

SHERLOCK

The Lying Detective

by
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INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

John, lying there, awake. Gray morning light.

ELSA
(V.O.; slight German
accent)
Tell me about your morning. Start
from the beginning.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

John and Elsa, his new therapist.

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

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

JOHN
I woke up.

ELSA
How did you sleep?

JOHN
I didn't. I don't.

ELSA
You just said you woke up

JOHN
I stopped lying down.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

ELSA
Alone?

JOHN
Of course, alone!

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

ELSA
I meant Rosie. Your daughter.

A flicker on John's face. Misjudged that.

JOHN
She's at my sister's.

ELSA
Why?

JOHN
I can't always cope.

ELSA: silent, faintly smiling, waiting for more.

JOHN
Last night wasn't ... good.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

ELSA
That's understandable.

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

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

ELSA
I only mean it's okay.

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

ELSA
You just lost your wife.

JOHN
Rosie just lost her mother.

ELSA
You're holding yourself to an
unreasonable standard.

JOHN
No. I'm *failing* to.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

JOHN
Why would I?

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

ELSA
Do you?

John, stony-faced, silent.

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

ELSA
Do you blame him?

JOHN
I don't think about him.

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

*
*

JOHN
(A little too firmly)
No one.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

WOMAN
Are you going to tell her about me?

JOHN
... No.

WOMAN
Why not?

JOHN
I can't.

WOMAN
Why not?

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

Now pushing in on the woman, the reveal.

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

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

John flinches, like he's been struck.

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

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

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

John, nothing for a moment. Then.

JOHN
See you later.

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

On the empty chair.

ELSA
(V.O.)
Is there anything you're not
telling me?

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

JOHN
No.

His eyes flick briefly to beyond her chair.

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

ELSA
Who were you looking at?

JOHN
No one.

ELSA
You keep glancing to my left.

JOHN
There's no one there.

ELSA
And yet your glance is always quite
specifically at eye-level - I tend
to notice these things.

(Smiles)
Now I am reminding you of your
friend, I think?

JOHN
That's not necessarily a good
thing.

ELSA
Has he attempted to make contact
with you?

JOHN
No.

ELSA
How can you be sure? He may have
tried.

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

As if on cue:

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

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

John is already out of his chair. *

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSA'S HOUSE - DAY

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

He finds:

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

Above, a helicopter.

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

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

Elsa is now at his shoulder.

ELSA
Well now! Won't you introduce me?

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

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

ONE YEAR AGO.

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

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

STAPLES

Mr. Smith?

*

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

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

This is Culverton Smith.

*

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

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

- Culverton Smith laughing on a chat show -

- Culverton Smith being interviewed on a red carpet

- Culverton Smith talking earnestly on Newsnight.

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

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

CORNELIA

Whenever you're ready.

Culverton Smith looks round the room.

Six people, three men, three women.

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

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

- then turns back to Cornelia.

CULVERTON SMITH

Now please.

*

Cornelia nods

Culverton Smith turns back to the window -

*

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

On Cornelia, turning, phone discreetly at her ear.

CORNELIA
Bring them through.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A thick-set SECURITY MAN folding his phone away.

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

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

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

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

Over this:

CULVERTON SMITH
(V.O.)
Question: what's the very worst
thing you can do to your very best
friends?

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

They look relaxed, as if they've just been having a laugh -

- and this question has silenced them. An exchange of glances puzzlement.

CULVERTON SMITH
Answer: tell them your darkest
secret.

More glances. Questions forming on lips.

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

Silence now. What the hell is he talking about?

On Culverton-Smith. Smirks.

CULVERTON SMITH
Kidding! Of *course* you can!

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

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Please roll up your right sleeves.

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

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

FAITH
I don't understand. What is that?

IVAN
CD 13.

Ivan: powerful looking, prosperous. Currently a little
bemused, as he stares at the bags. Like he's surprised to see
them here.

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

IVAN
One of ours.

FAITH
One of yours? *

IVAN

*

We make it, my company. CD13 -
Sells mainly to dentists and
hospitals, for minor surgical
procedures. It interferes with the -

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

CUT TO:

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

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Same night, short while later -

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

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP: Culverton Smith staring solemnly at camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

- back to the exact moment we left.

IVAN

- memory.

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

CULVERTON SMITH

The memory, yes.

Again, trapped frame, the picture burns out -

*

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FAITH
You mean you didn't *ask*?

On Ivan: colours, embarrassed. Fair point. *

CULVERTON SMITH
Is everybody ready? *

FAITH
No! *

CUT TO:

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

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

FAITH
(At Culverton Smith)
This is obscene.

CULVERTON SMITH
All I'm doing, Faith, is offering
you a choice.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
What you are about to hear me say,
can be un-heard.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
If you think about it, every
civilisation in history is run on
selective ignorance.

Faith: caught in his eyes for a moment

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

She touches the sticking plaster ...

CUT TO:

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

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

The door clicks shut.

Silence.

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

The click, hiss, beep of the drip feeds.

CULVERTON SMITH

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

His eyes flick to Faith. Smiles.

CULVERTON SMITH

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

CUT TO:

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

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

CULVERTON SMITH

- corrupted.

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm going to share something with you now. Something personal and of importance to me. If you're happy with what you hear, turn the dial to zero. The dripfeed will cut off and your memories will start forming normally. You can remain in the room and the discussion will continue.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
If, on the other hand, you are
unhappy and wish to leave, press
the alarm button. One of the nurses
will return to the room and remove
the needle from your arm - at which
point you will be free to go.

*
*

He moves on from her.

CULVERTON SMITH
By the time you reach the outside
world, you will not remember why
you left.

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

*

FAITH
Ignorance is bliss.

*
*

CULVERTON SMITH
What's wrong with bliss?

*
*
*

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith, at her desk.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Culverton Smith, strolling round again.

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

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith, scribbling - *judge?*

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

CULVERTON SMITH
- and one of you -

The frame freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith, blinking hard, like the memory is flickering.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith scribbles the word *broadcaster* -

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Culverton Smith, at the end of the table.

CULVERTON SMITH
Three of you work for me, and of course ...
(Looks to Faith)
... one of you is my daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Me.

She smears the blood through the word.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I have made millions. For myself.
For the people in this room. For millions of people I have never met. There are charities I support that wouldn't exist, if it weren't for me -

*

FAITH
What do you want?

*

*

CULVERTON SMITH
If life is a balance sheet - and it is - I believe I am in credit -

*

*

*

FAITH
What do you *want*?

*

*

A silence. Then:

*

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

*

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

FAITH
Who?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Faith's finger, pressing hard on the button - a jangling
noise, a nurse is already heading into the room, straight
towards her -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- freeze-frame, the frame burns out -

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

- Faith, staring at the sheet of paper -

- written there, the last exchange we heard.

I need to kill someone.

*

Who?

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I need to kill someone!

FAITH
Who?

Hard cut to the button being pressed, the jangling sound -

CUT TO: *

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith staring, the words:

I need to kill someone.

Who?

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Repeating:

CULVERTON SMITH
I need to kill someone!

FAITH
Who?

We hear the jangling sound of the pressed button, but this time we see Ivan mopping his brow -

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Repeating:

CULVERTON SMITH
I need to kill someone!

FAITH
Who?

We hear the jangling sound of the pressed button, but this time we see the crying woman.

CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Closing on the words

I need to kill someone!

Who?

CULVERTON SMITH
(From off)
Faith.

*
*
*

Her dreaded father stands in the doorway, compassionate.

*

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

*

CULVERTON SMITH
It's okay, darling girl, hush. In
five minutes you won't remember why
you're crying.

*
*
*
*

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

*

The note on the desk.

*

I need to kill someone.

*

Who?

*

Now closing on the word *Who?*

*

Now, voice over. Whispered, tremulous, barely recognisable as the same woman.

FAITH
(V.O.)
One word, Mr. Holmes - and it
changed my world for ever.

The sheet of paper is now lowered, and we can see that we are now in:

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

A figure, silhouetted against the window.

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

FAITH
Just one word.

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

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

SHERLOCK

What word?

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

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

FAITH

A name.

SHERLOCK

What name?

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

FAITH

I can't remember.

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

SHERLOCK

You've dyed your hair black. Those glasses are slightly tinted. I'd suggest you were in disguise, but anyone would recognise that cane.

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

FAITH

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

SHERLOCK

No. Do you own an American car?

*

FAITH

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

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

FAITH

No. Why do you ask?

SHERLOCK

Not sure, actually, I probably noticed something.

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

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

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

- and the chalk puffs into chalk dust.

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

FAITH

You okay?

SHERLOCK

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

Sherlock springs up, goes to the window -

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

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

FAITH

Okay, how do you know *that*?

SHERLOCK

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

FAITH

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK

(Looks back at window)
No, hang on, I was looking out of the window - why was I doing that? *

FAITH

I don't know.

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

FAITH

(Colouring)

You can't know that!

SHERLOCK

Course I can! There wasn't anything
physical going on was there?

Not for quite a while, in fact.

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

There, see, obvious.

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

FAITH

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

SHERLOCK

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

FAITH

How?

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

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

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

WIGGINS

Who are you talking to?

SHERLOCK

Piss off.

Sherlock slides the door shut in Wiggins face. *

FAITH *

So what do you think? *

SHERLOCK *

Of what? *

FAITH *

My case? *

SHERLOCK

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

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

- and freeze!

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

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

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

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

He prods the handbag it sways in mid-air.

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

Sherlock frowns, something wrong here -

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

FAITH

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

SHERLOCK

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

WIGGINS
(Appearing at the kitchen
door again.)
Is "cup of tea" code?

