



HARTSWOOD  
FILMS

**SHERLOCK SERIES 3**

Episode 1 - "The Empty  
Hearse"

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FINAL

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1 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

1

A stark black gravestone. Dead flowers wilted round the base, messages scrawled on damp cards. The ink has run. It's like a shrine.

The stone's a bit grubby but the name in gold letters is unmistakable -

**SHERLOCK HOLMES**

A shadow falls across it...

JOHN (V.O.)  
*Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL ROOF. DAY.

2

...flashback...

SHERLOCK, phone in hand, stands on the roof of Bart's. Below him, PASSERS-BY, a red phone-box, a parked laundry van...

SHERLOCK  
(into phone)  
It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

CUT TO:

Behind him, the dead body of JIM still lies, blood pooling around his shattered head.

CUT TO:

JOHN  
No. Alright stop it now.

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK  
No. Stay exactly where you are.  
Don't move.

JOHN  
Alright.

SHERLOCK  
Keep your eyes fixed on me.  
Please would you do this for me.

JOHN  
Do what?

(CONTINUED)

1

2

CONTINUED:

2

SHERLOCK

This phone call. It's my note.  
That's what people do, don't it?  
Leave a note?

JOHN

Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

JOHN

No. Don't!

And Sherlock throws himself from the roof...

JOHN (CONT'D)

*Sherlock!!*

John rushes across the street - and a CYCLIST slams into him. John's hurled to the tarmac. The cyclist doesn't stop.

John doesn't see what happens next...

CUT TO:

3

INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

3

Two MEN in black fatigues manhandle JIM's corpse into a lift. 'Mission Impossible' style cuts.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a contact lens holder. One of the MEN removes a lens with a pair of tweezers.

CUT TO:

They open a case. Inside - a prosthetic SHERLOCK mask!

CUT TO:

They pull the mask over JIM's dead face!

CUT TO:

4

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

4

SHERLOCK falls towards the pavement - a blur of windmilling arms -- but then he's jerked back up by a bungee rope attached to his waist!

John is still sprawled, disorientated on the road.

CUT TO:

5

INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

5

**SMASH!!** SHERLOCK crashes through a window, still attached to the bungee.

MOLLY HOOPER is waiting for him on the other side. With Bond-like nonchalance, he disconnects his harness, kisses her on the mouth and saunters off into the corridor beyond.

CUT TO:

6

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

6

The two MEN appear from inside Bart's, carrying JIM's corpse, now dressed identically to Sherlock. They position him onto the pavement. Slapping at his suit makes blood-bags burst all over his body. PASSERS-BY suddenly spring into action, flocking around him like a shield.

CUT TO:

Disorientated, John gets up.

Someone marches towards him in a hooded Parka.

John's POV. We see it is -

*DERREN BROWN!*

He grabs John by the shoulders and, with a nod, puts him under hypnosis. John's head sinks onto his breast. Quickly Derren slips off John's watch and adjusts the time, then gently lays John out onto the pavement again. He whispers in John's ear and then disappears into the crowd.

John's POV as he comes out of his trance and gets up. It's as if he's underwater. Sound, images, all distorted.

People try to help John but he pushes them away. It's like slo-mo. He staggers towards the broken body of his friend and fights off others as he takes the fake Sherlock's pulse. Nothing.

The gurney, with fake-Sherlock on it, is whisked into the hospital.

Devastated, John just stands there.

The rain falls like angels' tears onto this scene of aching melancholy --

LESTRADE (V.O.)  
**Bollocks.**

HARD CUT TO:

LESTRADE is outside the High Court with ANDERSON. They cradle cups of coffee.

ANDERSON

No, no, no! It's obvious. That's how he did it! It's obvious!

LESTRADE

*Derren Brown?*

Anderson is sweating, dishevelled. There are TV news crews buzzing all over the steps.

LESTRADE

Let it go! Sherlock's dead.

ANDERSON

Is he?

LESTRADE

There was a *body*. It was him. Definitely him. Molly Hooper laid him out!

ANDERSON

She's lying! It was Jim Moriarty's body. With a mask on.

LESTRADE

A mask! A bungee rope, a mask and Derren Brown. Two years and the theories keep getting more stupid. How many more you got for me today?

ANDERSON

Well - did you know all the paving slabs in that area, including the exact ones he landed on, are all -

LESTRADE

Guilt! That's all this is. You pushed us all into thinking Sherlock was a fraud. You and Donovan. You did this, and it killed him, and he's staying dead. Do you honestly believe if you have enough stupid theories it will change what really happened.

A beat on Anderson. Then genuine emotion, tightly reined in.

7

CONTINUED:

7

ANDERSON  
I believe in Sherlock Holmes.

LESTRADE  
That won't bring him back.

A beat on Anderson. Almost mutinous. Cos he's thinking *yes, it will!*

Lestrade glances over at the TV news crews.

CUT TO:

8

TV SCREEN.

8

LIVE NEWS FEED. STRAPLINE: 'SUICIDE DETECTIVE CLEARED.'

REPORTER 1  
...and that after extensive police investigations, Richard Brook did indeed prove to be the creation of James Moriarty...

CUT TO:

9

BACK TO OUTSIDE THE COURT.

9

REPORTER 2  
...uproar in court as Sherlock Holmes vindicated and cleared of all suspicion.

REPORTER 3  
Sadly, all this comes too late for the detective who became something of a celebrity two years ago...

LESTRADE raises his coffee cup.

LESTRADE  
Well then. Absent friends.

Lestrade gives him a beady look. With a sigh he joins the toast.

LESTRADE AND ANDERSON  
*Sherlock.*

They 'clink' cups.

LESTRADE  
God rest his soul.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

10

Reflected in the black granite of Sherlock's gravestone: a lonely figure.

JOHN WATSON. A little older - and with a moustache! He gazes down sadly at Sherlock's grave.

Solitary. Abandoned.

Or is he?

CUT TO:

CLOSE on John's left hand. And another, *female* hand slips into his.

CUT TO:

11

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

11

A helicopter searchlight sweeps over a dense, dark forest.

Someone is running, panting hard.

CUT TO:

POV:

Tree trunks loom up starkly, like bony fingers pushing their way out of the grave.

The helicopter clatters overhead.

Dogs bark. Pursuing. Warning signs in Cyrillic script are everywhere.

The runner pelted on, dodging through the trees.

He stops to get his breath. The spotlight flickers by the trees, bleaching them out. But, at last, the clatter of the rotor blades and the barking of the dogs recedes.

In the darkness, there's only the exhausted panting of the runner.

He turns.

POV shot: A burly SOLDIER slams the butt of his rifle towards the lens.

Blackout.

CUT TO:

12

INT. INTERROGATION HUT. ANTECHAMBER. NIGHT.

12

A dimly lit, grim military compound. Close on a very young SOLDIER in the uniform of an East European power, iPhone buds in his ears, bopping gently to a dance track. He's outside a rusting metal door.

Suddenly from the other side of the door-

*SMACK!*

- bone against bone.

*SMACK!*

Someone gasps in pain.

On-screen subtitles of a TORTURER's voice:

TORTURER

*We can go on all night. We're  
very patient.*

*SMACK!*

A yell of agony.

The young Soldier fiddles with his iPhone and turns up the dance track till it drowns out the sound of torture...

CUT TO:

13

INT. INTERROGATION HUT. NIGHT.

13

The other side of the door is lit only by a bare bulb. There are three men in the room.

One is the thick-necked and massive TORTURER. The second is an OFFICIAL in a massive greatcoat, lapels turned up, calmly watching as his friend lays into their PRISONER.

In the ghastly light we see the Prisoner is almost naked and covered in bruises, his arms manacled and fixed to the ceiling by chains. His head is sunk on his chest and his very long, sweat-soaked hair completely obscures his face.

TORTURER

(Serbian subtitles)

*You broke in here for a reason.  
Just tell us why and you can  
sleep. Remember sleep?*

No response.

The Torturer reaches round and produces a baseball bat. He raises it high in the air, setting the bulb swinging.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

Suddenly, the Prisoner mumbles something.

The thick-necked TORTURER stops and leans in.

TORTURER

*What?*

The prisoner mumbles again. The torturer leans closer. Listens. Then he straightens up, frowning.

OFFICIAL

*Well? What did he say?*

TORTURER

*He said...*

OFFICIAL

*Yes?*

TORTURER

*He said that I used to serve in the navy where I had an unhappy love affair.*

OFFICIAL

**What?**

TORTURER

*...that the electricity isn't working in my bathroom and that my wife is sleeping with our next door neighbour -*

The Prisoner mumbles again. The torturer leans in.

TORTURER

*- the coffin maker.*

Mumble.

TORTURER

*And...and...*

Mumble.

TORTURER

*...if I get home now, I will catch them at it!*

He exchanges a furious look with the Official.

TORTURER

*I knew it! I knew there was something going on!*

He tears out of the hut. The door slams shut.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

The Official contemplates the Prisoner, whose head remains bowed.

OFFICIAL

*So, my friend. Now it's just you and me.*

The door swings open and the Torturer darts back inside, grabs the baseball bat and exits again.

OFFICIAL

(to Prisoner)  
*You have no idea the trouble it took to find you.*

He walks slowly up to the Prisoner and grabs his long hair. Then he leans in very close to the Prisoner's ear. Unexpectedly, he speaks in English.

OFFICIAL

(sotto)  
Now listen to me. There's an underground terrorist network active in London and a massive attack is imminent. Sorry, but the holiday is over ...

Unexpectedly, he lets go of the Prisoner's hair.

OFFICIAL

...brother dear.

The Official pulls down the lapels of his greatcoat. Smiles. And suddenly we realise --

MYCROFT

Back to Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes!

The Prisoner slowly, slowly raises his head. Through the tangled mass of hair all we see is a half-smile.

**SLAM!**

- into:

14

**OPENING TITLES.**

14

CUT TO:

15

EXT. LONDON. ROOFTOP. DAY.

15

The majesty of London on a cold winter's day.

Someone is looking out over it from a high building.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

A familiar silhouette in a dark coat.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I need to get to know London again.  
Breathe it in. Every quiver of its  
beating heart.

CLOSE on a smart phone. A series of photos of random-seeming men and women, thumbed through on the screen.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Sometimes it's not a question of 'who'. It's a question of 'who knows'.

CUT TO:

15A

EXT. STREET. DAY.

15A

A BURLY MAN looks round as he gets into his car.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

If this man cancels his papers...

A HOMELESS WOMAN sits nearby. Unexpectedly, she takes out a very expensive-looking smartphone.

Snap! She takes the man's photo. Sends it.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I need to know...

CUT TO:

15B

EXT. MARKET. DAY.

15B

A SLENDER WOMAN is shopping at a busy market. She has a beautiful pedigree dog on a lead.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

If this woman leaves London without putting her dog into kennels. I need to know...

Close by sits a HOMELESS MAN. He watches her with interest and then discreetly takes a photo and sends it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There are certain people. They're markers. If they start to move, I'll know something's up. Like rats deserting a sinking ship.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

Markers of what?

(CONTINUED)

10

15B CONTINUED:

15B

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
The end of Western Civilization.

Faster and faster until the photos are a blur...

CUT TO:

16 INT. TUBE. DAY.

16

...merging with a Tube train as it streaks through a station. JOHN trundles along in a half-empty compartment, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

16A EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

16A

A big, impressive black car speeds through London. Through its windows, a glimpse of a tangle-haired SHERLOCK.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

17

JOHN stands opposite 221B. A couple of sulky KIDS go past, wheeling a poorly made Guy Fawkes in a push chair. It's just a bundle of clothes with a balloon for a face.

KID  
Penny for the guy, mate?

John just looks through them. Then gathers himself. It's been a while. He goes up to the familiar door and lets himself in.

CUT TO:

17A EXT. WHITEHALL. DAY.

17A

The car draws up outside an imposing Government building.

CUT TO:

18 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY. DAY.

18

JOHN hesitates in the hallway, rolling the keys in his hands. He looks up at the seventeen steps. So many memories. Voices from the past...

JOHN (V.O.)  
That was the most ridiculous  
thing I've ever done.

(CONTINUED)  
11

18

CONTINUED:

18

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
And you invaded Afghanistan.

He smiles but then sadness clouds his face.

Suddenly, the door to 221A opens and MRS HUDSON appears. She's heard the key in the lock. John freezes. Mrs Hudson sees him.

John gives a tiny, slightly sheepish wave.

CUT TO:

18A

INT. CELL. DAY.

18A

A bleak cell.

In a chair, an unkempt figure in fatigues, reading a paper. Headline: 'Skeleton mystery baffles police'.

SHERLOCK's hair has been trimmed and a BARBER is busy giving him a cut-throat shave. MYCROFT stands in the shadows, consulting a file.

MYCROFT  
You have been busy.

SHERLOCK  
(shrugs)  
Moriarty's organization. Took me two years to dismantle it.

MYCROFT  
And you're confidant you have?

SHERLOCK  
The Serbian side was the last piece of the puzzle.

MYCROFT  
Yes. You got yourself in deep there with Baron Maupertius. Quite a scheme.

SHERLOCK  
Colossal.

