

Screen snows and --

A blizzard of cuts round various news reports, *fast*, just snatched words and phrases --

NEWSEADER
-- Afghanistan --

ITN NEWSREADER
-- British troops involved in a --

SKY NEWSREADER
-- four dead, two injured --

Video phone: chaotic, accidental footage, just the camera still running - a dirt road, a crashed jeep belching smoke, gunfire, soldiers running. We hear a voice yelling --

MAN
Watson!!

News reports --

BBC NEWSREADER
-- increased hostilities over the last few weeks --

SKY NEWSREADER
-- until relatives have been informed --

Video phone --

MAN
Watson!!

News reports --

ITN NEWSREADER
-- two more have died in the worst outbreak of violence --

SKY NEWSREADER
-- said his thoughts were with the victims families --

Video phone --

MAN
Watson!!

And on that we cut to:

1 INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

1

Close on a pair of eyes snapping open.

Wider:

A man, startling awake, sweating in his bed. A single bed in the dullest, plainest room. He sits up, calming himself, letting his breathing return to normal.

Dr. John Watson. Early thirties, thickset, weathered. Something slightly dazed and pained in his eyes. He's been through hard times, seen bad things.

Looks around the room. A bare minimum of personal possessions, neatly folded clothes.

The opposite wall. Leaning by the door, a walking cane.

Close on John, looking at it - frowns. Fierce, resentful.

2 INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - DAY 2

Later - first light. Close on a coffee cup as it is set down on the desk. Panning down the desk drawer as John pulls it open, removes a laptop computer --

-- revealing something else in the drawer. A hand gun (whatever gun John would've had in Afghanistan.)

John's look holds on the gun for a moment, like it's a curious temptation to him --

-- then he firmly closes the drawer.

The lap top computer open at:

A blog page. Closer on the Page Title:

The Personal Blog Of Dr. John H. Watson --

-- panning down the screen to an empty page. The cursor winking away, expectant.

We roll focus to see John's face, reflected. Frowning. An effort of concentration.

ELLA
(V.O.)
How's your blog going?

3 INT. THERAPIST'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY (11.00 AM) 3

Ella - a therapist - sitting opposite John Watson, her notepad out.

John sits stiffly in his chair. Out of place. A little embarrassed.

JOHN
Oh, fine. Good. Very good.

Ella looks at him, knowingly.

ELLA
You haven't written a word, have you?

As she says this she makes a note.

JOHN
You just wrote "still has trust issues".

ELLA
And you read my writing upside down. See what I mean?

John's face: touche!

ELLA
John, you're a soldier. It's going to take you a while to adjust to civilian life - writing a blog about everything that happens to you, will honestly help you. Trust me.

Closer on John. He looks bleakly at her - a proud soldier, stoic, but somehow broken and lost.

JOHN
Nothing happens to me.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

4 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY 4

A bustling London railway station, thronged with commuters.

Words marching across the screen:

MARCH 12th.

Homing in on SIR JEFFREY PATTERSON. Mid-forties, in a very good suit, middle-aged, handsome - looks a little out of place. He's near the entrance, on a mobile phone.

JEFFREY
Car! There's no ruddy car!

CUT TO:

5 INT. OFFICE - DAY 5

Big, glamorous office, good views over London. Several suited people milling about, in the foreground is HELEN - a very beautiful PA, early twenties. She's on her mobile, talking to Jeffrey. (We intercut as we required.)

HELEN
He went to Waterloo, sorry. Just
get a cab.

JEFFREY
I never get cabs!

Helen smiles, glances round - the others are far enough away
for her to say:

HELEN
I love you.

Jeffrey smirks.

JEFFREY
When?

HELEN
Get a cab.

On Jeffrey: now THAT's good news. Looks around for the TAXI
sign, starts heading away...

We fade quickly to black and up on:

6 INT. DESERTED OFFICE - DAY 6

A much less glamorous office. Empty, maybe even abandoned.
Sitting at an old conference table is ...

Jeffrey Patterson. He is staring down at something.

A little pill bottle sitting on the table before him. He
seems to brace himself. Ready himself.

He reaches for the pill bottle. His hands are shaking
violently he can barely undo the top.

Now he's staring at the pill in his hand. Disbelieving.
Can't quite grasp that he's really going to do this -

- and he slams the pill into his mouth, bites down on it.

For a moment, nothing. And under this a voice - tremulous,
tearful.

MARGARET
(V.O.)
Sir Jeffrey Patterson, my husband,
was a happy man who lived life to
the full.

As she speaks, a troubled look in his eyes. Then real fear.

On his hand as it *slams* down on the table, like he's
convulsing in pain. And on *slam*, we cut to:

CUT TO:

7 INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

7

A television news report. We're close on the telly, all lines and blurs. Margaret Patterson is reading a prepared statement to a press conference. (This all in a press room.)

MARGARET

He loved his family, and his work,
and that he should have taken his
own life in this way, is a mystery
and a shock to all who knew him...

She's breaking up now. A man who could be her brother is hugging and comforting her.

We cut closer on the screen. Helen, the PA, is standing in the background. Silently containing her grief, a single tear...

CUT TO:

8 INT. SUBURBAN LONDON STREET - DAY

8

Terrible rain thrashing down.

Words type across the screen.

APRIL 26th.

Two young guys, in their late teens, coming towards us through the streaming rain. Gary and Jimmy. Gary has an umbrella, but Jimmy just has his coat pulled over his head.

A taxi heads past them. Jimmy tries to hail it, but it doesn't even slow down.

Jimmy now hesitating to a halt, looking around the downpour.

JIMMY

I'll be two minutes.

GARY

What?

JIMMY

Just going back - my Mum's got an umbrella.

GARY

You can share mine.

JIMMY

(Already heading back)
Two minutes!

GARY

(Yelling after him)
It's not gay, sharing.

CUT TO:

Few minutes later. Gary, miserable under his umbrella.
Checks his watch. *Where is he?*

On the sound of a doorbell.

CUT TO:

9 INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY 9

A middle-aged woman - Jimmy's Mum - is pulling open the door,
to reveal Gary, still under his umbrella, the rain still
pouring.

GARY
Where's Jimmy?

JIMMY'S MUM
I thought he was with you.

GARY
Came back for an umbrella.

JIMMY'S MUM
No, he didn't.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SPORTS CENTRE - DAY 10

A series of empty, indoor tennis courts.

On Jimmy, sitting crouched on the floor against a wall. He's
still wet, but now terrified, shivering. There's something
gripped in his shaking hand.

He raises it to look at it.

A pill bottle. Identical to the one we saw with Jeffrey
Patterson.

He readies himself, starts to undo the cap ...

CUT TO:

Pulling out from a newspaper story (NOT front page.) A
photograph of Jimmy, the headline:

BOY, 18, KILLS HIMSELF IN SPORTS CENTRE.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT 11

Chatter, loud music. A birthday party in a town hall.

We start on big photograph - a local MP portrait photograph,
big sincere smile. "Your Local MP, Beth Davenport.

Junior Minister For Transport." A big banner is draped around it "Happy Birthday Beth."

Words typing along the screen.

JUNE 8th

We're panning down from the picture to two young men - Beth's assistants - watching the party with barely concealed disdain.

AIDE 1
She still dancing?

AIDE 2
If you call it that.

AIDE 1
Did you get her car keys off her?

AIDE 2
(Holds up a set of keys)
Took 'em out her bag.

But the other Aide is frowning, looking into the throng.

AIDE 1
Where is she?

CUT TO:

12 INT. WORKMAN'S PORTACABIN - NIGHT 12

Close on the face we saw in the photograph. Now tear-streaked, breathing hard.

Beth Davenport, seated at a desk in torch lit workman's portacabin. Beyond her, through the window, we can see a building site. Traffic passing by. She's terrified, almost sobbing.

BETH
Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

We pan down from her ...

... to the little pill bottle sitting in front of her. A car sweeps by outside, the headlamps momentarily dazzle into the room, becoming -

13 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - PRESS ROOM (?) - NIGHT 13

Cameras flashing. a crush of journalists, all jostling in front of -

DI LESTRADE and SERGEANT SALLY DONOVAN, seated at the table at the end.

SALLY

The body of Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport, was found late last night on a building site in Greater London. Preliminary investigations suggest that this was suicide. We can confirm this apparent suicide closely resembles those of Sir Jeffrey Patterson and James Phillimore. In the light of this, these incidents are now being treated as linked. The investigation is on-going, but Detective Inspector Lestrade will take questions now.

A blizzard of questions, but one Reporter, louder than the others.

REPORTER

Detective Inspector, how can suicides be linked?

LESTRADE

They all took the same poison. They were all found in places they had no reason to be, none of them had shown any prior indication of --

REPORTER

But you can't have serial suicides.

LESTRADE

Apparently you can.

SECOND REPORTER

These three people - there's nothing that links them?

LESTRADE

There's no link we've found yet, but we're looking for it - there has to be one.

There's a flurry of writing in notebooks - and then there's a whole chorus of chirps and beeps - not quite in sync, but almost. It's like every mobile in the room received a text at once.

Everyone - even Sally - is checking their phones.

Not Lestrade - he just rolls his eyes. Been here before.

The Reporter has pulled his phone out,

REPORTER

Sorry, I -

SALLY

If you've all got texts, please ignore them.

REPORTER

It just says "Wrong"

SALLY

Yeah, well just ignore that.
If there are no more questions for
Detective Inspector Lestrade, I'm
going to bring this session to an
end.

SECOND REPORTER

If they're suicides, what are you
investigating?

LESTRADE

As I say, these suicides are
clearly linked, this is an unusual
situation, and we have our best
people investigating.

Almost immediately, another chorus of chirps and bleeps.
They're all looking at their phones again.

REPORTER

Says "Wrong" again.

Lestrade and Sally exchange furious glance.

SALLY

One more question.

FEMALE REPORTER

Is there any chance these are
murders, and if they are, is this
the work of a serial killer?

LESTRADE

I know you like writing about
those, but these do appear to be
suicides. We know the difference -
the poison was clearly self-
administered.

FEMALE REPORTER

Yes, but if they are murders, how
do people keep themselves safe?

LESTRADE

Don't commit suicide.

Close on Sally, reading the signs - Lestrade is clearly
getting cross.

SALLY

(A warning whisper)
Daily Mail!

LESTRADE

(Quick course correction)
Obviously this is a frightening
time for people, but all anyone has
to do is exercise reasonable
precautions. We are all as safe as
we want to be.

A moment of frantic scribbling - good quote! - and then a
chorus of chirps and beeps.

Cutting fast round various phones. **WRONG! WRONG! WRONG!**

On Lestrade, as he glances down at his own phone.

WRONG!

CUT TO:

14 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - OPEN PLAN OFFICE - NIGHT 14

Lestrade and Sally come pounding into the room. Sally
furious, Lestrade a bit resigned.

SALLY

You've got to stop him doing that.
He's making us look like idiots.

LESTRADE

You tell me *how* he does it, I'll
stop him.

Lestrade has slammed into his office, heading straight to his
own desk.

Closer on Lestrade, about to sit down. Lying on his desk,
centrally placed, is a single cigarette.

His face, as he picks: grim. He's been here before.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ROOF OF SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

15

Lestrade is stepping through a service door, on the flat roof. He starts to light the cigarette.

He speaks lightly and casually, knowing there's someone there to hear.

LESTRADE

Trying to give these up actually.
I was thinking of a pipe. What do
pipes do for you cigarettes don't?

A beat - and a cultured voice from off.

SHERLOCK

(From off)
Cancer of the jaw.

Lestrade laughs, looks round. A tall, thin man is standing with his back to us right at the edge of the roof, looking out over London. A silhouette.

LESTRADE

Okay. What am I getting wrong this time?

SHERLOCK

No notes. No prior sign. Each of
them in a strange location that
means nothing to them where they've
never gone before... That's not
how I'd kill myself.

On Lestrade. Glances uneasily at the edge of the roof, where Sherlock is standing.

LESTRADE

... So. How are you doing these days?

CUT TO:

16 EXT. PARK - DAY

16

On John's stick and limping leg, as he hobbles along.

Wider: people are strolling by, walking their dogs, jogging. John keeps grimly, determinedly on.

We hear a voice is shouting.

MIKE

John!

Watson ignores the voice, limping doggedly on.

MIKE

John Watson!

He turns. A plump, suited man of about Watson's age grabbing John's hand, pumping it.

MIKE
Stamford - Mike Stamford, we were
at Barts together.

JOHN
Yes. Sorry, yes, Mike, hello!

MIKE
Yes, I know, I got fat. I heard you
were abroad somewhere getting shot
at. What happened?

JOHN
I got shot.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PARK - DAY

17

Mike and John turning from a Cappuccino stand, with their coffees. (The Criterion Cappuccino Stand.) Mike can't help glancing at John's stick.

MIKE
You okay?

JOHN
Just my leg.

MIKE
Bad, is it?

JOHN
My therapist thinks it's
psychosomatic.

MIKE
What do you think?

JOHN
I think I got shot.

As they settle at a table...

JOHN
You're still at Barts then?

MIKE
Teaching now - bright young things,
like we used to be. God, I hate
them. What about you? Staying in
town till you get yourself sorted?

JOHN
(Shakes head)
Can't afford London on an army
pension.

MIKE
And you couldn't bear to be
anywhere else. Not the John Watson
I know!