SHERLOCK
It's a cup of tea.

WIGGINS
Because you might prefer some -
(Signs quotations marks)
- "coffee".

FAITH
You're my last hope.

She's followed him into the kitchen -

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

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

WIGGINS
What's bad luck?

SHERLOCK
Stop talking, it makes we aware of
you.

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

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

SHERLOCK
(Thought hitting him)
Handbag!

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

SHERLOCK
Handbag!

Sherlock spins to look at Faith -

- but she's gone from the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

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

SHERLOCK
Your life is not your own.

Faith startles, turns.

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

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

FAITH
Sorry, what? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK
Your skirt!

FAITH
My skirt.

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
You could only get those marks by trapping the hem of your skirt in a car door. But they're on the *left*. So you weren't driving, you were on the passenger side.

FAITH
I came in a taxi.

SHERLOCK
There's no taxi waiting in the street outside, that's what I checked when I went to the window. And now you've got all the way to the door, and you've made no move to phone for one. And look at you - you didn't even bring a coat. In this rain?

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
All that might mean nothing, except
for the angle of the scars on your
left forearm - you know, under that
sleeve you keep pulling down.

Her hand moves nervously to her forearm.

FAITH
You never saw them.

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

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

FAITH
No.

SHERLOCK
Keep your scars, I want to see your
handbag.

FAITH
Why?

SHERLOCK
It's too heavy.

She just stands there, not giving him the handbag.

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

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

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

The underside of his forearm - dotted with needle punctures.

Panning up to the trembling hand.

The hand lowers -

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

Flashback.

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

Sherlock's face: a frown, a decision.

SHERLOCK

Chips.

FAITH

Chips?

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

Sherlock, about to follow -

MRS HUDSON

Sherlock ...

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

MRS HUDSON

Are you going *out*?

SHERLOCK

I think I remember the way.
(Points at the door)
Through here, right?

MRS HUDSON

You're in no state - look at you.

SHERLOCK

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

MRS HUDSON

What friend?

SHERLOCK

Bye.

He heads out into the rain.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

EXT. WESTMINSTER - NIGHT

Big Ben, the grand old buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

MYCROFT
... Was it on fire?

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

In the thrashing rain, a chip shop.

Pulling back, a bus shelter.

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

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

*
*
*

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

SHERLOCK

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

*

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

SHERLOCK

Not any more though.

The man's shadow detaches, leaves her alone.

SHERLOCK

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

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

SHERLOCK

It's spent the last few months, on
a open display on a wall.
Conclusion - relationship is over.

(Rubs the paper between
his fingers)

The paper has been exposed to steam

*

Sherlock Vision: a kettle boiling.

SHERLOCK

- and a variety of cooking smells -

Sherlock Vision: pans on hobs.

SHERLOCK

- so it must have been on display
in the kitchen.

(Sniffs it)

Lots of different spices. You're
suicidal, alone, and strapped for
cash, but you still cook to
impress. You're a keen cook then.
Now a kitchen is the most public
room in any house - and since any
visitor could be expected to ask
about a note like this, I have to
assume you don't have any. You have
isolated yourself.

*
*
*
*

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

FAITH

Amazing.

SHERLOCK

I know.

FAITH

I meant the chips.

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

From above, the clattering of a helicopter.

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

SHERLOCK

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

He stands.

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

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

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

Mycroft and Lady Smallwood, watching the screens.

LADY SMALLWOOD

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

MYCROFT

I was talking to the Prime Minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Oh, I see.
(Teasing little glance at him)
I do hope you're not going to arrest me this time.

*
*
*
*

Mycroft rolls his eyes - home many time?

*

CUT TO:

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

CULVERTON SMITH

So I'm gong to take a look at this business, and see if it deserves to live, or if it deserves to die.

(MORE)

CULVERTON SMITH (cont'd)
**Either it's a killer business, or
I'm a Business Killer!**

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*

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

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

MARY
(From off)
You should answer it.

Mary, standing in the shadows, watching him.

JOHN
It's Mycroft.

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

MARY
It might be about Sherlock.

*

*

JOHN
Of *course* it's about Sherlock!
Isn't everything?

*

*

*

CUT TO:

*

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

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

*

*

*

SHERLOCK
Look at this. It's very slight, but see the fading pattern on the paper. Not much, but enough to be sure that your kitchen window faces east.

*

*

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

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

SHERLOCK
Now, kitchen notice-boards -

He draws a rectangle in the air with his fingers, creating a chalk outline which just hangs there.

When he complete the outline, it fills in and becomes a cork-board now hanging impossibly in midair.

SHERLOCK

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

*

He now pins the paper to the noticeboard.

SHERLOCK

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

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

*

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
The room is *small*.

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

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

FAITH
Oh! Big Brother is watching.

Sherlock looking grimly up.

SHERLOCK
Literally.
(Setting off again.)

*

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

On Mycroft, looking down at the monitor.

The monitor: the two of them on a screen, tiny smudges, looking up. Lady Smallwood and Mycroft are watching over Gavin's shoulder (Gavin is operating the computer.)

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

*
*
*

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

*
*
*

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

*
*
*
*
*

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

*
*
*

MYCROFT
I have, I think, apologised extensively.

*
*
*

LADY SMALLWOOD
You haven't made it up to me.

*
*

MYCROFT
How am I supposed to do that??

*
*

FAITH *
That's interesting. *

SHERLOCK *
What is? *

FAITH *
The way you think. *

SHERLOCK *
Superbly? *

FAITH *
Sweetly. *

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

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

FAITH *
We just came that way. *

SHERLOCK *
I know. It's a plan. *

FAITH *
What plan? *

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

Intercut with John as required.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN
... sorry, what?

MYCROFT
Please phone me if he gets in contact, thankyou.

Mycroft clicks off the phone.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MI5 - NIGHT

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

LADY SMALLWOOD
... Do you still speak to Sherrinford?

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

MYCROFT
I have regular updates.

LADY SMALLWOOD
(Following)
And?

MYCROFT
Sherrinford is secure.

Mycroft strides away: subject closed.

CUT TO:

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

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

*
*

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

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

*
*

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

*
*

FAITH
How long have been walking?

*
*

SHERLOCK
It's a very long word.

*
*

FAITH
What is?

*
*

SHERLOCK
Bollocks. Do you know why I'm going to take your case?

*
*
*

FAITH
Because you like me.

*
*

SHERLOCK
No. Because of the one impossible thing you said.

*
*
*

FAITH
What impossible thing?

*
*

SHERLOCK
I'm hungry again. Are you hungry?

*
*

CUT TO:

*

EXT. SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

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

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

*

SHERLOCK
You said your life turned on one word.

FAITH
A name, yes.

SHERLOCK

Are you sure of that. Certain?

FAITH

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

*
*

SHERLOCK

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

FAITH

What's impossible?

SHERLOCK

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

Faith frowning, considering that.

SHERLOCK

Santa Claus, Jeremy Kyle, Napoleon Bonaparte.

(Reflects)

Actually just Napoleon would do.

FAITH

Or Elvis.

SHERLOCK

I think we can rule them both out as targets.

FAITH

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

SHERLOCK

You're an intelligent woman. Despite that, you have strong emotions - that's clear from the fingernail indents in the palms of both your hands. And you remember, quite distinctly, that your whole life turned on one word. So that's what happened, I don't doubt it. But how can one word be a name? A name that you instantly recognised and tore your world apart?

*

FAITH

Okay. How?

SHERLOCK

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

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

FAITH
You take cash?

SHERLOCK
Not cash, no.

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

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

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

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

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

Sherlock is looking out over the river again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
(Clinging on, panic rising
trying to sound normal)
What? What am I? *

FAITH
Nicer. *

SHERLOCK
Than who? *

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

FAITH

Anyone.

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

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

SHERLOCK

Sorry. Sorry, I -

As he looks round, he breaks off.

The bench: she's gone.

Sherlock looks round, momentarily disorientated.

SHERLOCK

Faith? Faith?

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

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

On his face, sad, troubled.

FLASHBACK (from The Six Thatchers):

Sherlock at the door, Molly speaking to him.

MOLLY

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

SHERLOCK

Yes?

MOLLY

That he'd rather have anyone but
you.

Sherlock's face falls.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Anyone.

She closes the door in his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - EARLY MORNING

Sherlock, striding along, deep in thought.

FLASHBACK (from The Six Thatchers):

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Anyone.

She closes the door in his face.

Sherlock, still striding, frown deepening -

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

MOLLY

Anyone!

Slams the door.

FLASHBACK:

Mary on screen, saying.

MARY

Anyone!

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

He looks up -

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

MARY

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

The pictures glitches.

MARY

Anyone.
(Glitches)
Anyone.
(Glitches)
Anyone.

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

FAITH

(From off)

You're not what I expected.

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

SHERLOCK

What?

FAITH

Nicer.

SHERLOCK
Than who?

FAITH
Anyone.
(Glitches)
Anyone.
(Glitches)
Anyone.

Close on Sherlock, that impacting. Frown deepening.
Close on Faith.

FAITH
Anyone.

She glitches, becomes Mary (still video Mary.)

MARY
Anyone.

Glitches, becomes Harry.

MOLLY
Anyone.

*

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

From off:

CULVERTON SMITH
(From off)
I have a situation that needs to be
... managed.

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

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

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

FAITH
And what's that?

CULVERTON SMITH
I need to kill someone.

FAITH
Who?

SHERLOCK
Who??

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

CULVERTON SMITH

Anyone!

Close on Sherlock -

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

SHERLOCK

Of course.

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

SHERLOCK

Of course!