MYCROFT  
Anyway. You're safe now.

Sherlock grunts.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)  
A small 'thank you' wouldn't go amiss.

18A

CONTINUED:

18A

SHERLOCK

What for?

MYCROFT

For wading in. In case you've forgotten, field work is not my natural *milieu*.

SHERLOCK

Wading in? You sat there and watched while he beat me to a pulp.

MYCROFT

I got you out!

SHERLOCK

*I got me out! Couldn't you have intervened sooner?*

MYCROFT

I couldn't risk giving myself away, could I? That would have ruined everything.

SHERLOCK

You were enjoying it!

MYCROFT

Nonsense.

SHERLOCK

Definitely enjoying it!

MYCROFT

Listen, do you have any idea what it was like, Sherlock? Going undercover? Smuggling my way into their ranks like that?

(shudders)

The noise. *The people*.

Sherlock looks away. A grudging beat of acquiescence.

SHERLOCK

Didn't know you could speak Serbian.

MYCROFT

I couldn't. But the language has a Slavic root. Frequent Turkish and German loanwords.

(shrugs)

Took me a couple of hours.

SHERLOCK

You're slipping.

18A CONTINUED:

18A

MYCROFT  
Middle-age, brother mine. Comes to  
us all.

The door opens, revealing ANTHEA. Holding a suit on a hanger.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MRS HUDSON'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

19

*Bang!*

A cup and saucer are plonked gracelessly onto the kitchen table.

JOHN watches as MRS HUDSON puts down milk, sugar and a plate of biscuits with just enough force to make it obvious she's cross. John clears his throat to speak. Mrs Hudson takes back the sugar bowl.

MRS HUDSON  
Oh no, you don't take it do you?

JOHN  
No.

MRS HUDSON  
You can forget a little thing  
like that.

JOHN  
Yes.

MRS HUDSON  
You can forget lots of little  
things. It seems.

JOHN  
Aha.

Awkward silence.

CUT TO:

19A INT. CELL. DAY.

19A

SHERLOCK is now in a very sharp suit. He checks himself in a mirror, shoots his cuffs.

MYCROFT  
I need you to give this matter your  
full attention, Sherlock. Is that  
quite understood?

19A

CONTINUED:

19A

SHERLOCK

What do you think about this shirt?

MYCROFT

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

I'll find your underground terror cell, Mycroft. Just put me back in London. I need to get to know the place again. Breathe it in. Every quiver of its beating heart.

ANTHEA

One of our men - Atchison - died getting this information to us. All the chatter, all the traffic concurs. There's going to be a terrorist strike on London. A big one.

SHERLOCK

What about John Watson?

MYCROFT

John?

SHERLOCK

Have you seen him?

MYCROFT

(withering)

Oh yes. We meet up every Friday for fish and chips.

He nods to Anthea. She shows Sherlock a photo.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

I've kept a weather eye on him, of course.

It's of John - with the moustache. Anthea goes out.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You haven't been in touch at all?  
To prepare him?

SHERLOCK

No.

CUT TO:

19

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY.

19

MRS HUDSON  
(gestures to his  
moustache)  
Not sure about *that*. Ages you.

JOHN  
Just trying it out.

MRS HUDSON  
Well it ages you, so best stop  
now.

She sits opposite him. More silence.

CUT TO:

19AA

INT. CELL. DAY.

19AA

SHERLOCK gestures at the moustache in the photo.

SHERLOCK  
We're getting rid of that.

MYCROFT  
We?

SHERLOCK  
He looks ancient. I can't be seen  
hanging around with an old man.

CUT TO:

19

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY

19

JOHN  
Look -

MRS HUDSON  
I'm not your mother. I don't have  
any right to expect -

JOHN  
No.

MRS HUDSON  
Just a phone call, John! A phone  
call would have done.

JOHN  
I know.

MRS HUDSON  
After all we went through!

(CONTINUED)  
16

19

CONTINUED:

19

JOHN

Yes. Look, I'm sorry.

MRS HUDSON

I know how difficult it was for  
you after...after -

JOHN

I just let it... drift. Let  
everything drift. It gets harder  
to pick up the phone somehow. Do  
you know what I mean?

Mrs Hudson smiles sadly, softening.

CUT TO:

20

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

20

The door to the old flat creaks open and JOHN is framed  
there. He looks wistful. MRS HUDSON appears behind him. The  
flat is exactly as it was but thick with dust.

MRS HUDSON

I couldn't face letting it out.

She bustles inside and draws the curtains.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

He never liked me dusting...

JOHN

I know.

Mrs Hudson looks around, wipes away a little tear.

CUT TO:

20A

INT. CELL. DAY.

20A

SHERLOCK

I'll surprise John. He'll be  
delighted.

MYCROFT

You think so?

SHERLOCK

I'll just pop back in to Baker  
Street. Maybe I should jump out of  
a cake!

MYCROFT

Baker Street? He's not there any  
more, Sherlock. Why would he be?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

MYCROFT (cont'd)

It's been two years. He's got on with his life.

SHERLOCK

What life? I've been away.

CUT TO:

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

20

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

So, why now? What's changed your mind?

JOHN

I've got some news.

Mrs Hudson's face falls.

MRS HUDSON

Oh God. Is it serious?

JOHN

What? No, I'm not ill.

I've...well, I'm moving on.

MRS HUDSON

You're emigrating?

JOHN

No. I mean I've met someone.

MRS HUDSON

(thrilled)

Oh! Oh, how lovely!

JOHN

Yes. We're getting married. Well, I'm going to ask, anyway.

MRS HUDSON

So soon after Sherlock?

JOHN

Well. Yes.

Mrs Hudson beams.

MRS HUDSON

What's his name?

JOHN

(exasperated)

I'm not g - - It's a woman!

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

MRS HUDSON

A woman?

JOHN

Yes, of course it's a woman.

MRS HUDSON

You really *have* moved on, haven't you?

JOHN

Mrs Hudson, how many times.  
Sherlock was not my boyfriend!!

MRS HUDSON

(shrugs)

Live and let live, dear. That's my motto.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

21

Outside the flat, JOHN's voice echoes down the street.

JOHN (O.S.)

I AM NOT GAY!!

CUT TO:

21A

INT. CELL. DAY.

21A

SHERLOCK

Where will he be tonight?

MYCROFT

How should I know?

SHERLOCK

You always know.

MYCROFT

He has a dinner reservation at a place called 'Adair's'. Nice little spot. They have a few bottles of the 2000 Bordeaux. Though I prefer the 2001...

SHERLOCK

Then I'll pop in and see him.

MYCROFT

You know, it's just possible that you might not be welcome.

(CONTINUED)

19

21A CONTINUED:

21A

SHERLOCK  
No it isn't.

One last look in the mirror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Right then. Where is it?

MYCROFT  
Where's what?

SHERLOCK  
You know what.

Mycroft smiles. The door opens and there is ANTHEA holding - the coat!

ANTHEA  
Welcome back, Mr Holmes.

CUT TO:

21AA EXT. LONDON. ROOFTOP. DAY.

21AA

The majesty of London on a cold winter's day.

SHERLOCK, in the coat, looking out over it from a high building.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

22

A dark, swanky, expensive restaurant.

CUT TO:

23 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

23

JOHN sits alone at a table, very smartly dressed. He glances nervously at his watch and gulps down a large glass of water. Goes back to the menu he's been looking at.

Wider: the POV of someone watching!

Sherlock Holmes stands just inside the restaurant. He's in his usual dark suit, and white shirt, and is now pulling off his coat, ready to hang it up.

The Maitre D is already next to him.

MAITRE D  
Sir, can I help you?

(CONTINUED)  
20

23

CONTINUED:

23

The faintest of beeps.

SHERLOCK

Your wife just texted you -  
possibly her contractions have  
started.

The Maitre D goes pale, starts scrabbling for his phone.

Sherlock looks over at John. The path is clear. He takes a step towards him, opens his mouth to speak --

- and his nerve fails him a little.

John, sitting there, unaware that the shock of his life is walking towards him.

Sherlock pauses.

Looks around.

Right next to him, a Man sits at table, dressed in a tuxedo.

Sherlock's face: a plan.

(The following sequence is fast a smooth, possibly all in one fluid tracking shot.)

Sherlock casually reaches out, knocks over the Man's wine glass spattering red wine over his shirt front -

- Sherlock is immediately fussing over him patting his shirt with napkin -

SHERLOCK

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, let me  
get something from the kitchen  
for that.

- as he moves smoothly away we see that he has removed the Man's black bow tie, which he is now fixing with inhuman speed to his own collar -

- before he's even finished, he passes another man who is just putting down his menu and taking off his reading glasses -

SHERLOCK

Are you ready to order, sir?  
Excellent, let me take that for  
you.

- and he promptly takes the slightly startled man's menu away from him -

(CONTINUED)

21

23

CONTINUED:

23

- on Sherlock now slipping on this man's reading glasses, which he's also taken -

- and now he places the menu in front of a woman who already has a menu and is reading from it -

SHERLOCK

Ma'am, you might prefer this menu, it's completely identical.

- she looks startled at the other menu, and doesn't see Sherlock slip his hand into her handbag -

- Sherlock, now heading away from her, an eyebrow pencil in his hand, giving himself a tiny little moustache -

On John, still pondering the Menu.

Sherlock glides behind him, now in character, complete with French accent.

SHERLOCK

Sir, can I help you in any way?

JOHN

Need a bottle of champagne. A good one.

SHERLOCK

These are all excellent vintages, sir.

John barely glance at him - like you do with a waiter.

JOHN

Not really my area. What do you suggest?

SHERLOCK

I don't really think you can go wrong, sir. But if you would take my personal recommendation -

He hits the word *personal* hard, to make John look at him - but it's still barely a glance.

SHERLOCK

- the last one on the list is a favourite of mine. You might say, in fact, it is ...

(Removes his glasses,  
the big reveal)

... a face from the past!

But John doesn't even look.

(CONTINUED)

22

JOHN

Great, I'll have that one.

SHERLOCK

It is familiar, yet has a quality  
of ... surprise.

A fleeting glance from John - doesn't twig.

JOHN

Well. Surprise me.

SHERLOCK

I am certainly endeavouring to,  
sir.

He moves away.

John gulps more water. Then he takes a small box out of his jacket pocket and sets it on the table. Inside: a beautiful diamond ring. It glitters in the candle-light.

MARY (O.S.)

Sorry that took so long!

John rapidly stuffs the box back into his jacket.

MARY

Queue was unbelievable.

MARY, a very striking woman in her 30s sits opposite him.

MARY

You ok?

JOHN

Yes! Me? Yes. Fine. I'm fine.

Mary smiles. She's onto him.

MARY

Now then. What was it you wanted  
to ask me?

JOHN

Drink? Do you want a drink yet?

MARY

I'm ok with water, thanks.

JOHN

Right.

MARY

So?

23

CONTINUED:

23

JOHN

Right. Mary. Listen. I know it  
hasn't been long. I mean, I know we  
haven't known each other that long

... -

MARY

(to John)  
Go on.

JOHN

The last couple of years haven't  
been easy for me. And meeting  
you...meeting you has been the  
best thing that could've possibly  
happened -

MARY

I agree.

JOHN

What?

MARY

I agree. I'm the best thing that  
could've happened to you.

(smiles)  
Go on.

JOHN

(emboldened)  
Well.

(clears his throat)  
If you'll have me, Mary...I  
mean...Could you see your way to  
?

Sherlock, sweeping in to the romantic moment, with a bottle  
of champagne.

SHERLOCK

Sir, I think this vintage will be  
exceptionally to your liking. It  
has all quality of the old, with  
all the colours of the new -

JOHN

No, sorry, not now, please -

SHERLOCK

Like a familiar gaze from a crowd  
of strangers, one is suddenly  
aware of staring into the face of  
an old friend!

(CONTINUED)

24

JOHN

Look, seriously could you just -

...

He comes to a dead halt.

The waiter is Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Interesting thing a tuxedo. Lends distinction to friends, anonymity to waiters.

And Time seems to stop. John doesn't move. Just stares at Sherlock.

And stares.

He stands up.

MARY

John? John, what is it?

Tears spring to John's eyes.

He blinks. Blinks.

SHERLOCK

Well. Short version. Not dead!!

John. Still just staring.

SHERLOCK

Bit mean, springing it on you like that. Could've given you a heart attack. Probably will. But in my defence, it was really funny.

(A beat)

Okay. That wasn't a great defence.

Mary looks at Sherlock. Her eyes widen.

MARY

Oh no. You're ...

SHERLOCK

Oh yes.

MARY

(open-mouthed)

Oh my God!

SHERLOCK

Not quite.

MARY

But you died. You jumped off a  
roof!

SHERLOCK

No.

MARY

You're dead!

SHERLOCK

No. I checked. Excuse me.

He takes Mary's napkin, dabs it in Mary's glass of water, wipes his moustache off.

SHERLOCK

(To John)  
Does yours come off too?

And now a new emotion chases over John's face: *fury*!

MARY

*Ohmygodohmygod!* Do you have any  
idea what -

Suddenly, John grabs Sherlock by the collar and shunts him backwards --

SHERLOCK

John, I'm starting to realise I  
probably owe you some sort of  
apology....

