



HARTSWOOD  
FILMS

**SHERLOCK SERIES 4**

Episode 2 - "The Lying  
Detective"

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FINAL

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1      INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

1

John, lying there, awake. Grey morning light.

ELSA

(V.O.; slight German  
accent)

Tell me about your morning. Start  
from the beginning.

CUT TO:

2      INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

2

John and Elsa, his new therapist.

John: in a dark place. Barely able to communicate, closed  
off, a terrible blankness.

Elsa: a permanent smiling calm, sharp, glittery eyes.

JOHN

I woke up.

ELSA

How did you sleep?

JOHN

I didn't. I don't.

ELSA

You just said you woke up

JOHN

I stopped lying down.

3      INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

3

Close on John as he sits up. Collects himself. Looks to the  
other side of the bed.

A moment of remembering (though we stay close on his face.)

CUT TO:

4      INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

4

ELSA

Alone?

JOHN

Of course, alone!

CUT TO:

5 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

5

Back on John's face, looking at other side of the bed.

Wider: he's not alone in the bed. A coil of hair on the pillow, a female form under the covers.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

6

ELSA

I meant Rosie. Your daughter.

A flicker on John's face. Misjudged that.

JOHN

She's with friends.

ELSA

Why?

JOHN

I can't always cope.

ELSA: silent, faintly smiling, waiting for more.

JOHN

Last night wasn't ... good.

CUT TO:

7 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

7

John, knotting his tie in the mirror. A female figure passes behind him. His eyes flick towards her - a haunted look.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

8

ELSA

That's understandable.

JOHN

Why? Why's it understandable? Why does everything have to be understandable? How about some things are unacceptable and we just say that?

Elsa's calm smile doesn't flicker. John kind of wishes it would.

ELSA

I only mean it's okay.

(CONTINUED)  
2.

JOHN

I'm letting down my daughter, how  
in the world is that okay?

ELSA

You just lost your wife.

JOHN

Rosie just lost her mother.

ELSA

You're holding yourself to an  
unreasonable standard.

JOHN

No. I'm failing to.

CUT TO:

9

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

9

John sits, sombre, at the table, sipping his coffee. Behind, the woman - now dresses - busies herself.

ELSA

(V.O.)  
Do you talk to Sherlock Holmes?

The woman places her hand on John's shoulder. John takes her hand, kisses it.

JOHN

Why would I?

CUT TO:

10

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

10

ELSA

Do you?

John, stony-faced, silent.

JOHN

I haven't seen him. Nobody's seen  
him, he's locked himself up in his  
flat, God knows what he's doing.

ELSA

Do you blame him?

JOHN

No.

ELSA

Why not?

(CONTINUED)  
3.

JOHN

I don't blame him. I don't think  
about him.

ELSA

So there's no one you talk to?  
Confide in?

JOHN  
(A little too firmly)  
No one.

CUT TO:

John, heading to the door, looks back. Now talks to the woman. (We're now over her shoulder, as she sits at the kitchen table.)

JOHN  
Picking up Rosie this afternoon.  
After I've seen my therapist. Got a new one, I'm seeing her today.

The woman speaks from off-camera. Instantly, her voice is familiar.

WOMAN  
Are you going to tell her about me?

JOHN  
... No.

WOMAN  
Why not?

JOHN  
I can't.

WOMAN  
Why not?

JOHN  
Because I *can't*, you know I can't.  
She thinks you're dead.

Now pushing in on the woman, the reveal.

It's Mary, sitting there, staring at him.

MARY  
John, you've got to remember, it's important. I *am* dead.

John flinches, like he's been struck.

MARY  
Please, for your own sake, for Rosie's. This isn't real, I'm *dead*.

John, not answering, can't even make eye contact.

MARY  
John, look at me. I'm not here, you know I'm not.

John, nothing for a moment. Then.

JOHN

See you later.

He goes. As he clears frame, we see there's no one at the table.

On the empty chair.

ELSA

(V.O.)

Is there anything you're not telling me?

CUT TO:

JOHN

No.

His eyes flick briefly to beyond her chair.

And there's Mary, watching from the shadows, tears streaming down her face.

ELSA

Who were you looking at?

JOHN

No one.

ELSA

You keep glancing to my left.

JOHN

There's no one there. I was just  
... looking away.

ELSA

There is a difference between  
looking away and looking to - I  
tend to notice these things.

(Smiles)

Now I am reminding you of your  
friend, I think?

JOHN

That's not necessarily a good  
thing.

ELSA

Has he attempted to make contact  
with you?

JOHN

No.

ELSA

How can you be sure? He may have  
tried.

JOHN

If Sherlock Holmes tries to get in touch, it's not something you can fail to notice.

As if on cue:

The clatter of a helicopter above. Now police sirens wailing outside, tyres screeching on tarmac.

A louder screech, a squeal of brakes, an impact just outside the room. A dustbin somersaults past the window.

John is already out of his chair.

CUT TO:

John comes striding out of the front door of a neat little suburban house, in a nice little housing estate (Elsa's consulting room is in her home.)

He finds:

Two police cars. They've screeched to a halt.

Above, a helicopter.

And parked at a crazy angle on the font lawn, is a red sports car, the driver's door swinging open -

Close on John, staring at who is emerging from the car - astonished.

Elsa is now at his shoulder.

ELSA

Well now! Won't you introduce me?

John, stepping forward into close up. Whoever he's staring, he can't quite believe it. The last person he expected!

CUT TO:

At the windows, night time London, far below. Over this:

THREE YEARS AGO.

We are looking through at window. Reflected, out of focus, a man, staring out. We can make out a slight, bald figure.

There is a murmur of conversation in this room, a gentle hubbub.

(CONTINUED)  
6.

CORNELIA

Mr. Smith?

Roll focus, *fast!* The reflected figure snaps into sharpness.

A gleaming bald head, almost eerily hairless. Black, sparkling eyes, and a gleeful rictus smile crammed with a jumble of miss-matched teeth.

This is Culverton Smith.

He turns to the woman who spoke at his shoulder, and it's like he threw a switch, because the goblin grin is gone. He looks restrained, solemn, wise. Just a little dead-eyed.

**Now, very fast, almost subliminal, barely more than blips - a set of fast-cutting video clips, too close on the screen, liney and grainy -**

- Culverton Smith laughing on a chat show -
- Culverton Smith being interviewed on a red carpet
- Culverton Smith talking earnestly on Newsnight.

**(We will use these Video Blips as punctuation throughout - when Culverton Smith is seen or mentioned. It's as if his fame has impact, a jumble of associations. Like when you meet someone famous and you can't help thinking of the times you've seen them.)**

Wider: Cornelia his PA, is a few feet behind him.

CORNELIA

Whenever you're ready.

Culverton Smith looks round the room.

Six people, three men, three women.

Closer on one of the women, laughing. This is Faith. She looks vital, nervy. Blonde (or light coloured) hair, brightly coloured spectacles. In her thirties. In one hand she grips a walking cane. Like her clothes, it is stylish, ever-so-slightly flamboyant. As Culverton Smith looks at her, she throws back her head and laughs at something someone just said.

Culverton Smith smiles for a moment, fondly, maybe a little sadly -

- then turns back to Cornelia.

CULVERTON SMITH

Now please.

Cornelia nods

Culverton Smith turns back to the window -

- as his face swings back into the reflection, that grin is back.

On Cornelia, turning, phone discreetly at her ear.

CORNELIA

Bring them through.

He steps out of shot. Leaving us with a shot of two magazine covers. Culverton Smith grins from the cover of the Radio Times ("Back in Business") and glowers from a copy of Time ("Serious Money".)

CUT TO:

A thick-set SECURITY MAN folding his phone away.

Wider: a long, quiet corridor in the same building - rows of windows, rows of doors, silent. Semi-darkness - the only light glimmers from the streets outside, and streams through the one opened door. The Security Man stands opposite this door.

He glances through the door, gives a little nod to someone.

The squeaking of wheels. Now an eerie procession out of the door.

Nurses, gloved, gowned, face-masked - and each one pushing hospital drip feed. The casters squeak in the silence of the corridor.

Over this:

CULVERTON SMITH

(V.O.)

It's difficult having such good friends.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

17

CULVERTON SMITH, now standing at the end of the meeting table. The others are seated round it - six of them. Three men, three women.

Culverton moving round the table. As he passes each person, he makes some contact with them - squeezing a shoulder, patting a back.

CULVERTON SMITH

Friends are people you want to share with. Friends and family.

On the word "family" he's passing behind Faith. A squeeze of the shoulder, and smile from Faith.

CUT TO:

17A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

17A

The eerie procession of nurses. Closer on the drip feed bags.

CUT TO:

17B INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

17B

Culverton, at the end of the table now, hands spreading - a man making a reasonable appeal.

CULVERTON SMITH (V.O.)

But here's a question: what's the very worst thing you can do to your very best friends?

An exchange of glances round the table. Ivan smiles, friendly.

IVAN

Something on your mind?

CULVERTON SMITH

Yes. Oh, yes.

IVAN

Anything you tell us, stays in this room. I think I speak for everyone.

A murmur of assent. Loyal friends, a little offended that he would.

FAITH

Well? What is the worst thing you could do?

CULVERTON SMITH

Tell them your darkest secret.

More glances. Questions forming on lips.

CULVERTON SMITH (CONT'D)

Because if you tell them ... and they decide they'd rather not know ... you can't take it back. You can't un-say it. Once you open your heart, you can't close it again.

Silence now. What the hell is he talking about? On Culverton-Smith. Smirks.

CULVERTON SMITH (CONT'D)

Kidding! Of course you can!

He gives a little nod to Cornelia, who steps to the door, opens it -

- we can't see into the shadowed corridor - but we hear the squeaking of the approaching casters.

They all stare as the nurses start wheeling the drip feed units into the room,

CULVERTON SMITH (CONT'D)

Please roll up your right sleeves.

(Smiles, amiable)

Just a little bit of insurance.

The nurses as they move calmly round the room, positioning each dripfeed behind an occupied chair.

On Faith: her earlier cheeriness gone, now a little thrown. Staring at the bags, curious and unnerved. It comes out as belligerence.

FAITH

I don't understand. What is that?

IVAN

TD 12.

Ivan: bemused, as he stares at the bags. Like he's surprised to see them here. This conversation has taken a turn he didn't expect.

17B SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (2)

17B

Faith looks sharply at him. What? He smiles, apologetic.

IVAN  
One of ours.

FAITH  
One of yours?

IVAN  
We make it, my company. TD 12 -  
Sells mainly to dentists and  
hospitals, for minor surgical  
procedures. It interferes with the -

(CONTINUED)  
9B.

17B SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (3)

17B

JUMP CUT: It's like the frame jams in the projector, burns out - but *super-fast* -

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP:** Culverton Smith hooting with laughter on a chat show. (Very fast, almost subliminal, as with most of these - just a flash as a transition.)

18 INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

18

Same night, short while later -

- Faith, blundering through the door of her office, almost banging into the door jamb - like she's drunk -

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP:** Culverton Smith staring solemnly at camera.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

19

- back to the exact moment we left.

IVAN

- memory.

Culverton-Smith's gleaming eyes not fastened on Faith.

CULVERTON SMITH

The memory, yes.

Again, trapped frame, the picture burns out -

CUT TO:

20 INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

20

- FAITH still leaning against the doorjamb. Shakes her head, like she's trying to clear it. Blunders towards her desk, unsteady on her walking cane -

CUT TO:

21 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

21

Culverton Smith, the gracious host, is lightening the mood.

CULVERTON SMITH

Thank you, Ivan, for allowing me to  
use it.

(CONTINUED)  
10.

IVAN

(A nervous laugh)  
Didn't exactly know who'd you'd be  
using it on.

He gives a nervous little laugh. A few others join in. Faith, grim-faced, silences them with:

FAITH

You mean you didn't ask?

On Ivan: colours, embarrassed. Fair point.

CULVERTON SMITH

Is everybody ready?

FAITH

No!

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith on a news item, waving to a crowd.**

Faith's hands slam on to the desk, as if to steady herself, her walking cane falls to the floor -

- and we see that her right sleeve is rolled up.

She looks at it, touches her hand to the exposed flesh. Oh God!

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Closer on Culverton Smith as he waves - that jumble-toothed grin.**

CUT TO:

Close on a man's shirt-sleeve, as it is unbuttoned, rolled back.

Wider: Faith is watching this in astonishment - one of the men further down the table is actually preparing for the injection!

FAITH

(At Culverton Smith)  
This is obscene.

CULVERTON SMITH

All I'm doing, Faith, is getting  
something off my chest without  
getting it on yours.(CONTINUED)  
11.

He takes the seat next to, angling it towards - just a bit too intimate.

CULVERTON SMITH

What you are about to hear me say,  
may horrify you, but you will  
forget it.

He has taken her right arm, so delicately, and is calmly unbuttoning her sleeve. She's unresisting, but rigid in her chair.

CULVERTON SMITH

If you think about it, civilisation  
has always depended on a measure of  
elective ignorance.

Faith: caught in his eyes for a moment

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith surrounded by laughing children, his arm round one of them.**

CUT TO:

- the same motion in reverse as Faith seats herself in her chair. She places her hands on the desk in front of her, looks at them meditatively. Her bared arm

On her face, a flicker of pain, of regret.

She turns that arm over. There is a bandaid on her underarm, just like you get when you've had an injection

She touches the sticking plaster ...

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Closer on Culverton Smith's arm round the child.**

Culverton Smith, strolling round the table - the perfect, genial host.

The others are now all hooked up to their drip feeds. Little beeping machines, connected to the machines, sit on table, one in front of each of them.

The robed and gowned nurses are filing out of the room.

On Faith, so troubled, watching them go...

The door clicks shut.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)  
12.

Culverton Smith, now standing at the end of the table.

The click, hiss, beep of the drip feeds.

CULVERTON SMITH

The machines in front of you keep the drug in your bloodstream at exactly the right level. Nothing that is happening to you now will stay with you for more than a few minutes.

His eyes flick to Faith. Smiles.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm afraid some of your memories up until this point may also be -

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith laughing, close on his mouth.**

- super fast cut to Faith blinking hard, like the memory is impacting -

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith frowning, close on his eyes.**

CUT TO:

CULVERTON SMITH

- corrupted.

Faith's eyes go to the device. It is surmounted by a dial. To one side of it is a little red button.

Culverton Smith, now moving round the table - checking the dripfeeds, patting the occasional back...

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm going to share something with you now. Something personal and of importance to me. I have a need to confess - but you, I think, might have a need to forget.

He stops by Faith, places a hand on her shoulder.

CULVERTON SMITH  
By the end of this, you will be  
free to go.

He moves on from her.

CULVERTON SMITH  
But don't worry. By the time you  
reach the outside world, you will  
not remember what you heard.

He looks to Faith, who looks daggers back at him.

FAITH  
Ignorance is bliss.

CULVERTON SMITH  
What's wrong with bliss?

CUT TO:

Faith, at her desk.

She's grabbed a sheet of paper, a pen in hand. It trembles  
over the blank sheet.

CUT TO:

Culverton Smith, strolling round again.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Some of you know each other, some  
of you don't. Be aware, one of you  
is a high ranking police officer -

CUT TO:

- Faith has scribbled down the word *police officer* -

CUT TO:

31 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

31

CULVERTON SMITH  
- one of you is a member of the  
judiciary -

CUT TO:

32 INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Faith, scribbling - *judge?*

CUT TO:

33 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

33

CULVERTON SMITH  
- and one of you -

The frame freezes.

CUT TO:

34 INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

34

Faith, blinking hard, like the memory is flickering.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

35

- like the film is jerking back and forward, stuttering over  
one moment -

CULVERTON SMITH  
- and one of you - and one of you -  
and of you -

CUT TO:

36 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

36

Faith slam her hand on the desk savagely, winces in pain  
like the pain is a trigger -

CUT TO:

37 INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

37

CULVERTON SMITH  
- and one of you sits on the board  
of a prominent broadcaster.

CUT TO:

38

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

38

Faith scribbles the word *broadcaster* -

- and notices a smear of blood on the page. She looks at her hand. Bleeding slightly. Must have cut it when she hit the desk -

CUT TO:

39

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

39

Culverton Smith, at the end of the table.

CULVERTON SMITH

Three of you work for me, and of course ...

(Looks to Faith)  
... one of you is my daughter. You are the people I need to hear me.

CUT TO:

40

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

40

Faith, dead-eyed, staring at the last word she wrote.

*Me.*

She smears the blood through the word.

CUT TO:

41

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

41

Culverton Smith at the end of the table Head bowed. Solemn, penitent.

CULVERTON SMITH

I have made millions. For myself. For the people in this room. For millions of people I have never met. There are charities I support that wouldn't exist, if it weren't for me. If life is a balance sheet - and it is - I believe I am in credit. However. I have a situation that needs to be ... managed. I have a problem - and there is only one way I can solve it.

A silence. Then:

(CONTINUED)  
16.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm terribly sorry. But I need to  
kill someone.

The room chills. No one speaks for a long moment. Finally, in the freezing calm, it is Faith who speaks.

FAITH

Who?

On Culverton: about to speak. Freeze-frame, the frame burns out into:

Very fast sequence of cuts:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith on the panel of a talent show, arguing.**

Wider - everything jarring now, sickening, slanting camera angles, almost like the room is spinning -

- Ivan sits, frozen at what he's just heard, sweating, hankie at his brow.

- one other nurse is already there, disconnecting one of the men from his drip feed -

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith juggling along, on charity fun run.**

- one of the women sits in white-faced shock, unnoticed tears streaming down her face -

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith holding up his OBE outside the palace.**

- Culverton Smith stands with his back to them all, slightly hunched -

- freeze-frame, the frame burns out -

CUT TO:

- Faith, staring at the sheet of paper -

- written there, the last exchange we heard.