JOHN
I'm not the John Watson you --

He bites that answer off. Doesn't want to get into all that.

He raises his Cappuccino for a sip, but as he lifts it (in his left hand) his hand is shaking badly. He's aware that Mike is staring at it. Just sets it down again. Does NOT want to get into this.

MIKE
Couldn't Harry help?

John just gives him a look.

JOHN
Yeah, that's going to happen.

MIKE
Well I don't know - get a flatshare
or something?

JOHN
Who'd want *me* for a flatmate?

Mike gives a little laugh.

JOHN
What?

MIKE
You're the second person to say
that to me today.

John looks at him, intrigued in spite of himself.

JOHN
Who was the first?

CUT TO:

18

INT. ST BARTHOLEMEW'S/DISSECTING ROOMS - DAY

18

For a moment blackness, the *zzzziiiiippp*.

A drip is drawn down the centre of the screen, splitting the darkness on a thin face staring down at us - clinical, fascinated, and from our POV upside down. This is Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK
How fresh?

Wider. Sherlock stands over a body bag lying on dissection table. He has just unzipped it to inspect the contents.

Sherlock: early thirties, tall, lean, imperious. He is plainly but neatly dressed.

Next to him, Miss. Hooper: lab-coated, clearly works here.

MISS. HOOPER
Just in. 67, natural causes. Used to work here, donated his body. I knew him. He was nice.

Sherlock turns into a hero close-up.

SHERLOCK
Fine. We'll start with the riding crop.

CUT TO:

19

INT. ST BARTHOLEMEW'S/DISSECTING ROOMS - DAY

19

Few minutes later: on Miss. Hooper, watching from the side of the room. Sherlock's shadows flap over the wall, huge and terrifying. He's slashing at the dissecting table with the riding crop. *Whack!! Whack!! Whack!!*

On Miss. Hooper watching. Perhaps a girlish flutter.

Sherlock appears in shot, tossing the riding crop aside.

MISS. HOOPER
So. Bad day, was it?

Sherlock ignores her little joke, is making notes on a pad.

SHERLOCK
I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. Text me.

MISS. HOOPER
Listen, I was wondering, maybe later, when you're finished --

SHERLOCK
Are you wearing lipstick? You weren't wearing lipstick before.

MISS. HOOPER
I just ... refreshed it a bit.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, you were saying?

MISS. HOOPER
I was wondering if you'd like to have coffee?

SHERLOCK
Black, two sugars, please I'll be upstairs.

He heads away.

MISS. HOOPER
... okay.

20 INT. ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S/LAB - DAY

20

Sherlock at his laptop, tapping away. On his fingers -
typing so fast, like a machine.

From the other end of the room:

The door opening, voices. Beyond Sherlock we see John and
Mike coming into the room.

JOHN
Bit different from my day.

MIKE
You've no idea.

Without glancing up from his computer:

SHERLOCK
Mike, can I borrow your phone? No
signal on mine.

MIKE
What's wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK
I'd rather text.

Mike has reached inside his jacket --

MIKE
Sorry. Other coat.

JOHN
Here. Use mine

Sherlock has swivelled round in his chair --

-- to see John Watson, who has already reached into his
jacket and is proffering his phone (a rather swish smart
phone - but NOT an iPhone.)

SHERLOCK
(Taking it)
Oh, thank you.

MIKE
This is an old friend of mine -
John Watson.

Sherlock has barely glanced at John, is now texting away on
his phone.

SHERLOCK
Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN
... I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK
Which was it? Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN
... Afghanistan. I'm sorry, how
did you --

He's interrupted as Molly Hooper comes through the door,
bearing coffee.

SHERLOCK
Coffee! Thank you, Molly! What
happened to the lipstick?

Setting down the coffee, Molly colours again.

MISS. HOOPER
It ... wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK
Really? I thought it was a big
improvement - mouth's too small
now.

She stares at him. He's still completely oblivious to the
effect he's having, texting away.

MISS. HOOPER
... okay.

With a shy little nod at the other two men, she goes.
Sherlock tosses the phone back to John.

SHERLOCK
How do you feel about the violin?

JOHN
I'm sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
I play the violin when I'm
thinking, and sometimes I don't
talk for days on end - would that
bother you? Potential flatmates
should know the worst about each
other.

John, flummoxed - looks to Mike.

JOHN
Oh! You told him about me?

Mike has been watching this with a knowing air. Enjoying the
routine.

MIKE

Not a word.

JOHN

... then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK

I did. I said to Mike this morning, that I was a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now he turns up after lunch with an old friend clearly just home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn't a difficult leap.

JOHN

... how did you know about Afghanistan?

But Sherlock isn't really listening. He's logging out of the computer, pulling on his jacket.

SHERLOCK

I've got my eye on a nice little place in central London - together we could afford it. We'll meet there, tomorrow evening, 7 o'clock.
(Heading for the door)
Sorry, got to dash - I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.

JOHN

Is that it?

SHERLOCK

Is that what?

JOHN

We've just met and we're going to go and look at a flat??

SHERLOCK

Problem?

JOHN

We don't know a thing about each other. I don't know your *name*. I don't even know where we're meeting!

Sherlock looks at him, a tiny smile - he loves this part.

SHERLOCK

I know you're an army doctor and you've been invalided home from Afghanistan.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

I know you've got a brother with a bit of money who's worried about you, but you won't go to him for help because you don't approve of him - possibly because he's an alcoholic, more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that your therapist thinks your limp is psychosomatic - quite correctly, I'm afraid. That's enough to be going on with, don't you think?

John is staring at him. Utter astonishment. What? *What??*

Sherlock has turned on his heel, and is walking out the door. He turns

SHERLOCK

The name's Sherlock Holmes and the address is 221b Baker Street. Afternoon.

He goes.

On John, slack-jawed. He turns to Mike.

MIKE

Yeah. He's *always* like that.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - DAY

21

John, sitting on the edge of the bed, thinking. Still a bit dazed. What kind of man has he just met??

New thought! He reaches inside his jacket pulls out his phone.

On the phone screen, we see that he is checking his texts.

Under SENT, the following:

IF BROTHER HAS GREEN LADDER ARREST BROTHER. SH.

John: stares at this. What?

CUT TO:

John, now at his laptop, typing... A search engine, and into the box he is typing...

Sherlock Holmes.

DISSOLVE TO:

22

SCENE DELETED

22

Scene deleted

Fading up on:

CUT TO:

26 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS - DAY 26

The pill bottle. It stands on bare floorboards. We hold on it for a moment ...

... then a pink-fingernailed hand reaches into shot, takes it...

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY 27

The street sign: **Baker Street.**

Panning to:

221B on a door.

On John Watson, about to step forward, ring the doorbell.

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Hi.

John looks round. Sherlock has just climbed out of a cab, and is now paying the cabbie.

JOHN
Mr. Holmes!

SHERLOCK
Sherlock, please.

JOHN
Prime spot. Got to be expensive.

He's ringing the doorbell on 221b.

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson, the landlady. She's giving me a special deal. Owes me a favour - few years ago, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out.

John gives him an openly skeptical look. Who is this guy?

JOHN
You stopped her husband being executed.

SHERLOCK
Oh, no. I ensured it.

The door opens - Mrs. Hudson, a jolly lady in her middle years.

MRS. HUDSON
Sherlock!

Joyously she throws her arms rounds Sherlock.

CUT TO:

28 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - DAY 28

On the door, as it is opened. John steps into the room, looking around - Sherlock behind him.

The room is fairly large and pleasant - and a dreadful mess. Stacks of newspapers, several computers, a tumble of box files along the shelves, books everywhere, a terrifying collection of what look like weapons, a skull on the mantelpiece. An adjoining kitchen, the table crammed with testubes and jars and bunsen burners.

JOHN
Well! This could be very nice.
Very nice indeed.

SHERLOCK
Yes, I think so. My thoughts exactly.

JOHN
Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out.

SHERLOCK
So I went ahead and moved in.

They look at each other. Oh!

JOHN
So, this is all --

SHERLOCK
Obviously I can straighten things up a bit.

JOHN
That's a skull

SHERLOCK
Friend of mine. Well I say *friend*
...

Mrs. Hudson comes bustling in.

MRS. HUDSON
What do you think, Dr. Watson - there's another bedroom upstairs.
(Knowing look)
If you'll be *needíng* two bedrooms
...

John looks at her, a little affronted.

JOHN

Well of course we'll be needing two.

MRS. HUDSON

Oh don't you worry, all sorts round here. Mrs. Turner next door's got married ones.

(Looking around)

Oh, Sherlock, the mess you've made.

She bustles into the kitchen area, tidying as she goes.

Sherlock is busying himself at his desk. John eyes him thoughtfully. After a moment:

JOHN

Looked you up on the Internet last night.

SHERLOCK

Anything interesting?

JOHN

Found your website - The Science of Deduction.

SHERLOCK

What did you think?

JOHN

You said you could identify a software designer by his tie, and an airline pilot by his left thumb.

SHERLOCK

Yes. And I can read your military career in your face and your leg, and the drinking habits of your brother in your mobile phone.

JOHN

How?

Mrs. Hudson has been bustling about, straightening up. She's picked up a newspaper from the floor.

MRS. HUDSON

What about these suicides, then, Sherlock? Thought that would be right up your street. Three of them, exactly the same. That's a bit funny, isn't it?

On Sherlock, staring, like he's sensing something in the air.

SHERLOCK

Four. There's been a fourth. And there's something different this time.

MRS. HUDSON
A fourth? How do you know?

For answer, he points to the window.

They look: a blue light is flashing outside - clearly a police car is parked below.

Feet thumping on the stairs, and suddenly in the doorway --

DI Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
Where?

LESTRADE
Brixton. Lauriston Gardens.

SHERLOCK
What's different about this one.
You wouldn't have come to get me,
if there wasn't something new.

LESTRADE
You know how they never leave
notes?

SHERLOCK
Yeah.

LESTRADE
This one did. Will you come?

Sherlock just looks at him. Tempted now, interested.

SHERLOCK
... Who's on Forensics?

LESTRADE
Anderson.

SHERLOCK
Anderson won't work with me.

LESTRADE
He won't be your *assistant*.

SHERLOCK
But I *need* an assistant.

LESTRADE
Will you come?

SHERLOCK
Not in a police car. I'll be right
behind you.

LESTRADE
Thankyou!

A cursory nod at Mrs. Hudson, and John, and he's gone.

John is thunderstruck - a cat at a tennis match. Mrs. Hudson just looks faintly knowing.

And Sherlock lets a whoop of excitement.

SHERLOCK
Brilliant!

He leaps right over the sofa, dashes to his desk, starts stuffing things in his pockets - his kit.

SHERLOCK
And I thought it was going to be a boring evening. Serial suicides, and now a note - oh, it's Christmas!
(Dashes for the door)
Mrs. Hudson, I'll be late - might need some food.

MRS. HUDSON
I'm your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper.

SHERLOCK
Something cold is fine. John make yourself at home - have a cuppa! Don't wait up!

And he's bounded out the door. John looks after him, slightly bemused. He grabs the newspaper again.

MRS. HUDSON
(To John, sympathetic)
Oh, look at him, dashing about? My husband was just the same.

John is looking at the paper. Under the headline "Third 'Suicide' found" there's a photograph.

Closer on the photograph - a snatched picture of the man who just left (Lestrade). Panning down to the words "Inspector Lestrade, in charge of the investigation".

MRS. HUDSON
But you're more the sitting down type, I can tell. I'll make you that cuppa, you rest your leg.

A sudden flash of anger from John - he dashes down the paper.

JOHN
Damn my leg!

She looks startled - John is instantly in raptures of apologies.

JOHN
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, it's just sometimes ... bloody thing.

MRS. HUDSON
I understand, dear. I've got a
hip.

JOHN
A cup of tea would be lovely, thank
you.

MRS. HUDSON
(Heading for the door)
Just this once, dear - I'm not your
housekeeper.

John is settling down on the sofa - disconsolate, annoyed at
himself.

JOHN
Couple of biscuits too, if you've
got them.

MRS. HUDSON
Not your housekeeper.

John, sitting there, frowning: Sherlock Holmes - who the hell
is he?

Pulls his phone out his jacket, turns it over in his hand,
examines it. And how did he do that?

SHERLOCK
(From off)
You're a doctor.

John startles, turn.

Sherlock is back, leaning in the doorway, looking at him
thoughtfully.

SHERLOCK
In fact, you're an *army* doctor.

JOHN
Yes.

Sherlock is moving into the room, look hard at John,
speculating.

SHERLOCK
Any good?

JOHN
Very good.

John has found himself standing up - doesn't quite know why,
like there's something momentous happening. And it's almost
like he's standing to attention.

SHERLOCK
Seen a lot of injuries then.
Violent deaths?

JOHN
Well, yes.

SHERLOCK
Bit of trouble too, I bet.

JOHN
Of course, yes. Enough for a
lifetime. Far too much.

They stand facing each other for a moment. Sherlock,
considering. John, not quite knowing what he's waiting for,
but it's coming.

SHERLOCK
Want to see some more?

JOHN
(Blurts out of him)
Oh, God, yes!

SHERLOCK
Get your coat.

And he's dashing for the door again --

-- John hesitates for a second --

-- and for the first time ever dashes after him.

CUT TO:

29

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/EXIT STAIRS - DAY

29

Sherlock and John clattering down the stairs.

Mrs. Hudson pokes her head out of the door at the foot of the
stairs.

