

THE REICHENBACH FALL

Written by

Steve Thompson

Draft 4, 16th April 2011

Address
Phone Number

On ELLA -

JOHN'S THERAPIST.

Her consulting room. Pale sunlight.

ELLA

Why now?

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

ELLA (CONT'D)

John?

(Still nothing from him)

Why today?

(Checks her notes)

Eighteen months since your last appointment.

JOHN

You're doing that thing. Asking a question when you already know the answer.

ELLA

Yes.

JOHN

Because you want to hear me say it.

Beat.

ELLA

Say it for me.

JOHN

You read the papers.

ELLA

Sometimes.

JOHN

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

Can't say it.

ELLA

What happened John?

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

ELLA (CONT'D)

You need to get it out.

JOHN
Sherlock.

ELLA
Yes.

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

Music swells and...

OPENING TITLES

1 INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY 1

TIGHT IN on a painting. A rich, Romantic landscape, vivid colours -

A cascading waterfall.

Camera pulls back -

The painting on a easel in front of a small crowd. The DIRECTOR of the Auction House addressing them.

DIRECTOR
... 'Falls of the Reichenbach'.
Turner's masterpiece. Undoubtedly
the centrepiece of our collection.
Stolen from the auction room. Now -
thankfully - returned to us, owing
to the talents of Mr. Sherlock
Holmes...

Gestures to his left. JOHN and SHERLOCK. A ripple of applause for our heroes. Shake hands.

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

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
A token of our appreciation -

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

SHERLOCK glances at the box. Doesn't take it. But knows what's in it anyway -

SHERLOCK
(Graceless)
Cufflinks.

Awkward beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
My cuffs all have buttons.

JOHN
He means 'Thank you'.

SHERLOCK
Do I?

JOHN
(Mutters firmly)
Say it.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

Takes it. Staring at the wrapped box - desperately trying to think of what to say next.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Solid silver.

DIRECTOR
How did you...?

JOHN
Don't bother.

Cameras clicking --

JOHN notices the small gaggle of REPORTERS, come to cover the story. Just two or three. Don't quite know what to make of SHERLOCK. Scribbling in their pads...

Out on JOHN, frowning - What are they writing?

2 EXT. AUCTION HOUSE/CAB. DAY

2

Coming out of the Auction House, into the street -

SHERLOCK
Can we skip it?

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
The moment where you tell me off.
High-functioning sociopath. Social
chit chat not in the vocabulary.

JOHN
I don't care about the people you
offend.

SHERLOCK
No?

JOHN

I care about you. Your reputation.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're becoming a celebrity.

3

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

3

Another press conference.

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

FATHER

... back in the arms of my family,
after my terrible ordeal. And we
have one person to thank for my
deliverance. Sherlock Holmes...

More applause.

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

SHERLOCK

(Aside to John)

Tie pin.

How does he do it with the wrapping still on?

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

4

INT. PALACE. DAY

4

Palatial Press Room. A Royal Equerry in full flow. SHERLOCK, JOHN and the obligatory REPORTERS in attendance.

EQUERRY

...their Majesties wish to extend
their gratitude to the man who
recovered their missing Daimler.

Applause. Another present, wrapped.

SHERLOCK

(Aside to John, again)

Scarf.

JOHN

Good one?

SHERLOCK
Mm. Expensive.

Bigger press gaggle, of course. Bigger and bigger every time.

5 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY

5

The press room at Scotland Yard.

The METROPOLITAN POLICE COMMISSIONER at the podium. (Bald, glasses, Stephenson basically). Addresses the press. SHERLOCK and JOHN beside him.

COMMISSIONER
... the assassination prevented by
our team of dedicated officers,
acting on information from our
valued colleague, Mr. Sherlock
Holmes...'

Applause. Wrapped present.

SHERLOCK
Already got one.

This time - the biggest ever press gaggle we've seen.

Scribble scribble scribble. Click click click.

6 INT. 221B BAKER STREET, KITCHEN. DAY

6

Breakfast. JOHN reading the papers, eating cereal in his pyjamas.

Red-top headlines: '**BOFFIN SHERLOCK SOLVES ANOTHER**'.

Inside: '**REICHENBACH HERO DOES IT AGAIN**'.

SHERLOCK enters - JOHN instinctively hides the paper he's reading.

SHERLOCK
'Boffin'.

JOHN
You've seen it.

SHERLOCK goes to the kitchen - immerses himself in an experiment. Ripping up fibres from a carpet tile!?

JOHN (CONT'D)
Everybody gets one.

SHERLOCK
Everybody gets one what?

JOHN

A tabloid prefix. 'Sexy Amanda'.
'Nasty Nick'. Shouldn't worry.

SHERLOCK

No? Look inside. Page five. Column
six. First sentence.

JOHN opens the paper and reads the rest of the coverage -

JOHN

(Appalled)

'Placid John Watson'!!

SHERLOCK

Could be worse. 'Turgid John
Watson'. 'Stolid'. 'Sluggish'.
'Dense'.

JOHN

'Boffin' is only one step
'Smartarse'. I warned you. These
people already smell blood. You're
fair game.

Beat. SHERLOCK not remotely interested.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ever since that thing with the
painting - you've landed smack-bang
in the middle of the public gaze.

SHERLOCK

What's it matter?

JOHN

Oh, not a lot. As long as you don't
mind being scrutinised by eleven
million people over cornflakes. I
know you're conceited - I don't
care - I've worked through it. Some
days it even makes me smile. But
that's not how the press will see
it. Think of all the people you've
pissed off. You could get
crucified. Why don't you try to -

Changes his mind.

SHERLOCK

Try to what?

JOHN

I don't know.

SHERLOCK

John -

JOHN
Try to tone it down a bit.

SHERLOCK
'It'.

JOHN
All that stuff that you do. You're
hero of the hour at the moment but
they can turn on a sixpence, these
people. Don't give them any ammo.

Beat. SHERLOCK turns and stares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What?

SHERLOCK
It bothers you.

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
What people think.

JOHN
Yes!

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

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

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

7 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

7

Camera soars over London - moves TIGHT IN on Tower Hill. The
Tower of London.

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

TIGHTER STILL on a swarm of TOURISTS inside the Tower
courtyard -

BEEFEATER
This way for the Crown Jewels.

Camera whips around.

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

JIM MORIARTY.

Wearing a baseball cap that says 'I love London'.

8 INT. JEWEL ROOM. DAY

8

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

GUARD
Anything metal.

JIM puts his Smartphone in and passes through without incident.

Walks inside and finally catches sight of...

The Crown Jewels.

Wow! The Imperial State Crown, teeming with diamonds, trimmed with ermine.

Sceptre. Jewelled orb. All surrounded by a humming network of red laser beams.

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

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

CUT TO:

Bank of TV screens.

A SECURITY GUARD studies them. Sees the guided tour passing through the jewel house. One person lingers behind as they move off...

JIM, of course.

Mobile phone in hand. He's texting someone.

9 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

9

Back at 221B - SHERLOCK immersed in his science experiment. His mobile starts to buzz on the table, but he doesn't answer - too busy.

In the background we can hear the shower - JOHN in the bathroom.

10 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

10

JIM rummages in his pocket. Finds a small plastic canister filled with compressed air. (The sort you use to mend a bicycle tyre).

A little plastic tube of children's poster paint. ('FUN FINGER PAINT').

Plastic biro. Breaks off the nib. What's he doing?

CUT TO:

POV security camera.

JIM constructs a rudimentary aerosol using the paint, the biro and the tube of compressed air. He is spraying a message on the floor of the jewel house

Capital 'G'. Capital 'E'. Capital 'T'.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
What the hell...? Tony! Get down to
the Barracks.

New word. *Capital 'S'...*

CUT TO:

Running feet. Security men at the Tower (the Queen's own regiment in Busbies and red coats).

CUT TO:

JIM'S Smartphone.

TIGHT IN on the display. An iPhone (or equivalent).

Scrolling through screen after screen. He finds an '**APP**' called 'JEWEL HOUSE' - the Queen's crown emblazoned on it.

Presses it -

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

1001011001101000101011101010100100101100110001110000010110...

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

The metal gates suddenly come crashing down.

11 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY 11

A WPC scuttles into the open-plan office - looking for LESTRADE. LESTRADE has a sandwich in his gob.

WPC
(Breathless)
Sir, there's been a break-in.

LESTRADE
(Mouthful, inaudible)
Not my division.

WPC
You'll want it.

12 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 12

Beeeeep. Jewel house. One by one the laser beams all cutting out.

JIM finishes his art work on the flagstones and saunters over to where the crown jewels are stored. No apparent hurry.

Grabs a fire extinguisher. With hitherto un-imagined violence he swings it and slams it into the glass...

13 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 13

JOHN comes out of the shower in a towel, naked torso, wet hair.

SHERLOCK'S mobile is beeping madly on the table - SHERLOCK ignoring it. JOHN tuts and answers it for him. Fifty-four messages. Fifty-five. Fifty-six. Fifty-seven....

Stares at the display. Frowns. Frowns deeper.

14 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY 14

LESTRADE with DONOVAN, running down the corridor - headed for their squad car.

LESTRADE
Code black.

DONOVAN
That's Tower of London.

LESTRADE
Crown Jewels. The intruder is apparently still inside the vault.

DONOVAN
Intruder? *One.*

LESTRADE

Yes.

DONOVAN

How did he get in there?

LESTRADE

Hacked into the security system,
they think.

Jump into the car. Doors slam.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

OK. Go go go GO.

Speeds off.

15 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 15

Shards of glass have fallen over the brilliant diamonds on the crown. On JIM'S face as he reaches for it -

16 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 16

JOHN goes to SHERLOCK, offers him his phone. Expressionless.

SHERLOCK still messing around with a car battery and some test tubes.

SHERLOCK

Measuring the electrical charge of
carpet fibre. It'll have to wait.

JOHN

(Emphatic)

Look.

(Sherlock ignores him)

Right now.

(Still ignores him)

Sherlock -

Something in JOHN'S tone makes SHERLOCK look up - he's as white as a sheet.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He's back.

Hands it to him. SHERLOCK stares at the display. Flicks through.

Fifty-seven identical messages. They all say:

'Come and play. Tower Hill. Love Jim xxx.'

- 17 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 17
- JIM wearing the Crown of England -
- Clicks his phone. Scrolls through page after page.
- Different APPs with pictures of explosions and fire streams.
His full arsenal. *Everything he's got going on, on one phone!*
- Finds a new App labelled 'Bank of England'.
- 1001001010011101010010101010110101000001110101111010100100...*
- TIGHT IN on a circuit board again - a digital signal rushing through the circuitry --*
- 18 INT. POLICE CAR. DAY 18
- LESTRADE and DONOVAN in the back of the squad car, racing to Tower Hill. (DONOVAN is on the phone.)
- LESTRADE
How the hell did some whizz kid
hack into a state-of-the-art alarm
system?
- DONOVAN hands him the phone.
- DONOVAN
Secure call.
- LESTRADE
Tell them we're already on our way.
- DONOVAN
No. Another one. Another break-in.
Bank of England.
- On LESTRADE -
- 19 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 19
- JIM surfs the Apps again -
- Finds one labelled 'Pentonville Prison'. Presses it.
- 1001001111001001100011010010101100101001000110101010101000...*
- TIGHT IN again on the circuitry --*
- 20 INT. CAR. DAY 20
- LESTRADE in the car, on DONOVAN'S phone.
- His phone is ringing now, so DONOVAN answers it for him.*

LESTRADE

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

Hangs up. She offers him his own phone.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

What is it now?

DONOVAN

Pentonville Prison.

LESTRADE

Oh no, please don't tell me...

DONOVAN

All *their* security is failing now.

21 EXT/INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

21

Lines and lines of code whizzing through the air now, so much of it we can't even focus --

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

And they run into the Jewel House.

CUT TO:

Inside.

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

The cut the wires that lead to the vault doors.

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

And there is JIM...

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

JIM

(Laconic)

No rush.

22 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY

22

JIM lead away and bundled into a car by UNIFORMED OFFICERS. He doesn't resist.

SHERLOCK and JOHN scream up in a taxi just as JIM drives off. (JOHN half-dressed, wet hair). See him behind glass, carted off. A little wink to SHERLOCK as he goes...

LESTRADE approaches.

LESTRADE
You need to come.

23 INT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY 23

Jewel House.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LESTRADE enter. Look around them - see the smashed glass case, the Jewels scattered, the aftermath of an audacious crime. They look down at their feet.

