

SHERLOCK III

Episode 3

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

by
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1 BLACK SCREEN

1

A voice. Female, refined.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, please state you
full name for the record.

MAGNUSSEN
Charles Augustus Magnussen.

Fading in on ...

2 INT. ENQUIRY ROOM - DAY

2

A government Enquiry. The strip-lit room, the horse-shoe
table of MPs, facing the accused. The speaker is Lady
Smallwood - fifties, wiry, sharp-eyed.

The accused - calmly folded hands on a table top. Next to
them, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Magnussen.

His voice is soft, reasonable, a Danish accent.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, how would you
describe your influence over the
Prime Minister?

MAGNUSSEN
The British Prime Minster?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Any of the British Prime Ministers
you have known.

MAGNUSSEN
I never had the slightest influence
over any of them. Why would I?

Lady Smallwood is consulting some notes.

LADY SMALLWOOD
I notice you've had seven meetings
at Downing Street this year. Why?

MAGNUSSEN
Because I was invited.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Can you recall the subjects under
discussion.

MAGNUSSEN
Not without being more indiscreet
than I believe is appropriate.

One of the MPs round the table - Garvie, bullish, self-
righteous.

(CONTINUED)

1.

GARVIE

Do you think it's right that a newspaper proprietor - a private individual and in fact a foreign national - should have such regular access to our Prime Minister?

On Magnussen's clasped hands. He now reaches for gold-rimmed spectacles, unfolds them.

Magnussen's POV. The round, glittering lenses raise up - now looking through them:

A heads-up display. Text streaming across Magnussen's view - like Sherlock's text-vision, but apparently electronically originated. A 3D projection, with the lenses.

Cursors quiver around Garvie's face - facial recognition software. Now his name flickers into position next to his face.

JOHN GARVIE

MP ROCKWELL SOUTH
ADULTERER (SEE FILE)
REFORMED ALCOHOLIC
PORN PREFERENCE: NORMAL
FINANCES: 41% DEBT (SEE FILE)
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

In red letters below this (so that it stands out.)

PRESSURE POINT: DISABLED DAUGHTER (SEE FILE)

MAGNUSSEN

I don't think it's wrong that a private individual should accept an invitation. However, you have my sincere apologies for being foreign.

GARVIE

That's not what I meant, that's not in any way -

LADY SMALLWOOD

Mr. Magnussen, can you recall an occasion when your remarks could have influenced government policy?

Still from Magnussen's POV as he swivels to look at her.

Again the cursor's flicker round her face, then the text:

LADY ALICIA SMALLWOOD

MARRIED
SOLVENT
FORMER GYMNAST
PORN PREFERENCE: NONE
VICES: NONE.

(CONTINUED)

2

PRESSURE POINT: *searching*.

The word *searching* is blinking, work in progress.

MAGNUSSEN

No.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Or the Prime Minister's thinking in any way?

Magnussen, now removing his spectacles. He polishes them with a little cloth - his face still unseen.

MAGNUSSEN

Not that I recall.

Magnussen's POV. He raises the spectacles again. The text reappears, the word *searching* still blinking.

Now the word *searching* is replaced by the word HUSBAND.

On Magnussen's eyes, behind the round lenses. They gleam for a moment - result.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Are you sure?

MAGNUSSEN

I have an excellent memory.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT

3

The big black car now sweeping between imposing gateposts, a wide, gracious driveway. Security men everywhere, and looming at the centre -

- a huge, grand house. But modern - like a castle, built in the Apple era.

CUT TO:

4

INT. APPLEDORE HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Looking down on a giant hallway. All white and gleaming, carved out of icebergs. This place is pristine and shining and perfect - and as soulless as an iPad. It's the Citizen Kane mansion for the computer age.

Now close on Magnussen's eyes, gleaming through the gold rims, the white walls reflected as he passes along them.

CUT TO:

He's smiling placidly at her, eyes twinkling through his gold rims.

It's the first proper look at him - he's serene, smiling, sleek. At first glance benevolent. But the smile is too fixed, the eyes too black and unblinking.

MAGNUSSEN
May I join you?

LADY SMALLWOOD
I don't think it's appropriate.

MAGNUSSEN
It isn't.

But he's already risen, crossed to her. He takes the empty seat facing her, moves it round the side of her table. He sits close to her.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, outside the enquiry,
we can have no contact, no
communication at all -

She breaks off, because Magnussen has reached, and placed his hand over hers.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Please don't do that.

MAGNUSSEN
In 1982 your husband corresponded
with Helen Elizabeth Morrison -

LADY SMALLWOOD
That was before I knew him.

MAGNUSSEN
The letters were lively, loving,
some would say explicit ... And
currently in my possession.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Would you please move your hand.

MAGNUSSEN
"I long, my darling, to know the
touch of your body - "

LADY SMALLWOOD
I know what was in the letters.

MAGNUSSEN
She was fifteen.

On Lady Smallwood. A moment to compose herself. She's been through this before.

LADY SMALLWOOD
... she looked older.

MAGNUSSEN

She looked delicious. We have photographs too - the ones she sent him.

(Smack lips)

Yum yum!

LADY SMALLWOOD

He was unaware of her age. He met her only once before the letters began and nothing happened. When he discovered the truth, he stopped immediately. Those are the *facts*.

MAGNUSSEN

Facts are for history books. I work in news.

She looks at him for a moment - so full of hatred, but silent.

LADY SMALLWOOD

... your hand is sweating.

MAGNUSSEN

Always, I'm afraid. I have a condition.

LADY SMALLWOOD

It's disgusting.

MAGNUSSEN

I'm used to it. The whole world is wet to my touch.

Leans in, sniffs at her.

LADY SMALLWOOD

I will call someone, I will have you removed.

MAGNUSSEN

What is that? Claire De La Lune? Bit young for you, isn't it?

Lady Smallwood, glaring at him now.

MAGNUSSEN

Ohh, now you want to hit me! Could you, still? 26 years, seven months, and twelve days since you were a professional gymnast. Little old lady now. Perhaps you should settle for calling someone.

She just stares at him. Rage and disgust almost to the point of tears.

MAGNUSSEN

Well?

She still says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

7

MAGNUSSEN

Go on, do it, call someone.

She does nothing.

MAGNUSSEN

Of course not. Because now there are consequences. I have the letters, therefore I have you.

LADY SMALLWOOD

This is blackmail.

MAGNUSSEN

No. Blackmail is nothing. This is ownership.

LADY SMALLWOOD

You do not own me.

Magnussen just smiles. Now leans in, and very deliberately, licks the side of her face. A long, rasping lick right up from her neck to her hairline. It's not sexual in any way - just a terrible, matter of fact demonstration.

As he does it.

MAGNUSSEN

I don't even know why I did that. I just *could*.

(Smacks lips.)

Yes, Claire De La Lune. Never tastes like it smells, does it.

He takes her napkin, dabs at his mouth. He now rises, starts to leave. He barely glances at the waiter as he goes.

MAGNUSSEN

Lady Smallwood's bill is on me. See to it.

WAITER

Yes, Mr. Magnussen.

On Lady Smallwood, sitting, trembling with rage and disgust. The waiter, just stands there, embarrassed waiting.

CUT TO:

8 INT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON - NIGHT

8

Lady Smallwood's car, speeding through the night.

CUT TO:

9 INT. LADY SMALLWOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

9

Lady Smallwood, sitting in the back - uniformed chauffeur driving. Still brooding, still furious.

(CONTINUED)

She puts a hand to where he licked her face. She now scrubs at it with her handkerchief. A big sigh, almost a sob.

Her Chauffeur is glancing in the rearview mirror.

CHAUFFEUR
You all right, ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Fine, yes, yes.

Too quick, too snappy. The Chauffeur glances in the mirror.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Magnussen! Charles Augustus
Magnussen. No one stands up to him.
No one dares, no one even tries.
There isn't a man or woman in
England capable of stopping that
disgusting creature from -

And she breaks off. Because she has an idea. Frowning now, thinking it through. No! But could that work?

CHAUFFEUR
Ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Turn the car around.

CHAUFFEUR
I'm sorry?

LADY SMALLWOOD
We're going back into town, turn
around.

The Chauffeur starts to comply.

CHAUFFER
Where are we going, ma'am?

Closing in on Lady Smallwood. She's resolved now, she's decided. New purpose in her face.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Baker Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The car roars off towards the lights of London.

CUT TO:

SCENE OMITTED

OPENING TITLES

12 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - DAWN 12

Exactly as in A Study In Pink, war footage, Afghanistan, soldiers, machine guns firing -

- but this time there's something different. It is intercut with flashes of his adventures with Sherlock - chasing the Hound on the moors, racing through London after the taxi, battling the drug cartel -

Now on John, twitching in his sleep. Again it's similar to the shot in Pink, but this time Mary is curled up next to him. A brief shot of his left hand - the tremor from A Study In Pink is back.

More flashes of Afghanistan, more flashes of his Sherlock adventures - then -

A doorbell rings!

John's eyes snap open - instantly awake, like a soldier.

FLASHBACK: (possibly faked!) Sherlock striding for the door.

SHERLOCK
The game is on!

And John leaps from his bed, startling Mary awake.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HALLWAY - DAWN 13

John comes hurrying down the stairs, pulling on his dressing gown.

Yanks open the front door, to reveal -

- not Sherlock.

A pleasant looking middle aged woman. Kate Whitney. She's crying her eyes out, desperately upset.

KATE
Sorry. I know it's early, really
I'm sorry.

And she stands there sobbing, clearly expecting to be invited, or hugged or something.

On John - just so disappointed that's it not Sherlock. He's fighting the impulse to look behind her, and check he's not there.

MARY
Kate?

Mary is coming down the stairs, pulling on her robe.

(CONTINUED)

13

JOHN
Yeah, it's Kate.

MARY
Well *invite her in!!*

JOHN
Right, yes, sorry. You want to come
in?

CUT TO:

14

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

14

Kate is sobbing away. Mary is comforting her. They have mugs
of tea.

John is coming through the door, with a tray of tea things.
He's clearly not that comfortable being involved.

MARY
(To John)
It's Isaac.

JOHN
(To Kate)
Right, Isaac, your husband.

MARY
Her *son*.

JOHN
Son, yeah.

KATE
He's gone missing again. Didn't
come home last night.

MARY
(To John)
It's the usual.

JOHN
Oh, he's the drugs one, yeah?

Kate starts sobbing afresh. Mary just gives him a look.

MARY
Yeah, nicely put, John.

JOHN
Is it Sherlock Holmes you want? Cos
I haven't even seen him in ages.

MARY
About a *month*.

KATE
Who's Sherlock Holmes?

(CONTINUED)
10.

MARY
(To John)
You see? That *does* happen.

John doesn't sit - he's pacing the room, prowling. Absently clicking the fingers of his left hand (the tremor one.)

KATE
There's a place they all go to, him and his friends. And they all ... do whatever they do, shoot up, whatever you call it.

MARY
(To John)
Do you want to sit down?

JOHN
I'm fine.

MARY
Stop pacing then.
(to Kate)
Have you phoned the police?

KATE
He's my *son*, I'm not setting the police on him.

JOHN
Where is he?

KATE
I told you, they go to a place - a house, it's a dump, practically falling down -

JOHN
No, the address. Exactly where?

Mary looks at him, startled. What??

CUT TO:

John comes marching out the door, heading to their car - he's fully dressed now. Mary, still in her robe, following.

MARY
Seriously?

JOHN
Why not? She's not going to the police, someone's got to get him back.

MARY
Why *you*?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
I'm being neighbourly.

MARY
Since when?

JOHN
Since now, since this exact minute.

MARY
Why are you being so - ...

She breaks off, not sure what to say. They're now arguing over the roof of the car.

JOHN
What? So *what*?

MARY
I don't know. What's the matter with you?

JOHN
Nothing's the matter with me!
(A beat)
Imagine I said that without shouting.

MARY
I'm trying.

She starts to open the passenger door.

JOHN
You can't come, you're pregnant.

MARY
You can't *go*, I'm pregnant.

And she climbs in.

John - a beat of irritation, and opens the driver's door -

CUT TO:

- which becomes the car boot opening. John is rooting about for something, produces a tyre lever. Slams the boot shut, revealing:

Wider: the car is now parked in a desperate, run-down part of London. Boarded up houses, industrial wasteland.

Mary is climbing out the of the car.

MARY
What's that?

JOHN
Tyre lever.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because there's going to be a whole
lot of smackheads in there and
maybe one of them will need help
with a tyre. If there's any
trouble, just drive off, I'll be
fine.

He starts to go.

MARY
John - ...

He looks back.

MARY
It is a tiny bit sexy.

JOHN
I know.

And now he's heading off.

As he goes, her face falls slightly. Worried about her
husband.

CUT TO:

A gaunt ruin of a house, practically leaning. Boarded
windows, KEEP OUT signs.

John, looking at it grimly. Now he's running up the steps,
batters on the door.

JOHN
Hello? *Hello?*

The door cracks open on a worried face. This is Wiggins.

WIGGINS
... what do you want?

JOHN
Excuse me.

He shoulders his way past Wiggins, pushes into the hallway -

WIGGINS
No, you can't come in here -

CUT TO:

18

INT. RUINED HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

18

- John pushing in, Wiggins flailing behind - he's gangling and gormless.

The hallway is in hideous disrepair - peeling wallpaper, rotting floor-boards.

JOHN
I'm looking for a friend.

He's looking through the opened doors. Dimly seen, various figures are sprawled and hunched, presumably in drug induced torpor.

JOHN
A specific friend, I'm not just browsing.

WIGGINS
You've got to go. No one's allowed here.

JOHN
Isaac Whitney. You seen him?

Wiggins, puzzled, struggling with this. He pulls a knife and waves it rather vaguely at John - he looks more scared than anything.

JOHN
I'm asking you if you've seen Isaac Whitney and now you're showing me a knife? Is it a clue? Are you doing a mime?

WIGGINS
Go or I'll cut you.

JOHN
Not from there, let me help.

He steps calmly forward into the radius of his knife.

JOHN
Now concentrate - Isaac Whitney.

On Wiggins, summoning the nerve.

WIGGINS
Okay, you asked for it.

And Wiggins starts to lunge, clumsily, at John -

- but John is anything but clumsy, and very fast. He grabs Wiggins knife arm, slams it hard against the wall. The knife goes clattering -

- now twists him round, throws him at the wall.

(CONTINUED)

14.

It's a fast and brutal take-down, and now Wiggins is lying, clutching his arm.

John pockets the knife, hunkers down at him.

JOHN
Are you concentrating yet?

WIGGINS
You broke my arm!

JOHN
No, I sprained it.

WIGGINS
It feels squishy, is it supposed to feel squishy?
(Proffers his arm)
Feel that.

JOHN
It's a sprain - I'm a doctor, I know how to sprain people. Where is Isaac Whitney?

WIGGINS
I don't know. Maybe upstairs.

JOHN
There you go - wasn't that easy?

He starts heading up the stairs.

WIGGINS
(Calling after him)
No, it was really sore. You're mental, you are.

JOHN
Just used to a better class of criminal.

CUT TO:

On the upstairs landing, John looking about in the various rooms, calling loudly.

JOHN
Isaac? Isaac Whitney?

He looks round the various slumped figures, in the dim, reeking rooms. One of them is struggling to sit up...

JOHN
Isaac?

John goes to him. Isaac is in his late teens - looks wasted and utterly wretched.

ISAAC

Hello?

John hunkers down at him.

JOHN

Hello, Isaac.

ISAAC

Dr. Watson? Where am I?

JOHN

Arse end of the universe with the
scum of the earth.

ISAAC

Have you come for me?

JOHN

Do you think I know a lot of people
here?

A lying figure just behind Isaac, stirs and sits up. It's
Sherlock Holmes. He looks blearily at John.