*I need to kill someone.*

*Who?*

CUT TO:

44

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

44

- as before, one moment playing and replaying ...

CULVERTON SMITH

I need to kill someone!

FAITH

Who?

CUT TO:

45

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

45

Faith staring, the words:

*I need to kill someone.*

*Who?*

A movement makes her look up. A confused looking Ivan is passing the door of her office. He looks dazedly at her.

IVAN

Were we in a meeting? Was there a meeting?

Faith looks blankly at him.

He passes on.

CUT TO:

46

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

46

Repeating:

CULVERTON SMITH

I need to kill someone!

FAITH

Who?

CUT TO:

47

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

47

- Faith slamming her hand on the desk again, like she's trying to stimulate memories -

CUT TO:

48

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

48

Repeating:

(CONTINUED)  
18.

CULVERTON SMITH  
I need to kill someone!

FAITH  
Who?

CUT TO:

49

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Closing on the words

*I need to kill someone!**Who?*

CULVERTON SMITH

(From off)

Faith.

Her dreaded father stands in the doorway, compassionate.

She recoils, but he steps to her, folding her in his arms.

CULVERTON SMITH

It's okay, darling girl, hush. In  
five minutes you won't remember why  
you're crying. Everyone else is  
fine, they're all going to the pub.

(Like a catch phrase)

It's on me!

On his face as he hugs her. His beady little eyes flick to:

The note on the desk.

*I need to kill someone.**Who?*

He steps towards the note, picks it up. Shows it to her.

CULVERTON SMITH

Don't you think I should take this?  
It's only going to upset you.Faith looks at the note in his hand. She puts her hand out  
for it. He doesn't respond.

A moment of stand-off

On the note, closing on the word *Who*?Now, voice over. Whispered, tremulous, barely recognisable as  
the same woman.

FAITH

(V.O.)

One word, Mr. Holmes - and it  
changed my world for ever.The sheet of paper is now lowered, and we can see that we are  
now in:

CUT TO:

50

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

50

A figure, silhouetted against the window.

A pair of hands clasping and re-clasping on the handle of a walking cane. A bowed head over it. The hair hanging round the face is now jet black, lank.

FAITH

Just one word.

Some time has passed since we last saw her. She seems thinner, more intense. Now dressed entirely in black. Only the walking cane is unchanged.

221b: The fire is crackling in the hearth, rain is thrashing at the windows. The rooms might seem a bit darker than normal - there is the blue flickering light of a television. John's accustomed chair is empty.

SHERLOCK

What word?

On Sherlock. He's in his usual chair, a dressing gown thrown over his clothes.

A moment on him, because he looks very different. Unkempt, stubbled, bleary, more troubled and abstracted. But it's deeper than that. He's pale and thin, dark-eyed, sitting twisted in his chair. This is Sherlock Holmes as a beautiful ruin: a haunted shell of a man.

FAITH

A name.

SHERLOCK

What name?

Finally, she raises her head. No make-up. Without it she seems gaunt, harrowed. Barely recognisable as the same woman. She looks at him, those dark, sad eyes: such pain. She looks like a match for Sherlock.

FAITH

I can't remember.

Sherlock: silent, regarding her thoughtfully. He holds up his phone - on it, a picture of Faith with Culverton Smith. In the picture she looks like she did in the Board Room scene - almost a completely different woman.)

SHERLOCK

You no longer top up your tan, and  
your roots are showing. Letting  
yourself go?

Sherlock's POV: he lowers the phone, to reveal the very different Faith in the seat opposite.

FAITH

Do you ever look in the mirror and  
want to see someone else?

SHERLOCK

No. Do you own an American car?

FAITH

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

No, not American. A left hand  
drive, that's what I mean.

FAITH

No. Why do you ask?

SHERLOCK

Not sure, actually, I probably  
noticed something.

Sherlock's POV of Faith. With a blackboard squeak, a chalk line draws itself down the screen and points itself at the hem of Faith's skirt, on the left.

Sherlock frowns at the line, cocks his head, like he's trying to understand it. He looks down at the hem of her (long) skirt, where the arrow points.

He waves his hand in front of his face, as if batting away a fly -

- and the chalk puffs into chalk dust.

Sherlock pauses a moment, looking at the hand he just waved with. It's shaking - a palpable tremor. He clenches his fist, releases. Tremor still there.

FAITH

You okay?

SHERLOCK

Of course, you don't own a car do  
you? You don't need one - you're  
living in isolation, no human  
contact, no visitors -

Sherlock springs up, goes to the window -

- as he moves, he brushes past the coffee table next to him. Cutting closer on it: a hypodermic syringe rocks in the saucer of a cup of tea. (This fast, fleeting.)

Sherlock now looking out on to the rainy street. It isn't clear what he's looking at.

FAITH

Okay, how do you know *that*?

SHERLOCK

(Indicating the paper)

Well it's all here, isn't it, look!  
And cost-cutting is obviously a  
priority for you - look at the size  
of your kitchen. Teeny tiny! Must  
be a bit annoying when you're such  
a keen cook.

FAITH

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK

(Looks back at window)

No, hang on, I was looking out of  
the window - why was I doing that?

FAITH

I don't know.

SHERLOCK

Me neither, must've had a reason.  
It'll come back to me.

(Back to the paper,  
turning it over, sniffing  
it, biting it)

Presumably you down-sized when you  
left your job, or maybe when you  
ended your relationship. I assume  
you abandoned the former because of  
your father, and the latter because  
your long term lover had ceased to  
take any interest in you.

FAITH

(Colouring)

*You can't know that!*

SHERLOCK

Course I can! There wasn't anything  
physical going on, was there? Not  
for quite a while, in fact.

(Points at the paper, like  
it's all perfectly clear)

There, see, obvious.

He points to a section of the paper, as if this was all  
perfectly obvious.

FAITH

You can't tell things like that  
from a piece of paper!

SHERLOCK

I think I just did, didn't I? I'm  
sure that was me.

FAITH

How?

SHERLOCK

Dunno. It just sort of happens  
really, like a reflex. Can't stop  
it!

Sherlock's POV - she stares at him, silenced -

- and words appear round her, over her head and both  
shoulders. The same words three times. DAMP.

Sherlock waves them away, brushes remaining DAMP off her  
shoulder -

SHERLOCK

Coat.

FAITH

I don't have a coat.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, that's what I just noticed.  
Wonder why.

- just as the kitchen door slides open, revealing Wiggins  
(the druggie from His Last Vow) looking as disreputable as  
ever, but quite at home.

WIGGINS

Who are you talking to?

SHERLOCK

Piss off.

Sherlock slides the door shut in Wiggins face.

FAITH

So what do you think?

SHERLOCK

Of what?

FAITH

My case?

SHERLOCK

Oh, too weird for me. Go to the  
police. They're excellent with this  
sort of complicated stuff. Tell  
them I sent you, that should get a  
reaction. N'night.

As he starts heading towards the kitchen, he picks up her  
handbag tosses it to her -

- and freeze!

The whole room just stops, the handbag hangs suspended in  
midair.

Only Sherlock is still active. He turns, frowning to look at  
the suspended handbag.

A chalk line circles the suspended handbag, then a counter appears to next to it, like the dial on a scale. It spins to a particular number of pounds (I'll work it out) and stops, flashing red.

Sherlock steps towards suspended handbag, inspects the flashing red number.

He prods the handbag it sways in mid-air.

Another number appears below, next to the word EXCESS. The word EXCESS is also flashing red.

Sherlock frowns, something wrong here -

- but shakes his head, dismissing it. He resumes his stroll to the kitchen, and the room comes back to life, Faith catching her handbag.

FAITH

Please ... I have no one else to turn to.

SHERLOCK

Yes, but I'm far too busy at the moment, I have to drink a cup of tea.

WIGGINS

(Appearing at the kitchen door again.)

Is "cup of tea" code?

SHERLOCK

It's a cup of tea.

WIGGINS

Because you might prefer some -  
(Signs quotations marks)

- "coffee".

FAITH

You're my last hope.

She's followed him into the kitchen -

- momentarily disconcerted. The 221B kitchen has all but been turned into a meth lab. Wiggins is working away, brewing up something awful.

SHERLOCK

Really? That's bad luck, isn't it?  
Good night, go away.

WIGGINS

What's bad luck?

SHERLOCK

Stop talking, it makes we aware of your existence.

Sherlock has grabbed a teacup - notices it's got a couple of hypodermics in it. He "pours" them in the sick, like you might toss out cold coffee.

WIGGINS

I've always had bad luck, it's congenital.

SHERLOCK

(Thought hitting him)  
Handbag!

WIGGINS

That's not rude, "congenital" it  
just means -

SHERLOCK

*Handbag!*

Sherlock spins to look at Faith -

- but she's gone from the doorway.

CUT TO:

Faith goes sadly to the door, opens in on the howling, rainy night. No coat, no umbrella - she moves to step out.

SHERLOCK

Your life is not your own.

Faith startles, turns.

Sherlock has followed her. Now standing, crazed, agitated, at the foot of the stairs.

SHERLOCK

Keep your hands off it. Do you hear  
me? Off it. *Off. It.*

FAITH

Sorry, what? What are you talking  
about?

SHERLOCK

Your skirt!

FAITH

My skirt.

SHERLOCK

Look at it! The hem of your skirt,  
that's what I noticed.

Sherlock vision: close on the hem of the skirt - creased, a little muddy.

SHERLOCK

Sorry, still catching up with my  
brain - it's terribly fast. The  
markings, you see them?

She looks blankly at the hem of her skirt. A couple of slightly muddy, vertical creases.

SHERLOCK

You could only get those marks by  
trapping the hem of your skirt in a  
car door. But they're on the left.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

So you weren't driving, you were on  
the passenger side.

FAITH

I came in a taxi.

SHERLOCK

There's no taxi waiting in the  
street outside, that's what I  
checked when I went to the window.  
And now you've got all the way to  
the door, and you've made no move  
to phone for one. And look at you -  
you didn't even bring a coat. In  
this rain? All that might mean  
nothing, except for the angle of  
the scars on your left forearm -  
you know, under that sleeve you  
keep pulling down.

Her hand moves nervously to her forearm.

FAITH

You never saw them.

SHERLOCK

No, I didn't, so thank you for  
confirming my hypothesis. I don't  
really need to check that the angle  
is consistent with self harm, do I?

He puts his hand out, as if to take her arm, to look at them.

FAITH

No.

SHERLOCK

Keep your scars, I want to see your  
handbag.

FAITH

Why?

SHERLOCK

It's too heavy.

She just stands there, not giving him the handbag.

SHERLOCK

You said I was your last hope. And  
now you're heading out into the  
night, with no plan on how you're  
getting home. And a gun.

On Faith. Caught out, nailed. Instinctively, her hand drifts to her sleeve, pulls it down again.

Sherlock noticing that. Such a haunted look. He reaches for his own sleeve and pulls it up.

The underside of his forearm - dotted with needle punctures.

Panning up to the trembling hand.

The hand lowers -

- leaving us with a shot of the walking cane gripped in  
Faith's hand.

**Flashback.**

**Various shots of John, walking with his walking stick, from A  
Study In Pink.**

Sherlock's face: a frown, a decision.

SHERLOCK

Chips.

FAITH

Chips?

He's grabbing coat from the coat stand, tosses it at her.

Pulling on his own coat, he's leading the way out the door.

SHERLOCK

You're suicidal, you're allowed  
chips - trust me, it's about the  
only perk.

He's holding the door open for her. A moment - she stares at  
him bemused. And then she heads out into the rain, pulling on  
the coat.

Sherlock, about to follow -

MRS HUDSON

Sherlock ...

Sherlock looks back. Mrs Hudson, standing just outside her  
door. Pale-faced, serious - these are terrible times.

MRS HUDSON

Are you going out?

SHERLOCK

I think I remember the way.

(Points at the door)

Through here, right?

MRS HUDSON

You're in no state - look at you.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, well I've got a friend with  
me.

MRS HUDSON

What friend?

SHERLOCK

Bye.

51 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (3)

51

He heads out into the rain.

On Mrs Hudson, as the door slams. It seems to impact on her. Shakes her head. Terrible days...

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith, talking seriously to camera, in a party political broadcast.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**  
I'm Culverton Smith and in this  
election I'll be voting -

52 EXT. WESTMINSTER - NIGHT

52

Big Ben, the grand old buildings.

CUT TO:

53 INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

53

A nervous, suited man is waiting outside a pair of double doors. From beyond them we can hear a cocktail party.

Now Mycroft, in his tux, is coming through the doors.

**MYCROFT**  
For God's sake, I was talking to  
the Prime Minister.

**NERVOUS MAN**  
I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes, it's your  
brother. He's gone out - he's left  
his flat.

**MYCROFT**  
... Was it on fire?

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith in some promotional video, sitting a restaurant, smugly addressing the camera -**

**CULVERTON SMITH**  
When I'm on the road, I still like  
quality food -

CUT TO:

54 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

54

In the thrashing rain, a chip shop.

Pulling back, a bus shelter.

Sitting in the bus shelter with their chips, Sherlock and Faith. Faith has her chips in her lap, Sherlock has them on the bench next to him, as he studies the note.

SHERLOCK

See the fold in the middle? For the first few months you kept this hidden, folded inside a book - must have been a tightly packed shelf, going by the severity of the crease.

Sherlock Vision: the note being placed inside a book, placed in a bookcase.

SHERLOCK

So obviously you were hiding it from someone who lived in the same house at a level of intimacy where privacy could not be assumed.  
Conclusion - relationship.

Sherlock Vision: the book on the shelf, of books. Two shadows, a man and woman, join in the middle as if kissing.

SHERLOCK

Not any more though.

The man's shadow detaches, leaves her alone.

SHERLOCK

There's a pin hole at the top of the paper.

Sherlock Vision: zooming close on thumb tack hole at the top of the paper.

SHERLOCK

It's spent the last few months, on a open display on a wall.  
Conclusion - relationship is over.  
(Rubs the paper between his fingers)  
The paper has been exposed to steam

-

Sherlock Vision: a kettle boiling.

SHERLOCK

- and a variety of cooking smells -

Sherlock Vision: pans on hobs.

SHERLOCK

- so it must have been on display in the kitchen.  
(Sniffs it)  
Lots of different spices. You're suicidal, alone, and strapped for cash, but you still cook to impress. You're keen then.  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Now a kitchen is the most public room in any house - and since any visitor could be expected to ask about a note like this, I have to assume you don't have any. You have isolated yourself.

Faith, munching on her chips, regards him for a moment.

FAITH

Amazing.

SHERLOCK

I know.

FAITH

I meant the chips.

Sherlock: an involuntary laugh. She caught him out there. (First sign of life we've seen this episode, even if it is fleeting.)

From above, the clattering of a helicopter.

Sherlock glances up. Lights flash from above. A cynical smile.

SHERLOCK

You know what? Let's go for a walk.

He stands.

CUT TO:

The same scene, now on a screen from the POV of the helicopter.

Wider - underground chamber, high security. All screens and hurrying people.

Mycroft and Lady Smallwood, watching the screens.

LADY SMALLWOOD

We can keep tabs - you didn't have to come in.

MYCROFT

I was talking to the Prime Minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Oh, I see.

(Teasing little glance at him)

I do hope you're not going to arrest me this time.

Mycroft rolls his eyes - how many times?

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith, presenting some TV show, talking to camera, as he walks along a street. Clearly his own show (like a business version of Kitchen Nightmares.)**

**CULVERTON SMITH**

So I'm going to take a look at this business, and see if it deserves to live, or if it deserves to die. Either it's a killer business, or I'm a Business Killer!

**The way he says Business Killer suggests it might be the title of the show.**

CUT TO:

John sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, drink in his hand. A phone is buzzing.

On the bedside table, John's mobile buzzing away. The word MYCROFT is visible on the little screen.

**MARY**

(From off)  
You should answer it.

Mary, standing in the shadows, watching him.

**JOHN**

It's Mycroft.

He makes no move to the phone. Takes a drink.

**MARY**

It might be about Sherlock.

**JOHN**

Of course it's about Sherlock!  
Everything's about Sherlock!

CUT TO:

Sherlock and Faith, strolling along - the mood is lightening, like they're both enjoying this chat. Sherlock has the paper in his hand again.

**SHERLOCK**

Look at this. It's very slight, but see the fading pattern on the paper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
31.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Not much, but enough to be sure  
that your kitchen window faces  
east.

Sherlock Vision: close on the paper, the bottom two thirds is fractionally sun-bleached, barely detectable.

He steps into the road (quiet, no traffic.)

SHERLOCK

Now, kitchen notice-boards -

He draws a rectangle in the air with his fingers, creating a chalk outline which just hangs there. When he complete the outline, it fills in and becomes a cork-board now hanging impossibly in midair.

SHERLOCK

By instinct, we place them at eye level where there's natural light.

He now pins the paper to the noticeboard.

SHERLOCK

Now look! Sunlight has only struck the bottom two thirds. The line of it is straight so we know the paper is facing the window - but because the top section is unaffected, we know sunlight only enters the room on a steep angle.

He darts away from the hanging notice-board, and draws a window in the air about ten feet in front of it. Again the chalk outline fills in, to become an actual kitchen window, magically hanging there.

SHERLOCK

If sunlight were able to penetrate the room while the sun was lower in the sky, the paper would be equally faded, top to bottom.

A beam of sunlight now shines through the hanging window. Sherlock, now standing behind the window moves his hand up, as the sun rises, causing the sun-beam to sweep down over the noticeboard.

