

1

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

1

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

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

**SHERLOCK HOLMES**

A shadow falls across it...

JOHN (V.O.)

*Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

2

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL ROOF. DAY.

2

...flashback...

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

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

It's a trick, John. Just a magic trick.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

JOHN

Stop it!

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK

Don't! Don't move. Stay right where you are. Keep your eyes fixed on me. I need you to do this for me.

JOHN

Do what?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN  
Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK  
Goodbye, John.

JOHN  
No - !

And Sherlock throws himself from the roof...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
*Sherlock!!*

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

John doesn't see what happens next...

CUT TO:

3 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

3

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

They pull the mask over JIM's dead face!

CUT TO:

4 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

4

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

John is still sprawled, disorientated on the road.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

5

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

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

CUT TO:

6

EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

6

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

CUT TO:

Disorientated, John gets up.

Someone marches towards him in a hooded Parka.

John's POV. We see it is -

\*

*DERREN BROWN!*

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

\*

\*

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

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

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

Devastated, John just stands there.

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

LESTRADE (V.O.)

**Bollocks.**

HARD CUT TO:

7

EXT. HIGH COURT. COFFEE STALL. DAY.

7

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

ANDERSON

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

LESTRADE

*Derren Brown?*

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

LESTRADE

Let it go! Sherlock's dead.

ANDERSON

Is he?

LESTRADE

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

ANDERSON

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

LESTRADE

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

\*  
\*

ANDERSON

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

LESTRADE

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

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

ANDERSON

I believe in Sherlock Holmes.

LESTRADE

That won't bring him back.

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

Lestrade glances over at the TV news crews.

CUT TO:

8 TV SCREEN. 8

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

REPORTER 1 \*

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

CUT TO:

9 BACK TO OUTSIDE THE COURT. 9

REPORTER 2 \*

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

REPORTER 3 \*

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

LESTRADE raises his coffee cup.

LESTRADE

Well then. Absent friends.

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

LESTRADE AND ANDERSON

*Sherlock.*

They 'clink' cups.

LESTRADE

God rest his soul.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. 10

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

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

Solitary. Abandoned.

Or is he?

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

11

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

11

A helicopter searchlight sweeps over a dense, dark forest.

Someone is running, panting hard.

CUT TO:

POV:

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

The helicopter clatters overhead.

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

The runner pelts on, dodging through the trees.

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

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

He turns.

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

Blackout.

CUT TO:

12

INT. INTERROGATION HUT. ANTECHAMBER. NIGHT.

12

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

Suddenly from the other side of the door-

*SMACK!*

- bone against bone.

*SMACK!*

Someone gasps in pain.

On-screen subtitles of a TORTURER's voice:

TORTURER

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

*SMACK!*

A yell of agony.

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

CUT TO:

13

INT. INTERROGATION HUT. NIGHT.

13

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

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

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

TORTURER

(Serbian subtitles)

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

No response.

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

Suddenly, the Prisoner mumbles something.

The thick-necked TORTURER stops and leans in.

TORTURER

*What?*

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

OFFICIAL

*Well? What did he say?*

TORTURER

*He said...*

OFFICIAL

*Yes?*

TORTURER

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

OFFICIAL

**What?**

TORTURER

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

The Prisoner mumbles again. The torturer leans in.

TORTURER

*- the coffin maker.*

Mumble.

TORTURER

*And...and...*

Mumble.

TORTURER

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

He exchanges a furious look with the Official.

TORTURER

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

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





A familiar silhouette in a dark coat.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) \*  
 I need to get to know London again. \*  
 Breathe it in. Every quiver of its \*  
 beating heart. \*

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.) \*  
 Sometimes it's not a question of \*  
 'who'. It's a question of 'who \*  
 knows'. \*

CUT TO: \*

90 EXT. STREET. DAY.

90 \*

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.) \*  
 If this man cancels his papers... \*

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

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.) \*  
 I need to know... \*

CUT TO: \*

43 EXT. MARKET. DAY.

43 \*

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.) \*  
 If this woman leaves London without \*  
 putting her dog into kennels. I \*  
 need to know... \*

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D) \*  
 There are certain people. They're \*  
 markers. If they start to move, \*  
 I'll know something's up. Like rats \*  
 deserting a sinking ship. \*

MYCROFT (V.O.) \*  
 Markers of what? \*

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

\*  
\*

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

\*

CUT TO:

16      INT. TUBE. DAY.      16

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

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

17      EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.      17

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

KID

Penny for the guy, mate?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

JOHN (V.O.)

That was the most ridiculous thing I've ever done.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

And you invaded Afghanistan.

He smiles but then sadness clouds his face.

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

John gives a tiny, slightly sheepish wave.

CUT TO:

*Bang!*

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

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

MRS HUDSON

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

JOHN

No.

MRS HUDSON

You can forget a little thing like that.

JOHN

Yes.

MRS HUDSON

You can forget lots of little things. It seems.

JOHN

Aha.

Awkward silence.

MRS HUDSON

(gestures to his  
moustache)

Not sure about *that*. Ages you.

JOHN

Just trying it out.

MRS HUDSON

Well it ages you, so best stop now.

She sits opposite him. More silence.

JOHN

Look -

MRS HUDSON

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

JOHN

No.

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

JOHN  
I know.

MRS HUDSON  
After all we went through!

JOHN  
Yes. Look, I'm sorry.

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

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

Mrs Hudson smiles sadly, softening.

CUT TO:

20

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

20

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

MRS HUDSON  
I couldn't face letting it out.

She bustles inside and draws the curtains.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)  
He never liked me dusting...

JOHN  
I know.

Mrs Hudson looks around, wipes away a little tear.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)  
So, why now? What's changed your  
mind?

JOHN  
I've got some news.