SHERLOCK

Oh, hello John. Wasn't expecting
you.

John just stares - *wha-?????*

SHERLOCK

Have you come for me too?

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUMS/WASTEGROUND - DAWN

On Mary, waiting in the car - agitated, fingers drumming the
wheel. Then scuttling footsteps -

- and Isaac comes racing out of the shadows. Now battering on
her window.

ISAAC

Mrs. Watson, it's Isaac, can I get
in please.

MARY

Yes, of course, get in - where's
John?

ISAAC

(Scrambling in)
They're having a fight.

MARY

Who is??

(CONTINUED)

Now on the door of the ruined house - bursting out of it is Sherlock Holmes! And he's furious.

SHERLOCK
For God's sake, John, I'm on a case.

Bursting out in pursuit, John, also bellowing.

JOHN
One month. That's all it took.
One!!

SHERLOCK
I'm working!

JOHN
Sherlock Holmes in a bloody drug den - how does that look??

SHERLOCK
I'm under cover!

JOHN
No, you're not!

SHERLOCK
Well, I'm not *now!*

Lights are coming on in the house behind them -
- and now Mary comes screeching up in the car.

MARY
In, both of you, now!

John and Sherlock, now scrambling in - John to the passenger seat, Sherlock into the back with Isaac.

And now another figure is racing out of the house - Wiggins, battering on the side window.

WIGGINS
Please, can I come, I think I've got a broken arm.

MARY
No, go away.

JOHN
(Bit guilty)
Yeah, let him.

MARY
Why??

JOHN
It's just a sprain, get in.

Wiggins is now scrambling in, next to Sherlock.

MARY
Anyone else - are we taking
everybody home??

WIGGINS
Hi, Shezzer.

JOHN
Shezzer??

SHERLOCK
I was *under cover*.

MARY
Shezzer though??

She starts up the car.

JOHN
We're not going home, we're going
to Barts. I'm phoning Molly.

He's tapping into his phone.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because Sherlock Holmes needs to
pee in a jar.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BARTS LAB - DAWN

21

A jar of amber liquid is set down on a bench. Molly turns from it, peeling off her gloves.

JOHN
Well? Is he clean?

Wider: a motley selection in the lab. John, still a bit righteous.

Mary, still in her robe, is bandaging Wiggins arm.

Sherlock is lounging against the wall, quiet, watching.

MOLLY
Clean?

She rounds on Sherlock.

MOLLY
What do you want me to tell them?

He fixes her with a look.

SHERLOCK

Whatever you feel you ought to tell them.

MOLLY

Oh, I see! You give me the big dark eyes, and the deep, deep voice, and I'm supposed to *lie* for you.

She just slaps him hard across the face. And again. And again. He stands there, not reacting.

MOLLY

How dare you throw away the beautiful gifts you were born with, and how dare you betray the love of your friends. Say you're sorry.

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry your engagement is over.

(Stroking his slapped face)

Though I'm fairly grateful for the lack of a ring.

MOLLY

Stop it, just stop it.

JOHN

Jesus, Sherlock.

MOLLY

And we're just having a break! It was a mutual agreement that he needed more space.

JOHN

(To Sherlock)

If you were anywhere near this kind of thing again, you could've phoned, you could've talked to me -

SHERLOCK

Oh, please do relax. This is all part of a case!

JOHN

What case would need you doing this?

SHERLOCK

I might as well ask you why you've started cycling to work.

JOHN

No, we're not playing this game.

SHERLOCK

Quite recently, I'd say. But you're very determined about it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Not interested.

WIGGINS
I am. Ow!

Wiggins is flinching back from Mary,

MARY
Sorry, you moved. It is just a
sprain though.

WIGGINS
Yeah, somebody hit me.

He flashes a look at John - who just gives him the stare.

WIGGINS
Just some guy.

JOHN
Probably some addict in need of a
fix.

He makes this remark, directly at Sherlock, pointedly
But Sherlock looks pointedly back at him.

SHERLOCK
Yes, in a way I think it was.

And John feels pinioned for a moment - Sherlock reading him,
as usual.

WIGGINS
Is it his shirt?

Sherlock looks quickly back to Wiggins.

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

WIGGINS
Is that how you know about the
cycling. Sorry, should have let you
do it.

SHERLOCK
Do what?

WIGGINS
The showing off.

SHERLOCK
(Amused now)
The showing off??

WIGGINS
Cos I know who you are - I knew the
first day you came.
(MORE)

WIGGINS (cont'd)

I've always read that blog. Not been much on it lately, I thought you'd retired.

SHERLOCK

The band split up. Tell me about the shirt?

WIGGINS

Well it's the creases, isn't it? The two creases down the front. It's been recently folded, but it's not new.

(To John)

You must have dressed in a hurry tonight, so all your shirts must be kept like that. But why? Maybe cos you cycle to work every morning, shower when you get there, and then dress in the clothes you brought with you. You keep your shirts folded, ready to pack.

Sherlock prowling closer to Wiggins, taking an interest now.

SHERLOCK

Not bad.

WIGGINS

(Emboldened now)

And I further deduce you've only started recently, because you've got a bit of chafing.

SHERLOCK

No, he always walks like that. Remind me - what's your name?

WIGGINS

They call me the Wig.

SHERLOCK

No, they don't.

WIGGINS

Well, they call me Wiggysy.

SHERLOCK

Nope.

WIGGINS

... Bill. Bill Wiggins.

SHERLOCK

Nice observational skills, Billy.

WIGGINS

It's Bill.

SHERLOCK

No, it isn't. Hang on

(CONTINUED)

21

Sherlock's phone is buzzing - he pulls it out.

On the display - the caller ID is Charles Augustus Magnussen

SHERLOCK

Finally!

MOLLY

Finally what?

WIGGINS

Good news?

SHERLOCK

Oh, excellent news, the best.
There's every chance my drug habit
is going to hit the newspapers -
the game is on. Excuse me

He steps away to take the call.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING

22

A taxi speeding through the night.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

You've heard of Charles Augustus
Magnussen, of course!

CUT TO:

23

INT. CAB - MORNING

23

Sherlock and John in the cab together - like old times!

JOHN

Owens some newspapers. The ones I
don't read.

SHERLOCK

(Looking around)

Hang on, weren't there other
people?

JOHN

Mary's taking the boys home, I'm
taking you. We did discuss it.

SHERLOCK

People were talking, none of them
were me - I may have filtered.

JOHN

I noticed.

(CONTINUED)

22.

SHERLOCK

I have to filter out a lot of witless babble - I've got Mrs Hudson on semi-permanent mute. Magnussen is much more than a newspaper owner.

JOHN

What is he?

SHERLOCK

A cancer. And do you know the best thing about cancer?

JOHN

Not off the top of my head.

SHERLOCK

Untreated it will kill you.

JOHN

Why's that the best thing?

SHERLOCK

One should always admire efficiency.
(Glances out of window)
Now what's my brother doing here?

The cab is drawing up at 221B, Sherlock is already leaping out -

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

- Sherlock bounding out of the cab, John following.

JOHN

So I'll just pay, shall I?

Sherlock is pointing at the door.

SHERLOCK

The knocker's been straightened - he always corrects it. OCD, doesn't even know he's doing it.

As he does this he reaches out and moves the knocker back to it's normal squintiness.

JOHN

Why did you do that?

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOHN

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

24

Sherlock is already heading in -

CUT TO:

25

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

25

As Sherlock and John come bursting through the door, there's Mycroft sitting elegantly on the stairs.

MYCROFT

Well then, Sherlock - back on the sauce?

SHERLOCK

What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN

I phoned him.

Sherlock stares at John - *what??*

MYCROFT

The siren call of old habits, how very like Uncle Rudy. Though in many ways, cross dressing would have been the wiser path for you.

SHERLOCK

You phoned him.

JOHN

Of course I bloody phoned him.

MYCROFT

Of course he bloody did. Now save me a little time, where should we be looking?

SHERLOCK

"We"?

ANDERSON

(From off)
Mr. Holmes.?

SHERLOCK

Oh for God's sake!

Sherlock is bounding up the stairs -

CUT TO:

26

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

26

- Sherlock bursts into his sitting room. A penitent looking Anderson is there, white gloves on. And so is Benji, a woman who is probably his girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

24.

SHERLOCK
Anderson??

ANDERSON
Sorry, Sherlock, it's for your own good.

BENJI
(To Anderson)
Oh, that's him, isn't it? You said he'd be taller.
(To Sherlock)
He's a big fan.

SHERLOCK
Who are these people? What are they doing in my flat. Do I know these ones?

BENJI
You said he had a photographic memory.

SHERLOCK
I make deletions.

BENJI
Do you? That's clever.

SHERLOCK
I'm glad you think so, I'll be making one shortly.

Mycroft now entering, John behind him.

MYCROFT
Some members of your little fan club. Do be polite, they're entirely trustworthy and even willing to search the toxic waste dump you are pleased to call your flat. You're a celebrity these days, Sherlock, you can't afford a drug habit.

SHERLOCK
I don't have a drug habit.

JOHN
What happened to my chair?

SHERLOCK
It was blocking my view of the kitchen.

JOHN
It's good to be missed.

SHERLOCK
You were gone, I saw an opportunity.

JOHN
You saw the *kitchen*.

MYCROFT
What have you found so far. Clearly nothing.

SHERLOCK
There's nothing to find.

MYCROFT
Your bedroom door is shut. You haven't been home all night, so why has a man who has never knowingly closed a door without a direct order from his mother, bothered to do so on this occasion. I understand a need for privacy, but usually when one is *inside* the room.

He starts striding for the door.

On Sherlock flustering.

SHERLOCK
Okay, stop, just stop. Point made.

On John: so ashamed for his friend.

JOHN
Oh, Jesus, Sherlock.

Mycroft as turned to look wearily at his brother.

MYCROFT
I shall have to phone our parents, of course. In Oklahoma. It won't be the first time your substance abuse has wreaked havoc with their line dancing.

SHERLOCK
It's not what you think. It's for a case.

MYCROFT
What case could possibly justify this?

SHERLOCK
Magnussen.

On Mycroft. His face changes at that word. There's a new chill in the room.

SHERLOCK
Charles Augustus Magnussen.

On Mycroft - it's like his face has gone gray, a blood-draining moment. He now strides towards Anderson.

MYCROFT

That name you think you may have just heard - you were mistaken. Leave now - and if you ever mention hearing that name in this room, or this context, I guarantee you, on behalf of the British security services, that there will be material found on your computer hard drives resulting in your immediate incarceration. Don't reply to me, just look frightened and scuttle. Go! Now, go!

Anderson and Benji, scuttling away.

MYCROFT

(To John)

I hope I don't have to threaten you as well.

JOHN

I think we'd both find that embarrassing.

MYCROFT

(To Sherlock)

Magnussen is not your business.

SHERLOCK

You mean he's yours.

MYCROFT

You may consider him under my protection.

SHERLOCK

I consider you under his thumb.

MYCROFT

If you go against Magnussen, you will find yourself going against me.

SHERLOCK

Okay. I'll let you know if I notice. Now what was I going to say? Oh yes! Bye bye!

Sherlock has gone to the door and opened it for Mycroft. Mycroft stares at him, simmering.

MYCROFT

Unwise, brother mine.

SHERLOCK

Speaking of which ...

Sherlock has pulled his phone from his pocket, now clicks it -
A recording of Mycroft's voice from a few moments ago.

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT

(From phone)

*I guarantee you, on behalf of the
British security services, that
there will be material found on
your computer hard drives resulting
in your immediate incarceration.*

Instinctively, Mycroft steps forward to grab the phone -

- explosively, Sherlock grabs his wrist, twists him round,
and slams him against the wall. A shocking moment of
violence.

SHERLOCK

Brother mine - don't appal me when
I'm high.

Mycroft, staring, furious.

John, straight in there, ready to intervene.

JOHN

Mycroft, don't say another word
just go. He could snap you in two.
And right now, I'm slightly worried
that he might.

A moment - a sardonic smile from Sherlock. He steps back from
his brother.

JOHN

Don't speak. Just leave.

Mycroft: gathers as much of his dignity as he can.
Straightens his tie. Leaves.

Silence between the two men. They look at each other.
Finally:

JOHN

Magnussen?

SHERLOCK

What time is it?

JOHN

About eight.

SHERLOCK

I'll be meeting him in three hours.
I need a bath.

Sherlock, how heading for the bathroom.

JOHN

A case, you said. What kind of
case?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Too big, too dangerous, not for any sane individual to be involved in.

JOHN

Trying to put me off?

SHERLOCK

God, no. Trying to recruit you.

He disappears into the bathroom. A moment later we hear a bath being run.

On John, contemplative. He goes to Sherlock's bedroom door. Very quietly, so Sherlock can't hear, he tries the handle.

Locked.

He goes out to the hallway, where Sherlock's coat is hanging. Removes a bunch of keys from Sherlock's pocket, now heads back to Sherlock's bedroom -

- and comes to a freezing halt.

Because there's a click, and Sherlock's door is *unlocking from the inside*.

John just stands and stares as the door opens, and a woman, wearing one of Sherlock's shirts, cautiously emerges.

She gives a little yelp on seeing John -

JANINE

Oh, John, hi! How are you?

It's Janine from the The Sign Of Three - Sherlock's dancing partner.

JOHN

... Janine.

JANINE

Sorry, not dressed. Has everybody gone, I heard shouting?

On John, still trying to process this. What? *What??*

JOHN

... Yeah, they're gone.

Janine has darted to the kitchen now.

JANINE

God, look at the time, I'll be late. Sounded like an argument - was it Mike?

JOHN

Mike?

(CONTINUED)

JANINE
Mike, yeah. His brother, Mike.
They're always fighting.

JOHN
Mycroft?

JANINE
Do people actually call him that?
Listen, could you be a love, and
put some coffee on?

JOHN
... right, sure.

JANINE
Great, thanks. How's Mary, how's
married life?

John, floundering a bit, has gone to a cupboard.

JOHN
She's fine, we're both fine -

JANINE
(Pointing to another
cupboard)
No, it's in there now. Where's
Sherl?

A man in a daze, John is moving to the other cupboard.

JOHN
He's having a bath. I'm sure he'll
be out in a minute.

JANINE
Oh, like he ever is!

And she darts to the bathroom, slipping inside.

JANINE
Morning! Room for a little one?

And the door closes.

On John - more thunderstruck than any man ever. *What??*

CUT TO:

Some while later - early daylight. Sherlock Holmes, back to his impeccable self is installing himself in his armchair.

SHERLOCK
So. Just a guess, but you've
probably got some questions.

JOHN

Yeah, one or two. Pretty much.

Glances round. Janine is dashing round the kitchen, getting her things together. She dashes off to Sherlock's bedroom. (Pointedly, Sherlock waits till she's gone - throughout this scene he makes sure he isn't talking about Magnussen while she can hear.)

SHERLOCK

Naturally.

JOHN

You have a girlfriend??

SHERLOCK

Yes, I have. Okay, Magnussen then. Magnussen is a shark. Only way I can describe him. Ever been to the shark tank at the London Aquarium, John - stood right at the glass? Those flat, gliding faces. Those dead eyes. That's what he is. I've dealt with murderers, psychopaths. Terrorists, serial killers. None of them can turn my stomach like Charles Augustus Magnussen.

JOHN

... yes, you have??

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

JOHN

You have a girlfriend??

SHERLOCK

What? Yes. Yes, I'm going out with Janine. I thought that was fairly obvious.

JOHN

Yes. Well, yes - but you're in a relationship??

SHERLOCK

Yes, I am.

JOHN

You and Janine?

SHERLOCK

Yes, me and Janine.

JOHN

Do you want to elaborate?

SHERLOCK

... We're in a good place. It's very affirming.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You got that from a book.

SHERLOCK

Everyone got that from a book.