POV SECURITY CAMERA.

On the floor of the jewel house in *huge HUGE* black capital letters - the graffiti:

GET

SHERLOCK

TO BLACK.

HOLD... Then FADE UP ON -

24 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 24

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

CUT TO a second mirror. JOHN doing the same. Suit and tie. A formal occasion?

CUT BETWEEN the two of them, dressing. Picking fluff of one's collar. Wanting to look just right.

CUT TO:

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

JOHN
Ready?

SHERLOCK nods. And they open their front door to -

25 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 25

- REPORTERS. Paparazzi on the front step:

'*Sherlock*'. '*Sherlock*'. '*Sherlock*'.

A POLICEMAN steers them towards an open car door.
One of the PAPS waving a Deerstalker.

PAP

Oi. Give us a shot with the 'at on.

Doors slam shut. And they speed away.

26

INT. SQUAD CAR. DAY

26

SHERLOCK and JOHN in the back of the car.

JOHN

Remember -

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

Remember -

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Intelligent - fine. But let's give 'Smartarse' a wide berth.

27

EXT. OLD BAILEY. DAY

27

TV crews outside the Old Bailey.

JUMP CUT through -

BBC REPORTER

...big crowds for what people are calling the 'Trial of the century'...

SKY REPORTER

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

ITV REPORTER

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

SKY REPORTER

...prison break-out, orchestrated by Moriarty...

BBC REPORTER

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

28

INT. OLD BAILEY, CELL BLOCK. DAY

28

Clomp clomp clomp. Five pairs of feet. Through the corridors of the cell block - the catacombs of the Old Bailey.

Four pairs of steel-toe DMs.

One pair of Gucci brogues.

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

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

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

The dock constructed like in a Mafia trial - a metal mesh stretched across for maximum security. JIM is cuffed to the chair, one each side.

Turns to one of his captors (the youngest, prettiest male policeman).

JIM

(Deadpan)

Would you mind slipping your hand inside my pocket?

An icy pause. What the hell is this about?

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

The GUARD produces a tube of fruit pastilles. Sighs with relief.

JIM (CONT'D)
Thanks awfully.

Sticks out his tongue. The GUARD obligingly unwraps one and gingerly puts it on JIM'S tongue.

29 INT. OLD BAILEY, TOILETS. DAY

29

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

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

She's wearing a Deer Stalker. Oh dear.

KITTY
You're him.

No reply from SHERLOCK.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I'm a huge fan.

SHERLOCK
You hide it well.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Two types of fans.

KITTY
Oh?

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

KITTY
And what's type B?

SHERLOCK
My-flat-is-just-a-taxi-ride-away.

Little laughter. She looks at him coyly. Bosoms still on display.

KITTY
Guess which I am.

And SHERLOCK does his routine. Examines her head to toe.

Texts flash on the screen -

-- 'PRESSURE MARKS' -- 'INK SMUDGE' -- 'POCKET' --

-- 'HEM' --

SHERLOCK

Neither.

KITTY

Really?

SHERLOCK

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

She has a red line on either forearm.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

Beat.

KITTY

That's all?

SHERLOCK

No. There's the ink-smudge on your wrist. And the bulge in your left pocket.

CUT AWAY to the clear outline of a dictaphone in her jacket pocket -

And then TIGHT IN on the dictaphone itself.

KITTY

Bit of a giveaway?

SHERLOCK

(Nods)
The smudge is deliberate.

KITTY

Oh?

SHERLOCK

See if I'm as good as they say I am.

He takes her hand - examines a black smudge.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Your finger.

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Journalist. But you wanted me to know that. Or you wanted to see if I could tell. I didn't need clues.

KITTY

Wow. I'm liking you.

SHERLOCK

You mean I'd make a feature.

KITTY

(Nods)

Plus I'm feeling a bit Fan-Type-B all of a sudden. Must be the coat.

(Offers her hand)

Kitty. Riley.

SHERLOCK

Which paper?

KITTY

Well...

SHERLOCK

(Smiles)

No fixed address. Still waiting for that first big scoop so you can make it past the rope-line. Expensive skirt.

One her suit -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's been re-hemmed twice. Only posh skirt you've got. You haven't quite hit the big time.

Her face falls a little - wounded -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But you're hoping you can launch your career with an in-depth exclusive. 'Sherlock Holmes - the man behind the boffin'.

He reaches into her jacket pocket - the bulge! - and takes out her digital voice recorder. Switches it off. Hands it back to her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

No.

(Beat. What does he mean?)
Just saving you the trouble of asking. 'No I won't give you an interview'. 'No, I don't want the money'.

KITTY

'Is your relationship with John just Platonic?'

(Beat)

Can I put you down for a 'No' there as well?

But SHERLOCK'S leaving.

KITTY (CONT'D)

One comment. Please.

He stops and turns.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Just something I can use. Get me started.

SHERLOCK

Two words.

KITTY find a pen so she can write them down.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You're repugnant.

And then, as an afterthought.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

"You're" apostrophe-R-E.

And he's gone.

30

INT. COURTROOM. DAY

30

SHERLOCK in the witness box.

The PROSECUTING BARRISTER - a plummy woman in her early 40s - on her feet. The JUDGE is on the young side - just joined the bench.

The JURY all sit in rapt attention.

JOHN in the gallery, edge of his seat.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

"Consulting criminal".

SHERLOCK

Yes.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

Your words.

SHERLOCK locks eyes with JIM for just a second. Then looks away.

JUDGE

Can you expand on that answer?

SHERLOCK

Moriarty is for hire.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

A tradesman?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JUDGE

But not the sort who'd fix your taps.

SHERLOCK

No. The sort who'd plan an execute a state assassination.

(Breath)

But he'd probably make a decent job of your taps.

Muttering in the gallery.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

Would you describe him as...?

SHERLOCK

Leading.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

What?

SHERLOCK

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

He gestures to the DEFENCE BARRISTER - a young guy. Looks rather green and inexperienced.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

He'll object. And the Judge will uphold.

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes -

SHERLOCK

Ask me 'how'. 'How' would I describe him? 'What opinion have I formed?'

JUDGE

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

SHERLOCK doesn't agree.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

How would you describe this man? His character?

Little smile from SHERLOCK. She took his advice.

SHERLOCK

First mistake. He's not a man at all. Moriarty is a spider.

(Murmurs)

He has a web with a thousand threads. And he knows precisely how every single one of them dances.

Is JIM smiling?

PROSECUTING BARRISTER

And how long...?

SHERLOCK

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

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes!

SHERLOCK

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

Murmurs. The witness' credibility suddenly rather suspect.

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

JUDGE

(To the Barrister)

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

SHERLOCK

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

JUDGE

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

SHERLOCK

Oh. Really?

Oh dear. Here we go. JOHN - in the gallery - rolls his eyes.

SHERLOCK looks at the JURY.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This jury -

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

TEACHER -- BAKER -- LIBRARIAN --

So much text that the screen is crammed. So much he can tell.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

One librarian -

TIGHT IN. The JURY are all taking notes in little note pads. One of them has numbered her pages with a simple indexing system. (SHERLOCK reading it upside down!)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Two teachers -

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Two from the city.

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

Bite marks in the pencil ends!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And the Foreman makes her living by icing cakes.

TIGHT IN. Cochineal stain. Icing sugar under fingernails.

JUDGE

Mr. Holmes -

SHERLOCK

They're all staying in a hotel for
the duration - eleven cooked
breakfasts.

JUMP CUT through tiny dots of fat - on shirts and ties.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mainly scrambled. Four fried.

TIGHT in on egg stains.

The JUDGE open-mouthed at this arrogant display. SHERLOCK
decides to leave it there... Maybe he's said a bit too much.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Too much information?

JOHN just hangs his head. It's all going soooo wrong.

The press in the gallery are furiously scribbling notes.

JUDGE

You've been called here to answer
Miss Sorrel's questions - not to
give us a display of intellectual
prowess. Keep your answers brief
and to the point! Anything else
will be treated as contempt. Think
you can manage that?

On SHERLOCK - can he?

31 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 31

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

And twenty paces behind -

SHERLOCK marched there too. In contempt of court.

32 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 32

Clang! Clang!

JIM and SHERLOCK. Shut in neighbouring cells.

Silence.

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

Sound of a scraping chair. SHERLOCK sits.

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

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

HOLD...

33 INT. CELL BLOCK. DAY 33

SHERLOCK signing for his things. JOHN has paid his fine.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

34 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 34

Returning to Baker Street - cameras clicking.

Door slams. MRS. HUDSON pokes her head out of her lounge. A new outfit and bold make-up.

MRS. HUDSON

Saw you on the telly. John looked smart.

SHERLOCK

Lipstick?

MRS. HUDSON

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

JOHN and SHERLOCK whistle past her, trudge upstairs.

35 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 35

JOHN collapses on the sofa. SHERLOCK can't settle. His mind buzzing. Drags JOHN up again.

SHERLOCK

Well?

JOHN

Well, what?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

He's not mounting any defence.

Back to 221B -

JOHN

I don't understand it. Six weeks ago Moriarty breaks into three of the most secure places in this city... Bank of England; Tower of London; Pentonville. Noone knows how. All we know is...

SHERLOCK

He ended up in custody.

SHERLOCK looking meaningfully at JOHN. JOHN, of course, has no idea why.

JOHN

Don't do that.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

The look.

SHERLOCK

Look?

JOHN

You doing the look again.

SHERLOCK

I can't see it, can I?

Pushes him in front of the mirror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's my face.

JOHN

And it's doing a 'thing'. You're doing your 'Ha-ha-John-we-know-what's-going-on-here'.

SHERLOCK

We do!

JOHN

Actually I don't. Which is why I find the face so annoying.

SHERLOCK

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

And something catches his eye.

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

36 INT/EXT. HOTEL. DAY

36

Establishing shot -

Early morning. Plush London hotel. Where the Jury are staying for the duration.

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

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

37 INT. COURTROOM. DAY

37

Court is in session. JOHN in the gallery.

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

JUDGE

Mr. Unwin? Can we have your first witness?

The inexperienced young DEFENCE BARRISTER clambers to his feet.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

Your Honour. We're not calling any witnesses.

An icy pause.

JUDGE

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

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

And he sits.

Lots of murmuring.

And then JIM turns for the very first time and looks straight
 at JOHN. Gives him a polite smile.

It's meant for SHERLOCK, but SHERLOCK isn't there to receive
 it.

38 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 38

SHERLOCK lies on the sofa, staring at the ceiling.

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

SHERLOCK
 Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury...

39 INT. COURTROOM. DAY 39

The JUDGE'S summing up.

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

JUMP CUT BETWEEN the two.

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
 You must find him 'Guilty'.

JUDGE
 ...'Guilty'.

40 INT. OLD BAILEY, CORRIDOR. DAY 40

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

The OFFICER in charge locks them in with a computer key card and hangs it around his neck.

Two ARMED POLICE stationed outside. Noone's getting in or out of there.

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

CUT AWAY to SHERLOCK still on the couch. The digital clock on his mobile phone. '10.47am'.

41 INT. OLD BAILEY - ATRIUM. DAY 41

JOHN outside the courtroom. Sits alone, waiting. Just the tick tick tick of his watch.

The USHER comes out.

USHER
 Coming back...

JOHN
 Already?

JOHN glances at his watch: '10.50am'.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Six minutes.

USHER
 (Shrugs)
 Surprised it too 'em that long to be honest. Some of them needed the loo.

42 INT. COURTROOM. DAY 42

The JURY file into court again.

CUT TO:

The FOREMAN stands.

CUT TO:

The CLERK OF THE COURT addresses her.

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

The FOREMAN opens her mouth, and...

43 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 43

SHERLOCK on the sofa - eyes closed.

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

44 EXT. STREET. DAY 44

JOHN in the street.

JOHN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
(Calm)
What happened?

JOHN
They found him 'Not guilty'.

SHERLOCK
Of course.

JOHN
You were right. No defence. And yet
they let him walk free.

SHERLOCK
He planned it this way.

JOHN
It makes no sense at all. The
prosecution case was overwhelming.
And the defence was nonexistent.

SHERLOCK
Should have known he would get to
that jury.

JOHN
The security surrounding them was
massive. Well - you saw.

And then he loses his signal.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sherlock? Jim's gone. Slipped away
afterwards. We're never going to
find him now, are we?

Beeeeep.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sherlock? Sherlock?

45 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 45

SHERLOCK puts the phone down. Sloooowly.

