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FILMS

SHERLOCK SERIES 3

Episode 1 - "The Sign of
Three"

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FINAL

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A1

EXT. COURT STEPS. NIGHT.

A1

Text: EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO.

A case is over, Lestrade is storming down the steps, in a fury. Donovan following him

LESTRADE

They just walked out of there ... !

DONOVAN

Yeah, I know, I was sort of sitting next to you.

LESTRADE

The whole Waters family. They just walked right out of there.

DONOVAN

Again, I was in the room, I was there when it happened.

LESTRADE

How can they always do that!

DONOVAN

They're good.

LESTRADE

They're greedy, they'll do it again, and next time we're going to catch them in the act.

He storms off down the steps.

DONOVAN

(Starting to follow)

How?

FADE TO BLACK:

AA1

INT. LESTRADE'S CAR. NIGHT.

AA1

Text: ONE YEAR AGO.

Sally waiting in the passenger seat, lit by the flashing blue lights of squad cars parked near-by - a hugely pissed off Lestrade, slams into the car.

DONOVAN

No good?

LESTRADE

They always know we're coming. How do they always know??

(CONTINUED)

DONOVAN

They're good. They work at it.

LESTRADE

And they're never going to stop!

She puts a comforting hand on his arm.

DONOVAN

Neither are we.

FADE TO BLACK:

AAA1

INT. COURT STEPS - DAY

AAA1

Text: EIGHT MONTHS AGO.

Tiny fast scene - Lestrade storming down the steps, face like thunder again. Donovan following.

FADE TO BLACK:

AAAAA1

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE COURT DAY - DAY

AAAAA1

Text: FOUR MONTHS AGO.

Lestrade's car, parked a short distance from the court. An enraged Lestrade kicking savagely at the one of his car wheels, taking out his frustration. Donovan watches sympathetically, as do several police officers - she gently intervenes.

DONOVAN

Greg

LESTRADE

(Rounds on her)

In the act! Only way we're going to do it! In. The. Act!

FADE TO BLACK:

1

EXT/INT. BANK. DAY

1

Text: Today.

ECU - a hideous face. Green flesh, blank expression -

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!

Pull out to reveal the Monster is holding a sawn-off shotgun.

It's an armed bank job -- with Hallowe'en masks.

(CONTINUED)

2

The massive vault door is open and DRACULA is loading money onto a cart.

Another of the robbers - THE MUMMY, sits at a laptop, tapping away.

Close on the alarm. Totally silent.

CUT TO:

1A **EXT. BANK. DAY.**

1A

In an unmarked car, LESTRADE and DONOVAN. She has an open laptop on her knee.

LESTRADE

They're still blocking it?

DONOVAN

Yeah. Very efficiently hacked. They must be bloody pleased with themselves.

LESTRADE

Must be.

They share a smile.

CUT TO:

1B **INT. BANK. DAY**

1B

The cart is now groaning under the weight of cash, safety deposit boxes etc. FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER looks to THE MUMMY, who gives a big thumbs up.

CUT TO:

1C **EXT. BANK. DAY.**

1C

A phalanx of armed POLICE in bullet-proof vests. LESTRADE and DONOVAN are at their head.

LESTRADE

Right then.

He ushers Donovan ahead.

DONOVAN

No, no, no. You've got to make the arrest. This one's yours, boss.

LESTRADE

... never called me boss before.

(CONTINUED)

DONOVAN

Well look what happens when you're
good!

Lestrade can't help feeling chuffed.

LESTRADE

You know how most days aren't good
days. This is a good day.

DONOVAN

Not for the Waters family.

And then his phone rings in his pocket. A very distinctive
ring. He's about to answer, but ignores it.

LESTRADE

Come on.

They start to move forward.

DONOVAN

Ten men on the roof, all exits
covered. Bank's closed so no
hostages worry about -

The phone rings again angrily. Donovan sighs.

LESTRADE

Sorry. Go on.

DONOVAN

We've got the tunnel entrance
covered and Davies, Willow and
Christie --

Ring, ring.

- are heading up armed response in
Mafeking Road -

LESTRADE

Sorry. Better get this.

DONOVAN

It's him, isn't it?

Lestrade reaches apologetically for his phone - glances at
the display.

Text on screen.

HELP. BAKER STREET. NOW.

HELP ME PLEASE!

LESTRADE

I...I have to go.

Text: PLEASE!!

DONOVAN

What?

LESTRADE

You make the arrest.

DONOVAN

No way!

LESTRADE

Sorry. You'll be fine. I'm cool
with it.

DONOVAN

Gregson'll get all the credit if
you go now. You know he will.

A beat of regret from Lestrade.

LESTRADE

Doesn't matter. I've got to go.

He dashes back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. STREET. DAY

LESTRADE in his car, pedal to the metal. And the car speeds off...

And he's on the phone.

LESTRADE

Back up! I need maximum back up!
Baker Street. Now!!

INT. 221B. DAY

LESTRADE bursts through the door of 221B. He's moved heaven and earth to get here - doused in sweat, panting.

SHERLOCK at his laptop, tapping away. Without a care in the world. Either side of him, the windows are being lit by the flashing blue lights of police cars

Doesn't even look up.

LESTRADE

What's going on?

SHERLOCK

This is hard.

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

Really hard. Hardest thing I've
ever done.*He holds up a book: 'HOW TO WRITE AN UNFORGETTABLE BEST MAN
SPEECH.'*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Do you know any funny stories about
John?

LESTRADE

What???

SHERLOCK

I need anecdotes.

Lestrade looks like he's going to have a stroke.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Didn't go to any trouble, did you?

And the curtains billow -

The deafening sound of a helicopter landing in Baker Street -

CUT TO:

TITLES

3AAA

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

3AAA

Baker Street in the early morning (from Scandal?)

A violin is playing - a sad, beautiful waltz.

CUT TO:

3AA

INT. 221B BAKER ST. - DAY

3AA

Mrs. Hudson ascending the stairs carrying a tray with a pot
of tea and some cups. The violin, louder now -- but when she steps through the door, it's an iPhone
attached to a speaker that is playing.And there's Sherlock Holmes. Dancing. Sort of. His hands
behind his back, he's moving in a solemn, formal dance around
the flat - a waltz in fact. His face is serious, he's
concentrating.

Mrs. Hudson just stares.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Please shut up, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON

I didn't say a word.

SHERLOCK

You were formulating a question -
it's physically painful to watch
you think.

He steps over to the iPod, switches it off. Now makes a note
on a sheet of manuscript - like he's composing.

MRS. HUDSON

I thought it was you playing.

SHERLOCK

It is me. I'm composing.

MRS. HUDSON

You were dancing.

SHERLOCK

No. I was road testing.

MRS. HUDSON

You were what?

SHERLOCK

Why are you here?

MRS. HUDSON

I'm bringing you your morning tea.
You're not usually awake.

SHERLOCK

You bring me tea in the mornings?

MRS. HUDSON

Where did you think it came from?

SHERLOCK

I don't know. I thought it just
sort of happened.

MRS. HUDSON

Your mother has a lot to answer
for.

SHERLOCK

I agree. I have a list. Mycroft has
a file.

Mrs. Hudson, now settling down for a chat.

MRS. HUDSON

So. It's the big day then.

SHERLOCK
What big day?

MRS. HUDSON
The wedding! John and Mary, getting married!

SHERLOCK
A couple, who currently live together, are about to attend church, have a party and a short holiday, and then carry on living together. What's big about that?

MRS. HUDSON
It changes people, marriage.

SHERLOCK
No it doesn't.

MRS. HUDSON
You wouldn't understand, you've always been alone.

SHERLOCK
Your husband was executed for double murder, you're hardly an advert for companionship.

MRS. HUDSON
Marriage changes you as a person in ways you can't imagine.

SHERLOCK
As does lethal injection.

MRS. HUDSON
My best friend, Margaret - she was my chief bridesmaid. We were going to be best friends forever, we always said so. But I hardly ever saw her after that.

SHERLOCK
(Examining the tea tray)
Aren't there usually biscuits?

MRS. HUDSON
I've run out.

SHERLOCK
Have the shops run out too?

MRS. HUDSON
She cried the whole day. Kept saying it was the end of an era.

Sherlock, losing patience, has opened the door for her to leave.

SHERLOCK

The shop on the corner should be open, I think.

MRS. HUDSON

She was right I suppose. I remember she left early. Who leaves a wedding early, it was so sad.

SHERLOCK

Anyway. You've got things to do...

MRS. HUDSON

I don't, really, I've got plenty of time to get ready -

SHERLOCK

Biscuits!

She starts heading out.

MRS. HUDSON

I really am going to have a word with your mother.

SHERLOCK

You can if you like, she understands very little.

He closes the door behind her. Looks thoughtful for a moment. Goes to his page of manuscript, makes a note.

Then goes to where his morning suit is hanging, waiting for him.

Seems to brace himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Well then! Into battle!

He starts to take off his dressing gown

WE NOW CUT TO MAJOR SHOLTO PUTTING ON HIS MILITARY UNIFORM....

CLOSE on a smart soldier's uniform. It's being buttoned slowly but efficiently - by one hand.

We enjoy the detail. The braiding. The shiny boots. And the dull bronze of a Victoria Cross, pinned to the soldier's chest.

Pull back to reveal the reflection of a tall, distinguished looking man in his 50s - JAMES SHOLTO. He has a vivid scar right down his face and his left arm hangs by his side - stiff and useless.

He looks at himself in the mirror but his face is impassive.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

A country churchyard -

TIGHT IN on the church doors.

We hear the organ start up - MENDELSSON'S 'Wedding March'. The ceremony ending.

The doors fly open - the organ swells - and the BRIDE and GROOM emerge, newly married. JOHN and MARY side by side, beaming with joy and pride. Her in an elegant ivory gown. Him in full uniform.

They emerge from church, framed in the doorway.

And SHERLOCK steps into the shot with them.

JOHN and MARY seem completely un-phased by his intrusion.

A PHOTOGRAPHER is waiting, just out of shot.

PHOTOGRAPHER

OK, stop there. I want to get this shot. The newly weds.

They stop and pose. The PHOTOGRAPHER manhandling them into place.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Which is the groom?

JOHN

(mild)

Sherlock. You'll need to move.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Ok.

And he steps out of the picture.

Click.

A still of JOHN and MARY.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

More pictures. All our regulars photographed outside the church doors...

Click.

JOHN and MARY with MRS. HUDSON sandwiched between them. She's wearing a very large, elaborate hat.

Click.

JOHN, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE. The three boys together. Buddy shot.

Click

BRIDE and GROOM. BEST MAN and BRIDESMAID.

HOLD on this quartet whilst they wait for the PHOTOGRAPHER to set up the shot.

The Chief Bridesmaid, JANINE (20s) smiles nervously at SHERLOCK. This is her first chance to say 'Hello' to him. And he is properly famous after all.

JANINE

You're Sherlock. Hi. Janine.

SHERLOCK

(Polite smile)

Hello.

JANINE

The famous Mr. Holmes - very pleased to meet you. But no sex, okay?

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

JANINE

Don't look so scared, joking. Bridesmaid, best Man, it's a bit traditional

SHERLOCK

Is it?

JANINE

But not obligatory.

SHERLOCK

If that's the sort of thing you're looking for, best bet would be the man in beige. Recently divorced doctor with a ginger cat, a barn conversion, and a history of erectile dysfunction.

(A beat)

Reviewing that information, possibly *not* your best bet.

JANINE
Yeah, maybe not.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, there was one more deduction
than I was really expecting.

Janine is looking at him thoughtfully - now links arms with him.

JANINE
Mr. Holmes, you are going to be
incredibly useful.

Click!

Photograph is taken of them, linked arms, her mischievous, him bemused.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT/INT. RECEPTION. DAY**

6

Click. Another still.

Pondicherry Lodge -

A charming country hotel. The location for the reception.

CUT TO:

Entrance hall.

The whole place done out in sprays of yellow and white carnations and gold ribbons.

A sign outside the Reception Room -

'THE WEDDING OF

JOHN HAMISH WATSON AND

MARY ELIZABETH MORSTAN'

7 **INT. RECEPTION. DAY**

7

The receiving line.

MARY, JOHN, SHERLOCK, a few key relatives - all ready to greet the guests. Lots of grip and grin.

First in the queue to say 'Hello' to them is a young man - DAVID. Personable, attractive, 30s. But looking oddly reticent.

MARY
(warmly)
David!!

She goes to kiss him. He all but recoils, pulling back.
Shakes her hand

DAVID
(Very formal)
Congratulations, Mary. You
look...very nice.

MARY
(puzzled)
Thanks.

DAVID
(Shakes John's hand)
Congratulations, John. You're a
lucky man.

JOHN
(Also puzzled)
Cheers.

MARY
Um. David. This is Sherlock.

Sherlock smiles. David's face falls.

DAVID
We've met.

CUT TO:

8 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

8

FLASHBACK.

SHERLOCK's in his chair, fingers steepled. DAVID sits
opposite.

DAVID
What exactly are my duties? As an
usher.

SHERLOCK
Can we talk about Mary first?

DAVID
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
You know what. You went out with
her for two years.

(CONTINUED)
13

DAVID

Yeah, ages ago. Just good friends now.

SHERLOCK

Is that a fact?

(Flipping open his laptop)

Whenever she posts on Twitter, you respond within five minutes - regardless of time or your current location, which suggests you have her on text alert. In all your Facebook photographs of the happy couple, Mary is in centre frame and John is partially or entirely excluded -

DAVID

You can't assume from that I've still got some kind of interest in Mary -

SHERLOCK

(The clincher)

You have volunteered to be a shoulder to cry on no less than three separate occasions!! Do you have anything to say in your defence?