INDIGNANT MAN

(Calling from off)

Oi! Oi, you!

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

CULVERTON SMITH

(Glitches)

- I need to kill -

(Glitches)

- anyone -

(Glitches)

- I need to kill -

(Glitches)

- Anyone -

*

*

*

*

*

Now, on Sherlock, staring.

SHERLOCK

Serial killer!

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

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

Sherlock's POV of Culverton Smith

CULVERTON SMITH

Anyone!

(Glitches)

Anyone!

(Glitches)

Anyone!

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

INDIGNANT MAN
What's the matter with you?

Sherlock tries to focus on the Man, clearly confused.

SHERLOCK
Serial killer.

*

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

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

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

WIGGINS
(From off)
Shezzer!

Sherlock spins back round -

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

SHERLOCK
What are you doing here?

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

SHERLOCK
You should be at Baker Street.

WIGGINS
I *am*! So are you!

On Sherlock -

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

On Wiggins -

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

WIGGINS
They found your address, they brought you here.

Sherlock, looking around, realising -

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

- he's back home.

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

Sherlock, looking around, disorientated.

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

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

*

WIGGINS
Who do we catch?

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

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

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

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

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

VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith basking in more applause.

SHERLOCK
What then?

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

He now slumps against the wall.

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

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

WIGGINS
Sherlock? *Sherlock?*

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

- looking down at a road.

Over this, the words:

ONE WEEK LATER

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

Different angle.

The car races past a junction -

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

Panning up:

A helicopter, also in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Another road. The car screeching and swerving along.

Now two police cars wailing after it.

The clatter of the helicopter from above.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

Sweet and quiet -

- now screeching tyres, wailing sirens, the helicopter.

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

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

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

Bins and shrubbery go flying.

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

(We are now back at the opening scene.)

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

ELSA

Well now. Won't you introduce me?

John, staring, thunderstruck.

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

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

The policeman, racing over towards her -

POLICEMAN

Right, you there, stay right where you are!

MRS HUDSON

John! Oh, John!

JOHN

Mrs Hudson -

POLICEMAN

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

MRS HUDSON

No, I was on the phone.
(Shoves the phone at him)
It's for you.

POLICEMAN

For me?

MRS HUDSON
It's the government.

POLICEMAN
The *what??*

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

Mrs Hudson is clinging on to John now, sobbing.

POLICEMAN
(Into phone)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET OFFICE - DAY

Close on Mycroft, on the phone, faintly embarrassed.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

On Elsa for a moment, watching from the doorway.

JOHN
What's happened?

MRS HUDSON
It's Sherlock.

CUT TO:

*

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALL - DAY

*

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

*

*

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our
English dead.

Mrs Hudson, looking up, worried.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

*

Mrs Hudson, nervously ascending the stairs.

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

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

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

He races away. Mrs Hudson looks up the stairs.

*

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

SHERLOCK
(From off)
On, on, you noblest English.
Whose blood is fet from fathers of
war-proof!

The crash of crockery, thrown furniture.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

*

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

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

From the kitchen...

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

Cautiously, Mrs Hudson, edges round the kitchen. And there he is, Sherlock Holmes, out of his mind and raving.

He's wrapped in his dressing gown, and looks he's been living in a filthy cave. He's flailing with a gun

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

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

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

Sherlock, manic, gleeful.

SHERLOCK
The games afoot!

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

SHERLOCK
Oh, hello. Can I have cup of tea?

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

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

JOHN
Did you call the police?

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

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

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

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

SHERLOCK
What pictures?

MRS HUDSON
They're everywhere.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Elsa is at her laptop, typing.

ELSA
Culverton Smith ...
(Spins the laptop round)
This, I think, is relevant. From
this morning.

*
*

Close on the screen.

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

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

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

*

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

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

Sherlock, still flailing with the gun.

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

*

He sets down the gun, reaches to help her -

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

MRS HUDSON
You need to see him, John. You need
to *help* him.

John, almost flinching back at that.

JOHN
No.

*

MRS HUDSON
He *needs* you.

JOHN
Somebody else. Not me, not now!

*

He moves away from her -

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

Mrs Hudson, now on her feet, raging.

*

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

And she goes slamming out of the house.

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

*

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

Mrs Hudson, sobbing by the car.

John, approaching awkward.

JOHN
Have you spoken to Mycroft. Or Molly, anyone.

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

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

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

MRS HUDSON
Do you promise?

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

MRS HUDSON
Promise me!

JOHN
I promise!

MRS HUDSON
Thankyou!

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

Curled inside, apparently with his hands cuffed behind him is Sherlock.

They stare at each other.

John. What? *What??*

MRS HUDSON
Well? On you go. Examine him!

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

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

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

- Mrs Hudson lets it fall -

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

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

MRS HUDSON
Right then, Mister - I shall be needing your handcuffs. I happen to know there's a pair in the salad drawer, I've borrowed them before.
(Off his astonished look)
Oh, get over yourself! You're not my first smackhead, Sherlock Holmes!

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

INT. ELSA'S HOUSE/HALLWAY/CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

John is helping the handcuffed - and very bemused - Sherlock through the front door, Mrs Hudson fussing around them.

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

JOHN
How did you get him in the boot?

MRS HUDSON
The boys from the cafe.

SHERLOCK
They dropped me. Twice. *
(At Elsa) *
Who's this one? Is she a new
person? I'm against new people.

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

ELSA
Excuse me a moment.

JOHN *
She's my therapist.

SHERLOCK
Awesome. Do you do block bookings?

Sherlock blunders through to the consulting room.

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

JOHN
Whose car is that?

MRS HUDSON
It's my car.

JOHN
How can that be your car?

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

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

- where Elsa is holding out the phone to John.

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH
(On phone)
Is that Dr. John Watson?

JOHN
Who's this?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/CULVERTON SMITH'S OFFICE - DAY

On Culverton Smith. Standing at the window, staring vacantly out.

CULVERTON SMITH
Culverton Smith.

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP - Culverton Smith solemnly addressing the camera.

**CULVERTON SMITH
Good evening.**

INT. HALLWAY/CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

CULVERTON SMITH
I think your friend Mr. Sherlock
Holmes has probably mentioned me.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

John glances at Sherlock, who has become fascinated by a vase of flowers.

JOHN
Well ... yes ...

CUT TO:

INT. CULVERTON SMITH'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

(Now intercutting as required.)

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

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

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

John glances over at the still open laptop.

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

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

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

The doorbell rings before he can finish speaking.

John's face: no! No!

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

DRIVER
Whenever you're ready...

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

JOHN
When did give Sherlock give you
this address?

CULVERTON SMITH *
Two weeks ago

JOHN *
Two weeks ago?

CULVERTON SMITH *
Yes, two weeks.

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

CUT TO: *

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

As John slams back into the room. *

JOHN

(Blazing at Sherlock)

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

*
*
*

On Sherlock. Looks bemusedly round all the staring faces.

SHERLOCK

Really? Can't everybody do that?

MRS HUDSON

... how?

SHERLOCK

How isn't interesting. It's all about *why*.

ELSA

Why?

*

SHERLOCK

Can't remember. No wait, I can.

*
*

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

SHERLOCK

Mrs Hudson is right. I'm burning up, I'm lost. I'm at the bottom of a pit, and I'm still falling, and I'm never going to climb out. But I need you to know, John, I need you to *see*, up here -

(He points to his head)

- still got it.

(Points at the laptop)

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

*
*
*

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

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

*

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

*

*

*

John, just looking at him, skeptical.

The room on tiptoe - what now?

John extends his hand -

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

JOHN
Well, they're real enough, I
suppose.

*

SHERLOCK
Why would I be faking?

*

*

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

*

*

*

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

*

*

JOHN
You pretended to be dead for two
years!!

SHERLOCK
Apart from that!!

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

*

*

*

SHERLOCK
You're a doctor - examine me!

*

*

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

*

*

*

*

SHERLOCK
(Affronted)
Well who's that? I'm sure I'd have
noticed.

*

*

*

*

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

*
*
*

A beat - Sherlock looks pensive for a moment.

JOHN
Did you hear me? Molly Hooper!

*
*

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

*

JOHN
Like what?

The doorbell rings.

On Johns's face: *no!*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ELSA'S HOUSE - DAY

On the door as it pulled open -

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

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

*
*

JOHN
... two weeks ago?

*
*

MOLLY
Yeah, about two weeks.

*
*

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

*
*

John turns, Sherlock behind him in the doorway.

JOHN
I don't *care* how.

Mary passes directly behind John.

MARY
Yes, you do.

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

MOLLY
Um. Well -

SHERLOCK
Just tell me when to cough. *

He starts heading to the ambulance.

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

JOHN
He's back on the drugs. *

MOLLY
Oh God! Are you sure? *

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

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

Mrs Hudson now watching Molly from the doorway. *

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

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

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

JOHN
I'll do my best. *

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

JOHN
Thanks.

He turns to go - turns back. *

JOHN
(Turning back)
Sometimes can I borrow your car?

MRS HUDSON

No.

JOHN

Okay.

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

MARY

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

*
*
*
*

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

*

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

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

MARY

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

*
*
*

JOHN

(To driver)

Okay.

*

The car starts up.

MARY

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

*
*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MARY

(V.O.)

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

John narrows his eyes, making that exact decision.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

John and Mary in the back of the car.

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

*
*
*

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

JOHN
No he doesn't.

*
*

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

*
*

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

*
*
*

JOHN
Yes I am.

*
*

MARY
He's your best friend, and also the
cleverest man in the world, and
God, what an arsehole - but he's
not a monster.

*
*
*
*
*

JOHN
Yes he is.