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

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

Take our time with this - SHERLOCK meticulously brewing up and laying the tea tray.

For two.

He's expecting company.

Finally walks back into the lounge with the tea - puts it down on the side table. Sits. Pours two cups.

Takes out his violin and starts to play -

A BACH SONATA for solo violin. (g minor)

46 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - HALL. DAY 46

The hall at 221B is dark and shadowy -

Someone fiddles with the latch for a moment, and then it opens.

It's JIM. We can just make him out in the dark.

Softly closes the door behind him. He can hear SHERLOCK playing the violin sonata on the first floor.

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

And then the violin suddenly stops playing.

SHERLOCK knows he is coming.

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

47 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 47

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

SHERLOCK

Most people knock.

(Beat)

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

Finally turns.

JIM

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

(Beat, sits)

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

SHERLOCK

(Knows the story)

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

JIM

Couldn't cope with an unfinished melody.

SHERLOCK

(Smiles)

That's why you've come.

JIM

I warned you. At the pool.

SHERLOCK

I do recall.

JIM

I said I'd find you. If you tried to interfere. If you ever tried to stop me.

SHERLOCK

'Burn me'. I think those were your words.

Beat. Little smile from JIM.

JIM

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

SHERLOCK

With the verdict?

JIM

Not much fun if you're opponent's banged up in jail. You need someone to play against - to test you. And everyone wants a good old-fashioned villain in a fairy tale.

SHERLOCK

How did you do it? Manipulate the jury? Break through the security...

JIM

Security!? Tsk. No such thing. The Bank of England is my money box these days. Think I can't worm my way inside twelve hotel bedrooms.

SHERLOCK

Ah...

JIM

Little thing called a cable network. Every hotel bedroom has a personalised TV screen.

FLASHBACK.

One of the JURORS (FOREMAN) in her hotel room, eating room service.

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

JIM (V.O)(CONT'D)

And everyone has a pressure point.

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

A threat!

JIM (CONT'D)

Someone that they want to protect from harm. Peasy, really.

Back to 221B -

SHERLOCK

So. You've come to destroy me.

JIM

Let's not rush things. Only our second date. Let's wait a while, as Janet Jackson likes to say.

JIM starts to drum with his fingers on the edge of the chair -

And odd irregular rhythm -

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

And then suddenly stops. He stands.

JIM (CONT'D)

I just came here to tell you: I owe you... one gruelling, humiliating death. And I'll be back to settle up.

He's leaving.

SHERLOCK

What was it all for? The heist. The crown jewels? And the trial...

JIM

Oh, boo. Disappointed. Not the doll I wanted. I wanted one with brains. Detective-Barbie. One who could anticipate me. One who didn't have to ask dumb questions.

SHERLOCK

All the press attention...
(Beat. Trying to puzzle it out)
Was it just for show?

JIM

Warm.

SHERLOCK

Your coming out ball. Look-at-me-world. I can do anything. You have to dream up crimes to amuse yourself. Turns out it's boring to succeed, so you just abandon them.

JIM

That's what you think? I had the crown jewels in my grasp, but then I let them go again just on a whim?
(Smiles)
There isn't a lock in the world I can't break. Nowhere is safe now. Not from little Jimmy. No money, no treasure, no state secrets. Security's a thing of the past. I've found a way in! I've devised the perfect key, Sherlock. Two million lines of code that can hack into anything.

And then SHERLOCK realises.

SHERLOCK

You were advertising -

JIM
(You've got it!)
Ah.

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

JIM
(Waves his mobile)
Big client list here. Rogue
Governments; terror cells;
intelligence community. They all
want my secret - the *virus* I used
to break in there. They're all
willing to pay me a fortune - for a
program that can crash any security
system in the world. And the
British Legal system - God Bless
her - just helped me advertise.

Siren.

JIM (CONT'D)
Right on queue. Flatfoot breaks the
tension.

SHERLOCK runs to the window.

LESTRADE drawing up in his squad car. Running out. JOHN with
him.

Turns.

JIM'S gone.

He has written on the mirror with his greasy finger: 'IOU'.

Sound of banging on the door downstairs - people rushing up.
LESTRADE bursts in. JOHN behind.

LESTRADE
Moriarty...?

SHERLOCK
(Nods)
Said he was sorry to have missed
you.

And then they hear the front door slam.

Was he hiding behind it when they rushed in?

SHERLOCK and JOHN rush to the window again - no sign of him
in the milling crowds. He's gone.

Fade to BLACK.

Long (ish) black. Then...

48 EXT. STREET. DAY 48

Cashpoint.

JOHN queuing at a busy ATM with his bags of shopping. Waits impatiently, then finally it's his turn.

Puts his card in and punches his pin.

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

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

JOHN rolls his eyes.

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

'Thank you for your patience, John.'

'JOHN'???

Bit odd the machine addressed him by name.

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

49 EXT. STREET. DAY 49

Pall Mall.

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

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

50 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY 50

A sea of leather chairs and coffee tables.

Occupied by a sea of men in chalk pin-stripe suits.

JOHN looks for someone - can't see him. So he approaches an OLD DUFFER at the nearest table.

JOHN

Er... excuse me? Mycroft Holmes?

The man blanks him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (Whispers this time)
 Do you know if Mycroft Holmes is
 about?

Blanks him still.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Can you not hear me?

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

One of them presses a bell.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Anyone know Mycroft Holmes? I've
 been asked to meet him here.

The sound of running feet. JOHN turns. LIVERIED MEN have been
 summoned by the bell.

They come in and attempt to drag JOHN out. He resists. It's
 all getting a bit ugly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 What!? I was just asking a
 question.

They try to put their hands over his mouth to stop him
 talking. And he's dragged away by the staff.

51 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

51

A second room - the *Strangers Room*.

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

MYCROFT
 Tradition, John. Our traditions
 define us.

JOHN
 Not allowed to talk to one another?

MYCROFT
 For the best, believe me. Three
 quarters of the diplomatic service
 and half of the Tory front bench
 all sharing one tea trolley.

JOHN
 Can't even say 'Pass the sugar'?

MYCROFT

Lord, no. 1971. The last time someone spoke in that room. Two diplomats fighting over cream buns. Nearly caused a coup in Venezuela. Best if we keep mum.

MYCROFT leads him to a table by the fire -

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

JOHN

You read this stuff? 'My Botox hell.'

MYCROFT points at the side bar -

MYCROFT

Caught my eye.

'EXCLUSIVE IN TOMORROW'S PAPER - SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE STAGGERING TRUTH'.

'CLOSE FRIEND RICHARD BROOK TELLS ALL'.

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

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Tomorrow's paper. They're doing a whole big expose.

JOHN

Love to know where she got her information.

MYCROFT

Someone called Brook. Richard. Recognise the name?

JOHN

(Doesn't)
School friend maybe.

MYCROFT takes the paper back and folds it away.

MYCROFT

Chit chat. This is not why I asked you here.

He takes out a cardboard folder - offers it to JOHN.

Inside - a black and white photograph. A man. Stern face. Grim features.

JOHN

Who's this?

MYCROFT
You don't know him?

JOHN
No.

MYCROFT
Never seen his face before?

JOHN
Sorry.

MYCROFT
Sulejmani. Albanian hit squad.
Highly-trained killer.

JOHN
Looks charming. What's he got to do
with me though?

MYCROFT
Found dead. Yesterday evening. Shot
in the back. Less than twenty feet
from your front door.

FLASH CUT TO - Dead Albanian Assassin, behind some bins near
to 221B.

JOHN
I didn't do it.

MYCROFT
We assumed.

JOHN
And nor did Sherlock. I can't vouch
for Mrs. Hudson, though. You want
me to keep a close eye on her?

MYCROFT utterly un-amused. Hands JOHN a second file.

Another photo - a woman this time.

MYCROFT
Dyachenko. Ludmila. Knife expert.

JOHN
Don't know her.

MYCROFT
Never will.

JOHN
Ah. I'm sensing a pattern. She dead
too?

MYCROFT
Found this morning, two doors from
where you live.

FLASH CUT TO - Dead Russian female assassin, in an alleyway.

JOHN
Baker Street is going down hill.
Two deaths in one week.

MYCROFT hands over two more folders - one in each hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh.

MYCROFT
Four top international assassins
all found dead within spitting
distance of your home.

FLASH CUT TO - Two more corpses.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
Anything you'd like to share with
me?

JOHN
I'm moving.

MYCROFT
What were they doing there?

JOHN
(Shrugs)
The shop on the corner's got a sale
on.

MYCROFT
John...

JOHN
You know how people get if there's
a bargain. Fifty quid off a wide-
screen telly, apparently.

MYCROFT
Not hard to guess the common
denominator. All of them meet their
maker in the shadow of 221B.

JOHN hands the files back.

JOHN
It's not Jim.

MYCROFT
He promised Sherlock, he would
come.

JOHN

If it *was* then they wouldn't be dead. They would have succeeded.

MYCROFT

Anything you can do to assist in our enquiries would be...

JOHN

Sure. I find a corpse on the doorstep I'll be sure to phone it in.

Gets up to go.

MYCROFT

John...

JOHN

Why me? Why d'you have to bring *me* in? Why not talk to Sherlock?

Knows the answer before he even asked.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Of course. It's a family thing.

MYCROFT

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

JOHN

Pinched all his action men?

MYCROFT

(Suddenly cold)

Nine years-old. Family tree house. Playing soldiers with the Nanny. He persuaded me to tie her up and interrogate her.

JOHN

I've heard the story before. Only Sherlock swears that you were the one who thought of it. Bye now.

JOHN deposits the brown folders and goes.

52

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

52

JOHN arrives back at the flat.

Puts the key in the latch, and then pauses. There is a padded envelope on the doorstep - leaning up against the door. Not addressed. Is it for them?

JOHN takes it, rips the top open.

Puts his hand in -

Inside - *it is filled with bread crumbs.*

What???

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

A pigeon arrives and starts to peck them.

53 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

53

JOHN running up the stairs.

JOHN
Sherlock? Something weird -

Goes into the flat.

LESTRADE and DONOVAN are here -

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's going on here?

SHERLOCK
Kidnapping.

LESTRADE
Rufus Bruhl. The U.S. Ambassador.

JOHN
(Confused)
Isn't he in Washington?

LESTRADE
Not him. His children.

JOHN
What?

LESTRADE
(Reading from notes)
Max and Claudette. Seven and nine.

DONOVAN shows them a photo. Angelic children.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
They're at St. Aldate's.

DONOVAN
Posh boarding place down in Surrey.

LESTRADE
School broke for summer. All the
other boarders went home.
(MORE)

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Just a few kids remained -
including those two.

DONOVAN

The kids have vanished.

SHERLOCK

Why do you need me?

LESTRADE

We've drawn a total blank. Not a
single speck of evidence. Anywhere.

Different POV -

*For the final seconds of the scene we see them -
SHERLOCK/JOHN/DONOVAN/LESTRADE - in a black and white grainy
picture. POV corner of the room behind the cobweb.*

Is there a hidden camera up there?

54

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

54

Sign: 'ST. ALDATE'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL.'

'7-13. DAY AND BOARDING.'

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

A handful of UNIFORMED POLICE combing the grounds.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE and DONOVAN running up the steps.

55

INT. SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY

55

A Victorian school building. Opulent but austere.

Wood-panelling with the names of past scholars. Team
photographs from years past.

MISS MACKENZIE is a mousey little Scottish Schoolmistress.
She greets them by the door - pale, distressed, weeping into
her handkerchief.

A POLICEMAN offers her tea and a blanket - the usual routine
for shock victims.

LESTRADE

(Whispers)

Miss MacKenzie, House-mistress. Go
easy.

SHERLOCK
Miss MacKenzie. You're responsible
for pupil welfare.

MISS MACKENZIE
(Still weeping)
Yes.

SHERLOCK
So - are you genuinely wicked or
just careless?

Even JOHN is taken aback by SHERLOCK'S blunt aggression.

MISS MACKENZIE
What?

SHERLOCK yanks the tea out of her hand before she can sip it.
Pulls her blanket off.

SHERLOCK
Two options. Somebody bribed you or
you kidnapped them yourself. Which
was it?

MISS MACKENZIE
(In a mad panic now)
All the doors and windows were
bolted. The atrium is monitored by
24 hour CCTV. Noone - not even *me* -
went to their room last night.
(Utter despair)
Why won't you believe me?

SHERLOCK'S expression suddenly softens.

SHERLOCK
(Suddenly smiley)
I do. I just wanted a quick
summary.