David swallows hard. He's got him bang to rights.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I think, in future, we'll downgrade you to a casual acquaintance. No more than three planned social encounters a year, and always in John's presence. I have your contact details, I will be monitoring.

DAVID

They're right about you. You're a bloody psychopath.

Sherlock just looks at him.

SHERLOCK

High functioning sociopath. With your number.

CUT TO:

Back to the receiving line.

DAVID moves swiftly along the line, getting away from SHERLOCK as fast as he can.

A little PAGE BOY is next in line - velvet suit and lace collar.

SHERLOCK

Hello, Archie. All ready?

And Archie just hugs SHERLOCK very hard.

MUM

He's really come of out his shell.
I don't know how you did it.

CUT TO:

10

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

10

Flashback.

The Page Boys sits in John's chair. Sherlock is in his own chair. Clock ticking silence.

SHERLOCK

So. Basically, it's cute smile to the bride's side, cute smile to the groom's side, and then the rings.

PAGE BOY

No.

SHERLOCK

And of course, you have to wear the outfit.

PAGE BOY

No!

SHERLOCK

You really do have to wear it.

PAGE BOY

What for?

SHERLOCK

Grown ups like that sort of thing.

PAGE BOY

Why?

SHERLOCK

Not sure, I'll ask one.

A beat of silence. The Page Boy registering that Sherlock maybe isn't like the other grown ups.

PAGE BOY

... You're a detective.

SHERLOCK

Yep.

PAGE BOY

Have you solved any murders?

SHERLOCK

Sure, loads.

PAGE BOY

... can I see?

Sherlock considers, then reaches for his laptop.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, why not?

CUT TO:

Sherlock and the Page Boy, pouring over the laptop, their faces illuminated by the screen. The little boy is thrilled and fascinated.

PAGE BOY

What's all the stuff in his eye?

SHERLOCK

Maggots.

PAGE BOY

Cool!

CUT TO:

Back to the receiving line. The LITTLE BOY finally releases Sherlock from his hug.

MUM

He said you had some pictures for him, as a treat.

SHERLOCK

If he's good.

PAGE BOY

Beheadings.

Sherlock flounders for a moment.

SHERLOCK

... Lovely little village.

They move on.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

People milling round in the Reception room, before it's time to take their seats. Lively chatter. WAITERS circulate with trays of drinks.

Let's have this scene POV PHOTOGRAPHER.

Click.

MOLLY with fiance TOM - kissing. Never miss an opportunity.

Click.

MRS. HUDSON has brought MR. CHATTERJEE. She's wiping a canape off his mouth.

Click.

LESTRADE at the same table. He's getting quietly sloshed.

Click.

John and Mary, laughing as they talk to someone. Mary is grabbing handfuls of the canapes.

MARY

Bloody starving - lost so much weight to get into this dress!

Click.

SHERLOCK and JANINE - they're both scanning the room. There's a DISHY WAITER bending over a silver salver dish. In it is a rack of delicious-looking lamb. Sherlock sniffs the air.

JANINE

He's nice.

SHERLOCK

(Sniffs)

Traces of two leading brands of deodorant, both advertised for strength. Suggestive of a chronic body odour problem, manifesting under stress.

Another WAITER arrives and starts talking to the first one. He withdraws a skewer from the lamb and juice spills out onto the salver. A tiny frown from Sherlock.

JANINE

Okay, done there. What about his friend?

SHERLOCK

Long term relationship, compulsive cheat.

JANINE

Seriously?

SHERLOCK

Waterproof cover on his smartphone, but his complexion doesn't indicate outdoor work. Suggests he's in the habit of taking his phone into the shower, which indicates he often receives texts and emails he'd rather went unseen.

She looks at him, marveling.

JANINE

Can I keep you?

SHERLOCK

Do you like solving crimes?

JANINE

Do you have a vacancy?

He doesn't reply for a beat - and Janine's gaze goes straight to John.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Oh! I suppose you do!

Click.

JOHN and MARY are hovering. Not quite time to sit down yet.

MARY

Harry?

JOHN

(shakes head)

No show.

MARY

Oh, I'm sorry, love.

JOHN

Bit of a punt asking her. Still. Free bar. Wouldn't have been a good mix.

He smiles sadly. Then glances over Mary's shoulder. Someone has walked casually into the reception. It's MAJOR SHOLTO -

(CONTINUED)

18

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh God. Wow.

Mary looks.

MARY
Is that - ?

JOHN
He came.

Without a word, he moves swiftly up to Sholto and salutes. Sholto salutes back. Mary watches.

SHERLOCK
(a statement)
So that's him. Major Sholto.

Mary turns. Sherlock's right behind her.

MARY
Aha.

SHERLOCK
(Is he jealous?)
If they're such good friends, why
does he hardly ever mention him?

MARY
(Teasing)
Mentions him all the time to me.
Never shuts up about him.

SHERLOCK
(A little stung, almost
affronted)
About *him*?

MARY
(Sips wine, makes a face)
I *choose* this wine - it's bloody
awful!

SHERLOCK
Yes, but it's definitely *him* he
talks about?

CUT TO:

JOHN and SHOLTO.

JOHN
I'm very, very glad you could make
it, sir, I realise you don't ...
well, you don't do this sort of
thing any more.

(CONTINUED)
19

SHOLTO
I do for old friends, Watson.
(corrects himself)
John. Good to see you.

JOHN
You too.

A slightly awkward silence. John can't help glancing at Sholto's scar. Sholto touches it self-consciously.

SHOLTO
Civilian life suiting you, then?

JOHN
I think so, sir.

SHOLTO
No more need for the trick cyclist?

JOHN
Still go back now and then. Sort of top up. Therapy can be very helpful.

Sholto just grunts, unconvinced.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO
Oh. Way out in the middle of nowhere.
(smiles)
You wouldn't know it.

CUT TO:

Back to Sherlock and Mary.

SHERLOCK
(Pointedly)
I've barely heard him speak his name.

MARY
He's almost a recluse these days.
Since...

SHERLOCK
Yes.

MARY
I didn't think he'd show at all - John says he's the most unsociable man he's ever met.

SHERLOCK

(Openly affronted now)
He is? He's the most unsociable? Is
that why he's bouncing round him
like a puppy?

A twinkle in her eye - a grin at the corner of her mouth.
Enjoying SHERLOCK'S discomfort. She links arms with him.

MARY

Oh, Sherlock. Neither of us were
the first, you know.

SHERLOCK

Stop smiling.

MARY

It's my wedding day.

CUT TO:

12A

INT. GYM. DAY.

12A

CLOSE on feet in trainers, pounding away on a running machine. We pull up to see: MYCROFT! As we've never seen him before, in a grey jogging outfit; red-faced and exhausted.

He's in an expensive-looking gym, totally empty apart from him. He steps off the treadmill, panting with exertion. Then, surreptitiously, he lifts his sweatshirt and pats his stomach, checking his waistline. He looks pleased.

Suddenly his phone rings and he starts - a guilty thing surprised.

MYCROFT

(phone)
Yes? What? Sherlock?

CUT TO:

12B

INT. RECEPTION/GYM DAY

12B

GUESTS are filing past SHERLOCK into the main room. Intercut as required.

SHERLOCK

(phone)
Why are you out of breath?

Beat.

MYCROFT

Filing.

(CONTINUED)

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SHERLOCK

I've either caught you in a compromising position or you've been working out again. I favour the latter.

MYCROFT

What do you want?

SHERLOCK

I need your answer, Mycroft. As a matter of urgency.

MYCROFT

Answer?

SHERLOCK

Even at the eleventh hour, it's not too late you know.

MYCROFT

Oh Lord -

SHERLOCK

Cars can be sent. Private jets commandeered -

MYCROFT

Today. It's today, isn't it?

(sighs)

No, Sherlock. I will not be coming to the '*night do'*, as you so poetically put it.

SHERLOCK

Oh. That's a shame. John and Mary will be extremely d-

MYCROFT

- delighted not to have me hanging around.

SHERLOCK

(smiles)

Oh, I don't know. There should always be a spectre at the feast.

Mycroft sits, sipping juice.

MYCROFT

So. This is it, then. The big day. I suppose I'll be seeing a lot more of you now.

SHERLOCK

What do you mean?

MYCROFT

It'll be just like old times.

SHERLOCK

I don't get you.

MYCROFT

Well. It's the end of an era, isn't it? John and Mary. Domestic bliss.

SHERLOCK

No, no. I prefer to think of it as the beginning of a new chapter.

Mycroft smiles to himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

MYCROFT

Nothing.

SHERLOCK

I know that silence. What??

MYCROFT

I'd better let you get back to it. You have a big speech or something, don't you?

SHERLOCK

What??

MYCROFT

Cakes. Karaoke. *Mingling*.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft!

MYCROFT

This is what people do, Sherlock. They get married. I warned you. Don't get involved.

SHERLOCK

Involved? I'm not involved.

MYCROFT

No. Of course not.

SHERLOCK

John asked me to be his Best Man. How could I say no?

MYCROFT

Absolutely.

SHERLOCK
Not *involved*.

MYCROFT
I believe you. Really I do. Have a
lovely day and do give the happy
couple my best.

SHERLOCK
I will.

MYCROFT
By the way, Sherlock, do you
remember 'Redbeard'?

This brings Sherlock up short. A memory - almost like a code word between them.

SHERLOCK
I'm not a child any more, Mycroft!

MYCROFT
No. Of course you're not. Enjoy not
getting involved, Sherlock.

He hangs up.

PULL WIDE.

Mycroft alone in the empty gym.

Over this:

Bing, bing, bing!

Spoon on a wine glass.

TOAST MASTER
Pray silence for the Best Man!

A ripple of applause.

JOHN clutches MARY'S hand - partly in anticipation, partly for comfort - this speech could go either way.

SHERLOCK clears his throat and -

SHERLOCK
Ladies and gentlemen. Family.
Friends. Um... Also...

And then the camera turns round, and we see SHERLOCK'S POV -

A sea of eighty people.

Now cutting closer around some of our regulars.

Mrs Hudson, clearly tensing. What will this be like, what will he say??

Molly Hooper. Just staring at him, openly anxious.

On Lestrade: *okay, here we go!*

MOLLY
(V.O.)
Greg?

CUT TO:

Lestrade, heading along the morgue corridor, clearly on business. Molly has stepped out of dissecting room, to call to him. She's holding a bucket, and is wearing her rubber gloves.

LESTRADE
(Turning, going to her)
Mol!

MOLLY
I just had a thought.

LESTRADE
(looking into bucket)
Is that a brain?

MOLLY
What if John asks Sherlock to be
his best man?

LESTRADE
He will, won't he? He's bound to.

MOLLY
Exactly!

LESTRADE
So?

MOLLY
Greg ... he'll make a *speech*!

A silence.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
In front of people. There will be
actual people there, actually
listening.

On Lestrade - starting to visualise this. Different scenarios chasing each other across his face.

On Molly - waiting, hauntedly.

Finally.

LESTRADE

.... What's the worst that could happen?

MOLLY

Helen-Louise probably wondered the same.

LESTRADE

Helen-Louise?

She holds up the bucket.

A phone ringing.

CUT TO:

Mrs Hudson has answered her phone.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, hello, dear.

CUT TO:

On Molly on the phone.

MOLLY

I was just thinking again - if John does ask Sherlock -

MRS. HUDSON

The speech, dear, I know. It'll be fine.

MOLLY

It's not just the speech, though, is it?

CUT TO:

17

INT. 221B DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

17

John Watson is just coming through the door, when he hears the hooting of uncontrollable laughter. Mrs Hudson is practically ending herself.

He frowns.

CUT TO:

18

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY.

18

Mrs. Hudson, off the phone, just sitting in her chair, rocking with laughter. John, now stepping in.

JOHN

Mrs. Hudson? Are you all right?

She waves vaguely at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Was just dropping in on Sherlock, I thought you were ... possibly dying.

She gives a helpless little nod. She is, *she is!*

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's wrong.

MRS. HUDSON

... telegrams!

JOHN

Sorry, what?

She shakes her head, hurries away.

CUT TO:

19

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

19

Close on John, finally getting it.

JOHN

Telegrams!

Sherlock, sorting through the telegrams - not quite sure of himself.

SHERLOCK

Right. Um...

John looks worried.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

First things first. Telegrams. Well they're not actually telegrams. We just call them telegrams, don't know why. Wedding tradition. Because we don't have enough of that already, apparently.

SHERLOCK has a bunch of telegrams - reading them with no apparent feeling or warmth - a rather agonising task for him -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

'To John and Mary. All good wishes for your special day. With love and...

(Do I really have to say this?)

... many big squishy cuddles from Stella and Ted'.

John and Mary enjoy this.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Takes another)

'So sorry I'm unable to be with you...Mike Stamford...

(another)

'Lots of love...'

And he falters.

JOHN

Yes?

SHERLOCK

(Finds this word almost impossible)

...puppet. Oodles of love and heaps of good wishes from Cam. Wish your family could've have seen this'.

A beat on Mary as she turn, away, moved. John squeezes her hand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Takes another, skim reads)

... 'special day'...

(And another)

... 'special day', 'very special day'... 'love', 'love', 'love'. Bit of a theme. You get the general gist. People are basically fond.

Beat. Deep breath from SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
John Watson. My friend, John
Watson. John.
(Looks to John)
What can I say. When John first
broached the subject of best man I
was confused -

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

Sherlock working at the kitchen table. He has a flame-thrower and holds what appears to a human eye in a pair of tweezers in the other.

John is popping his head round the door. (This takes place seconds after his scene with Mrs Hudson.)

JOHN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
What was that noise downstairs?

JOHN
Mrs. Hudson laughing.

SHERLOCK
I thought perhaps she was torturing
an owl.