Mrs Hudson's face falls.

MRS HUDSON  
Oh God. Is it serious?

JOHN  
 What? No, I'm not ill.  
 I've...well, I'm moving on.

MRS HUDSON  
 You're emigrating?

JOHN  
 No. I mean I've met someone.

MRS HUDSON  
 (thrilled)  
 Oh! Oh, how lovely!

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

MRS HUDSON  
 So soon after Sherlock?

JOHN  
 Well. Yes.

Mrs Hudson beams.

MRS HUDSON  
 What's his name?

JOHN  
 (exasperated)  
 I'm not g - - It's a woman!

MRS HUDSON  
 A woman?

JOHN  
 Yes, of course it's a woman.

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

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

MRS HUDSON  
 (shrugs)  
 Live and let live, dear. That's  
 my motto.

CUT TO:

JOHN (O.S.)  
I AM NOT GAY!!

CUT TO:

22 EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 22

A dark, swanky, expensive restaurant.

CUT TO:

23 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 23

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

Wider: the POV of someone watching!

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

The Maitre D is already next to him. \*

MAITRE D  
Sir, can I help you?

The faintest of beeps.

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

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

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

- and his nerve fails him a little. \*

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

Sherlock pauses. \*

Looks around.

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

Sherlock's face: a plan.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

On John, still pondering the Menu.

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

SHERLOCK

Sir, can I help you in any way? \*

JOHN

Need a bottle of champagne. A good one. \*

SHERLOCK

These are all excellent vintages, sir.



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

JOHN

Not really my area. What do you suggest?

SHERLOCK

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

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

SHERLOCK

- the last one on the list is a favourite of mine. You might say, in fact, it is ...  
 (Removes his glasses,  
 the big reveal)  
 ... a face from the past!

But John doesn't even look.

JOHN

Great, I'll have that one.

SHERLOCK

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

A fleeting glance from John - doesn't twig.

JOHN

Well. Surprise me.

SHERLOCK

I am certainly endeavouring to, sir.

He moves away.

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

MARY (O.S.)

Sorry that took so long!

John rapidly stuffs the box back into his jacket.

MARY

Queue was unbelievable.

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

MARY

You ok?

JOHN

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

Mary smiles. She's onto him.

MARY

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

JOHN

Drink? Do you want a drink yet?

MARY

I'm ok with water, thanks.

JOHN

Right.

MARY

So?

JOHN

Right.

JOHN

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

MARY

(to John)

Go on.

JOHN

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

MARY

I agree.

JOHN

What?

MARY

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

(smiles)

Go on.

JOHN

(emboldened)

Well.

(clears his throat)

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
 If you'll have me, Mary...I  
 mean...Could you see your way to -  
 ?

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

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

JOHN  
 No, sorry, not now, please -

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

JOHN  
 Look, seriously could you just -  
 ...

He comes to a dead halt.

The waiter is Sherlock Holmes.

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

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

And stares.

He stands up.

MARY  
 John? John, what is it?

Tears spring to John's eyes.

He blinks. Blinks.

SHERLOCK  
 Well. Short version. Not dead!!

John. Still just staring.

SHERLOCK  
 Bit mean, springing it on you  
 like that. Could've given you a  
 heart attack. Probably will.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
But in my defence, it was really  
funny.

(A beat)  
Okay. That wasn't a great  
defence.

Mary looks at Sherlock. Her eyes widen.

MARY  
Oh no. You're ...

SHERLOCK  
Oh yes.

MARY  
(open-mouthed)  
Oh my God!

SHERLOCK  
Not quite.

MARY  
But you died. You jumped off a  
roof!

SHERLOCK  
No.

MARY  
You're *dead!*

SHERLOCK  
No. I checked. Excuse me.

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

SHERLOCK  
(To John)  
Does yours come off too?

\*

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

MARY  
*Ohmygodohmygod!* Do you have any  
idea what -

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

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

\*

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

\*

MARY

John! John, keep calm -

JOHN

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

(chokes up)

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

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

SHERLOCK

You must be starving. Chip? Have a chip!

John smashes the food away.

SHERLOCK

No chips?

John tightens his grip.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Are you really keeping that?

John smiles.

The tension's broken.

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

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

CUT TO:

24 INT. RESTAURANT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

24

CUT

CUT TO:

25 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

25

Flashback.

SHERLOCK stands on the edge of the hospital roof.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
I'd worked out there were  
thirteen possible alternatives  
once I'd invited Moriarty onto  
the roof -

JOHN (V.O.)  
You know, for a bloody genius you  
can be remarkably thick.

CUT TO:

26

INT. CAFE. NIGHT.

26

SHERLOCK  
What?

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

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

SHERLOCK  
Why? Because Moriarty had to be  
stopped -

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Ah. Why. As in....ah. Right. Yes.  
*Why?* That's a little more  
difficult to explain.

JOHN  
(dangerously)  
I've got all night.

Sherlock clears his throat. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Actually, it was all my brother's \*  
plan. \*

JOHN  
This was all Mycroft's idea?

MARY  
Well, he'd need a confidante.

John gives her a look.

MARY  
Sorry. \*

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

Sherlock looks away.

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

JOHN  
(fumes)  
Who? Who else knew?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
*Who?!*

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
Molly.

JOHN  
*Molly?!*

Customers look over.

MARY  
John -

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

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

SHERLOCK  
NO!

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
Twenty five at most.

Snarling, John launches himself across the table at  
Sherlock!

CUT TO:

27

INT. KEBAB SHOP. NIGHT.

27

The three of them are now inside a dirty-looking kebab shop. SHERLOCK is rubbing his throat. He looks sidelong at JOHN.

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

JOHN  
(terse)  
Yes.