Gives her back her blanket and sweeps off, leaving her
flummoxed.

56 INT. SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY

56

A tour of the rooms.

Everywhere cold and empty now that the children have gone
home.

JOHN
You couldn't just ask her politely.

SHERLOCK
The woman feels responsible.

JOHN

Yep. Well. That much was clear.

SHERLOCK

No point in sitting through half an hour of how-she's-to-blame. Better to make her blurt it all out. Oh - let her have her tea.

In the background MISS MACKENZIE is being carried away on a stretcher by two Paramedics - passed out.

57 INT. DORMITARY. DAY

57

A Victorian-style dormitory. Four girls.

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

CLAUDIE BRUHL'S bed is the only one with bed-clothes still on it, but it has not been slept in.

A lonely-looking teddy bear tucked in the top.

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

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

Outside in the corridor - a row of big old laundry baskets - (one outside each dorm).

There's a bulge under the mattress. SHERLOCK lifts it up and finds a big brown envelope. (JOHN engaged elsewhere). SHERLOCK opens it -

Inside - a compendium of Grimm's Fairy Tales

SHERLOCK lets it fall open at the chapter headings...

POV book.

On SHERLOCK'S face. Frowns.

SHERLOCK

Show me where the brother slept.

58 INT. DORMITARY. DAY

58

Similar room. Four beds. Three of them stripped - the fourth has not been slept in.

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

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

Everything utterly neat and ordered.

JOHN

No sign of a struggle.

Little smile of admiration from SHERLOCK - JOHN has spotted something.

SHERLOCK

Think that's odd, John?

JOHN

(Shrugs)

Ten year-old boy. Why didn't he just cry out?

DONOVAN

If the intruder was armed... A professional.

LESTRADE

We're assuming it's politically-motivated. Not just some lone nut.

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

OK. So...?

SHERLOCK

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

Let's have it in FLASHBACK - the intruder's silhouette.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

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

JOHN

You think maybe he left us some sort of clue?

SHERLOCK

He knows what his father does to earn a crust. He knows that his Dad is a key political appointment. He'd have been warned about this - expected it, even.

Looking hard at the books now - the teenage Spy fiction.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Books like these aren't just for fun. They're actually preparation.

Falls to his knees and starts scrabbling around on the floor, like a dog after a buried bone.

Picks up the cricket bat - sniffs it, deep breaths. Very odd behaviour. But it doesn't smell.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not the cricket season.

Shakes the bottle of linseed.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Half this bottle's gone. What's he done with it all?

Sniffs the air. Sniffs the wall. Turns to LESTRADE.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Get Forensics in here.

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

The room gradually becoming darker and darker. On SHERLOCK and JOHN as they pass deeper into shadow, and finally blackness.

JOHN

No sign of blood. Why the ultra-violet?

SHERLOCK

All human secretions leave detectable traces. Not just blood. Also sweat and saliva. They can be picked up on ultra-violet. Like the oil in that bottle there.

The door slams shut.

Total blackout.

Click. On goes to ultra-violet.

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

HELP US

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

The UV glow picking out SHERLOCK'S profile.

JOHN

Doesn't tell us anything we didn't know.

SHERLOCK

I think the splashes on the floor are rather eloquent.

Camera pans down -

There, on the floor: UV footprints.

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Black out this whole building.

The corridor blacked out and illuminated in ultra-violet.

A Forensics officer photographing the scene with a special night-vision camera. Click click click.

JOHN, SHERLOCK, LESTRADE stumbling through the dark, following the trail of footprints.

They tell a grim story.

SHERLOCK

The boy was made to walk ahead of him.

JOHN examining MAX BRUHL'S footprints. No heel?

JOHN

On tip-toe?

SHERLOCK

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

But the corridor is very long. After a while the footprints start to grow feint.

Until - they turn a corner and there are no more.

LESTRADE

That's the end of it. We don't know where they went from here.

JOHN

Tells us nothing, after all.

SHERLOCK

Right, John. Nothing at all. Expect his shoe size, his height, his gait, his walking pace. The fact that he didn't run. Calm, under pressure.

Lights click on.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Got an image now?

CUT TO:

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

61 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

61

Back at 221B - the analysis begins. SHERLOCK gazing at the Forensic photographs from Scotland Yard - the luminous footprints. Footprints is all they have to go on.

CUT TO -

POV far corner of the room. Another grainy black and white picture.

Is there a second hidden camera on top of the bookshelves?

SHERLOCK

Thirty-ish, medium height... an elfin, rather dextrous little guy. Confident stride.

WIDE -

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Getting in the building was child's play. Think, what happens the end of term, John - parents milling around.

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

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

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

Some of them with chauffeurs and staff.

JOHN (V.O.)

You think he snuck in on the last day of term?

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

And waited for the next twelve hours, yes. Somewhere in the building.

FLASHBACK -

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

62 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY

62

Beep.

A fax machine.

A scrawled message on the fax - a ransom note.

CUT TO:

LESTRADE studies the note:

'TOMmoRoW at DawN - TheY diE.'

'UnLESS yOU brinG Me 1.2mILLioN.'

63

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

63

SHERLOCK'S computer screen. LESTRADE has scanned the note and emailed it.

CUT TO:

Microscope.

SHERLOCK scraping a tiny pinch of powder on to a slide.

Myriad coloured grains under the microscope.

SHERLOCK
Multiple compound. Came off the
bottom of his shoe.

SHERLOCK has made a careful handwritten list of the compound elements that he recognises.

TIGHTER IN:

Chalk (cretaceous)

Asphalt

Brick dust (50's)

Vegetation (2 types) - Rhododendron flower

???

The last item is a complete unknown. Adds more and more question marks all the time.

JOHN is studying the photographs of the kids' rooms -

Looks hard at the picture of the girl's dormitory. The brown envelope left under the mattress - inside it the book of fairy tales.

JOHN
That envelope - by her bed. There's
another.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

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

Where did he put it? He discarded it somewhere in this flat when he came in...

Finds it amongst the detritus on the table.

Compares it to the envelope in the photograph. Two identical brown envelopes. Same make. Same serial number. For the first time SHERLOCK'S interest is piqued.

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

SHERLOCK

Bread crumbs?

JOHN

They were there when I came back this morning.

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Two children, taken out into the forest by a wicked father, following a little trail of bread crumbs.

JOHN

(Dawns on him)
Hansel and Gretel!

SHERLOCK

First the bread crumbs then the book. He left them both for us to find. He's toying with us.

FLASHBACK -

A man's hand leaving the book under the mattress --

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

JOHN

What sort of kidnapper leaves clues?

SHERLOCK

The sort that likes to boast. The sort that treats it like a game.

SHERLOCK nods at the fireside chair.

JOHN

You think...?

SHERLOCK

He sat there. Said these exact words to me...

FLASHBACK.

JIM at 221B.

JIM

Everyone wants a good old-fashioned villain in a fairy tale.

Back to present -

SHERLOCK

He's dressed it up like a fairy tale, just to amuse himself. This - THIS - feels like Moriarty.

And then his face changes. EUREKA! Suddenly knows what he's missing.

Grabs his handwritten list and thrusts it under JOHN'S nose.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And the substance I couldn't identify! The witch's house.

JOHN

What are you talking about now?

SHERLOCK

On his footprints. It's pure sugar.

64 INT. DARK ROOM. DAY

64

Candlelight - illuminating sweetie wrappers, coloured foil, gold and silver.

The sound of chewing and gorging.

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

All over the floor - bag and bags of sweets.

And the shadows of two children. Eating.

65 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 65

JOHN and SHERLOCK leaving 221B - hailing a cab.

One pulls up -

A MAN IN A HOODIE approaches. Is he after the same cab as them? As SHERLOCK tries to climb in the MAN IN A HOODIE puts his hand out, tugs SHERLOCK'S elbow. SHERLOCK shrugs him off -

SHERLOCK

Taken.

And then, barely audible in the melee - the unmistakable sound of a bullet making impact. Apparently they don't hear it. We do (just about).

The MAN falls backwards into the gutter. Bit surprising - SHERLOCK'S shrug didn't seem that violent!

JOHN

Blimey, Sherlock. Careful.

Jump into the cab and they drive off.

The MAN IN A HOODIE still lying in the gutter - he doesn't get up again.

A tiny trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth...

66 EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY 66

Cab screeches to a halt in a busy street.

There is a HOMELESS GUY sitting in a doorway with a sign: 'SPARE ANY CHANGE'. An upturned hat.

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in London, there's a single location that put all these chemical traces on his shoes. I need my sniffer dogs to find it.

Jumps from the cab and digs in his pocket. Throws something into the HOMELESS GUY'S hat. Not money. *Mobile phone top-up cards. A really big pile of them.*

Why is he giving him mobile phone top-up cards??

Climbs back into the cab.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The homeless network, John. They
can find anything we want.

And they drive off.

67 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY

67

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE, JOHN - at Scotland Yard.

Focus on the clock - the twelve hours ticking away.

The ransom note on the table. Surrounded by all the other
evidence in sealed bags: the bottle of linseed oil; the
children's fiction.

Two children's lives reduced to a string of catalogued
evidence.

LESTRADE
You're not serious?

SHERLOCK
Sugar plants, sweet factories...

JOHN
Anywhere he might have been to get
the sugar on his shoes.

LESTRADE
He might have been in our canteen
at lunchtime.

SHERLOCK
Not that type of sugar. It's been
carefully refined. Boiled and
processed.

LESTRADE reaching for the computer -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
OK. Six signposts. Including two
types of vegetation.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK to the list, the chemical elements on the
kidnapper's shoes:

Chalk (cretaceous)

Asphalt

Brick dust (50's)

Vegetation (2 types)

Boiled sugar

TIGHT IN on '**Asphalt**'.

CUT TO:

Scotland Yard.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Asphalt - no good. Not specific
enough.

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

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

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

A map of South-west London and the north part of Surrey. He's actually shading it in, in his head.

A big coloured stripe for the chalky geology.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Brick dust - building site. Bricks
from the 1950's. Hopefully round
about now we should be getting some
answers...

CUT TO:

His phone pings.

Someone has texted him a picture of a building site.

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

JOHN
(For Lestrade's benefit)
The homeless network.

SHERLOCK
They all have camera phones.
(Quoting what he said to
them)
A derelict building - somewhere in
that district.

Looks carefully at the photos.

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

SHERLOCK seizes on a particular photograph.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Look at this one. Rhododendron
 ponticom. Exact same type of
 vegetation we found in the
 footprint.

On the imaginary map - highlights one of the building sites
 in a new colour.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Thames corridor. Addlestone. Yes!
 (Consults the map)
 There's a mile of disused factories
 between the river and the parkland.

And they run for the door.

68 EXT. FACTORY. DUSK 68

Dusk light.

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

Camera in a high window, looks down on -

Two squad cars arriving. LESTRADE/SHERLOCK/DONOVAN/JOHN in
 one. Uniformed OFFICERS in the other. Scatter in all
 directions. The hunt is on for Hansel and Gretel.

Torches click on.

69 INT/EXT. FACTORY. DUSK 69

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

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

A torch finds the foot of a staircase.

Travels up the dusty stairs to -

An upper gallery. A door.

CUT TO:

SALLY DONOVAN searching through the scrubland by torchlight.

Nothing.

CUT TO:

Door crashing open - kicked down by an OFFICER. Wooden
 splinters.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Fed them sweets.

LESTRADE searches around with his torch beam - noone is here. A few candles in a saucer burned down to nothing.

SHERLOCK puts his hand over them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Alight thirty minutes ago.

At the edge of the room - a broken floorboard. The gap looks just big enough for a child to squeeze through.

SHERLOCK examines it. Air is coming up through the gap. A tiny strand of fibre caught on a nail is blowing in the breeze.

White fibre. School shirt.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Looks like Hansel and Gretel got away.

CUT TO:

Scrubland. SALLY DONOVAN peering through the darkness. She swears she can hear crying - a child sobbing.

CUT TO:

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

Eeugh!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Mercury.

LESTRADE
What?

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

JOHN
(Finishing his thought)
It was killing them.

CUT TO:

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

Sees something in the trees. On her face.

DONOVAN

Oh my God.

And then on -

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

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

70

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

70

LESTRADE'S office.

All the evidence still spread out across the table.

SHERLOCK

Ingenious.

JOHN

Don't. Don't do that. Don't act like you admire him. A nine year-old boy nearly died.