JOHN
Sorry, Mrs. Hudson, I'll skip the
cuppa - off out.

MRS. HUDSON
Both of you?

SHERLOCK
Impossible suicides - four of them.
No point in sitting at home when
there's finally something fun going
on!

MRS. HUDSON
Look at you, all happy. It's not
decent.

SHERLOCK
Who cares about decent. The game,
Mrs. Hudson, is on!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY 30

Iconic moment as - for the first time - Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson come bursting out of that door.

Sherlock is straight out into the street, yelling:

SHERLOCK
Taxi!

CUT TO:

31 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 31

The Taxi roars along the London street, fast and furious, streetlights flashing past the windows.

Sherlock is flicking through items on his PDA.

SHERLOCK
Okay, you've got questions!

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Crime scene, next.

JOHN
Who are you? What do you do?

SHERLOCK
What do you think?

JOHN
I'd say you were a private
detective but --

SHERLOCK
But?

JOHN
The police don't go to private
detectives.

SHERLOCK
I'm a *consulting* detective. Only
one in the world, I invented the
job.

JOHN
What does that *mean*?

SHERLOCK

It means when the police are out of their depth - which is always - they consult me.

JOHN

But the police don't consult --

Bites off the word. Sherlock looks sharply at him.

JOHN

Amateurs.

Just the merest flash in Sherlock's eyes: didn't like that.

SHERLOCK

When I first met you yesterday I said, Afghanistan or Iraq? You seemed surprised.

JOHN

How did you know?

And *whoosh!*

Flashback - the computer room. Bullet time, everything suspended, a 3D freeze frame - the moment where John is offering his phone to Sherlock. (We now cut in and out of this flashback, as required.)

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

I didn't know. I saw.

Whoosh! Close on Frozen John's face.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Tanned face --

Whoosh! Now zooming down to John's extended hand, proffering the phone.

SHERLOCK

-- but no tan above the wrists. You've been abroad but not sunbathing.

Whoosh! Out to a wider shot of John.

SHERLOCK

Your haircut and the way you hold yourself says military - but your conversation as you entered the room --

Whoosh! We zoom over frozen John's shoulder to:

Flashback: Mike and John entering the room for first time:

John and Mike coming into the room?

JOHN
Bit different from my day.

MIKE
You've no idea.

Whoosh! Back to frozen John.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
-- says you trained at Barts. So -
army doctor. Obvious!

Whoosh! To John's hand, gripping on to the handle of his walking stick.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Your limp is really bad when you walk, but you don't ask for a chair when you stand, like you've forgotten about it - so it's at least partly psychosomatic. That says the circumstances of the original injury were traumatising - wounded in action then.

In the cab:

SHERLOCK
Wounded in action, a suntan.
Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN
You said I had a therapist.

SHERLOCK
You've got psychosomatic limp, of course you've got a therapist. Then there's your brother --

Flashback. *Whoosh!* On Frozen John's hand, zooming right on his phone.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Your phone. Expensive, email enabled, mp3 player - you're looking for a flatshare, you wouldn't waste money on this. It's a gift then.

Whoosh! Cranked up footage, the phone is handed to Sherlock. We freeze again.

Whoosh! Closer on the phone.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Scratches - not just one, but many over time. Been in the same pocket as keys and coins.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

The man in front of me wouldn't treat his one luxury item like this, so there's been a previous owner. Next bit's easy - you know it already.

JOHN

(V.O.)

The engraving.

Whoosh! Super-fast, Sherlock flips the phone over --

Whoosh! Closer on the engraving.

Harry Watson

From Clara

xxx

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Harry Watson - clearly a family member who's given you his old phone. Not your father - this is a young man's gadget. Could be a cousin, but you're a war hero who can't find a place to live - unlikely you've got an extended family, certainly not one you're close to. So - brother it is.

In the cab: Sherlock has John's phone in his hand now ...

Flashback: super closer on engraving. We *whoosh* down to --

From Clara

xxx

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Now Clara, who's Clara - three kisses says it's a romantic attachment, the expense of the phone says wife not girlfriend.

In the cab:

SHERLOCK

She must have given it to him recently, this model's only six months old. It's a marriage in trouble then - six months on he's just given it away. If she'd left him, he'd probably have kept the phone - people do, sentiment - but no, he wanted rid of it: *he left her*. He gave the phone to you - that says he wants you to stay in touch.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

You're looking for cheap accommodation, but you're not going to your brother for help - that says you've got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife, maybe you don't like his drinking --

JOHN

How can you possibly know about the drinking?

SHERLOCK

Shot in the dark - good one though. The power connection.

Flash. We *whoosh* round the phone and zoom right in on the power connection. Tiny, barely perceptible little scuff marks round it.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Tiny little scuff marks all round it - he plugs it in every night to recharge, but his hands are shaking. Never see those marks on a sober man's phone, never see a drunk's without them.

In the cab:

He tosses the phone back to John.

SHERLOCK

There you go, you see? You were right.

JOHN

I was right? Right about what?

SHERLOCK

The police don't consult amateurs.

Sherlock having made his point, returns to tapping away at his PDA.

John is staring at him, a little gobsmacked.

JOHN

That was ... amazing.

Sherlock glances at him - a little surprised, a little pleased. Like he's not used to that reaction - and is really rather pleased by it.

SHERLOCK

Do you think so?

JOHN

Well, of course it was. It was extraordinary. Quite extraordinary.

SHERLOCK
That's not what people usually say.

JOHN
What do they usually say?

SHERLOCK
Piss off.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - EVENING

32

On the cab as it slows to a halt. Panning from it to:

One of the houses has a little cluster of police vehicles outside of it - uniformed officers going in and out.

Sherlock and John, now climbing out of the cab --

SHERLOCK
Did I get anything wrong?

JOHN
Harry and me don't get on, never have. Clara and Harry split up three months ago, they're getting a divorce. Harry's a drinker --

SHERLOCK
Spot on, then! Didn't expect to be right about everything.

JOHN
-- Harry is short for Harriet.

SHERLOCK
... Harry's your *sister*.

John has faltered to a halt, staring at the cluster of police vehicles.

JOHN
Look, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here.

SHERLOCK
Your *sister*.

JOHN
No, seriously, why am I here?

SHERLOCK
There's always something!

They've been walking towards the crime scene house --

Closer now: so bleak and real. A tape cordon, and blocking their path --

-- Sally Donovan. Watching Sherlock as he approaches, bleak and cynical.

He comes to a halt in front of her. They clearly know each other.

SALLY
Hello Freak.

SHERLOCK
I'm here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade.

SALLY
Why?

SHERLOCK
I was invited.

SALLY
Why?

SHERLOCK
I think he wants me to take a look.

SALLY
Well you know what *I* think, don't you.

SHERLOCK
Always, Sally. I even know you didn't make it home last night.

Just looks at him, dead-eyed, used to this. She looks to John, who's just standing there, so out of place.

SALLY
Who's this?

SHERLOCK
Colleague of mine, Dr. Watson. Dr. Watson - Sergeant Sally Donovan. Old friend.

SALLY
A colleague, how'd you get a colleague?? Did he follow you home?

JOHN
Look, would it be better if I just -
-

SHERLOCK
No!

Sally has raised her walkie-talkie.

SALLY
Freak's here. Bringing him in.

She turns, starts leading them both up the garden path.

On Sherlock: expertly scanning the front of the house.

On John: clocking this, looks at the house.

-- dark, abandoned. Not too rundown, but cold and empty.

And then Sherlock, turns, looks up and down the street.

Through the front door, Anderson. He glowers at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Anderson! Here we are again.

ANDERSON

It's a crime scene. I don't want it contaminated. We clear on that?

SHERLOCK

And is your wife away for long?

ANDERSON

... Don't pretend you worked that out. Someone told you that!

SHERLOCK

Your deoderant told me that.

ANDERSON

My deoderant??

SHERLOCK

It's for men --

ANDERSON

Of course it's for men, I'm wearing it!

SHERLOCK

So's Seargent Donovan.

A quick panicked look between Sally and Anderson.

SHERLOCK

Oh! And I think it just vapourised! May I go in?

ANDERSON

(Red-faced blustering)
You listen to me, okay. Whatever you're trying to imply --

SHERLOCK

I'm not implying anything - I'm sure Sally just came round for a lovely little chat, and happened to stay over.

(Glances at her)
And I assume scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees --

ANDERSON

Right, just go in, just go!

Anderson glowers at him. Then stands aside. Sherlock sweeps in. John, bemused, follows.

Into --

CUT TO:

33 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

A dark, narrow hallway, peeling wallpaper. The corridor leads to an open door at the end, where DI Lestrade stands, waiting for them. He's now in full crime scene gear.

LESTRADE

I can give you two minutes.

SHERLOCK

I may need longer.

Sherlock is already confidently striding past Lestrade, into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

34 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/KITCHEN - NIGHT

34

A grimy disused kitchen - there's a couple of uniformed policemen, this room been set up as an operations base for the investigation. Sherlock tosses a crime scene coverall to John.

SHERLOCK

You'll need to put this on.

Lestrade is looking at John - bemused, pissed off.

LESTRADE

Who is this?

SHERLOCK

He's with me.

John starts pulling on the coverall - a beat as he registers that Sherlock is making no move to do the same.

LESTRADE

But who is he?

SHERLOCK

I told you - he's with me.

JOHN

(Indicating his coverall)
Aren't you going to - ?

Sherlock chills him with a look.

SHERLOCK
So where are we?

LESTRADE
Upstairs.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 35

Lestrade, Sherlock, John, climbing the stairs. (Sherlock is the only one not wearing coveralls - no one ever refers to this or questions him on it.)

LESTRADE
Jennifer Wilson, according to her credit cards - we're running them now for contact details. Hasn't been here long - some kids found her.

CUT TO:

36 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT 36

They enter.

The room around them, dark, sombre, peeling wallpaper.

And in the centre, a slash of pink.

A woman in a a bright pink coat, and pink shoes, lies dead, sprawled face down.

On John - the sight brings him up short, shocks him.

On Sherlock - in his element now, eager, like a bloodhound, almost quivering.

SHERLOCK
Shut up!

LESTRADE
Didn't say anything.

SHERLOCK
You were *thinking*. It's annoying.

An exchange of glances between Lestrade and John. Lestrade rolls his eyes, used to this. But John is fascinated - what the hell is Sherlock doing?

On Sherlock. Stepping to the body, eyes flicking, absorbing every detail.

Sherlock's POV. A blizzard of details - fast, close.

Close on outflung hand. The wedding and engagement ring.

The word MARRIED pulses across the screen - just appears, floats, fades.

Panning along the outflung hand. She has scratched a word
with with her fingernail into the wood of the floorboards...

RACHE.

The words LEFT-HANDED pulse, float, fade - very fast, a glancing thought.

Now close on the scratched word RACHE.

Floating on the screen:

Rache: German (n.) revenge. (This set out like dictionary entry, like he's remembering it.)

Close on Sherlock's eyes - narrow slightly, not happy with that.

The words scatter and vanish - now just the word RACHE - but different letters are being added to the end of it, spinning past, fruit machine style. Settling on:

RACHEL.

Now he's kneeling by the body. Runs a hand over the coat, looks at his gloved fingers.

The word WET pulses across the screen ...

Pulls a fold-away umbrella from her pocket (this is white) ...

DRY pulses across the screen. These words appear and fade, different parts of the screen, different fonts, different colours (pink for the coat, white for the umbrella.)

Now he slides a hand under her collar, checks his fingers.

WET. (Pink)

He's now quickly going through her jewellery - necklace, earrings, bracelet. CLEAN, CLEAN, CLEAN, in gold, pulsing and fading in different parts of the screen.

Now her wedding and engagement ring, DIRTY. A mottled gold.

The word MARRIED reappears, then the word UNHAPPILY blips in front of it.

He's using his magnifying lens on the rings now. After the words UNHAPPILY MARRIED the word YEARS appears, and in the space between, fruit machine numbers are now spinning past, settling on 10+.

Through the lens, so close on the rings. He's pulling them from the flesh of the finger, examining the interior curve of the ring - it is slightly brighter than the exterior.

Turns the ring again to the exterior. Over this the word DIRTY appears, again in mottled gold.

Turns the ring back to the interior.

The word CLEAN appears, in brighter gold, next to the word DIRTY.

Then the word CLEAN, in brighter gold, appears next to it.

Then the word CLEAN spins fruit machine style to become REGULARLY and the word DIRTY spins to become REMOVED (the extra letters just appear at the sides.)

As the words vanish, Sherlock looks at the dead woman's face. Smirks.

On the woman's face. The words SERIAL ADULTERER appear below it, like an accusation.

Sherlock straightens up.

LESTRADE
Got anything.

SHERLOCK
Not much.

ANDERSON
(From off)
She's German.

They glance round. Anderson is observing, sardonically, from the doorway.

ANDERSON
Rache is German for Revenge. She
could be trying to tell us
something.

Sherlock is tapping away at his PDA, doesn't even glance at him.

SHERLOCK
Yes, thank you for your input.

Without looking up, he reaches over and closes the door neatly in Anderson's face.

LESTRADE
She's German.

SHERLOCK
Of course, she's not German. She's
from out of town though. Planned
to spend a single night in London,
before returning home to Cardiff.
So far, so obvious.

JOHN
Sorry, obvious?

LESTRADE
What about the message though?

SHERLOCK
Dr. Watson, what do you think?