SHERLOCK  
Sure?

JOHN  
Mary likes it.

SHERLOCK  
(smiles)  
She doesn't.

JOHN  
She does!

SHERLOCK  
She doesn't.

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

JOHN  
Oh brilliant!

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

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

The kebab shop owner looks worriedly at them. Is this going to kick off?

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

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



JOHN

*What?*

SHERLOCK

Let the cat out of the bag -

JOHN

Oh so this is my fault!

MARY

Oh God.

JOHN

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

\*

SHERLOCK

*Over-reacting.*

JOHN

*(yells)****Over-reacting!***

MARY

*John!*

JOHN

*Over-reacting? You fake your own  
death -*

SHERLOCK

*Shh!*

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

*Shhh!*

John grabs him by the lapels.

\*

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

*(yells)*

John, shut up! I don't want  
everyone to know I'm still alive!

JOHN

*(yells)*

It's still a secret is it?!

SHERLOCK  
 (yells)  
 Yes! It's a secret!!  
 Promise you won't tell anyone!

JOHN  
 (yells)  
 Swear to God!!

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

John glares at him.

JOHN  
 (yells)  
 Yeah? Yeah? Well you can f--

The scream of a police siren!

JOHN  
 -- *whistle!*

And he pulls Sherlock forward and nuts him! \*

CUT TO:

28

EXT. KEBAB SHOP. NIGHT.

28

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

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

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

SHERLOCK \*  
 Nature...no. Human...no. \*

MARY \*  
 I'll talk him round. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
 You will. \*

MARY \*  
 Oh yes. \*

Sherlock looks at Mary properly for the first time. \*

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

JOHN \*  
(calls) \*  
Mary. \*

Mary winks at Sherlock then joins John in the cab. \*

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

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

CUT TO:

29 INT. CAB. NIGHT. 29 \*

JOHN sits, fuming. \*

JOHN \*  
Can you believe it? The bloody nerve. \*  
\*

Mary looks over. \*

MARY \*  
I like him. \*

JOHN \*  
*What?* \*

MARY \*  
(shrugs) \*  
I like him. \*

CUT TO:

29A INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT. 29A \*

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

Molly looks up. Freezes. \*

CUT TO: \*

30

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NIGHT.

30

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

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

As he's about to light it...

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

A familiar silhouette in the shadows.

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

LESTRADE  
Oh you bastard.

From the shadows, SHERLOCK chuckles.

LESTRADE  
*You - !!*

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

LESTRADE  
*Greg.*

SHERLOCK  
*Greg.*

Unexpectedly, Lestrade crushes Sherlock in a big bear hug.

CUT TO:

31

INT. LESTRADE'S CAR. NIGHT.

31

CUT

CUT TO:

32

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NIGHT.

32

CUT

CUT TO:



It holds the phone in its hand.

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

Sherlock is speaking to John on another phone.

SHERLOCK  
(into phone)  
This phone call. It's my note.  
That's what people do, isn't it?  
Leave a note?

JOHN (O.S.)  
Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK  
Goodbye, John.

Jim giggles. Sherlock shushes him.

JOHN (O.S.)  
No - !

And Sherlock and Jim tip the dummy off the roof!

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

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

\*

ANDERSON (V.O.)  
*What??*

CUT TO:

37

INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

37

ANDERSON  
Are you out of your *mind*?

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

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

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

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

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

ANDERSON

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

LAURA

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

ANDERSON

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

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

'Hat detective returns to life'.

LAURA (O.S.)

Oh my God!

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

Laura holds up her phone, eyes wide in wonder.

LAURA

Oh. My. Godddddd!!!

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

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

CUT TO:

38

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

38

CLOSE on the hot water tap as the basin in JOHN's bathroom fills with water. The mirror's steamed up. He wipes it clear and looks at his reflection.

He rubs his fingers over his bristly moustache.

CUT TO:





SHERLOCK

Well he shouldn't have, he was just trying to look good.

(Moves)

Your move.

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

MYCROFT

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

Beat. Mycroft slowly moves his hand.

MYCROFT

Your move.

SHERLOCK

No. But you have to trust me.

He makes his move.

SHERLOCK

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

MYCROFT

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

SHERLOCK

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

Mycroft makes his move and -

**BUZZ!**

MYCROFT

Bugger!

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

Mycroft has a red 'broken heart' between tweezers.

SHERLOCK

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

MYCROFT

Don't be smart.

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

MYCROFT \*  
I *am* the smart one. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
I used to think I was an idiot. \*

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

SHERLOCK \*  
Oh, yes. That was a mistake. \*

MYCROFT \*  
Ghastly. What *were* they thinking \*  
of? \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Probably something about making \*  
friends? \*

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

SHERLOCK \*  
Don't you? Ever? \*

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

SHERLOCK \*  
Yeah. But I was away for two years. \*

MYCROFT \*  
So? \*

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

MYCROFT \*  
Change the subject - *now!* \*

A beat on Sherlock, smiles. Back to business. \*

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

MRS HUDSON (O.S.) \*  
Ooh-ooh! \*

MYCROFT \*  
Speaking of which. \*

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

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

MYCROFT \*  
I can barely contain myself. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
He really can, you know. \*

MRS HUDSON \*  
He's secretly pleased to see you, \*  
underneath all that. \*

MYCROFT \*  
Sorry, which of us? \*

MRS HUDSON \*  
Both of you! \*

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

MYCROFT \*  
Why are we playing *games*!! \*

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

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

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

MYCROFT \*  
I'm busy. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Come on, it's been ages. \*

MYCROFT \*  
I always win. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Which is why you can't resist. \*

MYCROFT \*  
I find nothing irresistible in the \*  
hat of a well travelled, \*  
sentimental, anxious, unfit \*  
creature of habit with appalling \*  
halitosis. \*  
(Realises) \*  
*Damn.* \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Isolated too, don't you think? \*

MYCROFT \*  
Why would he be isolated? \*

SHERLOCK \*  
He? \*

MYCROFT \*  
Obviously. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Why? Size of the hat? \*

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

SHERLOCK \*  
(sulky) \*  
Some women have short hair. \*

MYCROFT \*  
Balance of probability. \*

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

MYCROFT

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

(counts)

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

SHERLOCK

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

MYCROFT

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

SHERLOCK

Peru?