SHERLOCK

Every one of those aluminium wrappers has been painted with a microscopic amount. Not enough to kill of its own accord, but taken in large quantities - eventually it would have killed them. He didn't have to be here for the execution. He could be a thousand miles away. They were taking their own lives without knowing.

Door opens. DONOVAN appears.

DONOVAN

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

SHERLOCK and JOHN on their way out. She stops them momentarily.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

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

SHERLOCK
Not be myself.

DONOVAN
Yep. Might be helpful.

71 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, INTERVIEW ROOM. NIGHT 71

SHERLOCK and JOHN enter the interview room.

The seven year-old girl - CLAUDIE RUHL - with a SOCIAL WORKER holding her hand and administering cocoa. LESTRADE close by.

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

As SHERLOCK enters, CLAUDIE looks up....

And starts screaming.

Screaming. Screaming. Screaming. Utterly hysterical.

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

LESTRADE
(To Sherlock)
Out. Get out!

SHERLOCK ushered away.

72 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT 72

LESTRADE'S office. SHERLOCK/JOHN/LESTRADE.

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

JOHN
Doesn't make any sense.

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

JOHN
What's she said?

LESTRADE
Hasn't uttered another syllable.

JOHN
And the boy?

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

SHERLOCK
 Well - we still have the forensic
 evidence - we're building up a
 profile of the man based on the way
 he walked.

LESTRADE
 OK. Good.

They are leaving - LESTRADE sees them to the door.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
 I shouldn't dwell on what happened.
 I often feel like that when you
 come into a room.

JOHN
 Yep. Me as well.

They exit.

LESTRADE about to go back into his office. DONOVAN catches
 him by the arm -

DONOVAN
 Sir?

73

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

73

LESTRADE and DONOVAN whispering in the corner of the office.

DONOVAN
 (Sceptical)
 From his feet?

LESTRADE
 Look - I don't know, do I? I'm not
 a flaming scientist. I go where
 Sherlock points. He found
 microscopic evidence in the
 footprints - sugar from the
 factory.

DONOVAN
 And that's what lead us to the
 children?

LESTRADE nods.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Doesn't it seem a bit improbable?
Sugar stuck on the bottom of his
shoes.

LESTRADE
Doesn't it always where Sherlock is
concerned?

DONOVAN
Only *he* could have found that
evidence.

DONOVAN stares at him, grim-faced.

LESTRADE
What are you driving at, Sergeant?

The COMMISSIONER enters the open plan office. They see him
through the internal windows.

74

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

74

THE COMMISSIONER/DONOVAN/LESTRADE, reviewing the case.

LESTRADE
Absurd!

COMMISSIONER
Lestrade. Just hear the Sergeant
out.

DONOVAN
A high-profile kidnapping. And he
saves them in the nick of time.
Covers himself in glory. And then,
when the victim sets eyes on him
she screams the place down.

LESTRADE
You're not seriously suggesting
he's involved?

Beat. Oh yes she is - her eyes say it.

DONOVAN
Surely we have to entertain the
possibility.

COMMISSIONER
Spell it out for us. What's your
theory, Donovan?

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

LESTRADE

He's solved dozens of cases for us!
Why would he suddenly decide to
stage a hoax one now?

DONOVAN

He's got an image to maintain.
Celebrity status.

She tosses a newspaper across the table. KITTY'S by-line.
**'EXCLUSIVE IN TOMORROW'S PAPER - SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE
STAGGERING TRUTH'**.

'CLOSE FRIEND RICHARD BROOK TELLS ALL'.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Happens when you're top of your
game. Only one way to go.

Out on LESTRADE, incandescent at the suggestion -

75

EXT. TUBE STATION. NIGHT

75

JOHN and SHERLOCK returning home - coming out of BAKER STREET
TUBE station.

JOHN

You haven't said a word. Whole
journey.

No response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Are you upset? About the girl?

SHERLOCK looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

OK. Stupid suggestion.

SHERLOCK

You're not a chess player.

JOHN

OK. And that's relevant?

SHERLOCK

Grandmasters - they can think
fifteen, maybe eighteen moves
ahead.

JOHN completely lost.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Leading)

Jim. Assume he planned the whole
kidnapping.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Maybe he left the chemicals in the footprint *deliberately*. Knowing that only *I* would interpret them. However improbable.

JOHN

Isn't that what usually happens? The police are totally clueless, then you come along and spot all the things that eluded them.

SHERLOCK

This time is different. The scream changes everything. Yesterday I was talented, eccentric - today I'm downright suspicious.

Beat before JOHN realises what he means -

JOHN

You're not suggesting...?

SHERLOCK

Just think. Think ahead, John - as many moves as you can. I knew their precise location. And then the young girl screamed when she saw me. I'm a suspect as of this moment. That's the fate Jim's planned for me.

They turn the corner -

There is a squad car already parked outside 221B, light flashing. LESTRADE there waiting.

SHERLOCK smiles a 'Told you so' smile at JOHN. And they cross the road to their flat -

But they haven't seen a car coming towards them fast! And it hasn't seen them. Driving way too fast, the DRIVER texting someone, not noticing SHERLOCK. JOHN jumps out of the way -

SHERLOCK is about to be hit with the full force.

JOHN

Sherlock!!

The car is inches close to him, and then -

Someone steps out of nowhere and saves him.

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

Slowly they dusk themselves off and stand. SHERLOCK offers his hand by way of a thank you -

And as he does the SHAVEN-HEADED MAN suddenly gets shot - a bullet in the back! That unmistakable sound again.

He slumps into SHERLOCK'S arms, bleeding from the mouth.

Who shot him? LESTRADE rushes forward to help.

They look around for open windows in the street - there are dozens and dozens. No sign of a gun barrel.

What the hell just happened here?

76

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

76

SHERLOCK and JOHN. MRS. HUDSON administering tea.

SHERLOCK

Forgot??

JOHN

Sorry - with everything that happened today...

SHERLOCK

Forgot to tell me??

JOHN

Mycroft invited me over for a gossip. He said that there had been a spate of deaths here. He thought -

SHERLOCK

That they were connected to me. Well, this one is certainly.

POV camera in the corner of the room - grainy black and white picture - **there are definitely hidden camera in this room. Do they realise?**

LESTRADE enters. Tosses a gun on to the table.

WIDE -

LESTRADE

He was carrying a Glock nineteen.

JOHN

The dead man?

LESTRADE

(Nods)

Unusual in this country. But...

SHERLOCK

... a weapon favoured most by Serbian gangs.

JOHN

So. A Gang Lord who saves your life. And then gets shot in the process. Someone tell me what's going on.

LESTRADE and JOHN look blankly at one another.

Another subliminally fast shot of them from a hidden camera, and then back to -

SHERLOCK

Well, it's obvious isn't it?

JOHN

You're doing the look again.

SHERLOCK

Remind me -

JOHN

The annoying look.

LESTRADE

Hasn't he's got several of those?

JOHN

This one is the worst - by miles.

SHERLOCK

'We-both-know-what's-going-on?'

JOHN

That's the fella.

SHERLOCK

You need me to explain?

JOHN

Yep. If you wouldn't mind.

LESTRADE

Please.

SHERLOCK

Think about what Mycroft told you - multiple assassins getting bumped off on our doorstep.

FLASHBACK - the four corpses that MYCROFT described, lying dead in the street. One-two-three-four in quick succession -

Plus the HOODIE beside the cab.

Plus the SHAVEN-HEADED MAN.

Now it's six.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Maybe they've been sent to make
 contact with me - different rogue
 Governments - international terror
 cells.

Go back a day -

SHERLOCK and JOHN coming out of the Chinese restaurant, round the corner. They dart down a short-cut - through an alleyway. It's dark. They bump into someone - a woman. Don't even notice that a split second later she is shot -

Ludmila Dyachenko. The Russian assassin. Died a split second after making contact.

Back another day -

SHERLOCK coming out of the Chemist with a box of nicotine patches -

A man fumbling for change, drops it on the pavement. SHERLOCK reaches down and hands it back.

Woomf! A second later he is shot by a silencer, rolls backwards into some dustbins. It's Sulejmani. SHERLOCK oblivious.

Back to 221B -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Whichever one of them approaches me
 first - his rivals will gun him
 down in cold blood. This whole
 street must be swarming with
 criminals.

MRS. HUDSON
 Oh, Sherlock - and it used to be
 such a nice neighbourhood...

SHERLOCK
 I've got something valuable they
 want - that why he tried to save my
 life in the street.

Goes to the window, draws back the curtain -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Baker Street is the ghetto right
 now.

Looks down at the people crossing the road - the people in the windows opposite. Suddenly they all seem suspicious.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 And yet I'm safer here than
 anywhere.

JOHN
What is it that they want from you?

SHERLOCK
(Fascinated)
Don't know yet.

MRS. HUDSON
Inspector? Viennese whirl?

LESTRADE
No, thank you. Official business...

SHERLOCK
No.

LESTRADE
What?

SHERLOCK
That's the answer.

LESTRADE
You haven't heard the question.

SHERLOCK
You want me to come down to the station and assist with your enquires. Just saving you the trouble of asking.

LESTRADE
Sherlock...

SHERLOCK
The scream.

LESTRADE
Yes, look...

SHERLOCK
Who was it? Donovan? 'Am I somehow responsible for the crime?' Jim's smart. He put that doubt in your heads. Than awful nagging sensation. You have to be strong to resist it now.

LESTRADE
Jim couldn't make that girl freak out.

SHERLOCK
Oh, he could do just about anything he wanted. A man who could corrupt a whole jury to save himself from prison - I think making a girl scream was amateur hour.

LESTRADE

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

He's got right inside your heads. Clever boy. How can you fight an idea? You can't. It just festers and grows. He knows that deep down you're all resentful - I've made half the police force into idiots. You all want to hate me now.

LESTRADE

Will you come?

SHERLOCK

And be paraded in front of the Commissioner? The press gaggle? Treated like a liar and a fraud?
(Shakes his head)
Got more important things on, sorry. Give the Commissioner my apologies.

LESTRADE leaves.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(To Mrs. Hudson)

Right. Let's talk about the dusting, shall we?

What??

77 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

77

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

He's taking her to task and she's not sure why. JOHN baffled too.

MRS. HUDSON

I don't know what you're getting so het up about - when I've tried to dust in the past you just shoo me away.

SHERLOCK feverishly searching every corner.

SHERLOCK

Precise details. The last week - no, say ten days. Ever since the corpses started appearing in the street. What's been cleaned?

MRS. HUDSON

Well, Tuesday I did your bathroom.

SHERLOCK

No. Here. This room. This is where I live. This is where we'll find it.

JOHN

Find what?

SHERLOCK

Any breaks in the layer of dust. They can put back anything but dust. Dust is eloquent.

MRS. HUDSON

(To John)

What's he on about?

JOHN does that shrug that he does.

SHERLOCK

Surveillance cameras.

MRS. HUDSON

What?

SHERLOCK

This whole street is teeming with dangerous criminals - scrutinising my every move...

JOHN

You think they've put cameras in here somewhere?

SHERLOCK

Look for changes in the layers of dust. That's the vital clue.

He thinks he's found one... the top bookshelf is nowhere near as dusty. Something or someone has wiped the dust away.

78

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT

78

LESTRADE has reported to THE COMMISSIONER. DONOVAN there too.

A heavy silence. Then...

COMMISSIONER

OK. He doesn't leave us much choice. But I hate to see it go so far so soon. Send a squad car to arrest him.

LESTRADE

Sir...

COMMISSIONER

Do it.

Beat. And then they go. LESTRADE and DONOVAN leaving side by side.

LESTRADE

(Whispers)

Proud of yourself?

DONOVAN

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

Beat. LESTRADE can't quite believe what he's hearing.

79

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

79

SHERLOCK on his laptop - MRS. HUDSON at his shoulder. He is scrolling through a list of Wi-fi signals.

JOHN still scrabbling round looking for changes in the dust layer - sees a tiny camera hidden under the table.

JOHN

Found another -

SHERLOCK

(Not listening)

If we scan for all the signals then
maybe we can get an image on this
screen -

Click click click.

A plethora of Wi-fi signals in the area. Tellingly many of them have foreign names. Dozens and dozens of Foreign Wi-fi signals suddenly available in 221B.

JOHN

That's three we've found. One on
the bookshelf, one behind the skull
and one in the kitchen. You think
there are more?

SHERLOCK

Mm, possibly.

SHERLOCK spins his laptop round -

Yep. There are definitely more.

His laptop screen is divided into a grid of tiny pictures. Thirty different camera angles in the room. Thirty hidden cameras staring at them right now.