JOHN slams SHERLOCK against the wall, panting like a bull.

MARY

John! John, keep calm -

JOHN

Two years! **Two years!** I thought...I  
thought...

(chokes up)  
You were dead! And you've let me  
grieve. How? How could you do  
that?? *How??*

Sherlock spots a pile of food through the service hatch and grabs some.

SHERLOCK

You must be starving. Chip? Have a  
chip!

John smashes the food away.

23

CONTINUED:

23

SHERLOCK

No chips?

John tightens his grip.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait! Before you do anything  
you'll regret - one question! Let  
me ask you one question!

John pauses, panting. Sherlock points to John's moustache.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Are you really keeping that?

John smiles.

The tension's broken.

Then, with a bellow, he hurls Sherlock to the floor and piles  
on top of him! A childish scrap ensues.

Mary tries to prise them apart. Staff and customers pile in  
too, trying to drag the two men apart.

CUT TO:

24

INT. RESTAURANT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

24

CUT

CUT TO:

25

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

25

Flashback.

SHERLOCK stands on the edge of the hospital roof.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I'd worked out there were  
thirteen possible alternatives  
once I'd invited Moriarty onto  
the roof -

JOHN (V.O.)

You know, for a bloody genius you  
can be remarkably thick.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CAFE. NIGHT.

26

SHERLOCK

What?

They're now in a much less salubrious cafe. Sherlock's mouth is bleeding.

JOHN

I don't care *how* you faked it,  
Sherlock! I want to know *why*.

SHERLOCK

Why? Because Moriarty had to be stopped -

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah. Why. As in....ah. Right. Yes.  
*Why?* That's a little more difficult to explain.

JOHN

(dangerously)  
I've got all night.

Sherlock clears his throat.

SHERLOCK

Actually, it was all my brother's plan.

JOHN

This was all Mycroft's idea?

MARY

Well, he'd need a confidante.

John gives her a look.

MARY

Sorry.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)  
But Mycroft was the only one? The only one who knew?

Sherlock looks away.

SHERLOCK

Couple of others. But it was a very elaborate plan! It had to be! The first of the thirteen possibilities was -

(CONTINUED)

28

26

CONTINUED:

26

JOHN  
(fumes)  
Who? Who else knew?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
*Who?!*

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
Molly.

JOHN  
*Molly?!*

Customers look over.

MARY  
John -

SHERLOCK  
And some of my Homeless Network.  
But that's all.

JOHN  
Ok.  
(shrugs)  
Ok. Just your brother, Molly  
Hooper and a hundred tramps.

SHERLOCK  
NO!

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Twenty five at most.

Snarling, John launches himself across the table at  
Sherlock!

CUT TO:

27

INT. KEBAB SHOP. NIGHT.

27

The three of them are now inside a dirty-looking kebab  
shop. SHERLOCK is rubbing his throat. The KEBAB MAN glances  
at Sherlock, then down at a paper on the counter. 'Dead Hat  
'Tec cleared' (not a headline). Sherlock catches his eye,  
looks away, then looks sidelong at JOHN.

(CONTINUED)  
29

27

CONTINUED:

27

SHERLOCK

(of the moustache)  
Seriously? It's not a joke or  
anything, you're keeping it.

JOHN

(terse)  
Yes.

SHERLOCK

Sure?

JOHN

Mary likes it.

SHERLOCK

(smiles)  
She doesn't.

JOHN

She does!

SHERLOCK

She doesn't.

John turns to Mary. She can't hide the truth.

JOHN

Oh brilliant!

MARY

Sorry, love. I didn't know how to  
tell you -

JOHN

Yeah. I've missed all this! This  
is charming!

The Kebab Man looks worriedly at them. Is this going to  
kick off?

JOHN

(hissed whisper)  
Just one word, Sherlock. That's  
all I would have needed! One word  
to let me know you were alive.

SHERLOCK

I've nearly been in touch so many  
times...but I was worried you  
might - you know - say something  
indiscreet-

JOHN

What?

(CONTINUED)

30

SHERLOCK

Let the cat out of the bag -

JOHN

Oh so this is my fault!

MARY

Oh God.

JOHN

Why am I the only one who thinks  
this is wrong? The only one  
reacting like a human being!

SHERLOCK

*Over-reacting.*

JOHN

(yells)  
**Over-reacting!**

MARY

*John!*

JOHN

Over-reacting? You fake your own  
death -

SHERLOCK

*Shh!*

JOHN

- and then just turn up again,  
large as bloody life -

SHERLOCK

*Shhh!*

John grabs him by the lapels.

JOHN

But I'm not supposed to have a  
problem with that. Of course not!  
Because Sherlock Holmes thinks  
that's a perfectly ok thing to  
do!

SHERLOCK

(yelling, with just a  
tiny glance at Kebab  
Man)  
John, shut up! I don't want  
everyone to know I'm still alive!

JOHN

(yells)  
It's still a secret is it?!

27

CONTINUED:

27

SHERLOCK

(yells)

Yes! It's a secret!! Promise you  
won't tell anyone!

JOHN

(yells)

Swear to God!!

SHERLOCK

(yells)

London is in danger, John.  
There's going to be a massive  
terrorist attack. I need your  
help!

John glares at him.

JOHN

(yells)

Yeah? Yeah?

SHERLOCK

You have missed this, admit it, the  
thrill of the chase, the blood  
pumping in your veins, just the two  
of us against the world -

And John pulls Sherlock forward and nuts him!

CUT TO:

28

EXT. KEBAB SHOP. NIGHT.

28

SHERLOCK stands with a hankie over his bloodied nose.  
MARY's right by him. Some way off, JOHN is hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK

I don't get it. I said I'm sorry.  
Isn't that what people do?

MARY

You don't know much about human  
nature, do you?

SHERLOCK

Nature...no. Human...no.

MARY

I'll talk him round.

SHERLOCK

You will.

MARY

Oh yes.

(CONTINUED)

32

28

CONTINUED:

28

Sherlock looks at Mary properly for the first time.

A forest of words on-screen: *Part-time nurse. Romantic. Appendix scar. Disillusioned Lib-Dem. Bakes own bread. Secret tattoo. Unresolved Jason Orange crush.*

JOHN  
(calls)  
Mary.

Mary winks at Sherlock then joins John in the cab.

John looks over at Sherlock, his expression bleak. Then the cab drives off.

Sherlock's left on the pavement. Alone. This wasn't how it was meant to go.

CUT TO:

29

INT. CAB. NIGHT.

29

JOHN sits, fuming.

JOHN  
Can you believe it? The bloody  
nerve.

Mary looks over.

MARY  
I like him.

JOHN  
What?

MARY  
(shrugs)  
I like him.

CUT TO:

29A

INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

29A

MOLLY HOOPER is finishing her shift. She slips off her white coat and hangs it in her locker. Then she swings back the door, revealing the mirror on the wall. SHERLOCK is reflected in it.

Molly looks up. Freezes.

CUT TO:

30

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NIGHT.

30

The Police car pound from 'The Great Game'. It's dimly lit, pooled with shadow.

LESTRADE appears from round the corner and takes out a cigarette instead.

As he's about to light it...

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
Those things'll kill you.

A familiar silhouette in the shadows.

Lestrade closes his eyes. A moment of revelation. Then he grins.

LESTRADE  
Oh you bastard.

From the shadows, SHERLOCK chuckles.

LESTRADE  
You - !!

SHERLOCK  
It was time to come back. You've been letting things slide, Graham.

LESTRADE  
Greg.

SHERLOCK  
Greg.

Unexpectedly, Lestrade crushes Sherlock in a big bear hug.

CUT TO:

31

INT. LESTRADE'S CAR. NIGHT.

31

CUT

CUT TO:

32

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NIGHT.

32

CUT

CUT TO:

33

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

33

MARY is asleep but JOHN lies on his back, staring at the ceiling, his mind burning.

CUT TO:

34

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

34

MRS HUDSON is washing up. She's got the radio on.

RADIO VOICE

...all night sittings used to be very common, I can assure you! With something this important, the Government feels duty-bound to push through the legislation with all due expedition...

She frowns as she hears something and turns down the radio.

There's the sound of a key in the front door.

She goes to the door of her flat and opens it. We see out into the hallway. SHERLOCK is framed in the open door.

We zoom into Mrs Hudson's tonsils as she screeeeeams!

FADE TO BLACK.

35

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

35

JOHN, on his phone, looking up at SHERLOCK on the edge of the building.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

36

CLOSE on SHERLOCK from behind, standing on the ledge. The camera moves closer to him.

SHERLOCK

No. Stay exactly where you are.  
Don't move.

JOHN

Alright.

SHERLOCK

Keep your eyes fixed on me.  
Please would you do this for me.

Closer.

(CONTINUED)

35

36

CONTINUED:

36

JOHN (O.S.)

Do what?

The camera swings round to show that it's not Sherlock.  
It's a dummy!

It holds the phone in its hand.

Crouched down out of sight below the edge are the real  
SHERLOCK and JIM MORIARTY!

Sherlock is speaking to John on another phone.

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

This phone call. It's my note.  
That's what people do, don't  
they? Leave a note?

JOHN (O.S.)

Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

Jim giggles. Sherlock shushes him.

JOHN (O.S.)

No. Don't!

And Sherlock and Jim tip the dummy off the roof!

JOHN (O.S.)

*Sherlock!!*

Still sniggering, SHERLOCK and JIM look deep into each  
other's eyes - and move to kiss. Closer, closer --

ANDERSON (V.O.)

*What??*

CUT TO:

37

INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

37

ANDERSON

Are you out of your *mind*?

ANDERSON sits with a group of people, some of them in  
deerstalkers. Prominent is a plump, gothy girl - LAURA.

LAURA

(sulky)

Don't see why not. It's just as  
plausible as some of *your*  
theories.

(CONTINUED)

36

One wall of ANDERSON's flat has been entirely converted into a massive crime board. Coloured string connects scrawled notes, photos and pieces of evidence. It's like a botched version of Sherlock's method. Everywhere we notice photo blow ups of Bart's hospital. The ledge. The pavement. Autopsy reports. Photos of Derren Brown. UFOs.

In the background, a TV is on with the sound down. News strapline:

'Surface to air missiles in place again. What does Govt know?'

ANDERSON

Look, if you're not going to take this seriously, Laura -

LAURA

I do take it seriously. I don't think we should wear hats.

ANDERSON

I formed 'The Empty Hearse' so that like-minded people could meet. Discuss theories... Sherlock's still out there. I'm convinced of it.

Suddenly, Laura spots something on the TV. The strapline has changed:

'Hat detective returns to life'.

LAURA (O.S.)

Oh my God!

Her phone suddenly pings with emails. Around her, the group begin to get it.

Laura holds up her phone, eyes wide in wonder.

LAURA

Oh. My. Godddddd!!!

Over this: on-screen text: #SHERLOCK LIVES!#SHERLOCK HOLMES ALIVE! #OMGSHERLOCKNOTDEAD!

More and more until the hash-tags completely fill the screen.

CUT TO:

JOHN is in the bathroom. MARY sits on the bed with a laptop.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(reading)

"His movements were so silent. So furtive, he reminded me of a trained bloodhound picking out a scent - "

JOHN (O.S.)

What?

MARY

"I couldn't help thinking what an amazing criminal he'd make if he turned his talents against the law - "

John appears from the bathroom, in a dressing gown. Shaving foam on his face.

JOHN

Don't read that.

MARY

The famous blog! Finally.

JOHN

Oh come on. That's -

MARY

Ancient history. You said. Well, not now, is it? Not now he's - what're you doing?

JOHN

Having a wash.

MARY

You're shaving it off!

JOHN

You hate it.

MARY

*Sherlock* hates it.

JOHN

Apparently everyone hates it.

MARY

Are you going to see him again?

JOHN

I'm going to work.

MARY

And then you're going to see him again.

38

CONTINUED:

38

John doesn't answer. He goes back into the bathroom. Mary smiles to herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

Six months of bristly kisses for me. Then His Nibs turns up and -

JOHN

I don't shave for Sherlock Holmes!

MARY

You should put that on a T shirt.

JOHN

Shut up.

MARY

Or what?

JOHN

Or I'll marry you.

John lifts up his razor. Here goes!

39

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

39

CUT

CUT TO:

40

EXT. SURGERY. DAY.

40

JOHN approaches a modest GP's surgery - cleanshaven!

CUT TO:

41

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

41

MYCROFT (V.O.)

The Terror alert has been raised to critical, Sherlock.

CUT TO:

42

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

42

The floor of the flat is totally covered in discarded newspapers and open lap-tops.

Facing each other on opposite sides of a chess set, in a classic face off:

SHERLOCK and MYCROFT.

(CONTINUED)

39

42

CONTINUED:

42

Their faces are in extreme close up. We don't see their hands.

SHERLOCK  
Boring. Your move.

MYCROFT  
We have solid information, an attack is coming.

With barely a glance down, Sherlock makes his move.