JOHN
No, it was laughter.

SHERLOCK
It could have been both.

John, looking at the eyeball and the flame-thrower.

JOHN
Busy?

SHERLOCK
Just occupying myself - sometimes
it's so hard not to smoke.

JOHN
Mind if I interrupt?

SHERLOCK
I would be delighted.

He tosses the eye - it lands in a cup of tea with a splash.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Tea?

JOHN

I'm fine.

(Now seating himself
opposite Sherlock)

So! The big question. The best man!

SHERLOCK

The best man?

JOHN

What do you think?

SHERLOCK

Billy Kincaid.

JOHN

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

Billy Kincaid, the Camden
Garrotter. Best man I ever knew.
Vast contributions to charity, all
undisclosed, personally saved three
hospitals from closure, ran the
best and safest children's homes in
the north of England, and yes, now
and then, garrotted people. But if
you stack up all the lives saved,
against the garrottings, on
balance, I'd say -

JOHN

For my wedding. For me. I need a
best man.

SHERLOCK

Oh, right.

JOHN

Maybe not a garrotter

SHERLOCK

Gavin.

JOHN

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

Gavin Lestrade, he's a man, he's
good at it.

JOHN

It's Greg. And he's not my best
friend.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Mike Stamford you mean? Nice
fella, not sure he'd handle all the
-

JOHN

Mike's great, he's not my best
friend.

SHERLOCK

... your Mum?

JOHN

Is dead, and a woman.

SHERLOCK

Dead? I was talking to *someone's* Mum, wasn't that yours?

JOHN

Sherlock, this the biggest and most
important day of my life.

SHERLOCK

(Equivocating)

Well -

JOHN

No, it *is*! And I want to be
standing up there with the two
people I love and care about most
in the world.

SHERLOCK

(Not getting that's it
him)

Yes.

JOHN

Mary Morstan.

SHERLOCK

(Still not getting it)

Yes.

JOHN

And.

Sherlock, blank, not getting it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You!

On Sherlock, struggling to process.

CUT TO:

21

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

21

SHERLOCK

- I confess I didn't at first
realise he was asking me. When I
finally did, I expressed to him
that I was surprised and flattered.

CUT TO:

22

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

22

Sherlock sits in silence, just staring at John. Still trying to process.

CUT TO:

23

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

23

SHERLOCK

I explained that I had never
expected this request, and that I
was a little daunted in the face of
it.

CUT TO:

24

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

24

Sherlock and John. Silence. More silence.

JOHN

... Sherlock?

CUT TO:

25

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

25

SHERLOCK

I nonetheless promised that I would
do my very best to accomplish a
task that - for me - was as
difficult and demanding as any I
had ever contemplated.
Additionally, I thanked him for the
trust he had placed in me, and that
I was in some ways, very close to
being moved by it.

CUT TO:

26

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

26

Silence. Silence.

JOHN

... Sherlock, getting a tiny bit
scary now.

CUT TO:

27

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY

27

SHERLOCK

It later transpired that I had said
none of this out loud.

CUT TO:

28

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

28

Finally...

SHERLOCK

..... so. I'm ... in fact ...

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Your best

JOHN

Man.

SHERLOCK

Friend.

JOHN

Of course you are. Of course you're
my bloody best friend.

Sherlock stares. Takes his mug of tea, sips. Remembers
there's an eye it. They both look at the mug.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How was that?

SHERLOCK

Surprisingly okay.

Proffers it to John.

JOHN

No.

A silence. Then. The difficult subject.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So. You'll have to make speech
obviously.

Another silence.

SHERLOCK
Yes.

CUT TO:

29 SCENE OMITTED 29

30 SCENE OMITTED 30

31 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY. 31

On Sherlock. A pause. Bracing himself for the ordeal.

Cutting round Molly, Lestrade, Mrs Hudson, John and Mary -
please be okay!!

Sherlock clears his throat - launching into the speech,
proper. Here goes. Consults his notes.

SHERLOCK
I'm afraid, John, I can't
congratulate you. All emotion, and
love in particular, stand opposed
to that pure, cold reason that I
hold above all things. A wedding
is, in my considered opinion,
nothing short of a celebration of
all that is false and specious and
irrational and sentimental in this
ailing and morally compromised
world. We honour today the death
watch beetle that is the doom of
our society, and in time, one feels
certain, our entire species. But
anyway, let's talk about John!! If
I burden myself with a little
helpmate during my adventures, it
is not done out of sentiment or
caprice. It is that John has many
fine qualities of his own that he
has overlooked in his infatuation
with me. Indeed any reputation I
have for sharpness comes, in truth,
from the extraordinary contrast
John selflessly provides.

On John - appalled and hurt.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It is a fact, I believe, that
brides tend to favour exceptionally
plain bridesmaids for their big
day. There is a certain analogy, I
feel.

On the bridesmaids - appalled and hurt.

The whole room is slowly freezing over.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Contrast is, after all, God's own
plan to enhance the beauty of his
creation. Or would be, if God were
not a ludicrous fantasy designed to
provide a career opportunity for
the family idiot.

On the Vicar, appalled and insulted.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The point I'm trying to make is
this. I am the most unpleasant,
ignorant, rude, all round obnoxious
git anyone is ever likely to meet.
I am dismissive of the virtuous -

(Nods the vicar)

- unaware of the beautiful -

(Janine)

- and uncomprehending in the face
of the happy.

(The whole audience)

So if I didn't understand I was
being offered the chance to be best
man, it is because I never expected
to be anyone's best friend. And
certainly not the best friend of
the bravest, kindest, wisest human
being I have ever been privileged
to know. John, I am a ridiculous
man, redeemed only by the warmth
and constancy of your friendship.
But since I am, apparently, your
best friend I cannot congratulate
you on your choice of companion.

(Looks to Mary)

Well! Now I can! Mary, when I say
you deserve this man, it is the
greatest compliment of which I am
capable. John, you have endured
war, injury and tragic loss -
sorry, again, about that - so
please know this. Today you are
sitting with the woman you have
made your wife and the man you
saved.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

In short, with the two people who love you the most in all this world. I know I speak on behalf of Mary when I say that we will never let you down - and we have a life time ahead to prove that.

Now on John. Pole-axed. Tears in his eyes. Desperately trying not to sniffle.

Cutting round the others - the whole room, so moved. Sniffles everywhere. Mrs. Hudson openly crying. Sholto smiles to himself, touched.

John now trying to conceal his emotional disarray, in a display of manly gruffness and coughing.

JOHN

(Aside to Mary)

If I try to bloody hug him, stop me.

MARY

Certainly not.

The whole room now, sniffling away.

Sherlock, at the centre of it all, as ever oblivious.

SHERLOCK

Now, on to some funny stories about John -

He looks up from his notes, becomes aware that practically the whole room is crying.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What's wrong, what's happened? Why are you all doing that. John?

MRS. HUDSON

(Can't hold it in)

Oh, *Sherlock!*

Floods of tears now.

SHERLOCK

... Did I do it wrong?

JOHN

No you bloody didn't!

John can't stop himself - goes to Sherlock gives him the biggest hug. The whole room applauds!

Sherlock stands there, enduring a hug, slightly bemused.

SHERLOCK
(Whispers to John)
I haven't finished yet.

JOHN
I know.

Sherlock raises his notes behind John's head.

SHERLOCK
So on to some funny stories about
John -

JOHN
Could you wait till I sit down
again please?

He detaches himself, gives a slightly embarrassed nod to the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen - my best
mate.

SHERLOCK
Yes, well if everyone could just
cheer up a bit, here we go!
(Back to his notes)
We've been through a lot together
John and me. Bad plumbing;
rewiring; kidnapped by a Chinese
Drug Cartel so when it comes to
funny stories one has to look no
further than John's blog.

And he takes out his Smartphone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The record of our time together.

Surfs the blog.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Of course, John likes to
romanticize things a bit. But then,
you know --
(smiles at Mary)
-- he's a romantic.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
We've tackled some very strange
cases. The Hollow Client ...

CUT TO:

32

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

32

JOHN and SHERLOCK have just got in. Sitting in John's chair is --

A suit of empty clothes! Shoes, tie, cuff-linked sleeves on the arms of the chair, everything in place. As though a client had become invisible.

CUT TO:

33

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

33

SHERLOCK
The Poison Giant.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

34

SHERLOCK and JOHN mid-chase on a foggy rooftop. Facing them - a horrifying MIDGET with a blow pipe! He fires!

CUT TO:

35

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

35

SHERLOCK
There have been frustrating cases
...

CUT TO:

36

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

36

SHERLOCK examining a matchbox. John enters.

JOHN
What's that?

SHERLOCK
French Decathlete, found completely out of his mind, surrounded thousand eight hundred and fifteen matchboxes. All empty. *Except this one...*

JOHN
What's in that one.

SHERLOCK
The inexplicable.

CUT TO:

37

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

37

SHERLOCK

...touching cases...

CUT TO:

38

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

38

Sherlock is in his chair. John at the window, looking down into the street.

JOHN

She's nearly ringing the doorbell.
Nope, she's changed her mind. She's going to ring it, she's leaving, she's leaving, she's coming back -

SHERLOCK

She's a client and she's boring.
Seen those symptoms before.

JOHN

Hm?

SHERLOCK

Oscillation on the pavement always means a love affair.

CUT TO:

39

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

39

SHERLOCK

... and of course, I have to mention the elephant in the room
...

CUT TO:

40

INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

40

A nice, suburban sitting room. Comfy sofa. Pictures of family. Two armchairs.

Except the chairs have been tipped backwards and there's a dead body in each of them. And also there's an elephant. Just standing there.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE just look at each other.

CUT TO:

41

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

41

SHERLOCK

But we want something very
particular for such a special day,
don't we?

Texts wipe across the screen -

What we are seeing is a page from JOHN'S blog. The title of a case:

'The Bloody Guardsman'

42

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

42

Flashback.

MARY and SHERLOCK - up to their ears in wedding preparations.

Stationery samples, material swatches, sample menus, a first, second and third draft table plan. The two of them are preparing the whole event with gusto. SHERLOCK right in the centre of it all.

JOHN, however, is sitting in the corner, feet up, surfing his iPhone.

SHERLOCK

We'll have to work on your side of
the church, Mary. Looking a bit
thin.

MARY

An orphan's lot. Friends. That's
all I've got.
(smiles)
Lots of friends.

SHERLOCK

If we schedule the organ music to
start at precisely 11.48 -

Mary puts her hand on his.

MARY

The rehearsal's not for a
fortnight. Calm down.

SHERLOCK

Calm? I am calm. I'm *extremely*
calm.

MARY

Let's get back to the reception.
(holding up a post-it)
John's cousin. Top table?

(CONTINUED)
40

SHERLOCK

(Shrugs)

Hates you to bits. Can't even bear
to think about you.

MARY

Seriously?

SHERLOCK

Second class post. Cheap card -

(sniffs it)

- from a filling station. And look
at the stamp. Three attempts at
licking, she's unconsciously
retaining her saliva.

MARY

Stick her near the bogs.

SHERLOCK

Oh yes.

She glances at John. Not listening.

MARY

Who else hates me?

For answer he just slaps a list in front of her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Great, thanks.

JOHN

(Looking up from his
iPhone)

Priceless painting. Nicked. Looks
interesting.

MARY

Table eleven?

SHERLOCK

Done.

JOHN

'My husband is three people'.

MARY

Table twelve?

SHERLOCK

(Reading the name)

James Sholto.

(Doesn't recognise him)

Who?

MARY

John's old commanding officer.
(sotto)
I don't think he's coming.

JOHN

He'll be there.

MARY

Well, he'd better RSVP, then.

JOHN

He'll be there.

(beat)

'My husband is three people.'
Interesting. Says he has three
distinct patterns of moles on his
skin.

SHERLOCK

Identical triplets. One in half a
million births. Solved it without
leaving the flat. Now,
serviettes...

Produces two elaborated folded serviettes. One like a swan,
one like the Sydney Opera House.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Swan or Sydney Opera House?

MARY

Where did you learn to do that?

SHERLOCK

Many unexpected skills are required
in the field of criminal
investigation -

MARY

Fibbing Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

I once broke an alibi by
demonstrating the exact severity of
a fabric crease -

MARY

I'm not John, I can tell when
you're fibbing.

SHERLOCK

Okay, I looked it up on YouTube.

MARY

Swan please. Hang on, I'm buzzing.
(Pulls her phone from her
pocket)
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Hello. Oh, hi Beth. Yes. Yes, I
don't see why not...

She wanders off into the back corridor area, beyond the kitchen.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)
If that's Beth, that's probably me
too, hang on -

He dashes after Mary, leaving Sherlock contemplating his serviettes.

Back corridor - Mary is waiting for John, no phone at her ear now. Conversation conducted in whispers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He knows we don't have a friend
called Beth, he's going to figure
out it's code -

MARY

He's YouTubing serviettes.

JOHN

He's thorough!

MARY

He's terrified!

JOHN

Of course he's not.

MARY

You know when you're scared of
something's that coming, and you
start wishing it sooner, just to
get started. That's what he's
doing!

JOHN

Why would he be scared of us
getting married? Nothing's going to
change, we'll still do stuff.

MARY

Prove it to him. I told you to find
him a case.

JOHN

I'm trying.

MARY

You need to run him. Show him it's
still the good old days.

She practically shoves him back into the living room. John stumbles back in on Sherlock -

- who's now folded an whole array of serviettes in record time. He looks up almost guiltily.

SHERLOCK

That just sort of happened.

John, resolved now, goes to Sherlock - lowers his voice as if to stop Mary hearing (play acting for Sherlock.)

JOHN

Sherlock, mate, I've smelled eighteen different perfumes. I've sampled nine different slices of cake that all tasted identical. I like the Bridesmaids in purple.