Janine now dashing through from the bedroom - pecks Sherlock on the cheek. She perches momentarily on the arm of Sherlock's chair, every inch the confident girlfriend.

JANINE

Okay, bad boys, you two behave. And you, Sherl, you're going to tell me where you were last night.

SHERLOCK

Working.

JANINE

Yeah, working, course you were. I'm the one who knows what you're really like, remember?

SHERLOCK

Well don't you go letting on!

And he gives her a finger tap on the nose - the loved-up couple.

John, just staring his eyes off. Maybe she *is* the one who knows.

JANINE

I might just, actually.

(to John)

Haven't told Mary about this. Kind of wanted to surprise her.

JOHN

Well, I think you probably will.

JANINE

But we'll get you two round to dinner really soon. My place, though, not the scuzz-dump.

JOHN

Great. Yeah. Dinner, yeah.

Many thoughts are competing for space in John's mind - all of them labeled *What??*

JANINE

Gotta dash, brilliant to see you.
Bye!!

She's heading to the door. Sherlock has leapt up to open the door - the considerate boyfriend in the early days.

SHERLOCK

Have a lovely day - call me later.

(CONTINUED)

32.

JANINE

Yeah, might do, might call you -
unless I see anyone prettier
(Grabs him, kisses him)
Solve me a crime, Sherlock Holmes.

She goes rattling down the stairs.

On Sherlock - one of those chilling moments. The moment her back is turned, his face just drops. All the warmth gone, the cold mask slams down. This is fast though - so fast we're almost not sure we saw it.

He closes the door.

SHERLOCK

You know Magnussen as a newspaper owner - but he is so much more than that. He has, in his possession, the single greatest store of dangerous and compromising information this world has ever seen. He uses his power and wealth to gain more information, and the more he acquires, the greater his wealth and power. I'm not exaggerating when I say he knows the critical pressure point on every person of note or influence, in the Western World and possibly beyond. He is the Napoleon of blackmail. He has created an unassailable architecture of forbidden knowledge - and it's name is Appledore.

During the above he has opened his laptop, tapped away. Now on the screen - of Magnussen's house, as seen in the opening.

John, now looking at the picture.

A beat.

JOHN

Dinner?

SHERLOCK

Sorry, what, dinner?

JOHN

We're coming round to dinner, me and Mary. With wine and ... sitting.

SHERLOCK

Seriously? I just told you the Western World is more or less run from this house, and you want to talk about dinner.

JOHN

Okay, talk about the house.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

It is the greatest repository of sensitive and dangerous information anywhere in the world. The Alexandra Library of secrets and scandals. And none of it is on a computer. He's smart, computers can be hacked. It's all on hard copy, in vaults, underneath that house. And as long as its there the personal freedom of anyone you've ever met is a fantasy.

JOHN

And this is the guy we're going to go and see?

SHERLOCK

I have an appointment at his office in two hours. What do you think?

JOHN

I think it's strange you chose to go back on drugs first.

SHERLOCK

Surely it's obvious why.

A tap at the door, Mrs. Hudson popping her head round.

MRS. HUDSON

That was the doorbell. Didn't you hear it?

SHERLOCK

It's in the fridge - it kept ringing.

MRS. HUDSON

That's not a *fault*, Sherlock.

JOHN

Who is it?

On Mrs. Hudson - clearly a little freaked, almost frightened.

CUT TO:

On Mrs Hudson, nervously descending the stairs -
- from the POV of someone waiting below.

As she comes down, Magnussen-style text starts flowing across the screen.

MARTHA LOUISE HUDSON (née SISSONS)

(CONTINUED)

LANDLADY
WIDOW (SEE FILE)
SEMI-REFORMED ALCOHOLIC
FORMER "EXOTIC DANCER" (SEE FILE)
FINANCES: 21% DEBT (SEE FILE)
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

PRESSURE POINT: MARIJUANA.

MRS. HUDSON
Mr. Holmes says you can go right
up.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On the door as it pushed open, to reveal -

- Sherlock and John, standing either side of the fireplace.
Tensed, on their mettle.

And now through the door, three men. All well built in dark
suits, clearly private security. They move swiftly and
efficiently round the room. One of them is checking doors and
windows, the other two go to John and Sherlock, as if to
frisk them.

Sherlock stands ready to be frisked.

SHERLOCK
Go ahead.

SECURITY MAN
(To John)
Sir?

JOHN
Could I have a moment?

SHERLOCK
He's fine.

They're both now being frisked.

JOHN
Okay, I should probably mention -

Too late. The Security Man has found something - he draws out
the tyre lever, still jammed into John's belt.

JOHN
Doesn't mean I'm *not* pleased to see
you.

SHERLOCK
I can vouch for this man - he's a
doctor.

As Sherlock says this, the Security Man is taking Wiggins' knife from John's jacket pocket.

SECURITY MAN
Then why's he armed?

JOHN
I'm off duty.

SHERLOCK
This is Dr. John Watson, if you know who I am, you know who he is. Don't you, Mr. Magnussen.

His eyes go to -

Charles Augustus Magnussen, standing in the doorway. Smiling.

SHERLOCK
I understood we were meeting at your office.

Magnussen's eyes drift to Sherlock - calm indifferent. He's stepping into room now. Looking round - the mildest interest, almost amusement. It's a feature of Magnussen entering a room, that he does so as if he owns it. Indifferent to the presence of anyone else. He behaves, at all times, as if unobserved. Completely unself-conscious - as if no one else really matters.

MAGNUSSEN
This *is* my office.
(Gestures to his men)
Well, it is now.

SECURITY MAN
(Indicating John)
Sir, this one?

SHERLOCK
Get him a chair, he can stay.

MAGNUSSEN
He can *stand*.

On John's face, the flicker of a frown - glances to Sherlock. Who gives a little nod: just put up with it.

Having taken some papers from the table, Magnussen now strolls over to the sofa, sits, reading.

SHERLOCK
Mr. Magnussen?

Magnussen glances up - the mildest of interest.

SHERLOCK
I have been asked to intercede with you by Lady Elizabeth Smallwood. On the matter of her husband's letters.

Magnussen just stares, unblinking at him. Those blank eyes, that serene half-smile.

SHERLOCK

Some time ago, you brought pressure on her, concerning those letters. Given that the enquiry into your newspapers that she was then conducting has now foundered, she has asked me to negotiate with you. She would like the letters back.

The blank eyes, the smile.

SHERLOCK

Lady Smallwood has empowered me to act on her behalf.

Magnussen: nothing.

Sherlock: wading on.

SHERLOCK

Obviously, the letters are no longer of any practical use to you, so with that in mind -

And abruptly Magnussen laughs.

Sherlock, staring coldly at him now.

SHERLOCK

Something I said?

MAGNUSSEN

No. I was reading.

He adjust his spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN

There's rather a lot.
(Chuckles again)
Redbeard!

On Sherlock's face - drops slightly. What?

MAGNUSSEN

Sorry, you were probably talking.

SHERLOCK

I was trying to explain that I am acting on behalf of -

MAGNUSSEN

Bathroom?

SECURITY MAN

Opposite the kitchen, sir.

MAGNUSSEN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

37.

On Sherlock - so not used to this. A beat. Resumes.

SHERLOCK

I have been asked to negotiate for the return of the letters. I am aware that you do not make copies of any sensitive -

MAGNUSSEN

Is it like the rest of the flat?

SECURITY MAN

Sir?

MAGNUSSEN

The bathroom?

SECURITY MAN

Yes, sir.

MAGNUSSEN

Maybe not, then. You Brits, what's the secret - no shame, or no sense of smell?

SECURITY MAN

I don't know, sir.

Again, a beat on Sherlock. Resumes.

SHERLOCK

I'm aware you do not make copies of sensitive documents, so as not to compromise their singular value. The return of the letters would be a significant step then. Am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen just stares at him for a moment - that dreamy half smile. Finally:

MAGNUSSEN

Lady Elizabeth Smallwood. I like her.

And he smacks his lips again, as he did just before he licked her face.

SHERLOCK

Mr. Magnussen, am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen just sits there for a moment, contemplating. Then he raises a foot, pushes the coffee table out of the way.

MAGNUSSEN

You know *why* I like her? She's English with a spine? It's like a genetic experiment.

He's now strolling to the fireplace. He flicks a finger at the fire-place -

- Security Man quickly clears the fire-guard out of the way.

MAGNUSSEN

The best thing about the English -
you're so *domesticated*. All
standing around, apologising,
keeping your little heads down.

He's now standing at the fireplace, like it's a urinal. We hear him unzip.

MAGNUSSEN

You can do what you like here,
doesn't matter, no one's ever going
to stop you. A nation of
herbivores.

We hear a steady stream now splashing on the coals.

Sherlock: stoney-faced.

John: raging, but silent.

MAGNUSSEN

I have interests all over the world,
but everything starts in England.
If it works here, I try it in a
real country.

He stands there, utterly relaxed, finishing up.

John's face is brick-red with fury.

Sherlock is utterly cold.

Magnussen, now zipping up, turning. The Security Man has stepped forward with a packet wet wipes. Magnussen plucks a couple out, quickly cleans his hands.

MAGNUSSEN

The United Kingdom - petrie dish to
the Western World.

He tosses the tissues on the floor.

MAGNUSSEN

Tell Lady Elizabeth, I might need
those letters, so I'm keeping them.
Goodbye.

He's pulled what are clearly the letters from his jacket.

MAGNUSSEN

Anyway. They're funny.

He's heading for the door.

SHERLOCK

If you had no intention of negotiating with me. Why are you here?

MAGNUSSEN

You're Sherlock Holmes, you're famous. I'm interested.

SHERLOCK

In what?

MAGNUSSEN

In you. I've never had a detective before.

And out he goes. His men follow.

On John - a world of disgust and barely suppressed rage.

JOHN

Jesus!

SHERLOCK

Did you notice the one extraordinary thing he did.

John stares at him. What??

JOHN

There was a moment that kind of stuck in the mind, yeah.

SHERLOCK

Exactly - when he let us see the letters!

JOHN

... okay.

SHERLOCK

So he's brought them to London. So whatever he says, he's ready to deal!

But Sherlock's mood has changed entirely - cheerful, brisk, mission accomplished! A burst of energy, pulling on his outdoor clothes.

SHERLOCK

Magnussen won't deal with anyone until he's found their weakness - the pressure point, he calls it. So clearly he believes I'm a drug addict and no serious threat. And of course, since he's in town tonight, that means the letters will be in the safe in his London office, while he goes to dinner with the Marketing Group of Great Britain, from seven till ten.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
How do you know his schedule?

SHERLOCK
Because I do. Right, I'll see you tonight, I've got shopping to do.

JOHN
What's tonight.

SHERLOCK
I'll text you instructions.

JOHN
I'll text you if I'm available..

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

30

Continuous: John and Sherlock coming out the door.

SHERLOCK
I've checked, you're fine.

JOHN
I'll check with *Mary*.

SHERLOCK
Yep, did that, you've got a pass.

JOHN
A *pass*??

SHERLOCK
Don't bring a gun

JOHN
Why would I bring a gun??

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK
Or a knife, or a tyre lever.
Probably best not to do any arm-
spraining, but let's see how the
evening goes.

JOHN
You just *assume* I'm coming along.

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK
Time you got out of the house,
John. You've put on seven pounds
since you got married, and the
cycling isn't doing it.

30

JOHN
Four pounds.

SHERLOCK
Mary and I think seven.

A cab has drawn up - he leaps inside.

SHERLOCK
Later.

DISSOLVE TO:

31

EXT. CAM TOWER - NIGHT

31

A glittering tower of steel and glass.

Panning down the words CAM Global News over the doors.
People in suits, streaming in and out.

CUT TO:

32

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

32

John, coming through the doors, looking around.

A massive imposing lobby - this is place of terrible power
and influence, all steel and mirrors.

Where John stands, is the outer area, before the revolving
doors and the security desks. There's a coffee stall, a shop,
people waiting, huge screens with newsreaders and news
footage from all round the world.

As John moves, we hold on one of the screens.

A photograph of John Garvie, from the opening scenes. The
headline: MP John Garvie arrested on charges of corruption.

Sherlock moves to stand just behind John.

SHERLOCK
Magnussen's office is right at the
top, just below his private flat.
There are fourteen layers of
security between us and him, two of
them not even legal in this
country. Want to know how we're
gong to break in?

JOHN
Is that what we're doing?

SHERLOCK
Of course it's what we're doing.

CUT TO:

A few minutes later, John and Sherlock with Cappuccinos from the coffee stall.

They turn, and Sherlock nods to the wall opposite - a cliff of marble. An unassuming door is set in the middle of it - a small lift, big enough for one or two people.

SHERLOCK

Magnussen's personal lift. Goes straight up to his penthouse and office, only he uses it. Only his keycard, calls the lift - if anyone else even tries, security is automatically informed.

Sherlock produces a keycard.

SHERLOCK

Standard keycard, for the building. Nicked it yesterday. This one only gets us to the canteen. If I tried it on that lift right now, what do you think happens?

Wider shot: John and Sherlock in the background, and Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, using the card in the slot.

Instantly alarms go off, and Security Men come racing over, grab Imaginary Sherlock, pull him.

JOHN

Alarms go off, and you get dragged away by security.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

Taken to some dark little room and your head kicked in.

SHERLOCK

Do we need so much colour?

JOHN

Passes the time.

SHERLOCK

But what if I do this?

He takes the card and presses it against his mobile phone.

SHERLOCK

Did you know, John, that if you press a keycard against your mobile phone for long enough, the magnetic strip get corrupted and the card stops working.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
Common problem - never put your
phone with your keycard. If you
really want to screw things up, you
can do this too.

He's now rubbing a magnet over the card.

SHERLOCK
Now think about this. What happens
if I try the card now?

Wider shot: again John and Sherlock in the background,
Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, trying the card.

JOHN
It still doesn't work.

Again, alarms go off, security men descend -

- but this time they all freeze-frame, only John and Sherlock
remain animated in the background.

SHERLOCK
But it won't read as the wrong card
now, it will read as corrupted.

A second bunch of security men come dashing in - but the
freeze-frame too, as Sherlock says.

SHERLOCK
But if it's corrupted, they can't
know it *isn't* Magnussen. Are they
going to risk dragging *him* off?

JOHN
Probably not.

All the security men disappear in multiple puffs of smoke.

SHERLOCK
So what do they do? What *must* they
do?

JOHN
... Well. They check if it's him or
not.

SHERLOCK
There's a camera at eye level at
the side of the door.

Cut to neatly concealed little camera lens in the wall beside
the lift.

The light on the little camera glows on.

33

SHERLOCK

A live picture of the card user would be relayed directly to Magnussen's personal staff in his office, who are the only people who will be trusted to make a positive ID.

CUT TO:

34

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Magnussen's insanely opulent office, though we don't see much of it yet.

Close on entry-phone unit next to the Magnussen's personal lift. It starts beeping.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

At this hour, that would almost certainly be his PA.

Footsteps approaching, then a red fingernail on the button -
- Sherlock's smiling face pops into view on the little monitor.

CUT TO:

35

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

35

On John and Sherlock - no imaginary figures now.

JOHN

How does that help us?

SHERLOCK

Human error.

(Winks, pats his pocket)

I've been shopping.

And now Sherlock is now marching over to the lift. Calm and confident, he slips his key card in the slot.

SHERLOCK

Here we go then!

A silence -

- nothing happens. No alarms, nothing. John looks nervously round.

And then it happens, for real -

- the little light comes on next to the lens. Sherlock gives a big smile into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

45.

35

JOHN
You realise you don't exactly look
like Magnussen?

SHERLOCK
Which, in this case, was a
considerable advantage.

CUT TO:

36

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Again Magnussen's insanely opulent office -

Close on entry-phone unit next to the Magnussen's personal
lift. It starts beeping.