JOHN
Of the message?

SHERLOCK
Of the body, you're a medical man.

LESTRADE
We have a whole team right outside -
-

SHERLOCK
They won't work with me.

LESTRADE
I'm breaking every rule letting you
in here.

SHERLOCK
Yeah. Cos you need me.

Lestrade glowers for a moment. But it's true, damn it!

LESTRADE
Yes, I do. God help me.

He turns, strides across the room, leans his back against the wall. He glowers at Sherlock: do your worst.

John: cat at a tennis match, looking between the two antagonists.

SHERLOCK
Dr. Watson!

He gestures John towards the body.

On John: what?

On Sherlock: a quick, imperious nod - do it!

John, uncertain, looks to Lestrade.

LESTRADE
Oh, do as he says, help yourself.

And John finds himself, stepping forward, kneeling by the body.

Across from him, also kneeling, Sherlock is watching him intently.

SHERLOCK
Well?

JOHN
(A whisper - so Lestrade
can't hear)
What am I doing here?

SHERLOCK
(Also a whisper)
Helping me make a point.

He flicks his eyes at Lestrade.

JOHN
I'm supposed to be helping you pay
the rent!

SHERLOCK
Yeah, this is more fun.

JOHN
Fun?? There is a woman lying dead!

SHERLOCK
Perfectly sound analysis, but I was
hoping you'd go deeper.

On John: stung! Then he gets to work. Bends over her,
sniffs her mouth.

JOHN
Asphyxiation probably. Passed out,
and choked on her own vomit. Can't
smell any alcohol on her - could've
been a seizure, possibly drugs.

SHERLOCK
You know what it was, you've read
the papers.

JOHN
She's one of the suicides. The
fourth one.

LESTRADE
Sherlock, two minutes I said. Need
anything you've got.

SHERLOCK
Victim is in her late forties.
Professional person going by her
clothes - I'd guess something in
the media, going by the frankly
alarming shade of pink. She's
travelled from Cardiff today,
intending to stay for one night -
that's obvious from the size of her
suitcase --

LESTRADE
Suitcase?

SHERLOCK
Suitcase, yes. She's been married
for at least ten years, but not
happily. She's had a string of
lovers, but none of them have known
she was married --

LESTRADE

For God's sake. If you're just making this up ...

SHERLOCK

The wedding ring, ten years old at least. The rest of her jewellery has been regularly cleaned, but not her wedding rings - state of her marriage, right there. The inside of the rings are shinier than the outside - that means they're regularly removed; the only polishing they get is when she works them off her finger. It's not for work - look at her nails, she doesn't work with her hands - so what, or rather *who*, does she remove her rings for? Clearly not one lover - she'd never sustain the fiction of being single over time - so more likely a string of them. Simple!

JOHN

(Scribbling away)
Brilliant!

Sherlock and Lestrade look at John.

JOHN

Sorry!

LESTRADE

Cardiff?

SHERLOCK

Obvious, isn't it?

JOHN

Not obvious to me.

SHERLOCK

Dear God, what's it like in your funny little brains, it must be so *boring*. Her coat!

They look to her coat, clearly seeing nothing.

SHERLOCK

It's slightly damp - she's been in heavy rain within the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time.

(Feeling at her coat)

Under her coat collar is damp too. She turned it up against the wind! She's got an umbrella in her left pocket but it's unused and dry. Not just wind, *strong* wind - too strong to use her umbrella.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

We know from her suitcase that she's staying over night so she must have come a decent distance. But she can't have travelled more than two or three hours, cos her coat hasn't dried. So where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within the radius of that travel time?

(Holds up PDA)
Cardiff.

JOHN

Fantastic!

Again, Lestrade and Sherlock look at him.

SHERLOCK

Do you know you do that out loud?

JOHN

... sorry, I'll shut up.

SHERLOCK

No, it's fine.

LESTRADE

Why do you keep saying suitcase?

SHERLOCK

Yeah, where is it? She must have a phone or an organiser - we can find out who Rachel is.

LESTRADE

She was writing Rachel?

SHERLOCK

No, she was leaving an angry note in German - of course she was writing Rachel. No other word it can be. Question is, why did she wait till she was dying to write it...

LESTRADE

How do you know she had a case?

SHERLOCK

Back of her right leg. Tiny splashes on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her, with her right hand - you don't get that splash pattern any other way. Smallish case, going by the spread. Case that size, woman this clothes-conscious - could only be an overnight bag. So we know she was staying one night. Now where is it - what have you done with it?

LESTRADE

There wasn't a case.

Sherlock is back at the body, examining again. But this reply brings him up short. He looks at Lestrade. Stares at him.

SHERLOCK

... say that again.

LESTRADE

There wasn't a case. There was never any suitcase here.

Sherlock straightening up. Thinking, the wheels spinning. What? *What??*

He shoves past Lestrade, strides out on to the landing.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

37

Sherlock bellows round the house.

SHERLOCK

Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase - was there a suitcase in this house.

Cutting round various officers round the house, looking blankly back at him.

Lestrade is emerging from the room behind him.

LESTRADE

Sherlock, there was no case.

On Sherlock - now in a ferment of thought.

SHERLOCK

But they take the poison themselves. They chew and swallow the pills *themselves*, there are clear signs - even you lot couldn't miss them.

LESTRADE

Right, yes, thanks - *and?*

SHERLOCK

... it's murder. All of them. I don't know how, but they're not suicides, they're killings - serial killings. We've got a serial killer. Love those, there's always something to look forward to.

LESTRADE

Why? Why are you saying that?

SHERLOCK

Where's her case? Come on, where is it? Did she eat it? Someone else was here - and they took the case. So the killer must have driven her here - forgot the case was in the car ...

JOHN

Maybe she checked into her hotel, left her case there.

SHERLOCK

She never made it to her hotel
Look at her hair - colour co-ordinates her lipstick and her shoes, she'd never have left a hotel with her hair still like --

And he just *stops!* Like a whole bunch of thoughts arriving in his head all at one. He slaps his hands to his head

SHERLOCK

Oh! *Oh!*

JOHN

... Sherlock?

Sherlock is bounding down the stairs now.

LESTRADE

What? What is it, what?

SHERLOCK

Serial killers, always hard.
You've got to wait for them to make a mistake ...

LESTRADE

We can't just *wait!*

SHERLOCK

Oh, we're done waiting.
Look at her! Really, *look!*
Houston, we have a mistake!

They look back through the door - the pink-clad body.

SHERLOCK

Get on to Cardiff, find Jennifer Wilson's family and friends - find Rachel.-

LESTRADE

Of course, yes. But what mistake??

SHERLOCK

Pink!!

And he slams out.

Lestrade just looks wearied for a moment - like he's had to put up with this many times.

ANDERSON

Okay - let's get on with it!!

His team start piling up the stairs, practically shoving past John. The room is a bustle of activity now. John, still on the landing, looks more lost than ever, everyone ignoring him.

On John: so lost, humiliated. He starts to limp down the stairs.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - NIGHT

38

John limps out, looks around. Everyone's on the move now - like everything had frozen before, to let Sherlock do his work.

He's looking around - where *is* Sherlock? He sees --

-- Sally Donovan, looking sardonically at him.

SALLY

He's gone.

JOHN

Sherlock Holmes?

SALLY

He just took off - he does that.

JOHN

Is he coming back?

SALLY

Didn't look like it.

He's a little winded at this, humiliated - but he hides it like a good soldier.

JOHN

... right. Right, yes, sorry.

Turns to go, realises --

JOHN

Um. Where am I?

His face: hurts so much to ask, to be this helpless.

SALLY

Brixton.

JOHN

... Where would I get a cab? It's just ... well, my leg ...

SALLY

Try the main road.

He glances down the end of the street. At the far end, there's a busy street crossing.

He starts limping off down the road --

SALLY

Hey --

He turns. Sally has moved a few steps towards, curious now.

SALLY

You're not his friend, he doesn't have friends. So who are you?

JOHN

I'm - I'm nobody, I only just met him.

SALLY

Bit of advice then. Stay away from that guy.

JOHN

Why?

SALLY

You know why he's here? He's not paid or anything. He *likes* it. He gets off on it. Weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up won't be enough. One day we'll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes will be the one who put it there.

John stares at her, appalled at the idea.

JOHN

Why would he do that?

SALLY

Because he's a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.

John, staring at her. Could that be true?

LESTRADE

(Calling over)
Donovan!

SALLY

(Calling)
Coming!
(As she moves away)
Stay away from Sherlock Holmes.

She heads towards Lestrade.

On John, staring after her, thoughtful. Calls out:

JOHN
Bye!

On John, grave, thoughtful.

He turns, starts to limp away down the street -

- and looks up, something catching his eye.

John's POV. On the rooftops of houses opposite silhouetted against the moon -

- Sherlock Holmes. He's standing there perfectly calmly, oblivious to his position. He has his PDA in one hand, and is looking one way, then the other, as if scanning the streets below him ...

On John, staring up. *What the hell's he doing??*

But for a moment he's held there, staring, fascinated -

- and then there's a telephone ringing. He glances round. There's a solitary phone box, a little distance from him, and the phone is ringing.

Instinctively, he glances back at Sherlock, like almost expects it to be him -

- but no, Sherlock is still scanning the horizon. Now he's ducking out of sight, off somewhere else.

John turns and walks on.

We hold on the telephone box. As he John heads away, the telephone stops ringing...

CUT TO:

39 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

39

John limping on. He tries to hail a Taxi, but it heads straight past him.

JOHN
Yeah, thanks.

And again, ringing. He glances behind him. Through the open door of a cramped little convenience store. At the back of the shop, there's a payphone. The payphone is ringing.

On John, frowning now. Couldn't be for him. Nah, that's stupid. Stupid.

We hold on the payphone, ringing. Just as the shopkeeper reaches to answer, it -

- stops.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ANOTHER LONDON STREET - NIGHT 40

On a phone box, as the phone starts to ring. We pan to -
John, just about to cross the road. He's staring at the
phone. This can't be happening. This is *ridiculous!*

But this time he steps forward, opens the booth, answers the
phone.

JOHN

Hello?

A cultured, educated voice (Mark Gatiss).

M

There is a security camera at the
top right corner of the building
opposite you. Do you see it?

JOHN

Sorry, who's this? Who's speaking?

M

(V.O.)

Do you see the camera, Dr. Watson?

John looks. In the darkness, he can just make out the
camera.

JOHN

Yeah.

M

(V.O.)

Watch.

And as he watches -

Close on the camera. It slowly turns away from him. Now
looking up the other end of the street.

M

(V.O.)

There is a another camera on the
footbridge to your left. Do you
see it?

John looks round. Again the camera revolves, looks away.

John, staring now. What? *What??*

M
(V.O.)
And finally, at the top of the
streetlamp two along, on your
right.

John. Again, the camera revolves, looks away.

JOHN
How are you doing that?

As he asks, he notices -

- a big black limousine is drawing up next to the phone box.

M
(V.O.)
Get into the car, Dr. Watson. I
would make some sort of threat, but
I'm sure your situation is quite
clear to you.

The phone goes dead in his ear.

A smartly suited driver has climbed out of the car. Now
opens one of the rear doors for John. John hesitates -

- but what the hell else can he do? He climbs in.

CUT TO:

41 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 41

He's not alone in the back. A beautiful woman (Andrea) in a
smart business suit. She doesn't even look up as he gets in -
just taps away on her Blackberry.

JOHN
Hello.

She smiles at him, perfectly pleasant.

ANDREA
Hi.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ANOTHER LONDON STREET - NIGHT 42

The limo pulls away.

CUT TO:

43 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 43

John is observing Andrea, she's still tapping away.

JOHN
What's your name then?

ANDREA
Anthea.

JOHN
Is that your real name?

ANDREA
No.

JOHN
I'm John.

ANDREA
Yes, I know.

JOHN
Any point in asking where I'm
going?

ANDREA
None at all, John.

JOHN
Okay.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT 44

The limo is pulling into an industrial estate. Warehouses, containers - it is deserted, desolate, creepy.

Close on the limo. John peering out the window -
- just as the Driver starts to pull open his door.

CUT TO:

45 INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 45

Andrea leading and John following. Heading along the corridor. She opens a door at the end, motions John to go through. John looks through the door.

CUT TO:

46 INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT 46

A big empty space. Sitting there, some distance a man is sitting on a chair, waiting for him. There is another chair sitting opposite him, clearly intended for John. The man wears a good suit, looks entirely out of place. He is flicking through a notebook, doesn't look up. When he speaks we realise it is the voice we heard on the phone.

M

Have a seat, Dr. Watson.

John glances round. Andrea is already walking briskly away from him.

He considers - but what choice does he have. He starts heading towards the man and the offered chair.

JOHN

You know, I've got a phone. Very clever, all that, but you could just phone me on my phone!

M

When one is avoiding the attention of Sherlock Holmes, one learns to be discreet. Hence this place. Your leg must be hurting, sit down.

John sits. M inspects him with a blank, reptilian gaze. John smiles cheekily back. But under that he's so angry.

M

You don't seem very afraid.

JOHN

You don't seem very frightening.

M

Ah, yes, the bravery of the soldier. Bravery is by far the kindest word for stupidity, don't you think. What is your connection with Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN

I don't have one. I barely know him. I met him yesterday.

M

And since yesterday you've moved in with him, and now you're solving crimes together. Might we expect a happy announcement by the end of the week?