SHERLOCK

Lilac.

JOHN

Lilac! There aren't any decisions left to make! I don't even understand the ones we've made. I'm faking opinions, it's exhausting. Now please, before she starts again - *pick something!*

Thrusters his phone under SHERLOCK'S nose.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anything! Pick one.

SHERLOCK

Pick what?

JOHN

A case! Your inbox is bursting. Get me out of here.

SHERLOCK

You want to go out on a case? Now?

JOHN

Sherlock, please, for me.

Sherlock inwardly delightedly, outwardly selfless.

SHERLOCK

Don't worry about a thing - I'll get you out of this!

SHERLOCK is already scrolling down the list.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah!!

JOHN taps the inbox and one of the emails floods our screen:
'DEAR MR. HOLMES...'

The voice of the correspondent narrating -

The Wellington barracks in London. Birdcage Walk.

The Queen's Grenadier Guard - the Busbies - are barracked here, right in the shadow of Buckingham Palace.

An elegant and imposing Georgian building made of honey-coloured stone. It's surrounded by a high perimeter wall with a row of punitive metal spikes.

A GUARDSMEN on duty outside the barracks in a sentry box. The traditional red tunic, Sam Browne belt, gold-braided trousers. And the absurdly large Busby hat.

We hear the voice of PRIVATE BAINBRIDGE -

Very plummy - from the upper echelons, your typical GUARDSMAN.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Holmes. My name is
Bainbridge. I'm Private in Her
Majesty's Household Guard...

CUT TO:

Inside the barracks -

The place is old and drenched in tradition. Wood-panelled walls. Flagstone floors.

SOLDIERS in their red coats, braided trousers and busbies marching past.

One of them is BAINBRIDGE. Tall, slim, trim.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
I'm writing to you about a personal
matter - one I don't care to bring
before my superiors. It would sound
so trivial...

BAINBRIDGE is on duty. The classic pose of the Busby-wearing guardsman in his sentry box.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
But I think someone is stalking me.

(CONTINUED)
45

Two JAPANESE TOURISTS stand either side of him, giggling with excitement. They take photos of themselves. Bainbridge's face remains impassive.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)

I'm used to tourists. It's part of the job. But this is different. Someone's watching me. He's taking pictures of me. Every day.

CUT TO:

INT. BAINBRIDGE'S QUARTERS. DAY.

BAINBRIDGE is in a towel, ready to have a shower. He glances out of the window. Distantly, a figure is watching.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)

I don't want to mention it to the Colonel. But it's really preying on my mind. I've read about you and I know this sort of thing wouldn't interest the police...

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

SHERLOCK

Uniform fetishist? All the nice girls love a soldier.

JOHN

It's sailors. And Bainbridge thinks his stalker is a bloke. Let's go and investigate. Please.

SHERLOCK studies the email. His curiosity is just beginning to be teased.

SHERLOCK

Elite guard.

JOHN

Forty enlisted men and officers.

SHERLOCK

(starting to get interested)

Why this particular Grenadier?
Curious.

JOHN

Now you're talking.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Ok.

MARY reappears, play-acting ending her call.

Now John is play-acting a guilty thing surprised.

JOHN

Um...we're just...I want Sherlock
to help me choose some...

And he can't think of a single credible lie. So MARY helps him out.

MARY

Why not go with 'socks'?

JOHN

Yep.

MARY

Got to get the right ones.

JOHN

Yep. To go with my outfit.

MARY gives them an indulgent smile.

MARY

It'll probably take you a while,
that.

JOHN

Is my coat in there?

He dashes past her into the kitchen.

Sherlock leans conspiratorially to Mary.

SHERLOCK

Just need to get him out for a bit -
run him.

MARY

I know. You said you were going to
find him case!

John, in the kitchen, heading to the door.

JOHN

Come on Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

Coming!

As they both head out, they each turn to Mary - Sherlock at the living room door, John at the kitchen door, and so unseen to each other - and give Mary a thumbs-up. They both go clattering down the stairs together.

On Mary, laughing - oh, her boys!

EXT. STREET. DAY

JOHN and SHERLOCK leaving JOHN'S flat, running to hail a cab!

EXT. PARK . DAY

St. James' Park.

The sparrows flock to be fed. The pond ripples in the sunshine.

SHERLOCK and JOHN walking through the park, heading for the barracks in Birdcage Walk.

INT. BARRACKS. DAY.

JOHN is presenting his credentials. A DUTY OFFICER is stationed at the guard house - the red and gold of the Grenadiers.

JOHN

We're here to see Private Steven
Bainbridge.

DUTY OFFICER

He's on duty right now, sir.

He nods across the parade ground.

BAINBRIDGE is stationed in his sentry box.

Motionless.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)

But I'll certainly let him know
when he's free.

SHERLOCK

How long does he stay like that?

DUTY OFFICER

(smiles)

Another hour.

On Bainbridge again, face utterly impassive.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. PARK. DAY

50

JOHN and SHERLOCK sit on a bench in St. James' Park.

Fifty yards away they can see BAINBRIDGE on duty, stock still.

A TOURIST has set up a camera on a tripod. He holds the timer button as he stands next to Bainbridge and -

Click -

- takes a photo.

SHERLOCK

You think they give them classes?

JOHN

Classes?

SHERLOCK

Resisting the temptation to scratch their behinds.

JOHN

Afferent neurons in the peripheral nervous system.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Bum itch.

The Tourist walks off.

SHERLOCK

So. Why don't you see him any more?

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK

This previous commander of yours. Sholto.

JOHN

Previous commander?

SHERLOCK

I meant ex.

JOHN

"Previous" would suggest I currently have a commander.

SHERLOCK

(Soothingly)

Which you don't.

(CONTINUED)

49

JOHN
Which I don't.

SHERLOCK
Of course you don't. You think
highly of him. He was your previous
best friend ... ex-best friend.
Whatever he was, why don't you keep
in touch.

JOHN
He doesn't. Long story - he had a
bad time out there.

SHERLOCK
Decorated, wasn't he? He's a war
hero.

JOHN
Not to everyone. He led a team of
crows into battle.

SHERLOCK
Crows?

JOHN
New recruits. Standard procedure,
break in the new boys - but it went
wrong. All the rookies died, he was
the only survivor. The press and
the families gave him hell. Gets
more death threats than you.

SHERLOCK
Oh, I wouldn't count on that!

JOHN
And why are you suddenly taking an
interest in another human being?

SHERLOCK
I'm ... chatting.

JOHN
Okay, scared now.

SHERLOCK
Well I'm not going to try that
again.

JOHN
He's a good man. A brave man. And
he was a very good friend to me.

SHERLOCK
"Was"?

On John. Finally gets it. Suppresses a smile.

JOHN

Okay. Changing the subject
completely You know - it won't
change anything. Me and Mary -
getting married. We'll still be
doing all this.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Good.

JOHN

If you were worried.

SHERLOCK

Wasn't worried.

Beat.

John - he's got something to say. Can't quite meet Sherlock's eye, when he does so. The gruff soldier, with stuff to talk about it.

JOHN

You know ... the thing about Mary.
She's completely turned my life
around. She's changed everything.
But for the record, over the last
few years, there have been two
people who've done that. And the
other one is ...

He turns. Sherlock's not there.

JOHN (CONT'D)

... a complete dickhead.

He looks round. No Sherlock.

John looks over at Bainbridge.

Still stock still, face immobile.

CUT TO:

Seven Busbies file past a window.

We see them from the side: a phalanx of red-uniformed GUARDSMEN.

Six of them march on. The seventh is SHERLOCK. (Not in the full uniform, just the hat!)

He detaches himself from the back of the pack and slips immediately through a door --

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS. MESS ROOM. DAY.

-- where more GUARDSMEN are lounging about, watching TV, playing ping-pong.

SHERLOCK watches them through the half-closed door, then moves off.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS. DUTY OFFICER'S ROOM. DAY.

JOHN is watching BAINBRIDGE through the window of COLONEL REED's room. The young soldier is still on duty, face impassive. But he looks pale.

With John is the starchy Colonel who's peering suspiciously at John's ID.

REED

Can I ask what this is in connection with?

JOHN

Private Bainbridge contacted us about a...personal matter, sir.

REED

Nothing's 'personal' when it concerns my troops.

He peers at John.

REED (CONT'D)

What do you really want?

JOHN

I'm here on a legitimate enquiry.

REED

Press? Digging for some bloody Royal story or something?

JOHN

No, sir. I'm Captain John Watson -

REED

(waves card)

Retired. You could be a used car salesman now for all I know.

Outside, BAINBRIDGE comes to attention, shoulders his rifle and marches back into the barracks.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

BAINBRIDGE comes inside, pulling off his Busby and unbuttoning his uniform. He looks pale and ill.

He pulls off his belt and heads for the showers.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS. GUARD ROOM. DAY.

REED

I know you, don't I? I've seen you in the papers. You hang around with that detective. The one with the silly hat. What the hell does Bainbridge want with a *detective*?

JOHN

I'm not at liberty to say.

REED

Not at liberty to say? He's an officer in my regiment! I'll be damned if he's going to get up to cloak and dagger nonsense like this

INT. BARRACKS. SHOWER ROOM. DAY.

A room of individual shower cubicles. One door is locked, the shower hissing away. Steam fills the room.

The DUTY OFFICER enters and knocks on the cubicle.

DUTY OFFICER

Bainbridge? Two gentlemen here to see you.

No reply.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)

Bainbridge?

He looks down. A huge pool of blood is spreading under the cubicle door...

Over this: the squawk of an alarm.

CUT TO:

57

INT. BARRACKS. GUARD ROOM. DAY.

57

The DUTY OFFICER comes tearing inside.

DUTY OFFICER

Sir! Sir!

REED

What's going on - ?

DUTY OFFICER

It's Bainbridge, sir! He's dead!

CUT TO:

58

INT. BARRACKS. SHOWER ROOM. DAY.

58

BAINBRIDGE lies prostrate on the floor in a huge pool of blood. He's pale as death. The shower cubicle door has been smashed open.

JOHN, REED and the DUTY OFFICER pile into the room.

REED

My God.

John makes to move. Reed stops him.

JOHN

Let me take a look, sir. I'm a doctor.

REED

What? Sergeant, arrest this man.

JOHN

I'm a doctor!

REED

Oh, you're a doctor now too!

Sergeant!

The Duty Officer starts to hustle John out of the doorway.

JOHN

Please, let me examine him!

A commotion in the corridor and SECOND SOLDIER appears, with SHERLOCK in an arm lock.

SECOND SOLDIER

Sir. Caught this one snooping around.

Reed looks like he's going to have a stroke.

(CONTINUED)

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REED

Is that what this was all about?
Distracting me so this man could
get into here and kill Bainbridge?

JOHN

Don't be stupid!

Sherlock scans the room in an instant. The body. The smashed door.

SHERLOCK

Kill him with what? Where's the
weapon?

REED

What?

SHERLOCK

Search me. Go ahead. No weapon.

JOHN

Bainbridge was on parade. He only left his sentry box five minutes ago. When is this supposed to have happened?

REED

(to Sherlock)

You obviously stabbed him before he got into the shower.

SHERLOCK

No.

REED

No?

SHERLOCK

He's soaking wet and there's shampoo in his hair. He got into the shower and then someone stabbed him.

DUTY OFFICER

The cubicle was locked from the inside, sir. I had to break it open.

REED

You must've climbed over the top.

SHERLOCK

Then I'd have got soaked too,
wouldn't I?

JOHN

(roars)

*Please, Major! I'm John Watson,
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers,
three years in Afghanistan. Veteran
of Khandahar, Helmand and Bart's
bloody Hospital! Let me examine
this man!*

At last, Reed nods. John tears over to Bainbridge and rapidly examines him.

DUTY OFFICER

Suicide?

SHERLOCK

No. The weapon again. No knife.

JOHN

There's a wound in the abdomen. But
it's incredibly fine --

John suddenly puts his ear to Bainbridge's chest. Frowns.

Sherlock checks Bainbridge's hands but they are empty. Then, astonishingly, he licks water off the floor.

SHERLOCK

Man lies stabbed to death. No
murder weapon. Door locked from the
inside. Only one way in or out of
here.

JOHN

Sherlock! He's still breathing!!

DUTY OFFICER

Oh my God.

SHERLOCK

... what do we do??

JOHN

(To Bainbridge)
It's alright, it's alright, son.
(To Sherlock)
Give me your scarf - now, quickly!

SHERLOCK hurriedly hands him his scarf. John, the army soldier, totally back in his element.

JOHN uses it as a makeshift bandage.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to soldiers)

Get an ambulance.

SOLDIER

What?

JOHN

(taking command)

An ambulance now, do it!!

He grabs Sherlock's hand, slams it on to the wound.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Nurse, press here, hard.

SHERLOCK

Nurse??

JOHN

I'm making do. Got to keep pressure
on this wound.

CUT TO:

Back to the speech...

SHERLOCK

Private Bainbridge had just come
off guard duty. Stood there for an
hour with plenty of people
watching. Nothing apparently wrong
with him. He came off duty and,
within minutes, he was almost dead
from a wound in his stomach.

The whole wedding crowd are rapt, hanging on his every word.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But no weapon. So. Where did it go?
Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you
to consider this. A murderer who
can walk through walls. A weapon
which can vanish. And yet, in all
of this, there is only element
which can be said to be truly
remarkable. Would anyone like to
make a guess.

He looks around. Silence. What?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Well, come on, come on. There is a
Q and A element to this. Scotland
Yard, what's your theory?

He's rounded on poor old Lestrade.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Yes, you. You're a detective,
broadly speaking - got a theory?