MYCROFT

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

SHERLOCK

No.

MYCROFT

No?

SHERLOCK

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

MRS HUDSON

(Wandering past)

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

SHERLOCK

You said he was anxious?

MYCROFT

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

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

MYCROFT \*  
Precisely. \*

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

MYCROFT \*  
Elementary. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
But you missed his isolation. \*

MYCROFT \*  
I don't see it. \*

SHERLOCK \*  
It's plain as day. \*

MYCROFT \*  
Where? \*

SHERLOCK \*  
There for all to see. \*

MYCROFT \*  
Tell me! \*

SHERLOCK \*  
Plain as the nose on your - \*

MYCROFT \*  
*Tell me!* \*

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

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

SHERLOCK \*  
Exactly. \*

MYCROFT \*  
... I'm sorry? \*

SHERLOCK

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

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

Sherlock pops the hat on his head.

SHERLOCK

Why should anybody mind?

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

Tick tock, goes the clock.

MYCROFT

I'm not *lonely*, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

How would you know?

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

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

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

(to Mrs Hudson)

Good morning.

He heads to the stair.

A moment between Sherlock and Mrs Hudson. She approves.

SHERLOCK

Right. Back to work!

CUT TO:

44

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

44

JOHN's at his desk. MARY comes in.

MARY

Mr Summerson.

JOHN

Right.

MARY

Undescended testicle.

JOHN

Right.

CUT TO:

45 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

45

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's phone.

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

\*  
\*

MRS HUDSON  
Sherlock.

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

MRS HUDSON  
Talk to John.

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

CUT TO:

46 INT. SURGERY. DAY.

46

JOHN's middle finger, raised!

He's putting on rubber gloves.

JOHN  
Now just relax, Mr Summerson.

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

CUT TO:

47 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

47

MRS HUDSON  
What did he say?

CUT TO:

48 INT. SURGERY. DAY.

48

JOHN  
*Cough!*

CUT TO:





JOHN

There's absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, Mrs Reeves. It's very common.

(writes prescription)

I'm going to recommend a course of -

CUT TO:

53

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

53

SHERLOCK

- Monkey glands!

HUSBAND

Good heavens.

SHERLOCK

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

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

MOLLY

(sotto)

You're sure about this?

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

Absolutely.

MOLLY

(sotto)

Should I be making notes?

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

If it makes you feel better.

MOLLY

(sotto)

John told me that's what he does. So if I'm being John...

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

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

HUSBAND

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

SHERLOCK

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

HUSBAND

Because I have always had total faith -

SHERLOCK

No, because you knew you emptied it yourself.

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

Weight-loss! Hair dye! Botox! Affair!

(Hands a card to the wife)

Lawyer!

Molly grins delightedly.

SHERLOCK

Next!

CUT TO:

54

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

54

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

MARY

Mr Blake.

(mouths)

*Piles.*

John smiles, a little weary.

The clock ticks dully.

CUT TO:

55

INT. 221 BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

55

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

SHERLOCK

(to Miss Sutherland)

Then your penpal's emails just stopped, did they?

Miss Sutherland nods, overcome with sobbing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

She nods again. Sherlock points at Windibank.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Stepfather posing as online boyfriend.

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

Breaks it off. Breaks her heart.

Molly looks a little wistful. \*

SHERLOCK \*

She swears off relationships. Stays at home. Stepfather still has her wage coming in.

(turns to step-father)

Mr Windibank, you've been a complete and utter -

CUT TO:

56

INT. SURGERY. DAY.

56

JOHN

- piss pot.

JOHN holds up a specimen jar.

JOHN

Nothing to worry about. Take your...

(suspicious)

...take your time.

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

JOHN

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

MR SZIKORA

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

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

Mr Szikora rummages through his mucky carrier bags.

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

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

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

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

JOHN  
 You bastard!

MR SZIKORA  
 Eh?

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

He tugs at the old man's beard.

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

Tugs again.

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

He drags the dark glasses off the old man.

MR SZIKORA  
 (shouts)  
 Help me! This man is crazy!

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D)  
...joke...shop.

*Oh dear.*

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Oh God. Oh God, I am so sorry. I  
am so, so sorry...

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

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

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

LESTRADE  
This one's got us all stumped.

SHERLOCK  
I don't doubt it.

CUT TO:

57

INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

57

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

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

Sniffs the fabric.

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

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

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

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

The text dissolves into smoke and drifts away.

Sherlock smiles to himself.

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

SHERLOCK

Maybe.

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

Other words appear on-screen...

OOOOOH!

Sherlock pulls up sharp.

SHERLOCK

Shut up, John.

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

(guilty)

Nothing.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. SURGERY. NIGHT.

58

JOHN and MARY are leaving work.

MARY

Sure?

JOHN

I'm sure.

She kisses him. Checks her watch.

MARY

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

She goes.

John remains for a moment, thinking.

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

CUT TO:

59

INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

59

SHERLOCK is still examining the skeleton.

LESTRADE

(sotto, of Molly)

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

SHERLOCK  
Just giving it a go.

LESTRADE  
Right. So...John...?

SHERLOCK  
Not really in the picture any more.

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly, the room vibrates.