Closer on the paper, as Sherlock waves the sunbeam up and down - the sunlight sweeps up and own over the pinned note like a searchlight, covering all of it.

SHERLOCK

But no, it only makes it when the sun is at its zenith - I'm betting because you live in narrow street, on the ground floor.

We now zoom in on the magic hanging window, to see a real daylight world through it - we're looking out on a narrow street, with the sun peeping over the opposite rooftops.

SHERLOCK

Now if steeply angled sunlight makes it to eye-level on the wall facing the window, then what do we know about the room?

The sun beam, now steeply angled, isn't making it as far the notice-board. It falls short, as a rectangle of golden sunlight on the wet black street.

Sherlock reaches over, grabs the window frame and pulls it through the air, closer to the notice board.

The rectangle of sunlight slides up the notice-board, falling over the bottom two-thirds of the note. The window and notice-board now so much closer together.

SHERLOCK

The room is *small*.

On Faith, watching from the pavement - smiling now, indulgent, *liking* him.

A search light sweeps over them, Sherlock glances up - the clatter of a helicopter...

FAITH

Oh! Big Brother is watching.

Sherlock looking grimly up.

SHERLOCK

Literally.

CUT TO:

On Mycroft, looking down at the monitor. Gavin is operating the computer.

MYCROFT

What's he doing?? Why's he just wandering about, like an idiot?

LADY SMALLWOOD

She *died*, Mycroft. He's probably still in shock.

MYCROFT

Everybody dies, it's the one thing human beings can be relied upon to do. How can it still come as a *surprise* to people?

LADY SMALLWOOD

You sound cross. Am I going to be taken away by security again?

MYCROFT

I have, I think, apologised extensively.

LADY SMALLWOOD

You haven't made it up to me.

MYCROFT

How am I supposed to do that??

FAITH

(V.O.)

Sex.

CUT TO:

Faith and Sherlock wandering down the middle of the street, both drinking cans of Red Bull. It's very late now, they could be a young couple making their way home from a party.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry?

FAITH

Sex. How did you know I wasn't getting any.

SHERLOCK

It's all about the blood.

(Produces the paper again)

All those minute flecks of blood.

Sherlock Vision: close on the little bloodstain from the night she wrote the note ...

SHERLOCK

This one comes from the very first night - you can see where the pen marks go over it. I think you discovered that the pain stimulated your memory so you tried again later - several times, during the period you kept the note inside the book. You can see where the blood flecks transfer as you fold the paper over. I'm not an expert, but I assume if your lover had failed to notice an increasing number of scars over a period of months, the relationship was no longer intimate.

FAITH

How do you know he didn't notice?

SHERLOCK

Because he'd have done something  
about it.

FAITH

Would he?

SHERLOCK

... Wouldn't he? Isn't that what  
you people do?

Faith smiles, cocks her head at him.

FAITH

That's interesting.

SHERLOCK

What is?

FAITH

The way you think.

SHERLOCK

Superbly?

FAITH

Sweetly.

SHERLOCK

I'm not sweet, I'm just high. This  
way.

Sherlock turns on his heel, starts walking back along the street.

FAITH

We just came that way.

SHERLOCK

I know. It's a plan.

FAITH

What plan?

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith, standing outside some sorry looking shop.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**

**Every business needs a plan. A  
killer plan!**

CUT TO:

Mycroft striding about, agitated. He's got his phone at his ear, waiting for an answer. Lady Smallwood, watching amused.

An outburst of laughter. Mycroft looks round, and the group round the monitor falls guiltily silent.

MYCROFT  
(Striding over)  
What is it, what now?

GAVIN  
Sorry, um - traced his route on the map.

On the monitor - a line traces Sherlock's path over a map of London. The screen is partly blocked by Lady Smallwood, but we can read UCK OFF.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

61

Sherlock grins, as he heads along. Faith hobbles to keep up.

CUT TO:

62 INT. MI5 - NIGHT

62

MYCROFT  
(Frowning at the screen)  
Is he with someone.

GAVIN  
Not sure, we keep losing visual.  
Mostly we're tracking his phone.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP: Culverton Smith on that talent show, laughing at someone.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**  
**Don't call us, we'll call you.**

CUT TO:

63 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

John on the phone. (Intercut with Mycroft, as required.)

JOHN  
I'm trying to sleep. Could you stop ringing my damn phone.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MI5 - NIGHT

64

Intercut with John as required.

MYCROFT

Sherlock's left his flat, first time in weeks. I'm having him tracked.

JOHN

Nice. It's really quite touching how you hijack the machinery of the state to look after your own family - glad I pay my taxes, can I go to bed now?

MYCROFT

(Bristling)

Sherlock gone rogue is a legitimate security concern. The fact that I'm his brother changes absolutely nothing. It didn't the last time, and I assure you, it won't with Sherlock.

And as soon as its out of his mouth, he realises he slightly misspoke.

Lady Smallwood shoots him a slightly concerned look. Clearly knows what this is.

On John. What? That didn't sound right.

JOHN

... sorry, what?

MYCROFT

Please phone me if he gets in contact, thankyou.

Mycroft clicks off the phone.

John, sitting on his bed for a moment. What? The last time. What did he mean, the last time.

CUT TO:

Lady Smallwood, looking at Mycroft. An awkward moment between them.

LADY SMALLWOOD

... Do you still speak to Sherrinford?

Looks coldly at her. You're not supposed to ask that. He starts moving away.

MYCROFT

I have regular updates.

(CONTINUED)

37.

LADY SMALLWOOD

(Following)

And?

MYCROFT

Sherrinford is secure.

Mycroft strides away: subject closed.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith making some direct to camera appeal.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**

**- it's important that we don't burn  
our bridges -**

CUT TO:

66

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

66

Faith and Sherlock crossing one of the bridges over the Thames.

This is clearly a considerable time later, there's even some chilly early light.

Sherlock is now carrying Faith's cane, and she clings to his arm.

FAITH

How long have we been walking?

SHERLOCK

It's a very long word.

FAITH

What is?

SHERLOCK

Bollocks.

And he glances down -

- and the bridge has disappeared beneath him, his legs are thrashing over the river far below -

- he lets out a scream, clings madly to the wall.

FAITH

What's wrong, what's happening??

A whirl of images now - the three kids playing by the river, in the dazzle of sunlight (as seen in The Six Thatchers) burning out into an image of some gravestones (as seen in the next episode.)

Different angle. The bridge, of course, is still there - Sherlock is thrashing his feet on the concrete.

(CONTINUED)  
38.

Sherlock, recovering, frantically restoring his composure.

SHERLOCK

Fine, fine, I'm fine.  
(Scrambling to his feet)  
It's the bridge, it's ...  
glitching.

FAITH

It's what?

SHERLOCK

Glitching, it's glitching, watch  
your step. Do you know why I'm  
taking your case?

FAITH

Because you like me.

SHERLOCK

No. Because of the one impossible  
thing you said.

FAITH

What impossible thing?

SHERLOCK

I'm hungry again. Are you hungry?

CUT TO:

67

EXT. SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

67

The sun is starting to rise - the sky whitening, a chilly dawn.

On Sherlock and Faith on one of the riverside benches, as the sun comes up. They're munching on bacon rolls.

SHERLOCK

You said your life turned on one word.

FAITH

A name, yes.

SHERLOCK

Are you sure of that. Certain?

FAITH

Yes. I don't remember the name, but I remember the feeling. One word changing my life.

SHERLOCK

And that is the impossible thing. Just that, right there.

FAITH

What's impossible?

SHERLOCK

Names aren't one word - they're always at least two. Sherlock Holmes. Faith Smith.

Faith frowning, considering that.

SHERLOCK

Santa Claus, Jeremy Kyle, Napoleon Bonaparte.

(Reflects)

Actually just Napoleon would do.

FAITH

Or Elvis.

SHERLOCK

I think we can rule them both out as targets.

FAITH

Okay, so, I got it wrong then. It wasn't on one word, it can't have been.

SHERLOCK

You're an intelligent woman. Despite that, you have strong emotions - that's clear from the fingernail indents in the palms of both your hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
39.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

And you remember, quite distinctly, that your whole life turned on one word. So that's what happened, I don't doubt it. But how can one word be a name? A name that you instantly recognised and tore your world apart?

FAITH

Okay. How?

SHERLOCK

No idea. Yet. But I don't work for free.

And he holds out his hand, palm up, expectantly. She looks at it blankly.

FAITH

You take cash?

SHERLOCK

Not cash, no.

She looks blank for a moment, gets it. Moved for a moment. A furtive look round - no one looking. She slips her gun out of her handbag, gives it to him.

Sherlock rises, crosses to the river, Sherlock hurls the gun into the water. A distant splash. He stays there for a moment, his back to her. Turns.

SHERLOCK

Taking your own life - interesting expression. Taking it from who? Because once its over, it won't be you who misses it. Your own death is something that happens to everybody else.

He eyes move to a point beyond her, staring abstractedly.

She follows his look - for the first time we see that they're just outside the Aquarium where Mary died.

Sherlock is looking out over the river again.

SHERLOCK

Your life is not your own. Keep your hands off it.

He looks at his own hands, trembling on the wall -

- and then gasps, grabs hold of the wall. The river below has vanished -

- in its place, impossibly, is the sky, with rapidly streaming clouds. Distantly, we hear a dog barking.

He hears Faith's voice from the bench - distant, echoing.

FAITH

You're not what I expected. You're  
...

SHERLOCK

(Clinging on, panic rising  
trying to sound normal)

What? What am I?

FAITH

Nicer.

SHERLOCK

Than who?

Close on Faith - and maybe it's Sherlock's druggy haze, but  
there's ethereal, mysterious about her now.

FAITH

Anyone.

Suddenly, shockingly, Sherlock lets out an anguished cry,  
falls to his knees -

- and a blink of darkness later, he's recovering. Shakes his  
head, almost embarrassed. Heaves himself to his feet.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. Sorry, I -

As he looks round, he breaks off.

The bench: she's gone.

Sherlock looks round, momentarily disorientated.

SHERLOCK

Faith? Faith?

What? How long was out? Why would she just leave?

Gathers himself. Shivers in the morning cold, pulls his coat  
tighter around him. Starts to head away.

On his face, sad, troubled.

**FLASHBACK (from The Six Thatchers):**

**Sherlock at the door, Molly speaking to him.**

MOLLY

You don't need to read it. I'm  
sorry, Sherlock. He says ... John  
said if you were to come round  
asking after him ... Offering to  
help.

SHERLOCK

Yes?

**MOLLY**  
That he'd rather have anyone but  
you.

Sherlock's face falls.

**MOLLY (CONT'D)**  
Anyone.

She closes the door in his face.

CUT TO:

Sherlock, striding along, deep in thought.

**FLASHBACK (from The Six Thatchers):**

**MOLLY (CONT'D)**  
Anyone.

She closes the door in his face.

Sherlock, still striding, frown deepening -

- and now (physical flashback) he's striding past that very door, with Molly in the doorway, and himself standing at it.

**MOLLY**  
Anyone!

Slams the door.

**FLASHBACK:**

Mary on screen, saying.

**MARY**  
Anyone!

He comes to a slow halt, frowning. A thought is surfacing.

He looks up -

A bill board, the other side of the street - Mary's face on it, like it's become a giant television screen.

**MARY**  
Don't think anyone else is going to  
save him, because there isn't  
anyone.

The pictures glitches.

**MARY**  
Anyone.  
(Glitches)  
Anyone.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
42.

CONTINUED:

MARY (cont'd)

(Glitches)

Anyone.

Close on Sherlock staring up at this. A voice from behind him.

FAITH

(From off)

You're not what I expected. You're -

Sherlock turns, and we're now in Flashback again (action continuous.)

SHERLOCK

What?

FAITH

Nicer.

SHERLOCK

Than who?

FAITH

Anyone.

(Glitches)

Anyone.

(Glitches)

Anyone.

Close on Sherlock, that impacting. Frown deepening.

Close on Faith.

FAITH

Anyone.

She glitches, becomes Mary (still video Mary.)

MARY

Anyone.

Glitches, becomes Molly.

MOLLY

Anyone.

On Sherlock, eyes widening. No! Can't be that! *Can't be that!!*

From off:

CULVERTON SMITH

(From off)

I have a situation that needs to be  
... managed.

In the middle of the street, like a misplaced theatre set, is Culverton-Smith's conference room. All the people round the table as before (just like we did with 221B in The Abominable Bride.)

CULVERTON SMITH

I have a problem - and there is  
only one way I can solve it.

Sherlock, crossing into the road, approaching the "set".

CULVERTON SMITH

I need to kill someone.

FAITH

Who?

SHERLOCK

Who??

Culverton Smith raises his head, looks directly at Sherlock.  
Grins.

CULVERTON SMITH

Anyone!

Close on Sherlock -

- staring at Culverton Smith. Getting it, understanding. From off we hear a car horn hooting.

SHERLOCK

Of course.

Wider: the reality of where Sherlock is standing - in the middle of a road, traffic now coming to a halt. (In this shot can't see the Board Room, which is, of course, is in Sherlock's mind.)

SHERLOCK

Of course!

INDIGNANT MAN

(Calling from off)  
Oi! Oi, you!

Close on Culverton Smith, from Sherlock's POV, still looking directly at Sherlock.

CULVERTON SMITH

(Glitches)

- I need to kill -  
(Glitches)
- anyone -  
(Glitches)
- I need to kill -  
(Glitches)
- Anyone -

Now, on Sherlock, staring.

SHERLOCK

Serial killer!

Wider: several cars have stopped, and are hooting their horns. Sherlock, rooted to the spot.

The indignant man has climbed out of his car, is now coming round to confront Sherlock.

Sherlock's POV of Culverton Smith

CULVERTON SMITH

Anyone!  
(Glitches)

Anyone!  
(Glitches)

Anyone!

And the Indignant Man now stands directly in front of Sherlock, blocking the view of the Board Room and Culverton Smith (we can lose them now.)

INDIGNANT MAN

What's the matter with you?

Sherlock tries to focus on the Man, clearly confused.

SHERLOCK

Serial killer.

INDIGNANT MAN

Do you even know where you are? Are you drunk?

SHERLOCK

Why not? He could be! Why shouldn't he be?

Sherlock looks round, confused - surrounded by hooting cars, no board room.

WIGGINS

(From off)  
Shezzer!

Sherlock spins back round -

- but the Indignant Man has now turned into Wiggins, who's staring concernedly at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

What are you doing here?

WIGGINS

What were you doing in the middle of a bloody street?

SHERLOCK

You should be at Baker Street.

WIGGINS

I am! So are you!

On Sherlock -

- as the wallpaper wall of the 221B set rolls into place behind him (physical effect) obscuring the street.

On Wiggins -

- as the fireplace wall of 221B rolls into place behind him, obscuring the street.

WIGGINS

They found your address, they brought you here.

Sherlock, looking around, realising -

CUT TO:

- he's back home.

Wider: the two men now standing in the Baker Street rooms.

Sherlock, looking around, disorientated.

WIGGINS

You've had too much - and that's *me* saying that!

SHERLOCK

They're always poor, and lonely, and strange - but those are the ones we *catch*!

WIGGINS

Who do we catch?

SHERLOCK

Serial killers. But what if you were *rich*!

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith, on stage somewhere, smiling waving.**

SHERLOCK

What if you were rich and powerful and *necessary*.

**VIDEO BLIP - in rapid succession, Culverton Smith in various situations - opening a hospital, running a race, walking up a red carpet.**

SHERLOCK

What if you had the compulsion to kill, and money!

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith basking in more applause.**

SHERLOCK

What then?

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith on a chat show, just he gives a wink.**

He now slumps against the wall.

He looks curiously at the wall he's leaning against. It seems to be carpeted. He prods the carpet -

- now pulling back, revolving, to see that Sherlock is now lying on the floor. He's fallen over without even realising it. (We just carpet the wall, have him lean against it, then on the cut, switch so that he's lying on the floor in the same position - could be quite a creepy effect.)

WIGGINS

Sherlock? *Sherlock?*

We hold on Sherlock flat on floor, on the floor, sees from the side. His eyes start to flicker shut.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith, standing somewhere on a stage, arms spread wide, basking in applause.**

CUT TO:

As he passes out, the camera depresses, descending through the floor, stopping as the line of the floor bisects the screen horizontally.

A line of white dashes draws itself across the bisecting line.

As the picture dissolves, the line becomes the white lines down the middle of a road, and we are -

DISSOLVE TO:

- looking down at a road.

Over this, the words:

THREE WEEKS LATER

A car, screeches along, swerving and skidding. It's the red sports car we saw at the beginning.

Different angle.

The car races past a junction -

- where a police car is parked. Instantly the sirens come on, the police car launches off in pursuit.

Panning up:

(CONTINUED)

A helicopter, also in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Another road. The car screeching and swerving along.

Now two police cars wailing after it.

The clatter of the helicopter from above.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

Sweet and quiet -

- now screeching tyres, wailing sirens, the helicopter.

The car comes skidding round a corner, swerving all over the road.

On police car comes screaming after it, the other goes zooming past the corner, to head the car off.

The car: now roaring round another corner, blasting right across the pavement, and executing a handbrake turn right into the front garden of a neat little house.

Bins and shrubbery go flying.

Now the two police cars screeching to a halt in the street, policemen already tumbling out.

(We are now back at the opening scene.)

As before, the front door opens, John Watson steps out. Elsa a moment later.

ELSA

Well now. Won't you introduce me?

John, staring, thunderstruck.

John's POV. Struggling out of the car is -

- Mrs Hudson. She's hugely indignant, and clutching a mobile phone in one hand.