SHERLOCK  
What *solid* information? A secret terrorist group is planning an attack? Talk about an easy guess. That's what secret terrorist groups do - it's their golf!

MYCROFT  
An agent gave his life to tell us that.

SHERLOCK  
Well he shouldn't have, he was just trying to look good.  
(Moves)  
Your move.

Also with barely a glance down, Mycroft makes his move.

MYCROFT  
None of these 'markers' of yours has been acting suspiciously?

Beat. Mycroft slowly moves his hand.

MYCROFT  
Your move.

SHERLOCK  
No. But you have to trust me.

He makes his move.

SHERLOCK  
I'll find the answer. But it'll be in an odd phrase in an on-line blog. An unexpected trip to the country. A misplaced lonely hearts ad. Your move.

MYCROFT  
I've given the Prime Minister my personal assurance that you're on the case -

SHERLOCK

I *am* on the case. We're both on case, right now, look at us.

Mycroft makes his move and -

*BUZZ!*

MYCROFT

Bugger!

Pull out to reveal that the chess set is untouched and they're playing 'Operation'!

Mycroft has a red 'broken heart' between tweezers.

SHERLOCK

Can't handle a broken heart. How very telling.

MYCROFT

Don't be smart.

SHERLOCK

Oh, that takes me back. "Don't be smart, Sherlock. I'm the smart one!"

MYCROFT

I *am* the smart one.

SHERLOCK

I used to think I was an idiot.

MYCROFT

We *both* thought you were an idiot - we had nothing else to go on. Until we met *other* children.

SHERLOCK

Oh, yes. That was a mistake.

MYCROFT

Ghastly. What *were* they thinking of?

SHERLOCK

Probably something about making friends?

MYCROFT

Oh, yes. *Friends*. Of course, you go in for that sort of thing now.

SHERLOCK

Don't you? Ever?

MYCROFT

You seem rather slow to me. Can you imagine what real people are like? I'm living in a world of goldfish.

SHERLOCK

Yeah. But I was away for two years.

MYCROFT

So?

SHERLOCK

I dunno. I thought maybe you'd found yourself ... a goldfish.

MYCROFT

Change the subject - now!

A beat on Sherlock, smiles. Back to business.

SHERLOCK

Rest assured, Mycroft. Whatever this underground network of yours is up to, the secret will be found in something that seems insignificant. Or bizarre.

MRS HUDSON (O.S.)

Ooh-ooh!

MYCROFT

Speaking of which.

MRS HUDSON comes in with a tray of tea. Mycroft isn't impressed.

MRS HUDSON

Can't believe it! I just can't believe it! Him just sitting there in his chair again! Isn't it wonderful, Mr Holmes?

MYCROFT

I can barely contain myself.

SHERLOCK

He really can, you know.

MRS HUDSON

He's secretly pleased to see you, underneath all that.

MYCROFT

Sorry, which of us?

MRS HUDSON

Both of you!

SHERLOCK

Hey, tell you what, let's play something else!

MYCROFT

Why are we playing *games*!!

SHERLOCK

London's terror alert has been raised to critical - I'm just trying to pass the time. Let's do deductions!

Sherlock picks up a big, battered, woolly, Trustafarian style hat with bubbles on. He tosses it to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK

Client left this - missed them while I was out. What do you make of it?

MYCROFT

I'm busy.

SHERLOCK

Come on, it's been ages.

MYCROFT

I always win.

SHERLOCK

Which is why you can't resist.

MYCROFT

I find nothing irresistible in the hat of a well travelled, sentimental, anxious, unfit creature of habit with appalling halitosis.

(Realises)

Damn.

SHERLOCK

Isolated too, don't you think?

MYCROFT

Why would he be isolated?

SHERLOCK

He?

MYCROFT

Obviously.

SHERLOCK

Why? Size of the hat?

MYCROFT

Don't be silly. Some women have large heads too. No, he's recently had his hair cut. You can see the little hairs adhering to the perspiration stains on the inside.

SHERLOCK

(sulky)

Some women have short hair.

MYCROFT

Balance of probability.

SHERLOCK

Also you've never talked to a woman with short hair. Or, you know, a woman.

MYCROFT

Stains show he's out of condition. And he's sentimental because the hat has been repaired...

(counts)

...three - four- five times very neatly. The cost of the repairs must now exceed the cost of the hat. So he's mawkishly attached to it.

SHERLOCK

More than that. One patch, perhaps two would indicate sentimentality. But five...That's obsessive behaviour. Obsessive compulsive.

MYCROFT

Hardly. Your client left it behind. What kind of an obsessive compulsive would do that? The earlier patches are extensively sun bleached so he's worn it abroad. In Peru.

SHERLOCK

Peru?

MYCROFT

This is a Chullo. The classic headwear of the Andean region. It's made from Alpaca.

SHERLOCK

No.

MYCROFT

No?

SHERLOCK

Icelandic sheep wool. Similar but quite distinctive when you know what you're looking for. I've written a blog on the tensile strength of certain natural fibres.

MRS HUDSON

(Wandering past)

I'm sure there's a crying need for that.

SHERLOCK

You said he was anxious?

MYCROFT

The 'bobble' on the left side has been badly chewed, showing he's a man of a nervous disposition -

SHERLOCK

But also a creature of habit as he's never chewed the right hand one.

MYCROFT

Precisely.

SHERLOCK

And a brief sniff of the offending bobble tells us all we need to know about the state of his breath. Brilliant!

MYCROFT

Elementary.

SHERLOCK

But you missed his isolation.

MYCROFT

I don't see it.

SHERLOCK

It's plain as day.

MYCROFT

Where?

SHERLOCK

There for all to see.

MYCROFT

Tell me!

SHERLOCK

Plain as the nose on your -

MYCROFT

*Tell me!*

SHERLOCK

Well, obviously someone who'd wear  
a hat as stupid as this isn't in  
the habit of hanging around other  
people.

MYCROFT

Not at all. Maybe he just doesn't  
mind being different. He doesn't  
necessarily have to be isolated.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

MYCROFT

... I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

He's different. So what? Why should  
he mind? You're quite right.

Mycroft, a little disconcerted. Slightly worried he's getting  
a life lesson from his brother.

Sherlock pops the hat on his head.

SHERLOCK

Why should anybody mind?

A beat between them. No question - Sherlock is telling him  
something.

Tick tock, goes the clock.

MYCROFT

I'm not lonely, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

How would you know?

A stare. Then Mycroft stands, having none of this.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Back to work, Sherlock. If you  
don't mind.

(to Mrs Hudson)  
Good morning.

He heads to the stair.

A moment between Sherlock and Mrs Hudson. She approves.

42

CONTINUED:

42

SHERLOCK  
Right. Back to work!

CUT TO:

43

SCENE CUT

43

44

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

44

JOHN's at his desk. MARY comes in.

MARY  
Mr Summerson.

JOHN  
Right.

MARY  
Undescended testicle.

JOHN  
Right.

CUT TO:

45

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

45

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's phone.

A message arrives. Sherlock gets up and draws a big cross over another one of the photos on the wall.

MRS HUDSON  
Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

MRS HUDSON  
Talk to John.

SHERLOCK  
I've tried talking. He made his position quite clear.

CUT TO:

46

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

46

JOHN's middle finger, raised!

He's putting on rubber gloves.

46

CONTINUED:

46

JOHN  
Now just relax, Mr Summerson.

A worried looking YOUNG MAN stands before John, trousers down.

CUT TO:

47

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

47

MRS HUDSON  
What did he say?

CUT TO:

48

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

48

JOHN  
*Cough!*

CUT TO:

49

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

49

MRS HUDSON  
Oh dear.

CUT TO:

50

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

50

JOHN's desk buzzer goes.

MARY (V.O.)  
Mrs Reeves. Thrush.

JOHN  
Right.

He sighs.

CUT TO:

51

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

51

SHERLOCK is staring at his wall.

MOLLY  
You wanted to see me?

Sherlock turns. MOLLY is framed in the doorway.

51

CONTINUED:

51

SHERLOCK  
Yes, YES! Um...

He clears his throat. This isn't easy.

SHERLOCK  
Molly. Would you...um...?

He looks away.

SHERLOCK  
Would you like to -

MOLLY  
Have dinner?

SHERLOCK  
Solve crimes?

CUT TO:

52

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

52

JOHN sits opposite an EMBARRASSED WOMAN.

JOHN  
There's absolutely nothing to be  
ashamed of, Mrs Reeves. It's very  
common.  
(writes prescription)  
I'm going to recommend a course  
of -

CUT TO:

53

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

53

SHERLOCK  
- Monkey glands!

HUSBAND  
Good heavens.

SHERLOCK  
But enough of Professor Presbury.  
What about your case, Mr  
Harcourt?

A MARRIED COUPLE stand opposite SHERLOCK and MOLLY. The HUSBAND is pompous, full of himself. The WIFE meek.

MOLLY  
(sotto)  
You're sure about this?

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)  
49

MOLLY

(sotto)

Should I be making notes?

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

If it makes you feel better.

MOLLY

(sotto)

John told me that's what he does.

So if I'm being John...

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

You're not being John. You're  
being you.

HUSBAND

Well, absolutely no one should  
have been able to empty that bank  
account, other than myself and  
Helen.

SHERLOCK

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

HUSBAND

Because I have always had total  
faith -

SHERLOCK

No, because you knew you emptied  
it yourself.

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

Weight-loss! Hair dye! Botox!  
Affair!

(Hands a card to the  
wife)

Lawyer!

Molly grins delightedly.

SHERLOCK

Next!

CUT TO:

JOHN's door opens and MARY ushers in a new patient.

(CONTINUED)

50

54

CONTINUED:

54

MARY

Mr Blake.  
(mouths)  
*Piles.*

John smiles, a little weary.

The clock ticks dully.

CUT TO:

55

INT. 221 BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

55

SHERLOCK and MOLLY at the fireplace facing MISS SUTHERLAND (plain, thick glasses). She's crying. An older man, WINDIBANK sits close by.

SHERLOCK

(to Miss Sutherland)  
Then your penpal's emails just  
stopped, did they?

Miss Sutherland nods, overcome with sobbing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And you really thought he was the  
one, didn't you? The love of your  
life?

She nods again. Sherlock points at Windibank.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Stepfather posing as online  
boyfriend.

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

Breaks it off. Breaks her heart.

Molly looks a little wistful.

SHERLOCK

She swears off relationships.  
Stays at home. Stepfather still  
has her wage coming in.  
(turns to step-father)  
Mr Windibank, you've been a  
complete and utter -

CUT TO:

56

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

56

JOHN  
- piss pot.

JOHN holds up a specimen jar.

JOHN  
Nothing to worry about. Take  
your...  
(suspicious)  
...take your time.

An old man, MR SZIKORA sits opposite him. He has a woolly hat, big bushy, white beard, dark glasses and a thick foreign accent.

JOHN  
Infection of some sort, by the  
sound of it. Dr Verner's your  
usual GP, yes?

MR SZIKORA  
Yeah. Looked after me man and  
boy. I run a little shop just on  
the corner of Church Street.  
Magazines. DVDs. Got a few little  
beauties here might interest you?

John looks sidelong at the old man. The dark glasses, the  
beard...

Mr Szikora rummages through his mucky carrier bags.

MR SZIKORA (CONT'D)  
'Tree Worshippers', that's a  
corker. Very saucy. 'British  
Birds' - same sort of thing.

JOHN  
(wary)  
No, I'm good, thanks.

MR SZIKORA  
'The Holy War'? Sounds a bit  
dry, I know but it isn't. There's  
a nun with all these holes in her  
habit -

Suddenly, John launches himself at Mr Szikora, pulling off  
his woolly hat.

JOHN  
You bastard!

MR SZIKORA  
Eh?

(CONTINUED)  
52

56

CONTINUED:

56

JOHN

What do you want? Have you just  
come to torment me?

He tugs at the old man's beard.

MR SZIKORA

Ow! What are you talking about?  
*Help!*

Tugs again.

JOHN

Stick a stupid beard on and you  
think you can get away with it?

He drags the dark glasses off the old man.

MR SZIKORA

(shouts)  
Help me! This man is crazy!

JOHN

And you know what? It's not even  
a good disguise! Where'd you get  
it? A bloody...

John looks into the old man's eyes. His face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...joke...shop.

*Oh dear.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh God, I am *so* sorry. I  
am so, so sorry...

MARY throws open the door. John looks up at her,  
sheepishly.

CUT TO:

56A

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY.

56A

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE and MOLLY make their way down a crumbling  
old staircase.

LESTRADE

This one's got us all stumped.

SHERLOCK

I don't doubt it.

CUT TO:

57

INT. CELLAR. DAY.

57

A damp old cellar. A brick chamber has been revealed by excavation and sitting in it, in a cobwebby chair, is a skeleton in Victorian clothes! It's by a desk and clutches a nib pen in its hand.

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's eye through his Zeiss lens. He examines the skeleton's Victorian costume.

Sniffs the fabric.

On screen text: Pine? Spruce? **Cedar.**

The text breaks up into particles and floats upwards like pollen and reform as: *Mothballs*.

Sherlock sniffs the costume again, like a blood-hound.