MOLLY  
Trains?

SHERLOCK  
Trains.

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK  
Be my guest.

More text on-screen.

*JEALOUS?*

SHERLOCK  
Shut up!

Molly and Lestrade exchange a look.

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

MOLLY  
Doesn't make sense.

LESTRADE  
What doesn't?



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

SHERLOCK  
Six months old.

*Click!*

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

He brushes away the cobwebs.

Molly looks.

MOLLY  
Wow!

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

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
But that's impossible!

SHERLOCK  
Welcome to my world.

On screen text: *SMARTARSE.*

Sherlock shakes his head as though to clear it.

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

LESTRADE  
No, please! Insult away!

Sherlock takes a breath.

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

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

He holds up his smartphone.

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

LESTRADE \*  
So the whole thing was a fake?

SHERLOCK  
Yes.

LESTRADE \*  
Looked so promising.

SHERLOCK  
*Facile.*

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

SHERLOCK  
Why indeed, John?

Molly looks at him, crushed. \*

CUT TO:

60

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

60

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

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

HOWARD  
Thanks for hanging onto it.

SHERLOCK  
Not a problem.

HOWARD  
My girlfriend's a big fan of  
yours.

SHERLOCK  
(scoffs)  
*Girlfriend?*

Molly shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK  
Sorry. Go on, please, Mr  
Shilcott.

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

\*

No-one says anything. The room speaks volumes.

\*

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

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

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

MOLLY  
Car?

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

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

\*

\*

SHERLOCK  
What? He said. He likes trains.

\*

\*

On screen: A tube train trundles into Westminster Station.

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

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

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

Sherlock sits forward.

HOWARD  
Thought you'd like it!

He rewinds the image. Shows it again.

HOWARD

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

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

HOWARD

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

MOLLY

Couldn't he have jumped off?

HOWARD

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

SHERLOCK

Oh?

HOWARD

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

SHERLOCK

(to Molly) \*  
Bought off? \*

MOLLY

(distracted) \*  
Hm? \*

Sherlock turns to Howard. \*

SHERLOCK

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

HOWARD

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

(beams)

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

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

On Sherlock: genuinely intrigued.

CUT TO:

61      INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE. NIGHT.      61      \*

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

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

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

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

*Blink -*

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

*Blink -*

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

SHERLOCK  
I know that face.

CUT TO:

62      EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.      62      \*

JOHN approaches 221B again.

He looks up at the flat, gathering himself.

He reaches for his key and then -

VOICE  
Dr Watson?

John turns.

*THWACK!*

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

CUT TO:

63

INT/EXT. HOWARD'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

63 \*

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

Suddenly, Sherlock snaps out of his reverie. \*

SHERLOCK

The journey between the stations normally takes five minutes.

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

SHERLOCK

But this one took ten. Ten minutes to get from Westminster to St James' Park.

They walk out into the street. \*

SHERLOCK

I need maps. Lots of maps. Older maps. *All* the maps. \*

MOLLY

Right...

Sherlock looks at her. Knows something's wrong. \*

SHERLOCK

Fancy some chips? \*

MOLLY

What? \*

SHERLOCK

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

MOLLY

Did you get him off a murder charge? \*

SHERLOCK

No. Helped him put some shelves up. \*

They share a smile. \*

MOLLY

Sherlock, what was today about? \*

SHERLOCK

Saying thank you. \*

MOLLY  
Thank you?

\*  
\*

SHERLOCK  
For what you did for me.

\*

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

SHERLOCK  
No. I mean it.

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

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

Molly doesn't reply.

SHERLOCK  
You made it all possible.

Beat.

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

She shakes her head. A bit tearful.

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

SHERLOCK  
(nods)  
Your fiancé.

MOLLY  
How did you - ?

Sherlock gives her a look. *Please.*

Molly fiddles with her expensive-looking engagement ring.

SHERLOCK  
Congratulations.

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

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

MOLLY  
 No?

SHERLOCK  
 Statistically it's extremely  
 unlikely. \*

He walks away into the night. \*

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

CUT TO:

64 EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

64

MARY is almost home. Her phone beeps.

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

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

She frowns. Then pales.

Over this: a door buzzer.

CUT TO:

65 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

65

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

MRS HUDSON  
 Hey, hang on - !



MARY

I think someone's got John. John  
Watson.

\*  
\*

MRS HUDSON

Who are you - ?

MARY

I'm his fiancée.

MRS HUDSON

(thrilled)

Oh!

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Mary?

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

SHERLOCK

What's wrong?

\*

She pulls her phone from her coat.

MARY

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

On Sherlock: just the briefest beat of surprise.

He looks at the phone.

SHERLOCK

(nods)

Every third word. Starting with  
the first.

\*

Text on screen:

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

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

**Save John Watson.**

The phone beeps again.

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

MARY

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

SHERLOCK

Now!

CUT TO:

66 INT. THICKET. NIGHT.

66

Darkness. Breathing. Deep breathing. Suddenly -

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

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

Weird lights. Flames in the distance.

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

Voices. Distorted.

\*

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

Dad. *Daddy.*

DAD (O.S.)

Hm?

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

What about the fireworks?

DAD (O.S.)

Bonfire first, then the fireworks, darling. Ok?

Suddenly John understands. His eyes widen in fear.

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

CUT TO:

67 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

67

...is inside a bonfire!!

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

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

CUT TO:

68 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

68

SHERLOCK and MARY are outside the flat.

SHERLOCK  
Did you drive here?

MARY  
Yes.

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

He dashes into the road.

CUT TO:

69 INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.

69

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

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

70 EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

70

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

Cars shriek past him, angrily beeping their horns.

MARY  
What're we waiting for?

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

SHERLOCK  
That.