*
*

MARY
Okay he is. But he's our monster.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

VIDEO BLIP

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I'm a killer!

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - DAY

A studio complex.

*

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

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

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP

Same commercial.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - DAY

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

John looking it the side window.

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

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP

Same commercial.

CULVERTON SMITH
But did you know I'm a -

Bang!

As Culverton Smith winces at the explosion as we

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Wider: Culverton Smith, surrounded by camera crew.

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

One of the lights has exploded.

FIRST AD
Cut, sorry, what was that, was that a light?

CULVERTON SMITH
Was it me? Was I too good?

Obedient tittering from the crew.

*

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

Closer as she whispers to Culverton.

CORNELIA
He's here.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/CAR PARK/AMBULANCE - NIGHT

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

JOHN
Well? How is he? *

SHERLOCK
Basically fine. *

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

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

MOLLY
Not funny.

SHERLOCK
Little bit funny.

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

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

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

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

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

MOLLY
I'm stressed, you're *dying*.

SHERLOCK
Yeah, you see, I'm ahead. Stress
can ruin every day of your life -
dying can only ruin one. *

JOHN
This is real, then?

SHERLOCK
What's real?

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

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

SHERLOCK
When have you ever known me to be
that?

JOHN
Since the day I met you.

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

JOHN
I thought this was some sort of -

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
Trick.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
(Calling from off) *

Mr Holmes.

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

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

JOHN
What plan? *

SHERLOCK
Not telling.

JOHN
Why not?

SHERLOCK
Because you wouldn't like it.

CULVERTON SMITH
Mr. Holmes!

*

Culverton Smith is upon them.

Sherlock turns to Culverton Smith.

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

And he throws his arms around Sherlock.

Sherlock, barely tolerating this.

*

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

*

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

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

John's face: into what?

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

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I'm a killer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/CAR PARK - DAY

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHER
Mr. Holmes, could you put on the
hat?

JOHN
He doesn't really wear the hat.

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

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP

CULVERTON SMITH
You know I'm a killer.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIOS/FOYER - DAY

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

Cornelia is giving John an ear bashing.

CORNELIA
Sherlock's been amazing for us -

CULVERTON SMITH
Breakfast has got to be cool -

CORNELIA
- we're beyond viral -

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

JOHN
Sorry, what, beyond *what*?

CULVERTON SMITH
Dangerous!

CUT TO:

VIDEO BLIP

Same commercial.

CULVERTON SMITH
But did you know I'm a -

He raises his breakfast bowl, plunges in his spoon.

CULVERTON SMITH
- cereal killer!

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

FIRST AD
... and cut.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Oh, yes.

JOHN
For an ad campaign?

SHERLOCK
Brilliant, isn't it?

JOHN
Brilliant?

SHERLOCK
The safest place to hide.

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

SHERLOCK
Plain sight.

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

"I'm a CEREAL KILLER."

CORNELIA
Mr. Holmes?

Cornelia has appeared by the two of them.

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

JOHN
What hospital?

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

*

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

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

Sherlock is texting away.

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

SHERLOCK
I needed a hug.

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

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

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

A beat - then that jumble-toothed grin.

CULVERTON SMITH
See you at the hospital.

SHERLOCK
Hang on, you can have it back now.

CULVERTON SMITH
Have what back?

He tosses the phone to Culverton.

SHERLOCK
Thanks for the hug.

*

*

*

*

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH
It's password protected.

SHERLOCK
Oh, *please*. Plain sight!

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

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

SHERLOCK
Oh, no, not at all. Not endless.

A beat between them. And Culverton slams the door.

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

MARY
Ask him how he knew the code?

JOHN
I'm not asking you how you knew.

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
I can wait till the hospital.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Two limos sweep through the hospital gates.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

The MAN symbol on the door to the Gents.

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

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

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

NURSE CORNISH
Are you involved much?

JOHN
I'm sorry?

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

JOHN
Yeah, I'm John Watson.

NURSE CORNISH
(Oblivious)
Okay.

JOHN
Dr. Watson.

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

JOHN
His blog?

NURSE CORNISH
Don't you read it?

JOHN
You mean *my* blog.

Sherlock comes spinning out the loo, totally revitalised. *

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

NURSE CORNISH
Mr. Holmes, are you feeling better?

SHERLOCK
Psychedelic!

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

SHERLOCK
Great, thanks.

JOHN
It's *my* blog!

*

SHERLOCK
It is. He writes the blog.

NURSE CORNISH
It's yours?

*

JOHN
Yes.

NURSE CORNISH
You write Sherlock's blog?

JOHN
Yes.

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

*

They are now heading through double doors into:

*

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

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

John and Sherlock acknowledge a burst of applause.

One of the nurses calls out to Sherlock.

NURSE
Love your blog.

SHERLOCK
You're welcome!

John's face: seriously?

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

Cheers from the kids.

SHERLOCK
Hello.

JOHN
Hi.

CULVERTON SMITH
And Dr. Watson of course.

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

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

SHERLOCK
No.

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Yes. Absolutely, yes.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

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

John sits among the kids, listening.

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

*
*

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

SHERLOCK
There were five main suspects -

JOHN
Yeah, one of them called
Blessington.

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

JOHN
Poison?

SHERLOCK
... okay.

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

MARY
(Calling out)
He should be wearing the hat. The
kids would love the hat.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

Sherlock, back on his feet, second attempt.

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

JOHN
Ten, yeah.

SHERLOCK
All of them guilty.

JOHN
Sherlock ...

The kids all laughing - Mary too.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

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

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

JOHN
I called it Murder At The Zoo.

SHERLOCK
Or was it The Killer Orangutang?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

Sherlock, summing up.

SHERLOCK
So! Any more questions?

Glances, giggling, nobody.

SHERLOCK
Good, well -

A hand has gone up. It's -

SHERLOCK
Culverton.

CULVERTON SMITH
How do you catch a serial killer?

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

Culverton, seemingly unaware of this: just sitting there, with a little girl on his knee. Absently stroking her hair as he talks.

The nurses, exchanging glances. The uneasy feeling that this is something happens - Culverton misbehaves and it's queasily tolerated.

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

SHERLOCK
The same way you catch any other
killer.

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

Nurse Cornish, a little nervous, stepping forward.

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

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

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

NURSE CORNISH
Seven years.

CULVERTON SMITH
Seven years. Okay.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Some of them advertise.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Do they really?

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

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

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

JOHN
(A moment of realisation)
Shit!

Everyone looks to John. Nurse Cornish is particularly disapproving.

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

*
*
*

JOHN
Sorry.

SHERLOCK
(To Culveron)
Additionally, serial killers are
easily profiled.
(Deliberately goading)
They tend to be social outcasts,
sexually atypical, generally of low
IQ and attainment -

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

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

Sherlock, silenced by that.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Now imagine. What if the Queen
wanted to kill people. What would
happens then?
(to the girl on his lap)
What would happen then, Abigail?

ABIGAIL
Don't know.

CULVERTON SMITH
All that money, all that power, a
sweet little government, dancing
attendance. A whole country to keep
you warm and fat.

John, looking round. The nurses, their hands clasped, looking at the floor because they don't know where to look ... not the first time he's talked creepily.

CULVERTON SMITH
Do you like the Queen, Abigail?
I bet she'd like you.

John can't beat this any more. He steps forwards, lifting Abigail off Culverton's lap.

JOHN

It's all right, Abigail. I really don't think Sherlock Holmes is going to arrest the Queen.

CULVERTON SMITH

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

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

Another plaque on the wall: The Culverton Smith Wing.

JOHN

No one's untouchable.

CULVERTON SMITH

No one?

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

JOHN

Plain sight.

CULVERTON SMITH

I'm sorry?

JOHN

Serial.

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

JOHN

Number.

Culverton, just smiling up at him.

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

CULVERTON SMITH

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH

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

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

Everyone applauding.

And Sherlock and John staring coldly back...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Culverton leading Sherlock and John along.

SHERLOCK
Where are we going?

CULVERTON SMITH
I want to show you my favourite room.

As Sherlock passes a doorway, he darts inside.

CULVERTON SMITH
Mr. Holmes?

John and Culverton follow him in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BOARD ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
So you've had another of your meetings.

*
*

CULVERTON SMITH
Just a top-up. Just negotiating for a few treats.

*
*
*

JOHN
What's CD 13?

*

SHERLOCK
A memory inhibitor.

*

CULVERTON SMITH
Bliss.

*
*

JOHN
Bliss?

*
*

CULVERTON SMITH
Opt-in ignorance. It makes the
world go round. We're wasting time.

*
*
*

He starts to lead the way from the room.

*

SHERLOCK
Indeed. You have, I estimate,
twenty minutes.

CULVERTON SMITH
I'm sorry?

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

Sherlock strides out.

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

Now John moves to follow -

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

MARY
The game is on. Do you still miss
me?

John turns to look at her -

John's POV: Mary is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

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

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

Culverton, Sherlock and John emerge.

As they walk along:

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

SHERLOCK
Other than yourself?

CULVERTON SMITH
H. H. Holmes. Relative of yours?

SHERLOCK
Not as far as I know.

CULVERTON SMITH
You should check. What an idiot!

Sherlock looks at him, a little surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Everybody out.

The Senior Mortuary attendant - Saheed - stepping nervously
forward.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Saheed, isn't it?

SAHEED
Saheed, yes.

CULVERTON SMITH
How long you been here now, Saheed?

SAHEED
Four years.

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

He lets that just hang there - smiling, unblinking.

A beat, then:

SAHEED
Okay, everyone.

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

SAHEED
Five minutes?

CULVERTON SMITH
Come back in ten.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
And Saheed?