Footsteps approaching, then a red fingernail on the button -

- Sherlock's smiling face pops into view on the little
monitor.

This time we pan to the astonished face of the PA and -

- it's Janine!

She stares in disbelief. What?? What??

Wider: a Security Officer pops his head round the office
door.

SECURITY OFFICER
Everything okay?

Janine hurriedly steps between the monitor and the Security
Officer, protecting her boyfriend!

JANINE
Yeah, just a fault.

The Security Officer now withdraws. Janine turns, furious, to
the entryphone. Presses a button on it.

JANINE
Sherlock, you complete loon! What
are you doing??

CUT TO:

37

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

37

Now intercutting as required.

John, boggling as he recognises the voice.

JOHN
Hang on, was that - that was -

(CONTINUED)
46.

Sherlock reaches out and neatly covers John's mouth with his hand.

SHERLOCK
Hi, Janine. Go on, let me in!

JANINE
I can't. You *know* I can't, don't be silly!

SHERLOCK
Well don't make me do it out here!
In front of everyone. I will, you know!

JANINE
Do *what* in front of everyone??

And Sherlock reaches into his coat pocket - the one he patted - and produces a little ring box! Flips it open reveal an engagement ring.

On Janine - just staring. Staring and staring.

On John - also staring for different reasons. Oh, you *bastard!!*

And the lift doors roll open!

Sherlock steps inside - John is just staring at him! Now dazedly following him.

SHERLOCK
You see - as long as there's people, there's always a weak spot.

JOHN
That was Janine.

SHERLOCK
Of course it was Janine. She's Magnussen's PA, that's the whole point.

JOHN
... Did you just get engaged to break into a bloody office?

SHERLOCK
Yeah. Stroke of luck, meeting her at your wedding - so you can take some of the credit.

JOHN
Jesus, Sherlock, she *loves* you!

SHERLOCK
Yeah, like I said - human error.

He hits the button, the lift doors roll shut.

As they ascend:

JOHN
But it's *Janine*. What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK
Well, not actually marry her, obviously. There's only so far you can go.

JOHN
But what will you tell her??

SHERLOCK
I'll tell her our entire relationship was a ruse so I could break into her boss's office. I imagine she'll want to stop seeing me at that point, but you're the expert on women.

JOHN
She'll be bloody heart-broken.

SHERLOCK
Well we're splitting up, that's a perfectly normal reaction.

JOHN
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK
Stop worrying - once I'm out of the picture, I'll be the last thing on her mind. Magnussen is definitely going to sack her for this.

The lift chimes, and Sherlock strides happily out of the lift. An appalled John follows a beat later -

CUT TO:

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

- into Magnussen's office. But now it is seemingly deserted. They look around. Momentarily disconcerted. Where is everyone - so quiet.

JOHN
Where did she go?

SHERLOCK
Bit rude, I just proposed to her.

JOHN
Sherlock!!

John is now racing over to the other side of the room -

- where he can see a single female leg projecting.

And there's Janine, lying sprawled.

SHERLOCK
Did she faint? Is that what they
do?

John, quickly, checking her. His hand comes away bloody from
the back of her head.

JOHN
Blow to the head. She's breathing.
Janine? *Janine??*

She mutters, mumbles -

SHERLOCK
Look after her -

He's already leaping over to the other room, throws open the
door -

- the Security Officer we saw earlier, also sprawled on the
floor -

SHERLOCK
Another one in here - security.

JOHN
Does he need help?

SHERLOCK
Ex-con, white supremacist by his
tattoos, so who cares - stick with
Janine.

JOHN
Janine, can you hear me, focus on
my voice.
(To Sherlock)
They must still be here.

Sherlock has raced over to the chair behind Magnussen's huge
desk, placed his palm on the seat of it.

SHERLOCK
So's Magnussen, seat's still warm -
he should be at dinner, but he's in
the building.
(Looks up)
Upstairs.

JOHN
He's the target. We should phone
the police.

SHERLOCK
During our own burglary? You're not
a natural at this. No, wait, *shhh!!*
Perfume! Not Janine's --

Big sniff. Perfume brand names spin through the air around him for a moment, all evaporating, leaving -

SHERLOCK
Claire-De-La-Lune. Why do I know
it?

JOHN
Mary wears it.

SHERLOCK
So does ... no, not Mary, there's
somebody else ...

His eyes, raking round the room, details pinging at him -
- then one of the windows, the curtains blowing.

He steps over, pulls the curtain back. The window is open, a
giddy view over London. Someone has climbed in!!

He looks down, the plunging drop, the cliff face of glass and
steel.

How the hell ... ??

A word now floats on the screen ...

GYMNAST.

SHERLOCK
No, no, *no, stupid!!*

He's racing for the stairs again, now pounding up them.

JOHN
Sherlock?

Janine, choking and spluttering.

JOHN
Janine, sit up. Sit up and focus on
my voice, come on, that's it ...

CUT TO:

39 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

39

Sherlock, now racing into the penthouse suite. Huge, all of
London blazing at the tall windows.

Looking round, fast, scanning -

- the room, mostly in darkness, one vivid wedge of light
slashing across the carpet -

- from the bedroom door!

- and then, a voice! Magnussen's voice. But this time,
pleading ...

(CONTINUED)
50.

... negotiating for his life ...

MAGNUSSEN
(From off)
... I'm a business man. That's all
I am ...

Sherlock, now moving to the room, swift and precise as a cat.

MAGNUSSEN
(From off)
... we can do business, we don't
have to be so incontinent.

Sherlock now peering round the door.

Through the crack in the door. Magnussen, facing us, on his knees, his hands clasped behind his head. He's afraid, almost crying ...

The muzzle of a handgun, with silencer, inches from his forehead.

A slim female figure - close-fitting combat fatigues, hair tied up - stands over him, gun right in his face.

MAGNUSSEN
What would your husband think? Your
lovely husband, upright and
honourable, so English, what would
he say to you now?

Sherlock now stepping quietly into the room, so far unnoticed.

MAGNUSSEN
You're doing this to protect him
from the truth. Is this the
protection he would want??

She cocks the gun. Finally, Sherlock speaks - quiet and calm.

SHERLOCK
Additionally, if you're going to
commit murder, you might want to
consider changing your perfume ...

The female figure freezes ...

... Magnussen's eyes flick to Sherlock.

MAGNUSSEN
Mr. Holmes. Oh thank God!

SHERLOCK
... Lady Smallwood.

The figure doesn't turn.

And now Magnussen, looking at Sherlock, bemused.

MAGNUSSEN
What? Sorry, *who*?

On Sherlock - flicker of a frown, of puzzlement.

MAGNUSSEN
Oh! Don't you know?
(To the woman)
Doesn't he know?
(To Sherlock)
Seriously? *Lady Smallwood??* Mycroft
said you were slow, but I had no
idea.

Sherlock's eyes flick to the woman standing with her back to him. Actually, too young to be Lady Smallwood ...

MAGNUSSEN
That's not Lady Smallwood, Mr.
Holmes.

And the figure is turning, in nightmare slow motion ...

... turning to face Sherlock.

On Sherlock's face. The worst moment of his life, the most plunging, terrible realisation.

Standing facing him, gun in her hand, is Mary Watson.

He stands there. He stares. He tries to compute - for once, he can't.

Frozen. Staring.

Mary, raising her gun to level right at him.

And now a single word in the air in front of her.

LIAR.

MARY
Is John with you?

On Sherlock. Still reeling, still trying to compute. His first moment ever of total brain-freeze.

MARY
Is John here?

SHERLOCK
... he's downstairs.

MAGNUSSEN
So what do you do now. Kill both of
us?

SHERLOCK
... Mary Whatever he has on
you ... let me help.

Sherlock's eyes flick to Magnussen -

- who's hand is slowly reaching towards his mobile phone, lying where it fell...

Sherlock takes a step.

MARY

Sherlock, if you take another step,
I swear, I will kill you right
here.

On Sherlock. The shock is over, he's back on form.

Scanning her, fast, forensic.

Sherlock vision: super fast zoom on Mary's eye. Just the tiniest sparkle of a forming tear.

Super fast zoom on the gun: trembling in her hand, so very slightly.

On Sherlock - the tiniest smile. The great detective back in control.

SHERLOCK

No, Mrs. Watson - you won't.

And he takes a step forward.

Without hesitation, without a flicker on her face, Mary fires. A tiny sneeze of noise from the silenced gun -

- and now a dreadful ringing silence.

Sherlock, comes to a halt again, now just standing there. Frowns, as if a thought had occurred to him - a look of the mildest surprise.

Cocks his head, as if trying to figure something out.

MARY

I'm sorry, Sherlock. I truly am.

Sherlock, now looking down at his shirtfront. A bloodstain flowering on his chest.

He looks up at Mary, total incomprehension. His eyes blink, woozily.

SHERLOCK

... Mary?

Close on his eyes - another big, woozy, thunderclap blink ...

Wider - everything is slowly freezing to a stop. (We are now entering Sherlock's mind palace - the following should be bold and surreal but fast! Action stations in Sherlock's brain as he fights to stay alive.)

39

The lighting changes, the walls disappearing into darkness, lights picking out the now frozen figures of Sherlock, Mary and Magnussen.

And now, impossibly, a white-coated Molly Hooper steps between them, just walking casually through - she glances at Sherlock as she passes, talking, perfectly conversational.

MOLLY

It's not like it is in the movies -
there's not a great big spurt of
blood and you go flying backwards
...

We pan with Molly and in one panning shot the room becomes -

40

INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT

40

- the mortuary at Barts.

MOLLY

The impact isn't spread over a wide
area, it's tightly focussed, so
there's little or no energy
transfer. You stay still and the
bullet pushes through.

She's walked to one of the slabs, pulled back the sheet.

Sherlock is lying there, white and dead, a neat bullet wound in chest.

Again, close on his eyes, the big, thunderclap blink ...

MOLLY

You're almost certainly going to
die - so we need to focus

She looks at the dead Sherlock's face, and slaps it hard. He splutters awake.

MOLLY

Focus!

FAST CUT TO:

41

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

41

Molly, now standing in front of Sherlock, in Magnussen's bedroom, all other action is now frozen. She slaps him again -

- on the moment of the slap, we -

FAST CUT TO:

44

Molly now joining them

MOLLY
Is the bullet still inside you, or
is there an exit wound? That's
going to depend on the gun.

Close on Sherlock, surrounded by darkness -

- which now illuminates behind him, to reveal a wall covered
in diagrams of guns. Sherlock turns to look at it, as we
realise we're now in -

CUT TO:

45

INT. FORENSICS OFFICE - NIGHT

45

Sherlock, stepping towards a wall covered in diagrams of
different guns. Anderson is next to him. (The room now seems
real - a remembered place, from Sherlock's past, in which he
houses these memories.)

Sherlock scanning among the diagrams.

SHERLOCK
That one, I think. Or that one.

ANDERSON
Either way, it's a nine millimetre
calibre bullet. From a gun that
size, factoring in a silencer, over
a distance of approximately six
feet ...

MYCROFT
(From off, interrupting)
Oh for God's sake, Sherlock, it
doesn't matter about the gun. Don't
be stupid.

Close on Sherlock hearing the familiar voice. The darkness
behind illumines to reveal Mycroft at his desk.

CUT TO:

46

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

46

Sherlock, turning to look at his brother.

MYCROFT
You always were so stupid - such a
disappointment.

Cutting back to Sherlock - but now he's a little boy, snotty
nosed, almost crying.

LITTLE SHERLOCK
I'm not stupid.

(CONTINUED)
56.

Mycroft striding round the desk to tower over the little boy.

MYCROFT

You are a very stupid little boy,
and Mummy and Daddy are very cross -
because it doesn't matter about the
gun.

LITTLE SHERLOCK

Why not?

MYCROFT

You saw the whole room when you
entered it - what was directly
behind you when you were murdered?

LITTLE SHERLOCK

I've not been murdered yet.

MYCROFT

Balance of probability, little
brother.

Little Sherlock starts to turn his head -

CUT TO:

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

- now on adult Sherlock, turning his head to look at what is
directly behind him -

- a mirror. Mycroft is reflected in it.

MYCROFT

A mirror, exactly. If the bullet
had passed through you, what would
you have heard?

SHERLOCK

The mirror shattering.

MYCROFT

You didn't - therefore?

SHERLOCK

The bullet's still inside me.

Molly and Anderson now circling frozen Sherlock, appraising
him.

ANDERSON

So we need to take him down
backwards.

MOLLY

I agree. Sherlock, you need to fall
on your back.

(CONTINUED)

ANDERSON

Right now, the bullet is the cork
in the bottle -

MOLLY

The bullet itself is blocking most
of the blood flow.

ANDERSON

But any pressure or impact on the
entrance wound could distort the
primary cavity, dislodging the
bullet, accelerating blood loss.

MOLLY

Plus, on your back, gravity is
working *for* us. Fall *now*.

The whole room starts to lean. Sherlock's knees start to
buckle - in agonising slow motion he starts to fall
backwards.

- and then it's like every klaxon and alarm is going off at
once. His face twists, wincing at the terrible noise -

CUT TO:

INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT

Sherlock stumbles violently against the wall of body
cabinets, clutching his head, trying to block out the
terrible din -

SHERLOCK

What is that, what's happening??

Sherlock's impact with wall, causes one of the long drawers
to slide open -

- inside it is Sherlock himself.

Now Molly is there.

MOLLY

You're going into shock. It's the
next thing that's going to kill
you.

SHERLOCK

What do I do?

Cutting back to Molly, it's not Molly any more, it's Mycroft.

MYCROFT

Don't go into shock, obviously.
Must be something in this
ridiculous memory palace that can
calm you down. *Find it*.

(CONTINUED)

48

Now Sherlock is stumbling through one of the doors, out of the room -

MYCROFT
The East Wind is coming, Sherlock.
It's coming to get you!

CUT TO:

49 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 49

- on Sherlock, falling backwards, surreal slow motion, the klaxons and alarms still clamouring -

CUT TO:

50 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 50

A long, slanting, surreal corridor, lots of doors. Sherlock racing along it, throwing open each door as he passes it -

- and there's Mary, gun leveled, firing at him -

- throws open another door: this time Mary dressed as a bride, firing at him -

- another door: Mary, dressed as she first met Sherlock, firing at him -

The alarms and klaxons louder and louder -

CUT TO:

51 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 51

- Sherlock, falling back and back, mouth open in a silent scream -

CUT TO:

52 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 52

Sherlock, on his knees, clutching his head, too loud, too loud -

- now, another noise, scampering, whimpering -

- he looks up.

At the other end of the long, mad corridor, a dog - a red setter. It's terrified, cowering.

Sherlock clearly recognises it.

SHERLOCK
Here boy. Come on, come to me, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)
59.

The dog whines, starts cautiously forward. The alarms and the klaxons quieten slightly.

Cutting back to Sherlock - he's the little boy Sherlock now.

LITTLE SHERLOCK
Come on! Come on, it's all right,
it's me. Come here, just come here.

The dog approaching, closer. The klaxons and alarms, slowly fading, fading.

And now the dog is licking Little Sherlock's face.

LITTLE SHERLOCK
That's it, good boy, clever boy.

Stroking him, hugging him. And now it's adult Sherlock again, so pleased, so fond.

SHERLOCK
Hello again, Redbeard. They're
putting *me* down now. Not much fun,
is it?

CUT TO:

53 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 53

Now, in the same agonising slow motion, Sherlock is slamming down on to the carpet, a terrible impact.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 54

The dog is gone now, as Sherlock convulses and spasms in pain.

The lights in the corridor, buzzing, flickering.

And there's Molly at the far end of the corridor, standing a few feet in front of a pair of double doors.

MOLLY
Without the shock, you're going to
feel the pain.

The double doors behind her are starting to burst open.

MOLLY
There's been a hole ripped through
you, massive internal bleeding.