People are turning to look at Lestrade. He shifts
uncomfortably in his chair.

LESTRADE

If the blade was propelled
somehow.... Through the grating on
the air vent. Maybe a ballista or a
catapult. Somebody tiny could crawl
through there. We're obviously
looking for a dwarf.

SHERLOCK

Brilliant.

LESTRADE

Really?

SHERLOCK

No. Next!

TOM

Stabbed himself.

SHERLOCK

Hello, who was that?

Molly's boyfriend TOM, getting hesitantly to his feet.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah! Tom. What was your theory?

TOM

Attempted suicide. With a blade
made of compacted blood and bone.
Broke after piercing his abdomen.

Sherlock looks sceptical.

TOM (CONT'D)

(losing confidence)

Like a meat...dagger.

SHERLOCK

A meat dagger.

TOM

Yeah.

MOLLY

(hissed whisper)

Sit down!

Tom sits down, a little crushed.

SHERLOCK

No, there was one, and only one, feature of interest in this whole baffling case. And that was, frankly, the usual. John Watson. Who, while I tried to solve a murder, instead, saved a life. Some mysteries are worth solving, some stories are worth telling. The best and bravest man I've ever known, and on top of that, actually knows how to do stuff. Except wedding planning and serviettes, he's rubbish at those. The case itself remains the most ingenious and brilliantly planned murder - or attempted murder - I have ever had the pleasure of encountering. The most perfect locked room mystery of which I am aware.

A beat. The audience expectant.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

However, I'm not just here to praise John, I'm also here to embarrass him, so let me move on -

An outraged mutter among the guests, and now Lestrade shouts out.

LESTRADE

But how was it done? Aren't you going to tell us?

SHERLOCK

How was what done?

LESTRADE

The murder, the stabbing.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I've no idea, I never solved that one. That happens sometimes, it's very disappointing.

(Back to his notes)

Embarrassment, of course, leads me to the stag night. Frankly there are hours of material here, but I've cut it down into the really good bits ...

And the texts wipe across the screen again -

Another excerpt from JOHN'S blog.

'The Mayfly Man.'

60

INT. BART'S LAB. DAY

60

SHERLOCK has come to see MOLLY.

MOLLY

Murder scenes? Locations of
murders?

SHERLOCK

(Pleased with himself)
A pub crawl. Themed.

MOLLY

Yeah, but... Murder scenes? Can't
you do... underground stations?

SHERLOCK

Lacks a personal touch. We're going
to have a drink in every street...

MOLLY

(Finishes his sentence)
Where you've found a corpse. That's
lovely. Why d'you need me?

SHERLOCK

Don't want us getting ill. That
would ruin it. Spoil the mood.

MOLLY

You're a graduate chemist. Can't
you work it out?

SHERLOCK

I lack...practical experience.

MOLLY

Meaning you think I like a drink.

SHERLOCK

Occasionally.

MOLLY

That I'm a drunk.

SHERLOCK

No, no -

Molly smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You look well.

MOLLY

I am.

(CONTINUED)

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SHERLOCK

How's...
(struggles)
...Tom?

MOLLY

Not a sociopath.

SHERLOCK

Still? Good.

MOLLY

And we're having quite a lot of
sex.

SHERLOCK

OK.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK digs into his coat and presents MOLLY with a dossier. On JOHN.

JOHN'S exact height, weight, vital statistics.

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

I want to calculate John's ideal
intake - and mine. Want to keep us
in the sweet spot for the whole
evening.

Back at the lab...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Light-headed: good.

MOLLY

(Understands)
Vomiting in gutters: bad.

Busy London bar - music blaring - young people milling around. Noise noise noise.

SHERLOCK stands at the bar, orders a round.

Conspicuously out of place. Stiff as a board and all in black. Won't take his coat off for anyone.

SHERLOCK

Two... er, beers.

BARMAN

Pints?

SHERLOCK
(Shakes his head)
A hundred and forty three point
seven millilitres.

He has brought two glass vessels from the laboratory -
graduated cylinders - little graded lines up the side.

Slaps them both on the bar.

JUMP CUT TO:

Slams them on the pub table in front of JOHN, full up to
their mark with beer.

Takes out his stopwatch and hits it.

A digital counter starts to run in the corner of the
screen...

JOHN
Are we on a schedule?

SHERLOCK
You'll thank me.

CUT TO:

JUMP CUT through a series of pubs and clubs as they travel
all over London.

Superimpose a map of London with a red line showing them
travelling to the sights of their greatest cases...

Downing another.

The stopwatch is still running in the corner of the screen.

SHERLOCK
(Nods)
Over there.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Toilet. Any second you'll need -

JOHN
Hang on. Tell me after. Need the
loo.

SHERLOCK
On schedule.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Nothing. Go.

JOHN bolts to the toilet.

SHERLOCK takes out a chart and unfolds it. Puts a tick on a box marked 'URINE' and records the exact time.

CUT TO:

JOHN comes back, and -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How long was it?

JOHN

Sorry?

SHERLOCK

Your 'visit'?

JOHN

Didn't time myself.

SHERLOCK

But if you could estimate,
approximate volume discharged.

JOHN

Stop talking now.

Different venue -

Two more graduated cylinders filled up to the hundred and forty three point seven millilitre mark.

JOHN getting a little fed up with this insane regime.

He's ordered a short from the bar. Downs it quickly so SHERLOCK cannot see him.

JOHN

(To the barman)

And another one. Quick. He mustn't see.

Tips it into SHERLOCK'S graduated cylinder.

CUT TO:

They drink. And again. And again.

(CONTINUED)

In their cups now.

CUT TO:

Superimpose the red line across London - but, oh look, it starts to get shakier.

CUT TO:

The next beer and the next beer and the next.

Until the red line is snaking all over London, and looping back in itself in a ridiculous drunken fashion...

INT. BAR. NIGHT

SHERLOCK, completely blotto, in the middle of a bar fight with a pissed up THUG.

He's pointing at the THUG'S hoodie and yelling.

SHERLOCK

Listen, I'm telling you - on your...hoodie. That's ash from a Marlboro light!

THUG

I never smoke lights. Girls' fags!

SHERLOCK

(Yelling)

I know ash! Don't tell me I don't!

The THUG takes a swing at SHERLOCK which he narrowly dodges.

SHERLOCK takes a swing back. JOHN drags him out...

CUT TO:

Red line crisscrossing London in no ordered fashion whatsoever.

TIGHT IN on BAKER STREET on the map -

INT. 221B. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Silence -

TIGHT IN on SHERLOCK and JOHN'S faces, lying side by side.

SHERLOCK

(Mumbles)

I've got an international reputation.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Have you got an international
reputation?

Beat.

JOHN
No. No, I don't have an
international reputation.

Beat.

SHERLOCK
Thing is - I can't remember what
it's for.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Crime-something-or-other.

Wide -

SHERLOCK and JOHN lying prostrate, at the foot of the stoop
in BAKER STREET.

Both plastered.

Climbing the small flight of stairs has presented too much of
a challenge.

And then MRS. HUDSON comes out with her recycling.

MRS. HUDSON
What you doing back? I thought
you'd be out late.

SHERLOCK
What time is it?

MRS. HUDSON
(Checks her watch)
You've only been out two hours!

SHERLOCK and JOHN sit facing each other in the classic pose.
Except they both have Rizlas stuck to their foreheads.

John's reads 'Madonna'. Sherlock's reads 'Sherlock Holmes'.

They're both still completely plastered.

JOHN
Am I...a vegetable?

SHERLOCK

You or the...?

He waves at John's Rizla.

JOHN

Funny.

SHERLOCK

No. You're not a vegetable.

JOHN

Your go.

SHERLOCK

Am I...human?

JOHN

Sometimes.

SHERLOCK

Can't have sometimes. Has to be yes or no.

JOHN

Yes. Human.

SHERLOCK

A man?

JOHN

Yup.

SHERLOCK

Tall?

JOHN

Not as tall as people think.

SHERLOCK

Nice?

JOHN

Ish.

SHERLOCK

Clever?

JOHN

I'd say so.

SHERLOCK

Would you? Am I important?

JOHN

To some people.

SHERLOCK

Do....people like me?

JOHN

On balance, no. You tend to rub
them up the wrong way.

SHERLOCK

Ok.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Am I the present King of England?

JOHN

We don't have a King!

SHERLOCK

Don't we?

JOHN

No!!

SHERLOCK

(shrugs)

Your go.

JOHN

Am I a woman?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Pretty?

SHERLOCK

Beauty is a construct based
entirely on childhood influences,
impressions and role models -

JOHN

Yeah. But am I a pretty lady?

SHERLOCK

I don't know. I don't know who
you're supposed to be.

JOHN

You picked the name!

SHERLOCK

Picked it at random. Saw it in the
paper.

JOHN

You're not really getting the point
of this game, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

So...I'm a man, not as tall as
people think, niceish, clever,
important to some but I tend to rub
them up the wrong way.

He smiles drunkenly and smugly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Got it.

JOHN

Go on, then.

SHERLOCK

I'm *you*, aren't I!

He whips the Rizla off his forehead and peers dumbly at it.

Knock-knock.

MRS HUDSON

Ooh-ooh. Client.

Sherlock and John look up. A woman, TESSA, is framed in the doorway. She's just come straight from work. Nurse's uniform.

SHERLOCK AND JOHN

(cheerily)

Hello!

CUT TO:

TESSA sits on a high-backed chair to deliver her exposition.
Rather a heightened emotional tale.

JOHN and SHERLOCK sit opposite, side by side (backs to us).

TESSA

I don't... a lot. I mean... I don't
date all that much. And he
seemed... nice. You know. We seemed
just automatically to connect.

No response from them, so she ploughs on.

TESSA (CONT'D)

We had one night. Dinner. Such
interesting conversation. It was
lovely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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TESSA (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'd love to have gone further but I thought 'no'. This is special. Let's take it slowly.
Exchanged numbers. Said he'd get in touch. And then -

(Beat)

Maybe he wasn't quite as keen as I was - but I thought... I just thought... at least he'd call to say we were finished.

(Starts to tear up, this is painful)

I went round there. To his flat. No trace of him. Mr. Holmes...

(big reveal)

I honestly think I had dinner with a ghost!

TESSA'S face falls.

She's disappointed it didn't have more of an effect.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Holmes?

Camera turns round.

JOHN and SHERLOCK are asleep, leaning on their fists - eyes half-open.

TESSA leans forward and prods SHERLOCK. His arm falls off his chair and jerks him awake.

SHERLOCK

(Still pissed)

Boring boring. No - wait. Sorry.

Fascinating.

(Nudges John)

Pay attention, John. Sorry about my colleague. Rude. Rude.

He burps.

TESSA

I checked with the Landlord. The man who lived there died. Heart attack. And there we are - having dinner one week on.

(Fishing in her bag)

I've found this thing online... a sort of chat room. For girls who think they're dating men from the spirit world.

Shows them the printed pages -

SHERLOCK leaps to his feet. The game is on. Even though they're still pissed.

SHERLOCK

Ten minutes I'll find him. What was
the dog's name?

JOHN

(Murmurs in his sleep)
I could have you in an ash-fight.

SHERLOCK

John.

Nudges JOHN awake. Actually nudges him on to the floor.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Work to do. The game is...

Can't remember.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Something.

JOHN

'On'?

SHERLOCK

Yup. That.

An empty flat -

TESSA with SHERLOCK and JOHN perusing the place - the scene
of her one-night stand.

Typical bachelor pad. Sparse but opulent.

The LANDLORD stands at the door, swinging the key.
Unimpressed by this late intrusion by two piss-heads claiming
to be detectives.JOHN is forced to prop himself up against a wall for support.
Smiles inanely at the LANDLORD, trying to pretend that
everything is OK.

JOHN

(slurred)

Nice. Nice place.

SHERLOCK - rather boldly - trying to walk the room and do his
thing.

TESSA

See anything?

(Beat)

Any clues, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK blinks hard and looks around the room.

SHERLOCK

Erm....

POV SHERLOCK -

The room is filled with texts and every single one of them is out of focus. Can't read them, because he's still pissed!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Let me just whip this out -

SHERLOCK tries to whip out his magnifying lens - a ridiculous dance because it's stuck sideways in his pocket.

Eventually retrieves the thing by pulling his coat half inside-out.

Kneels down on the floor to examine the pile of the carpet.

TESSA

(To John)

You alright?

JOHN

Clueing.

TESSA

What?

JOHN

(Points at Sherlock)

He's clueing. For looks.

TESSA

Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK has fallen asleep on top of his magnifying glass - right there on the floor.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Holmes?

LANDLORD

I'm calling the police.

TESSA

No, no! This is a famous detective.

Sherlock Holmes. And his partner -

John Hamish Watson.

LANDLORD strides across the room to yank him out -

SHERLOCK

Hey, hey. What are you doing? Don't compromise the integrity of the - of the -

But he can't finish his sentence.

Because he suddenly vomits.

JOHN
Crime scene.

SHERLOCK
(Wiping his mouth)
Yup. That.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY

And they're in a prison cell.

Clang! Cell door opens -

LESTRADE enters and rouses JOHN. He's asleep on the cell floor.

LESTRADE
Wakey wakey.

Turns JOHN over with his foot.

JOHN
Oh my God.
(Rolls over)
Greg. Is it Greg?

LESTRADE
Get up. I'm putting you two in a taxi. I managed to square things with the Desk Sergeant.

JOHN staggers to his feet.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
What a couple of lightweights.
Couldn't even make it to closing time.

JOHN
Can you whisper?

LESTRADE
(yells)
Not really.

He slaps JOHN playfully on the back, and nearly decks him.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Front desk.

JOHN and SHERLOCK signing for their things. Walking like they're badly crippled. The worst of hangovers.