Each one from a different crime gang - different picture quality and different film colours.

80 INT. SCOTLAND YARD, CORRIDOR. NIGHT 80

DONOVAN and LESTRADE still arguing.

DONOVAN

A psycho, living under the protection of a powerful brother - a brother who can always get him off the hook. What if every single case he's ever solved was an elaborate charade? And you and me - we just lapped it up.

And she hurries out to arrest him.

LESTRADE hangs back and dials his mobile.

81 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 81

JOHN hangs up his phone.

JOHN

Still got some friends on the force, then.

SHERLOCK still studying the computer screen - not listening. (MRS. HUDSON gone - to answer the door).

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lestrade. Says they're coming over here right now to arrest you. They'll be queuing up to slap on the handcuffs - every single officer you've ever made feel like a tit.

SHERLOCK

(Engaged with a totally different problem)
Why are all these cameras focussed on me?

JOHN

I'm expecting the most well-resourced police action in British history. Would be good if between now and then we could actually think of something to persuade them against it.

Knock at the door. MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON
Oo-oo. Sorry. Am I interrupting?

JOHN
No, we're not busy. Just planning the rest of our evening. Thought we'd maybe get take-out, watch the match, and then Sherlock will get dragged off in leg irons. A regular Thursday.

MRS. HUDSON isn't listening.

MRS. HUDSON
Some chap delivering a parcel.

Offers them a labelled jiffy bag.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)
Marked perishable.

SHERLOCK
Chap?

MRS. HUDSON
I had to sign for it.

Now offers them a delivery note.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)
Odd name. German spelling.
(Reads)
Grimm.

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

The delivery firm listed is indeed 'GRIMM BROS.'

Gingerly he takes the jiffy bag from her.

JOHN
Can't get through a day without taunting us.

SHERLOCK rips it open.

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

SHERLOCK
Burnt to a crisp.

JOHN
What's it mean?

SHERLOCK

The end of the fairy tale. Hansel and Gretel, remember? The evil witch dies in the fire.

JOHN

'Burn you'. This is what he meant.

SHERLOCK

Jim has written his own fairy tale. And it's about to end.

Bang bang bang on the door. MRS. HUDSON runs down to answer. Blue lights flashing at the windows. The POLICE have come.

JUMP CUT TO:

82

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

82

LESTRADE leading the team. Speaking with no enthusiasm.

LESTRADE

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

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

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

It's alright.

JOHN

No way, it's ridiculous...

LESTRADE

Get him downstairs.

JOHN

(To Sherlock.)
Nothing - nothing! - will ever make me believe...

SHERLOCK

I know, John. I know it.

And SHERLOCK is dragged downstairs.

JOHN left in the room with SALLY DONOVAN. She is looking at him all too smugly.

Silence. And then...

DONOVAN

I said it. First time we met.

JOHN

Don't...

DONOVAN

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

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

COMMISSIONER

Donovan.

DONOVAN

Sir.

COMMISSIONER

Got our man.

DONOVAN

Yes, sir.

COMMISSIONER

Know what? In my heart I've always suspected it. Bloke's a total charlatan. Noone could really be that much of a Clever Dick.

Turns to JOHN. Oops, didn't know he was there. How is JOHN going to react?

HOLD...

83

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

83

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

The front door opens and JOHN is bundled out.

SHERLOCK

Joining me?

JOHN

Uh-huh.

A POLICEMAN handcuffs them together.

SHERLOCK
Under arrest as well?

JOHN
Apparently it's against the law to
punch the Commissioner.

The COMMISSIONER comes out with a handkerchief pressed to his lip.

SHERLOCK
(Cheerful and polite)
Bit awkward this.

JOHN
Mm. Noone to bail us out.

SHERLOCK
I was thinking more about our
imminent daring escape.

Beat. Did JOHN just hear that correctly?

JOHN
What?

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

All the ARMED OFFICERS (wearing ear pieces) suddenly cringe in pain - the feedback is deafening. Some of them even drop their guns.

SHERLOCK grabs a gun from the nearest ARMED OFFICER.

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

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

SHERLOCK pulls back the trigger.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Now would be good.

They all comply.

JOHN
Just so you're aware - the gun is
his idea. I'm just - you know...
[handcuffed to him]

Whispers to SHERLOCK.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What happens now?

SHERLOCK
Now we do what Jim expects. We run.

84 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

84

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

JOHN
(Breathless)
Holding hands. The press are going to have a field day.

SHERLOCK suddenly stops running - drags JOHN into the shadows.

They can hear the sirens - the police giving chase.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Why are we stopping?

SHERLOCK
Foxes and hounds.

JOHN
What??

SHERLOCK
Run from an animal - it gives chase. Doesn't matter if it sees you or not - it just assumes you're up ahead somewhere. If we stay put for a while, the police will leave.

And they start to double back through the shadows towards BAKER STREET.

85 EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

85

JOHN and SHERLOCK out of breath - they lie low in a darkened alley, right behind their home.

They can see MRS. HUDSON at the back window.

SHERLOCK
(Whispers)
Everyone wants to believe it - that's what makes it so powerful - a lie that's more appealing than the truth. All those brilliant deductions were a sham. Noone feels inadequate. Not if I'm an ordinary man.

JOHN
What happens next?

SHERLOCK
I don't know - it's an enigma.

JOHN
On the run from the police...

SHERLOCK
Oh, that. No. That's the easy part.
I was thinking about the
surveillance. What have I got that
everyone suddenly wants? Dozens and
dozens of criminal minds right here
in Baker Street. All of them
focussed on me...

DARK MAN (O.S.)
Sherlock Holmes?

They turn suddenly - a DARK MAN looming over them. Found them
cowering in the alley.

SHERLOCK
(With foreboding)
What is it you all want from me?

The DARK MAN digs in his pocket... Is it a gun?

No - it's just a pen and a scrap of paper. Phew.

DARK MAN
I saw you in the paper. Will you
sign an autograph? To Derek.

Oh. Thank God. Just a fan. He offers his paper and pen. And
then -

Gunshots! Bang bang.

They all dive for cover. The autograph book gets shot to
pieces. The DARK MAN - an innocent autograph hunter - runs
away into the shadows screaming.

JOHN
This is going to do wonders for
your fan base - noone can come near
you, in case they get a bullet in
the back.

More shots. They're coming from the rooftops.

SHERLOCK drags JOHN up and they start to run.

SHERLOCK
On our roof.

But they're not running away from the bullets - they're running directly towards them.

JOHN
Sherlock! What are you doing?

SHERLOCK
They won't kill me. They need me alive.

JOHN
It's not you I'm worried about.

SHERLOCK climbs up the fire escape to the roof of 221, searching for the source of the gunfire. JOHN dragged behind.

Glimpses a shadow up on the rooftop, pulls JOHN up after him. Determined to find the man.

An exhausting climb -

They reach the rooftop of 221 and -

Nothing. No gunman in sight. Just the view out over BAKER STREET at night. MADAME TUSSAUD'S roof, and the PLANETARIUM.

SHERLOCK
We flush him out.

SHERLOCK drags JOHN out to the edge of the building, teetering on the edge now.

JOHN
Sherlock - we're going to fall.

SHERLOCK
He won't let that happen. I'm too valuable.

SHERLOCK right on the edge of the building. JOHN clutches him to stop him slipping. Three floors down.

And then SHERLOCK pretends to slip - arms wind-milling.

JOHN
Sherlock!

A HOODED MAN jumps out of the shadows and runs towards them.

SHERLOCK making a great show of the fact that he and JOHN are about to fall.

SHERLOCK
Oh God, I'm slipping...

The HOODED MAN grabs them and hauls them away from the edge with both hands.

SHERLOCK seizes his opportunity - he reaches into the MAN'S belt, grabs his gun and points it straight at him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What have I got that's so important?

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Tell me.

HOODED MAN

They were planted on you. Day of the verdict.

SHERLOCK

Planted?

HOODED MAN

The sixty-four pieces.

Gunshot!

Someone has just shot the HOODED MAN in the back. He falls forward on to them.

JOHN

Try not to go near anyone for a bit, yeah?

Sirens still wailing in the background.

86 EXT. ST BART'S. NIGHT 86

Establishing shot of the hospital.

87 INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT 87

MOLLY HOOPER has finished her shift - watch her go through the motions; washing her hands; hanging up her lab coat. Goes to her locker, in the far corner of the room. Opens the door, then -

Somebody grabs her - hand over her mouth. She squeals.

It's SHERLOCK. Doesn't let go.

MOLLY realises that there is a second hand right next to her face - handcuffed to SHERLOCK. She sees JOHN standing with him.

SHERLOCK

(Whispers)

The two millimeter scalpel is absolutely ideal for springing locks. John and I are rather tired of holding hands.

JOHN

We were attracting rather a lot of comment.

He relaxes, feels that she isn't going to scream, so he lets his hand slip.

CUT TO:

The hand-cuffs coming off. JOHN rubs at his wrists.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sixty-four?

SHERLOCK

(Muses)

Squares on a chessboard. Chambers in a bee-hive. Four time four times four. I don't know.

JOHN

He said something that was *planted*. By Jim?

SHERLOCK

Must be.

JOHN

The day of the verdict.

SHERLOCK

The day he left the IOU.

FLASHBACK.

JIM in the chair at 221B. JIM drumming his fingers.

Back to the cab -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Jim's little joke. Whatever it is - it's valuable. And he told them all that they would find it on me.

JOHN

Sixty-four what?

SHERLOCK

We'd have to get inside the flat. Although by now the place will be staked out by CID.

MOLLY appears.

MOLLY
You'll be safe until the morning.
Seven o'clock the day shift arrive -
after that this place will be
swarming.

JOHN
This is very kind of you.
(Nudging Sherlock)
Isn't it?

MOLLY
(Sweetly)
Oh. I'm sure it's all just one big
misunderstanding.

SHERLOCK
Who is he?

MOLLY
What?

SHERLOCK
New dress, new perfume. Heels - not
very practical for work. Who are
you meeting?

Beat. She doesn't want to say.

MOLLY
(Crisp)
Someone nice.
(Corrects herself)
Someone who thinks *I'm* nice. Which
is how it's supposed to work, isn't
it? 'Night.

And she goes. JOHN can't resist a little smile.

88

INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT

88

Darkness. SHERLOCK tapping away at the computer -
'64'. Finds every possible reference he can with a search
engine. Nothing that seems relevant.

JOHN beside him, yawns.

JOHN
Mycroft was right, after all. All
those people dead because they
tried to contact you.

SHERLOCK pauses, exhausted.

SHERLOCK

What else did you talk about? You and him.

JOHN

Tree houses.

SHERLOCK

Ah.

JOHN

Playing spies. Interrogating Nanny. He said you thought of it.

SHERLOCK

Selective memory.

SHERLOCK raises an eyebrow.

JOHN

Oh - and he pointed put a piece in tomorrow's paper. Kiss and tell story about you.

SHERLOCK

How much did you get for it?

JOHN

Yeah, right. A bloke called Brook. Richard Brook.

SHERLOCK looks at him sharply. As if he has suddenly been hit over the head - this is big news.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who is he? Is he an old school friend or something? You've never mentioned him.

SHERLOCK

(Eyes wide)

He's the puppet master.

89

EXT/INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES. NIGHT

89

Newspaper Offices - a sign outside ('Nation's favourite daily', or equivalent.)

It's late - most of the Reporters are in the pub by now. Just a few custodial staff - a few lights left on.

CUT TO -

The news room.

It's dark in here. A solitary light burns in an office in the corner. Distant sound of typing.

CUT TO -

Office. KITTY RILEY at a desk, typing furiously.

CUT TO -

Lift ascending.

It pings. Soft footsteps on the darkened newsroom floor.

KITTY looks up - jumps!

Standing at the door to her office are SHERLOCK and JOHN.

SHERLOCK

(Smiles)

News never sleeps. Apparently they've arrested me. Got that in your story? It's good stuff.

KITTY

Just adding it now.

90

INT. CORNER OFFICE. NIGHT

90

SHERLOCK/KITTY/JOHN.

SHERLOCK

Big day for you tomorrow.

No response from her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Congratulations. The truth about Sherlock. Everybody wanted the scoop. Who's your source?

KITTY

Never met him.

SHERLOCK

Let's not play that game. Enough background information to write a whole article about me. Rich pickings. Your ticket to the big league. Are you seriously claiming you never laid eyes on Mr. Brook.