And now surging through the doors a river of blood, in super slow motion, cascading towards Molly, to engulf her.

MOLLY
You have to control the pain!

(CONTINUED)
60.

54

And she disappears into the flood.

CUT TO:

55

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

55

On Sherlock's face, mouth twisting open in a silent scream of pain.

CUT TO:

56

INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE - NIGHT

56

On Sherlock now hurrying down a flight of steps.

Now down a spiral staircase. Another flight of steps, down, down!!

Now bursting through a door, into -

CUT TO:

57

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

57

A dungeon, like at the very depths of a castle. A figure is chained to the wall, hunched, hiding his face.

SHERLOCK
You never felt pain. Why not? Why
don't you feel it??

Silence - then a familiar voice from the hunched figure.

MORIARTY
You always feel it, Sherlock ...

Jim Moriarty erupts out of the shadows, lunging at Sherlock - the chain yanks him back, not long enough.

MORIARTY
... but you don't have to *fear* it!

The lights flicker. With a gasp and cry, Sherlock is on the floor again.

MORIARTY
Pain, heartbreak, loss, death -
it's *all* good.

Moriarty now looming delightedly over Sherlock, who's in agony on the floor.

MORIARTY
You're going to love being dead,
Sherlock - nobody ever bothers you.
Take it from someone who knows - a
bullet through the brain solves
everything!

(CONTINUED)

57

JOHN
(V.O.)
Sherlock!!

CUT TO:

58 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

58

Now back in the real world.

John is crashing through the door -

- to find Sherlock shot on the floor, and a recovering
Magnussen. Mary is gone.

JOHN
Sherlock - what happened??

He's straight to Sherlock's side.

MAGNUSSEN
He got shot

JOHN
Sherlock, can you hear me,
Sherlock! Who shot him?

The corner of Magnussen's mouth just twitches. His eyes gleam
behind the spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN
He's losing an awful lot of blood,
isn't he?

CUT TO:

59 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

59

Sherlock crouched whimpering on the floor, Moriarty mocking
him.

MORIARTY
(Singing)
It's raining, it's pouring
Sherlock is boring.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. CAM TOWER - NIGHT

60

Blue flashing lights, police cars, an ambulance. Sherlock
Holmes is being stretchered out of the doors, John racing
along next to him.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

66

Moriarty exultant, Sherlock still and cold.

MORIARTY

Oh, Mrs. Hudson will cry. And Mummy and Daddy will cry. And the Woman will cry and John will cry buckets and buckets. It's John I feel sorry for - that wife of his, whatever she's up to. He's the one you're letting down, he's definitely in danger.

Close on Sherlock's face. At this, his eyes snap open!

CUT TO:

67 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

67

Close on the heart beat monitor. The line bounces - a heartbeat!!

CUT TO:

68 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

68

With a mighty effort, Sherlock raises a fist, slams into the floor. On the impact we

CUT TO:

69 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

69

- the monitor - a heartbeat!

CUT TO:

70 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

70

Sherlock lurching drunkenly to the door.

MORIARTY

Oh, what are you doing now? Are you getting better? What did I say wrong?

Sherlock slams the door open.

MORIARTY

Bullet through the brain - it's all you ever need!

CUT TO:

He hugs her. We see the change in Mary's face over John's shoulder.

JOHN

He's conscious. Properly conscious - he made four deductions and one of the nurses cry. And you, Mrs. Watson, you're in a lot of bloody trouble.

He's joking, but it chills Mary.

MARY

Really? Why?

JOHN

You and Sherlock. Always thought there was something going on between you pair.

Again he's just joking - Mary struggling to hide her unease.

MARY

What are you talking about?

JOHN

First word when he wakes up? Mary!

On Mary -

- trying hard to conceal the impact of this. A sickly attempt at a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - DAY

On Sherlock's eyes, flickering open.

Blurry details. The silent beeping room. And irregular shapes, moving slightly in the air-conditioning. Monster shadows on the wall.

Sherlock's eyes, blinking, focussing.

The room is full of flowers. And now a figure detaches, moves among them. The glitter of gold-rimmed spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN

They're not all from me. The struggling carnations are from Scotland Yard. The single rose is from W. And the black wreath is from C Block, Pentonville - I'm not sure the intent was entirely kindly.

He settles down in a chair next to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

He has taken one of Sherlock's hands, now examines them - again, it's that terrible assumption of ownership.

MAGNUSSEN
I covet your hands, Mr. Holmes.
Look at them though! A musician's
hands, an artist's.
(Kisses one of Sherlock's
fingers)
A woman's.

He shoots a mischievous look at Sherlock - who, weak as a kitten, pulls his hand away.

MAGNUSSEN
Apologies for the dampness of my
touch - you'll get used to it.

Sherlock - so drowsy, so befuddled - manages to glare at him.

MAGNUSSEN
Having shot you, the woman you know
as Mary Watson, left without
killing me. Which is odd, because
that was the reason she came.

Sherlock: mutinous silence. A sleepy blink.

MAGNUSSEN
I didn't pass on her identity to
the police - information like that,
is too valuable to share.

Magnussen's voice, echoing now, as Sherlock fades.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

Hours later, first light. Red glow of dawn at the blinds, silhouetting a woman standing against them.

She steps forward, looking down at Sherlock. It's Mary. Cold, fierce.

MARY
You don't tell him. You don't tell
John.

Sherlock's eyes flickering woozily. Is this even real?

Mary, bending over him, satanic.

MARY
Sherlock, look at me and tell me
you are not going to tell him!!

The screen darkens, her voice echoes away.

CUT TO:

76A EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT 76A
Again, Magnussen's car is heading through the gates.
CUT TO:

76B INT. APPLEDORE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 76B
Again, a shot from on high, as Magnussen makes his way through the huge hallway.
CUT TO:

76C INT. APPLEDORE - MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 76C
Magnussen heads through his office, to the door behind his desk.
CUT TO:

76D INT. APPLEDORE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 76D
Magnussen heading down the spiral staircase.
Now Magnussen pulling open the top drawer of a filing cabinet.
Now he's sitting, leafing happily through a file.
On the file - photographs of Mary, pages of typescript.
Magnussen starts to grin.
MAGNUSSEN
Bad girl. Bad, bad girl.
CUT TO:

77 INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - DAY 77
Sherlock's eyes flickering open again.
His POV. Words coming into focus:
A newspaper headline (the Star or something similar):
SHAG-A-LOT HOLMES
- over a picture of a picture of Sherlock.
The newspaper is gone, another takes its place, held up for his inspection. This time:
7 TIMES A NIGHT IN BAKER STREET
There's another photo of Sherlock, with the smaller headline.

SHERLOCK'S NO HOMO.

And now another takes it place, this time from the inside of the paper.

HE MADE ME WEAR THE HAT

- over a picture of Janine, wearing a deerstalker, and playing the wronged woman for the camera.

The newspaper drops revealing, Janine's smiling face.

JANINE

I bought a cottage! I've made a *lot* of money out of you, mister - nothing hits the spot like revenge with profits.

Sherlock looks at her, blinks, considers this. Looks at the tabloids scattered over his bed.

SHERLOCK

You didn't give the story to Magnussen, did you?

JANINE

God, no. One of his rivals, he was *spitting*. Sherlock Holmes, you are a back-stabbing, heartless, manipulative bastard.

SHERLOCK

And you, as it turns out, are a grasping, opportunistic, publicity-hungry, tabloid whore.

JANINE

So we're good then?

SHERLOCK

Of course. Where did you buy the cottage?

JANINE

Sussex Downs.

SHERLOCK

Nice.

JANINE

View of the sea, gorgeous. There's beehives but I'm getting rid of those.

He's trying to sit up, and now gives a big gasp of pain.

JANINE

Hurts, does it?
(Nods to a dripfeed)
Probably want to restart your morphine - I might have fiddled with the tap.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

(Restarting)

How much more revenge are you going to need?

JANINE

The occasional top-up. Dream come true for you, this place. They actually attach the drugs to you.

SHERLOCK

Not good for working.

JANINE

You won't be working for a while, Sherl.

(A beat - they look at each other)

You lied to me. You lied and lied.

SHERLOCK

I needed access to Magnussen's office. I exploited the fact of our connection.

JANINE

When? Just once would have been nice.

SHERLOCK

I was waiting till we were married.

JANINE

That was never going to happen. I would never have said yes.

She leans in, gives him a kiss on the forehead.

JANINE

Got to go - I'm not supposed to keep you talking. Also, I'm doing an interview for The One Show and I haven't made it up yet.

(Turns at door)

Just one thing. You shouldn't have lied to me. I know what sort of man you are - but we could've been friends.

A moment's silence from Sherlock. If he's capable of shame, this is as near as he gets. She turns to go.

SHERLOCK

Keep the beehives.

JANINE

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

If you like, I'll teach you about bee-keeping.

(CONTINUED)

JANINE
And that will make up for
everything, will it?

SHERLOCK
No, but you might learn something
about bees.

JANINE
I would never have married you. Not
in a million years.

SHERLOCK
I know.

She looks at him. Ghost of a smile.

JANINE
Although, if we both get really old
and saggy and nobody else wants us,
what do you think?

SHERLOCK
Yeah, okay.

JANINE
Might as well. I've got a lovely
cottage and you paid for it.

She's going now. Over her shoulder.

JANINE
(From off)
I'll give your love to John and
Mary.

On Sherlock's face. He likes her. Then, so suddenly, the
warmth just disappears. Just drops away, in a moment. The
cold mask is back.

He reaches up with his hand and turns off the morphine again.

Close on his eyes as they close -

CUT TO:

Close on Sherlock's eyes as they open -

Wider: he's standing in the corridor of his mind palace.

The camera swings giddily round to reveal, standing a few
feet in front of him, utterly motionless, Mary Watson.

Words are hanging in the air around her like a swarm,
different sizes and fonts -

- but all the same word -

(CONTINUED)

78

LIAR.

Sherlock takes a step towards her.

SHERLOCK
Well then, Mary Watson - who are
you?

Fade to black ...

CUT TO:

79

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

79

John and Lestrade walking along. Lestrade is fiddling with his mobile phone.

JOHN
Not sure how much sense you'll get
out of him. He's drugged up, he's
pretty much babbling.
(Glances at Lestrade,
fiddling with his phone)
They won't let you use that in here

LESTRADE
I'm not going to phone, I just want
to take a video.

They go round the corner, heading into Sherlock's ward -

CUT TO:

80

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

80

The bed is empty, clearly recently vacated.

The window is open, the curtains blowing the breeze.

JOHN
Oh, Jesus!

CUT TO:

81

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

Mary, on the phone.

MARY
Well where would he go?

CUT TO:

82

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

82

John, on his phone, in the foreground. In the background, Lestrade talking to the doctors and nurses.

(CONTINUED)
72.

82

(We now intercut as required.)

JOHN
Christ knows - try and find
Sherlock in London, bloody hell.

Now with Lestrade and the medical team.

DOCTOR
He took the morphine.

LESTRADE
Yeah, he does that.

John and Mary.

JOHN
So he was lying then.

MARY
Lying?

JOHN
He said he didn't know who shot
him, but he does.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because Sherlock Holmes only ever
goes out for one reason. He's
hunting.

On Mary's face. So chilled. He's after *her*.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

83

John and Lestrade, striding. Lestrade on the phone.

LESTRADE
He has three known bolt-holes -
Parliament Hill, Camden Lock and
Dagmar Court -

CUT TO:

84 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

84

Over Lestrade's shoulder, Mycroft.

84

MYCROFT
*Five known boltholes. There's a
blind greenhouse in Kew Gardens,
and the leaning tomb in Hampstead
Cemetery.*

CUT TO:

85

INT. BARTS LAB - NIGHT

85

A slightly penitent looking Molly.

MOLLY
My flat sometimes. Just the spare
bedroom. Well the main bedroom, we
agreed he needs the space.

CUT TO:

86

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

86

MRS. HUDSON
Behind the clock face of Big Ben.
John looks bemusedly at her.

JOHN
I think he was probably joking.

MRS. HUDSON
Nope, don't think so.

CUT TO:

87

INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT - NIGHT

87

Anderson and Benji on the sofa, discussing earnestly.

ANDERSON
Leinster Gardens. It's his number
one bolt hole - top, top secret.

BENJI
He only know about it cos he
stalked him one night.

ANDERSON
"followed".

BENJI
"Followed", yes.

MARY
(From off)
Okay, Leinster Gardens.

Pan to Mary, who's doing the questioning.

(CONTINUED)
74.

MARY
Where in Leinster Gardens?

ANDERSON
Not exactly sure. I lost him.

On Mary: there's something colder about her now. Something sardonic as she smiles.

MARY
Yeah. Annoying when that happens,
isn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Lestrade and John, looking round the flat, Mrs. Hudson there too.

LESTRADE
He was definitely here then.

MRS. HUDSON
He took his equipment, there's food
missing from my fridge - he always
does that ...

John, pacing, thinking.

JOHN
He knew who shot him. The bullet
wound was here, he was facing
whoever it was -

LESTRADE
So why not tell us? Because he's
tracking them down himself.

JOHN
Or protecting them.

LESTRADE
Protecting the shooter? Why?

JOHN
Okay, protecting *someone*. But why
would he care - he's Sherlock. Who
would he bother protecting?

As he speaks, he's headed over to his old chair, now throws himself into it.

It takes him a moment to realise. His chair. His chair is back, right where it was.

He touches the arms, looks at. What? *What?*

LESTRADE

Okay, whatever, doesn't help us find him. I'm heading back to the station, call me if you hear anything. Don't hold out for me, John, just call, okay.

John, lost in his own world, troubled.

JOHN

Yeah. Sure, yeah.

LESTRADE

Good night, then.

MRS. HUDSON

Bye now.

Lestrade heads off down the stairs.

Holding on John, still his own thoughts, worry mounting and mounting. He's gripping the arms of his chair.

MRS. HUDSON

John? You all right? Need a cuppa?

A moment before John can find his voice. Now he's haunted, almost afraid.

JOHN

Mrs. Hudson ... why does Sherlock think I'll be moving back in here?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, yes! He's put your chair back, hasn't he? That's nice, looks much better.

But John doesn't think it's nice at all. He's chilled to the marrow.

He's winded. Almost tearful. And now he's staring at something a few feet in front of him.

MRS. HUDSON

John? What's wrong, tell me? John?

Closing in on John's face - staring.

And now there's a ringing - a phone.

MRS. HUDSON

That's your phone, isn't it?

John nods, unable to speak, still staring.

Mrs. Hudson lifts the phone off the desk, looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HUDSON
It's Sherlock.
(No answer)
John, it's Sherlock.

Now on what John is staring at. On the coffee table in front of him, placed so he can see it from his chair, is a tiny bottle.

Now closing in on the tiny bottle.

MRS. HUDSON
John? You have to answer!

Closer and closer -

- it's a perfume bottle, the label reads:

Claire-De-La-Lune.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT

An ordinary London street, near Paddington station (this is a REAL location.)

On Mary walking along, looking at the houses. Such a ordinary street. Almost deserted, at this time of night.

A hotel, parked cars, nothing.

Where does Sherlock Holmes hide here?

A homeless man, is sitting against the railings as she walks past.

WIGGINS
Spare any change, love.
(She ignores him)
Oh, come on, love. Don't be like
everybody else.

Mary rolls her eyes - he's going to be persistent, last thing she wants is to attract attention. Tosses some money into his bowl -

- and to her surprise he immediately grasps her hand, presses something into it -

- when she looks, she's holding a small mobile phone, and Bluetooth earpiece.

She looks at him. It's Wiggins!

WIGGINS
Rule One of looking for Sherlock
Holmes - *he finds you.*

Wiggins gets up, starts heading away.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
You're working for Sherlock now?