Saheed turns at the door.

CULVERTON SMITH
This time, knock. *

Saheed nods, withdraws, closing the door.

John, looking appalled Culverton Smith.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I can go anywhere I like.
(Rattles a big bunch of
keys)
Anywhere at all.

Sherlock, walking along, looking at the steel cabinets. *

SHERLOCK
So! Your favourite room? The
mortuary?

CULVERTON SMITH
What do you think?

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

SHERLOCK
Tough crowd.

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

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

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

JOHN
Don't do that.

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

*

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

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

*

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

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

*

He throws the sheet back over the body.

JOHN
Stupid?

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

JOHN
Can I be clear? Are you confessing?

CULVERTON SMITH
To what?

JOHN
The way you're talking -

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

JOHN
... yes.

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

JOHN
Of course I am.

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

JOHN
I'm a doctor.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Then are you serious?

On John, this impacts. What? He looks to Sherlock -
- who seems to be drifting away from the conversation,
seemingly distracted.

CULVERTON SMITH
No, really are you? Are you
actually serious?

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Look at him. Go, on, actually *look*
at him, *Doctor Watson*.

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

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

John: a flicker of doubt.

Sherlock, silent.

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Delusional paranoia about a
prominent public figure. That's not
special. That's not even *new*.
Sherlock Holmes, you are clinically
boring.

Sherlock just staring at him. Not a flicker.

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

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

SHERLOCK
My apologies. I'm afraid I miscalculated.

On John: what??

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

He puts a hand to his ear - exaggerated listening.

Distantly we hear lift doors clanking open.

Sherlock consults his watch.

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Culverton Smith's face, changing, falling.

CULVERTON SMITH
Faith?

SHERLOCK
Faith. Your daughter.

On Culverton: a trace of panic.

CULVERTON SMITH
Why would she be here?

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

The footsteps, closer.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

On the feet and cane, heading along.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Culverton, mounting alarm.

Sherlock, holding court.

SHERLOCK

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

Culverton - a faint, tremoring smile.

CULVERTON SMITH

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

SHERLOCK

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

CULVERTON SMITH

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

SHERLOCK

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

*
*
*

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

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

LESTRADE
Did you know?

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

SHERLOCK
She came to Baker Street.

CULVERTON SMITH
No, she didn't.

Culverton Smith, moving away from the table.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

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

JOHN
Of course I didn't know.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Never happened. Another drug-fueled fantasy.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

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

LESTRADE
You didn't see him take the scalpel?

JOHN
Nobody saw him.

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

JOHN
Of course I bloody didn't!

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Sherlock, calm, owning the room.

SHERLOCK
Well let's see, shall we?
(Turns, calls to the doorway)
Faith! Do come in! It's your father's favourite room. Come and meet all his best friends.

And Faith steps into the door way.

And *oh my God!*

First we see Sherlock's face -

- as it falls into confusion and incomprehension.

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

Sherlock: what??

FAITH
Dad? What's happening, what was that text? Are you having one of your jokes?
(Looks to Sherlock)
Who are you?

Close on Faith. This is a completely different woman.

(NOTE. Two different actresses, superficially similar. This is the original Faith, the one we first saw in the board room. The one in 221B, is a second actress, the differences concealed by the "disguise" that Sherlock remarked on, and the apparent changes that the passage of time and grief had caused: the lank dyed hair, the tinted spectacles. We need to use the deliberate differences between the two, to conceal that they are, in fact, two different women, and the walking cane and some vocal similarity (possibly faked) to suggest they are the same.)

SHERLOCK
Who the hell are *you*?

CULVERTON SMITH
It's Sherlock Holmes - surely you recognise him?

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

Faith looks to Sherlock

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

John, Lestrade.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

Sherlock, still coming to terms with this strange woman.

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

FAITH
Understand what?

Culverton, so enjoying this now.

CULVERTON SMITH
Oh, I thought you two were old
friends?

FAITH
No, we've never met.
(To Sherlock)
Have we?

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

JOHN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
You came to my flat.

FAITH
I don't think so.

SHERLOCK
You looked ... different.

Flashback.

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

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

Culverton chuckles - it keeps going.

Close on Sherlock, blinking, trying to process this, failing.

As he blinks, flashbacks like physical impacts.

Flashback

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

WIGGINS
Who are you talking to?

Sherlock blinks, Culverton chuckles.

Flashback

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

MRS HUDSON
What friend?

Sherlock. No! No! Culverton chuckles.

Flashback.

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

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

Flashback.

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

- that the seat opposite is entirely empty!!

John, stepping forward to Sherlock.

JOHN
Sherlock? You okay?

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

SHERLOCK
Watch him, he's got a knife.

CULVERTON SMITH
I've got a what?

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

CULVERTON SMITH
I certainly did not.

SHERLOCK
(Almost hysterical now)
Behind his back, *look behind his back -*

But Culverton has brought his hands out from behind him - nothing in his hands.

SHERLOCK
I saw you take a scalpel! I saw you!

He's now pointing accusingly at Culverton -

- but everyone is staring at *him*. Why?

Slowly Sherlock realises. Gripped in his pointing hand, shaking ... is a *scalpel*.

He looks at it, bemused, an impossible thing.

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

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

FAITH
Oh my God. *Oh my God!*

SHERLOCK
Stop laughing at me.

There's something crazed in his face now.

CULVERTON SMITH
I'm not laughing.

JOHN
He's not laughing, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Stop laughing at me!

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

On Faith's scream, we

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Close on the recorder, as Lestrade clicks it off.

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

LESTRADE
Christ.

SHERLOCK
Yeah.

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

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

(A beat; a confession)
But it was *fun*.

LESTRAD
Yeah. I suppose it was.

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

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

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

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

NEWSREADER

(V.O.)

- where the attack happened earlier today. At a press conference, Mr. Smith stated he had no interest in bringing charges.

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

CULVERTON SMITH

(On TV)

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

- the exact moment Sherlock lunges at Culverton -

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

John, Lestrade, watching the news report.

REPORTER

(On TV)

Is it true he's being treated in your hospital?

CULVERTON SMITH

(On TV)

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

(Grins)

I might even move him to my favourite room.

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

On the laptop, the newsreader now in vision.

NEWSREADER
Culverton Smith, earlier today.
(New story)
In Nottingham this afternoon, talks
finally resumed between -

The Policewoman clicks the sound off.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

John, looking at his barked knuckles.

JOHN
I really hit him. I hit him hard.

CUT TO:

*

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

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

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

CULVERTON SMITH
Please! No violence!

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

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

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

John, struggling to calm himself, the orderlies releasing.
Then, a voice from the floor.

SHERLOCK
No, it's okay.

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

SHERLOCK
Let him do what he likes. He's
entitled.
(A beat)
I killed his wife.

John, looking back down at him.

JOHN
Yeah. You bloody did.

And there it is, it's been said. Can't be taken back.

The two of them, staring at each other, as we fade to black.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A policeman stands outside a private ward, as Nurse Cornish
hurries along to it.

She nods at the policeman, goes through the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

Nurse Cornish comes to a halt, just inside the doors.

NURSE CORNISH
Oh, hello.

Pulling back. John Watson stands there, staring solemnly at -
- Sherlock Holmes, profoundly unconscious in the bed.
Equipment beeps around him. He looks white and shrunken and
close to death.

JOHN
Hi.

NURSE CORNISH
Just in to say hello?

She bustles around the equipment.

John, looking sadly at his old friend.

JOHN
No. Goodbye.

NURSE CORNISH
Oh, I'm sure he'll pull through.
He's made a terrible mess of
himself but he's awfully strong.
Must look on the bright side.

John, barely listening, steps forward, places something next to Sherlock's bed, leaning against the wall.

NURSE CORNISH
Oh, what's that?

JOHN
Parting gift.

We now see John's old walking stick propped against the wall.

NURSE CORNISH
Oh, that's nice. He'll probably
need that.

John gives a little nod, a last look, at Sherlock, heads for the door.

The bedside phone is ringing, Nurse Cornish answers it.

NURSE CORNISH
Hello, Ward 73. Oh!
(Turns, calls)
Dr. Watson.

John is at the door, turns.

NURSE CORNISH
It's for you.

John, momentarily nonplussed - then rolls his eyes. Strides over, takes the phone.

JOHN
Hello, Mycroft.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LONDON STREETS/LIMO - NIGHT

A black limo racing through the streets.

Close on John Watson, sitting in the back.

He looks over. Mary, sitting there, next to him. She's not looking at him, staring ahead, almost disapproval on her face.

John glances at the driver - there's a privacy screen this time, he can talk to her without him noticing.

JOHN
You've got your disapproving face
on.

*

She looks at him, coldly.

MARY
Well seeing as I'm only in your
head, I think we'll call that self-
loathing.

Stung by that, he looks away for a moment. Looks out of the window. And frowns, slightly puzzled at where he's going.

John's POV. The limo is drawing up outside 221B Baker Street. A black suited man - definitely security - is standing with his back to the famous door. His eyes flick to the limo as it draws up...

MARY
You know, he should definitely have
worn the hat.

JOHN
You're still thinking about
Sherlock.

MARY
No. You are.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

On Sherlock's sleeping face.

Nurse Cornish is still there, making notes, checking the equipment. Finished now, she heads for the door. As she leaves she dims the light slightly.

We hold on Sherlock's sleeping face for a moment -

- then a soft creak from off.

Panning round: a section of the wall is opening, a concealed door.

Through the shadows steps a familiar shape - Culverton Smith.