JOHN

Well. Thanks for - you know. An evening.

SHERLOCK

It was awful.

JOHN

Yep. I was gonna pretend. But it was. Truly.

SHERLOCK

That woman. Tessa.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Dated a ghost. Most interesting case for months. And I wasted the opportunity.

Oh. JOHN thought he meant something else. Follows SHERLOCK out dutifully.

JOHN

OK.

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY.

JOHN with two Aspirins fizzing in a glass.

MRS HUDSON

How're you feeling?

JOHN

Mm.

MRS. HUDSON

Just like old times. Having you back here.

She plonks a delicious-looking fry-up in front of him.

MRS HUDSON

Thought I'd do your favourite. One last time.

JOHN

Don't make it sound so final. I will be visiting, you know.

MRS HUDSON

(sotto)

Heard that before.

JOHN

Yeah. But it's different now, isn't it? Different to when we thought we'd lost him.

MRS. HUDSON

Marriage changes everything, John.

JOHN

Yeah?

Mrs Hudson nods.

MRS. HUDSON

You might not think it but it does. Different phase of your life. You meet new people 'cos you're a couple. You let old friends slip away.

JOHN

It won't be like that.

Mrs Hudson just shrugs.

MRS. HUDSON

If you've found the right one. The person you click with, then that's the best thing in the world.

JOHN

I have. I know I have.

Mrs Hudson nods, a bit teary.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm sure. She's lovely.

JOHN

I like to think so.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What about you?

MRS. HUDSON

Me?

JOHN

Did you think you'd found the one? When you married...*Mr* Hudson?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh no. It was more of a whirlwind thing with us. I knew it wasn't right but I just got sort of swept along.

JOHN

Right.

MRS. HUDSON

Moved to Florida. We had the most fantastic time. 'Course, I didn't know what he was up to. The drugs.

JOHN

Drugs?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh yes. He was running a whatchamacallit...a *cartel*. Got in with a very bad crowd.

JOHN

Oh.

MRS. HUDSON

And then I found out about all the other women. I didn't have a clue. So when he actually got arrested for blowing someone's head off it was a bit of a relief, to be honest.

JOHN

Aha.

MRS. HUDSON

(wistful)

No, it was purely physical with me and Frank. Couldn't keep our hands off each other. I remember one night in Miami -

The sound of the front door.

JOHN

(grateful)

Sherlock! That's Sherlock.

He jumps to his feet.

SHERLOCK's at his laptop.

TIGHT IN on the screen -

Old newspaper websites.

'V.C. HERO - THE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS'.

'Why did my boy have to die?'

Photos of SHOLTO.

JOHN comes in.

Sherlock glances briefly round, then changes the screen image.

Now it's a chat room page. A huge amount of traffic - women sharing their experiences of being loved by a spectre...

www.i-dated-a-ghost.com

SHERLOCK

(Nods at the screen)

There're going to be others.

JOHN

Others?

SHERLOCK

Victims. Women. Most ghosts - they tend to haunt a single house. This ghost, however, he's willing to commute. Look.

He has put the locations of the 'haunted shags' on a map -

A series of pins dropped all over North London.

On SHERLOCK. Lost in thought.

CUT TO:

A curved room, like a court or a forum - or the Albert Hall! (tbc).

There are about fifty people in the room, scattered around in the seats.

Through the entrance-way walks SHERLOCK.

And all the people get to their feet.

Sherlock strides to the centre, as if about to give a lecture, then spins on the spot, a 360 turn around the structure.

He addresses each person in turn.

SHERLOCK

Not you.

First person sits.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not you.

Second sits.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not you, not you, not you...

He goes on, like he's selecting jurors. Only women remain standing. They're all ages, sizes, ethnicity.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not you, not you, not you...

At last, he stops at one woman. GAIL - 20s, black dress.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hi.

The woman speaks her name, formally.

GAIL

Gail.

Sherlock turns. Next to her, another woman. 30s.

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte

Next to her, another. 20s.

ROBYN

Robyn.

Next to her another. 40s.

VICKY

Vicky.

SHERLOCK

How did you meet him?

GAIL

Came up to me in a pub.

CHARLOTTE

Same gym as me.

ROBYN

We just started chatting on the bus.

VICKY

Online.

SHERLOCK

Name?

GAIL
Told you.

SHERLOCK
His name.

GAIL
Oscar.

CHARLOTTE
Mike.

ROBYN
Terry.

Vicky hesitates. Sherlock peers at her.

VICKY
Um... 'Love-Monkey.'

Sherlock gives her a sideways look.

SHERLOCK
Your place?

ALL
His place.

SHERLOCK
Address?

All four women speak at once. *Different addresses.*

Sherlock frowns.

GAIL
Nothing happened. It was
just...very romantic.

SHERLOCK
Four women in four nights. He must
have something special.

GAIL
He was very charming.

CHARLOTTE
He listened.

ROBYN
He was sweet.

VICKY
He had a lovely -

JOHN (V.O.)
You ok?

Sherlock holds up his hand and Vicky 'freezes' mid-sentence.

He turns.

JOHN is suddenly standing next to him.

And we --

CUT TO:

INT. 221 BAKER STREET. DAY.

-- find SHERLOCK standing with his eyes closed in the middle of the flat.

He opens his eyes.

JOHN is just as we saw him, gesturing at a plate of food.

JOHN

You've let your food go cold. Mrs Hudson'll play hell.

Sherlock is surrounded by a multitude of open laptops, all with open Instant Messages on their screens.

SHERLOCK

Not now, John!!

Like a speed-chess player, he tears round the various computers, tapping rapidly at the keys and we --

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY HALL. DAY.

-- find him back in the curved room. Back in his Mind Palace. He still faces the four women.

SHERLOCK

Sorry about that.

He drops his hand. Vicky 'un-freezes'.

VICKY

He had a lovely manner.

SHERLOCK

Different names. Different addresses...

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Describe him.

(CONTINUED)

GAIL
Short blond hair.

CHARLOTTE
Dark hair. Long.

ROBYN
Ginger. I like gingers.

VICKY
Couldn't tell.

Another look from Sherlock.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
He had a mask on.

CUT TO:

Now Sherlock has a newspaper in his hands. Scans the pages.
Fast. Superfast. *Too fast.*

The pages fill the screen. All obituaries.

SHERLOCK
He's stealing the identities of
corpses. Getting the names from the
obituary columns. All single men.
And using the dead man's flat on
the assumption he knew it would be
empty for a while. Free love nest.

GAIL
I feel sick.

ROBYN
Me too.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, that's awful.

VICKY
Clever.

TESSA
Bastard.

Sherlock turns. TESSA has appeared next to the other women.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a laptop screen. A window has popped up with Tessa's photo in it and '*Hi*'.

JOHN looks at the screens.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

SHERLOCK

*Hello Tessa. So. Back to business.
No-one wants to sleep in a dead
man's home.*

Again, Vicky shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*At least not until it's been
cleared. So he disguises himself.
Steals the man's home - steals his
identity.*

JOHN

*But only for one night. And then
he's gone.*

Sherlock turns. JOHN's appeared again - joining in.

SHERLOCK

*He's not a ghost, John. He's a
Mayfly. He lives for a day.*

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

So what was he after?

He looks at them all.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Job!

GAIL

Gardener.

Her clothes blur and change, like the tumblers on a fruit machine. They settle at last into dirty, practical outdoor wear.

CHARLOTTE

Cook.

Her clothes change into whites with check trousers.

ROBYN

I do security work.

Vicky's dress becomes a chunky security uniform.

VICKY
Maid.

She changes into a dowdy, hotel maid's uniform.

TESSA
Private nurse.

Her dress changes into a nurse's uniform.

SHERLOCK
(triumphant)
Obvious. You've all worked for the
same person!

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK unrolling a huge printout around the curved wall of room. He frowns.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
No. No. Not the same employer.
Damn.

CUT TO:

He's back in the centre. He claps his hands, urgently.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Come on. We can do this! *Ideal
night out?*

GAIL
Clay pigeon shooting.

CHARLOTTE
Line dancing.

ROBYN
Wine in front of the telly.

VICKY
Dungeon.

TESSA
Pictures.

SHERLOCK
Make up?

GAIL
Clarins.

CHARLOTTE
No. 7.

ROBYN
Nothing special.

VICKY
Whatever's cheap.

TESSA
Maybeline.

SHERLOCK
Perfume?

GAIL
Chanel.

CHARLOTTE
Chanel.

ROBYN
Chanel.

TESSA
Chanel.

Sherlock's eyes light up.

VICKY
Estee Lauder.

Sherlock's face falls.

Quick, close shots of their faces as we spin round.

SHERLOCK
Ideal man?

TESSA
George Clooney.

GAIL
Home-loving.

CHARLOTTE
He'd have to like cuddling.

ROBYN
Caring.

VICKY
Ten things. '1. Someone who isn't competitive with other men. 2. Someone who isn't constantly trying to define themselves by their masculinity -

Sherlock holds up his hand and Vicky 'freezes' again.

SHERLOCK
There's a unifying factor. There must be. None of you reported anything stolen.

Sherlock hammers his fist against his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Security guard. Gardener. Cook.
Maid. Private Nurse. He's romanced
his way up the pecking order.
Someone's pecking order. Come on!
Think!

He spins round 360. Round and round. And comes face to face
with - chillingly - a faceless woman.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Unless...

Sherlock fixes each of the women with his intense gaze.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Do you have a secret that you've
never told anyone?

GAIL
No.

CHARLOTTE
No.

ROBYN
No.

VICKY
No.

TESSA
No.

Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK
Gotcha.

JOHN
What do you mean?

SHERLOCK
Everyone has secrets. And they
replied too quickly.

Gail suddenly looks worried.

GAIL
Gotta go.

SHERLOCK
No!

She winks out of existence.

CHARLOTTE

See you!

SHERLOCK

Wait!

She's gone.

ROBYN

Bye, bye.

Vanishes.

VICKY

Sorry, sexy. Some secrets have to
stay secret.

Pop!

TESSA

Enjoy the wedding -

Zip. She's gone.

Sherlock looks downcast.

CUT TO:

Back in Baker Street. SHERLOCK quietly closes the lids of all the laptops.

SHERLOCK

Why? Why would he date all those
women and not call back?

JOHN

You're missing the obvious, mate.

SHERLOCK

Am I?

JOHN

He's a man.

SHERLOCK

But why change identities?

JOHN

(shrugs)

Maybe he's married.

SHERLOCK'S speech.

(CONTINUED)
85

SHERLOCK

Married! Obvious, really. Our Mayfly Man was trapped in the suffocating chains of domesticity! Instead of endless nights in watching the telly and going to barbecues with dreadful, boring people he couldn't stand he was using his wits, cleverness and powers of disguise to play the field! He was...

Silence. The guests don't look impressed.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, maybe I should've told you about the Elephant in the Room.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But it proves once again how invaluable John is to me. I can read a crime scene, the way he can understand a human being. I used to think that was what made me special - quite frankly, I still do. But a word to the wise, should any of you ever require the services of either of us. I'll solve your murder - but it takes John Watson to save your life. You may trust me on that - he has saved mine, so many times, and in so many ways.

(Holds up the smartphone)

This blog has been the story of two men, and their frankly ridiculous adventures. Of murder and mystery and mayhem. But from now on there's a new story. A bigger adventure. Ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses and be upstanding.

The room getting to its feet.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Today begin the adventures of my Mary Elizabeth Watson and John Hamish Watson - the two reasons every single of one us is -

And he breaks off -

Pause.

Really absurdly long pause.

SHERLOCK just leaves them all hanging there, glass raised.

Close on Sherlock - and you can see it. The brain is spinning, powering up. You can almost hear it, like the building whine of aircraft engines

Close on the raised glass in his hand -

- it starts to slip from his fingers, falling.

The motion slows, and slows, almost to a stop. We're entering Sherlock Time!

The whole room freezing into super-slow motion.

On the falling glass, turning in agonising slowness - lights flashes and refracts through the crystal facet-

Close on Sherlock's eyes - normal speed. His eyes blink shut!

CUT TO:

INT. ROUND ROOM - DAY

On Sherlock as his eyes open. He's back in the mind palace. Lights spinning round the room, as if refracting through the crystal glass - reality bleeding through.

Around him, positioned as before, the five women. Gail, Charlotte, Robyn, Vicky, Tessa. Now standing solemn and silent - as if dormant now that he's now got them on his computer. Just images.

Sherlock spins, rounding on Tessa.

SHERLOCK

What did you say?? John Hamish Watson?? You said that, you said Hamish!!

INT. FLAT. NIGHT

FLASHBACK - night of the stag do -

JOHN and SHERLOCK pissed, stumbling around the flat in front of TESSA and the Landlord.

TESSA

Sherlock Holmes. And his partner - John Hamish Watson.

80

INT. ROUND ROOM - DAY

80

SHERLOCK

How did you know that?? How did you
know his middle name?

Tessa - dorman, silent. No connection now.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Never tells anyone, he hates it.

81

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

81

FLASHBACK - John typing at his laptop, Sherlock watching over
his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

John H. Watson?

JOHN

Yep.

82

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

82

FLASHBACK - Sherlock and John having breakfast.

SHERLOCK

Henry?

JOHN

Shut up.

83

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

83

FLASHBACK - John in his armchair, reading the paper -
Sherlock looking up from his microscope.

SHERLOCK

Humphrey.

JOHN

Shut up.

84

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

84

FLASHBACK - Sherlock, outside the bathroom door, calling
through.

SHERLOCK

Higgenbottom?

JOHN

(From off)

Go away!

85

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

85

SHERLOCK

Took him years to confide in me!

86

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

86

FLASHBACK - John coming home, pulling off his coat. From off, Sherlock chuckles.