On screen text: *Carbon particulate. Smoke. Fire damage.*

The text dissolves into smoke and drifts away.

Sherlock smiles to himself.

MOLLY

What? What is it? You're on to something aren't you?

SHERLOCK

Maybe.

Suddenly, an echo of John's mocking voice...

Other words appear on-screen...

*OOOOOH!*

Sherlock pulls up sharp.

SHERLOCK

Shut up, John.

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

(guilty)

Nothing.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. SURGERY. DAY.

58

JOHN and MARY are leaving work.

(CONTINUED)

54

58

CONTINUED:

58

MARY

Sure?

JOHN

I'm sure.

She kisses him. Checks her watch.

MARY

I'm late for Cath. See you later,  
then.

She goes.

John remains for a moment, thinking.

Sherlock's face looms into view, sharing the screen...

CUT TO:

59

INT. CELLAR. DAY.

59

SHERLOCK is still examining the skeleton.

LESTRADE

(sotto, of Molly)

This going to be your...new  
arrangement is it?

SHERLOCK

Just giving it a go.

LESTRADE

Right. So...John...?

SHERLOCK

Not really in the picture any more.

Suddenly, the room vibrates.

MOLLY

Trains?

SHERLOCK

Trains.

He sits back on his haunches and looks at the skeleton in its costume. The shoulders of the Victorian frock-coat have distinctive dents in them and one side of the fabric is faded in a triangular shape.

In Sherlock's mind, a white outline appears inside the coat - the shape of a tailor's dummy. The outline spins round and a shaft of sunlight appears in the room, shining across one corner of the costume.

(CONTINUED)

55

59

CONTINUED:

59

He turns back to the skeleton - but Molly is already there, opening the jaw and examining the teeth.

MOLLY

Male. Forty to fifty. Oh, sorry, did you want to - ?

SHERLOCK

Be my guest.

More text on-screen.

*JEALOUS?*

SHERLOCK

Shut up!

Molly and Lestrade exchange a look.

Sherlock walks through the words, scattering them into bits. He busies himself examining the desk. He looks at the ink pen and a trail of ink drops that cover the desk.

MOLLY

Doesn't make sense.

LESTRADE

What doesn't?

MOLLY

This skeleton. I'd say it's no more than -

SHERLOCK

Six months old.

*Click!*

Sherlock has found a concealed compartment in the desk. He puts his hand in and takes out leather-bound book, covered in cobwebs.

He brushes away the cobwebs.

Molly looks.

MOLLY

Wow!

We see the cover, written in a spidery Victorian hand:

*'HOW I DID IT - BY JACK THE RIPPER.'*

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But that's impossible!

(CONTINUED)

56

SHERLOCK  
Welcome to my world.

On screen text: *SMARTARSE*.

Sherlock shakes his head as though to clear it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I won't insult your intelligence  
by explaining.

LESTRADE  
No, please! Insult away!

Sherlock takes a breath.

On-screen text: *GOING TO PUT YOUR COAT COLLAR UP NOW?*

SHERLOCK  
Um...six...six month old corpse,  
dressed in a shoddy Victorian  
outfit from a museum. It's been  
displayed on a dummy for years,  
in a case that faced south-east  
judging from the fading on the  
fabric.

He holds up his smartphone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Sold off in a fire-damage sale a  
week ago.

LESTRADE  
So the whole thing was a fake?

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

LESTRADE  
Looked so promising.

SHERLOCK  
*Facile.*

MOLLY  
But why would anyone want to go  
to all that trouble?

SHERLOCK  
Why indeed, John?

Molly looks at him, crushed.

CUT TO:

60

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

60

A large room, almost completely dominated by a massive train set. Everywhere there are photos, signs, memorabilia devoted to engines: steam, diesel, electric. A model train is clattering around its track.

HOWARD - a large unhealthy-looking man, shows SHERLOCK and MOLLY inside. He's holding the woolly hat.

HOWARD  
Thanks for hanging onto it.

SHERLOCK  
Not a problem.

HOWARD  
My girlfriend's a big fan of yours.

SHERLOCK  
(scoffs)  
*Girlfriend?*

Molly shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK  
Sorry. Go on, please, Mr Shilcott.

HOWARD  
(wounded)  
Well, I...I like trains.

No-one says anything. The room speaks volumes.

HOWARD  
I work on the Tube. District Line. One of my jobs is to wipe the security footage once it's been cleared. I was just whizzing through and I found something a bit...bizarre.

He takes out an iPad-like tablet and jabs at it. Fuzzy CCTV footage appears.

HOWARD  
This was a week ago. The last train on the Friday night. Embankment station. This man gets into the last car.

MOLLY  
Car?

60

CONTINUED:

60

HOWARD

They're cars, not carriages. It's  
a legacy of the American  
involvement in the early Tube  
system.

Molly looks at Sherlock. This guy is a knob! But Sherlock shrugs.

SHERLOCK

What? He said. He likes trains.

On screen: A tube train trundles into Westminster Station.

The train doors open. A tall, SUAVE MAN gets into the last carriage. He's the only passenger. Howard fiddles with the screen and the image zips forward.

HOWARD

Next stop St James' Park Station  
five minutes later. And...

The train arrives at St James' Park Station - and there's nobody on it!

Sherlock sits forward.

HOWARD

Thought you'd like it!

He rewinds the image. Shows it again.

HOWARD

He gets into the last car at  
Westminster. The only  
passenger...

The video flickers. The train arrives at St James' Park.  
The doors open.

HOWARD

And *the car is empty* at St James'  
Park! Explain that, Mr Holmes!

MOLLY

Couldn't he have jumped off?

HOWARD

There's a safety mechanism to  
prevent the doors opening in  
transit. But there's something  
else...

SHERLOCK

Oh?

60

CONTINUED:

60

HOWARD

The driver of that train hasn't come into work since. According to his flatmate, he's on holiday. Came into some money.

SHERLOCK

(to Molly)  
Bought off?

MOLLY

(distracted)  
Hm?

Sherlock turns to Howard.

SHERLOCK

So if the driver was in on it, his passenger did get off. But *why*?

HOWARD

(excited)  
It's not that simple, Mr Holmes. There's nowhere he *could* go! It's a straight run on the District Line between the two stations. No side-tunnels. No maintenance tunnels. There's nothing on any map. Nothing.

(beams)  
Train never stops and a man vanishes. Good, innit?

He jabs at the controls again. The CC-TV footage zips back and forth, back and forth. The SUAVE MAN gets on the train. Next station: no-one gets off.

On Sherlock: genuinely intrigued.

CUT TO:

61

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE. DAY.

61

SHERLOCK stands on Howard's stairwell, staring into space.

Overlaid on his face is an image of the modern Tube map.

Sherlock blinks and it dissolves into the famous Harry Beck design.

Blink - and it changes again, this time into a much older one, the coloured lines twisting like spaghetti.

*Blink -*

(CONTINUED)  
60

61

CONTINUED:

61

The CC-TV image of the train leaving Westminster. One passenger. The SUAVE MAN.

*Blink* -

The same train arriving at St James' Park. The car is empty.

SHERLOCK  
I know that face.

CUT TO:

62

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DUSK.

62

JOHN approaches 221B again.

He looks up at the flat, gathering himself.

He reaches for his key and then -

VOICE  
Dr Watson?

John turns.

*THWACK!*

He's knocked unconscious and something is injected into his neck...

CUT TO:

63

INT/EXT. HOWARD'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

63

SHERLOCK still stands rooted to the spot. MOLLY is standing by him.

Suddenly, Sherlock snaps out of his reverie.

SHERLOCK  
The journey between the stations  
normally takes five minutes.

He takes out his smart-phone and freezes the image. Taps his finger on the digital clock in the corner of the screen.

SHERLOCK  
But this one took ten. Ten minutes  
to get from Westminster to St  
James' Park. I need maps. Lots of  
maps. Older maps. All the maps.

(CONTINUED)

61

63

CONTINUED:

63

MOLLY

Right...

Sherlock looks at her. Knows something's wrong.

SHERLOCK

Fancy some chips?

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

I know a fantastic fish shop just  
off the Marylebone Road. The owner  
always gives me extra portions.

MOLLY

Did you get him off a murder  
charge?

SHERLOCK

No. Helped him put some shelves up.

They share a smile.

MOLLY

Sherlock, what was today about?

SHERLOCK

Saying thank you.

MOLLY

Thank you?

SHERLOCK

For what you did for me.

MOLLY

Oh that's ok. My...my pleasure.

SHERLOCK

No. I mean it.

MOLLY

I mean, not pleasure. I mean, I  
didn't mind. So...

SHERLOCK

(sincerely)

Jim Moriarty slipped up. He made  
a mistake. Because the one person  
he thought didn't matter to me  
was the one who actually mattered  
the most.

Molly doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

62

63

CONTINUED:

63

SHERLOCK

You made it all possible.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

But you can't do this again, can you?

She shakes her head. A bit tearful.

MOLLY

(sad)

I'd love to, Sherlock. I'd like nothing else. I've had such a wonderful day. But -

SHERLOCK

(nods)

Your fiancé.

MOLLY

How did you - ?

Sherlock gives her a look. *Please.*

Molly fiddles with her expensive-looking engagement ring.

SHERLOCK

Congratulations.

MOLLY

(too quickly)

He's not from work. We met through friends. Sounds a bit old-fashioned, doesn't it? He's nice. He's got a dog and we go to the pub on Sundays and I've met his Mum and Dad. He's close to the rest of his...I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

SHERLOCK

I hope you'll be very happy, Molly. You deserve it. Not all the men you fall for can turn out to be megalomaniacs.

MOLLY

No?

SHERLOCK

Statistically it's extremely unlikely.

He walks out of the door into the night.

(CONTINUED)

63

63

CONTINUED:

63

MOLLY  
(to herself)  
Maybe that's just my type.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

64

MARY is almost home. Her phone beeps.

She pulls it out and we see it, the text appearing on screen.

*"Save souls now!! - John, 3:16 - 'Watson in London'.*

She frowns. Then pales.

Over this: a door buzzer.

CUT TO:

65

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

65

MRS HUDSON opens the front door to....MARY - who dashes inside.

MRS HUDSON  
Hey, hang on - !

MARY  
I think someone's got John. John Watson.

MRS HUDSON  
Who are you - ?

MARY  
I'm his fiancée.

MRS HUDSON  
(thrilled)  
Oh!

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
Mary?

SHERLOCK has come in, holding the last of a bag of chips.

SHERLOCK  
What's wrong?

She pulls her phone from her coat.

65

CONTINUED:

65

MARY

Someone sent me this. I thought  
it was just some Bible thing.  
Spam. But it's not. It's a skip  
code.

On Sherlock: just the briefest beat of surprise.

He looks at the phone.

SHERLOCK

(nods)  
Every third word. Starting with  
the first.

Text on screen:

**"Save souls now!! - John, 3:16 - 'Watson in London'.**

The 'h' drops away and the words scrunch up to form:

**Save John Watson.**

The phone beeps again.

A new message: "You're the tops! Very good show. Warm, my  
friends. Go ahead now. Euston or bust. Now is the time".

MARY

You're...very...warm.  
Go...Euston...

SHERLOCK

Now!

CUT TO:

66

INT. THICKET. NIGHT.

66

Darkness. Breathing. Deep breathing. Suddenly -

A sliver of light. We briefly see JOHN, unconscious, tape  
around his mouth. He's surrounded by branches, as if he's  
been placed in a thicket or a giant nest. He's curled up.  
Embryonic.

Voices. Coming closer. Excited voices. Children's voices.

Weird lights. Flames in the distance.

John's eyes flicker. Consciousness struggling to come back.  
But he's drugged. Can't seem to move.

Voices. Distorted.

(CONTINUED)  
65

66

CONTINUED:

66

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Dad. *Daddy.*

DAD (O.S.)  
Hm?

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
What about the fireworks?

DAD (O.S.)  
Bonfire first, then the  
fireworks, darling. Ok?

Suddenly John understands. His eyes widen in fear.

We pull back from them. Back, back, back, revealing that  
John...

CUT TO:

67

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

67

...is inside a bonfire!!

Around it, a ring of cars. Excited CHILDREN and their  
PARENTS are playing with sparklers. A church is visible  
close by.

But one LITTLE GIRL only has eyes for the unlit bonfire. On  
it, stuffed into a broken chair, sits the Guy Fawkes. Its  
crudely-made face staring down...

CUT TO:

68

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

68

SHERLOCK and MARY are outside the flat.

SHERLOCK  
Did you drive here?

MARY  
Yes.

SHERLOCK  
Too slow. Too slow this time of  
night. *Too slow!!*

He dashes into the road.

CUT TO:

69 INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.

69

JOHN's POV. Woozy, trippy, out of focus. He shakes his head desperately. Worries his hands - his body waking. But slowly. So slowly.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

70

SHERLOCK is in the middle of the road, looking desperately about.

Cars shriek past him, angrily beeping their horns.

MARY

What're we waiting for?

Suddenly, a MOTORCYCLIST and his PASSENGER roar around the corner.

SHERLOCK

That.

Sherlock makes an instant decision and steps boldly into the motorcyclist's path.