As he pushes the concealed door shut behind him, we cut closer on his hand. He is wearing surgical gloves.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

The sitting room. Mycroft is reposed in Sherlock's chair. Various black suited men and women are all over the room, examining details, clearly looking for something - they're clearly intelligence agents.

As John enters, Mycroft is barking at one of his agents.

MYCROFT
Where is she? Where's Mrs Hudson?

AGENT
She'll be up in a moment.

JOHN
... what are you doing?

*

Mycroft springs up, gestures at the chemistry infested kitchen.

MYCROFT
Have you noticed the kitchen. It's practically a meth lab. I am trying to establish what finally drove Sherlock Holmes off the rails - any ideas?

JOHN
Are these spooks? Are you using spooks to look after your family now? Hang on, are they *tidying*?

MYCROFT
Sherlock is a security concern. The fact that I'm his brother changes nothing, I told you before.

On John as a pang of memory hits him - a faint frown.

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah, you did -

Mary passes behind John, quickly whispering in his ear.

MARY
Ask him!

MYCROFT
Why fixate on Culverton Smith? He's had his obsessions before, of course, but this goes a bit further than digging acid pits for Santa -

MARY
Do it, ask him.

MYCROFT
Spending all night talking to an imaginary woman, who isn't even there -

MARY

Shut up, you.

One of the Spooks walks past, sets some books down on the table. Something flutters from the table, lands on the floor.

Closer - it's the Faith's note, the one from which Sherlock made all the deductions. Really, physically there.

JOHN

Mycroft - last time, when we were on the phone -

MYCROFT

No, stop, I detest conversation in the past tense.

JOHN

You said being his brother made no difference.

MYCROFT

It doesn't.

JOHN

You said it didn't the last time, and it wouldn't with Sherlock. So who was it the last time? Who were you talking about?

MARY

Attaboy!

MYCROFT

Nobody. I misspoke.

MARY

He's lying.

JOHN

You're lying.

MYCROFT

I assure you, I am not.

MARY

He really is lying.

JOHN

Sherlock isn't your only brother. There's another one, isn't there.

MYCROFT

No.

JOHN

Jesus, a *secret brother*? What, is he locked up in a tower, or something.

Just the faintest flicker on Mycroft's face -

- and he's saved by the tumultuous arrival of Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON
Mycroft Holmes, what are these
dreadful people doing in my house -

MYCROFT *
Mrs Hudson, I apologise for the
interruption. As you know, my
brother has embarked on a programme
of self-destruction remarkable even
by his standards, and I wondered if
you could give us any insight as to
what triggered it.

MRS HUDSON
... is that what you're all looking
for.

MYCROFT
Quite so.

MRS HUDSON
What was on his mind?

MYCROFT
So to speak.

MRS HUDSON
And you've been all this time?

MYCROFT
Time being something of which we
don't have an infinite supply.

Mrs Hudson just looks at him for a moment - and bursts out
laughing.

MRS HUDSON
Oh, you're funny. You're so funny,
you are!

MYCROFT
Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON *
He thinks you're clever, poor old *
Sherlock - always going about you.
(Pats John's arm,
comforting)
I mean, he knows you're an idiot,
but that's okay, because you're a
lovely doctor.
(To Mycroft)
But he's got no idea what an idiot
you are.

MYCROFT *
I'm hoping this stream-of- *
consciousness abuse has a *
contemplated end-point... *

MRS HUDSON
You want to know what's bothering
Sherlock, easiest thing in the
world. Anyone can do it.

MYCROFT
I know his thought processes better
than anyone, so try to understand -

MRS HUDSON
Oh, he's not about *thinking*, not
Sherlock -

MYCROFT
Of course he is.

MRS HUDSON
No, no, no. He's more *emotional*,
isn't he?
(Gestures to the wall)
Unsolved case - shoots the wall.
(Gestures to the kitchen)
Unmade breakfast - karates the
fridge. Unanswered questions ...
well, what does he with anything he
can't answer, John? Every time.

On John, gets it, looks to the mantlepiece.

JOHN
He stabs it.

Closing in on the knife in the mantle. It is currently
skewering a single envelope, which hangs there in plain
sight.

MRS HUDSON
Anything he doesn't have an answer
for, bang, it's up there. I keep
telling him, if he was any good as
a detective I wouldn't need a new
mantel.

John has stepped to the mantel, pulled out the knife. The
envelope contains a shiny disc.

JOHN
DVD. Looks like he burned it
himself.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Close on the television as the screen comes on - and we see
Mary's face. The message we saw before, now playing on the
telly.

Mycroft, John and Mrs Hudson watching. The Spooks Mary
watches from the shadows.

MARY *
 (On the screen) *
 If you're watching this, then I'm *
 probably dead. *

John, almost recoils - the physical impact of seeing this. *

JOHN *
 No, no, don't please ... ! *

And the picture freezes. *

Mrs. Hudson, lowering the remote. *

MRS HUDSON *
 Everybody out now, all of you! *

Nobody moves. *

MRS HUDSON *
 This is my house, this is my *
 friend, and that his departed wife. *
 Anyone who stays here a minute *
 longer is admitting to me, *
 personally, that they don't have a *
 single spark of human decency. *

The Spooks, glancing among themselves. One moves to the door - *
 the others follow. *

Mrs Hudson fixes her gaze on Mycroft, who hasn't moved. *

MRS HUDSON *
 Get out of my house, you reptile. *

CUT TO: *

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT *

On Sherlock: frowning in his sleep, his eyes now flickering *
 open. He looks round - just moving his eyes, he's so weak. *

Culverton Smith is smiling placidly at his bedside. *

CULVERTON SMITH *
 You've been ages waking up. I *
 watched you. It was quite lovely in *
 a way. *

Sherlock tries to speak. Too weak. *

CULVERTON SMITH *
 Take your time, it's okay. I don't *
 want to rush this. You're Sherlock *
 Holmes! *

MARY
(V.O.)
I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

*

John and Mrs Hudson, watching the TV screen. Mrs Hudson has her arms round John, comforting him as he watches.

*
*

MARY
(On the screen)
Might be the hardest case of your whole career. When I'm gone ... if I'm gone ... I need you to do something for me. Save John Watson. Save him, Sherlock.

*
*

On John registering this. Deep breath, difficult viewing.

MARY
(On the screen)
Don't think anyone else is going to save him, because there isn't anyone. It's up to you. SAVE HIM.

John, hearing her voice (for real) it's almost too much. Starting to sob.

*

MRS HUDSON
John, if you want to watch this later.

*
*
*

Interrupted from the screen - there's more!

*

MARY
(On the screen)
But I think you're going to need a little help with that, because you're not exactly good with people, are you? So here's a few things you need to know about the man we both love. And more importantly, what you're going to have to do to save him ...

On John: what?

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

*

SHERLOCK
... how did you ... get in?

*

CULVERTON SMITH
The policeman outside, you mean. Oh, come on. Can't you guess?

SHERLOCK
... secret ... door.

CULVERTON SMITH
I built this whole wing. Kept firing the architects and builders, so no one knew quite how it fitted together. I can slip in and out of anywhere. You know, whenever I get the urge.

SHERLOCK
H. H. Holmes.

CULVERTON SMITH
Murder Castle. But done right. I have a question now. Why are you here? It's like you walked into my den and laid down in front of me - why?

SHERLOCK
... You know why.

CULVERTON SMITH
I'd like to hear you say it. Say it for me. Please.

A silence. Then.

SHERLOCK
I want you to kill me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

John comes racing out of 221B, pulling on his coat. Phone in one hand, thumbing in a number. *

MRS HUDSON
John. *

He turns - Mrs Hudson, in the doorway, tossing him her car keys.

MRS HUDSON
My car! *

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT *

Culverton is examining one of the dripfeed bags, clearly at Sherlock's suggestion.

SHERLOCK
If you ... increase the dosage ...
four or five times ...
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
the toxic shock should shut me down
within about an hour.

CULVERTON SMITH
Then I restore the settings.
Everyone assumes it was either a
fault, or you just ... gave up the
ghost.

SHERLOCK
... yes.

CULVERTON SMITH
You're rather good at this.

He moves to adjust the controls. Hesitates.

CULVERTON SMITH
Before we start ... tell me how you
feel. *

SHERLOCK
I'm scared.

CULVERTON SMITH
Be more specific. You only get to
do this once.

SHERLOCK
I'm scared. Of dying.

CULVERTON SMITH
You wanted this though. *

SHERLOCK
I have ... reasons ...

CULVERTON SMITH
But you don't actually want to die.

SHERLOCK
No.

CULVERTON SMITH
Good. Say it. Say it for me. *

SHERLOCK
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH
Say it again.

SHERLOCK
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH
Once more for Daddy.

SHERLOCK
I don't want to die.

CULVERTON SMITH
Lovely. Here it comes.

He turns the dial.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The red sports car, screeching round a bend.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS HUDSON'S CAR - NIGHT

John at the wheel, phone at his ear.

JOHN
Please, I don't think he's safe.

*

CUT TO:

INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

*

Lestrade, on the phone.

*

LESTRADE
He's fine - I've got a man on the
door. What do you think's
happening.

*

*

*

*

JOHN
I don't know but something. Mary
left a message.

*

*

*

LESTRADE
What message??

*

CUT TO:

*

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

Now full screen, Mary's message to Sherlock.

MARY
John Watson never accepts help. Not
from anyone, not ever. But here's
the thing - he never *refuses* it. So
here's what you're going to do.

*

*

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

Culverton beaming fondly over the expiring Sherlock.

CULVERTON SMITH
So tell me. Why are we doing this?
To what do I owe the pleasure?