The policeman, racing over towards her -

POLICEMAN

Right, you there, stay right where you are!

MRS HUDSON

John! Oh, John!

JOHN  
Mrs Hudson -

POLICEMAN  
Do you have any idea what speed you  
were going at?

MRS HUDSON  
Of course not, I was on the phone.  
(Shoves the phone at him)  
It's for you, by the way.

POLICEMAN  
For me?

MRS HUDSON  
It's the government.

POLICEMAN  
The *what??*

JOHN  
What are you *doing* here? What's  
wrong?

Mrs Hudson is clinging on to John now, sobbing.

POLICEMAN  
(Into phone)  
Hello?

CUT TO:

Close on Mycroft, on the phone, faintly embarrassed.

MYCROFT  
My name is Mycroft Holmes, I am  
talking to you from the cabinet  
office -

CUT TO:

On Elsa for a moment, watching from the doorway.

JOHN  
What's happened?

MRS HUDSON  
It's Sherlock.

CUT TO:

75

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

75

Mrs Hudson, slowly poking her head out of her front door.  
From upstairs, Sherlock's yelling voice.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Once more unto the breach, dear  
friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our  
English dead.

Mrs Hudson, looking up, worried.

CUT TO:

76

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

76

Mrs Hudson, nervously ascending the stairs.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Now set the teeth and stretch the  
nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up  
every spirit  
To his full height.

The door to the flat flies open, Wiggins comes scrambling out, all but falling down the stairs, shoving.

WIGGINS

I'm out of here, he's lost it, he's  
totally gone.

He races away. Mrs Hudson looks up the stairs.

The door swinging. A kitchen knife is jammed in the door, like it was thrown there.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

On, on, you noblest English.  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of  
war-proof!

The crash of crockery, thrown furniture.

CUT TO:

77

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

77

Fearfully, Mrs Hudson enters the flat, slowly, looking around.

Oh my God! Everywhere, picture of Culverton Smith, covering every surface. That jumble-toothed, showbiz grin. Like the shrine of a madman. Some of them seem to have bullet holes in them.

(CONTINUED)  
50.

From the kitchen...

SHERLOCK

And you, good yeoman,  
Whose limbs were made in England,  
show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us  
swear  
That you are worth your breeding;  
which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean  
and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your  
eyes.

Cautiously, Mrs Hudson, edges round the kitchen. And there he is, Sherlock Holmes, out of his mind and raving. He's wrapped in his dressing gown, and looks he's been living in a filthy cave. He's flailing with a gun

SHERLOCK

I see you stand like greyhounds in  
the slips,  
Straining upon the start.

And now he fires, seemingly straight at Mrs Hudson - blam!  
Blam! Blam!

On Mrs Hudson, cringing. Behind three bullet holes have blasted into a picture of Culverton Smith.

Sherlock, manic, gleeful.

SHERLOCK

*The games afoot!*

Then, sudden, change of mood. He notices Mrs Hudson.

SHERLOCK

Oh, hello. Can I have cup of tea?

CUT TO:

Mrs Hudson has been brought into the consulting room. John sits with her, comforting her.

JOHN

Did you call the police?

MRS HUDSON

Of course I didn't call the police -  
I'm not a *civilian*!

CUT TO:

79

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

79

Sherlock roaming madly around the kitchen, still waving the gun around. A terrified Mrs Hudson making tea, trying to be calm.

MRS HUDSON

Those pictures. They're that man on the telly.

SHERLOCK

What pictures?

MRS HUDSON

They're everywhere.

SHERLOCK

Oh, you can see them too? That's good.

CUT TO:

80

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

80

Elsa is at her laptop, typing.

ELSA

Culverton Smith ...

(Spins the laptop round)

This, I think, is relevant. From this morning.

Close on the screen.

Daily Mail website (or equivalent.) Picture of Culverton Smith and Sherlock, a big jagged lighting flash between. And the headline "He's a serial killer!" Smaller headline: "Net detective blasts Culverton Smith on Twitter."

JOHN

Christ! Sherlock on Twitter, he really has lost it.

MRS HUDSON

Don't you dare make jokes! Don't you *dare*, John Watson! I was *terrified*.

CUT TO:

81

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

81

Mrs Hudson, now bearing a cup of tea in a saucer - her hands are shaking so violently she can barely hold it.

Sherlock, still flailing with the gun.

(CONTINUED)  
52.

SHERLOCK

Oh, for goodness sake, what's wrong  
with you?? Are you having an  
earthquake?

He sets down the gun, reaches to help her -

CUT TO:

MRS HUDSON

You need to see him, John. You need  
to help him.

John, almost flinching back at that.

JOHN

No.

MRS HUDSON

He needs you.

JOHN

Somebody else. Not me, not now!

He moves away from her -

- finds himself face to face with Mary, who is leaning  
against the wall, arms folded, not happy.

Mrs Hudson, now on her feet, raging.

MRS HUDSON

Now you listen, for once in your  
stupid life. I know Mary's dead,  
and I know your heart is broken.  
But if Sherlock Holmes dies too,  
who will you have then? Because  
I'll tell you something, John  
Watson, you won't have me!

And she goes slamming out of the house.

John's eyes go to Mary - who just points at the door. John  
follows Mrs Hudson out.

CUT TO:

Mrs Hudson, sobbing by the car.

John, approaching awkward.

JOHN

Have you spoken to Mycroft. Or  
Molly, anyone.

(CONTINUED)  
53.

MRS HUDSON

They don't matter, you do. Will you just see him. Please, John, you just take a look at him? As a doctor. I know you'd change your mind if you did.

John so reluctant, really doesn't want to say yes.

JOHN

Look. Maybe, okay. If I get a chance.

MRS HUDSON

Do you promise?

JOHN

I'll try. If I'm in the area.

MRS HUDSON

Promise me!

JOHN

I promise!

MRS HUDSON

Thankyou!

And she strides to the back of the car and throws open the boot.

Curled inside, apparently with his hands cuffed behind him is Sherlock, still in his dressing gown

They stare at each other.

John. What? What??

MRS HUDSON

Well? On you go. Examine him!

John stares at her. What the hell is going on??

CUT TO:

The exact moment we left. Sherlock is moving to catch the shaking cup of tea -

- Mrs Hudson lets it fall -

- and in the same moment, moving so quickly, she snatches up the gun that Sherlock set down.

She takes a few steps back, the gun levelled at Sherlock. So much calmer.

MRS HUDSON

Right then, Mister - I shall be needing your handcuffs. I happen to know there's a pair in the salad drawer, I've borrowed them before.

(Off his astonished look)

Oh, get over yourself! You're not my first smackhead, Sherlock Holmes!

CUT TO:

John is helping a very bemused - Sherlock through the front door. He's rubbing his wrist, his handcuffs have already been removed. Mrs Hudson fussing around them.

SHERLOCK

Woman's out of control. I asked for a cup of tea.

JOHN

How did you get him in the boot?

MRS HUDSON

The boys from the cafe.

SHERLOCK

They dropped me. Twice.

MRS HUDSON

Do you know why they dropped you, dear? Because they know you.

SHERLOCK

(At Elsa)

Who's this one? Is she a new person? I'm against new people.

Elsa looks with mild interest at Sherlock - we now notice she has a phone at her ear.

ELSA

Excuse me a moment.

JOHN

She's my therapist.

SHERLOCK

Awesome. Do you do block bookings?

Sherlock blunders through to the consulting room.

John is looking at the red sports car parked on the lawn. Way more flash and expensive than makes sense.

JOHN

Whose car is that?

(CONTINUED)  
55.

MRS HUDSON

It's my car.

JOHN

How can that be your car?

MRS HUDSON

Oh for God's sake. I'm the widow of  
a drug dealer, I own property in  
central London. For the last bloody  
time, John, *I'm not your  
housekeeper!*

She slams the front door shut, storms off. John winces at the force. He follows her through to the consulting room -

- where Elsa is holding out the phone to John.

ELSA

Sorry, I answered your phone - you  
were busy. I think you will want to  
take it.

There is something grave in her look as John takes the phone.

CULVERTON SMITH

(On phone)  
Is that Dr. John Watson?

JOHN

Who's this?

CUT TO:

On Culverton Smith. A make up brush is dabbing at his face.

CULVERTON SMITH

Culverton Smith.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith solemnly addressing the camera.**

CULVERTON SMITH

**Good evening.**

CULVERTON SMITH

You've probably heard of me.

CUT TO:

John glances over at the laptop, still showing the news item.

JOHN

Well ... yes ...

CUT TO:

89

INT. CULVERTON SMITH'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

89

Culverton Smith is sitting in a make up chair, on the phone, staring raptly at his own reflection.

CULVERTON SMITH  
And I was wondering if we were all  
still meeting today?

CUT TO:

90

INT. HALLWAY/CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

90

(Now intercutting as required.)

On John, registering this. He glances, over at Sherlock who has picked up the vase.

SHERLOCK  
Get me a fresh glass of water, this  
one's filthy!

CULVERTON SMITH  
I mean, I'm aware of this morning's  
... developments.

John glances over at the still open laptop.

JOHN  
Yeah, well I'm sure he was being  
... hilarious. Sorry, did you say  
"all still meeting"?

CULVERTON SMITH  
Yes. Me, you, Mr. Holmes. I've sent  
a car, it should be outside. Mr.  
Holmes gave me an address.

JOHN  
Well he couldn't have given you  
this one -

The doorbell rings before he can finish speaking.

John's face: no! No!

He steps to the door opens it. A uniformed driver is already walking back down the path, towards a limo parked in the street -

DRIVER  
Whenever you're ready...

John, now stepping out into the front garden, like he doesn't want the others to hear.

JOHN  
When did give Sherlock give you  
this address?

(CONTINUED)  
57.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Two weeks ago

JOHN  
*Two weeks ago?*

CULVERTON SMITH  
Yes, two weeks.

On John's face. What?? He just snaps off the phone.

CUT TO:

As John slams back into the room.

JOHN  
(To Mrs Hudson)  
How did you know where to find me?

MRS HUDSON  
Sherlock told me. He's not so  
difficult when you've got a gun on  
him.

JOHN  
(Blazing at Sherlock)  
How did you know?? How?? On Monday  
I decided to get a new therapist.  
Tuesday afternoon I chose her,  
Wednesday morning, I booked today's  
session. This is Friday. Two weeks  
ago - two weeks before you were  
abducted at gunpoint and brought  
here against your will - over a  
week before I even thought about  
coming here - you knew exactly  
where you'd need to be picked up  
for lunch.

On Sherlock. Looks bemusedly round all the staring faces.

SHERLOCK  
Really? I correctly anticipated the  
responses of people I know well to  
scenarios I devised. Can't everyone  
do that?

MRS HUDSON  
... how?

SHERLOCK  
Except for the boot. The boot was  
*mean*.

JOHN  
Never mind how, he's dying to tell  
us. I want to know why.

For answer, Sherlock extends his arm - pocked and marked with needle punctures.

SHERLOCK

Because Mrs Hudson is right. I'm burning up, I'm lost. I'm at the bottom of a pit, and I'm still falling, and I'm never going to climb out. But I need you to know, John, I need you to see, up here - (He points to his head) - still got it.

(Points at the laptop)

So when I say this is the most dangerous, most terrible human being I have ever encountered - when I tell you this is a monster who must be *ended*, please, remember where you're standing. Because you're standing exactly where I said you would be, *two weeks ago*. Still a genius, John. I'm a mess, I'm in hell, but God help me I'm still a genius and *I am not wrong*. Not about *him*!

He ends, pointing at the Culverton Smith's face on the screen. The room silent for a moment. Sherlock so raw, so strung out, no one knows what to say for a moment.

JOHN

... what's this got to do with me?

SHERLOCK

That creature, that rotting *thing*, is a living, breathing coagulation of human evil. And if the only thing I ever do in this world is drive him out of it, my life will not be wasted. But look at me. *Look at me*. I can't do it. Not now. Not alone.

John, just looking at him, skeptical.

The room on tiptoe - what now?

John extends his hand -

- but when Sherlock goes to shake it, John turns his hand over and inspects the needle marks.

JOHN

Well, they're real enough, I suppose.

SHERLOCK

Why would I be faking?

JOHN

Because you're a liar. You lie all the time, like it's your mission.

SHERLOCK

I am many things, John - when have I ever been a malingerer?

JOHN

*You pretended to be dead for two years!!*

SHERLOCK

*Apart from that!!*

JOHN

Before I do anything, I need to know exactly what state you're in.

SHERLOCK

You're a doctor - examine me!

JOHN

I need a second opinion.

SHERLOCK

Oh, John, calm down - when have you ever managed two opinions, you'd fall over!

JOHN

I need the one person who - unlike me - learned to see past all your bullshit a long time ago.

SHERLOCK

(Affronted)

Well who could that be? I'm sure I'd have noticed.

JOHN

The last person you'd ever think of - the very last. I want you examined by Molly Hooper.

A beat - Sherlock looks pensive for a moment.

JOHN

Did you hear me? Molly Hooper!

SHERLOCK

... You're really not going to like this.

JOHN

Like what?

The doorbell rings.

On Johns's face: *no!*

CUT TO:

92

INT./EXT. ELSA'S HOUSE - DAY

92

On the door as it pulled open -

- to reveal Molly Hooper, looking slightly nervous. What appears to be a private ambulance is parked behind her.

(CONTINUED)  
60A.

MOLLY  
Oh! Hello, is, um ... Sorry,  
Sherlock asked me to come.

JOHN  
... two weeks ago?

MOLLY  
Yeah, about two weeks.

SHERLOCK  
(From off)  
If you want to know how I can  
predict the future...

John turns, Sherlock behind him in the doorway.

JOHN  
I don't care how.

Mary passes directly behind John.

MARY  
Yes, you do.

SHERLOCK  
Okay. Fully equipped ambulance,  
Molly can examine me on the way,  
save a bit of time. Good to go,  
Molly?

MOLLY  
Um. Well -

SHERLOCK  
Just tell me when to cough.  
(Heading to the ambulance)  
I hope you remembered my coat.

MOLLY  
(to John)  
Sorry, didn't know you'd be here.  
Don't actually know what's going  
on.

JOHN  
He's back on the drugs.

MOLLY  
Oh God! Are you sure?

JOHN  
It's Sherlock. Of course I'm not  
sure. Check him out.

Molly, registers this, a serious little nod. Dashes off.

Mrs Hudson now watching Molly from the doorway.

MRS HUDSON

Is Molly the right person to be doing medicals? She's more used to dead people, it's bound to lower your standards.

JOHN

I don't know. I don't know anything. Mrs Hudson, as ever, you are amazing.

MRS HUDSON

You're going to have to buck up a bit, John, you know that, don't you? The game is on.

JOHN

I'll do my best.

MRS HUDSON

(Hugs him)  
Anything you need, any time. Just ask. Anything at all.

JOHN

Thanks.

He turns to go - turns back.

JOHN

(Turning back)  
Sometimes can I borrow your car?

MRS HUDSON

No.

JOHN

Okay.

John starts heading towards the waiting limo. As he strides along Mary falls in step with him

MARY

He knew you'd get a new therapist when I died, because you'd need to change everything - that's just what you're like.

John walks ahead of her, opens the rear door, climbs in.

CUT TO:

John climbing into the rear seats - Mary is already there.

MARY

You keep your weekends for Rosie, so you needed to see someone during working hours.

(CONTINUED)  
62.

JOHN  
(To driver)  
Okay.

The car starts up.

MARY  
Because you're an idiot, you don't want anyone at the surgery to know you're in therapy - that restricts you to lunchtime appointments, with someone reasonably close.

CUT TO:

94 INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

94

Flashback. John is tapping away at the computer. The room in darkness, the screen lighting his face.

MARY  
(V.O.)  
You found four men, and one woman - and you're done with the world being explained to you by a man.

John narrows his eyes, making that exact decision.

CUT TO:

95 INT. LIMO - DAY

95

John and Mary in the back of the car.

MARY  
Well, who isn't? So all he needed to do was find the first available lunchtime slot with a female therapist in cycling distance of your surgery. God he knows you.

John glowers at the ambulance ahead, resenting the hell out of the man inside.

JOHN  
No he doesn't.

In front, the driver flicks his eyes, curiously. Who's he talking to?

MARY  
I'm in your head, John. You're disagreeing with yourself.

JOHN  
Yes I am.

John glowers at the ambulance ahead, resenting the hell out of the man inside.

(CONTINUED)  
63.

Mary, still looking at him.

MARY  
And then there was two nights ago.

HARD CUT TO:

95A EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

95A

Flashback. John slams out of the house, clearly drunk.

CUT TO:

95B INT. LIMO - DAY

95B

MARY  
Four o'clock in the morning, drunk  
out of your mind, but that wasn't  
going to stop you.

CUT TO:

95C EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

95C

John slumped against his car, drunkenly fumbling for his car keys.

MARY  
(V.O.)  
No idea where you were going, but  
you were going to drive *fast*.

CUT TO:

95D INT. LIMO - DAY

95D

MARY  
And if you hit a wall that would be  
just fine.

CUT TO:

95E EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

95E

John, trying to start the car - it won't go.

95F INT. LIMO - DAY

95F

MARY  
Lucky break.

CUT TO:

95G EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE /INT. CAR - NIGHT

95G

Same shot of John trying to start the car. A figure whisks through the foreground - could be Sherlock's coat.

CUT TO:

95H INT. LIMO - DAY

95H

MARY

Or was it?

John, frowning. Was it Sherlock who saved him that night.

MARY

He's the cleverest man in the world, and yes, also an arsehole. But he's not a monster.

JOHN

Yes, he is.

In front, the driver flicks his eyes, curiously. Who's he talking to?