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

The bike screeches to a halt inches from Sherlock.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.

71

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

LITTLE GIRL  
Can I do it?

DAD  
No, sweetheart.

DAD puts the torch to the bonfire...

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

DAD (CONT'D)  
Damp. Its a bit damp, love.

CUT TO:

72      INT. THICKET/BONFIRE. NIGHT.      72

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

CUT TO:

73      EXT. EUSTON ROAD. NIGHT.      73

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

Mary's phone beeps.

The phone beeps again. Mary studies it.      \*

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

The words rearrange themselves to form:      \*

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

SHERLOCK      \*  
It's a park. In Westminster!      \*

CUT TO:      \*

74      EXT. WATERLOO PLACE. NIGHT.      74

A jack-knifed lorry blocks the road!

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

CUT TO:





86      INT. THICKET. NIGHT.      86

JOHN's eyes widen in absolute terror!

CUT TO:

87      EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.      87

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PERIMETER FIELD. NIGHT

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

The phone beeps.

On screen:

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

The words reform:

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

A firework shrieks overhead.

MARY  
(grave)  
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

88      EXT. FIELD. NIGHT.      88

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

The fire takes hold.

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

SHERLOCK  
Move! MOVE!      \*

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

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

JOHN is revealed. He staggers up on useless legs. \*

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

John tumbles to the ground. *Safe.* \*

89 FADE TO BLACK 89

90 EXT. STREET. DAY. 90

A HOMELESS WOMAN has just sent a photo. As she watches, a BURLY MAN get into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY. 91

A bright, sunny morning.

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

CUT TO:

92 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY. 92

CLOSE on an ELDERLY LADY.

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

A client.

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

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

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



She turns. Sitting behind her is an ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY MAN

'Fraid so!

ELDERLY LADY

Keys, loose change, sweeties and especially his glasses!

ELDERLY MAN

Glasses.

ELDERLY LADY

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

ELDERLY MAN

Larry Grayson.

SHERLOCK

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

(a world of disdain)

...lottery ticket?

ELDERLY LADY

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

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

SHERLOCK

John.

JOHN

Oh. You're busy. Sorry -

SHERLOCK

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

ELDERLY LADY

Oh. Were we?

SHERLOCK

Yes!

JOHN

No, if you've got a case -

SHERLOCK  
Not a case, no!

He starts to shove the elderly couple towards the door.

SHERLOCK  
Go. Go!

ELDERLY LADY  
We're here till Saturday,  
remember so -

SHERLOCK  
Yes. Get out.

ELDERLY LADY  
Do give us a ring.

SHERLOCK  
Get out!

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

CUT TO:

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

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

Sherlock nods, tries to close the door.

ELDERLY MAN  
Ring more often, won't you?

Sherlock nods.

ELDERLY MAN  
She worries.

ELDERLY LADY  
Promise?

SHERLOCK  
(sotto)  
Promise.

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

CUT TO:

- and turns back to John with a big smile.

SHERLOCK  
Sorry about that.

JOHN  
Clients?

SHERLOCK  
Just my parents.

JOHN  
Your *parents?!?*

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

JOHN  
Your parents!

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

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

JOHN  
*Those* were your parents?

SHERLOCK  
I'm afraid so.

JOHN  
They're not what I...

SHERLOCK  
What?

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

On Sherlock: *what?*

JOHN  
Ordinary.

SHERLOCK  
It's a cross I have to bear.

John thinks.

JOHN  
Did...they know too?

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

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

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
(shifty)  
Maybe.

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

SHERLOCK  
Yes. Sorry. Sorry again.

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
*Sorry.*

He glances sidelong at John.

SHERLOCK  
You've shaved it off.

John touches his lip self-consciously.

JOHN  
Yeah. Wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK  
I'm glad.

JOHN  
You didn't like it?

SHERLOCK  
I prefer my doctors clean-shaven.

JOHN  
Not a sentence you hear every  
day.

SHERLOCK  
How are you...feeling?

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

SHERLOCK  
Right.

Beat.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

I don't know.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

He sinks back into his chair, fingertips steepled.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Gave his life?

SHERLOCK

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

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

CUT TO:

93

FLASHBACK!

93

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

CUT TO:

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

SHERLOCK

These are my rats, John.

JOHN

Rats?

SHERLOCK

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

John looks at the last photo. The SUAVE MAN.

JOHN

I know him, don't I?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Been working for North Korea  
since 1976.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

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

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Want to see something strange?

CUT TO:

94

EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. DAY.

94

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

*SNAP!*

- he's photographed by another HOMELESS GIRL.

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

CUT TO:

95

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

95

CLOSE on the TV.

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

John frowns at the screen.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Not according to the maps.

He freezes the image on the SUAVE MAN.

SHERLOCK

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

(at TV)

Something staring me in the face.

He rewinds the image, plays it again.

JOHN

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

Sherlock's phone pings.

The photo downloads. The SUAVE MAN outside Westminster Tube.

SHERLOCK

Our Rat has come out of his den.

JOHN

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

Suddenly, Sherlock sits up.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Yes! Yes! YES!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

*What?*

Sherlock runs round the room, whooping with delight.

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

JOHN  
What're you on about?

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

JOHN  
What do you mean?

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

JOHN  
Right!

Beat.

JOHN  
...what?

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

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

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

He rewinds the image again.

SHERLOCK  
Look...

The train leaves...

SHERLOCK  
Seven carriages leave  
Westminster...

The train arrives....

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



JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

Sherlock thinks.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

November the...Oh my God.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Remember, remember...

SHERLOCK

Gunpowder, treason and plot!

CUT TO:

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

HOWARD

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

(poring over books)

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

Howard is suddenly alert.

HOWARD

Hang on, hang on...