SHERLOCK
I wanted ... to hear your
confession. Needed to know ... I
was right ... *

CULVERTON SMITH
But why do you need to die? *

SHERLOCK
The mortuary ... your favourite
room. You talk to the dead. You
make your confession to them.

CULVERTON SMITH
So you decided to join them.

SHERLOCK
Only way ...

CULVERTON SMITH
Then ask me anything. You've earned
it. You know, it's rare, in this
situation, for people to take an
interest. *

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SHERLOCK'S WARD - DAY

The policeman is on his feet, and on his phone.

POLICEMAN
Sorry, sir, what? What do you mean?

He reaches over and tries the doors - won't open.

POLICEMAN
Think the doors's jammed.

Nurse Cornish, now heading towards us down the corridor.

NURSE CORNISH
Oh, has that door locked itself
again, it's always doing that.

CUT TO:

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

MARY
You can't save John, because he
won't let you. He won't allow
himself to be saved.
(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
The only way to save him, is to
make him save you.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

SHERLOCK
Why do you do it?

CULVERTON SMITH
Why do I kill? Why do you think?
Why else? Happiness. It's the only
true motivation. Killing people
makes me happy. This isn't about
hatred or revenge, I'm not a dark
person. Killing human beings just
makes me incredibly happy. It
thrills me.

*
*
*
*
*

(Smiles, conspiratorial)
You know what? Getting a little
impatient. Take a deep breath if
you want.

Delicately he places his gloved hand over Sherlock's mouth
and noise, starts to press down hard. Sherlock, weak as a
kitten, can hardly fight back.

CULVERTON SMITH
That's it, here we go. Of course,
there's the challenge too. Murder
is a very difficult addiction to
manage - people don't realise the
work you have to put in. You have
to be so careful. But if you're
rich and famous and loved, it's
amazing what you can talk anyone
into. What everyone is prepared to
ignore.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Below him, Sherlock weakly thrashing...

CUT TO:

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

MARY
Go to hell, Sherlock. Go right into
hell and make it look like you mean
it -

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - DAY

Sherlock squirming, Culverton pressing happily down.

CULVERTON SMITH
Victim choice, that's important.
There are always desperate people
about to go missing, or sick people
who suddenly get worse ... No one
suspects murder when it's easier to
suspect something else. Long as I
ration myself, and choose the right
heart to stop ...

CUT TO:

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

MARY
Go pick a fight with a bad guy -
put yourself in harm's way.

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

Sherlock thrashing, more weakly. Culverton pressing down,
more and more happily.

CULVERTON SMITH
(Looks fondly down)
Please try and maintain eye
contact. I like to watch it happen.

*

CUT TO:

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

MARY
If he thinks you need him, I swear -

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

Sherlock's clawed hands, slowly losing their grip ...

CULVERTON SMITH
And off we pop.

CUT TO:

MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

MARY
- he will be there.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S WARD - NIGHT

Culverton, Sherlock -

- and the most almighty *crash!*

The doors are flying open, John Watson bursting through.

Sees what's going on in an instant, throws himself at Culverton with an animal roar.

Slamming him insanely hard against wall.

Sherlock choking, spluttering.

The policeman from outside, going straight to him.

*

POLICEMAN

Mr. Holmes, you okay?

*

*

JOHN

What were you doing to him, *what were you doing?*

CULVERTON SMITH

He was in distress, I was *helping* him.

JOHN

(To Policeman)

Restrain him, now, do it!

*

CULVERTON SMITH

I was trying to *help!*

The Policeman now firmly moving Culverton away from John.

JOHN

Sherlock, what was he doing to you.

Sherlock, recovering, waves vaguely at the drip feed.

SHERLOCK

Overdosing me.

JOHN

(Moving to the dripfee)

On what?

SHERLOCK

Saline.

JOHN

Saline! *Saline?*

SHERLOCK

Yes, saline.

JOHN

What do you mean, saline?

SHERLOCK
Well, obviously I got Nurse Cornish
to switch the bags. She's a big
fan, you know. Loves my blog.

John staring at him: what? *What??*

JOHN
... You're okay. *

SHERLOCK
Of course I'm not okay. *
Malnutrition, double kidney failure *
and frankly I've been off my tits *
for weeks - what kind of a doctor *
are you? *
(Looks to Culverton)
Got my confession, though, didn't
I?

CULVERTON SMITH
I don't recall any confession. What
would I be confessing to? *

SHERLOCK
You can listen later. *

CULVERTON SMITH
There's no confession to listen to. *
And Mr. Holmes, if it's relevant to *
add - we found three potential *
recording devices inside your coat. *
They were all removed. Sorry.

SHERLOCK
Must have been very comforting. *
Finding three. People always give *
up after three. *

On John: twigging that Sherlock has some other plan.

JOHN
What? What is it, what?

CULVERTON SMITH
All of your possessions were
searched.

Sherlock's eyes are on John. Almost an apologetic look - and
John gets it.

JOHN
You cock. *

SHERLOCK
Yes. *

JOHN
Utter, utter cock. *

SHERLOCK
Heard you the first time. *

JOHN
How does it open?

SHERLOCK
Twist the top.

John walks round the bed to -

- his old walking stick. Picks it up, twists the handle off. A length of wire revealed inside, and some mechanism.

JOHN
Predictable, am I?

SHERLOCK
No.
(Looks to Culverton)
I'm a cock. *

On Culverton - slowly realising that his world is about to end ...

On his falling face, we slowly fade to black ...

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
I had, of course, several back up plans ...

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Sherlock and John in their accustomed chairs. Sherlock looks a bit better, but still huddled and thinking, wrapped in his dressing gown.

SHERLOCK
Trouble is, I couldn't remember what they were. And course, I hadn't really anticipated that I'd hallucinated meeting his daughter -

MARY
(Behind the Sherlock's chair)
Basically, he trashed himself on drugs, so you'd help him - so you'd have something to do, something doctory. Get it now? *

SHERLOCK
Still a bit confused about the daughter ... did seem very real. And she managed to give me information I couldn't have acquired otherwise. *

JOHN
But she wasn't ever here. *

SHERLOCK
Interesting, isn't it? I have theorised before that if one was able to attenuate to every available data stream in the world simultaneously, it would be possible to anticipate and deduce almost anything.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

JOHN
So you dreamed up a magic woman to tell you things you didn't know?

*
*
*

MARY
Sounds right to me. Possibly I'm biased.

*
*
*

SHERLOCK
Perhaps the drugs opened certain doors in my head. I'm intrigued

*
*
*

JOHN
I know. Which is why we're all taking it in turns, keeping you off the sweeties.

*

SHERLOCK
I thought we were just hanging out.

A beat on John - a tight smile, a certain lack of answering warmth.

JOHN
Molly will be here in twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK
I do think I can last twenty minutes without supervision.

JOHN
Well if you're sure.

John is already setting down his tea.

MARY
Christ, John, stay, talk.

On Sherlock: slightly startled *that* he's taking him up on that.

John registers Sherlock's surprise.

JOHN
Sorry, just, you know, Rosie...

SHERLOCK
Of course, Rosie.

MARY
Go and solve a crime together. Make him wear the hat.

JOHN
You'll be fine for twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK
Yes, yes. Stupid, I wasn't thinking about Rosie.

JOHN
No problem.

SHERLOCK
I should come and see her soon.

JOHN
Yes.

The "yes" is very flat. Like John just won't engage with the idea. *

MARY
You know, he should wear the hat as a special tribute to me. I'm dead, I'd really appreciate it. *

John is heading for the door. *

Sherlock, clearly desperate to engage, can't seem to get a conversation started.

SHERLOCK
By the way, that recording may be inadmissible.

JOHN
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
It was technically entrapment, so it may get kicked out as evidence. I almost hope it does. I'll upload it to YouTube and everyone will hear it. He'll be applying to get *into* prison.

A smile from Sherlock. No answering smile from John.

JOHN
Well that certainly would be ... appropriate.

SHERLOCK
He's too famous, you see, everyone would know who he was, he couldn't go anywhere - he'd get torn apart in the street -

JOHN
Yeah, I get it, I do.

SHERLOCK
... are you okay?

JOHN

No. I'm not okay, I'm never going to be okay. I think we probably just have to accept that. It is what it is. And what it is, is shit.

Sherlock, defeated. A little nod.

John turns to the door.

MARY

John, do *better*.

A beat, John turns back.

JOHN

You didn't kill Mary. Mary died saving your life. Her choice. No one made her do it. No one could ever make her do anything. But the point is you did not kill her.

SHERLOCK

In saving my life, she conferred a value on it. It is a currency I do not know how to spend.

JOHN

(A beat; shrugs)
It is what it is.
(Turns to door)
I'm tomorrow six till ten. See you then.

SHERLOCK

Looking forward to it.

JOHN

Yes.

He's opening the door to leave, when something happens. A noise. From Sherlock's phone, lying on the table. A text alert noise in the form of an orgasmic gasp.

John freezes in astonishment.

Sherlock freezes in embarrassment, a guilty school boy.

And Mary is suddenly next to John, amazed.

MARY

Oh, that noise. That's a text alert noise - that's -

JOHN

What was that?

Sherlock now seems to be avoiding his gaze.

SHERLOCK
What was what?

MARY
That's the text alert of Irene
Adler. The scary, mad one right?

JOHN
That noise.

SHERLOCK
What noise?

MARY
But she's dead. Oh, but I bet she
isn't dead, I bet he saved her. For
God sake, the posh boy in love with
the dominatrix - he's never
knowingly under-cliched, is he?

John, so curious, is approaching Sherlock. Sherlock, back in
his chair, looks up at him, innocently - so determined to
keep his secret. *

SHERLOCK
John?