JOHN

Who are you?

M

An interested party.

JOHN

Interested in Sherlock? Why? I'm guessing you're not friends.

M

You've met him. How many friends do you imagine he has? I'm the closest thing Sherlock Holmes is capable of having to a friend.

JOHN
And what's that?

M
An enemy.

JOHN
(Almost laughs)
An *enemy*?

M
In his mind, certainly. If you asked him he'd probably say his arch enemy. He does love to be dramatic.

JOHN
Well thank God you're above all that.

John's phone has beeped. He has pulled it out and now glances at it. A text:

BAKER STREET. COME AT ONCE IF CONVENIENT. SH.

M
I hope I'm not distracting you.

JOHN
Not distracting me at all, no.

M
Do you plan to continue your association with Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN
Far as I remember, and I could be wrong, but I *think* that's none of your business.

M
It could be.

JOHN
It really couldn't.

M
If you do move in to Baker Street, I would be happy to pay you a meaningful sum of money, on a regular basis, to ... ease your way.

JOHN
Why?

M
Because you're not a rich man.

JOHN
In exchange for what?

M
Information. Nothing indiscreet,
nothing you'd feel uncomfortable
with. Just ... tell me what he's
up to.

JOHN
Why?

A silence. The wintriest smile from M.

M
I worry about him. Constantly.

JOHN
That's nice of you.

M
But I would prefer, for various
reasons, that my concern went ...
unmentioned. We have what you
might call, a difficult
relationship.

A silence. John looks at him, stonily. His phone beeps at
him again. He looks at it. Another text.

IF INCONVENIENT COME ANYWAY

JOHN
(As much to the phone as
M)
No.

M
I haven't mentioned a figure.

JOHN
Don't bother.

M
You're very loyal, very quickly.

JOHN
No I'm not. I'm just not
interested.

M
(Consulting his notes)
"Trust issues" it says here.

JOHN
What is that?

M
Can it be you've decided to trust
Sherlock Holmes? Of all people?

JOHN
Who says I trust him??

M
You don't seem the kind to make
friends easily.

John is getting to his feet, angrily.

JOHN
Are we done?

M
You tell me.

John gets to his feet. Starts heading to the door.

M
I imagine people have already
warned you to stay away from him.
But I can see from your left hand,
that isn't going to happen.

That brings John up short. He turns.

JOHN
My what?

M
Show me.

Bewildered, John holds it up. M is approaching now. He squints closer John's hand. Takes the wrist, revolves his hand slightly. It's not in any way intimate - a forensic examination.

M
Remarkable.

JOHN
What is?

M
Most people blunder round this
city, and all they see are streets
and shops and cars. But when you
walk with Sherlock Holmes, you see
the battlefield. You've seen it
already, haven't you?

JOHN
What's wrong with my hand?

M
(Consulting his notebook)
You have an intermittent tremor in
your left hand. Your therapist
thinks it's post-traumatic-stress
disorder. She thinks you're
haunted by memories of your
military service.

JOHN
Who the hell are you, and how do
you know that??

M
Sack her, she's got it the wrong way round. You're under stress right now, but your hand is perfectly steady. You're not haunted by the war, Dr. Watson - you miss it.

He snaps the notebook shut, give him his wintriest smile.

M
Welcome back.

He turns, and starts heading to the door. As John watches him go, his phone beeps again. He looks at it - this time we don't see the text.

M turns at the door.

M
Time to choose a side, Dr. Watson.

He goes. Leaving the door open. We see the Beautiful Woman. She steps forward into the room,

WOMAN
I'm to take you home.

On John, not listening. Looking at his phone. Another text:

COULD BE DANGEROUS

John looks from the text to his hand. His not shaking hand. Well I'll be damned...

The woman is getting impatient.

WOMAN
Address?

John just looks at her. Decides.

JOHN
Baker Street. 221b Baker Street.
(Glances at the text again)
And I need to stop off somewhere first.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

The same dull room we saw before. John is entering. He goes straight to the desk, yanks open the drawer.

The gun!

CUT TO:

48 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 48

John climbs into the back. The woman barely glances up from her Blackberry.

JOHN
Sorry. Just had to take care of something.

WOMAN
Get your gun okay?

JOHN
... yeah.

49 EXT. BAKER STREET/LIMOUSINE INTERIOR - NIGHT 49

The Baker Street sign.

The door: 221b.

Pulling out to:

John climbing out of the limousine. He looks back in. The Woman is tapping on her Blackberry.

JOHN
Listen, your boss - any chance you could *not* tell him this is where I went?

WOMAN
Sure.

JOHN
You've told him already, haven't you?

WOMAN
Yeah.

A beat on John, hesitating at the car door. She *is* very lovely.

JOHN
Listen, um ... you ever got any free time?

WOMAN
Oh, yes, lots.
(Charming smile)
Goodbye!

JOHN
... Okay.

He closes the car door. The limo glides away.

CUT TO:

50 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - DAY

50

On John as he enters (still limping, with his cane.)

The room is in half-light. Sherlock Holmes is sprawled on a sofa, seemingly in dreamy contemplation. He is surrounded by paper, his laptop is open on his chest, with his PDA and his phone. Looks like he hasn't moved in hours.

-- he has rolled up one sleeve and is fiddling with something at his exposed forearm - from this angle we can't quite see what. (It's the traditional Sherlock-injecting scene.)

JOHN

What are you doing?

Sherlock glances irritably at him - then shows him.

SHERLOCK

Nicotine patch, helps me think!
Impossible to sustain a smoking
habit in London these days - bad
news for brain work!

JOHN

Good news for breathing.

SHERLOCK

Oh, *breathing* - breathing's boring.

JOHN

(Stepping closer, sees)
Three patches??

SHERLOCK

It's a three patch problem.

And he just lies there, ignoring John, deep in thought, staring at the ceiling.

JOHN

Well?

Sherlock continues to stare, lost in thought.

JOHN

You asked me to come. I'm assuming
it's important.

SHERLOCK

Oh, yes, of course. Can I borrow
your phone?

John stares at him. What? *What??*

JOHN

... my phone!

SHERLOCK

Don't want to use mine - always a chance the number'll be recognised. It's on the website.

John: looking at him, mounting indignation.

JOHN

Mrs. Hudson's got a phone.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, but she's downstairs. I tried shouting, she didn't hear me.

JOHN

I was on the other side of London!!

SHERLOCK

There was no hurry.

And he holds his hand imperiously out for the phone.

On John: seething, but already he knows there's no point. He hands his phone to Sherlock.

JOHN

What's this about? The case?

SHERLOCK

Her case.

JOHN

Her case?

SHERLOCK

Her suitcase, yes, obviously!
The murderer took her suitcase.
The first big mistake.

JOHN

Okay, he took her case. So?

SHERLOCK

... it's no use. There's no other way, we'll have to risk it. There's a phone number on my desk - I want you to send a text.

John just looks bemusedly at him.

JOHN

You brought me here to send a *text*.

SHERLOCK

A text, yes! Number on the desk!

He looks at John, who's hesitating.

SHERLOCK

What's wrong?

JOHN
... I just met a friend of yours.

SHERLOCK
A *friend*.

JOHN
An enemy.

SHERLOCK
Oh! Which one?

JOHN
Your arch enemy - according to him.
Do people *have* arch enemies?

But Sherlock is just staring at him, now. Troubled.

SHERLOCK
... did he offer you money to spy
on me?

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Did you take it?

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Pity. We could've split the fee.
Think it through next time.

JOHN
Who is he?

SHERLOCK
The most dangerous man you've ever
met and not my problem, right now.
On my desk, the number!

And John finds himself stepping over to the desk. On top of the stacked papers, a slip of card with a name - Jennifer Wilson, a Cardiff address, and a mobile phone number along the bottom.

JOHN
Jennifer Wilson? That was ... hang
on, wasn't that the dead woman

SHERLOCK
Yes, doesn't matter, just enter the
number. Are you doing it.

JOHN
Yes --

SHERLOCK
Have you done it?

JOHN
Hang on, yes.

SHERLOCK
Now these words exactly. "What happened at Lauriston Gardens? I must have blacked out. 22 Northumberland Street. Please come."

On John's face. What? *What??* He looks

JOHN
... You blacked out?

SHERLOCK
What? No, no. Type and send, quickly.

Sherlock has sprung up from the sofa, now heads into the kitchen. Now he's returning with -

John still fumbling at the text, breaks off, stares.

Because Sherlock is returning from the kitchen *with a pink case!* The exact case Sherlock described - wheeled, with an extendable handle.

SHERLOCK
Sent it yet?

JOHN
What was the address.

SHERLOCK
22 Northumberland Street, hurry up!

Sherlock bangs the case down the on the coffee table, opens it.

JOHN
That's ... that's the pink lady's case ... Jennifer Wilson's case...

SHERLOCK
Yes, of course it is. Oh, I should probably mention that I didn't kill her.

On John - just a little thrown, a little chilled.

JOHN
... I never said you did.

SHERLOCK
Why not? Given the text I just had you send, and the fact I have this case, it would be a perfectly logical assumption.

JOHN
Do people usually assume you're the
murderer?

SHERLOCK
Now and then, yes.

JOHN
... Okay. So how did you get this?

SHERLOCK
By looking.

JOHN
Where?

SHERLOCK
The killer must have driven her to
Lauriston Gardens. He could only
keep her case by *accident*, if it
was in a car. No one could be seen
with this case without attracting
attention - particularly a man,
which is statistically likely. So
obviously he'd feel compelled to
get rid of it the moment he noticed
he still had it - wouldn't have
taken him more than five minutes to
realise his mistake.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - NIGHT

51

FLASHBACK: Sherlock, on the rooftop, scanning the streets
below.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

I checked every back street wide enough for a car within five minutes of Lauriston Gardens and looked for anywhere you could dispose of a bulky object without being observed.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT 52

FLASHBACK: Sherlock is climbing into a skip, hauling things out of it.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Took me less than an hour to find the right skip.

CUT TO:

53 INT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT 53

John, staring at him.

JOHN

Pink. You got all that, cos you realised the case would be pink.

SHERLOCK

It had to be pink. Obviously.

JOHN

Why didn't I think of that?

SHERLOCK

Because you're an idiot.

On John: stung by this.

SHERLOCK

Don't look like that - practically everyone is.

(Indicates the case)

Now look - do you see what's missing?

JOHN

From her case? How could I?

SHERLOCK

Her phone. Where's her mobile phone. No phone on the body, no phone in her case. We know she has one - the number's right there, and you just texted it.

JOHN
Maybe she left it at home.

SHERLOCK
She has a string of lovers, and she's careful about it - she never leaves it at home.

He plucks the little slip of card from John's hand and re-inserts it in the luggage tag of the pink bag.

JOHN
So why did I send that text?

SHERLOCK
The question is, where is that phone now?

JOHN
She could've lost it.

SHERLOCK
Yes. Or?

JOHN
... the murderer? You think the murderer has the phone?

SHERLOCK
Maybe she left it in his car, when she left her case. Maybe he took it for some other reason. Either way, the balance of probability is that the murderer has her phone.

JOHN
Sorry, what are we doing here. Did we just text a murderer? What good does that do.

And right on cue, John's phone rings.

John snatches it up, looks at the number on the screen --
-- and his eyes go to the luggage tab on the case.

SHERLOCK
A few hours since his last victim - and now he's got a text which can only be from her ... Now someone who'd just *found* the phone would ignore a text like that. But the murderer -

Abruptly the phone stops ringing.

SHERLOCK
-- would panic.

Sherlock springs to his feet, starts pulling on his coat.

JOHN
Have you talked to the police?

SHERLOCK
Four people are dead - there isn't
time to talk to the police.

JOHN
Then why are you talking to me?

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson took my skull.

John looks to the mantelpiece. The skull is indeed gone.

JOHN
So I am basically filling in for
your skull?

SHERLOCK
Relax, you're doing fine. Well?

JOHN
Well what?

SHERLOCK
Well you could just sit here and
watch telly ...

John rises to his feet, unsure what his role is --

JOHN
You want me to come with you?

SHERLOCK
I prefer company when I go out - I
think better aloud, and the skull
just attracts attention.

On John - hesitating.

SHERLOCK
Problem?

JOHN
Sergeant Donovan ...

SHERLOCK
What about her?

JOHN
She said you get off on this. You
enjoy it.

Sherlock just looks at him for a moment. Then, ghost of a
smile.

SHERLOCK
And I said "dangerous". And here
you are.

He turns, goes out --

-- pointedly leaving the door open behind him, confident that John will follow.

On John, considering for a moment.

JOHN
Damn it!

He limps after Sherlock ...

CUT TO:

54 EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

54

Sherlock and John emerging. Sherlock striding ahead, John hurrying to catch up.

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Northumberland Street is five minutes walk from here.

JOHN
You think he's stupid enough to go there.

SHERLOCK
No, I think he's brilliant enough. I love the brilliant ones - they're so desperate to get caught.

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Appreciation! Applause!

He jumps up on low wall, spreads his arms, theatrically.

SHERLOCK
At long last, the spotlight! That's the frailty of genius, John - it needs an audience.

John, looking up at him. Smiles cynically.

JOHN
Yeah.

Sherlock is now looking around the bustling town, people hurrying everywhere..