She smiles, an unpleasant smile.

KITTY

I gave you your opportunity. I wanted your help with it, remember? You turned me down flat.

SHERLOCK

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

KITTY

Look, I told you...

SHERLOCK

Come on, Kitty. You don't just trust some voice on the end of a phone. There were furtive little meetings in cafes. There were sessions in hotel rooms where he gabbed away into your dictaphone.

Beat. Her silence is assent - SHERLOCK is quite right.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How did you know you could trust him? A man turns up and gives you everything you want. What were his credentials?

KITTY

(Glib smile)

If the face fits.

SHERLOCK

Yes. Of course. You'd seen him in the flesh. In court.

JOHN

Sherlock? Who the hell d'you mean?

SHERLOCK

Jim Moriarty.

JOHN

(Incredulous)

He's her source? He's Richard Brook?

SHERLOCK

Isn't it obvious?

KITTY

How did you know?

SHERLOCK

The name. It's a cipher.

JOHN

I don't get it.

SHERLOCK

Jim's little joke. He's played us all. Even you. Especially you. And he's given you something really damning for the article, hasn't he? A revelation that will drag me down for good.

KITTY

(Sneers)

Fifty p from any newsagent...

SHERLOCK

What's it say?

Tosses him a copy of her story from a fat file.

KITTY

He's not Moriarty. You are.

Silence. A really long heavy silence.

SHERLOCK reads. And then SHERLOCK smiles. Laughs a little. This is too absurd even to contemplate.

KITTY (CONT'D)

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

JOHN

Invented him??

KITTY

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

JOHN

That's just ridiculous! I met Jim at the swimming pool. I saw him sitting in the dock at the Bailey every day.

KITTY

An actor. Hired to play a part - to read your lines.

JOHN

For God's sake. He was on trial!

KITTY

Yes. And Sherlock paid him.

Beat.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Paid him to take the rap - but Sherlock promised that he'd rig the jury; throw the trial. You invented this Jim Moriarty and paid a man to play the part perfectly, right down to the wire.

JOHN looks between them - utterly amazed.

SHERLOCK

And that's what you're publishing tomorrow? That's the big conclusion of this story. Moriarty isn't real? Just a well-paid stooge.

KITTY

An out of work actor. Paid to recite the script you wrote him.

She hands him a black and white photo of this out-of-work actor. JIM MORIARTY.

Underneath it says the name: 'RICH BROOK'.

Then she opens a folder on her laptop and spins it so they can see -

A folder of articles about BROOK. Birth certificate, CV, reviews of plays that he's been in! JIM has really done a thorough job inventing himself.

SHERLOCK scrolls through it all as KITTY speaks.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Sherlock Holmes. Wants to be a hero, but he can't be unless he's got someone really bad to play against. Like the Bruhl kids - the games are planned by you. He was just a stand in. And John - you and me were the audience. I tracked him down. I *found* Moriarty - found him living in secret, under his real name.

SHERLOCK

You didn't track him down. He made sure that you found him. He left you clues to his door - he knew that you were hungry.

KITTY

(Shakes her head)

You can't hoodwink the world any more, Sherlock. Five million copies going to print right now.

(MORE)

KITTY (CONT'D)

Everyone who reads it will know -
there is no Jim Moriarty. There is
only you.

91 INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT

91

St. Bart's. The laboratory. The lights are off - just the
gentle glow of the computers on standby.

SHERLOCK and JOHN stumbling through the dark.

A light flicks on.

It's LESTRADE. And he's holding a gun.

LESTRADE

Don't have to be Einstein. If
you're not at home, you're hanging
out with people you relate to -
i.e. corpses.

SHERLOCK

This official?

LESTRADE

Yeah. I'm here to tell you -
officially - you're an arrogant
berk. And you owe me thirty quid.

SHERLOCK

What?

LESTRADE

Laundry. Making me kneel down in
the street when you pulled that
gun. You're going to pay to get my
trousers cleaned. There, that's all
the official business done.

Puts the gun down. They all relax.

There is a plate of sandwiches and a flask.

JOHN

Nice of you to bring us food,
Lestrade.

LESTRADE

Nope. Wasn't me.

MRS. HUDSON suddenly sweeps in.

MRS. HUDSON

Couldn't find any napkins. Oh,
hello Sherlock.

(Offers them plate)

Cheese or chicken?

SHERLOCK
Why are you here?

MRS. HUDSON
Can't be a fugitive without
something inside you.

SHERLOCK
Both of you - get out.

An awkward beat. They all stare.

JOHN
You know - for a man who claims to
be intelligent, it's amazing you
can't recognise friendship when
it's standing right in front of
you. You're a suspected felon, and
Mrs. Hudson's spent her evening
cutting off your crusts.

SHERLOCK
Look...

JOHN
Lestrade is risking his job -
really he ought to be clapping you
in irons and dragging you off.

SHERLOCK
This isn't a game. Not any more.
Jim's obsessed. And he isn't going
to stop until I've been destroyed.

MRS. HUDSON
There's only one of him. There's
four of us.

SHERLOCK
No. You can't stay. You're putting
me in danger when you're here.

JOHN
What do you mean?

SHERLOCK
(Matter of fact)
I care about you. Isn't it obvious?

Pause. Long pause. Three very surprised people.

JOHN
Er...

SHERLOCK
I can't fight him if I'm trying to
protect you. Friendship is
dangerous. It blunts my capability.

JOHN
Friendship!?

SHERLOCK
I wouldn't drink and drive. And I
can't work with people I love
buzzing round me. Best if you all
leave now. Take the sandwiches.

Everyone dumbfounded. SHERLOCK really doesn't see what all
the fuss is about.

JOHN
'Love'?

SHERLOCK
I do have emotions, John. It's just
- for the sake of the work - I need
to restrain them.

JOHN
What happened to 'high-functioning
sociopath'?

SHERLOCK
I got that from a book.

LESTRADE
Well - it had me convinced.

JOHN
Yeah. Me too actually.
(Beat)
So - you're saying you actually
'love' us?

SHERLOCK
Of course. Are you really that
moronic that you didn't know?

JOHN
Well, when you say things like that
of course it's obvious -

MRS. HUDSON
(Overwhelmed)
Oh, Sherlock -

Rushes forward and hugs him. Won't let go. He deals with it
as best he can.

SHERLOCK
Does everybody have to have a hug?

JOHN
(Looking at Lestrade)
Think we're fine as we are.

LESTRADE

Yep.

92 EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 92

Dawn. Establishing shot of the hospital.

Outside - a newspaper stand. A bundle of papers thrown down off a lorry - the big splash on SHERLOCK. The 'Richard Brook' revelation.

93 INT. LABORATORY. DAY 93

SHERLOCK dressing - putting on the coat and scarf. Time to go.

He's left a note for MOLLY on her desk - in a sealed envelope.

JOHN appears.

SHERLOCK

Lestrade will get us into the flat.
Find out exactly what Jim planted
on me.

JOHN

Seen the article?
(Offers newspaper)
Kitty's story. Loads of background
detail - your childhood,
University, everything.

SHERLOCK

(Doesn't want to look)
If you're going to sell a big lie
it helps to dress it up in the
truth.

JOHN

But how did Jim get hold of this?
All these incredibly personal
details. He's even got the tree
house story -
(Beat)
No...

94 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 94

Pall Mall. The facade of a London club.

Brass plate. *The Diogenes*.

95 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

95

JOHN arrives in the salon filled with armchairs. The sun streams in from high windows.

MYCROFT is sitting in a high-backed chair facing away. We cannot see him at first.

MYCROFT (O.S.)
Where is he?

JOHN walks over and sits.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
I half-expected him.

JOHN
Every policeman in London is out looking. He can't come here. He can't come out of hiding. He's a suspect in a murder case now. And only you can help him.

Slaps the morning paper on the table - the RICHARD BROOK headline.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're the only one who knows. You know that Jim is real.

MYCROFT
(Laughs)
You think I should release a little statement. It's not that simple. Jim's... toxic. This is delicate.

Beat. JOHN digesting the information.

JOHN
It suits you to keep everyone in the dark about him.

96 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

96

Police sitting in an unmarked car outside 221B.

LESTRADE knocks on the window.

LESTRADE
My shift. You chaps get off home.

97 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

97

JOHN and MYCROFT.

JOHN

One phone call. Police
Commissioner. All of Sherlock's
problems will melt away. Surely you
want to help him.

MYCROFT

The world cannot afford to have a
James Moriarty in it.

JOHN

OK. You'd rather see Sherlock take
the blame - imprisoned for multiple
crimes that he didn't commit.
Rather than have Jim up in the
dock again.

(Beat)

What have you and Jim been up to?

MYCROFT looks at him sharply.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know that you've been talking to
him.

98 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

98

SHERLOCK back in his flat.

Looks around.

Sixty-four what? What is different about this place? What did
JIM plant here? 64 what?

And then a shadow behind him...

Someone slips their hands around his neck.

99 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

99

JOHN and MYCROFT.

JOHN

(The book)

All this background information.
Stuff that only someone close to
him - a brother - could know.

Shoves the paper at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Seven years-old. Family tree house.
Sherlock claims that it was your
idea. You say he thought of it
first. Which version has she
written about here?

MYCROFT gazes at the paper, astonished.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jim is the source, but he got all his material from you. Have you got Moriarty stuffed in a drawer somewhere? Time to own up, don't you think? Who's in bed with whom?

100 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 100

SHERLOCK and the ASSASSIN grappling.

ASSASSIN

The sixty-four. I need the key code. Play it for me.

SHERLOCK

'Play'!?

101 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY 101

JOHN and MYCROFT.

MYCROFT

(Gestures around him)
Don't be fooled by this... the trappings of civilisation. Cut glass and leather sofas. *We are at war.* A network of criminals, strangling our forces.

JOHN

And Jim...

MYCROFT

He walked into my hands, John!

JOHN

Of course. At the pool.

FLASHBACK.

The swimming pool -

JOHN -- SHERLOCK -- JIM -- The water -- The coat of dynamite -
-

Back to the DIOGENES -

MYCROFT

There is a key, John - a new computer virus that can unlock any door.

(MORE)

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

It's a game-changer - all the things that we hold dear - world peace, security of nations - Moriarty could destroy them.

JOHN

And so - after the pool. You abducted him.

102 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

102

SHERLOCK releases himself from the ASSASSIN'S grasp - reaches for a pistol from his drawer and holds it to his head.

The ASSASSIN suddenly freezes in his tracks.

SHERLOCK

There now. You take one more step toward me - you try to beat me up again and I will blow my brains out. Simple.

ASSASSIN

Don't. Don't do that.

SHERLOCK

They're in my head, aren't they? I'm the one who has *the sixty-four*. So - tell me. What are they?

103 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

103

MYCROFT and JOHN.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

I'm a civilised man, John but I will use uncivilised methods to protect those things that I hold dear.

JOHN

He wouldn't play along? Wouldn't give the key to you.

MYCROFT

The only thing that made him give ground...

JOHN

... was when you offered him Sherlock. Sherlock's whole life story - his past - that he won't share with anyone. Anyone! Not even me.

MYCROFT

Jim had an insatiable appetite.

JOHN

You fed it all to him. In return
for the key.

104 INT. OFFICE. DAY

104

FLASHBACK. JIM and MYCROFT.

A darkened room somewhere in Whitehall.

JIM

You've got exactly ten hours to
release me.

MYCROFT

Ten hours?

JIM

I've used the virus to hack your
missile defence systems. Set to go
in ten hours. Wait! No. Was it ten
minutes? What an awful scatterbrain
I am.

105 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. DAY

105

MYCROFT and JOHN.

MYCROFT

All the time we thought we were
interrogating, Jim - he was
interrogating us -

JOHN

For scraps on Sherlock. And the
key? The virus you got from him.

MYCROFT

Useless.

JOHN

Ah.

MYCROFT

Incomplete. Sixty-four binary
digits missing.

JOHN'S eyes wide.

106 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

106

JOHN running up the stairs -

Opens the door, and there is SHERLOCK, sitting staring at the table.

He's tapping out a rhythm on the table.

JOHN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

This is it. The reason.

(Nods at the body)

All those men sent to find me and retrieve it.

JOHN

Retrieve what?

SHERLOCK

The rhythm, John. Think back to the trial. The Crown Jewels. The break in at the bank. Jim was *advertising*. Telling the world he had a universal key. A way to break in to anything. The trial was his shop window. They were fighting to be first to get this. Jim played it for me - put it in my memory.