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

HOWARD

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

He plonks the books down.

HOWARD

There *was* a station there.

JOHN

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

HOWARD

Because it was closed before it ever opened!

JOHN

What?

HOWARD

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

He holds the book up to the screen.

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

SHERLOCK

Right underneath the Palace of Westminster.

JOHN

So what's down there? A bomb? \*

They share a worried look.

CUT TO:

97     EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.     97

CUT

\*

CUT TO:

98     EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT.     98

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

CUT TO:

99     INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NIGHT.     99

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

CUT TO:

100      EXT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. NIGHT.      100

SHERLOCK and JOHN race through the entrance of Westminster Tube.

CUT TO:

101      INT. WESTMINSTER TUBE. NIGHT.      101

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Must be.

John takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK

What're you doing?

JOHN

Calling the police.

SHERLOCK

What? No!

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

JOHN

And illegal?

SHERLOCK

A bit.

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

They slip inside.

CUT TO:

102      INT. TUBE TUNNEL. DAY.      102

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

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

SHERLOCK  
What're you doing?

JOHN  
Coming, coming.

He looks at his phone. No signal.

He curses and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

103      INT. WALKWAY. DAY.      103

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

CUT TO:

104      INT. LADDER. DAY.      104

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

CUT TO:

105      INT. TUNNEL. DAY.      105

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

106      INT. SUMATRA ROAD STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT.      106

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

But nothing else. No Tube carriage.

Sherlock's face falls.

SHERLOCK  
I don't understand.

JOHN  
That's a first.

SHERLOCK

There's nowhere else it could be.

He looks quickly round.

SHERLOCK

Unless - *oh! oh! oh!*

JOHN

What is it?

Sherlock stares ahead.

JOHN

*Sherlock?*

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

107 INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. NIGHT.

107

A ventilation grille on the wall of the Commons.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

CLOSE on one grille, shimmered by heat haze.

CUT TO:

The fireball erupts through the grilles.

CUT TO:



110 INT. SUMATRA ROAD TUNNEL. NIGHT.

110

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

They tramp on and on. Suddenly -

JOHN  
There! Look!

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

*A single train carriage.*

It's marooned on the rails ahead of them.

Ghostly.

Slowly, he points his torch above the train.

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

John and Sherlock exchange a look.

JOHN  
Demolition charges.

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

CUT TO:

111 INT. TUBE CAR. NIGHT.

111

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

JOHN  
It's empty. There's nothing.

Sherlock's keen gaze is all over the compartment.

SHERLOCK  
Isn't there?

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

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

SHERLOCK  
This is the bomb.





SHERLOCK

I have no idea.

JOHN

Well - Think of something!

SHERLOCK

What makes you think I can stop it?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

And a soldier! As you keep reminding us all!

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

That would set it off.

JOHN

See! You know things!

53...52...

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

No use now.

JOHN

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

50, 49...

JOHN

Mind palace! Use your mind palace!

SHERLOCK  
How will that help?

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

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

JOHN  
Yes!!

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
(thinks)  
Maybe.

JOHN  
(desperately)  
Think! *Think!*

Sherlock clamps his eyes shut.

On screen: the twisting lines of the Tube system appear.

Suddenly, they mutate, change into the complicated graphics  
of a circuit diagram. The plans of a bomb.

Sherlock screams through them. Page after page. No good, no  
good, good.

**29, 28, 27...**

Images of explosive blue prints, diagrams, submarine  
missiles...

**25, 24, 23...**

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

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

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

CUT TO:

116 EXT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. NIGHT. 116

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

CUT TO:

117 INT. TUBE TRAIN. NIGHT. 117

SHERLOCK stands up, downcast.

15, 14, 13, 12...

SHERLOCK  
I'm sorry. I tried.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN  
*What?*

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

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

SHERLOCK  
No.

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

SHERLOCK  
(sad smile)  
Not this time.

10, 9, 8...

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

Sherlock just shakes his head.

JOHN  
I wanted you not to be dead. I  
stood by your grave and begged...

SHERLOCK

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

7, 6, 5...

JOHN

I know.

He turns and stares into Sherlock's eyes.

JOHN

I find it difficult. This sort of  
stuff. \*

SHERLOCK \*

I know. \*

JOHN \*

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

3, 2...

JOHN

Of course. Of course I forgive  
you.

They just look at each other.

...1

**WHITEOUT.**

CUT TO:

118

INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGERS' ROOM. NIGHT.

118

MYCROFT sits in the darkened Strangers' Room.

*Caption: Two years earlier.*

And then we hear Sherlock's voice.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

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



JIM (cont'd)  
Your only three friends in the  
world will die unless...

SHERLOCK  
Unless I kill myself and complete  
your story.

JIM  
Got to admit, that's sexier.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

122

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

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

CUT TO:

123 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

123

**BANG!**

JIM shoots himself in the mouth. SHERLOCK staggers back.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
I knew I didn't have long.

He fumbles with his phone. Keys in a text.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
I contacted my brother. Set the  
wheels in motion.

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

Sherlock looks over the edge.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
And then everyone got to work.

124 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

124

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
 My homeless network. Invaluable.  
 Like I've always said. And I was  
 telling John the truth. Even  
 then.

JOHN looks up in horror at SHERLOCK on the roof.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 It's a trick, John. Just a magic  
 trick.

JOHN  
 Stop it!

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK  
 Don't! Don't move. Stay right  
 where you are. Keep your eyes  
 fixed on me.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

125

SHERLOCK looks at his phone.

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

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

SHERLOCK  
 Goodbye, John.

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

MOLLY appears in a lower window of Bart's.

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

Sherlock steps onto the ledge - and throws himself off.