The bike screeches to a halt inches from Sherlock.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

71

The LITTLE GIRL watches in delight as her DAD walks towards the bonfire holding a blazing torch.

LITTLE GIRL

Can I do it?

DAD

No, sweetheart.

DAD puts the torch to the bonfire...

The kindling doesn't catch fire. It smokes but no flame.

DAD (CONT'D)

Damp. Its a bit damp, love.

CUT TO:

72 INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.

72

JOHN's smells the smoke. Panic flares in his eyes. He tries to call out but nothing happens. It's a living nightmare. Smoke begins to curl...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. EUSTON ROAD. NIGHT.

73

The motorbike screeches down Euston Road. SHERLOCK is riding it - with MARY holding on to him! They weave through the dense evening traffic.

Mary's phone beeps.

The phone beeps again. Mary studies it.

On-screen: *Saint or sinner? James or John? The More is less. Consider the fields.*

The words rearrange themselves to form:

*Saint...James...the...Less....Fields.*

SHERLOCK  
It's a park. In Westminster!

CUT TO:

74 EXT. WATERLOO PLACE. NIGHT.

74

A jack-knifed lorry blocks the road!

A screech of tyres, SHERLOCK pulls up the bike. Sherlock looks round, spots steps leading down into the Mall. Without a second thought, he roars off again, bumping down the steps...

CUT TO:

75 EXT. THE MALL. NIGHT.

75

-- and onto the Mall. Zooooom!

CUT TO:

76 INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.

76

Close on JOHN's stricken face. He's weak as a kitten. Paralysed. Blood pours from a cut on his flesh.

76

CONTINUED:

76

Smoke rises.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. NIGHT.

77

CUT

CUT TO:

78

EXT. JUBILEE WALKWAY. NIGHT.

78

SHERLOCK and MARY detour at Jubilee walkway by the Thames. Crowds of dawdling tourists. Kids waving sparklers. Standstill.

Sherlock shouts, then spins the bike round, heading off down a pedestrian underpass --

CUT TO:

79

EXT. UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

79

-- racing past the graffitied walls until they reach a turning.

It's blocked by building debris.

SHERLOCK spins round the bike again and aims for steps out of the underpass --

CUT TO:

80

EXT. STEPS. NIGHT.

80

*Bump! Bump! Bump!*

-- up the steps until they reach street level again. The bike roars away...

CUT TO:

81

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

81

DAD

(calling over to friend)  
It's not gonna work, Andy. I'll get something to help it along.

CUT TO:

82 INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.

82

JOHN hears this, his eye widen. At last, some feeling is returning. He scrambles with all his strength at the branches that surround him.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.

83

CUT

CUT TO:

84 EXT. FIELD/INT. THICKET. NIGHT.

84

John shakes his head madly, trying to focus. Focus! At last, some sound comes out of his mouth. Gutteral, feeble.

The LITTLE GIRL's face falls. Can she hear something?

She looks up at the Guy Fawkes dummy. Its face is unperturbed

- stupid, silent face.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

85

Dad approaches the bonfire with a can of petrol.

LITTLE GIRL  
He doesn't like it, Daddy.

Dad starts splashing the petrol onto the bonfire!

DAD  
Stand back, Zoe! Back now.

CUT TO:

86 INT. THICKET. NIGHT.

86

JOHN's eyes widen in absolute terror!

CUT TO:

87 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

87

DAD flicks his lighter, sets the torch on fire and hurls the it onto the bonfire.

CUT TO:

87A EXT. PERIMETER FIELD. NIGHT.

87A

SHERLOCK and MARY outside the field. They circle the party. Sherlock eyeballs the bonfire.

The phone beeps.

On screen:

*"John's happy now. Quite God's way. A friend indeed" - Guy du Maupassant.*

The words reform:

"John's...quite...a...guy".

A firework shrieks overhead.

MARY  
(grave)  
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

88

SHERLOCK and MARY roar into the park on the motorbike - scream to a halt.

The fire takes hold.

Desperately, they try to push their way through the excited crowd.

SHERLOCK  
Move! MOVE!

From within the bonfire, John's desperate, primal cries.

Without a second thought, Sherlock pulls off his coat, covers his head with it and starts scrabbling at the burning branches.

JOHN is revealed. He staggers up on useless legs.

Someone in the crowd screams in horror. Mary rushes forward and she and Sherlock manage to haul John out of the fire, just in time.

88 CONTINUED:

88

John tumbles to the ground. *Safe.*

89 FADE TO BLACK

89

90 EXT. STREET. DAY.

90

CUT

CUT TO:

91 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

91

A bright, sunny morning.

ELDERLY LADY (V.O.)  
...which wasn't the way I would  
have put it at all. Anyway, it  
was then I noticed it was  
missing!

CUT TO:

92 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

92

CLOSE on an ELDERLY LADY.

ELDERLY LADY  
I mean, at first I said have you  
checked down the back of the  
sofa...

A client.

SHERLOCK is at his wall, not listening. There are masses of Tube maps covering every inch of the floor.

Six photos form a pyramid shape. Five have been crossed out - now including the BURLY MAN. Only one remains, at the top. An imposing, SUAVE MAN in robes and ermine. Next to him is pinned a blurry photo blow up of the man from the CCTV. They're one and the same.

ELDERLY LADY  
...because he's always losing  
things down there aren't you,  
dear?

She turns. Sitting behind her is an ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY MAN  
'Fraid so!

(CONTINUED)

72

ELDERLY LADY

Keys, loose change, sweeties and  
especially his glasses!

ELDERLY MAN

Glasses.

ELDERLY LADY

Ooh, those blooming things. I  
said, why don't you get yourself  
a chain. Put round your neck. He  
says, what, like Larry Grayson!

ELDERLY MAN

Larry Grayson.

SHERLOCK

So. Did you find it eventually?  
Your...

(a world of disdain)  
...lottery ticket?

ELDERLY LADY

Well, yes, thank goodness. So we  
got the coach in time after all.  
We managed to see the Tower and  
St Paul's but they're not letting  
anyone into Parliament because  
there's some big debate going  
on...

The door opens. JOHN is standing there. He looks washed out  
but ok. SHERLOCK immediately perks up.

SHERLOCK

John.

JOHN

Oh. You're busy. Sorry -

SHERLOCK

No, no, no, no! They were just  
going.

ELDERLY LADY

Oh. Were we?

SHERLOCK

Yes!

JOHN

No, if you've got a case -

SHERLOCK

Not a case, no!

He starts to shove the elderly couple towards the door.

92

CONTINUED:

92

SHERLOCK

Go. Go!

ELDERLY LADY

We're here till Saturday,  
remember so -

SHERLOCK

Yes. Get out.

ELDERLY LADY

Do give us a ring.

SHERLOCK

Get out!

He pushes them through the door and starts to close it.

CUT TO:

On the threshold, the elderly lady manages to put her foot in the door.

ELDERLY LADY

Can't tell you how glad we are,  
Sherlock. All that time people  
thinking the worst of you. We're  
just so pleased it's all over.

Sherlock nods, tries to close the door.

ELDERLY MAN

Ring more often, won't you?

Sherlock nods.

ELDERLY MAN

She worries.

ELDERLY LADY

Promise?

SHERLOCK

(sotto)  
Promise.

She touches his face tenderly. Sherlock closes the door on them -

CUT TO:

- and turns back to John with a big smile.

SHERLOCK

Sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

74

92

CONTINUED:

92

JOHN  
Clients?

SHERLOCK  
Just my parents.

JOHN  
Your *parents*?!

SHERLOCK  
Yes. They're in town for a few  
days.

JOHN  
Your parents!

He dashes to the window, anxious for a better look.

SHERLOCK  
Mycroft promised to take them to  
a matinee of 'Les Mis'. Tried to  
talk me into doing it.

JOHN  
Those were your parents?

SHERLOCK  
I'm afraid so.

JOHN  
They're not what I...

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
Well. You know, they look so...

On Sherlock: *what*?

JOHN  
Ordinary.

SHERLOCK  
It's a cross I have to bear.

John thinks.

JOHN  
Did...they know too?

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

JOHN  
That you've been playing hide and  
seek for the past two years?

92

CONTINUED:

92

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
(shifty)  
Maybe.

JOHN  
No wonder they didn't come to the  
bloody funeral!

SHERLOCK  
Yes. Sorry. Sorry again.

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
*Sorry.*

He glances sidelong at John.

SHERLOCK  
You've shaved it off.

John touches his lip self-consciously.

JOHN  
Yeah. Wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK  
I'm glad.

JOHN  
You didn't like it?

SHERLOCK  
I prefer my doctors clean-shaven.

JOHN  
Not a sentence you hear every  
day.

SHERLOCK  
How are you...feeling?

JOHN  
Yeah. Not bad. Bit...smoked.

SHERLOCK  
Right.

Beat.

JOHN  
Last night. Who did that? Why did  
they target me?

92

CONTINUED:

92

SHERLOCK

I don't know.

JOHN

Is it....is it someone trying to get at you through me? Something to do with this terrorist thing you talked about?

SHERLOCK

I don't know. I need to find the pattern. It's all too...nebulous.

He sinks back into his chair, fingertips steepled.

SHERLOCK

Why would an agent give his life to tell us something incredibly insubstantial? That's what's strange.

JOHN

Gave his life?

SHERLOCK

According to my brother. An underground network is planning an attack on London. That's all we know.

He frowns. Something's ticking over in his brain.

CUT TO:

93

FLASHBACK!

93

The Jack the Ripper cellar. The room vibrating...

CUT TO:

93A

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

93A

Sherlock shakes his head, then crosses to the wall with the six photos on. John joins him.

SHERLOCK

These are my rats, John.

JOHN

Rats?

(CONTINUED)

77

93A

CONTINUED:

93A

SHERLOCK

My markers. Agents. Low-lifes.  
People who might find themselves  
arrested or with their diplomatic  
immunity suddenly rescinded. If  
they start acting suspiciously,  
then something's up. Five of them  
have been behaving perfectly  
normally. But the sixth...

John looks at the last photo. The SUAVE MAN.

JOHN

I know him, don't I?

SHERLOCK

Lord Moran. Peer of the Realm.  
Minister for Oversees  
Development. Pillar of the  
Establishment.

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Been working for North Korea  
since 1976.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

He's Rat number one. The Big Rat.  
And he's just done something very  
suspicious indeed.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Want to see something strange?

CUT TO:

94

EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. DAY.

94

A crowd of commuters are belched from Westminster Tube.  
Amongst them - the SUAVE MAN. He makes straight for a  
waiting car but -

*SNAP!*

- he's photographed by another HOMELESS GIRL.

She scrolls down her address book and presses 'send'.

CUT TO:

95

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

95

CLOSE on the TV.

The CC-TV footage of the Tube train, in a loop.

John frowns at the screen.

JOHN

Wow. Yeah. That's...odd. And  
there's nowhere he could have got  
off?

SHERLOCK

Not according to the maps.

He freezes the image on the SUAVE MAN.

SHERLOCK

There's something. Something I'm  
missing...

(at TV)

Something staring me in the face.

He rewinds the image, plays it again.

JOHN

Any idea who they are? This  
underground network? Intelligence  
must have a list of the most  
obvious ones.

Sherlock's phone pings.

The photo downloads. The SUAVE MAN outside Westminster  
Tube.

SHERLOCK

Our Rat has come out of his den.

JOHN

Al Qaeda? The I.R.A. have been  
getting restless again, maybe  
they -

Suddenly, Sherlock sits up.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Yes! Yes! YES!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I'm blind. I'm a blind idiot!

JOHN

*What?*

Sherlock runs round the room, whooping with delight.

SHERLOCK

Oh, that's good! That's  
*brilliant!*

JOHN

What're you on about?

SHERLOCK

Mycroft's information. It's not  
nebulous at all. It's specific.  
It's *incredibly* specific!

JOHN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

It's not an underground network,  
John. It's an *UNDERGROUND*  
network!

JOHN

Right!

Beat.

JOHN

...what?

SHERLOCK

Sometimes a deception is so  
audacious, so outrageous that you  
can't see it, even when it's  
staring you in the face.

He jabs at the remote again. The CC-TV footage plays.

The tube train leaving Westminster and arriving at St James' Park.

He rewinds the image again.

SHERLOCK

Look...

The train leaves...

SHERLOCK

Seven carriages leave  
Westminster...

The train arrives....

95

CONTINUED:

95

SHERLOCK

Six carriages arrive at St James' Park! Count them!

JOHN

But that's - I mean, it's impossible!

SHERLOCK

Moran didn't disappear, the whole compartment did! The driver must've diverted the train somehow. Then detached the last carriage.

JOHN

Detached it where? You said there was nothing between those stations.

SHERLOCK

Nothing on the maps. But eliminate all other factors and whatever's left must be the truth. That tube carriage vanished. So it *must* be somewhere.

JOHN

Why, though? Why detach the carriage in the first place?

Sherlock thinks.

SHERLOCK

It vanishes between Westminster and St James' Park. Lord Moran vanishes. You're kidnapped and nearly burnt to death at a fireworks display. What's the date, John? Today's date?

