. It's like slo-mo. Cars and more cyclists and pedestrians get in his way as he runs across the road. Seems to take him an age to reach the bruised and broken body of his friend.

Finds SHERLOCK on the pavement, battered and bleeding, surrounded by DOCTORS. One of the DOCTORS taking a pulse in SHERLOCK'S neck. Shakes his head. John falls to his knees and presses his fingers to Sherlock's wrist.

No pulse. Nothing at all. Utter despair and desolation. His best friend is dead.

He *tries* to cradle SHERLOCK'S dead body in his arms. But a gurney arrives and the DOCTORS whisk the body inside.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Please...please, he's...he's...

The gurney is whisked into the hospital.

John's POV. A young DOCTOR is talking to him but John doesn't seem to be able to hear.

POV across the street - an assassin watching JOHN through the cross-hairs of a rifle. Lowers the gun -

108 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 108

JOHN is in the flat, alone. Silence. Stares around at the familiar room. Does not know how to react. Does not know how to be.

109 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY 109

MYCROFT reads the paper: '**SUICIDE OF FAKE GENIUS**'.

He puts down the paper and stares into space.

110 INT. ROOM. DAY 110

JOHN and ELLA, his therapist. Days later.

ELLA  
There's stuff you wanted to say,  
but didn't say.

JOHN  
Yes.

ELLA

OK. Say it now, John. Say it to me.

JOHN

No. Sorry. Can't.

JOHN cries.

111 INT. CAR. DAY

111

JOHN in the back of a car, travelling through London. MRS. HUDSON beside him. A bouquet of flowers in her hands.

112 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

112

An urban cemetery. Thick carpet of gravestones in the foreground - the spires of the city behind.

A plain black marble headstone has just been set.

MRS. HUDSON and JOHN come to see it. She takes JOHN'S arm. They stand there silently.

Birds tweet. Spring is coming. A few buds on the trees.

MRS. HUDSON

There's all the stuff. All the science equipment. I left it all in boxes. I don't know what needs doing. Thought I might take it to a school.

(Beat)

Would you...?

JOHN

I can't go back to the flat again. Not at the moment.

Camera turns round. Headstone: 'SHERLOCK HOLMES'. (Dates obscured).

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm... angry.

MRS. HUDSON

It's OK, John. Nothing unusual in that. 'S the way he made everyone feel. All those marks on my table. And the noise. Firing guns at half past one in the morning.

JOHN

Yes.

MRS. HUDSON  
 Bloody specimens in my fridge.  
 Imagine - keeping bodies where  
 there's food.

JOHN  
 (Irritated by this  
 tirade)  
 Yep.

MRS. HUDSON  
 And the fighting. Drove me up the  
 wall with all his carrying on.

JOHN  
 Yep. OK. I'm not actually *that*  
 angry.

Beat.

MRS. HUDSON  
 I'll leave you alone to - you  
 know.

And she scuttles away. Long silence. And then -

JOHN  
 You told me once that you weren't  
 a hero. And there were days I  
 didn't even think you were human.  
 But you know what? You were the  
 best man, and the most human  
 human being I have ever known.  
 And nothing will ever make me  
 believe that you lied to me.

He pulls *that scarf* out of his pocket and wraps it around the  
 tombstone.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I was so lost, and I owe you so  
 much - but sorry, mate, there's  
 just one more thing. One more  
 miracle, Sherlock. Don't be dead.  
 Please. For me - just stop it. Just  
 stop being dead.

Crying now. And he turns, and starts walking away. We hold on  
 him, a lonely figure, heading away.

Take our time with this, watch him climb in the cab with  
 MRS. HUDSON and drive away.

And at the last possible moment the camera whips round.

There is SHERLOCK, watching everything. Watching JOHN  
 leaving.

BLACK.

END OF EPISODE