JOHN
... I'm going to make a deduction.

SHERLOCK
Okay. That's good.

JOHN
And if my deduction is right,
you're going to be honest, and tell
me, okay?

SHERLOCK
Okay. Though I should mention it is
possible for any given text alert
to become randomly attached to an
entirely different - *

JOHN
Happy Birthday. *

SHERLOCK
... Thank you, John, that's very
kind. *

Sherlock now avoiding John's gaze - like a teenager quizzed
by his parents about his girlfriend. *

JOHN
Never knew when your birthday was.

SHERLOCK
Well now you do.

John gives up, turns to go. Can't. Turns back. *

JOHN
... seriously? We're not going to
talk about this?

*
*
*

SHERLOCK
Talk about what?

*
*

JOHN
I mean, how does it work?

*
*

SHERLOCK
How does what work?

JOHN
You and *the woman*. Come on, tell
me. Do you meet up at a discreet
Harvester now and then? Are there
nights of passion in High Wycombe?

*
*

SHERLOCK
Oh for God's sake, *I don't text her
back!*

And then John lets rip, yelling.

JOHN
*Why the hell not, you bloody
moron!!*

Sherlock startled.

JOHN
She's out there, and she likes you,
and she's alive and do you have the
first idea how you lucky you are??
I mean, she's a lunatic, she's a
criminal, she's insanely dangerous,
trust you to fall for a sociopath -

*
*
*

MARY
(Walking behind him)
Married an assassin.

JOHN
- but she's ... you know.

*

SHERLOCK
What?

*

JOHN
Just ... text her back.

*
*

SHERLOCK
Why?

*
*

JOHN
Because High Wycombe is better than
you are currently equipped to
understand.

SHERLOCK

... I once caught a triple poisoner
in High Wycombe.

JOHN

Only the beginning, mate.

SHERLOCK

I think I have explained to
already, that romantic
entanglement, while fulfilling for
other people -

JOHN

- would complete you as a human
being.

SHERLOCK

That doesn't even mean anything.

JOHN

(Raging at him)

Phone her, text her, do something,
while there's still a chance.
Because the chance doesn't last
forever. Trust me, Sherlock, it
goes before you know it!

*

(Voice breaking now)

Before you bloody know it.

On Sherlock: not speaking, cautious, aware that John isn't
talking about Irene any more, he's talking about Mary.

JOHN

She was wrong about me.

SHERLOCK

... how so?

John looks over, sees Mary staring at him, so solemn.

JOHN

She thought if you put yourself in
harm's way, I'd rescue you, or
something. But I didn't. Not till
she told me to.

*

*

*

(To Sherlock)

That's how it works. That's what
you're missing. She taught me how
to be the man she already thought I
was. Get yourself a piece of that.

*

SHERLOCK

Forgive me, but I think you do
yourself a disservice. I have known
many people, but made few friends,
and I can safely say -

*

JOHN

I cheated on her.

This silences Sherlock. He just stares.

JOHN
What? No clever come-back?
(Directly to Mary)
I cheated on you, Mary.

(NB This sequence blocked and played so that Sherlock can assume that John is talking to Mary in the abstract, rather than as someone physically in front of him.)

JOHN
There was a girl. On the bus. I had a plastic daisy in my hair, Rosie put it there, and this girl smiled at me. That's all it took. A smile.

Mary: saying nothing.

Sherlock: saying nothing.

JOHN
We texted. Constantly. You want to know when? Every time you went out the room, that's when. When you were feeding our child, or stopping her crying, that's when.

Mary: silence.

Sherlock: silence.

JOHN
That's all it was. Just texting. But I wanted more. And you know what. *I still do!* I'm not who you thought I was. Not that guy, never could be. But that's the point. That's the whole point.
(Holds her look for a moment: again, prepared)
Who you thought I was, is the man I want to be.

Mary just holds his look for a long moment. And then:

MARY
Well, then, John Watson - get the hell on with it.

He smiles looks away for a moment -

- and when he looks back, Mary is gone. And he knows, in that moment, he won't see her again. The conversation is over.

On John. Bereft, starting to cry. Really sobbing now, the floodgates open.

Sherlock: not sure what to do for a moment. Then he heaves himself out of his chair, goes to John, and hugs him.

SHERLOCK
It's okay.

JOHN
It's not okay.

SHERLOCK
I know. But it is what it is.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

John, pretty much recovered, is pulling on his jacket. Sherlock comes through from his bedroom, dressed now, pulling on his coat.

SHERLOCK
So Molly will want to meet us at
this cake place? *

JOHN
Molly will come twice as fast if
there's cake. It's your birthday -
cake is obligatory *

SHERLOCK
Well, I suppose a sugar high will
be some sort of substitute. *

JOHN
Behave.

SHERLOCK
Right then!
(Hesitates) *
You know ... not my place to say *
... but it was only texting. People *
text. Even I text. *
(Holds up phone) *
Her, I mean. Woman. I try not to. *
Bad idea. But, you know sometimes, *
well ... *
(Shrugs, a little *
embarrassed) *
It's not a pleasant thought, John, *
but I have this terrible feeling, *
from time to time, that we might *
all just be human. *

On John: just a little moved. That confession was so kindly
meant. *

JOHN
Even you? *

SHERLOCK
No. Even *you*. *

A beat. A smile from John. *

JOHN
Cake? *

SHERLOCK
Cake!

*
*

He steps towards the door. Then a thought seems to occur to him.

SHERLOCK
Hmm!

JOHN
What? What's wrong?

Sherlock looks at John, comes to a decision. He steps over to his desk, roots in one of the drawers. He produces his deerstalker. Claps it on his head.

JOHN
Seriously?

SHERLOCK
I'm Sherlock Holmes. I wear the damn hat.

And out the door he strides. John, bemused for a moment.

Looks around - a figure seems to flick out of sight. Mary? Was she really here? Did Sherlock hear her too?

Still bemused - but half smiling - John follows Sherlock out.

The door closes. We hold on the famous sitting room for a moment. Then:

ELSA
(V.O.)
You seem so much better, John.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Back in that cosy consulting room, everything lovely. John and Elsa.

JOHN
I am. I think I am. Not all day, not every day. But, you know ...

ELSA
It is what it is?

JOHN
Yeah.

ELSA
And Rosie.

JOHN
Beautiful. Perfect. Unprecedented in the history of children.
(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)
That's not even prejudice, that's a
scientific fact.

ELSA
Good. And Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN
Back to normal.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

From the hallway, a shot of the door to the sitting room - as
it is flung open and Sherlock bundles a portly man through
it.

SHERLOCK
Get out!

PORTLY MAN
But she's possessed by the devil. I
swear, my wife is channeling Satan. *

SHERLOCK
Yes, boring, go away. *

A Woman follows the Portly Man out the door. *

WOMAN
I'm not channeling Satan. *

SHERLOCK
Why not, given your immediate
alternative? *

WOMAN
Fair. *

He slams the door. *

As steps back into the sitting room, he notices something on
the floor, under the table. A familiar looking slip of paper. *

He reaches for it. *

Faith's note! The one he made the deductions from. *

He stares at it in mounting alarm and confusion. If she was
never here, how can this be real? *

CUT TO:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

ELSA
What about his brother?

JOHN
Mycroft? He's fine.

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY

Mycroft and Lady Smallwood have clearly just finished a meeting together, both preparing to leave.

MYCROFT
So you're off now - I won't see you
for a week?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Just spending it at home. Unless
the idiot calls.

MYCROFT
I think we should make a point of
calling him the Prime Minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD
(Passing him a card)
Here.

MYCROFT
What's this?

LADY SMALLWOOD
My number.

MYCROFT
I already have your number.

LADY SMALLWOOD
My private number.

MYCROFT
Why would I need that?

LADY SMALLWOOD
I don't know. Maybe you'd like a
drink some time.

MYCROFT
... of what?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Up to you. Call me, if you want -
soon as you've stopped shaking.

*
*

A smile, and she's gone. Mycroft looks at the card in his hand. What??

Absurd! Tosses it on the desk, starts to leave.

A moment later he's back. Hesitantly, he reaches for the car.
Changes his mind.

Changes his mind again - what the hell? - and picks up the card.

On the card as he picks it up. Revealed, beneath a notepad.

Closing in on the words on the notepad - just a reminder Mycroft has left for himself.

CALL SHERRINFORD, 2.00pm.

ELSA
(V.O.)
No, not that brother. The other one.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

John and Elsa.

JOHN
What other one?

ELSA
You know. The mad one in the tower.

JOHN
Oh, that was just a thing I said,
it's probably nothing ...
(Breaks off, stares at
her)
How do you know about that? I never
told you about that.

ELSA
You must have done.

JOHN
No, I didn't. I really didn't.

ELSA
Oh. Well maybe Sherlock told me.

JOHN
You met Sherlock exactly once. In
this room. He was out of his head.

ELSA
Oh, no, I met him before that.

JOHN
When?

ELSA
We spent a whole night together, it
was lovely. We had chips.

John staring and staring. *What??*

*

JOHN

Eurus.

ELSA

Silly name, isn't it? Greek. Means the East Wind. But then my parents loved silly names. You know. Like Eurus. Or Mycroft. Or Sherlock.

On John. It's all crashing in on him.

ELSA

Oh look at him. Didn't it ever occur to you, not even once, that Sherlock's secret brother, might just be Sherlock's secret *sister*.

John, staring thunderstruck.

On Eurus, from John's POV, leveling the gun right at us.

ELSA

Oh, you're making a funny face. I think I'll make a hole in it.

Blam! The screen wipes out into red.

TO BE CONTINUED