SHERLOCK
This is his hunting ground. Right here in the heart of the city.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

We now know the victims were abducted, and that changes everything. Because all of his victims disappeared from crowded places, from busy streets - but nobody saw them go. They walked out of their lives with a complete stranger, and trusted him right to the moment they swallowed his poison. He can do the impossible, this one - he *needs* to take a bow.

JOHN

If it is a 'he'. The pink lady wrote "Rachel"...

SHERLOCK

Yes. That's odd. 'Til we know who Rachel is, no point in speculating. Mustn't theorise in advance of the facts.

Sherlock skips down off the wall.

SHERLOCK

Think, though, *think!* Who do we trust, even if don't know them? Who passes unnoticed wherever they go? Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK

Haven't the faintest. Hungry?

He turns and starts striding on.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ANGELO'S - NIGHT

55

We are pulling out from a sign reading --

NORTHUMBERLAND STREET

-- to the interior of a fairly shabby looking Italian restaurant (we are seeing the sign through the window.)

Sherlock and John are coming through the door. A young waiter is greeting them.

BILLY

Hello, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Thankyou, Billy

Sherlock and John are taking their place at a table. They are seating themselves right at the large picture window, which looks out on the busy London street. Billy whisks away the reserved sign.

SHERLOCK
22 Northumberland Street. Keep
your eyes on it.

JOHN
He's not just going to ring the
doorbell, though, is he? He'd have
to be mad.

SHERLOCK
Well he *has* killed four people.

JOHN
... okay.

ANGELO
Sherlock!

The owner of the restaurant, greasy little man, delighted to see Sherlock.

ANGELO
Anything on the menu, whatever you
want, free! All on the house, you
and your date.

SHERLOCK
Do you want to eat?

JOHN
I'm not his date.

ANGELO
(Throwing his arm round
Sherlock's shoulders)
This man! Got me off a murder
charge!

SHERLOCK
This is Angelo. Three years ago I
successfully proved to Lestrade
that at the time of a particularly
vicious triple-murder, Angelo was
in a completely different part of
town, house-breaking.

ANGELO
He cleared my name.

SHERLOCK
I cleared it a *bit*. Anything
happening opposite?

ANGELO
We've been keeping an eye out.
(Shows him a photo on his
mobile phone)
(MORE)

ANGELO (cont'd)
Just this man - stopped for a
minute.

SHERLOCK
Oh, he's just drunk.
(Squints closer at the
photo)
Also married with a dog.

ANGELO
We all are, in the end.

SHERLOCK
Married *with* a dog. Keep your eyes
peeled.

ANGELO
I'm on the case!
(To John)
But for this man, I'd have gone to
prison.

SHERLOCK
You did go to prison.

ANGELO
I get you a candle for the table -
more romantic.

JOHN
I'm not his date!

Angelo is shoving menus at them both.

SHERLOCK
You may as well eat - we might
have a long wait.

But Sherlock has tossed his menu aside, relapsed into his own
dark thoughts.

John: just sitting there, feeling a little stranded. What
the hell's he supposed to be doing?

Angelo reappears, sets down a candle between them, lights it.
John looks at it - tiny bit uncomfortable.

JOHN
Thanks.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ANGELO'S/STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT

56

John is finishing a bowl of pasta. Sherlock's eyes are on
the street opposite. Pre-occupied, lost in his own thoughts.

John regards him for a moment, thoughtful

JOHN
People don't have arch-enemies.

SHERLOCK
I'm sorry?

JOHN
In real life. There are no arch-enemies in real life, it doesn't happen.

SHERLOCK
Doesn't it? Sounds a bit dull.

JOHN
So who was that guy?

SHERLOCK
What do real people have then? In their real lives?

JOHN
Friends. People they know. People they like, people they don't like -

John's eyes flick to the candle between them - still just a little disconcerted.

JOHN
Girlfriends, boyfriends.

SHERLOCK
Yes, well as I was saying - dull!

JOHN
So. You don't have a girlfriend then?

SHERLOCK
A girlfriend? No. Not really my area.

JOHN
Oh. Oh, right. ...
(A beat)
Do you have a boyfriend?

Sherlock just looks at him, curious - what's he on about?

JOHN
Which is fine, by the way.

SHERLOCK
I know it's fine.

JOHN
So you've got a boyfriend then?

SHERLOCK
No.

JOHN

Right. Okay. Unattached. Like me. Fine, good.

Sherlock looks at him a moment.

SHERLOCK

... John, you should know, I consider myself married to my work, and while I'm flattered by your interest I'm really not looking for any kind of --

JOHN

No, no, I wasn't asking you out, no! I'm just saying, it's all fine!

SHERLOCK

Good, thankyou.

JOHN

But seriously, an archenemy, though - what's supposed to *mean*.

SHERLOCK

Nothing in real life, apparently. Take a look across the street.

Sherlock is now looking raptly across the street. Puzzled, John follows his look. And stares.

A taxi has stopped outside 22 Northumberland Street!

Cutting closer on the back of cab! A shadowy figure seems to be craning to look up at the window.

SHERLOCK
In a taxi! That's clever! Is it
clever? Why's that clever?

JOHN
That's him!

SHERLOCK
Don't stare.

JOHN
You're staring.

SHERLOCK
Well we can't *both* stare.

And Sherlock is on his feet, striding out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

57

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

57

On Sherlock, exiting the restaurant. He's got his phone out, is seemingly texting - but as we cut closer, we see he's really -

- sneaking a look at the cab.

Sherlock's POV: A darkly handsome face is looking directly at him from the back of the cab.

A frozen moment, the two men staring at each other.

The man in the cab turns to the driver, the cab starts up.

On Sherlock from the POV of the cab. It's pulling away.

Closer on Sherlock, as John joins him.

JOHN
I got the cab's number.

SHERLOCK
Good for you.

Now his eyes snap shut visualising

SHERLOCK
Left turn, one way, roadworks,
traffic lights, bus lane,
pedestrian crossing, left turn
only, traffic lights ...

He heads back into the restaurant. We lose him from frame, and stay on Sherlock and John's table.

Pushing in on: John's walking stick, hanging forgotten on the back on his chair.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. ROOFTOOPS - NIGHT 60

Sherlock and John racing across the rooftops. Sherlock now leaping from one roof to the next.

On John, hesitating behind him - oh dear God!

On the map - the black and red lines filling in.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 61

Sherlock and John, clattering down it --

The map: the ziz-zagging black line, the shorter red line slicing through it.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 62

Narrow back alley, dead end, but Sherlock is pounding towards -

- the stage door of a theatre! A stage-hand is outside, having a cigarette -

- and Sherlock flings himself through the door, goes crashing into the back corridors -

STAGE-HAND

Oi!

JOHN

(Belting past him)

Sorry!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 63

Sherlock comes crashing out of a theatre, cannoning straight into a man walking by the pavement. Just shoves past him races across the road. John's now helping the man up.

JOHN

Sorry.

Races after Sherlock -

The map: the red line, the black line.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT 64

Sherlock, then John pelting down the steps to the underground
-

CUT TO:

65 INT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT 65

- Sherlock and John racing through -

The map: the red line, nearly catching up the with the black
line -

CUT TO:

66 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 66

- Sherlock pelting along a side street, John yards behind
him.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 67

Sherlock bursts out of the end of the side street, and right
into the traffic and -

- Map: the red line and black line snick together -

- right in front of the taxi!! It screeches to a halt in
front of him. (NB. Shot so we DON'T see the driver.)

- Sherlock marches round the side of the taxi and slams a
card against the driver's window, yelling.

SHERLOCK

Police, pull over, now. *Pull over!*

NB we don't see the driver's face as he complies ...

SHERLOCK

Open up, come on, now!

And he tears the passenger door open, looks in -

A faintly startled man. He's tanned, good looking,
surrounded by cases.

Sherlock frowns, as John comes panting up to join him.

SHERLOCK
No! Teeth, tan, what, Californian?
LA, Santa Monica, just arrived.

JOHN
No, how could you -

SHERLOCK
The luggage!

Sherlock is reading the luggage labels.

SHERLOCK
Oh, and your first trip to London
probably - going by your
destination, and the route this
driver has taken you.

HANDSOME MAN
Sorry. Are you guys the police?

SHERLOCK
Yes. Is everything all right?

HANDSOME MAN
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
Welcome to London.

He strides off, leaving John just standing there, the Man
looking at him, bemused.

JOHN
Any problems, just let us know.

He slams the door, heads after Sherlock.

Sherlock, looking grumpy now leaning against the traffic
barrier at the side of the road. John joining him.

JOHN
So. That was basically just a taxi
that happened to slow down.

SHERLOCK
Basically.

JOHN
Not the murderer.

SHERLOCK
No, not the murderer.

JOHN
Wrong country. Good alibi.

SHERLOCK
As they go.

Sherlock still has the police card in his hand. John is taking it from him.

JOHN
So where did you get this?
(Reads it)
Detective Inspector Lestrade?

SHERLOCK
Yeah. I pick-pocket him when he's annoying. You can keep that one, I've got loads at the flat.

John is looking at the card - and starting to laugh.

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
Nothing, just ... "Welcome to London!"

In spite of himself, Sherlock chuckles too. But the chuckle dies at something he's seeing.

John follows his look. The taxi has pulled in a little distance away. The passenger in the back is leaning out the window, talking to a policeman, pointing back at John and Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Got your breath back?

JOHN
Ready when you are!

And they vault over the traffic barrier and start running like hell ...

CUT TO:

68 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/EXIT STAIRS - DAY

68

Sherlock and John, arriving back - puffed out but a bit exhilarated.

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

SHERLOCK
And you invaded Afghanistan.

JOHN
Yeah, it wasn't *just* me. Why aren't we back at the restaurant?

SHERLOCK
Oh, they can keep an eye out. It's a long shot anyway.

JOHN
So what were we doing there?

SHERLOCK
Passing the time, proving a point.

JOHN
What point?

SHERLOCK
You.

Sherlock has stepped to the door at the back of hall, which leads to Mrs. Hudson's. Opens it, calls through.

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson, Dr. Watson will be taking the upstairs room!

JOHN
Says who?

The doorbell rings.

SHERLOCK
Says the man at the door.

Bemused, John turns, opens the door.

Angelo is standing there. In his hands, John's walking stick.

ANGELO
Sherlock texted me! He said you forgot this.

John just stares, thunderstruck. His hand goes to his leg. *What??*

And as he speaks, Mrs. Hudson is bursting out her door. Tearful, shocked.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, Sherlock, what have you *done??*

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson?

MRS. HUDSON
Upstairs!

John and Sherlock exchange a look - *what??*

And then they're racing up the stairs together.

CUT TO:

69

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

69

Sherlock burst into their rooms. Lestrade is sitting in Sherlock's chair, examining the pink case. And the room is full of policemen. They are searching the flat - a proper full-on search, rubber gloves, crime scene gear.

SHERLOCK
What are you *doing??*

LESTRADE
Well I knew you'd find the case,
I'm not stupid.

SHERLOCK
You can't just break into my flat!

LESTRADE
You can't withhold evidence, and I
didn't break into your flat.

SHERLOCK
Well what do you call this??

LESTRADE
A drugs bust.

Cutting close on Sherlock's face: *oops!* But John is just laughing.

JOHN
Oh, come on, seriously? This guy,
a junkie? Have you *met* him??

SHERLOCK
John ...

JOHN
Pretty sure, you could search this
flat all day, you wouldn't find
anything you could call
recreational --

SHERLOCK
John, you probably want to shut up
now...

JOHN
Yeah, but come on -

He looks at Sherlock - who has such a warning look on his face. Tiny shake of his head.

JOHN
No!

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
(Almost amused)
You?

SHERLOCK
(Almost affronted)
Shut up!
(To Lestrade)
I'm not your sniffer dog.

LESTRADE
No! Anderson's my sniffer dog.

Sherlock spins. Anderson is one of the policemen. He's searching the kitchen. Gives Sherlock a little wave.

SHERLOCK
What's he doing here? On a drugs bust?

ANDERSON
I volunteered.

LESTRADE
They all did. They're not strictly speaking on the drugs squad, but they're very keen.

Sally Donovan is turning, holding a beaker, containing -

SALLY
Are these human eyes?

SHERLOCK
Put them back.

SALLY
They were in the microwave.

SHERLOCK
It's an experiment.

LESTRADE
Keep looking, guys.
(to Sherlock)
Or you could start helping me properly, and I'll stand them down.

SHERLOCK

This is childish.

LESTRADE

I'm dealing with a child.
Sherlock, this is our case!
(MORE)

LESTRADE (cont'd)
I'm letting you in, but you don't
go off on your own - clear?

SHERLOCK
What, so you set up a pretend drugs
bust, to *bully* me?

LESTRADE
Stops being pretend if they find
anything.

SHERLOCK
I'm clean.

LESTRADE
Is your flat? All of it?

SHERLOCK
I don't even smoke!

He pulled up his sleeve, showing his patches.

Lestrade does the same - also a patch.

LESTRADE
Neither do I! So let's work
together. We've found Rachel.

SHERLOCK
... Who is she?

LESTRADE
Jennifer Wilson's only daughter.

SHERLOCK
Her *daughter*. Why would she write
her daughter's name, *why*?

ANDERSON
Never mind that, we found the *case*.
(At Sherlock)
According to *someone* the murderer
has the case - and here it is, in
the hands of our favourite
psychopath.

SHERLOCK
I'm not a psychopath, Anderson -
I'm a high-functioning sociopath.
Do your research!
(To Lestrade)
You need to bring Rachel in, you
need to question her. *I* need to
question her -

LESTRADE
She's dead.