JOHN

November the...Oh my God.

SHERLOCK

Moran's a peer of the realm. He'd usually sit in the House. Tonight there's an all-night sitting to vote on a new anti-terrorism bill. But he won't be there. Not tonight. Not the Fifth of November!

JOHN

Remember, remember...

(CONTINUED)

81

95

CONTINUED:

95

SHERLOCK  
Gunpowder, treason and plot!

CUT TO:

96

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

96

HOWARD is on a Skype connection. SHERLOCK and JOHN are surrounded by masses of files, books and maps.

HOWARD  
There's nothing down there, Mr Holmes! I told you. No sidings. No ghost stations.

SHERLOCK  
There must be. There *have* to be. Check again.

JOHN  
(poring over books)  
That whole area is a big mess of old and new stuff. Charing Cross Station is made up from bits of older stations. Trafalgar Square. Strand...

SHERLOCK  
It's none of those. We've accounted for those.

He throws open a London street map and peers at it with his Zeiss lens.

SHERLOCK  
St Margaret Street. Bridge Street, Sumatra Road, Parliament Street...

Howard is suddenly alert.

HOWARD  
Hang on, hang on...

He disappears from the screen then comes racing back in with a pile of books.

HOWARD  
Sumatra Road, Mr Holmes! You mentioned Sumatra Road. There is something! I knew it rang a bell.

He plonks the books down.

HOWARD  
There *was* a station there.

(CONTINUED)  
82

96

CONTINUED:

96

JOHN

So why isn't it on any of the maps?

HOWARD

Because it was closed before it ever opened!

JOHN

What?

HOWARD

They built the platforms. Even the staircases. But it got all tangled up in legal disputes and they never built the station on the surface!

He holds the book up to the screen.

Sherlock stares at it. Sure enough, there's a map showing another Tube station between Westminster and St James' Park. Sumatra Road (proposed).

SHERLOCK

Right underneath the Palace of Westminster.

JOHN

So what's down there? A bomb?

They share a worried look.

CUT TO:

97

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

97

CUT

CUT TO:

98

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT.

98

The Palace of Westminster, lit up in the frosty night air.

CUT TO:

99

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT.

99

MPs are filing into the main chamber. The place is packed with armed POLICE.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. NIGHT.

100

SHERLOCK and JOHN race through the entrance of Westminster Tube.

CUT TO:

101 INT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. NIGHT.

101

It's packed with passengers. SHERLOCK pulls out a hastily scribbled map.

JOHN

It's a bomb, then? The tube carriage is carrying a bomb?

SHERLOCK

Must be.

John takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK

What're you doing?

JOHN

Calling the police.

SHERLOCK

What? No!

JOHN

Sherlock! This isn't a game. They need to evacuate Parliament.

SHERLOCK

No! They'll get it in the way.  
They always do. This is cleaner.  
More efficient.

They've arrived at a metal grille. Sherlock looks quickly round, then pulls a crowbar from his coat.

JOHN

And illegal?

SHERLOCK

A bit.

He jams it into the lock of the grille and wrenches it open. Beyond: a dark and spooky tunnel.

They slip inside.

CUT TO:

102 INT. TUBE TUNNEL. NIGHT.

102

SHERLOCK and JOHN descend a ramp, passing massive, unearthly-looking ventilation tubes.

JOHN sneaks his phone out, finds Lestrade's number. Starts texting.

SHERLOCK  
What're you doing?

JOHN  
Coming, coming.

He looks at his phone. No signal.

He curses and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

103 INT. WALKWAY. NIGHT.

103

They race along a walkway, half-way up the ventilation shaft.

CUT TO:

104 INT. LADDER. NIGHT.

104

At last they reach a ladder, descending into Stygian darkness...

CUT TO:

105 INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

105

...and appear in a gloomy old tunnel, dripping with moisture. They reach more stairs and ascend onto...

106 INT. SUMATRA ROAD STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT.

106

A damp, rotting, long forgotten station. There are bullseye signs for Sumatra Road.

But nothing else. No Tube carriage.

Sherlock's face falls.

SHERLOCK  
I don't understand.

JOHN  
That's a first.

106

CONTINUED:

106

SHERLOCK

There's nowhere else it could be.

He looks quickly round.

SHERLOCK

Unless - *oh! oh! oh!*

JOHN

What is it?

Sherlock stares ahead.

JOHN

*Sherlock?*

We're inside Sherlock's head as he works it out.

Sherlock imagines himself on the Train as it's marooned in the tunnel. It's packed with explosives.

They detonate and fire leaks towards him. Suddenly it ignites into a massive fireball.

CUT TO:

Now Sherlock imagines himself in the tunnel. The fireball rockets towards him.

At the last minute - whoooomph! - the fireball is sucked up a ventilation chimney in the roof of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

107

INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. NIGHT.

107

A ventilation grille on the wall of the Commons.

CUT TO:

An ANCIENT MP dozing as the House fills up. A ventilation grille right beneath him.

CUT TO:

Wide shot of ventilation grilles on the walls and up the staircases of the Palace.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on one grille, shimmered by heat haze.

CUT TO:

107

CONTINUED:

107

The fireball erupts through the grilles.

CUT TO:

From above, fire consumes the entrance and races upwards.

CUT TO:

108

EXT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. NIGHT.

108

And Parliament explodes in a blinding white explosion!

Suddenly, the whole image rewinds, shooting back down the chimney, through the tunnel --

CUT TO:

109

INT. SUMATRA ROAD STATION. NIGHT.

109

-- and into Sherlock's eye. We're back with him. Just as he was.

Suddenly, he jumps from the platform onto the rails!

JOHN

Sherlock!

Sherlock turns.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

It's - isn't it? *Live?*

SHERLOCK

Perfectly safe if we avoid the rails.

JOHN

Great. Yes. Avoid the rails. In the pitch black. Great.

SHERLOCK

This way.

JOHN

You're sure?

SHERLOCK

Sure.

They walk on into the yawning chasm of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

110

INT. SUMATRA ROAD TUNNEL. NIGHT.

110

The tunnel curves. From far away comes a deep, rumbling roar. SHERLOCK and JOHN stop. Listen. It's the sound of a distant tube train.

They tramp on and on. Suddenly -

JOHN

There! Look!

John's pointing. Sherlock brings the torch to bear on --

*A single train carriage.*

It's marooned on the rails ahead of them.

Ghostly.

Slowly, he points his torch above the train.

The vast 'chimney' extends upwards. It's covered in white packages.

John and Sherlock exchange a look.

JOHN

Demolition charges.

Gingerly, they step up onto the back of the train.

CUT TO:

111

INT. TUBE CAR. NIGHT.

111

It's a regular modern Tube car. All seems perfectly normal. No TNT. Nothing.

JOHN

It's empty. There's nothing.

Sherlock's keen gaze is all over the compartment.

SHERLOCK

Isn't there?

A corner of the upholstery is loose. Sherlock worries at it and then rips the fabric. Underneath, it's glittering with cables, lights, instrumentation.

Sherlock continues, dragging away the advertising signs and seats. He suddenly pulls up sharp.

SHERLOCK

This is the bomb.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

JOHN

*What?*

SHERLOCK

*It's not carrying explosives. The whole carriage is a bomb!*

CUT TO:

112 INT. AIRPORT HOTEL

112

The SUAVE MAN lies on his bed in an airport hotel. He changes channels on the TV.

Live coverage of the debate in Parliament.

Next to him is a briefcase.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. WESTMINSTER. NIGHT.

113

The clock-face of Big Ben.

CUT TO:

114 INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

114

*Click!*

The SUAVE MAN opens his briefcase. Inside - a timer. He clicks a button.

CUT TO:

115 INT. TUBE TRAIN. NIGHT.

115

SHERLOCK is tearing around the carriage. He finds something. An electronic clock. A timer...

JOHN

We need bomb disposal.

SHERLOCK

I think we may be past that now.

JOHN

What do we do?

SHERLOCK

I have no idea.

115

CONTINUED:

115

JOHN

Well - Think of something!

SHERLOCK

What makes you think I can stop it?

JOHN

Because you're...you're Sherlock Holmes! You're as clever as it gets!

SHERLOCK

Doesn't mean I know how to defuse a giant bomb! What about you?

JOHN

I wasn't in bomb disposal! I'm a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK

And a soldier! As you keep reminding us all!

JOHN

Can't we...rip off the timer or something?

SHERLOCK

That would set it off.

JOHN

See! You know things!

The electronic timer on the bomb suddenly blinks into life.

1.00...

JOHN

Oh my God.

Sherlock stares at it.

JOHN

Why didn't you call the police!  
Why do you never call the police!

SHERLOCK

No use now.

53...52...

JOHN

You can't turn the bomb off! You can't turn the bomb off and you didn't call the police!

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

50, 49...

SHERLOCK

Go, John. Go now!

JOHN

No. No point, is there? No time to  
get away.

(steely)

Anyway, we've got to try to stop  
it. Can't let those people die.

They stare impotently at the bomb.

JOHN

Mind palace! Use your mind  
palace!

SHERLOCK

How will that help?

JOHN

You've salted away every bloody  
fact under the sun!

SHERLOCK

And you think I've got 'how to  
defuse bombs' just tucked away  
inside there'?

JOHN

Yes!!

Beat.

SHERLOCK

(thinks)

Maybe.

JOHN

(desperately)

Think! Think!

Sherlock clamps his eyes shut.

29, 28, 27...

Sherlock's hands dance through the air as he struggles to  
alight on the correct information. Still nothing.

25, 24, 23...

JOHN

Oh God. This is it. *This is it!*

115 CONTINUED:

115

John turns away, despairing. Sherlock suddenly drops to his knees, fumbling with the circuitry.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. NIGHT.

116

The chimes of Big Ben. Bong, bong, bong...

CUT TO:

117 INT. TUBE TRAIN. NIGHT.

117

SHERLOCK stands up, downcast.

**15, 14, 13, 12...**

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. I tried.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Forgive me, John. For all the hurt I caused you.

JOHN

This is a trick! It's another one of your bloody tricks!

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

You're just trying to make me say something nice!

SHERLOCK

(sad smile)

Not this time.

**10, 9, 8...**

JOHN

Make you look good even though you've behaved like a -

Sherlock just shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

92

117

CONTINUED:

117

JOHN

I wanted you not to be dead.

SHERLOCK

Be careful what you wish for. If I hadn't come back, you wouldn't be standing here. You'd have a future. With Mary.

7, 6, 5...

JOHN

I know.

He turns and stares into Sherlock's eyes.

JOHN

I find it difficult. This sort of stuff.

SHERLOCK

I know.

JOHN

But I couldn't have asked for a better friend. You were the best. The best and the...wisest man I've ever known.

3, 2...

JOHN

Of course. Of course I forgive you.

They just look at each other.

...1

**WHITEOUT.**

CUT TO:

118

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. NIGHT.

118

MYCROFT sits in the darkened flat.

*Caption: Two years earlier.*

And then we hear Sherlock's voice.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The criminal network Moriarty headed was vast. Its roots were everywhere. Like a cancer. So we came up with an idea.

(CONTINUED)  
93

118 CONTINUED:

118

SHERLOCK joins his brother. They're studying files.

CUT TO:

119 INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

119

CLOSE on SHERLOCK. A grainy image. On video. A taped confession? A living will?

SHERLOCK

Mycroft fed Moriarty information about me. In turn, Moriarty gave him hints - just hints - as to the extent of his web. We let him go because we needed him to believe he had the upper hand. Then I sat back and let him destroy my reputation, bit by bit.

CUT TO:

120 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

120

SHERLOCK is bouncing a squash ball against the units of the lab.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I had to make him believe he'd beaten me. Utterly defeated me. And then he'd show his hand. There were thirteen likely scenarios once we were up on that roof. Each of them were rigorously worked out and given a code name. It wasn't just my reputation that Moriarty needed to bury. I had to die.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

121

Flashback:

SHERLOCK has JIM by the throat, hanging over the edge of the roof.

JIM

You can have me arrested. You can torture me. You can do anything you like with me. But nothing's going to prevent them from pulling the trigger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

121

CONTINUED:

121

JIM (cont'd)

Your only three friends in the world will die unless...

SHERLOCK

Unless I kill myself and complete your story.

JIM

Got to admit, that's sexier.

CUT TO:

122

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

122

JOHN gets out of a cab and approaches the hospital. The sights of a rifle move across him.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The one thing I didn't anticipate was just how far Moriarty was prepared to go. But I suppose it was obvious right from that first time we met at the pool. His death wish.

CUT TO:

123

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

123

**BANG!**

JIM shoots himself in the mouth. SHERLOCK staggers back.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

I knew I didn't have long.

He fumbles with his phone. Keys in a text.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I contacted my brother. Set the wheels in motion.

On screen text: L....A....Z....A....R....U....S

Sherlock looks over the edge.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then everyone got to work.

124

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

124

People going about their business. DOCTORS, NURSES, COMMUTERS.

124

CONTINUED:

124

But they glance at each other furtively, knowing it's nearly time. We now see that each has a discreet ear-piece. Parked on the road: the laundry truck.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

My homeless network. Invaluable. Like I've always said. And I was telling John the truth. Even then.