WIGGINS
Keeps me off the streets, doesn't
it?

MARY
Well ... no.

The phone, is already ringing in her hand. Only one person it
can be.

She slips on the earpiece, clicks the phone.

MARY
Where are you?

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Can't you see me?

MARY
What am I looking for?

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
The lie. The lie of Leinster
Gardens, hidden in plain sight.

Mary starts moving along the street. Looking everywhere.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Hardly anyone notices. People live
here for years and never see it.
But if you are what I think you
are, it will take you less than a
minute. The houses, Mary - look at
the houses.

She's now walking along the middle of the road, looking -
rows of grand terraced houses. What is it? What is she
missing.

MARY
How did you know I'd come here?

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
I knew you'd talk to the people no
one else would bother with.

MARY
I thought I was being clever.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
You're always clever, Mary, I was
relying on that. I planted the
information for you to find.

Mary has come to halt -

- staring at one of the houses. Perfectly ordinary houses - but clearly Mary doesn't think so.

MARY

Oh!

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Forty seconds

MARY

What am I looking at?

She staring at the frontage of perfectly ordinary house. Cutting closer on details - the windows are eerily blank. Painted.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

23 & 24 Leinster Gardens ...

On Mary's back as stares the house. The camera now goes craning up and up from Mary, arcing to look down at the street.

23 and 24 are simply a facade - no house behind.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

The empty houses.

We can see straight down to railway, an exposed section of the London underground.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

They were demolished years ago, to make way for the London Underground - a vent for the old steam trains.

Back with Mary, staring at this.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Only the very front section of the house remains. It's a facade. Remind you of anyone, Mary? A facade?

Now a powerful blazes from the other side of the street -

- and huge smiling picture of Mary's face is projected all of the facade of 23 & 24.

She stares at this.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Sorry. Never could resist a touch of drama.

She frowns, now sees that one of the doors stands slightly open.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Do come in. It's a little cramped.

MARY

Do you own this place?

She starts crossing the road, towards the door in the her own, smiling face.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

I won it in a card game with the Clarence House cannibal. Nearly cost me my kidneys, but fortunately I had a straight flush. Quite a gambler, that woman.

CUT TO:

INT. 23 & 24 LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT

Inside - a narrow, functional, structure, barely the width of a corridor. In effect, it's the front few feet of a house, sliced off.

There's evidence that Sherlock uses this place. Charts on the wall, racks of equipment, a spare coat - everything Sherlock would need in an economy-sized bolt hole.

There's one narrow window - the fierce projector glows fiercely through it.

Back lit by this, dimly seen, a shadowed, seated figure. Here we see the chrome glitter of a wheelchair. Above it, the hanging polythene bag of a dripfeed dully catches the light.

The figure in the wheelchair is in shadow. Maybe looks a little smaller than usual. Hunched, as if in pain.

A silence. They look at each other from the opposite ends of the empty house.

Mary closes the doors. Just the two of them now, in the darkness, separated by the dazzling shaft.

Mary, relaxed, now strolling around, looking at Sherlock's various devices and equipment.

MARY

What do you want, Sherlock?

(CONTINUED)

As Sherlock talks, Mary looks among the equipment. There's a rack of forensic tools. A first aid kit, recently used. Keys on hooks, probably various other Sherlock bolt holes.

SHERLOCK

Mary Morstan was still born in October 1974. Her gravestone is in Chiswick cemetery, where, five years ago, you acquired her name and date of birth, and thereafter her identity. That's why you don't have friends from before that date.

FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THREE:

Sherlock is turning from the wedding planner.

SHERLOCK

Your half of the church is looking a bit bare, Mary.

MARY

An orphan's lot. All I have are friends.

Back to the present.

SHERLOCK

It's an old enough technique, known to the kind of people who can recognise a skip code on sight -

FLASHBACK FROM THE EMPTY HEARSE:

Mary and Sherlock on the stairs at 221B -

MARY

It's a skip code, look.

SHERLOCK

- have extraordinarily retentive memories -

FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THREE

On the stairs of the hotel.

JOHN

You must remember the room number, you remember everything!!

SHERLOCK

I have to delete something!

Mary comes racing up the stairs.

MARY

Room 234.

(CONTINUED)

81.

SHERLOCK
And remain remarkably calm under
pressure.

FLASHBACK FROM THE EMPTY HEARSE

Mary on the back of the motorbike, holding up the phone for
Sherlock.

FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THE THREE

Mary racing out the wedding, in pursuit of the boys.

MARY
You were very slow.

SHERLOCK
How good a shot are you?

MARY
How badly do you want to find out?

From under her coat, she takes a gun.

SHERLOCK
If I died in here, my body would be
found in a building with your face
projected on the front - even
Scotland Yard could get somewhere
with that. Anyway, you won't shoot
me.

MARY
Shot you once already, dear.

SHERLOCK
I want to see how good you are. Go
on, show me. The doctor's wife must
be a little bored by now.

She looks at him, curious. Shrugs. Reaches into the little
tray of coins, tosses a fifty pence high in the air. Almost
casually she shoots.

It twangs, spins, ricochets, falls to the floor.

SHERLOCK
May I see?

She's already bending to pick it up -

- as the door opens, and Sherlock Holmes is framed in the
doorway, against the light. (He's paler than normal, clearly
weakened by his injuries.)

He's extending his hand for the coin.

Mary, astonished -

- She touches her hand to her earpiece, realising he was talking through there the whole time. Then looks to the shadowy, motionless figure in the wheelchair.

MARY

I suppose that was a fairly obvious trick.

Sherlock, coming through the door, has plucked the coin from her hand. There's a hole almost dead centre.

SHERLOCK

And yet, over a distance of six feet, you failed to make a kill shot. Enough to hospitalise me, not enough to kill me. That wasn't a miss, that was surgery. I'll take the case.

MARY

What case?

SHERLOCK

Yours. Why didn't you come to me in the first place?

Mary rounds on him, fierce now.

MARY

Because John can't ever know that I've lied to him. It would break him and I would lose him forever. And Sherlock, I will never let that happen.

She steps, closer to him. Such cold ferocity in her. Whoever she once was, we're seeing that woman now

MARY

Please understand, there is nothing in this world I would not do, to stop that happening.

On Sherlock: as cold as we ever see him. Just looks at her a moment, appraising.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. It wasn't *that* obvious a trick.

And he reaches over and clicks a light switch.

The room illumines -

- and revealed, sitting in the wheelchair, is John Watson. He was the shadowed figure all along.

He is staring at Mary. A lost man. Tears in his eyes.

Now, Mary staring at John. Oh God. Oh God, he heard all that.

(CONTINUED)

90

John, now unsteadily getting to his feet. Just staring at her, staring and staring. This woman he thought he knew.

Mary: nothing she can say. Nothing would be enough.

A terrible, end of the world silence.

SHERLOCK
Okay. Talk, sort it out. But do it
quickly - we have a war to win.

John and Mary, staring at each other.

Now, slowly fading to black.

Holding on the black for a moment. Now slowly fading up:

Hark the Herald Angels Sing ...

FADING IN:

91

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

91

A sweet little cottage in the countryside. A tree in the garden, decorated with Christmas lights. Holly on the door.

It's Christmas.

Closing in on the door now.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Dear God, it's only two o'clock.

CUT TO:

92

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

92

A table is being set for Christmas dinner. Sherlock's Mother, is fussing round, in and out.

Mycroft is staring balefully at a clock on the wall, Sherlock is leaning against the side, reading a newspaper, boredly munching a mince pie.

MYCROFT
It's been Christmas day for at least a week now, how can it only be *two o'clock*. I'm in agony.

SHERLOCK
That is the one redeeming feature.

On the newspaper Sherlock is reading.

Over a picture of Lady Smallwood with a proud looking man who is clearly her husband, the headline.

LORD SMALLWOOD COMMITS SUICIDE.

(CONTINUED)

A smaller headline:

LETTERS SHAME PEER TAKES OWN LIFE.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Mikey, is this your laptop?

MYCROFT
On which depends the security of
the free world. And you've got
crumbs on it.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Well you shouldn't leave it lying
about if it's important.

MYCROFT
Why are we doing this? We *never* do
this.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Because Sherlock's home from
hospital and we're all very happy.

MYCROFT
Am I happy too? I haven't checked.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Behave, Mike.

MYCROFT
Mycroft is the name you gave me, if
you possibly struggle all the way
to the end.

WIGGINS
Mrs. Holmes!

And there's Wiggins, now passing her a glass of punch - he's
working the punch bowl.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Thankyou, dear!
(Eyes him dubiously)
Not absolutely clear why you're
here.

SHERLOCK
I invited him.

WIGGINS
I'm his protege, Mrs. Holmes. When
he dies, I get all his stuff and
his job.

SHERLOCK
No.

WIGGINS
I help out a bit.

SHERLOCK

Closer.

WIGGINS

But, you know, if he does get murdered, or something -

SHERLOCK

Probably stop talking now.

WIGGINS

Okay.

MYCROFT

Lovely when you bring your friends round.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

You, stop it! Sherlock's been shot. Somebody put a bullet in my boy. And if I ever find out who, I shall turn absolutely monstrous.

(Looks at the cup of tea she's been making)

Now, hang on, this was for Mary - back in a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY

Mary is curled in an armchair by the fire, a book in her lap. Sherlock's Father is putting up Christmas decorations along the mantelpiece, as Sherlock's mother comes bustling through the door.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

Mary, there you are, cup of tea. If father starts making little humming noises, you just give him a little poke, that usually does it.

MARY

(Taking tea)

Thanks. Did you write this?

She's showing the cover of the book. "The Dynamics Of A Combustion" by M. L. Holmes.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

Oh, that silly old thing, you mustn't read that. The mathematics will seem terrible fatuous now.

(To Sherlock's father)

No humming, you!

She gives Sherlock's father a slap on the rump, as she bustles off.

Mary look after her, bemused. Sherlock's father shoots her an amused look.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Complete flake, my wife, but as it happens, a genius.

MARY
She was a mathematician?

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Gave it all up for children - and latterly competitive line dancing.

MARY
Seriously?

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Insisted. Could never bring myself to argue with her. I'm something of a moron, you see, and she's unbelievably hot.

Mary, smiling now, getting it.

MARY
Oh my God! You're the sane one, aren't you?

He returns her smile.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Aren't you?

On Mary - her smile falters just a little. He's suggesting they have common ground, they're the sane ones, the anchor points ...

... but for her, it's not true.

The door opens. Standing there, is John. Looks serious, slightly embarrassed.

JOHN
Sorry, I was, um ...

He gestures vaguely at Mary.

Mary just looks away. Things aren't good.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Oh, do you two need a moment?

JOHN
Um. Well, if you wouldn't mind -

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Not at all, I'll go and help with - something or other.

He heads out, quietly closing the door.

John and Mary: silence.

93

MARY
Oh, look! It's him from the spare
room.

John staring at her, Mary just looking away.

CUT TO:

94

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

94

Sherlock's father has just closed the door on the study.
Pauses a moment, troubled.

Sherlock, now passing him, still reading his newspaper.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Those two - they all right?

Sherlock just waves his hand, vaguely.

SHERLOCK
Oh, you know. They've had their ups
and downs.

On this:

HARD CUT TO:

95

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

95

The door to the flat slams open, and John comes storming in,
enraged, beyond furious.

From his clothes, it's the same night as we saw them all at
Leinster Gardens. He goes straight to the window, staring
out, baleful.

Mrs. Hudson comes flustering from the kitchen.

MRS. HUDSON
John, are you all right? Did you
find Sherlock?

JOHN
Yeah, I bloody found him.

Mary now coming through the door. Looking so sick, like the
world's end.

She just looks over at John, who doesn't look back at her.

MRS. HUDSON
Mary?

Mary shakes her head, goes to the fireplace. Can't talk.

And now Sherlock comes staggering up the stairs. In the
better light, we see how frail he still is - white as a
sheet, clearly in pain, winded.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, the Leinster Gardens branch is looking a little shabby, could you pop along with the Hoover?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, Sherlock, oh my goodness, you look terrible.

SHERLOCK

Of course I look terrible, I got shot last week - ask her. Actually, forget the Hoover, get me some morphine from your kitchen, I've run out.

MRS. HUDSON

I don't have any morphine.

SHERLOCK

Then what exactly is the point of you?

Mrs. Hudson, looking

MRS. HUDSON

What is going on?

JOHN

Bloody good question!

SHERLOCK

The Watson's are about to have a domestic - and I hope fairly quickly because we've got work to do.

JOHN

(Rounding on Mary)

No, I've got a better question. Is everybody I've ever met a bloody psychopath??

SHERLOCK

Yes. Well, good we've that settled that, Magnussen is still out there and we need to -

JOHN

Shut up! Shut up and stay shut up, because this is not funny. Not this time.

SHERLOCK

I didn't say it was funny.

John has rounded on Mary, yelling at her. His words land like physical impacts.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You! Tell me, what have I ever done, in my whole life, to deserve you!

SHERLOCK

Everything.

JOHN

Sherlock, I told you, shut up.

SHERLOCK

No, I'm serious, everything. Everything you've ever done, is what you did.

JOHN

One more word, Sherlock, you will not need morphine -

SHERLOCK

You're a doctor who went to war. You're a man who can't last one month in the suburbs without storming a crack den and beating up a junkie. Your best friend is a sociopath who solves crimes as an alternative to getting high - that's me, by the way, hello - and even the landlady used to run a drug cartel -

MRS. HUDSON

It was my husband's cartel, I was just typing.

SHERLOCK

And "exotic dancing."

MRS. HUDSON

Sherlock Holmes, if you've been YouTubing - ...

SHERLOCK

John, you are addicted to a certain lifestyle. You are abnormally attracted to dangerous situations and people, so is it truly a surprise if the woman you fall in love with conforms to that pattern?

JOHN

She wasn't supposed to be like that!! *Why is she like that??*

On Mary - the pain of hearing this, so much.

SHERLOCK

Because you chose her.

Silence. John, despairing, for a moment lost for words. Then truly lets rip.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Why is everything. Always. *MY
FAULT!!*

MRS. HUDSON
Neighbours!

Sherlock watches him for moment, then -

SHERLOCK
John, listen. Be calm and answer
me. What is she?

JOHN
My lying wife.

Mary - the words hit her.

SHERLOCK
No. What is she?

JOHN
She's the woman who is carrying my
child, who has lied to me since the
day I met her.

SHERLOCK
No, no. Not in this flat, not in
this room. Right here, right now,
what is she?

A moment. John, getting it now. Resigned.

JOHN
Okay. Your way. Always your way.

He turns, crosses to the table, takes a chair from it and
then it sets it in place, facing the fireplace, between
Sherlock's chair and his own.

JOHN
Sit.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because that's where they sit, the
people who come here, with their
stories. The clients. That's what
you are now, Mary, you're a client.
And this is where you sit and talk,
and this is where we sit and
listen. And we decide if we want
you or not.

John sits in his chair. And waits.

Sherlock hobbles over, sits in his chair. Waits. It's all
strangely formal.

95

On Mary. A beat.
And she sits in the client chair.
A silence. A slow fade to black.

96

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

96

John and Mary, much as we left them.

JOHN
So. You okay?

MARY
Oh! Are we doing conversation today
- it really is Christmas. Your
baby's fine, please don't pretend
you're interested in me.

A silence. John takes something from his pocket.

Close on it. A data stick. There's lettering along the side,
in felt tip. A.G.R.A.

She stares at him.

MARY
Now? Seriously? Months of silence,
and we're going to do this *now*?

CUT TO:

97

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

97

Mary, John, Sherlock, as we left them. (Sherlock, still
deathly pale, wheezing as he breathes.)

On Mary's handbag. She's rooting through it for something.

John, watching uncomfortable. Impatiently, he pulls a packet
of tissues from his pockets, holds them out to her.