SHERLOCK
Excellent! How? When? Is there a
connection? There has to be!

LESTRADE

I doubt it, since she's been dead for fourteen years. Technically she was never alive. Rachel was Jennifer Wilson's still born daughter fourteen years ago.

On Sherlock: properly winded by this. Doesn't make sense to him.

SHERLOCK
No. No, that's not right. Why would she do that?

ANDERSON
Why would she think of her daughter in the her last moments. Yeah, sociopath, seeing it now.

SHERLOCK
She didn't *think* about her daughter, she scratched her name on the floor. She was dying, it took effort, it would've hurt - she was trying to tell us something!

JOHN
You said the victims all took the poison themselves. Somehow he makes them take it. Maybe he ... I dunno, *talks* to them. Maybe he used the death of her daughter somehow...

SHERLOCK
Oh, but that was ages ago - why would she still be upset?

John cringes at him.

SHERLOCK
Not good?

JOHN
Bit not good, yeah.

SHERLOCK
(Pacing frantically)
Yes, but listen! If you were dying, if you'd been murdered, in your very last seconds, what would you say.

JOHN
Please God let me live.

SHERLOCK
Oh, use your imagination!

JOHN
I don't have to.

SHERLOCK
Yes, but if you were clever, if you were very clever... Jennifer Wilson, running all those lovers. She was *clever*, and she's telling us something!

Mrs. Hudson is entering the flat. In the shadowed hallway beyond her someone else is standing - no emphasis on this, just a shadowy figure.

MRS. HUDSON
Isn't the doorbell working? Your taxi's here, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
I didn't order a taxi, go away.

MRS. HUDSON
(Looking around)
Oh dear, they're making such a mess. What are they looking for?

JOHN
It's a drugs bust, Mrs. Hudson.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, but they're just for my hip. They're herbal soothers.

But now Sherlock is pacing like a whirlwind, alive, energised - he's nearly got it, he's nearly there!!

SHERLOCK
Shut up! Everybody shut up, I'm thinking, don't move, don't breathe, Anderson, face the other way, you're putting me off!

The policemen look at him, confused - but Lestrade knows the signs.

ANDERSON
What, my *face* is??

LESTRADE
Everybody quiet and still. Anderson, turn your back.

ANDERSON
For God's sake -

LESTRADE
Your back, now, please!

Anderson turns his back, furious, embarrassed.

Sherlock pacing faster and faster, thinking, thinking, clutching his head -

SHERLOCK
Come on, *come on!!*

MRS. HUDSON
What about your taxi -

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson!!

Mrs. Hudson startles into silence. John puts a comforting arm round her.

SHERLOCK

Oh, she was clever. Clever, yes, I love her! She's cleverer than you lot *dead!* Do you see? Do you get it? She didn't lose her phone, she never *lost* it. She planted in on him. When she got out that car, she knew she was going to her death - she left the phone to lead us to her killer!

LESTRADE

But how?

SHERLOCK

What do you mean, how? Rachel, don't you see? Rachel!! Oh, look at you lot, you're all so *vacant!* What's it like, not being me, it must be so relaxing. Rachel is not a name.

JOHN

Then what is it?

Sherlock has grabbed his computer, opens his browser. (This is a little laptop - like a netbook, you could shove in a coat pocket.)

SHERLOCK

John, the luggage label, it had an email address on it.

John is straight to the luggage tag.

JOHN

Jennie dot pink at mephone dot org dot uk.

SHERLOCK

I've been too slow, she didn't have a laptop, which means did her business on her phone. So it's a smartphone, it's email enabled. So there's a website for her account.

On Sherlock's netbook. He's on mephone.com. A graphic of a mobile phone (very like an iPhone) and the two blank boxes for the log-in, username and password.

SHERLOCK

The user name will be the email address -

Types rapidly.

SHERLOCK

- and all together now, the password is ... ?

JOHN

Rachel.

ANDERSON

So we can read her emails - so what?

SHERLOCK

(Tapping away)

Don't talk out loud, Anderson, you lower the IQ of the whole street. We can do more than read her emails - it's a smartphone, it's got GPS. And if you lose it ...

On his netbook screen. He's on a new page now - find my MePhone. There's a button - Update Location. He clicks it.

SHERLOCK

... you can locate it online.

On the screen. "Your phone will be located in under three minutes." A little clock-face, the arms spinning

SHERLOCK

She's leading us right to the man who killed her.

LESTRADE

Unless he got rid of it.

JOHN

We know he didn't.

SHERLOCK

(Impatient - at the computer

Come on, quickly, quickly!

MRS. HUDSON

Sherlock, dear this taxi driver!

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, isn't it time for your evening soother?

Sherlock springs up from the netbook, goes to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK

Get some vehicles ready, get a helicopter, we need to move fast - that phone battery won't last forever.

John has gone to the netbook, drumming his fingers, willing the search to go faster. The little clock, still going ...

LESTRADE

We'll just have a map reference, not a name!

SHERLOCK
It's a start!

JOHN
(Staring at the screen)
Sherlock -

SHERLOCK
It narrows it down from anyone in
London, it's the first proper lead
we've had.

JOHN
Sherlock!

Sherlock turns, John is staring at the screen.

SHERLOCK
Where is it, where, quickly!

He joins John at the screen. He now stares too. Frowning.
What??

JOHN
It's here. It's in 221 Baker
Street.

The graphic on the screen. A map of London, with a target
symbol hovering over Baker Street.

SHERLOCK
But it can't be. How can it be
here? How??

LESTRADE
Maybe it was in the case when you
brought it back - fell out
somewhere.

SHERLOCK
And I didn't notice. *Me?? I*
didn't notice.

JOHN
Anyway, I texted it and he phoned
back.

LESTRADE
Guys, we're also looking for a
mobile somewhere here - belonged to
the victim ...

As Lestrade speaks we're losing his voice into an echo, and
closing in on Sherlock's face -

- and now, as his mind races, the room starts to slow around
him, voices blur and drone, we can hear the *thud-thud* of his
own heart in his ears. Thinking! *Thud-thud!* Thinking!
Thud-thud!

His own voice now, echoing in his head.

SHERLOCK
(V.O. Flashback)
Who do we trust, even if don't know
them?

Still eerie slow motion, we start closing in on Mrs. Hudson,
standing waiting in the doorway.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Who passes unnoticed wherever they
go?

Thud-thud! Closer on Mrs. Hudson.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?

Thud-thud! Closer on Mrs. Hudson -

- but now drifting over her shoulder to ...

The man standing behind her. A shadow slants across him,
concealing his face - but we're closing in on the badge hung
round his neck, gleaming on his chest.

FLASHBACK: Sir Jeffrey Patterson. In the railway station.
He's just hanging up with a smirk. He starts heading towards
- we pan up the big sign marked TAXI.

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

FLASHBACK: Jimmy Phillimore running back through the rain for
an umbrella. Beyond him, through the rainy gloom, we see a
TAXI light turn on, like an evil eye. Jimmy turns, noticing
it ...

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

FLASHBACK: Beth Davenport, a little tipsy, in the carpark at
the back of the town hall. She's at her car, rooting in her
handbag for her carkeys. *Damn it, they've done it again!*
Beyond her, a taxi is just slowing to a halt.

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

FLASHBACK: Jennifer Wilson, chatting on her pink phone. We
pan off her to the front of the queue she's in - a line of
taxis!

Thud-thud. Big close-up of the badge. The word TAXI filling
the screen.

And then something else, being raised into shot.

A pink phone! (The same pink iPhone prop as used The Great
Game.)

Normal speed again. Sherlock is staring at the shadowed
figure. What's going on, *what???*

The Taxi driver presses a button on the phone. Then turns and heads away down the stairs.

On Sherlock. Rooted to the spot. Trying to get his head round this.

JOHN
Sherlock? You okay?

Sherlock's mobile beeps.

SHERLOCK
What? Yes, yes.

He's looking at his mobile. The room is swirling round him as the police search the flat, but he's just staring at the message on his phone.

COME WITH ME.

Sherlock just staring at the text. This make no sense, none at all, none!

JOHN
So how can the phone be here?

SHERLOCK
I don't know ...

JOHN
I'll phone it again.

SHERLOCK
Good idea.

As he speaks, he's heading to the door, after the Taxi Driver.

JOHN
Where are you going?

SHERLOCK
Nowhere. Fresh air, just popping out for a moment.

JOHN
You *sure* you're all right?

Sherlock is hurrying down the stairs.

SHERLOCK
I'm *fine*!

On John. Troubled, what's going on.

CUT TO:

The Taxi parked outside. Leaning against it, the Taxi Driver. Such an ordinary man.

TAXI DRIVER
Taxi for Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK
I didn't order a taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
Doesn't mean you don't need one.

SHERLOCK
You're the cabbie - the one who stopped outside Northumberland Street. It was *you*, not your passenger.

TAXI DRIVER
You see, no one ever thinks about the cabbie. It's like we're invisible. Just the back of a head. Proper advantage for a serial killer.

SHERLOCK
Is this a confession?

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, yes. And I'll tell you what else - if you go and get the coppers now, I won't run, I'll sit quiet and they can take me down. I promise.

SHERLOCK
Why?

TAXI DRIVER
Because you're not going to do that.

SHERLOCK
Am I not?

TAXI DRIVER
I didn't kill those four people, Mr. Holmes. I spoke to them, and they killed themselves. Go and get the coppers now, and I promise you this - *I will never tell you what I said.*

He turns and calmly climbs into his cab.

SHERLOCK
No one else will die though. I believe they call that a result.

TAXI DRIVER

And you won't ever understand how those four people died. Which result do you care about?

On Sherlock - agonised. He glances up the windows to his flat - all he has to do is call out. But ... but ...

SHERLOCK

If I wanted to understand ... what would I do?

TAXI DRIVER

Let me take you for a ride.

SHERLOCK

So you can kill me too?

TAXI DRIVER

I'm not going to kill you, Mr. Holmes. I'm going to talk to you. And you're going to kill yourself.

Close on the TAXI DRIVER, sitting at the wheel, drumming his fingers, waiting. The cab shakes as someone climbs in the back.

Pulling out:

Sherlock has climbed into the back of the cab!

The Taxi Driver smiles, starts her up -

CUT TO:

71 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

71

On the taxi pulling away, as seen through the window of 221B. Pulling out to John, watching.

JOHN

He just got in a cab. Sherlock, he just drove off in a cab!

Sally glances at him, pityingly.

SALLY

I told you. He does that.

On John. Not satisfied - something's wrong...

SALLY

(To Lestrade)
He bloody left. Again. We're wasting our time!

JOHN
(Phone at his ear)
I'm phoning the phone, it's ringing
out.

CUT TO:

72 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 72

On the Taxi Driver. A phone is ringing. He glances at the pink iPhone lying next to him.

CUT TO:

73 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 73

LESTRADE
If it's ringing, it's not here.

John is hanging up.

JOHN
I'll try the search again.

He clicks the 'Update Location' button.

SALLY
Does it matter? Does any of it?
(Steps closer to Lestrade,
confidential)
He's just a lunatic, and he'll
always let you down. And you're
wasting your time. All our time.

He looks bleakly at her acknowledges this as the truth.

On John: this isn't right. Something is WRONG. He glances to the still open netbook. Dully, he hears Lestrade calling round the room.

LESTRADE
Okay, everyone - we're done here
...

On the Netbook. The location is updating. The arms of the clock are spinning.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 74

The taxi, heading through the London streets.

CUT TO:

75 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

75

SHERLOCK
How did you find me?

TAXI DRIVER

Oh, I recognised you - soon as I saw you chasing my cab. Sherlock Holmes. I was warned about you. I've been on your website too - brilliant stuff, loved it.

On Sherlock: surprised. Really?

Close on Sherlock's eyes, examining the man.

Sherlock's POV. Very close on the back of the Taxi Driver's ear. (If we can spot it - and we don't have to - there's a tiny trace of shaving foam.)

The word SINGLE pulses and fades.

SHERLOCK

Who would warn you about me?

TAXI DRIVER

There's someone out there who's noticed you.

Sherlock's eyes have flicked to a photograph of two children - 8 and 10 - laughing on a sofa. A woman's arm is round them, but she's been cut out of the photograph. It's clearly an old photograph, but if we notice, the frame is quite new.

The words DIVORCED and ESTRANGED pulse and fade on the screen.

SHERLOCK

... who?

The Taxi Driver just smiles. Like he's ever going to say...

SHERLOCK

Who would notice me?

TAXI DRIVER

You're too modest, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

I'm really not.

TAXI DRIVER

You've got yourself a fan!

On Sherlock. What? *What??*

SHERLOCK

Tell me more.

TAXI DRIVER

That's all your going to know - in this life time.

CUT TO:

76 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 76

The last of the police are leaving. Only Lestrade loiters. Frustrated, disappointed.

LESTRADE
(To John)
Why did he do that? Why did he
have to leave?

JOHN
You know him better than I do.

LESTRADE
I've known him five years, and no I
don't.

JOHN
Why do you put up with him?

LESTRADE
Because I'm bloody desperate,
that's why!

He says this striding for the door. Hesitates, looks back. The truth this time.

LESTRADE
Because Sherlock Holmes is a great
man. And I think, one day, if
we're very, very lucky he might
even be a good one.