MARY

Okay, yes, he is. But he's *our* monster.

95H SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED:

95H

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP**

**A commercial. Culverton Smith swinging round, leering into a close-up!**

**CULVERTON SMITH**  
**I'm a killer!**

CUT TO:

96 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - DAY

96

A studio complex.

The ambulance is turning into the carpark, followed by the limo.

Closer on John, looking out the car window. Where the hell are they going?

CUT TO:

97 **VIDEO BLIP**

97

**Same commercial.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**  
**You know I'm a killer.**

CUT TO:

98 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - DAY

98

The ambulance is already parked. An attendant is waving the limo into a vacant space.

John looking it the side window.

The back of the ambulance is open, Molly is already emerging

CUT TO:

99

**VIDEO BLIP**

99

**Same commercial.**

**CULVERTON SMITH**

**But did you know I'm a -**

**Bang!**

**As Culverton Smith winces at the explosion as we**

**CUT TO:**

100

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

100

Wider: Culverton Smith, surrounded by camera crew.

He's making a commercial. A big poster for a breakfast cereal is behind him (Gnash!) and he has a breakfast bowl and spoon in his hands.

One of the lights has exploded.

**FIRST AD**

**Cut, sorry, what was that, was that  
a light?**

**CULVERTON SMITH**

**Was it me? Was I too good?**

Obedient tittering from the crew.

An officious woman is bustling quickly through the crew - his PA, Cornelia.

Close as she whispers to Culverton.

**CORNELIA**

**He's here.**

Close on Culverton's mouth - that jumble-toothed grin!

**CUT TO:**

101

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/CAR PARK/AMBULANCE - NIGHT

101

The back door of the ambulance open. Inside, Sherlock is pulling on his coat. Molly, sitting on the tail gate, looking devastated. John joining them.

**JOHN**

**Well? How is he?**

**SHERLOCK**

**Basically fine.**

**MOLLY**

**I've seen healthier people on the  
slab.**

(CONTINUED)  
65.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, but in fairness you work with  
murder victims, they're usually  
quite young.

MOLLY

Not funny.

SHERLOCK

*Little bit funny.*

MOLLY

If you keep taking what you're  
taking at the rate you're taking  
it, you've got weeks.

SHERLOCK

Exactly! Weeks! Let's not get ahead  
of ourselves.

He's now clambering out of ambulance. Seems a little unsteady  
on his feet.

MOLLY

*For Christ's sake, Sherlock, this  
is not a game -*

SHERLOCK

Molly, I'm worried about you,  
you're very stressed.

MOLLY

I'm stressed, you're dying.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, well I'm ahead then. Stress  
can ruin every day of your life -  
dying can only ruin one.

JOHN

So this is real?

SHERLOCK

What's real?

John has taken Sherlock's arm. The forearm dotted with needle  
punctures.

JOHN

You've really lost it. You are  
actually out of control.

SHERLOCK

When have you ever known me to be  
that?

JOHN

Since the day I met you.

SHERLOCK

Oh, clever boy, I have missed you  
bumbling around the place.

JOHN  
I thought this was some sort of -

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
Trick.

SHERLOCK  
Course it's not a trick! It's a  
plan!

CULVERTON SMITH  
(Calling from off)  
Mr. Holmes.

Some distance away - visible to John over Sherlock's shoulder - Culverton Smith striding towards them, surrounded by a gaggle of reporters and photographers.

SHERLOCK  
(Doesn't turn)  
Thirty feet and closing, the most  
significant, undetected serial  
killer in British criminal history.  
Help me bring him down.

JOHN  
What plan?

SHERLOCK  
Not telling.

JOHN  
Why not?

SHERLOCK  
Because you wouldn't like it.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Mr. Holmes!

Culverton Smith is upon them.

Sherlock turns to Culverton Smith.

CULVERTON SMITH  
I don't do handshakes, it'll have  
to be a hug.

SHERLOCK  
I know.

And he throws his arms around Sherlock.

Sherlock, barely tolerating this.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Sherlock, what can I say. Thanks to  
you, we're everywhere!

101 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (3)

101

The reporters are gathered round - cameras and thrusting microphones. John has been shoved to one side.

(CONTINUED)  
67A.

101 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (4)

101

REPORTER

Mr. Holmes, how did Culverton talk  
you into this?

John's face: into what?

CULVERTON SMITH

Hey, he's detective. Maybe I just  
confessed.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP**

**Same commercial (different take.) Culverton swinging that  
grin into ghastly close-up.**

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm a killer.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/CAR PARK - DAY

102

Culverton Smith, John, Sherlock, all walking towards the  
studio, building, surrounded by a gaggle of press. (This  
fast, choppy - Sherlock and John swept along, in a wave of  
chatter and flashing cameras.)

CULVERTON SMITH

(To the press)  
It's a new kind of breakfast -

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. Holmes, could you put on the  
hat?

JOHN

He doesn't really wear the hat.

CULVERTON SMITH

- kids will be getting two of their  
five a day before they even leave  
the house.

CUT TO:

103 **VIDEO BLIP**

103

CULVERTON SMITH

You know I'm a killer.

CUT TO:

104 INT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/FOYER - DAY

104

Sherlock, John, Culverton coming through the doors, with  
press entourage.

(CONTINUED)  
68.

Cornelia is giving John an ear bashing.

CORNELIA  
Sherlock's been amazing for us -

CULVERTON SMITH  
Breakfast has got to be cool -

CORNELIA  
- we're beyond viral -

CULVERTON SMITH  
- and you know what's cool when  
you're a kid.

JOHN  
Sorry, what, beyond what?

CULVERTON SMITH  
*Dangerous!*

CUT TO:

**VIDEO BLIP**

**Same commercial.**

CULVERTON SMITH  
But did you know I'm a -

**He raises his breakfast bowl, plunges in his spoon.**

CULVERTON SMITH  
- cereal killer!

**He jams the spoonful in his mouth, munches with animal ferocity.**

**FIRST AD**  
... and cut.

CUT TO:

Cutting we wider we see, Culverton - now spitting out the cereal - surrounded by the camera crew.

An female assistant dashes up, starts cleaning up the spat-out cereal.

CULVERTON SMITH  
You should bag that up and sell it.  
You could get money for that, on  
ebay. I can make more any time you  
like.

Now on John and Sherlock watching. Sherlock is fascinated,  
John wearied and cynical.

(CONTINUED)  
69.

JOHN

Has it occurred to you, anywhere in  
your drug addled brain, that you've  
just been *played*?

SHERLOCK

Oh, yes.

JOHN

For an ad campaign?

SHERLOCK

Brilliant, isn't it?

JOHN

Brilliant?

SHERLOCK

The safest place to hide.

They look over. Culverton is looking down at the assistant, clearing away his mess. Obviously enjoying her predicament.

SHERLOCK

Plain sight.

Panning up from Culverton to a piece of set dressing, like a big poster. Culverton's grinning face, and the legend:

"I'm a CEREAL KILLER."

CORNELIA

Mr. Holmes?

Cornelia has appeared by the two of them.

CORNELIA

Culverton wants to know, are you  
okay with going straight on to the  
hospital?

JOHN

What hospital?

CORNELIA

Culverton's doing a visit. The kids  
would love to meet you both. I  
think he sort of promised.

CUT TO:

Both Sherlock and John in the back now, as the door slams on them.

Sherlock is texting away.

JOHN

So what are we doing here? What's  
the point?

SHERLOCK

I needed a hug.

The other door opens, Culverton pokes his head (Sherlock hurriedly conceals the phone.)

CULVERTON SMITH

What did you think, Mr. Holmes?  
Cereal Killer?

SHERLOCK

(Still texting away)  
It's funny cos it's true.

A beat - then that jumble-toothed grin.

CULVERTON SMITH

See you at the hospital.

SHERLOCK

Hang on, you can have it back now.

CULVERTON SMITH

Have what back?

He tosses the phone to Culverton.

SHERLOCK

Thanks for the hug.

Culverton stares at the phone in astonishment. Clearly it's his. Looks in mild shock at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I sent and deleted a text - you  
might get a reply, but I doubt it.

CULVERTON SMITH

It's password protected.

SHERLOCK

Oh, *please*. Plain sight!

Culverton absorbs this for a moment - recovers with his habitual grin.

CULVERTON SMITH

We're going to have endless fun,  
Mr. Holmes, aren't we?

SHERLOCK

Oh, no, not at all. Not endless.

A beat between them. And Culverton slams the door.

As the car starts up, Mary turns round from the front passenger seat.

MARY

Ask him how he knew the code?

JOHN

I'm not asking you how you knew.

SHERLOCK

Good. Because when you figure it out for yourself, you'll understand what we're dealing with.

His attention isn't on John, but on his own fist, flexing and clenching on his knee.

JOHN

Needing a little pick-me-up, are we?

Sherlock puts his head back, closes his eyes, as if he's controlling great pain.

SHERLOCK

I can wait till the hospital.

John staring at his friend - what the hell has he done to himself?

CUT TO:

Two limos sweep through the hospital gates.

CUT TO:

The MAN symbol on the door to the Gents.

Wider: a barely patient is waiting outside, leaning against the wall, arms folded. He is looking at"

John's POV: On the wall, a mural. The Culverton Smith Wing. There is a photograph of Culverton Smith, cutting the tape opening the building.

A plump and beaming Nurse - Nurse Cornish - is waiting with him.

NURSE CORNISH

Are you involved much?

JOHN

I'm sorry?

NURSE CORNISH

With Mr. Holmes. With Sherlock, all his cases.

(CONTINUED)  
72.

JOHN  
Yeah, I'm John Watson.

NURSE CORNISH  
(Oblivious)  
Okay.

JOHN  
Dr. Watson.

NURSE CORNISH  
I love his blog, don't you?

JOHN  
His blog?

NURSE CORNISH  
Don't you read it?

JOHN  
You mean *my* blog.

Sherlock comes spinning out the loo, totally revitalised.

SHERLOCK  
Wowsers! Say what you like about  
addiction, the day's full of  
highlights!

NURSE CORNISH  
Mr. Holmes, are you feeling better?

SHERLOCK  
Psychedelic!

NURSE CORNISH  
(Starting to lead them on)  
This way then. I was just saying, I  
love your blog -

SHERLOCK  
Great, thanks.

JOHN  
It's *my* blog!

SHERLOCK  
It is. He writes the blog.

NURSE CORNISH  
It's yours?

JOHN  
Yes.

NURSE CORNISH  
You write Sherlock's blog?

JOHN  
Yes.

108 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (2)

108

NURSE CORNISH

It's gone a bit downhill hasn't it?

They are now heading through double doors into:

CUT TO:

109 INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

109

A ward full of children, waiting expectantly. Culverton Smith is among them. Nurses stand round the perimeter of the room, all their shining eyes turned on Sherlock.

John and Sherlock acknowledge a burst of applause.

One of the nurses calls out to Sherlock.

NURSE

Love your blog.

SHERLOCK

You're welcome!

John's face: seriously?

CULVERTON SMITH

Right, everyone, here he is. The Internet 'Tec. You all know Sherlock Holmes.

Cheers from the kids.

SHERLOCK

Hello.

JOHN

Hi.

CULVERTON SMITH

And Dr. Watson of course.

Slightly desultory cheers. John forces a smile that could kill a small mammal.

CULVERTON SMITH

Mr. Holmes, I was wondering - we were all wondering, weren't we? - maybe you could tell us about some of your cases.

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Yes. Absolutely, yes.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

110

A few minutes later. Sherlock holding court, striding around in the middle of the ward - boring as hell.

John sits among the kids, listening.

SHERLOCK

The main feature of interest in the field of criminal investigation is not the sensationalist aspects pertaining to the crime itself, but the iron chain of reasoning, from cause to effect, that reveals, step by step, the solution and is the only truly remarkable aspect of the entire affair. I shall present to you all the facts and evidence that were available to me, and in this very room you will all attempt to solve the case of Blessington the poisoner.

JOHN

... I think you slightly gave away the ending.

SHERLOCK

There were five main suspects -

JOHN

Yeah, one of them called Blessington.

SHERLOCK

... okay, but it was more about *how* he did it.

JOHN

Poison?

SHERLOCK

... okay.

A slight laugh from the kids. As John glances at them, he sees Mary sitting among them, also suppressing a smile.

MARY

(Calling out)

He should be wearing the hat. The kids would love the hat.

CUT TO:

111 INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

111

Sherlock, back on his feet, second attempt.

SHERLOCK

Drearcliff House. Remember that one, John? One murder, ten suspects.

JOHN

Ten, yeah.

SHERLOCK

All of them guilty.

JOHN

Sherlock ...

The kids all laughing - Mary too.

MARY

Honestly, he needs the hat. Everybody loves the hat.

CUT TO:

Sherlock, take three. John now standing with him, clearly drafted in to help out

SHERLOCK

John called this one - oh, something to do with murder at the zoo.

JOHN

I called it Murder At The Zoo.

SHERLOCK

Or was it The Killer Orangutan?

A roar of laughter - but Sherlock is smiling impishly. It's on purpose now.

Among them, John sees Mary, laughing, shaking her head. She looks at him.

CUT TO:

Sherlock, summing up.

SHERLOCK

So! Any more questions?

Glances, giggling, nobody.

SHERLOCK

Good, well -

A hand has gone up. It's -

(CONTINUED)  
76.

SHERLOCK  
Culverton.

CULVERTON SMITH  
How do you catch a serial killer?

The room: the temperature lowering slightly. Nervous tittering from the kids, but it dies away fast.

Culverton, seemingly unaware of this: just sitting there, among them all. He's picked up someone's Barbie doll, and is absently stroking its hair

Sherlock, so serious now, his eyes fastened on Culverton.

SHERLOCK  
The same way you catch any other killer.

CULVERTON SMITH  
No. Most killers kill someone they know. You are looking for the murderer in a tiny social grouping.

Nurse Cornish, a little nervous, stepping forward.

NURSE CORNISH  
Mr. Smith, I'm just wondering, maybe this isn't a suitable subject for the children -

Culverton slides his gaze to look at her, mild, reptilian indifference. This silences her.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Nurse Cornish, how long have you been with us now?

NURSE CORNISH  
Seven years.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Seven years. Okay.

And he just slides his gaze, like she's ceased to exist.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Serial killers choose their victims at random. Surely that makes it more difficult.

Sherlock holds his look for a moment. Then the thinnest of smiles.

SHERLOCK  
Some of them advertise.

Culverton Smith, a little smile. Enjoying the fencing. Even enjoying, the suddenly frozen, tiptoed room.

CULVERTON SMITH

Do they really?

SHERLOCK

Serial killing is an expression of power, of ego. A signature in human destruction. Ultimately, for full satisfaction, it requires plain sight.

On John: the words "plain sight" seem to impact on him.

**FLASHBACK: superfast replay of the entire scene in the back of the limo, Sherlock and John, Sherlock texting, Culverton appearing, Sherlock tossing him phone. Freeze frame as Culverton catches the phone, then superfast zoom on the phone in his hand.**

JOHN

(A moment of realisation)

Shit!

Everyone looks to John. Nurse Cornish is particularly disapproving.

SHERLOCK

Apologies, Dr. Watson is thinking - one can generally hear it for miles.

JOHN

Sorry.

SHERLOCK

(To Culverton)

Additionally, serial killers are easily profiled.

(Deliberately goading)

They tend to be social outcasts, sexually atypical, generally of low IQ and attainment -

Still stoking the Barbie doll's hair, Culverton Smith shakes his head - fastidious regret at Sherlock's slowness.

CULVERTON SMITH

No. No, no. Those are the ones you know about. Those are the ones you caught. But hello, dummy - you only catch the dumb ones.

Sherlock, silenced by that.

Nurses exchanges glances - what is going on? Too creepy.

CULVERTON SMITH

Now imagine. What if the Queen wanted to kill people.

(MORE)

CULVERTON SMITH (cont'd)

What would happen then? All that money, all that power, a sweet little government, dancing attendance. A whole country to keep you warm and fat.

And pop! He's pulled the Barbie's head off. John, looking round. The nurses, their hands clasped, looking at the floor because they don't know where to look ... not the first time he's talked creepily.

CULVERTON SMITH

(Looking round the kids)  
Do we all like the Queen? I bet she'd like you lot.

JOHN

It's all right, everyone. I can personally assure you that Sherlock Holmes is not going to arrest the Queen.

CULVERTON SMITH

Well of course not. Not her majesty. Money, power, fame - some things make you untouchable. God save the Queen - she could build her own slaughterhouse and we'd all pay for entrance.

On John, the impact of that. His eyes raise to:

Another plaque on the wall: The Culverton Smith Wing.

JOHN

No one's untouchable.

CULVERTON SMITH

No one?

John looks at him. Such disdain in his eyes. He gets it now, gets what his man is.

JOHN

Plain sight.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm sorry?

JOHN

Serial.

He reaches for Culverton's phone, which is sitting on the table next to him. Holds it up Culverton, showing him the back.

JOHN

Number.

Culverton, just smiling up at him.

Suddenly the switch is thrown, Culverton gives a big, genial laugh.

CULVERTON SMITH

Oh, look at you all, taking me seriously! The Queen! If the Queen was a serial killer, I'd be the first person she'd tell - we have that kind of friendship.

Suddenly everyone is laughing - not just obedience, relief. He's stopped his creepy mucking about now.

CULVERTON SMITH

Let's all have a big round of applause for Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson!

He's on his feet, Abigail has gratefully scampered away. And he's on his feet now, pounding his hands together, applauding. That jumble-tooth grin, those gleaming eyes, boring into Sherlock.

Everyone applauding.

And Sherlock and John staring coldly back...