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

Sherlock spirals down, down, down -

- and lands on the airbag. \*

CUT TO:



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

*Slam!* It hits the pavement.

CUT TO:

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

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

\*

\*

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

126 INT. STAIRWELL. DAY.

126

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

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

CUT TO:

127 INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

127

On video: SHERLOCK's image.

SHERLOCK

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

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

ANDERSON

Molly. Molly Hooper. She was in on it?

SHERLOCK

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

You assumed she reacted like that because I was her kidnapper. I deduced that Moriarty must've used someone who looked very like me in order to plant suspicion. I also knew that whoever this man was, he'd be got out of the way as soon as his usefulness ended. That meant that there was a corpse in a morgue somewhere that looked just like me.

ANDERSON

Clever.

SHERLOCK

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

(shrugs)

I've got a lot of coats.

ANDERSON

And your homeless network?

SHERLOCK

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

Anderson shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

ANDERSON

Well...

SHERLOCK

*What?*

ANDERSON

Not the way I'd have done it.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Really?

ANDERSON

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

SHERLOCK

What?

ANDERSON

Bit...disappointed.

SHERLOCK

(sighs)

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

ANDERSON

No?

SHERLOCK

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

Anderson reacts. First name terms?

SHERLOCK  
 'How I did it by Jack the  
 Ripper'?

\*

Anderson pales.

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

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

\*

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

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

ANDERSON  
 (pleased)  
 No. And everything's ok now, isn't  
 it?

\*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
 Yes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK  
 Of course, you've wasted police  
 time.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)  
 Perverted the course of justice.

Beat.

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

ANDERSON  
 (sobs)  
 Oh God! I'm sorry. *I'm so, so  
 sorry!*

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

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

ANDERSON

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

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

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

We he ever know for sure??

CUT TO:

128     EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.     128

SHERLOCK walks back to the flat, smiling.

CUT TO:

129     INT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE STATION. NIGHT.     129

*Flashback.*

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

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. I tried.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN

*What?*

SHERLOCK

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

Close on the clock.

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

JOHN  
Of course. Of course I forgive  
you.

They just look at each other.

John closes his eyes.

Nothing happens.

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

JOHN  
(warningly)  
You...

SHERLOCK  
Your face!

JOHN  
...utter...

SHERLOCK  
Your *face!* Got you.

JOHN  
You -

SHERLOCK  
Totally had you!

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

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

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

SHERLOCK  
Scout's honour.

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Then why did you make me go through - ?

SHERLOCK

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

POLICEMEN become visible out in the tunnel. \*

JOHN

You *did* call the Police?

SHERLOCK

Of course I called the Police!

JOHN

I am *definitely* going to kill you.

SHERLOCK

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

John laughs, a bit hysterical.

FADE TO BLACK.

130

EXT. AIRPORT. DAY.

130

The SUAVE MAN is walking towards a plane, boarding card in hand. Suddenly he spots some beefy PLAIN CLOTHES MEN standing by the stairway.

He panics. Stumbles into other passengers as he tries to head back towards the airport building.

His briefcase flies open, scattering papers to the four winds.

At last he runs back towards the airport only to see...

A phalanx of armed POLICE. \*

His face falls...

CUT TO:

131      EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.      131

The flat is being besieged by REPORTERS.

CUT TO:

132      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. NIGHT.      132

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

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

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

MYCROFT (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

133      INT. THEATRE BOX. NIGHT.      133

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

REVOLUTIONARY

(sings)

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

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

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

CUT TO:

134      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. NIGHT.      134

SHERLOCK hangs up.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

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

SHERLOCK

In a minute.



MARY  
(to Mrs Hudson)  
We thought May.

MRS HUDSON  
Oh! Spring wedding!

MARY  
Well, once we've actually got  
engaged.

JOHN  
Yeah.

MARY  
We were interrupted last time.

JOHN  
Yeah.

LESTRADE  
Can't wait!

MARY  
You will be there, Sherlock?

Sherlock pulls a face.

SHERLOCK  
Weddings. Not really my area...

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

MOLLY  
Hello, everyone!

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

There's a fusillade of greetings.

MOLLY  
This is Tom. Tom, this is  
everyone.

TOM  
Hi. Really pleased to meet you.  
Hi.

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

John kisses Molly.

JOHN  
Good to meet you, mate.

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

SHERLOCK  
Ready?

JOHN  
Ready.

They go out. Lestrade turns to Molly and Tom.

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

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

CUT TO:

135 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY. NIGHT.

135

SHERLOCK and JOHN pause on the landing. \*

JOHN  
Did you - ?

SHERLOCK  
I'm not saying a word.

JOHN  
No. Best not.

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

SHERLOCK  
Hm?

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

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

They head down the stairs. \*

SHERLOCK  
But unlike the nicely embellished  
fictions on your blog, John, real  
life is rarely so neat. \*

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
 I don't know who was behind all  
 this. But I'm going to find out.  
 I promise you.

They reach the hallway.

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

SHERLOCK  
 Don't be stupid.

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

SHERLOCK  
 Love what?

JOHN  
 Being Sherlock Holmes.

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

He moves to the first door. \*

John, frowning now, one last thing. \*

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

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

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

SHERLOCK  
 I should hope so.

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

SHERLOCK  
 I know. I was there. \*

John, staring at him, a little haunted.

JOHN

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

Sherlock holds his look for a moment.

SHERLOCK

I heard you.

On John - half bemused, half moved.

SHERLOCK

Anyway! Time to go and be Sherlock  
Holmes. \*

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

It's a deerstalker!

CUT TO:

136

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

136

SHERLOCK and JOHN emerge into the throng of REPORTERS.

Over this: *Crump! Bang! Whiz!*

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

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

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

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

END

\*

\*