Whip pan to Sherlock with some yellowed paper in his hand.

JOHN

That's my birth certificate!

SHERLOCK

Yep.

87

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

87

SHERLOCK

The Woman -

88

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

88

FLASHBACK (real one this time, from A Scandal In Belgravia.)

John interrupting Sherlock and Irene Adler.

JOHN

Hamish. John Hamish Watson, if you're looking for baby names.

89

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

89

SHERLOCK

- she knew, but God knows where she is.

And suddenly she's there, in the Round Room - Irene Adler, leaning seductively in one of the pews. We just see bare shoulders and a draped bare arm. She winks at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Out of my head, I'm busy!

She vanishes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

There's only one time that name's been public -

CUT TO:

90

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

90

Sherlock, John and Mary, grouped round a computer, working on something. They're in wedding planning mode.

JOHN

Does it have to be on the invitation?

MARY

It's your *name*.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's traditional.

SHERLOCK

It's funny.

On the computer screen, the invitation, zeroing in on a detail -

"... the wedding of and Mary Elizabeth Morstan and John Hamish Watson ... "

91

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

91

On Tessa, she speaks, the words she spoke before.

TESSA

Enjoy the wedding.

SHERLOCK

You knew about the wedding - more than that. You'd seen the invitation. Now barely a hundred people have seen that invitation, and the Mayfly man only saw five women - for one person to be in both those groups ... it could be coincidence.

MYCROFT

(From off; scolding)

Oh, Sherlock!

Sherlock spin. Mycroft stands at the podium, like the Prime Minister of Reason.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

What do we say about coincidence?

SHERLOCK

The universe is rarely so lazy.

MYCROFT

So the balance of probability is ... ?

(CONTINUED)

90

SHERLOCK

Someone went to great lengths to
find out something about this
wedding.

MYCROFT

What great lengths?

SHERLOCK

They lied, assumed false identities

-

MYCROFT

Which suggests?

SHERLOCK

Criminal intent.

MYCROFT

Also suggests?

SHERLOCK

Intelligence, planning -

MYCROFT

Clearly, yes - but more
importantly?

SHERLOCK

The Mayfly Man! The Mayfly Man is -

CUT TO:

On the falling glass as it finally hits the table - normal speed again (it either smashes or spills, depending what is credible.) And Sherlock finally finishes what we he was saying.

SHERLOCK

- here today.

The room on its feet staring at him. For them, hardly a second has passed. Sherlock has momentarily paused, and dropped his glass. Nothing else is going on as far they're concerned - the above was barely a blink.

Sherlock, momentarily fuddled. That blizzard of deduction, of insight almost destabilising him.

Looks down at the fallen glass.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Butter fingers ...

(CONTINUED)

91

A waiter has already shot over to him, providing another glass.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Thankyou, yes, thankyou!

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

Close on Mycroft, talking in Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT
Something is going to happen. Right here, could be any second.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

Sherlock, busking, badly.

SHERLOCK
Right then. Where were we?

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

MYCROFT
You have control of the room! Don't lose it!!

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Ah, yes! Charging your glasses, and standing up. Yes, very good, thankyou. And down again.

The guests all looking at each other. What? They all start to resume their seats.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(Suddenly adopts a big smile)
Ladies and gentlemen. Everyone tells you not to milk a good speech. Get off early. Leave 'em laughing. Wise advice I shall certainly keep in mind. But for now ... part two!

John and Mary look worried.

Sherlock's in uncharted territory. Totally busking it!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Part two's different. More action-based, going to move around, shake it up a bit.

As he speaks, he vaults causally over the top table, starts to wander round the room. He's barely listening to what he's saying, he's on high alert. Scanning the room, raking through it. He's just left his voice running as a cover.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Who'd come to a wedding, that's the question. Who'd bother going to any lengths to get themselves to a wedding?

Sherlock's POV. The text Mayfly Man? is hanging over every man's head. Sherlock frowns, almost panicking. Too many, too little time.

Everyone's a bit restive at what he's saying. He quickly attempts to recover.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Well everyone would, because wedding's are great, love a wedding.

On John and Mary, watching - it was going so well. A whispered exchange.

MARY

What's he doing??

John's way ahead of her, watching his friend intently.

JOHN

Something's wrong.

SHERLOCK

And John's great, haven't said that enough. I've barely scratched the surface. I could go on all night about the depth and the complexity of his jumpers. And he can cook. Does a great...um...thing. A thing with peas. Once. Might not have been peas. Might not have been him. And he's got a great singing voice. Or somebody has.

Scans the room again. The text Mayfly Man disappearing over the heads of the older men. But still, so many younger ones

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Too many, too many!!

The room startles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Sorry, yes, too many ... jokes
about John. Now then.

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

A super fast cut-in - Mycroft, extreme close up, talking in
Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT
Criminal intent.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Where was I?

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

MYCROFT
Extraordinary lengths.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Speech, yes, speech. Let's talk
about -

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

MYCROFT
All of which is suggestive of -

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

SHERLOCK
- murder.

The room - what??

John, focussed - where's this going?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Sorry, did I say murder. I meant
marriage. But, you know, very
similar procedures, when you think
about it. The participants tend to
know each other, and it's over when
one of them dies. In fairness,
though, murder's a lot quicker.
Janine!

Janine, at the top table, startles at her name being called.

Sherlock has darted over to another couple. He points to the man.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What about this one? Acceptably hot. More importantly, his girlfriend is wearing brand new, uncomfortable underwear, but hasn't bothered to remove this thread from his jacket or mention to him the grease smudge on the back on his neck. Currently he's going home alone.

Janine, blushing. The couple, looking at each other, horrified. We now see Sherlock, his phone behind his back, discreetly texting at hyper-speed!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Also, he's a comics and sci-fi geek - they're always tremendously grateful and really put the hours in.

(To Lestrade)
Jeff, the Gents.

LESTRADE

Greg!

SHERLOCK

The loo, now please!

LESTRADE

Why?

SHERLOCK

I don't know, it's your go.

Now Lestrade's phone pings. He checks the text.

On-screen: *Lock this place down.*

He glances up at Sherlock. Just for a second, Sherlock gives him a look of deadly seriousness. Lestrade, getting up now

LESTRADE

Yep, now that you mention it.

He's hurrying to the exit.

John, watching him - something's up! Danger in the room. Now calls out to Sherlock - jocular.

JOHN

Oi! Sherlock! Any chance of an end date for this speech? Got to cut the cake?

SHERLOCK

Oh, listen to him. Can't stand it when I get a chance to speak for once vatican cameos.

He just adds the last two words, casually appending them to the sentence.

Their eyes meet for a deadly serious moment.

MARY

(To John)
What was that?

JOHN

Battle stations. Somebody's going to die.

On Sherlock, scanning the room. So many Texts, so many potential Mayfly men ...

Fast cut to Mycroft, snapping away in Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT

Narrow it down, narrow it down --

SHERLOCK

No!!

Slaps his own head, finally rebelling against his brother's voice.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not you, not you!

The guests staring at him - he's completely lost it.

Sherlock rounds on John. Striding over to him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You. Always you. Always John Watson, you keep me right.

The guests - confused now, this speech has definitely gone haywire. But John is on his feet, knows this is serious, knows the game is on.

JOHN
What do I do?

And Sherlock is smiling now. He's got it. He's so got it.

SHERLOCK
Already done it.

Swivels round to look at the guests, eyes alight.

Sherlock's POV. The Mayfly Man? texts bobbing round the heads as before ...

Sherlock sweeps his hand through the frame, clearing the texts -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Don't solve the murder ...

Sweeps his hand through again, and now there a new texts above everybody's heads - TARGET?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... save the life.

The staring guests? WTF??

A beaming smile from Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Sorry. Off-piste, tiny bit, back on, phew! Let's play a game. Let's play *murder*!

Mrs. Hudson rolls her eyes. Pitying.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Imagine someone's going to get murdered at a wedding. Who exactly would you pick?

MRS. HUDSON
(Mutters)
I think you might be a popular choice at the moment, dear.

SHERLOCK
(to Mrs. Hudson's neighbour)
If you could move Mrs. Hudson's glass a fraction out of reach, that would be lovely.
(Back to speech)
More especially, who could you *only* kill at a wedding?
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Most people you can kill any old place. As a mental exercise, I've often planned the murder of my friends and colleagues. Now John, I'd poison. Sloppy eater, dead easy. I've tried out many chemicals and compounds on him that way, he's never even noticed. He missed a whole Wednesday once, didn't have a clue. Lestrade's so easy to kill it's a miracle no one's succumbed to the temptation. I have a set of my brother's house keys, I could break in any time and asphyxiate him, if the whim arose.

On Tom and Molly watching. Molly is rapt, Tom is bemused. He lands a hand on Molly's arm.

TOM

He's pissed, isn't he?

Without taking her eyes off Sherlock, Molly reaches for a fork and stabs Tom's hand.

SHERLOCK

So! Again! Who could you only kill here. Clearly this must be a rare opportunity so it's someone who doesn't get out much.

As he walks round the room, people start simply disappearing from their chairs, as Sherlock's dismisses them from consideration - all the people who do get out much.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Someone for whom a planned social encounter, known about months in advance, is an exception. This has to be a unique opportunity.

More people disappearing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Since killing someone in public is difficult, killing them in private can't be an option. Someone who lives in an inaccessible or unknown location then.

More people disappearing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Perhaps someone private, someone obsessive about personal security, possibly someone under threat.

He looks round the room is now entirely empty. The camera moving round Sherlock revealing an entire empty room -

- but as the camera moves, one solitary seated figure is revealed. Major Sholto, just sitting there (he behaves as if he's still in a room full of people.)

FLASHBACK - earlier that day...

SHOLTO with JOHN.

JOHN

Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO

Oh. Way out in the middle of nowhere.

(smiles)

You wouldn't know it.

JOHN

Like I said. He doesn't come out much. The families gave him hell.

The room is full again - the guests bewildered, but riveted.

Sherlock moves around again, not looking directly at Sholto. He grabs a napkin, just casually writes something on it.

SHERLOCK

A recluse. Small private staff,
with a high turn over for
additional security.

- and suddenly we are whisked to -

SHERLOCK's Mind Palace.

SHERLOCK

Job!

GAIL

Gardener.

CHARLOTTE

Cook.

ROBYN
I do security work.

VICKY
Maid.

TESSA
Private nurse.

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

SHERLOCK
Probably all sign confidentiality
agreements -

INT. ROUND ROOM. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Do you have a secret that you've
never told anyone?

GAIL
No.

CHARLOTTE
No.

ROBYN
No.

VICKY
No.

TESSA
No.

INT. RECEPTION. DAY

Sherlock, moving past Sholto's table, casually drops the napkin on it.

SHERLOCK
A question remains though - a
rather big one. A huge one.

Sholto has picked up the napkin, looked at it. Scrawled on it: IT'S YOU.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
How do you do it? How do you kill
someone in public? Got to be a way,
this has been planned.

The Page Boy has shot to his feet, hand up.

PAGE BOY
Mr. Holmes! Mr. Holmes!

SHERLOCK
Oh, hello again. What's your theory. Get this right, there's a headless nun in it.

PAGE BOY
The invisible man could do it.

SHERLOCK
The who?

PAGE BOY
The invisible man with the invisible knife. The one who tried to kill the guardsman!

On Sherlock. And *wham!!* he gets it. A series of explosive cuts - Sherlock's brain-crash!

Thoom!! Close on the word PLAN at the top of the wedding planner board in Baker Street.

Thoom!! Panning down to the word VENUE!

Thoom!! Cutting to the close shot of the wedding invitation.

Thoom!! Panning fast along the word VENUE to the big tick!

Thoom!! Cutting to the word below it - REHEARSAL.

Thoom!! John and Sherlock at the barracks over the guardsman's body.

Thoom!! Panning fast along REHEARSAL to the big tick.

Back on Sherlock, in one giddy moment, piecing it all together.

SHERLOCK
Oh! Not just planned. Planned and rehearsed!!

Looks round wildly. Major Sholto, on his feet, heading smartly out of the room. Damn it, *damn it!!*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Ladies and Gentlemen, there will now be a short break.

He grabs a wineglass off the nearest table, raises it

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The bride and groom.

As everyone in the room gets to their feet - a bit bemused - to do the toast, Sherlock dashes over to John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Major Sholto is going to be murdered - I don't know who or how, but it's going to happen!!

JOHN

Let's go.

John goes vaulting over the table, the two men run to the exit.

On Mary, looking astonished after them. Then she gathers up her dress, and races after them -

Major Sholto in his hotel room. He's in the act of locking the door. Now crosses to his suitcase, lying on the bed. Opens it. A revolver, lying inside.

John and Sherlock crashing along a corridor.

JOHN

Why can't you remember which room??
You remember *everything*!!

SHERLOCK

I have to delete *something*!

Mary comes bustling past them.

MARY

507!

Major Sholto has poured himself a drink. Now sits in chair, facing the door. Drink in one hand, gun in the other. Ready.

SHERLOCK

(From off, battering at door)

Major Sholto? Hello, Major Sholto.

SHOLTO

If someone is about to make an attempt on my life, it won't be first time. I'm ready.

115

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SHOLTO'S ROOM. DAY.

115

Sherlock, John and Mary on the other side. (We now intercut as required.)

JOHN

Just let us in.

MARY

Kick the bloody door down.

SHOLTO

I really wouldn't. I have a gun in my hand and a lifetime of unfortunate reflexes.

SHERLOCK

You're not safe in there. The man who is coming for you, isn't stopped by a locked room, we know that.

SHOLTO

(Smirking, derisory)
The invisible man with the invisible knife?

SHERLOCK

I don't know how he did it, so I don't know how to stop him. That means he can do it again!