CUT TO:

Culverton leading Sherlock and John along.

SHERLOCK

Where are we going?

CULVERTON SMITH

I want to show you my favourite room.

As Sherlock passes a doorway, he darts inside.

CULVERTON SMITH

Mr. Holmes?

John and Culverton follow him in.

CUT TO:

A board room. Not the same one as the top of the show - plainer, simpler, more NHS.

(CONTINUED)  
80.

But around the table, just as at the start are drip feeds mounted on mobile stands, behind several of chairs. The little control panels are sitting on the table.

Sherlock is examining the dripfeeds and controls as John and Culverton enter.

SHERLOCK

So you've had another of your meetings.

CULVERTON SMITH

Just a top-up. Confession is good for the soul - provided there's a take-back.

JOHN

What's TD 12?

SHERLOCK

A memory inhibitor.

CULVERTON SMITH

Bliss.

JOHN

Bliss?

CULVERTON SMITH

Opt-in ignorance. It makes the world go round.

SHERLOCK

Does anyone ever opt to remember.

CULVERTON SMITH

Some people take out the drip, yes. Some of the people have the same ... urges. We're wasting time.

He starts to lead the way from the room.

SHERLOCK

Indeed. You have, I estimate, twenty minutes.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

I sent a text from your phone, remember? It was read almost immediately. Factoring in a degree of shock, an emotional decision, and a journey time based on the associated address, I'd say your life, as you know it, has twenty minutes left to run. Well, seventeen and a half, I was rounding up for dramatic effect.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

So please, let's go to you favorite room. It'll give you a chance to say goodbye.

Sherlock strides out.

Culverton Smith: for the first time, a flicker of worry on that face. He moves after Sherlock.

Now John moves to follow -

115 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (3)

115

- and as he clears frame, we see Mary, now sitting at the end of the table.

MARY

The game is on. Do you still miss me?

John turns to look at her -

John's POV: Mary is gone.

CUT TO:

116 INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

116

A long low corridor - we're deep beneath the hospital wall. Rough concrete walls, the feeling of pressure. (We need to establish that is a very long corridor.)

A clanking doors of a big old lift are rolling open.

Culverton, Sherlock and John emerge.

As they walk along:

CULVERTON SMITH

Speaking of serial killers, do you know who's my favourite?

SHERLOCK

Other than yourself?

CULVERTON SMITH

H. H. Holmes. Relative of yours?

SHERLOCK

Not as far as I know.

CULVERTON SMITH

You should check. What an idiot!

Sherlock looks at him, a little surprised.

CUT TO:

117 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

117

Several people at work, there's a body on the slab - - as Culverton leads John and Sherlock into the room.

CULVERTON SMITH

Everybody out.

The Senior Mortuary attendant - Saheed - stepping nervously forward.

(CONTINUED)  
82.

SAHEED

Mr. Smith, we're actually in the middle of something -

CULVERTON SMITH

Saheed, isn't it?

SAHEED

Saheed, yes.

CULVERTON SMITH

How long you been here now, Saheed?

SAHEED

Four years.

CULVERTON SMITH

Four years, eh? That's long, isn't it, four?

He lets that just hang there - smiling, unblinking.

A beat, then:

SAHEED

Okay, everyone.

He pulls the sheet over the body, they all file out.

SAHEED

Five minutes?

CULVERTON SMITH

Come back in ten.

Saheed gives a humiliated little nod, starts heading to the door.

CULVERTON SMITH

And Saheed?

Saheed turns at the door.

CULVERTON SMITH

This time, knock.

Saheed nods, withdraws, closing the door.

John, looking appalled Culverton Smith.

JOHN

How can you do that? How can you even be allowed in here?

CULVERTON SMITH

I can go anywhere I like.

(Rattles a big bunch of keys)

Anywhere at all.

JOHN  
They let you have keys?

CULVERTON SMITH  
They present them to me. There was  
a ceremony, you can watch it on  
YouTube. The Home Secretary was  
there.

Sherlock, walking along, looking at the steel cabinets.

SHERLOCK

So! Your favourite room? The  
mortuary?

CULVERTON SMITH

What do you think?

Sherlock has pulled open one of the drawers, looks at the dead body inside.

SHERLOCK

Tough crowd.

Culverton Smith pulls back the sheet from the slab. A Woman, lying there.

CULVERTON SMITH

Oh, I don't know. I've always found them quite ... pliable.

He reaches out, starts moving the dead woman's head from side to side. Rocking it gently.

JOHN

Don't do that.

CULVERTON SMITH

She's fine. She's dead. Now H. H. Holmes loved dead people - he mass produced them.

SHERLOCK

(To John)  
Serial killer. Active during the Chicago Fair.

CULVERTON SMITH

Do you know what he did? He built a hotel. A special hotel, just to kill people.

Now Culverton starts moving the dead woman's jaw, making he speak like a ventriloquist dummy.

CULVERTON SMITH

A hanging room, a gas chamber, a specially adapted furnace. Like Sweeney Todd, without the pies. Stupid. So stupid.

He throws the sheet back over the body.

JOHN

Stupid?

CULVERTON SMITH

Well all that *effort*! You don't build a beach to hide a pebble. You just go find a beach. If you want to hide a murder - if you want to hide lots and lots of murders ... find a hospital.

JOHN

Can I be clear? Are you confessing?

CULVERTON SMITH

To what?

JOHN

The way you're talking -

CULVERTON SMITH

Sorry, yes - you mean, am I serial killer? Or am I just messing with your funny little head? I do like to mess with people, and yes, I'm a little creepy - it's my USP, it's how I sell breakfast cereal - but am I really what he says I am? Is that what you're asking?

JOHN

... yes.

CULVERTON SMITH

Well can I ask you this. Are you *really* a doctor?

JOHN

Of course I am.

CULVERTON SMITH

A *medical* doctor. Not just feet or media studies, or something.

JOHN

I'm a doctor.

A beat - then the mood changes. Culverton's genial smile drops just a fraction, and somehow the room freezes over.

CULVERTON SMITH

Then are you serious?

On John, this impacts. What? He looks to Sherlock -

- who seems to be drifting away from the conversation, seemingly distracted.

CULVERTON SMITH

No, really are you? Are you actually serious?

John, floundering for a moment, not sure how to reply.

CULVERTON SMITH

I've played along with this joke, but isn't funny any more. Look at him. Go, on, actually look at him, Doctor Watson.

John looks to Sherlock. He's had the other end of the room. Sickly and pale in the harsh light. Somehow reduced.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'll lay it out for you. Two possible explanations for what's going on here. Either I really am serial killer ... or Sherlock Holmes is off his head on drugs.

John: a flicker of doubt.

Sherlock, silent.

Culverton, now rounding on Sherlock. Now walking up to him.

CULVERTON SMITH

Delusional paranoia about a prominent public figure. That's not special. That's not even new.

Sherlock just staring at him. Not a flicker.

CULVERTON SMITH

Tell your faithful little friend how you've been wasting his time, because you're too high to know what's real any more.

Sherlock, holds Culverton's look for a moment (we don't note it, but distantly we hear the clank of the lift arriving.) Then Sherlock looks to John.

SHERLOCK

My apologies. I'm afraid I miscalculated.

On John: what??

SHERLOCK

(Looks to his watch)  
I forgot to factor in traffic - 19 and a half minutes.

He puts a hand to his ear - exaggerated listening.

Distantly we hear lift doors clanking open.

Sherlock consults his watch.

SHERLOCK

The footsteps you are about to hear will be familiar to you - not least, because there will be three impacts, rather than two. The third, of course, is the end of a walking cane.

CUT TO:

118 INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

118

Low on the lift doors, as the doors roll back, revealing a pair of women's feet, and the end of Faith's distinctive walking cane.

CUT TO:

119 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

119

Culverton Smith's face, changing, falling.

CULVERTON SMITH

Faith?

SHERLOCK

Faith. Your daughter.

On Culverton: a trace of panic.

CULVERTON SMITH

Why would she be here?

SHERLOCK

You asked her to come. You texted her. Well, technically *I* texted her, but she's not to know.

The footsteps, closer.

CUT TO:

120 INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

120

On the feet and cane, heading along.

CUT TO:

121 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

121

Culverton, mounting alarm.

Sherlock, holding court.

SHERLOCK

As I recall it: "Faith, I can stand it no longer. I have confessed to Sherlock Holmes. Please forgive me."

Culverton - a faint, tremoring smile.

CULVERTON SMITH

You think that will have an effect?  
You don't know her.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I do. We spent a night together, we had chips. I think she likes me.

CULVERTON SMITH

You don't know Faith - you simply do not.

SHERLOCK

I know that you care deeply for her. You even invited her to one of your special board meetings, you care what she thinks.

Culverton, genuinely thrown. He looks to the door. The foot steps.

SHERLOCK

You maintain an impressive facade - I think it's about to break.

On Culverton - an involuntary step back, colliding with a table.

New angle - on the table behind, a tray of instruments, including a row of scalpels, right next to his hand.

CUT TO:

Close on Lestrade, harsh lighting, scary, looking almost straight at us.

LESTRADE

Did you know?

(This so fast, it's almost surreal. A blip of film noir.)

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

She came to Baker Street.

CULVERTON SMITH

No, she didn't.

Culverton Smith, moving away from the table.

Cutting closer on the table - is one of those scalpels missing?

CUT TO:

124

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

124

Close on John, same lighting, again almost look straight at us.

JOHN

Of course I didn't know.

CUT TO:

125

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

125

Sherlock's eyes flick to the table of scalpels as Culverton moves away - is one gone. As he shifts towards the table.

SHERLOCK

She came to see me because she was scared of her Daddy.

CULVERTON SMITH

Never happened. Another drug-fueled fantasy.

CUT TO:

126

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

126

Wider on the film noir room. John and Lestrade, facing each other across a table in what is clearly a police interview room. John's lawyer and another police officer present. The tape recorder is running.

LESTRADE

You didn't see him take the scalpel?

JOHN

Nobody saw him.

LESTRADE

So you didn't know what was about to happen.

JOHN

*Of course I bloody didn't!*

CUT TO:

127

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

127

Sherlock, calm, owning the room.

SHERLOCK

Well let's see, shall we?  
(Turns, calls to the doorway)

Faith! Do come in!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
89.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

It's your father's favourite room.  
Come and meet all his best friends.

And Faith steps into the door way.

And *oh my God!*

First we see Sherlock's face -

- as it falls into confusion and incomprehension.

The woman standing in the doorway isn't the woman we saw at Baker Street. In fact, she's the jollier, more colourfully dressed we saw in the Board Room as the top the show - unchanged, exactly as she was then.

Sherlock: what??

FAITH

Dad? What's happening, what was that text? Are you having one of your jokes?

(Looks to Sherlock)

Who are you?

Close on Faith. This is a completely different woman.

Sherlock Vision: a whirling moment of revelations. Close on Faith's face - now zip panning to the other Faith, the one that visited Baker Street. Different face, different woman. Now both Faiths, impossibly standing together. Completely different people, always were.

SHERLOCK

Who the hell are you?

CULVERTON SMITH

It's Sherlock Holmes - surely you recognise him?

Culverton, relaxed now, everything back under control, his hands clasped behind him (does he have the scalpel?)

Faith looks to Sherlock

FAITH

Oh my God, Sherlock Holmes - I love your blog.

On Sherlock - lost, more completely thrown than we've ever seen him.

SHERLOCK

You're not her - you're not the woman who came to Baker Street.

FAITH

(Bemused)

Well, no, never been there.

CUT TO:

128

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

John, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

There must have been some build-up.  
He didn't just suddenly do it.

JOHN

*I didn't know he had the bloody  
scalpel!*

128

CUT TO:

129

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

129

Sherlock, still coming to terms with this strange woman.

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry, I don't think I  
completely understand.

FAITH

Understand what?

Culverton, so enjoying this now.

CULVERTON SMITH

Oh, I thought you two were old  
friends?

FAITH

No, we've never met.

(To Sherlock)

Have we?

John, looking between them, registering that something is  
going very wrong for Sherlock.

JOHN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Who came to my flat?

FAITH

Well it wasn't me.

SHERLOCK

You looked ... different.

FAITH

I wasn't there.

***Flashback.***

**Sherlock's POV of the phone, with picture of Faith with  
Culverton, as he lowers it to reveal the very different Faith  
in the seat opposite.**

(CONTINUED)  
91.

FAITH

Sorry, Mr. Holmes. I don't think  
I've ever been anywhere near your  
flat.

Culverton chuckles - it keeps going.

Close on Sherlock, blinking, trying to process this, failing.  
As he blinks, flashbacks like physical impacts.

**Flashback**

**221B as the kitchen door slides open, revealing Wiggins -**

WIGGINS

**Who are you talking to?**

Sherlock blinks, Culverton chuckles.

**Flashback**

**Downstairs, in the 221B hall, Sherlock and Mrs Hudson.**

MRS HUDSON

**What friend?**

Sherlock. No! No! Culverton chuckles.

**Flashback.**

**Sherlock at Southbank, recovering, to see that Faith has gone, the bench is empty!**

Sherlock: it's crashing in on him now, the terrible possibility ...

**Flashback.**

**Sherlock's POV of the phone, with the picture of Faith with Culverton, as he lowers it to reveal -**

**- that the seat opposite is entirely empty!!**

John, stepping forward to Sherlock.

JOHN

Sherlock? You okay?

Sherlock, clearly not! Suddenly sweating, fevered, wild.

SHERLOCK

Watch him, he's got a knife.

CULVERTON SMITH

I've got a what?

SHERLOCK

You took a scalpel from that table,  
I saw you!

CULVERTON SMITH

I certainly did not.

SHERLOCK

(Almost hysterical now)  
Behind his back, *look behind his back* -But Culverton has brought his hands out from behind him -  
nothing in his hands.

SHERLOCK

*I saw you take a scalpel! I saw you!*

He's now pointing accusingly at Culverton -

- but everyone is staring at *him*. Why?Slowly Sherlock realises. Gripped in his pointing hand,  
shaking ... is a *scalpel*.

He looks at it, bemused, an impossible thing.

JOHN

... Sherlock. You want to put that down.

Sherlock staring at Culverton, who is staring, appalled back.

FAITH

Oh my God. *Oh my God!*

SHERLOCK

Stop laughing at me.

There's something crazed in his face now.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm not laughing.

JOHN

He's not laughing, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

*Stop laughing at me!*

And now, madly, he's lunging at Culverton, slashing wildly with the scalpel.

On Faith's scream, we

CUT TO:

Close on the recorder, as Lestrade clicks it off.

A terrible silence at the table. No one knows what to say.

LESTRADE

Christ.

JOHN

Yeah.

LESTRADE

... I keep wondering if we should have seen it coming.

JOHN

Not that long ago he shot Charles Magnussen in the face. We did see it coming, we've always seen it coming.

(A beat; a confession)

But it was *fun*.

LESTRADE

Yeah. I suppose it was.

A tap at the door, a policewoman, entering - she is holding an opened laptop.

POLICEWOMAN

Greg, the news - you probably want to see this.

She's setting the laptop down on the table, John and Lestrade moving to see.

On the laptop - a news programme, footage of the hospital we saw before.

NEWSREADER

(V.O.)

Harold Cheshire, reporting from Medford, where the attack happened earlier today. At a press conference, Mr. Smith stated he had no interest in bringing charges.

The picture changes to Culverton addressing a ring of microphones and cameras.

CULVERTON SMITH

(On TV)

I'm a fan, I'm a big fan of Sherlock Holmes. I don't know what happened today, but he's been under a lot of pressure. To be honest, I don't think I'd be standing here right now if it wasn't for Dr. Watson -

We cut to John on that, blinking with the impact of those words -

CUT TO:

131 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

131

- the exact moment Sherlock lunges at Culverton -

- from this angle we see that John is already lunging at Sherlock, now cannoning into him. The two crash to the floor.

CUT TO:

132 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

132

John, Lestrade, watching the news report.

REPORTER

(On TV)  
Is it true he's being treated in  
your hospital?

CULVERTON SMITH

(On TV)  
It's not actually *my* hospital. Well  
- it's a *little bit* my hospital.  
But I can promise you this. He's  
going to get the best of care.

(Grins)  
I might even move him to my  
favourite room.

On John, this impacting on him - a troubled frown.

On the laptop, the newsreader now in vision.

NEWSREADER

Culverton Smith, earlier today.  
(New story)  
In Nottingham this afternoon, talks  
finally resumed between the two  
sides in the Canford Road bus  
dispute.

The Policewoman clicks the sound off.

LESTRADE

He's right, you know. You probably  
saved his life.

John, thoughtful, looks at his hand. The knuckles are barked and bleeding, like he's properly decked someone.

CUT TO:

133 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

133

- fast and furious, John has thrown Sherlock against the steel drawers, slamming him repeatedly, like he's lost control -

JOHN

What are you doing, *what the hell*  
*are you doing??*

CUT TO:

John, looking at his barked knuckles.

JOHN

I really hit him. I hit him hard.

CUT TO:

Sherlock now crouched on the floor, and almost berserk John raining blows on his him - this is terrifying, upsetting, he's unhinged.

JOHN

Is it a game, is it *another bloody stupid game??*

CULVERTON SMITH

Please! No violence!

Now a couple of orderlies - drawn by the noise - are pulling John off Sherlock.

Sherlock, curled on the floor, arms wrapped round his head, whimpering.

CULVERTON SMITH

Thankyou, Dr. Watson. But I don't think he's a danger any more. Leave him be.

John, struggling to calm himself, the orderlies releasing.

Then, a voice from the floor.

SHERLOCK

No, it's okay.

Sherlock more defeated and despairing than we've ever seen him, is looking up at John from the floor.