FLASHBACK - JIM drumming his fingers on the chair at 221B

Back to present -

SHERLOCK writing a series of 1's and 0's on a page.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sixty-four bits. A series of one's and zeroes. Every beat I play is a one - every rest is a zero. It's computer language - sixty-four bits of code. Jim gave the code to all his clients, but he...

JOHN

(Realises)

...left that bit out.

SHERLOCK

Without them the virus is useless. Whoever got to me first would be first to claim the prize. Remember his message, the spray paint -

FLASHBACK to the floor of the Jewel House. The giant black letters -

JOHN (V.O.)

'Get Sherlock'.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
 He was telling all his buyers where
 they could come and find it.

Back to 221B -

Lifts up the page of 1's and 0's.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 So. Now we have a bargaining chip.
 Jim won't want to leave this in our
 hands.

Grabs his phone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Shall we arrange a little meeting?

JOHN
 Can we do that?

SHERLOCK
 He sent me a text, remember? I can
 always Reply.

And he reaches for his phone -

Finds the text from Jim from months ago. 'Come and play...'

Where?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Where shall we meet?

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK reaches for his laptop.

Write in the search engine '*Construction sites*'.

And then he finds one he likes - smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Rapunzel. Let's get to the tower.

Jumps from his seat. Out on the computer screen -

It's a photograph of a famously tall building in London --

107

EXT. LONDON. DAY

107

The London skyline, dawn -

The biggest building in the City is still a construction
 site.

The Shard.

Establishing shots - an imposing structure surrounded by giant cranes.

108 INT. SHARD. DAY 108

Early in the morning - no construction workers yet -

Inside the Shard - an empty building site.

At the top is a hollow concrete atrium that will eventually become the viewing tower. Now it's just an empty concrete tube filled with scaffolding.

Focus on SHERLOCK taking the workman's elevator to the top -

109 EXT. SHARD. DAY 109

The sunlight. Top of the tower. A view out over London.

JIM there waiting for him.

SHERLOCK digs out the newspaper.

SHERLOCK
Richard Brook.

JIM
Nice one of me. Good hair.

SHERLOCK
Noone seems to get the joke.

JIM
But you do.

SHERLOCK
Of course.

JIM
Attaboy.

FLASHBACK to Auction House.

A lush Romantic painting -

The REICHENBACH falls.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Rich Brook. In German it's
'Reichenbach'.

Back to church -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The case that made me famous. Built
my reputation with the press.

JIM

I thought it had a certain...
symmetry. Build you up then knock
you down. Just trying to have some
fun.

SHERLOCK

At my expense.

JIM

Oh, the days can drag on so.

SHERLOCK

Plus - I've got a pile of corpses
building up on my doorstep.

JIM

(Grins)

I told all my clients - last one to
get to Sherlock Holmes is a weed. I
see you solved it.

SHERLOCK

(Nods)

Sixty-four digits.

JIM

Kept you on your toes - half the
criminal underworld with their
sight trained.

SHERLOCK

Who else has got the key now? Just
us two.

JIM starts to laugh.

JIM

Oh my. You're so easy to tease.
There is no key, dumbo. The sixty-
four are meaningless.

SHERLOCK

What?

JIM

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

SHERLOCK

But the sixty-four... the rhythm...

JIM

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

SHERLOCK

Then, how...?

JIM

Did I break in? To the bank, the Tower, the prison? Daylight robbery. Just takes a willing participant.

FLASHBACK.

The Tower of London. Security Room. Two SECURITY GUARDS watching.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell...? Tony! Get down to the Barracks.

TONY (the colleague rushes out).

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

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Back to Shard -

SHERLOCK

And the Bruhl girl? You got her to identify me.

JIM

No great mystery there. I just gave her your picture. Told her it would only take one little bullet and her father would never make it home for summer.

SHERLOCK

Beauty in simplicity.

JIM

The trick is - people are so ready to believe what they want to believe. Now. Just one thing left. One final act. Glad you chose a tower. Dramatic way to do it.

SHERLOCK

Do what?

Silence. SHERLOCK stares.

And then he realises with horror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

My suicide.

JIM

Disgraced detective - proved to be a fraud. I read it in the papers so it must be true.

(With unnatural casualness)

I need you to kill yourself. To finish this. Happily ever after. Well - not 'happily'. Not for you.

(Beat)

You walk back out of here now - you're a killer and cheat - and worst of all, you're ordinary. Everyone you meet - all your adoring fans - they'll look at you and sneer. Much neater if you die, don't you think?

SHERLOCK

I can prove my innocence, Jim. Prove how you made up a whole false identity - manipulated information, created Richard Brook...

JIM

Killing yourself would really be a lot less effort.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)

For me. Pleeese.

SHERLOCK

You're insane.

JIM

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

He knows what he means without asking.

SHERLOCK

John?

JIM

Not just John. Everyone. EVERYONE.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson.

JIM

Everyone.

SHERLOCK

Lestrade.

JIM

Three bullets. Three gunmen. I have sent three assassins. There's no stopping them now. They've been given their orders to kill. You can have me arrested - do what you like - nothing will prevent them from carrying out the operation. Your only three friends in the world will die...

SHERLOCK

...unless I die first.

JIM

I'm nothing if not thorough.

An awful silence as the truth of this dawns.

JIM (CONT'D)

Tomorrow's headlines will be about you *again* - taking your life - unable to bare the shame.

SHERLOCK

Or they'll be shot.

JIM

Yo.

SHERLOCK

That's the last act?

JIM

(Nods)

You're so weak because you love them. All that sociopath crap - can't hoodwink me. It's my area.

Sound of cars arriving down in the street -

It's the POLICE. LESTRADE and DONOVAN jump out - JOHN is with them. They run in and up the stairs.

JIM stares down over the balcony.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ooh look, an audience. Did you invite them? Well - we'd better give them something entertaining, hadn't we?

Points to the edge of the tower.

JIM (CONT'D)

Of you pop.

CUT AWAY to the police and JOHN getting into the work elevator.

CUT BACK TO -

SHERLOCK
You haven't counted on one crucial piece of evidence.

JIM frowning for the first time.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You.

JIM
Ahhhh.

SHERLOCK
You're my evidence. There is no Richard Brook. Jim's real.

JIM
I've protected myself - made a whole new person. Times, dates, places. You're never going to prove it now. Sorry.

SHERLOCK
My brother works for the Government
-

JIM
And your Dad's bigger than mine!

SHERLOCK
All the information - it's locked inside your brain. We'll get it out of you somehow - a confession. As long as it's in your head you're vulnerable.

JIM falters for the first time.

JIM
Yes. You're right.
(Beat)
Just one move left, then.

It all happens very fast.

JIM takes out a gun and shoots himself in the head - all done with the same unnerving casualness.

SHERLOCK
(Yelling)
No.....!!!

His final defeat of SHERLOCK.

The bullet ricochets around the concrete.

CUT TO:

Street level.

All the POLICE look up. Heard the gun-shot echo. Hear SHERLOCK'S voice scream...

CUT TO:

POLICE rushing out of the elevator towards the stairs. JOHN with them.

It's a huge climb.

JOHN'S quickly out of breath. He stops for a moment and lets the police run ahead.

And that's when his phone rings. Answers.

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

John -

JOHN

Sherlock. What's going on?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Come to the bottom of the viewing tower. Bit tricky to explain.

JOHN runs back down a few more stairs -

He's inside now, at the bottom of the viewing tower - a huge concrete atrium at the top of the building. It's lined with scaffolding.

JOHN

OK. I'm here.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

Forward just a little.

He does as he's told.

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

OK. Look up. I'm on the scaffold right above you. I can't come down, but I wanted to see you, so we'll have to do it here.

CUT between the scaffold and the floor of the atrium.

JOHN standing right underneath the section of scaffolding. Plastic sheeting flaps about in the breeze.

JOHN

What's going on?

SHERLOCK

Well, an apology.

(Beat)

It was true. What Kitty wrote about me. The whole story.

JOHN'S world suddenly freezes over. He finds it hard to even speak.

JOHN

No. No way.

SHERLOCK

It's really very important that you believe me. I invented Moriarty.

JOHN

Why are you saying this?

SHERLOCK

I'm a fake.

JOHN

Don't. Please.

SHERLOCK

Every case. All those deductions.

JOHN

Sherlock, listen...

SHERLOCK

The newspapers were right. Tell Lestrade. And Mrs. Hudson. And Molly. I created Jim for my own ends.

JOHN

When we met - the first time we met. You knew all about my sister -

SHERLOCK

Noone could be that clever.

JOHN

(Bellowing)

Stop it!

The POLICE still running up the stairs - nearly at the top now.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I don't want to believe it. Don't DON'T try to tell me everything you've done is just a fraud.

SHERLOCK

You were the audience. Kitty was right. I played you.

JOHN

Why are you doing this? Why after all we've been through?

JOHN instinctively takes a step close -

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

This call. It's my note, in a way. You have to write a note.

JOHN

Write a note when?

SHERLOCK

A suicide note. Before you go.

POV JOHN.

SHERLOCK throws himself over the scaffolding...

JOHN

Sherlock...

Down, down, down.

Crashing through the scaffolding.

His body hits a scaffold platform with a massive impact. Beat. Then - creak creak creak. The scaffolding buckles and collapses, and his body is hurled down to the floor. (Basically a two-stage fall)

Noone could possibly survive an impact of that magnitude.

A huge explosion of concrete dust and broken scaffold.

JOHN has to fight past a broken mess of scaffold poles to get to him. When he does he falls to his knees. Utter despair and desolation. His best friend - his mentor - dead.

He just cradles SHERLOCK'S dead body in his arms. Wanting that hug now.

HOLD...

- 110 INT. MORGUE. DAY 110
- MOLLY HOOPER alone.
- She's taken some personal items from a body (as is routine) and put them into a plastic container.
- We've seen these items before - the watch; the phone; the scarf. They all belong to SHERLOCK.
- Finally folds up the coat and pops it into a plastic bag.
- But she's not crying -
- 111 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY 111
- LESTRADE alone at his desk.
- Peers through the internal windows - the office buzzing around him.
- Huge stack of case files on his desk. He has no will to deal with any of them. Noone to consult.
- 112 EXT. STREET. DAY 112
- Newspaper stand:
- 'DISGRACED DETECTIVE TAKES HIS LIFE'.**
- 113 INT. CAR. DAY 113
- JOHN in the back of a car, travelling through London.
- MRS. HUDSON beside him. A bouquet of flowers in her hands. We know where they're going.
- 114 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY 114
- An urban cemetery. Thick carpet of gravestones in the foreground - the spires of the city behind.
- A funeral. A plain black marble headstone.
- One by one the mourners peel away - there's only a handful of people.
- MRS. HUDSON and JOHN are the last ones left. Takes JOHN'S arm. They stand there silently.
- Birds tweet. Spring is coming. A few buds on the trees.

MRS. HUDSON

There's all the stuff. All the science equipment. I left it all in boxes. I don't know what needs doing.

Beat.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

Thought I might take it to a school.

Beat.

MRS. HUDSON (CONT'D)

Would you...?

JOHN

I can't go back to the flat. Not at the moment.

Camera turns round.

Headstone just says 'SHERLOCK'.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm... angry.

MRS. HUDSON

It's OK, John. Nothing unusual in that. 'S the way he made everyone feel.

(Beat)

All those marks on my table. And the noise. Firing bloody guns at half past one in the morning.

JOHN

Yes.

MRS. HUDSON

(Getting into her stride)
Bloody specimens in my fridge. Imagine - keeping bodies where there's food.

JOHN

(Bit irritated by this tirade)

Yep.

MRS. HUDSON

And the fighting. Drove me up the wall with all his carrying on.

JOHN

Yep. OK. I'm not actually *that* angry.

Beat.

MRS. HUDSON
I'll leave you alone to - you know.

And she scuttles away.

Long silence. And then -

JOHN
You play the violin when you're
thinking. And you sometimes don't
talk for days on end. Would that
bother me?

(Beat)

I know who you are. And nothing -
NOTHING - is ever going to make me
believe that you lied to me.

He can't finish - chokes back the final words.

And then he pulls *that scarf* out of his pocket and wraps it
around the tombstone.

Just the sound of the birds.

JOHN picks himself up and walks back to the car.

Take our time with this, watch him climb in the cab with MRS.
HUDSON and drive away.

And at the last possible moment the camera whips round.

There is SHERLOCK, watching everything. Watching JOHN
leaving.

BLACK.

END OF EPISODE