JOHN looks up in horror at SHERLOCK on the roof.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN

No. Alright stop it now!

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK

No. Stay exactly where you are.  
Don't move.

JOHN

Alright.

SHERLOCK

Keep your eyes fixed on me.  
Please would you do this for me?

CUT TO:

125

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

125

SHERLOCK looks at his phone.

On-screen text: **Lazarus is GO.**

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

It was vital John stayed exactly where I wanted him. That way his view was blocked by the ambulance station.

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

From SHERLOCK's perspective, we can see JOHN behind the ambulance station.

MOLLY appears in a lower window of Bart's.

On the side of the ambulance station facing Sherlock stand ten BURLY MEN. Propped against the wall, a massive airbag.

(CONTINUED)

125

CONTINUED:

125

Sherlock steps onto the ledge - and throws himself off.

The burly men dash out and hold the airbag in place.

Sherlock spirals down, down, down -

- and lands on the airbag.

CUT TO:

Molly propels a corpse (dressed in another of Sherlock's coats) out of the window.

*Slam!* It hits the pavement.

CUT TO:

The corpse on the pavement. We pull back to see what's on the other side of it:

SHERLOCK sliding casually to the pavement from the airbag. He dashes across the road and flattens himself against the wall of the ambulance station. The burly men throw the airbag into the back of the laundry truck and it drives away. They melt away into the crowd.

CUT TO:

JOHN races round the corner and sees what he thinks is SHERLOCK's body lying on the pavement.

Close on the earpiece of the CYCLIST. He pedals furiously towards John and deliberately collides with him. John goes down.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK stands by the wall of the ambulance station as ON-LOOKERS cover him in blood. Fake DOCTORS pick up the corpse and push it into the phone box. Sherlock, drenched in blood, takes its place, lying down on the pavement. The last thing he does as he lowers himself onto the flagstones is to take out the black squash ball and place it under his arm.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Squash ball in the armpit. Apply enough pressure and the pulse is temporarily cut off.

CUT TO:

John gets woozily to his feet. Sees Sherlock's broken body lying on the pavement, surrounded by passers-by and medical staff.

The heart-beat sound thrums again, slower, slower...Stops.

(CONTINUED)

125

CONTINUED:

125

John manages to take Sherlock's pulse. Nothing. He sinks back onto the pavement, stunned.

CUT TO:

The sniper's POV of JOHN. The rifle sights move away.

CUT TO:

126

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY.

126

The SNIPER looks round from his vantage point. He is entirely surrounded by black-uniformed MARINES, bristling with machine guns. MYCROFT is there. Gives him a look as if to say: don't be a silly boy.

The sniper knows he's beaten and starts to pack away his gun, just as we saw him do before.

CUT TO:

127

INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

127

On video: SHERLOCK's image.

SHERLOCK

Everything was anticipated. Every eventuality allowed for. And it worked perfectly.

Pull back to reveal that SHERLOCK is sitting with...ANDERSON! He's in front of a video camera which has been recording every word.

ANDERSON

Molly. Molly Hooper. She was in on it?

SHERLOCK

Yes. You remember the little girl who was abducted by Moriarty?

CUT TO:

CLOSE on the GIRL from 'The Reichenbach Fall', screaming at Sherlock.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

You assumed she reacted like that because I was her kidnapper. I deduced that Moriarty must've used someone who looked very like me in order to plant suspicion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127

CONTINUED:

127

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

I also knew that whoever this man was, he'd be got out of the way as soon as his usefulness ended. That meant that there was a corpse in a morgue somewhere that looked just like me.

ANDERSON

Clever.

SHERLOCK

Molly found the body. Faked the records. I provided the other coat.

(shrugs)

I've got a lot of coats.

ANDERSON

And your homeless network?

SHERLOCK

As I explained. The whole street was closed off. Set up like a scene in a play. Neat, don't you think?

Anderson shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

ANDERSON

Well...

SHERLOCK

What?

ANDERSON

Not the way I'd have done it.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Really?

ANDERSON

No. I'm not saying it wasn't clever but...

SHERLOCK

What?

ANDERSON

Bit...disappointed.

SHERLOCK

(sighs)

Everyone's a critic. Anyway. That's not why I came.

(CONTINUED)

99

127

CONTINUED:

127

ANDERSON

No?

SHERLOCK

No. I think you know why I'm  
here...Phillip.

Anderson reacts. First name terms?

SHERLOCK

'How I did it by Jack the  
Ripper'?

Anderson pales.

ANDERSON

Didn't you think it  
was...intriguing?

SHERLOCK

Lurid. A case so sensational you  
hoped it would interest me? You  
overdid it, Phillip. You and your  
little...fan club.

ANDERSON

I just...couldn't live with  
myself. Knowing I'd driven you to  
-

SHERLOCK

But you hadn't. You were right  
all along. I wasn't dead.

ANDERSON

(pleased)

No. And everything's ok now, isn't  
it?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Yes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Of course, you've wasted police  
time.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Perverted the course of justice.

Beat.

127

CONTINUED:

127

SHERLOCK

Risked distracting me from a massive terrorist assault that could've both destroyed Parliament and caused the death of hundreds of people.

ANDERSON

(sobs)

Oh God! I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry!

He buries his head on Sherlock's shoulder, sobbing. Sherlock gives him an awkward pat.

Anderson looks relieved. Then he frowns. He scurries back to his big board again, looking at all the picture.

ANDERSON

Hang on. Hang on. That doesn't make sense. How could you be sure John would stand on that exact spot? What if he'd moved. And how did you do all that so quickly? What if the bike hadn't hit him? And anyway, why would you tell me all this? If you'd pulled that off, I'm the last person you'd tell the truth to!

He looks round. Sherlock has gone. Slipped silently from the flat.

Anderson, vexed for a moment. Then laughing. The bastard! The utter bastard!!!

We he ever know for sure??

CUT TO:

128

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

128

SHERLOCK walks back to the flat, smiling.

CUT TO:

129

INT. SUMATRA ROAD STATION. NIGHT.

129

*Flashback.*

*On the tube train. SHERLOCK with his back to JOHN. He simply flicks a switch, then turns to John.*

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. I tried.

(CONTINUED)  
101

129

CONTINUED:

129

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Forgive me, John. For all the  
hurt I caused you.

Close on the clock.

3...2...1...

JOHN

Of course. Of course I forgive  
you.

They just look at each other.

John closes his eyes.

Nothing happens.

John opens one eye. Looks at Sherlock. Sherlock starts  
laughing. A deep, throaty chuckle. John stares at him.

JOHN

(warningly)

You...

SHERLOCK

Your face!

JOHN

...utter...

SHERLOCK

Your face! Got you.

JOHN

You -

SHERLOCK

Totally had you!

JOHN

You cock! I knew it! I knew it,  
you f -

SHERLOCK

All those things you said. Such  
sweet things! I didn't know you  
cared!

129

CONTINUED:

129

JOHN

I'm going to kill you. If you  
ever breathe a word -

SHERLOCK

Scout's honour.

JOHN

- to anyone! You knew? You knew  
how to turn it off?

SHERLOCK

There's an 'off' switch! There's  
always an 'off' switch.  
Terrorists can get into all sorts  
of trouble unless there's an off-  
switch.

JOHN

Then why did you make me go  
through - ?

SHERLOCK

I wasn't completely lying. I  
don't know how to turn all the  
flashing lights off.

POLICEMEN become visible out in the tunnel.

JOHN

You did call the Police?

SHERLOCK

Of course I called the Police!

JOHN

I am definitely going to kill  
you.

SHERLOCK

Oh please. Killing me? That's so  
two years ago.

John laughs, a bit hysterical.

FADE TO BLACK.

130

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

130

CLOSE on a room service trolley being pushed down a hotel  
corridor by a bored-looking WAITRESS.

The trolley has a squeaky wheel. On it is a silver dish.

The Waitress passes by a door.

(CONTINUED)

103

130

CONTINUED:

130

We stay on the door as it opens and the SUAVE MAN hurries into the corridor, clutching bags. He looks dishevelled and scared.

He hurries down the corridor towards the lift, passing the Waitress.

Suave Man stabs at the lift button.

*Click.*

Suave Man turns. The Waitress is holding a pistol to the back of his neck.

From nowhere, two plain-clothes policemen appear, guns raised.

The Suave Man sighs and raises his hands above his head.

CUT TO:

131

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

131

The flat is being besieged by REPORTERS.

CUT TO:

132

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

132

SHERLOCK is on the phone. JOHN and MARY sit with MRS HUDSON. LESTRADE sits by the fire.

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

I'm sorry, brother dear but you  
made a promise. There's nothing I  
can do to help you.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

But you don't understand the pain  
of it! The horror!

CUT TO:

133

INT. THEATRE BOX. DAY.

133

CLOSE on MYCROFT, whispering into his phone. Someone shushes him violently. Pull out to reveal...

REVOLUTIONARY

(sings)

*Do you hear the people sing?  
Singing a song of angry men?*

(CONTINUED)

104

133

CONTINUED:

133

A vast French flag is being waved. On stage, revolutionaries sing their hearts out.

In the audience, the elderly couple we now know to be MR and MRS HOLMES. With them, MYCROFT, looking utterly miserable.

CUT TO:

134

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

134

SHERLOCK hangs up.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

You'll have to go down, you know.  
They want the story.

SHERLOCK

In a minute.

MARY

(to Mrs Hudson)

We thought May.

MRS HUDSON

Oh! Spring wedding!

MARY

Well, once we've actually got engaged.

JOHN

Yeah.

MARY

We were interrupted last time.

JOHN

Yeah.

LESTRADE

Can't wait!

MARY

You will be there, Sherlock?

Sherlock pulls a face.

SHERLOCK

Weddings. Not really my area...

She gives him a severe look. He replies with a small, secret wink.

134

CONTINUED:

134

MOLLY  
Hello, everyone!

MOLLY is in the doorway. With her is TOM. He's cute, geeky, wearing glasses. But there's something very familiar about him. He's in a dark suit and big coat - with the collar turned up.

There's a fusillade of greetings.

MOLLY  
This is Tom. Tom, this is everyone.

TOM  
Hi. Really pleased to meet you.  
Hi.

Sherlock turns. He and Tom look at each other. Then shake hands.

John kisses Molly.

JOHN  
Good to meet you, mate.

He shakes Tom's hand. Shares a look with Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Ready?

JOHN  
Ready.

They go out. Lestrade turns to Molly and Tom.

LESTRADE  
So...is it serious, you two?

MOLLY  
(confidently)  
Oh Yes. I've moved on!

CUT TO:

135

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY. DAY.

135

SHERLOCK and JOHN pause on the landing.

JOHN  
Did you - ?

SHERLOCK  
I'm not saying a word.

135

CONTINUED:

135

JOHN  
No. Best not.

JOHN  
So...why did they try to kill me?

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

JOHN  
If they knew you were onto them.  
Why go after me? Put me in the  
bonfire?

SHERLOCK  
I don't know.  
(grim)  
And I don't like not knowing.

They head down the stairs.

SHERLOCK  
But unlike the nicely embellished  
fictions on your blog, John, real  
life is rarely so neat. I don't  
know who was behind all this. But  
I'm going to find out. I promise  
you.

They reach the hallway.

JOHN  
Don't pretend you're not enjoying  
this. Being back. Being a hero  
again.

SHERLOCK  
Don't be stupid.

JOHN  
You'd have to be an idiot not to  
see it. You love it.

SHERLOCK  
Love what?

JOHN  
Being Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK  
I don't even know what's supposed  
to mean!

He moves to the first door.

John, frowning now, one last thing.

135

CONTINUED:

135

JOHN

Sherlock ... you are going to tell  
me how you did it? How you jumped  
of that building and survived.

SHERLOCK

You know my methods, John. I am  
known to be indestructible.

JOHN

No but seriously. Because when you  
were dead, I went to your grave...

SHERLOCK

I should hope so.

JOHN

But I made a little speech, I  
actually spoke to you...

SHERLOCK

I know. I was there.

John, staring at him, a little haunted.

JOHN

I asked you for one more miracle. I  
asked you to stop being dead.

Sherlock holds his look for a moment.

SHERLOCK

I heard you.

On John - half bemused, half moved.

SHERLOCK

Anyway! Time to go and be Sherlock  
Holmes.

And, as they go to step outside, Sherlock hesitates.  
Twinkles at John - and lifts something from a coat peg.

It's a deerstalker!

CUT TO:

136

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

136

SHERLOCK and JOHN emerge into the throng of REPORTERS.

Over this: *Crump! Bang! Whiz!*

**Fireworks!** In the black November sky over Baker Street,  
they burst and blossom as if in celebration. The boys are  
back!

(CONTINUED)  
108

136

CONTINUED:

136

We pull back through the massive crowd. On the other side of the street stands a MAN.

We only see him from behind, looking on as the press go crazy over Sherlock and John.

He takes off his GOLD RIMMED SPECTACLES, breathes on the lenses and wipes them clean with a beautifully laundered white handkerchief.

**END**