SHOLTO

Solve it then.

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

SHOLTO

You're the famous Mr. Holmes. Solve the case, on you go. Tell me how he did it and I'll open the door.

On Sherlock. What? What does he do now.

JOHN

Please. This isn't a time for games, just let us in. You're in danger.

SHOLTO

So are you, so long as you're here. Please leave me. Despite my reputation, I really don't approve of collateral damage.

Mary, looking at Sherlock now.

MARY

Solve it.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry?

MARY

Solve it and he'll open the door -
like he said.

SHERLOCK

I couldn't solve it before, how can
I solve it now??

MARY

Because it *matters* now.

SHERLOCK

What are you talking about? What's
she talking about - get your wife
under control.

JOHN

She's right.

SHERLOCK

Oh, you've changed!!

JOHN

No, she is, shut up. You're not a
puzzle solver, you never have been.
You're a bloody drama queen. A man
is going to die, the game is on -
go on, *solve it!!*

A look of outrage on Sherlock's face - *how is supposed to -*

And *wham!!* Another Sherlock brain crash!

Thoom!! Detail from the Janine/Sherlock scene. The meat
skewer is being withdrawn from the meat.

Thoom!! Bainbridge, in uniform - a neutral "imaginary" shot,
just standing there in a white void. We zoom on his belt.

Thoom!! Sholto, in uniform, in the same unreal void. Zooming
in on his belt.

115pt5 INT. WHITE VOID.

115pt5

SHOLTO and some other wedding GUESTS are dotted about in the
white void.

Smiling, the PHOTOGRAPHER manoeuvres the guests into
position, as if in front of the church.

Sholto tries to tuck in behind them but the Photographer encourages him forward, gently shunting him.

Close on the Photographer as he slips an incredibly thin blade from his coat.

As he pushes Sholto forward --

- he pierces Sholto's belt behind his back.

Quick as a flash, the blade is and out.

With a broad smile, the Photographer assumes his position, kneeling before the guests.

Cheese!!

Thoom!! Bainbridge, in the void, starting to take off his belt.

Thoom!! The skewer pulled from the meat - the juices ooze out!

Thoom!! Bainbridge lies on the floor, surrounded by blood.

On Sherlock - totally got it now.

Impulsively he steps forward, kisses Mary on the forehead.

SHERLOCK

In fairness to me, he's a drama Queen too.

MARY

I know.

Sherlock rounds on the door.

SHERLOCK

Major Sholto, no one is coming to kill you. I'm afraid you were killed several hours ago.

SHOLTO

I'm sorry? What did you say?

SHERLOCK

Don't take your belt off.

SHOLTO

My belt.

Sherlock rounds on John and Mary.

SHERLOCK

His belt, yes. Bainbridge was stabbed hours before we even saw him - but through his belt.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

A tight belt worn high on his waist. Push a tiny blade through the hole, you wouldn't even feel it.

JOHN

The belt would bind the flesh together, when it was tied tight.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

But when you took it off ...

Flashback: the champagne corks pops.

SHERLOCK

Delayed action stabbing. All the time in the world for an alibi.

In the room, Sholto is standing at the mirror, inspecting himself in his uniform.

SHOLTO

So. I was to be killed by my uniform. How appropriate.

MARY

He solved the case, Major. You're supposed to open the door now - deal's a deal.

But Sholto, still staring at himself, so haunted.

SHOLTO

Not even supposed to have this any more - they gave me special dispensation to keep it. Couldn't imagine life out of this uniform. I suppose, in the circumstances, I don't have to.

He starts to undo the uniform.

SHOLTO (CONT'D)

When so many want you dead, it's hardly good manners to argue.

JOHN

Whatever you're doing in there, stop it now. I will kick this door down.

SHOLTO

Mr. Holmes, you and I are similar, I think.

SHERLOCK

I think so too.

SHOLTO

There is a proper time to die,
isn't there?

SHERLOCK

Of course there is.

SHOLTO

And one should embrace it when it
comes. Like a soldier.

SHERLOCK

Of course one should. But not at
John's wedding. We would never do
that, would we, you and I. We'd
never do that to John Watson.

On Sholto - hesitating.

Outside, the others react to the silence.

JOHN

Okay, I'm kicking the door in...

Mary gently pulls him back.

MARY

You won't have to.

The sound of the key in the lock. Sholto opens the door,
every inch the brave soldier.

SHOLTO

I believe I need medical attention.

He looks to Sherlock. A formal nod of gratitude.

JOHN

I believe I'm your doctor.

DISSOLVE TO:

116

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

116

Hours later. A shot of the hotel by night, lit up.

117

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. NIGHT.

117

That moment between the wedding breakfast and the dancing in
the evening. The tables have been cleared, people are milling
about.

In a corridor, next to the main hall -

Sherlock and Janine are dancing together - formally but beautifully, a waltz. Sherlock is tutoring her.

SHERLOCK

And round ... and down ... and up,
very good, just keep your nerve on
the turns ...

JANINE

Why do we have to rehearse?

SHERLOCK

Because we're about to dance
together in public. And your skills
are appalling.

JANINE

You're a good teacher. You're a
brilliant dancer.

SHERLOCK

Can I let you into a secret,
Janine?

JANINE

Go on then.

SHERLOCK

I love dancing. I've always loved
it.

JANINE

Seriously?

He detaches for a moment, does an immaculate pirouette.

SHERLOCK

Never really comes up in crime work
- I live in hope of the right case.

Janine, marveling at him.

JANINE

Oh, I wish you weren't - whatever
it is you are.

SHERLOCK

I know.

John has appeared from the pair.

JOHN

Oh, well, glad you've pulled,
Sherlock, what with murderers
running riot at my wedding.

SHERLOCK

One murderer. One *nearly* murderer.
(To Janine)
Loves to exaggerate, you should try
living with him.

LESTRADE

Sherlock!

They look round. Lestrade is arriving - coat on, clearly he's been out. Following him, reluctantly, is the wedding photographer.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Got him for you.

SHERLOCK

Excellent, the photographer,
thankyou. Can I see your camera?

A little bewildered, the photographer proffers it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What's this about? I was half-way
home.

SHERLOCK

You should've driven faster.

Sherlock has taken the camera. Is now flipping through the photos in it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Ah, yes! Yes, very good. There, you see, perfect.

LESTRADE

What is? Are you going to tell us??

Sherlock tosses the camera to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

Take a look yourself.

John and Lestrade, now flicking through the pictures. Sherlock moves away, taking up position behind the photographer, quite casually.

JOHN

A look for what? Is the murderer in the photos?

SHERLOCK

It's not what's *in* the photographs.
It's what's in none of them. None of them at all.

JOHN

Sherlock, the showing off thing,
we've discussed it before ...

SHERLOCK

There's one man at a wedding, who
is never in any photograph, but can
go anywhere. Even carry an
equipment bag, if he wants. And you
never even see his face, you only
ever see -

Flashback.

Click.

A still of JOHN and MARY.

Click.

JOHN and MARY with MRS. HUDSON.

Click.

JOHN, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE.

Click.

BRIDE and GROOM. BEST MAN and BRIDESMAID.

Click

CUT TO:

BAINBRIDGE in the sentry box.

Click.

CUT TO:

-- and we're back at the Reception.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- the *camera*.

CLICK!!

But it's not the shutter clicking. It's Sherlock neatly
handcuffing the photographer to the radiator behind him.

We see him properly at last, a handsome young man, SMALL. He
looks wildly round.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What are you doing, what is this??

Sherlock, his smartphone in front of him.

SHERLOCK

Johnny Small. Today's substitute photographer, known to us as the Mayfly Man. His brother was one of the ones killed in that friendly fire incident. Johnny wanted revenge on Sholto. So he worked his way through Sholto's staff and found what he needed. Brilliant, ruthless, almost certainly a mono-maniac. In fairness, though, his photographs are actually quite good.

He hands his phone to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

All the information you need is there - you probably ought to arrest him or something.

JANINE

Do you always carry handcuffs?

SHERLOCK

Down girl!

The photographer, now glowering at Sherlock.

PHOTOGRAPHER

It's not me you should be arresting, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I don't do the arresting, I farm that out.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sholto, he's the killer. Not me. Not me.

Mary appears from the big room.

MARY

Guys, it's almost time for -

She comes to a halt, seeing what's happening.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I should've killed him quicker. I shouldn't have tried to be clever.

Sherlock fixes the Photographer with a cold look.

SHERLOCK

You should've driven faster.

He turns and heads away into the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHN and MARY - first dance. It's an achingly beautiful waltz. Charming, old-fashioned with a hint of melancholy.

They're surrounded by a circle of their friends, smiling and taking photos.

Pan up to the stage.

The solo violinist playing the tune for them is SHERLOCK. It comes to an end. Sherlock finishes with a flourish.

Applause. The married couple take a bow.

Sherlock takes a bow.

Janine, whooping and hollering, like she's at a rock concert.

Sherlock winks at her, tosses her the flower from his buttonhole.

Now he's crossing to the microphone.

SHERLOCK

Ladies and gentlemen. One last thing, before the evening begins properly. Apologies for earlier. A crisis arose, and was dealt with. More importantly, though, today we saw two people make vows. I've never made a vow in my life. After today I never will again. So here, in front of you all, is my first and last vow. John and Mary. Whatever it takes, whatever happens from this day on - I swear I will always be there. Always. For -

He blinks - another brain crash.

Thoom!! Mary eating canapes like mad.

Thoom!! Mary, grimaces at the taste of the wine.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
- all three of you.

The room - bemused.

Sherlock, blinks, recovers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Two of you. All two of you.
Both of you, in fact. I just ...
miscounted.

On John and Mary - the implications slowly hitting home.
What? What??

Mary's hand falters to her tummy - snatches it away again. A give-away!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Okay, anyway, time for dancing.
Could we have some music please.
Could we start up the music again?
Thankyou!

The music starts up. Tentatively, couples start moving on the floor. In the middle of the dance floor, John and Mary rooted to the spot, staring at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Come on now. Don't be shy,
everybody dancing please!

He abandons the microphone, jumps down from the stage (?) and heads through the dancing couples to where a stricken John and Mary are waiting for him.

John, Sherlock, Mary, all staring at each other, all a bit shell-shocked for different reasons. The dancers swirl around - a last quiet moment for the three of them, in the eye of the storm.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sorry. There was one more deduction
there than I was really expecting.

MARY

Deduction?

SHERLOCK

Changed taste perception, increased appetite. You were sick this morning, too. Caught a whiff of vomit when I kissed you earlier - remember you were cross when I mentioned it? All the signs are there.

MARY

The signs?

SHERLOCK

The signs of three. Mary, I think you should probably do a pregnancy test.

Sherlock reaches and gently takes Mary's wineglass. No more of that.

A literally pregnant pause. The dancers swirl around them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Of course, the statistics on the
first trimester ...

JOHN
Shut up. Just ... shut up.

SHERLOCK
Sorry.

JOHN
How could you notice, and I didn't.
I'm a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK
It's your day off.

JOHN
It's your day off.

SHERLOCK
Stop panicking.

JOHN
I'm not panicking!!

MARY
I'm pregnant, I'm panicking!!

SHERLOCK
Well, don't. You've not got a
single thing to worry about, either
of you.

JOHN
Oh, you'd know, of course.

SHERLOCK
I would, yes. You're already the
best parents in the world - look at
the practice you've put in.

JOHN
What practice?

SHERLOCK
Don't suppose you'll be needing me
any more - now you've got a *real*
baby on the way.

They laugh at that, all three of them. A beat on Sherlock - his laugh falters, realising that's true.

On John - the same beat. The truth of it - something just ended.

The tiniest - but most revealing - glance between Sherlock and John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Dance.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK

Both of you, dance, off you go. We can't just stand here, people will wonder what we're talking about!

MARY

What about you?

JOHN

The *three* of us can't dance. There are limits.

SHERLOCK

Yes. There are.

MARY

Well - come on then, husband.

She moves into his arms.

JOHN

Is this another waltz, yeah?

MARY

Yes!

They're moving away from Sherlock, waltzing away among the couples.

SHERLOCK

(Calling after them)

Don't worry, Mary, I've been tutoring him.

JOHN

He has, you know - in Baker Street, with the curtains shut. Mrs. Hudson walked in on us - don't know *how* all those rumours got started.

A last laugh between Sherlock and John -

- and then Mary and John are swallowed by the other dancing couples.

And there's Sherlock, in the loneliest place on Earth - in the middle of a dance floor, no partner, all the couples swirling around him.

Awkward for a moment, adrift. Then sees -

Janine, across the floor, waving to him. He's starting forwards, when he sees why she's waving. The sci-fi comics fan he pointed out to her earlier, is right next to her - and now they're starting to dance. She gives Sherlock a thumbs up behind her new boy's back.

Sherlock smiles. Sorted! He was right as usual.

Looks round again. Still so adrift, still so out of his comfort zone. Awkwardly he makes his way among the dancers.

Now he's at the stage again. He reaches up and takes the sheet music he was playing from earlier.

Closer on the manuscript paper. It's handwritten. In the corner - Waltz for Mary and John, by Sherlock Holmes.

He folds the paper, now slips it into an envelope he's taken from his pocket. The envelope is labeled, in Sherlock's handwriting "Dr. and Mrs Watson".

Passing one of the tables, he props the envelope against a wine bottle, where someone will find it.

Now glances round the dance floor again. A fleeting glimpse of Mary and John dancing among the other couples. Talking, rapt in each other laughing.

Now on Sherlock - heading briskly towards the exit.

Coat on, Sherlock comes down the steps, and heads away into the night.

Takes a breath. Looks around. Heads on.

On Sherlock Holmes, in the moonlight, walking away. Alone again.

END TITLES