SHERLOCK

Let him do what he likes. He's

entitled.

(A beat)

I killed his wife.

John, looking back down at him.

JOHN

Yeah. You bloody did.

And there it is, it's been said. Can't be taken back.

The two of them, staring at each other, as we fade to black.

CUT TO:

136 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

136

A policeman stands outside a private ward, as Nurse Cornish hurries along to it.

She nods at the policeman, goes through the doors.

CUT TO:

137 INT. PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

137

Nurse Cornish comes to a halt, just inside the doors.

NURSE CORNISH

Oh, hello.

Pulling back. John Watson stands there, staring solemnly at - - Sherlock Holmes, profoundly unconscious in the bed. Equipment beeps around him. He looks white and shrunken and close to death.

JOHN

Hi.

NURSE CORNISH

Just in to say hello?

She bustles around the equipment.

John, looking sadly at his old friend.

JOHN

No. Goodbye.

NURSE CORNISH

Oh, I'm sure he'll pull through.  
He's made a terrible mess of  
himself but he's awfully strong.  
Must look on the bright side.

John, barely listening, steps forward, places something next to Sherlock's bed, leaning against the wall.

NURSE CORNISH

Oh, what's that?

JOHN

Parting gift.

We now see John's old walking stick propped against the wall.

NURSE CORNISH

Oh, that's nice. He'll probably  
need that.

John gives a little nod, a last look, at Sherlock, heads for the door.

The bedside phone is ringing, Nurse Cornish answers it.

NURSE CORNISH

Hello, Ward 73. Oh!  
(Turns, calls)  
Dr. Watson.

John is at the door, turns.

NURSE CORNISH

It's for you.

John, momentarily nonplussed - then rolls his eyes. Strides over, takes the phone.

JOHN

Hello, Mycroft.

CUT TO:

A black limo racing through the streets.

Close on John Watson, sitting in the back.

He looks over. Mary, sitting there, next to him. She's not looking at him, staring ahead, almost disapproval on her face.

MARY

You know, he should definitely have  
worn the hat.

John glances at the driver - there's a privacy screen this time, he can talk to her without him noticing.

JOHN

You're still thinking about  
Sherlock.

MARY

No. You are.

JOHN

You've got your disapproving face  
on.

She looks at him, coldly.

MARY

Well seeing as I'm only in your head, I think we'll call that self-loathing.

Stung by that, he looks away for a moment. Looks out of the window. And frowns, slightly puzzled at where he's going.

John's POV. The limo is drawing up outside 221B Baker Street. A black suited man - definitely security - is standing with his back to the famous door. His eyes flick to the limo as it draws up...

CUT TO:

139 INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

139

On Sherlock's sleeping face.

Nurse Cornish is still there, making notes, checking the equipment. Finished now, she heads for the door. As she leaves she dims the light slightly.

We hold on Sherlock's sleeping face for a moment -  
- then a soft creak from off.

Panning round: a section of the wall is opening, a concealed door.

Through the shadows steps a familiar shape - Culverton Smith.

As he pushes the concealed door shut behind him, we cut closer on his hand. He is wearing surgical gloves.

CUT TO:

140 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

140

The sitting room. Mycroft is reposed in Sherlock's chair. Various black suited men and women are all over the room, examining details, clearly looking for something - they're clearly intelligence agents.

As John enters, Mycroft is barking at one of his agents.

MYCROFT  
Where is she? Where's Mrs Hudson?

AGENT  
She'll be up in a moment.

JOHN  
... what are you doing?

Mycroft springs up, gestures at the chemistry infested kitche.

MYCROFT  
Have you noticed the kitchen. It's practically a meth lab.  
(MORE)

MYCROFT (cont'd)

I am trying to establish what finally drove Sherlock Holmes off the rails - any ideas?

JOHN

Are these spooks? Are you using spooks to look after your family now? Hang on, are they *tidying*?

MYCROFT

Sherlock is a security concern. The fact that I'm his brother changes nothing, I told you before.

On John as a pang of memory hits him - a faint frown.

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah, you did -

Mary passes behind John, quickly whispering in his ear.

MARY

Ask him!

MYCROFT

Why fixate on Culverton Smith? He's had his obsessions before, of course, but this goes a bit further than setting a mantrap for Father Christmas -

MARY

Do it, ask him.

MYCROFT

Spending all night talking to an imaginary woman, who isn't even there -

MARY

Shut up, you.

One of the Spooks walks past, sets some books down on the table. Something flutters from the table, lands on the floor.

Closer - it's the Faith's note, the one from which Sherlock made all the deductions. Really, physically there.

JOHN

Mycroft - last time, when we were on the phone -

MYCROFT

No, stop, I detest conversation in the past tense.

JOHN

You said being his brother made no difference.

MYCROFT

It doesn't.

JOHN

You said it didn't the last time,  
and it wouldn't with Sherlock. So  
who was it the last time? Who were  
you talking about?

MARY

Attaboy!

MYCROFT

Nobody. I misspoke.

MARY

He's lying.

JOHN

You're lying.

MYCROFT

I assure you, I am not.

MARY

He really is lying.

JOHN

Sherlock isn't your only brother.  
There's another one, isn't there?

MYCROFT

No.

JOHN

Jesus, a *secret brother*? What, is  
he locked up in a tower, or  
something.

Just the faintest flicker on Mycroft's face -

- and he's saved by the tumultuous arrival of Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON

Mycroft Holmes, what are these  
dreadful people doing in my house -

MYCROFT

Mrs Hudson, I apologise for the  
interruption. As you know, my  
brother has embarked on a programme  
of self-destruction remarkable even  
by his standards, and I am  
endeavoring to find out what  
triggered it.

MRS HUDSON

... is that what you're all looking  
for.

MYCROFT

Quite so.

MRS HUDSON

What was on his mind?

MYCROFT

So to speak.

MRS HUDSON

And you've been all this time?

MYCROFT

Time being something of which we  
don't have an infinite supply, so  
if we could be about our business

...

Mrs Hudson just looks at him for a moment - and bursts out  
laughing.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, you're funny. You're so funny,  
you are!

MYCROFT

Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON

He thinks you're clever, poor old  
Sherlock - always going about you.

(Pats John's arm,  
comforting)

I mean, he knows you're an idiot,  
but that's okay, because you're a  
lovely doctor.

(To Mycroft)

But he's got no idea what an idiot  
you are.

MYCROFT

Is this merely stream-of-  
consciousness abuse or are you  
attempting to make a point.

MRS HUDSON

You want to know what's bothering  
Sherlock, easiest thing in the  
world. Anyone can do it.

MYCROFT

I know his thought processes better  
than any other human being, so  
please try to understand -

MRS HUDSON

Oh, he's not about *thinking*, not  
Sherlock -

MYCROFT

Of course he is.

MRS HUDSON

No, no, no. He's more *emotional*,  
isn't he?

(Gestures to the wall)

Unsolved case - shoots the wall.

(Gestures to the kitchen)

(MORE)

SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
140 CONTINUED: (4)

140

MRS HUDSON (cont'd)  
Unmade breakfast - karates the  
fridge. Unanswered questions ...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
102A.

140

CONTINUED: (5)

140

MRS HUDSON (cont'd)

well, what does he with anything he  
can't answer, John? Every time.

On John, gets it, looks to the mantelpiece.

JOHN

He stabs it.

Closing in on the knife in the mantle. It is currently  
skewering a single envelope, which hangs there in plain  
sight.

MRS HUDSON

Anything he doesn't have an answer  
for, bang, it's up there. I keep  
telling him, if he was any good as  
a detective I wouldn't need a new  
mantel.John has stepped to the mantel, pulled out the knife. The  
envelope contains a shiny disc. With the words MISS ME on it.

CUT TO:

141

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

141

Close on the television as the screen comes on - and we see  
Mary's face. The message we saw before, now playing on the  
telly.Mycroft, John and Mrs Hudson watching. The Spooks standing  
respectfully back. Mary watches from the shadows.

MARY

(On the screen)  
If you're watching this, then I'm  
probably dead.

John, almost recoils - the physical impact of seeing this.

JOHN

No, no, don't please ... !

And the picture freezes.

Mrs. Hudson, lowering the remote.

MRS HUDSON

Everybody out now, all of you!

Nobody moves.

MRS HUDSON

This is my house, this is my  
friend, and that his departed wife.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
103.

141

CONTINUED:

141

MRS HUDSON (cont'd)

Anyone who stays here a minute  
 longer is admitting to me,  
 personally, that they don't have a  
 single spark of human decency.

The Spooks, glancing among themselves. One moves to the door -  
 the others follow.

Mrs Hudson fixes her gaze on Mycroft, who hasn't moved.

MRS HUDSON

Get out of my house, you reptile.

CUT TO:

142

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

142

On Sherlock: frowning in his sleep, his eyes now flickering open. He looks round - just moving his eyes, he's so weak.

Culverton Smith is smiling placidly at his bedside.

CULVERTON SMITH

You've been ages waking up. I  
 watched you. It was quite lovely in  
 a way.

Sherlock tries to speak. Too weak.

CULVERTON SMITH

Take your time, it's okay. I don't  
 want to rush this. You're Sherlock  
 Holmes!

MARY

(V.O.)

I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.

CUT TO:

143

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

143

John and Mrs Hudson, watching the TV screen. Mrs Hudson has her arms round John, comforting him as he watches.

MARY

(On the screen)

Might be the hardest case of your  
 whole career. When I'm gone ... if  
 I'm gone ... I need you to do  
 something for me. Save John Watson.  
 Save him, Sherlock.

On John registering this. Deep breath, difficult viewing.

MARY

(On the screen)  
 Don't think anyone else is going to  
 save him, because there isn't  
 anyone. It's up to you. SAVE HIM.

John, hearing her voice (for real) it's almost too much.  
 Starting to sob.

MRS HUDSON

John, if you want to watch this  
 later.

Interrupted from the screen - there's more!

MARY

(On the screen)  
 But I think you're going to need a  
 little help with that, because  
 you're not exactly good with  
 people, are you? So here's a few  
 things you need to know about the  
 man we both love. And more  
 importantly, what you're going to  
 have to do to save him ...

On John: what?

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

... how did you ... get in?

CULVERTON SMITH

The policeman outside, you mean.  
 Oh, come on. Can't you guess?

SHERLOCK

... secret ... door.

CULVERTON SMITH

I built this whole wing. Kept  
 firing the architects and builders,  
 so no one knew quite how it fitted  
 together. I can slip in and out of  
 anywhere. You know, whenever I get  
 the urge.

SHERLOCK

H. H. Holmes.

CULVERTON SMITH

Murder Castle. But done right. I  
 have a question now. Why are you  
 here? It's like you walked into my  
 den and laid down in front of me -  
 why?

SHERLOCK

... You know why.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'd like to hear you say it. Say it  
for me. Please.

A silence. Then.

SHERLOCK

I want you to kill me.

CUT TO:

John comes racing out of 221B, pulling on his coat. Phone in  
one hand, thumbing in a number.

MRS HUDSON

John.

He turns - Mrs Hudson, in the doorway, tossing him her car  
keys.

MRS HUDSON

My car!

CUT TO:

Culverton is examining one of the dripfeed bags, clearly at  
Sherlock's suggestion.

SHERLOCK

If you ... increase the dosage ...  
four or five times ... the toxic  
shock should shut me down within  
about an hour.

CULVERTON SMITH

Then I restore the settings.  
Everyone assumes it was either a  
fault, or you just ... gave up the  
ghost.

SHERLOCK

... yes.

CULVERTON SMITH

You're rather good at this.

He moves to adjust the controls. Hesitates.

CULVERTON SMITH

Before we start ... tell me how you  
feel.(CONTINUED)  
106.

SHERLOCK  
I'm scared.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Be more specific. You only get to  
do this once.

SHERLOCK  
I'm scared. Of dying.

CULVERTON SMITH  
You wanted this though.

SHERLOCK  
I have ... reasons ...

CULVERTON SMITH  
But you don't actually want to die.

SHERLOCK  
No.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Good. Say it. Say it for me.

SHERLOCK  
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Say it again.

SHERLOCK  
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Once more for luck.

SHERLOCK  
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Lovely. Here it comes.

He turns the dial.

CUT TO:

The red sports car, screeching round a bend.

CUT TO:

John at the wheel, phone at his ear.

(CONTINUED)  
107.

JOHN  
Please, I don't think he's safe.

CUT TO:

149 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

149

Lestrade, on the phone.

LESTRADE  
He's fine - I've got a man on the door. What do you think's happening.

JOHN  
I don't know but something. Mary left a message.

LESTRADE  
What message??

CUT TO:

150 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

150

Now full screen, Mary's message to Sherlock.

MARY  
John Watson never accepts help. Not from anyone, not ever. But here's the thing - he never *refuses* it. So here's what you're going to do.

CUT TO:

151 INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

151

Culverton beaming fondly over the expiring Sherlock.

CULVERTON SMITH  
So tell me. Why are we doing this?  
To what do I owe the pleasure?

SHERLOCK  
I wanted ... to hear your confession. Needed to know ... I was right ...

CULVERTON SMITH  
But why do you need to die?

SHERLOCK  
The mortuary ... your favourite room. You talk to the dead. You make your confession to them.

CULVERTON SMITH  
So you decided to join them.

(CONTINUED)  
108.

SHERLOCK

Only way ...

CULVERTON SMITH

Then ask me anything. You've earned it. You know, it's rare, in this situation, for people to take an interest.

CUT TO:

The policeman is on his feet, and on his phone.

POLICEMAN

Sorry, sir, what? What do you mean?

He reaches over and tries the doors - won't open.

POLICEMAN

Think the doors's jammed.

Nurse Cornish, now heading towards us down the corridor.

NURSE CORNISH

Oh, has that door locked itself again, it's always doing that.

CUT TO:

MARY

You can't save John, because he won't let you. He won't allow himself to be saved. The only way to save him, is to make him save you.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

Why do you do it?

CULVERTON SMITH

Why do I kill? Why do you think? Why else? Happiness. It's the only true motivation. Killing people makes me happy. This isn't about hatred or revenge, I'm not a dark person. Killing human beings just makes me incredibly happy. You know, in films, when you see dead people. And it's just living people lying down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
109.

CULVERTON SMITH (cont'd)

That's not what dead people look like. Dead people look like things. I like to make people into things. Because you can *own* things. A dead person isn't just dead - they're finished. Complete. And all yours.

(Smiles, conspiratorial)

You know what?

(MORE)

154

CONTINUED: (2)

154

CULVERTON SMITH (cont'd)

Getting a little impatient. Take a deep breath if you want.

Delicately he places his gloved hand over Sherlock's mouth and noise, starts to press down hard. Sherlock, weak as a kitten, can hardly fight back.

CULVERTON SMITH

That's it, here we go. Of course, there's the challenge too. Murder is a very difficult addiction to manage - people don't realise the work you have to put in. You have to be so careful. But if you're rich and famous and loved, it's amazing what you can talk anyone into. What everyone is prepared to ignore.

Below him, Sherlock weakly thrashing...

CUT TO:

155

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

155

MARY

Go to hell, Sherlock. Go right into hell and make it look like you mean it -

CUT TO:

156

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - DAY

156

Sherlock squirming, Culverton pressing happily down.

CULVERTON SMITH

Victim choice, that's important. There are always desperate people about to go missing, or sick people who suddenly get worse ... No one suspects murder when it's easier to suspect something else. Long as I ration myself, and choose the right heart to stop ...

CUT TO:

157

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

157

MARY

Go pick a fight with a bad guy - put yourself in harm's way.

CUT TO:

158 INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

158

Sherlock thrashing, more weakly. Culverton pressing down, more and more happily.

CULVERTON SMITH  
(Looks fondly down)  
Please try and maintain eye contact. I like to watch it happen.

CUT TO:

159 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

159

MARY  
If he thinks you need him, I swear -

CUT TO:

160 INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

160

Sherlock's clawed hands, slowly losing their grip ...

CULVERTON SMITH  
And off we pop.

CUT TO:

161 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

161

MARY  
- he will be there.

CUT TO:

162 INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

162

Culverton, Sherlock -

- and the most almighty *crash!*

The doors are flying open, John Watson bursting through.

Sees what's going on in an instant, throws himself at Culverton with an animal roar.

Slamming him insanely hard against wall.

Sherlock choking, spluttering.

The policeman from outside, going straight to him.

POLICEMAN  
Mr. Holmes, you okay?

(CONTINUED)  
111.

JOHN

What were you doing to him, what  
were you doing?

CULVERTON SMITH

He was in distress, I was helping  
him.

JOHN

(To Policeman)  
Restrain him, now, do it!

CULVERTON SMITH

I was trying to help!

The Policeman now firmly moving Culverton away from John.

JOHN

Sherlock, what was he doing to you.

Sherlock, recovering, waves vaguely at the drip feed.

SHERLOCK

Overdosing me.

JOHN

(Moving to the dripfee)  
On what?

SHERLOCK

Saline.

JOHN

Saline! Saline?

SHERLOCK

Yes, saline.

JOHN

What do you mean, saline?

SHERLOCK

Well, obviously I got Nurse Cornish  
to switch the bags. She's a big  
fan, you know. Loves my blog.

John staring at him: what? What??

JOHN

... You're okay.

SHERLOCK

Of course I'm not okay.  
Malnutrition, double kidney failure  
and frankly I've been off my tits  
for weeks - what kind of a doctor  
are you?

(Looks to Culverton)

Got my confession, though, didn't  
I?

CULVERTON SMITH

I don't recall any confession. What would I be confessing to?

SHERLOCK

You can listen later.