She gives him a look that says *as if!*

- a flicker of a sardonic smile on Sherlock's face -

- and Mary pulls the A.G.R.A data stick from her pocket,
tosses it on the table.

SHERLOCK
A.G.R.A. What's that?

MARY
My initials.

A pained look from John. Doesn't even know her name.

MARY

Everything about who I was, is on there. If you love me, don't read it in front of me. Because you won't love me when you've finished, and I don't want to see that happen.

John considers. Reaches for the data stick, pockets it.

MARY

(To Sherlock)

How much do you know already?

SHERLOCK

By your skill set, you are, or were, an intelligence agent. Your accent is currently English, but I suspect you are not. You're on the run from something, and you have used your skills to disappear. Magnussen knows your secret, which is why you were going to kill him. I'm assuming you befriended Janine to get close to him?

MARY

You can talk.

JOHN

Jesus, look at the two of you. You should have got married.

MARY

The stuff Magnussen has on me, I would go to prison for the rest of my life. I can never be free so long as he has that information.

JOHN

So you were just going to kill him.

MARY

People like Magnussen should be killed. That's why there are people like me.

JOHN

Oh, perfect, is that what you were. An assassin? How could I not see that.

MARY

You did see it. And you married me. Because he's right, that's what you like.

SHERLOCK

So Mary - whatever documents
Magnussen has concerning yourself,
you need them extracted and
returned. It all comes back to
Appledore.

MARY

Why would you help me?

SHERLOCK

Because you saved my life.

JOHN

... what? Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

(Coughs, wheezes)
So far, at any rate..

The doorbell rings.

SHERLOCK

(Calls)
Mrs. Hudson, stop listening and
answer the door.

Mrs. Hudson pops her head round the doorway.

MRS. HUDSON

Why can't you answer it yourself?

SHERLOCK

Because I'm dying of internal
injuries compounded by
inappropriate exertion and two
packets of cigarettes.

MRS. HUDSON

Well aren't you always!

She flounces off.

SHERLOCK

When I happened on you and
Magnussen, you had a problem.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK A speed-ramped version of Sherlock walking in on
Mary and Magnussen. Freeze frame.**

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)
More specifically, you had a
witness. The solution, of course,
was obvious.

(CONTINUED)

The freeze frame re-starts, now at normal speed. Mary shoots Sherlock through the forehead. He drops, dead

She spins, shoots Magnussen through the forehead. He flops dead.

Freeze-frame again.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Kill both of us, and leave.
However, sentiment got the better
of you.

Super-fast rewind. This time Mary shoots Sherlock in the chest, as before. Freeze frame.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

A precisely calculated shot to
incapacitate me, in the hope it
would give you time to negotiate my
silence.

Mary turns to look at a terrified Magnussen.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

You couldn't kill Magnussen on the
night we were breaking into the
building - your own husband would
be a suspect - so

She whacks him hard round the head with her gun.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

You calculated that Magnussen would
use the fact of your involvement,
rather than share the information
with the police, since that is his
M.O., and you left the way you
came.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

Have I missed anything?

JOHN

How did she save your life?

SHERLOCK

She phoned the ambulance.

JOHN

I phoned the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

95.

99

SHERLOCK
She phoned first.

CUT TO:

100

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

100

As Mary turns, from clubbing Magnussen, she already has her mobile in her hand, rapidly tapping in a number.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
You didn't even find me for another five minutes, I'd have died left to you.

CUT TO:

101

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

101

SHERLOCK
The average arrival time of a London ambulance is -

Two medics come crashing through the door, with a stretcher.

MEDIC
Did somebody call an ambulance?

SHERLOCK
- eight minutes. Did you bring any morphine, I asked on the phone.

MEDIC
We were told there was a shooting.

SHERLOCK
Yes, last week, but I think I'm bleeding internally, and my pulse is very erratic. You may have to restart my heart on the way.

He is staggering to his feet.

John straight to his side, helping.

JOHN
Jesus, Sherlock -

MEDIC
(Also helping)
Easy now.

Sherlock has gripped hold of John's arm.

SHERLOCK
John, Magnussen is all that matters, only him! We can trust Mary, she saved my life -

(CONTINUED)

101

JOHN
She shot you.

SHERLOCK
Mixed messages, I'll grant you
that.

He gives a cry, falls to the floor. John and the Medics,
working frantically.

JOHN
Sherlock! *Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

102

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY

102

John and Mary as we left them. Clock ticking silence.

MARY
So. Have you read it?

John hesitates.

JOHN
Come here a moment.

MARY
No, tell me, have you?

JOHN
Just ... come here.

A beat. Then she gets up, goes to him. The two of them,
standing there, in front of the fireplace. John frowning
fiercely, containing storms of emotion. Mary, sadly and
calmly, waiting on the verdict.

JOHN
I have thought about this. I have
thought for a very long time about
what I need to say to you. These
are prepared words, Mary. I have
chosen these words with care.

MARY
... okay.

John gives a stiff little nod. Like he's readying himself.

JOHN
The problems of your past are your
business. The problems of your
future are my privilege.

Holds up the data stick.

JOHN
All I have to say. All I need to
know.

(CONTINUED)
97.

He throws the data stick in the fire.

JOHN
No, I didn't look.

She's staring at him. Tears starting. Is she forgiven.

MARY
... you don't even know my name.

JOHN
Mary Watson good enough for you?

MARY
Yes. Oh God, yes.

JOHN
Good enough for me too.

MARY
(Crying now, such relief,
shaking with it)
Oh my God.

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him so tight.

JOHN
This doesn't mean I'm not still
basically pissed off.

MARY
I know.

JOHN
I am very pissed off, and that will
come out now and then.

MARY
I know. I know.

JOHN
And you can mow the sodding lawn
from now on.

MARY
I do mow the lawn.

JOHN
I mow it loads.

MARY
You really don't

JOHN
And I choose the baby's name.

MARY
Not a chance.

JOHN
Okay.

They're clinging to each other now ...

CUT TO:

The same scene now viewed through the window.

Pulling back to discover Sherlock and Mycroft, standing out the back with cigarettes. Clearly not for the first time.

MYCROFT
I'm glad you've given up on the
Magnussen business.

SHERLOCK
Are you?

MYCROFT
I'm still curious though. He's
hardly your usual kind of puzzle.
Why do you hate him?

On Sherlock: caught out in an emotion.

SHERLOCK
He attacks people who are different
and preys on their secrets - why
don't you?

MYCROFT
He never causes too much damage to
anyone of importance, he's far too
intelligent for that. He's a
business man, that's all, and
occasionally useful to us. A
necessary evil, not a dragon for
you to slay.

SHERLOCK
A dragon-slayer - is that what you
think of me?

MYCROFT
No. It's what you think of
yourself.

Sherlock's Mother pokes her head out the door.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER
Are you two smoking?

They have instantly hidden their cigarettes.

MYCROFT
No!

SHERLOCK
It was Mycroft.

She withdraws. They resume.

MYCROFT

I have, by the way, a job offer I should like you to decline.

SHERLOCK

I decline your kind offer.

MYCROFT

I shall pass on your regrets.

SHERLOCK

What was it?

MYCROFT

MI6. They want to place you back in Eastern Europe. An undercover assignment that would prove fatal to you in, I think, about six months.

SHERLOCK

Then why don't you want to me take it?

MYCROFT

It's tempting, but on balance, you have more utility closer to home.

SHERLOCK

Utility? How do I have utility?

Mycroft smiles, shrugs.

MYCROFT

Here be dragons.
(Looks irritated at his cigarette, flicks it away)
This isn't agreeing with me, I'm going in.

SHERLOCK

You need low tar, you still smoke like a beginner.

Mycroft is opening the door. Hesitates. Looks back.

MYCROFT

Also your loss would break my heart.

Sherlock looks at him, affronted.

SHERLOCK

What the hell am I supposed to say to that?

MYCROFT

Merry Christmas?

SHERLOCK

You hate Christmas.

MYCROFT

Yes. Perhaps there was something in the punch.

SHERLOCK

Clearly. Go and have some more.

Mycroft goes.

On Sherlock. No smile - his face is cold.

He looks round at -

- the window. John and Mary, hugging.

CUT TO:

104 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE/STUDY - DAY 104

With John and Mary, still hugging.

MARY

So. You realise Sherlock got us out to see his Mum and Dad for a reason, yeah?

JOHN

His lovely Mum and Dad, what a fine example of married life, yeah I get it. That's the thing about Sherlock - you never know what he's going to do next.

John, frowning now. Because Mary has gone slack in his arms.

JOHN

Mary? *Mary?*

She's reeling back from him, clearly losing consciousness. He's now lowering her into a chair.

JOHN

Mary, what's wrong?

The door is opening - Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Don't drink Mary's tea.

John stares at him?? What?? But Sherlock is already gone - John already racing after him

CUT TO:

105 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY 105

John, bursting out of the study, into the hallway, to see - Sherlock's father, prone on the floor, also unconscious.

(CONTINUED)
101.

What?? *What??*

Sherlock appears at the door to the kitchen, perfectly casual, relaxed.

SHERLOCK
Oh, or the punch.

He disappears again. John tears after him --

CUT TO:

106 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 106

John comes crashing into the kitchen. Mycroft is slumped asleep in his chair. Wiggins is tending to Sherlock's Mother in a chair.

JOHN
Did you just drug my *pregnant*
wife??

SHERLOCK
Don't worry, Wiggins is an
excellent chemist.

WIGGINS
Calculated your wife's dose myself -
won't affect the little one, and
I'll keep an eye on her.

SHERLOCK
He'll monitor them all as they
recover - more or less his day job.

JOHN
What the hell have you done??

SHERLOCK
A deal. With the devil.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY 107 *

Charles Augustus Magnussen is entering the restaurant. Looks round.

There is one solitary diner in the corner. Sherlock Holmes. He wears his hospital pyjamas, with his coat over them. There's a dripfeed on a stand next to his chair, still attached to his arm. He's tucking into some pasta.

Magnussen's POV. Again, we see text streaming across his spectacle lenses (too fast for us to read - like there is too much information about Sherlock, but also to preserve a bit of his mystery.)

(CONTINUED)
102.

Magnussen now crosses to him, sits opposite him. Waits. Sherlock is wolfing into his food.

MAGNUSSEN
Shouldn't you be in hospital?

SHERLOCK
I *am* in hospital, this is the canteen.

MAGNUSSEN
Is it?

SHERLOCK
In my opinion. Have a seat.

Magnussen considers. Sits.

MAGNUSSEN
Thank you.

SHERLOCK
I've been thinking about you.

MAGNUSSEN
I've been thinking about *you*.

SHERLOCK
Really?

He reaches up, turns the tap on his morphine, increasing the flow.

SHERLOCK
I want to see Appledore. Where you keep all the secrets, all the files. Everything you've got on everyone. I want you to invite me.

MAGNUSSEN
What makes you think I'd be so careless.

SHERLOCK
I think you're more careless than you let on.

MAGNUSSEN
Am I?

SHERLOCK
It's the dead-eye stare that gives it away. Except it's not dead-eyed, is it? You're reading.

He casually reaches over and takes Magnussen's spectacles.

SHERLOCK
Portable Appledore. How do they work? Built in flash drive? 4G, wi-fi -

He's broken off, staring in astonishment at the spectacles.
Confused now.

SHERLOCK
They're ordinary spectacles

MAGNUSSEN
Yes, they are.

Again, from Magnussen's POV. Again text streaming across,
even though he isn't wearing the spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN
You underestimate me, Mr. Holmes.

He reaches over to Sherlock's plate, rummages around in
Sherlock's pasta, find a piece he likes, pops it in his
mouth.

SHERLOCK
Impress me then. Show me Appledore.

MAGNUSSEN
Why so interested?

SHERLOCK
Aren't tours available?

MAGNUSSEN
I'm a business man, everything is
available for a price. Are you
making me an offer?

SHERLOCK
A Christmas present.

MAGNUSSEN
And what are you giving me for
Christmas, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK
My brother.

CUT TO:

Sherlock is pulling Mycroft's laptop from under him - he has
slumped over it at the table.

JOHN
Sherlock. Please tell me you
haven't just gone out of your mind?

SHERLOCK
I prefer to keep you guessing.

From outside, the sound of a helicopter.

SHERLOCK
Ah! There's our lift! Wiggins,
you're in charge.

WIGGINS
You can rely on me.

SHERLOCK
Remember about not stealing.

John has stepped to the back door, now opens it -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

John's POV. A helicopter is descending into the field behind the cottage.

It is emblazoned with CAM.

Sherlock now emerging from the house. He has his coat on, and is carrying John's. He has Mycroft's laptop.

SHERLOCK
Coming?

JOHN
Where?

SHERLOCK
Want your wife to be safe?

JOHN
Of course I do.

SHERLOCK
Good. Because this is going to be incredibly dangerous. One false move and we'll have betrayed the security of the United Kingdom and we'll be in prison for high treason. Magnussen is quite simply the most dangerous man we have ever encountered and the odds are comprehensively stacked against us.

John, momentarily lost for words.

JOHN
It's Christmas!

SHERLOCK
(Grins)
I feel the same. Oh, you mean *actually* Christmas. Did you bring your gun, as I suggested?

JOHN
Why would I bring my gun to your
parents house for Christmas dinner.

SHERLOCK
(Passing him his coat)
Is it in your coat?

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Off we go then.

They start striding towards the helicopter

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Appledore!

CUT TO:

110 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 110

Helicopter shot of Appledore, at sunset. We hear the beating
blades.

CUT TO:

111 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 111

On Sherlock and John, looking down at it.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 112

The helicopter descending into the grounds.

CUT TO:

113 INT. APPLEDORE - MASSIVE LIVING ROOM - DUSK 113

Charles Augustus Magnussen is sitting with a glass of
whiskey, watching something.

Projecting on the wall, is the security footage of John
Watson being rescued from the bonfire, by Sherlock. It's
playing on a loop.

Magnussen watches, contentedly, sipping his drink.

Through a door, come Sherlock and John, shown in by a man who
is probably a butler.

(CONTINUED)
106.

Magnussen glances at them. With a little flick of his hand, he dismisses the butler.

Sherlock and John, approaching, staring at the projection.

MAGNUSSEN

I would offer you a drink, but it's very rare and expensive.

Sherlock and John, staring at the footage looping on the wall.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I see. It was you.

MAGNUSSEN

Yes, of course. Very hard to find a pressure point on you, Mr. Holmes. The drugs thing, I never believed for a moment. And anyway, you wouldn't care if it was exposed. But look how you care about John Watson. Your damsel in distress.

JOHN

You put me in a bloody fire ...for leverage??

MAGNUSSEN

I would never have let you burn, Dr. Watson, I had people standing by. I'm not a murderer. Unlike your wife.

He clicks off the looping footage.

MAGNUSSEN

Let me explain how leverage works, Dr. Watson. For those who understand these things, Mycroft Holmes is the most powerful man in the country. Well - apart from me. Mycroft's pressure point is his junkie detective brother, Sherlock. Sherlock's pressure point, is John Watson, his best friend. John Watson's pressure point is his wife. I own John Watson's wife. I own Mycroft.

(He puts his hands out to receive.)

He's what I'm getting for Christmas.

Sherlock steps forward, places Mycroft's laptop on the table in front of Magnussen.

SHERLOCK

It's an exchange, not a gift.

Magnussen takes the laptop.

MAGNUSSEN

Forgive me, but I already seem to have it.

SHERLOCK

It's password protected. In return for the password, you will give me all materials in your possession pertaining to the woman I know as Mary Watson.

MAGNUSSEN

Oh, she's bad, that one. So many dead people, you should see what I've seen.

JOHN

I don't need to see it.

MAGNUSSEN

You might enjoy it though. *I* enjoy it.

SHERLOCK

Then show us.