CULVERTON SMITH

There's no confession to listen to. And Mr. Holmes, if it's relevant to add - we found three potential recording devices inside your coat. They were all removed. Sorry.

SHERLOCK

Must have been very comforting. Finding three. People always give up after three.

On John: twigging that Sherlock has some other plan.

JOHN

What? What is it, what?

CULVERTON SMITH

All of your possessions were searched.

Sherlock's eyes are on John. Almost an apologetic look - and John gets it.

JOHN

You cock.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Utter, utter cock.

SHERLOCK

Heard you the first time.

JOHN

How does it open?

SHERLOCK

Twist the top.

John walks round the bed to -

- his old walking stick. Picks it up, twists the hand off. A length of wire revealed inside, and some mechanism.

JOHN

Predictable, am I?

SHERLOCK

No.

(Looks to Culverton)

I'm a cock.

162 SHERLOCK IV - EPISODE 2 - GREEN AMENDMENTS 10.06.16  
CONTINUED: (3)

162

On Culverton - slowly realising that his world is about to end ...

On his falling face, we slowly fade to black ...

CUT TO:

162A INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

162A

On the recorder as it is stopped with a click.

Wider: the same interview room as before.

Now Culverton Smith and his lawyer, facing Lestrade and a Policewoman across the table.

They all look harrowed - except:

CULVERTON SMITH  
It's funny. I never realised  
confessing would be so ...  
enjoyable. I should have done it  
sooner.

Lestrade looks at him, sick to his stomach.

LESTRADE  
We'll carry on tomorrow.

CULVERTON SMITH  
We can carry on now, I'm not tired.  
There's loads more.

LESTRADE  
Tomorrow.

CULVERTON SMITH  
You know, I am going to be so  
famous now.

LESTRADE  
You're already famous.

CULVERTON SMITH  
Yes. But with this, I think can  
break America.

And he gives the biggest, happiest smile. Those teeth.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
I had, of course, several back up  
plans ...

CUT TO:

163

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

163

Sherlock and John in their accustomed chairs. Sherlock looks a bit better, but still huddled and think, wrapped in his dressing gown.

SHERLOCK

Trouble is, I couldn't remember what they were. And course, I hadn't really anticipated that I'd hallucinated meeting his daughter -

MARY

(Behind the Sherlock's chair)

Basically, he trashed himself on drugs, so you'd help him - so you'd have something to do, something doctory. Get it now?

SHERLOCK

Still a bit confused about the daughter ... did seem very real. And she managed to give me information I couldn't have acquired otherwise.

JOHN

But she wasn't ever here.

SHERLOCK

Interesting, isn't it? I have theorised before that if one was able to attenuate to every available data stream in the world simultaneously, it would be possible to anticipate and deduce almost anything.

JOHN

So you dreamed up a magic woman to tell you things you didn't know?

MARY

Sounds right to me. Possibly I'm biased.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps the drugs opened certain doors in my head. I'm intrigued

JOHN

I know. Which is why we're all taking it in turns, keeping you off the sweeties.

SHERLOCK

I thought we were just hanging out.

A beat on John - a tight smile, a certain lack of answering warmth.

JOHN

Molly will be here in twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK

I do think I can last twenty minutes without supervision.

JOHN

Well if you're sure.

John is already setting down his tea.

MARY

Christ, John, stay, talk.

On Sherlock: slightly startled that he's taking him up on that.

John registers Sherlock's surprise.

JOHN

Sorry, just, you know, Rosie...

SHERLOCK

Of course, Rosie.

MARY

Go and solve a crime together. Make him wear the hat.

JOHN

You'll be fine for twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK

Yes, yes. Stupid, I wasn't thinking about Rosie.

JOHN

No problem.

SHERLOCK

I should come and see her soon.

JOHN

Yes.

The "yes" is very flat. Like John just won't engage with the idea.

MARY

You know, he should wear the hat as a special tribute to me. I'm dead, I'd really appreciate it.

John is heading for the door.

Sherlock, clearly desperate to engage, can't seem to get a conversation started.

SHERLOCK

By the way, that recording may be inadmissible.

JOHN

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

It was technically entrapment, so it may get kicked out as evidence. Not that it matters. Apparently he can't stop confessing.

A smile from Sherlock. No answering smile from John.

JOHN

Well, good. That's good.

SHERLOCK

Yeah.

A pained silence between them. Talking was once so easy. Now they can hardly think of anything to say.

SHERLOCK

... are you okay?

JOHN

No. I'm not okay, I'm never going to be okay. I think we probably just have to accept that. It is what it is. And what it is, is shit.

Sherlock, defeated. A little nod.

John turns to the door.

MARY

John, do better.

A beat, John turns back.

JOHN

You didn't kill Mary. Mary died saving your life. Her choice. No one made her do it. No one could ever make her do anything. But the point is you did not kill her.

SHERLOCK

In saving my life, she conferred a value on it. It is a currency I do not know how to spend.

JOHN

(A beat; shrugs)  
It is what it is.  
(Turns to door)  
I'm tomorrow six till ten. See you then.

SHERLOCK

Looking forward to it.

JOHN

Yes.

He's opening the door to leave, when something happens. A noise. From Sherlock's phone, lying on the table. A text alert noise in the form of an orgasmic gasp.

John freezes in astonishment.

Sherlock freezes in embarrassment, a guilty school boy.

And Mary is suddenly next to John, amazed.

MARY

Oh, that noise. That's a text alert noise - that's -

JOHN

What was that?

Sherlock now seems to be avoiding his gaze.

SHERLOCK

What was what?

MARY

That's the text alert of Irene Adler. The scary, mad one right?

JOHN

That noise.

SHERLOCK

What noise?

MARY

But she's dead. Oh, but I bet she isn't dead, I bet he saved her.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)

For God sake, the posh boy in love  
with the dominatrix - he's never  
knowingly under-cliched, is he?

John, so curious, is approaching Sherlock. Sherlock, back in his chair, looks up at him, innocently - so determined to keep his secret.

SHERLOCK

John?

JOHN

... I'm going to make a deduction.

SHERLOCK

Okay. That's good.

JOHN

And if my deduction is right,  
you're going to be honest, and tell  
me, okay?

SHERLOCK

Okay. Though I should mention it is  
possible for any given text alert  
to become randomly attached to an  
entirely different -

JOHN

Happy Birthday.

SHERLOCK

... Thank you, John, that's very  
kind.

Sherlock now avoiding John's gaze - like a teenager quizzed  
by his parents about his girlfriend.

JOHN

Never knew when your birthday was.

SHERLOCK

Well now you do.

John gives up, turns to go. Can't. Turns back.

JOHN

... seriously? We're not going to  
talk about this?

SHERLOCK

Talk about what?

JOHN

I mean, how does it work?

SHERLOCK

How does what work?

JOHN

You and *the woman*. Come on, tell me. Do you meet up at a discreet Harvester now and then? Are there nights of passion in High Wycombe?

SHERLOCK

Oh for God's sake, *I don't text her back!*

And then John lets rip, yelling.

JOHN

*Why the hell not, you bloody moron!!*

Sherlock startled.

JOHN

She's out there, and she likes you, and she's alive and do you have the *first idea how you lucky you are??* I mean, she's a lunatic, she's a criminal, she's insanely dangerous, trust you to fall for a sociopath -

MARY

(Walking behind him)  
Married an assassin.

JOHN

- but she's ... you know.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

Just ... text her back.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

Because High Wycombe is better than you are currently equipped to understand.

SHERLOCK

... I once caught a triple poisoner in High Wycombe.

JOHN

Only the beginning, mate.

SHERLOCK

I think I have explained to you already, that romantic entanglement, while fulfilling for other people -

JOHN

- would complete you as a human being.

SHERLOCK

That doesn't even mean anything.

JOHN

(Raging at him)

Phone her, text her, do something, while there's still a chance. Because the chance doesn't last forever. Trust me, Sherlock, it goes before you know it!

(Voice breaking now)

Before you bloody know it.

On Sherlock: not speaking, cautious, aware that John isn't talking about Irene any more, he's talking about Mary.

JOHN

She was wrong about me.

SHERLOCK

... how so?

John looks over, sees Mary staring at him, so solemn.

JOHN

She thought if you put yourself in harm's way, I'd rescue you, or something. But I didn't. Not till she told me to.

(To Sherlock)

That's how it works. That's what you're missing. She taught me how to be the man she already thought I was. Get yourself a piece of that.

SHERLOCK

Forgive me, but I think you do yourself a disservice. I have known many people, but made few friends, and I can safely say -

JOHN

I cheated on her.

This silences Sherlock. He just stares.

JOHN

What? No clever come-back?

(Directly to Mary)

I cheated on you, Mary.

(NB This sequence blocked and played so that Sherlock can assume that John is talking to Mary in the abstract, rather than as someone physically in front of him.)

JOHN

There was a woman. On the bus. I had a plastic daisy in my hair, I put it there for Rosie, and this girl smiled at me. That's all it took. A smile.

Mary: saying nothing.

Sherlock: saying nothing.

JOHN

We texted. Constantly. You want to know when? Every time you went out the room, that's when. When you were feeding our child, or stopping her crying, that's when.

Mary: silence.

Sherlock: silence.

JOHN

That's all it was. Just texting. But I wanted more. And you know what. *I still do!* I'm not who you thought I was. Not that guy, never could be. But that's the point. That's the whole point.

(Holds her look for a moment: again, prepared)

Who you thought I was, is the man I want to be.

Mary just holds his look for a long moment. And then:

MARY

Well, then, John Watson - get the hell on with it.

He smiles looks away for a moment -

- and when he looks back, Mary is gone. And he knows, in that moment, he won't see her again. The conversation is over.

On John. Bereft, starting to cry. Really sobbing now, the floodgates open.

Sherlock: not sure what to do for a moment. Then he heaves himself out of his chair, goes to John, and hugs him.

SHERLOCK

It's okay.

JOHN

It's not okay.

SHERLOCK

I know. But it is what it is.

CUT TO:

164

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

164

John, pretty much recovered, is pulling on his jacket. Sherlock comes through from his bedroom, dressed now, pulling on his coat.

SHERLOCK

So Molly will want to meet us at this cake place?

JOHN

Molly will be here twice as fast if there's cake. It's your birthday - cake is obligatory

SHERLOCK

Well, I suppose a sugar high will be some sort of substitute.

JOHN

Behave.

SHERLOCK

Right then!

(Hesitates)

You know ... not my place to say ... but it was only texting. People text. Even I text.

(Holds up phone)

Her, I mean. Woman. I try not to. Bad idea. But, you know sometimes, well ...

(Shrugs, a little embarrassed)

It's not a pleasant thought, John, but I have this terrible feeling, from time to time, that we might all just be human.

On John: just a little moved. That confession was so kindly meant.

JOHN

Even you?

SHERLOCK

No. Even you.

A beat. A smile from John.

JOHN

Cake?

SHERLOCK

Cake!

He steps towards the door. Then a thought seems to occur to him.

SHERLOCK

Hmm!

JOHN

What? What's wrong?

Sherlock looks at John, comes to a decision. He steps over to his desk, roots in one of the drawers. He produces his deerstalker. Claps it on his head.

JOHN

Seriously?

SHERLOCK

I'm Sherlock Holmes. I wear the  
damn hat.

And out the door he strides. John, bemused for a moment.

Looks around - a figure seems to flick out of sight. Mary? Was she really here? Did Sherlock hear her too?

Still bemused - but half smiling - John follows Sherlock out.

The door closes. We hold on the famous sitting room for a moment. Then:

ELSA

(V.O.)

You seem so much better, John.

CUT TO:

Back in that cosy consulting room, everything lovely. John and Elsa.

JOHN

I am. I think I am. Not all day,  
not every day. But, you know ...

ELSA

It is what it is?

JOHN

Yeah.

ELSA

And Rosie.

JOHN

Beautiful. Perfect. Unprecedented  
in the history of children. That's  
not even prejudice, that's a  
scientific fact.

ELSA

Good. And Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN

Back to normal.

CUT TO:

166 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

166

From the hallway, a shot of the door to the sitting room - as it is flung open and Sherlock bundles a portly man through it.

SHERLOCK

Get out!

PORTLY MAN

But she's possessed by the devil. I swear, my wife is channeling Satan.

SHERLOCK

Yes, boring, go away.

A Woman follows the Portly Man out the door.

WOMAN

I'm not channeling Satan.

SHERLOCK

Why not, given your immediate alternative?

WOMAN

Fair.

He slams the door.

As steps back into the sitting room, he notices something on the floor, under the table. A familiar looking slip of paper.

He reaches for it.

Faith's note! The one he made the deductions from.

He stares at it in mounting alarm and confusion. If she was never here, how can this be real?

CUT TO:

167 INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

167

ELSA

What about his brother?

JOHN

Mycroft? He's fine.

CUT TO:

168

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

168

Mycroft and Lady Smallwood have clearly just finished a meeting together, both preparing to leave.

MYCROFT

So you're off now - I won't see you for a week?

LADY SMALLWOOD

Just spending it at home. Unless the idiot calls.

MYCROFT

I think we should make a point of calling him the Prime Minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD

(Passing him a card)

Here.

MYCROFT

What's this?

LADY SMALLWOOD

My number.

MYCROFT

I already have your number.

LADY SMALLWOOD

My private number.

MYCROFT

Why would I need that?

LADY SMALLWOOD

I don't know. Maybe you'd like a drink some time.

MYCROFT

... of what?

LADY SMALLWOOD

Up to you. Call me.

A smile, and she's gone. Mycroft looks at the card in his hand. What??

Absurd! Tosses it on the desk, leaves.

CUT TO:

169

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

169

JOHN

Obviously, "normal" and "fine" are relative terms, when it comes to Sherlock and Mycroft.

(CONTINUED)  
125.

ELSA  
(Smiles)  
Obviously -

CUT TO:

170 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

170

Mycroft's desk as we left it - Mycroft hesitates back into shot.

He reaches for the card. Changes his mind.

CUT TO:

171 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

171

Sherlock, dashing round the kitchen, urgent. He's examining the note, holding it up to the light, sniffing it.

CUT TO:

172 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

172

On Mycroft, changing his mind.

Changes his mind again.

CUT TO:

173 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

173

Sherlock holding the paper up to the light. There's something else there. What?? He's now scrabbling in drawer full of equipment, looking for something in particular.

CUT TO:

174 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

174

Mycroft finally relents - what the hell? - and picks up the card.

On the card as he picks it up. Revealed, beneath a notepad.

Closing in on the words on the notepad - just a reminder Mycroft has left for himself.

*CALL SHERRINFORD, 2.00pm.*

ELSA

(V.O.)

- but I didn't mean Mycroft. I  
meant the other one.

CUT TO:

John and Elsa.

JOHN

What other one?

ELSA

You know. The mad one in the tower.

JOHN

Oh, that was just a thing I said,  
it's probably nothing ...(Breaks off, stares at  
her)How do you know about that? I never  
told you about that.

ELSA

You must have done.

JOHN

No, I didn't. I really didn't.

ELSA

Oh. Well maybe Sherlock told me.

JOHN

You met Sherlock exactly once. In  
this room. He was out of his head.

ELSA

Oh, no, I met him before that.

JOHN

When?

ELSA

We spent a whole night together, it  
was lovely. We had chips.John staring and staring. *What??*

ELSA

(Dropping into Faith's  
voice)You're not what I expected, Mr.  
Holmes. You're ... nicer.

(Back to her own voice)

(MORE)

175

CONTINUED:

175

ELSA (cont'd)

Culverton gave me Faith's original note - a mutual friend put us in touch. Did Sherlock ever tell you about the note?

CUT TO:

175A

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

175A

Sherlock now shining a UV pen on the note. He stares in what's revealed in mounting alarm.

CUT TO:

175B

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

175B

ELSA

I added lots of deductions for Sherlock - he was quite good. But he didn't spot the big one!

CUT TO:

175C

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

175C

We now reveal what Sherlock has discovered.

Picked out by the UV pen are the words:

MISS ME

CUT TO:

175D INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

175D

ELSA

In fairness, though, he does have excellent taste in chips.

She runs her hand through her hair for a moment - then John notices something terrifying.

Twisted into her hair is a plastic daisy ...

JOHN

What's that?

ELSA

What's what?

JOHN

The flower in your hair. Like I had, on the bus.

ELSA

You looked very sweet. But then -

(Drops into E's voice)

- you have such nice eyes.

John, uncomprehending - what the fuck??

ELSA

Amazing, the times a man doesn't really look at your face. You can hide behind a sexy smile, or a walking cane, or just be a therapist talking about you all the time.

John, getting to his feet. A gun, suddenly in Elsa's hand.

ELSA

Please don't go anywhere. I'm sure the therapist who actually lives here wouldn't appreciate blood on the carpet. Oh, hang on, it's fine - she's in a sack in the airing cupboard. You know, I should probably move those towels.

JOHN

(Retreating)

Who are you?

ELSA

(Advancing, gun leveled)

Isn't it obvious? Haven't you guessed. I'm Eurus.

JOHN

Eurus?

ELSA

Silly name, isn't it? Greek. Means the East Wind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)  
128.

175D CONTINUED:

175D

ELSA (cont'd)

But then my parents loved silly  
names. You know. Like Eurus. Or  
Mycroft. Or Sherlock.

On John. It's all crashing in on him.

ELSA

Oh look at him. Didn't it ever occur to you, not even once, that Sherlock's secret brother, might just be Sherlock's secret sister.

John, staring thunderstruck.

On Eurus, from John's POV, leveling the gun right at us.

ELSA

Oh, you're making a funny face. I think I'll put a hole in it!

*Blam!* The screen wipes out into red.

TO BE CONTINUED