MAGNUSSEN

Show you Appledore? The secret vaults of Appledore, is that what you want?

SHERLOCK

I want everything you have on Mary.

Magnussen leans back, contemplating Sherlock.

Then laughs.

MAGNUSSEN

You know, I honestly expected something good.

SHERLOCK

I think you'll find the contents of that laptop -

MAGNUSSEN

- *include a GPS locator*. By now your brother will have noticed the theft, and the security services will be converging on this house. Having arrived, they will discover top secret information in my hands, and have every justification to search my vaults. They will discover further information of this kind, and I will be imprisoned. You will be exonerated and restored to your smelly little apartment to solve crimes with Mr. and Mrs. Psychopath.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108.

MAGNUSSEN (cont'd)

Mycroft has been looking for this opportunity for a long time, he'll be a very proud big brother.

Sherlock, looking bemused at Magnussen.

SHERLOCK

The fact you know it's going to happen, won't stop it.

MAGNUSSEN

Then why am I smiling?

Silence.

MAGNUSSEN

Ask me! Ask why I'm smiling.

Sherlock, stubbornly silent. John, shoots Sherlock a look, takes over.

JOHN

Why are you smiling?

MAGNUSSEN

Because Sherlock Holmes has made one enormous mistake which will destroy the lives of everyone he loves, and everything he holds dear.

(Stands)

Let me show you the Appledore vaults.

He strides from the room. John and Sherlock exchange a worried glance. Start to follow.

CUT TO:

As at the beginning, looking down on a giant hallway. All white and gleaming, carved out of icebergs. This time Magnussen leading Sherlock and John along.

CUT TO:

The same as before - stylish, minimalist, modern. A bowl of fruit is a burst of colour.

Magnussen leads John and Sherlock to the door behind the desk.

He turns at it, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

MAGNUSSEN

The entrance to my vaults. This is
where I keep you all.

And he opens the door -

- steps in -

- John and Sherlock, step to the doorway, stare in horror.

It's a cupboard. A tiny, bare, walk in cupboard, containing
only a single chair.

Magnussen goes to the chair, sits in it. Beams at them.

JOHN

Okay. Where are the vaults then?

MAGNUSSEN

Vaults? What vaults, there are no
vaults beneath this building.
They're all in here.

He points to his head.

MAGNUSSEN

The Appledore Vaults are my mind
palace.

On Sherlock - starting to get it. Oh dear God!!

MAGNUSSEN

You know about mind palaces, don't
you, Sherlock? How to store
information so you never forget it?
By *picturing* it. I just sit here, I
close my eyes ...

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

116 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK 116

Magnussen opens his eyes. He starts descending the spiral
staircase.

MAGNUSSEN

And down I go to my vaults.

CUT TO:

117 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK 117

Magnussen sits in his chair, rocking slightly, like's
imagining walking.

(CONTINUED)
110.

117

CONTINUED:

117

MAGNUSSEN

I can go anywhere inside my vault.
My memories.

CUT TO:

118

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK

118

Magnussen wandering the dusty corridors.

MAGNUSSEN

Where shall I go today? Oh, I know!
I'll look at the files on Mrs.
Watson.

He starts heading towards a filing cabinet.

CUT TO:

119

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK

119

Magnussen, sitting there, miming opening a drawer, taking out a file, leafing through it.

MAGNUSSEN

This is one of my favourites. It's
so exciting. All those wet jobs for
the CIA. Oh, and she's gone a bit
freelance now, bad girl.

CUT TO:

120

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK

120

Magnussen, standing at the filing cabinet, flicking through the file now actually in his hands.

MAGNUSSEN

Oh, she's so wicked, I can really
see why you like her.

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

121

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK

121

He opens his eyes. Smiles.

MAGNUSSEN

You see?

JOHN

There aren't any documents. You
don't actually have anything here
at all?

(CONTINUED)

111.

MAGNUSSEN

Oh, sometimes I send out for something, if I really need it. But mostly I just remember it all.

JOHN

I don't understand.

MAGNUSSEN

You should have that on a T-shirt.

JOHN

You just *remember* it all.

MAGNUSSEN

Every last detail. It's all about knowledge, everything is. Knowing is owning.

JOHN

But if you just *know* it, you don't have proof.

MAGNUSSEN

Proof? What would I need proof for? I'm in *news*, you moron.

He stands.

MAGNUSSEN

Speaking of news, you'll both be heavily featured tomorrow. Trying to sell state secrets to me. Let's go outside, they'll be here shortly. I can't wait to see you arrested.

He heads out.

John looks to Sherlock -

- who just looks winded, lost, defeated.

JOHN

Sherlock? Have we got a plan, Sherlock?

No answer. Doesn't even look at him.

John strides away, leaving Sherlock behind.

Sherlock: now closing his eyes in utter despair. He's got it wrong. So, so wrong.

CUT TO:

The sun is setting - a blood red sky.

Magnussen is waiting in front of his spectacular house.

John now emerging behind him.

MAGNUSSEN
They're taking their time, aren't they? Do you think they'll send a helicopter.

JOHN
I still don't understand.

MAGNUSSEN
And there's the back of the T-shirt.

JOHN
You just know things. How does that work?

MAGNUSSEN
I love your little soldier face. I'd like to punch it. Bring it over here a minute.

John glances to Sherlock, who is now emerging from the house. Sherlock nods - do it.

MAGNUSSEN
Come on. For Mary, bring me your face.

John goes to Magnussen.

MAGNUSSEN
Lean forward a bit. Stick your face out.

John grinds his teeth. But complies.

MAGNUSSEN
Can I flick it? Can I flick your face?

John: frowning, what does he mean.

And then Magnussen starts flicking a fingernail hard against John's. Flick! Flick! A stupid, childish, humiliating assault.

MAGNUSSEN
I love doing this. I could do it all day.
(Flick! Flick!)
It works like this, John. I know who Mary hurt and killed.
(Flick! Flick!)
I know where to find people who hate her. I know where they live, I know their phone numbers.
(Flick! Flick!)
All in my mind palace, all of it.
(MORE)

MAGNUSSEN (cont'd)

I could phone them right now, and tear your whole life down. And I will unless you let me flick your face.

(Flick! Flick!)

This what I do to people. This is what I do to whole countries. Just because I *know*.

He raises his flicking finger to John's eye.

MAGNUSSEN

Can I do your eye now? See if you can keep it open!

Flick! John cries out, can't do it.

MAGNUSSEN

Come on, for Mary, keep it open.

Flick! John flinches back this time.

JOHN

Sherlock!

On Sherlock. So lost, so defeated.

SHERLOCK

Let him. Sorry. Just let him do it.

MAGNUSSEN

Come on, eye open. It's difficult, isn't it? Janine managed it once - she makes the *funniest* noises.

The thunder of a helicopter above! They are now transfixed in blazing spotlight from above.

From around the perimeter, we see a black clad SWAT team now cautiously approaching.

Now Mycroft's voice booming everywhere.

MYCROFT

(V.O.)

Sherlock Holmes and John Watson, stand away from that man. Do it now.

Neither Sherlock nor John budge.

CUT TO:

Close on Mycroft, yelling into a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

114.

MYCROFT
Sherlock, what the hell are you
doing??

CUT TO:

124 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 124

Magnussen turns to Sherlock with an amused smile.

MAGNUSSEN
Here we go, Mr. Holmes.

Sherlock looks at him. A gentle frown of thought.

SHERLOCK
To clarify: the Appledore Vaults
only exist in your mind. Nowhere
else, just there.

MAGNUSSEN
They're not real, they never have
been.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Sherlock Holmes and John Watson,
step away!

MAGNUSSEN
(Calling up)
It's fine, they're harmless.

JOHN
What do we do? Sherlock, *what do we
do??*

MAGNUSSEN
Nothing. There is nothing to be
done. I'm not a villain, I have no
evil plan - I'm a business man
acquiring assets. And you happen to
be one of them, that's all. Sorry,
no chance for you to be a hero this
time, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK
Oh, do your research.

He steps by John for a moment, takes something from this
pocket.

SHERLOCK
I'm not a hero, I'm a high
functioning sociopath.

And then, in a superfast, almost causal moment, he jams a gun
against Magnussen's forehead.

SHERLOCK
Merry Christmas.

Blam!!

And Magnussen drops like a stone, dead!

Sherlock immediately drops the gun, stands back, hands in the air.

A blaze of laser gun lights now swarming over him.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Don't fire! Do not fire on Sherlock
Holmes.

John, staring at Sherlock, horror.

SHERLOCK
Get back from me, John. Stay right
back.

The SWAT team now swarming round Sherlock, guns leveled at him.

He stands there. Alone. Waiting, in the terrible blasting light.

JOHN
Sherlock. Oh Christ, *Sherlock!*

SHERLOCK
Give my love to Mary. Tell her
she'll be safe now.

CUT TO:

125 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK

125

Mycroft, staring down, as lost as his brother.

MYCROFT
Oh, Sherlock. What have you done?

CUT TO:

126 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK

126

Close on Sherlock's eyes, as he blinks.

We cut wider on this moment -

- and now it is the little boy Sherlock standing there, with his hands up. Tears streaming down his face.

On this tableaux, we slowly fade to black.

In the blackness we hear Mycroft's voice...

(CONTINUED)
116.

MYCROFT
As my colleague is fond of
remarking, this country sometimes
needs a blunt instrument.

FADING UP ON:

127 INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY 127

Mycroft, in a wood-panelled office, talking to some other men
in suits. As he speaks, he stands staring sadly out of the
window. The others are seated, listening.

The mood is impossibly grave.

MYCROFT
Equally, it sometimes needs a
dagger. A scalpel, wielded with
precision and without remorse.
(Looks to the others)
There will always come a time when
we need Sherlock Holmes.

SIR EDWIN
If this is some expression of ...
familial sentiment ...

MYCROFT
Don't be absurd. You know what we
did to our sister. In any event,
there is no prison in which we
could incarcerate Sherlock Holmes
in, without causing a riot on a
daily basis.
(He turns to a particular
person at the head of the
table)
The alternative, however, would
require your approval.

On some papers on the table, Mycroft's alternative plan -
- panning to see Lady Smallwood, who looks up from reading
them.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Hardly merciful, Mr. Holmes.

On Mycroft - so pained.

MYCROFT
Regrettably, Lady Smallwood, my
brother is a murderer.

DISSOLVE TO:

128

EXT. A PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY

128

A private jet standing on an airstrip. A group of officials standing next to it, including Sherlock and Mycroft. *

The jet's stairs are down, a departure is clearly imminent.

Now, out of the back a black, official looking car, come Mary and John.

Sherlock looks over at them.

The Watson go to him. Mary, impulsively gives Sherlock the biggest hug.

SHERLOCK

You're going to look after him,
aren't you.

MARY

Don't worry. I'll keep him in
trouble.

SHERLOCK

That's my girl

Sherlock and John look at each other. The end. Finally it's here.

SHERLOCK

(To everyone)

As this is likely to be the last
conversation John and I ever have,
would you mind if we took a moment.

A general muttering of "not at all", "go ahead."

Sherlock and John step to one side.

A moment.

JOHN

So. Here we are.

SHERLOCK

William Sherlock Scott Holmes.

JOHN

Sorry?

SHERLOCK

That's the whole thing. If you're
looking for baby names.

JOHN

We've had a scan, we're pretty sure
it's a girl.

SHERLOCK

Oh. Okay.

(CONTINUED)

118.

A silence.

JOHN
Jesus! I can't think of a single
thing to say.

SHERLOCK
Me neither.

JOHN
The game is over.

SHERLOCK
The game is never over, John. But
there will be some new players,
now. That's okay. The East Wind
takes us all in the end.

JOHN
The what?

SHERLOCK
A story my brother used to tell me,
when I was a kid. The East Wind, a
terrible force that lays waste to
all in its path. It seeks out the
unworthy and plucks them from the
Earth. That was generally me.

JOHN
Nice.

SHERLOCK
He was a rubbish big brother. Keep
an eye on Wiggins for me. Has the
makings of a detective, if he can
be kept off the drugs. Think you
could do that. *

JOHN
I have some form. What about you?
Where are you actually going now?

SHERLOCK
Oh, some undercover work in Eastern
Europe.

JOHN
How long will you be there?

SHERLOCK
Six months, my brother estimates,
and he's never wrong.

JOHN
Then what?

SHERLOCK
Who knows?

A silence.

SHERLOCK

John there's something I should say. Something I've always meant to say, and I never have. Since we are unlikely to meet again, I might as well say it now.

(A beat)

Sherlock is actually a girl's name.

JOHN

No it isn't.

SHERLOCK

It was worth a try.

JOHN

I'm not naming my daughter after you.

SHERLOCK

I think it would work.

JOHN

Shut up.

Another silence. What the hell to say. Finally.

SHERLOCK

They were good days, weren't they?

JOHN

Yeah, they were good. They were very good.

SHERLOCK

Baker Street. Solving crimes. You and me. Don't ever forget those days.

JOHN

Of course I bloody won't.

Sherlock extends his hand to shake John's

SHERLOCK

To the very best of times, John.

John just gives him a look.

SHERLOCK

Oh, if we must.

A proper, manly embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

The jet speeds down the runway, takes off, roars away.

129

On Mary and John, watching it go.

MARY
He did it for us, didn't he?

JOHN
He promised he would. At our
wedding.

On the jet, disappearing into the sky.

JOHN
His last vow.

Slow fade to black. Long enough that the show really seems
over

Then!

130

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

130

Mrs Hudson working away, we hear the television. Suddenly it
hisses, and she looks to the screen - which we don't see.

And screams!

CUT TO:

131

INT. PUB - DAY

131

Lestrade in a pub, watching football. The television hisses,
he stares in astonishment at the screen.

CUT TO:

132

INT. BART'S LAB - DAY

132

There's a portable television playing, as Molly works. It
hisses -

- Molly is screaming. No, no, NO!!!

CUT TO:

133

INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY

133

The suited men, staring at the screen. Lady Smallwood,
stepping forward, appalled

LADY SMALLWOOD
How is this possible?

SIR EDWIN
We don't know. But it's on every
screen in the country. Every screen
simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)
121.

133

LADY SMALLWOOD
Has the Prime Minister been told?

CUT TO:

134

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY

134

Mycroft, on his mobile. John and Mary listening.

MYCROFT
But that's not possible. It is
simply not possible, how has this
been done.

He looks to John, like this affects him.

JOHN
What's happened.

CUT TO:

135

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

135

Sherlock, sitting at the window, looking gloomily out. Now an
official is handing him a mobile.

OFFICIAL
Sir. It's your brother.

SHERLOCK
(Taking it)
Mycroft?

CUT TO:

136

INT. AIRFIELD OFFICE - DAY

136

Mycroft on the phone.

(We intercut with the jet as required.)

MYCROFT
Hello little brother, how's the
exile going.

SHERLOCK
I've only been gone four minutes.

MYCROFT
Well I certainly hope you've
learned your lesson. Could we
possibly persuade you to come back.
As it turns out, you're needed.

SHERLOCK
Oh for God's sake, make up your
mind. Who needs me this time?

(CONTINUED)
122.

Mycroft's eyes go to the TV in the corner. A picture of Jim Moriarty, staring out, grinning.

It is captioned

MISS ME?

MYCROFT
England.

On Sherlock's face. Eh? What's he talking about.

CUT TO:

John and Mary.

MARY
But he's dead - you told me he was
dead, Moriarty.

JOHN
Definitely. Blew his own brains
out.

MARY
So how can he back?

A noise has been building in the background - an aircraft is approaching.

John looks up. And starts to smile.

JOHN
Well if he is, he better wrap up
warm.

Mary looks at him - what? Now following his look.

And there it is! Sherlock's plane is returning.

JOHN
There's an East Wind coming.

Now on John and Mary watching, as the plane comes in to land
...

END TITLES