As he moves to the exit, we bring the Netbook back into the foreground - a big close-up. 'Updating Location' - become 'Location Updated'. Beyond it we can see John moving off to the kitchen, oblivious. A map is appearing on the screen ...

CUT TO:

77 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 77

Close on Sherlock's face - satanic, as the street lights flash across it. The taxi is turning into.

CUT TO:

78 INT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT 78

The taxi is slowly to a halt between, rather dilapidated, old buildings. They a look a bit like schools, or colleges - but run down, uncared for.

The Taxi Driver springs out, opens the door for Sherlock.

Sherlock just sits there, looking at him.

SHERLOCK
Where are we?

TAXI DRIVER

You know exactly where we are, you
know every street in London.

SHERLOCK
Roland-Kerr further education
college. Why here?

TAXI DRIVER
It's open, the cleaners are in.
Thing about being a cabbie, you
always know a quiet spot for a
murder. I'm surprised more of us
don't branch out.

SHERLOCK
And you just walk your victims in?
How?

Calmly, the Taxi Driver has pulled a gun on Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Oh, dull!

TAXI DRIVER
It gets better, don't worry.

SHERLOCK
You can't make people kill
themselves at gunpoint.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, I don't. It's much better than
that.
(Putting his gun away)
Don't need this with you. 'Cos
you'll follow me.

And he turns, heading towards the building.

On Sherlock, sitting in the back of the cab. So hating being
played - but he so can't resist. He starts to climb out ...

CUT TO:

79 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

79

On the open Netbook - 'Location Updated'.

Beyond it, we see John, resignedly pulling on his coat,
heading for the door. He passes out of frame.

Silence. He's gone. We hold the Netbook screen - the vital
information unnoticed!

And then John's hand reaches through the foreground -

- for his walking stick, still propped against Sherlock's
desk. He freezes. Seeing the Netbook at last.

'Location Updated' ...

What??

CUT TO:

80 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 80

A dreary wooden classroom, on the top floor. Sherlock and the Taxi Driver.

TAXI DRIVER
What do you think? It's up to you.
You're the one who's going to die
here.

SHERLOCK
No, I'm not.

TAXI DRIVER
That's what they all say.

The Taxi Driver has moved into the room. He pulls a little table, like a card table, into the centre of the room. Now places chairs either side of it - as if setting up for a game of chess.

He gestures Sherlock to sit.

TAXI DRIVER
Shall we talk?

Sherlock considers. Then calmly takes the chair.

81 ***SCENE DELETED*** 81

Scene deleted.

82 ***SCENE DELETED*** 82

Scene deleted.

83

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

83

(contd...)

SHERLOCK

Bit of a risk, wasn't it? You took me away under the noses of about half a dozen policemen - they're not *that* stupid. And Mrs. Hudson will remember you.

TAXI DRIVER

Call that a risk. Nah. *This* is a risk.

He's taken a little pill bottle from his pocket, now sets it on the table between them. It's exactly the same as the pill bottles we've seen before.

Sherlock frowns. Stares at the little bottle. Not understanding.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh, I like this bit. Cos you don't get it yet, do you? But you're about to. I just have to do ... *this!*

And he puts something next to the bottle. As his hand clears frame, we see that he's set down ...

... a second identical bottle. The same in every detail.

On Sherlock, his eyes flicking between the bottles, trying to process this. What does it mean, *what??*

TAXI DRIVER

Weren't expect that, were you. Oh, you are gonna *love* this.

SHERLOCK

Love what?

TAXI DRIVER

Sherlock Holmes! Look at you. Here in the flesh. That website of yours! Your fan told me about it.

SHERLOCK

My *fan*?

TAXI DRIVER

You are brilliant, you are - you are a proper genius. "The Science Of Deduction". That's proper thinking. Now between you and me, sitting here, why can't people think! Doesn't it drive you mad. Why can't people just *think??*

SHERLOCK

Oh, I see. So you're a proper genius too.

TAXI DRIVER

Don't look it, do I? Funny little man, driving a cab. But you'll know better in a minute. Chances are, it will be the last thing you ever know.

Sherlock just looks at him, sour. His gaze lowers to the pill on the table.

SHERLOCK

Okay, two bottles. Explain.

TAXI DRIVER

There's a good bottle and there's a bad bottle. Take a pill from the good bottle, you live. Take a pill from the bad bottle, you die.

SHERLOCK

The bottles are, of course, identical.

TAXI DRIVER

In every way.

SHERLOCK

And you know which is which.

TAXI DRIVER

Course I know.

SHERLOCK

But I don't.

TAXI DRIVER

Wouldn't be a game if you knew. You're the one who chooses.

SHERLOCK

Why should I? I've got nothing to go on! What's in it for me?

TAXI DRIVER

I haven't told you the best bit yet. Whatever bottle you choose, I take a pill from the other one. And then together, we take our medicine.

Sherlock is staring at him, genuinely surprised.

TAXI DRIVER

I won't cheat. It's your choice. I'll take whichever pill you don't.
(Smiles at him, demonic,
malevolent)
(MORE)

TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)
Didn't expect that, did you, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK
This is what you did? To all of them? You gave them a *choice*?

TAXI DRIVER
And now I'm giving it to you. Take a moment. Get yourself together. I want your best game.

SHERLOCK
That isn't a game - it's chance.

TAXI DRIVER
I've played four times. I'm alive. It's not chance, Mr. Holmes. It's chess. It's a game of chess, with one move, and one survivor. And this --

He lays a finger on one of the pills, slides it over to Sherlock.

TAXI DRIVER
-- this is the move.

Sherlock looks at the pill in front of him.

TAXI DRIVER
Did I just give you the good bottle, or the bad bottle? You can choose either one. You've got to admit - as serial killers go, I'm verging on nice.

CUT TO:

84 INT. TAXI 2 - NIGHT

84

Close on the Netbook, as an Internet dongle is jammed into the side.

Wider on John, in the back of a moving cab, fumbling with the Netbook. He also has his mobile at his ear.

JOHN
No, Detective Inspector Lestrade. I need to speak to him, it's *important*, it's an emergency.
(Yelling to the driver)
Left here, *left!*

CUT TO:

85 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

85

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver. A long silence. Sherlock is staring at the two pills.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you ready yet, Mr. Holmes?
Ready to play.

SHERLOCK
Play *what?* It's a 50-50 chance.

TAXI DRIVER
You're not playing the numbers -
you're playing *me*. Did I give you
the good pill, or the bad pill. Is
it bluff, double-bluff, triple-
bluff ...

SHERLOCK
It's still *chance*.

TAXI DRIVER
Four people, in a row. It's not
chance.

SHERLOCK
It's luck.

TAXI DRIVER
It's *genius*. I know how people
think. I know how people think *I*
think. I can see it all like a map
in my head. Everyone's so stupid.
Even you.

On Sherlock - almost twitches at that.

TAXI DRIVER
Of course - maybe God just loves
me.

SHERLOCK
Either way, you're wasted as a
cabbie.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT 86

John's cab is now parked, behind the other. He's scrambling,
racing round to pay.

As he does so, he looks frantically between the two
buildings. Which one, *which one??*

CUT TO:

87 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 87

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver.

SHERLOCK
You risked your life four times ...
just to kill strangers? Why?

TAXI DRIVER
Time to play.

SHERLOCK
I am playing. This is my go.
There's shaving foam behind your
ear, and no one's pointed it to
you.

FLASHBACK: closer on the ear.

SHERLOCK
There are traces where it's
happened before, so clearly you
live alone - there's no one to tell
you.

FLASHBACK: the photograph.

SHERLOCK
But you have photographs of
children. The children's mother has
been cut out the photograph - if
she'd died, she'd still be there.
The photograph is old, but the
frame is new. You think of your
children, but you don't get to see
them. Estranged father, she took
the kids, but you still love them,
and it still hurts.

On the Taxi Driver. On the back foot now, nailed.

SHERLOCK
Oh, but there's more! Your clothes
are freshly laundered, but
everything you're wearing is at
least three years old. Keeping up
appearances, but not planning
ahead. And here you are, on a
kamikaze murder spree, what's that
about? Ah! Three years ago, is
that when they told you?

TAXI DRIVER
Told me what?

And over the TAXI DRIVER the word DYING in black. Pulses,
fades.

SHERLOCK
That you're a dead man walking.

On the Taxi Driver. A moment to recover.

TAXI DRIVER
So are you.

SHERLOCK
You don't have long. Am I right?

The Taxi Driver smiles, affable. He taps his head.

TAXI DRIVER
Aneurism - right in here. Any
breath could be my last.

SHERLOCK
And because you're dying, you've
just murdered four people.

TAXI DRIVER
I've *outlived* four people. That's
the most fun you can have, with an
aneurism.

CUT TO:

88 INT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 88

John is racing up the stairs, now pounding along the
corridor.

JOHN
Sherlock! *Sherlock!*

He's kicking open doors, looking in every room.

CUT TO:

89 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 89

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver.

SHERLOCK
No. No, there's something else.
You haven't killed four people
because you're bitter. Bitterness
is a paralytic - love is a much
more vicious motivator. Somehow,
this is about your children.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, you are good, aren't you?

SHERLOCK
But *how?*

TAXI DRIVER
When I die, they won't get much, my
kids. Not a lot of money in
driving cabs.

SHERLOCK
Or serial killing.

TAXI DRIVER
You'd be surprised.

SHERLOCK
Surprise me.

The Taxi Driver grins. Leans forwards, conspiratorial.

TAXI DRIVER
I have a sponsor.

SHERLOCK
You have a *what*?

TAXI DRIVER
For every life I take, money goes to my kids. The more I kill, they better off they'll be. You see? Nicer than you think.

SHERLOCK
Who would sponsor a serial killer?

TAXI DRIVER
Who'd be a fan of Sherlock Holmes.

On Sherlock. Getting to it now - fascinated.

TAXI DRIVER
You're not the only person who enjoys a good murder. There's someone else out there, just like you. Except you're just a man. And he's so much more.

On Sherlock: rocked!

SHERLOCK
Who.

The Taxi Driver - just smiling.

SHERLOCK
What do you mean, more? Who is he? Tell me!

TAXI DRIVER
There's a name that no one says. I'm not saying it either. Now. Enough chatter. It's time to choose.

Sherlock's eyes go to the two bottles. Intrigued - which one, *which one*?

CUT TO:

On John, belting along a corridor, slamming open doors.

JOHN
Sherlock!

He throws open yet another door. Empty!

CUT TO:

91 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

91

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver.

SHERLOCK
What if I don't take either? I
could walk away from this table
right now.

The Taxi Driver sighs. Pulls out his gun again.

TAXI DRIVER
You can take a 50-50 chance, or I
can shoot you through the head.
Funnily enough, no one's ever gone
for that option.

Sherlock looks at him coldly for a moment. Then just smiles.
Folds his arms.

SHERLOCK
I'll have the gun please.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you sure.

SHERLOCK
Definitely. The gun.

TAXI DRIVER
Don't want to phone a friend?

SHERLOCK
The gun.

The Taxi Driver takes the gun from the table, levels it at
Sherlock ...

... pulls the trigger -

- and a lighter flame pops out the end.

SHERLOCK
I know a real gun when I see one.

TAXI DRIVER
None of the others.

SHERLOCK
Clearly. This has been most
interesting. I look forward to
your court case.

He stands, about to head for the door.

TAXI DRIVER
Before you go, did you figure it out? Which one's the good bottle.

SHERLOCK
Of course. Childs play.

TAXI DRIVER
Which one, then? Which one would you have taken. Just so I know if I could have beaten you.

Sherlock, looking narrowly at him. Contemptuous - but so competitive.

TAXI DRIVER
Come on. Play the game

Sherlock: slowly he crosses back to the table. He points to the bottle in front of the Taxi Driver.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh! Interesting!

He reaches for the bottle he placed in front of Sherlock. Uncaps it. Removes a pill.

TAXI DRIVER
What do you think? Shall we?

Sherlock reaches for the bottle, looks at it in his hand. Like he's almost tempted.

TAXI DRIVER
Really, what do you think? Can you beat me? Are you clever enough? Are you really sure? Bet your life?

Sherlock gives him a look. Of COURSE he can beat him.

The bottle in his hand. A temptation. A REAL temptation...

CUT TO:

92 INT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

92

John racing along. Bangs a door open. Then another one. Then another.

And this time he stops and stares in the doorway...

John's POV. Sherlock stands there, staring at the pill. The Taxi Driver, looks up at him, smiling and malevolent.

Pulling back now, right through the window, pulling back through the space between the buildings, pulling back through another window, into an identical classroom where John is standing, staring

He's in the wrong building! He's in the same classroom in the other building, a helpless spectator!

JOHN
Sherlock!!

CUT TO:

93 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 93

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver, still in confrontation.

TAXI DRIVER
Well? Shall we play? For real,
shall we?

Sherlock: silent, still staring at the pill bottle.

TAXI DRIVER
You get bored, I know you do - a
man like you, so clever. But
what's the point in being clever if
you can't prove it.

Sherlock is now uncapping the bottle. He does it briskly, professionally - not like he's succumbing, like he's checking something. He holds a pill up to the light, like he's examining it.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, stop it, you can't see poison.
You just wanted to get one step
closer, didn't you? Still the
addict!

On Sherlock glances at him. He knows so much!

TAXI DRIVER
But this is what you're really
addicted to, isn't it? This is the
only fix that works. You'll do
anything, anything at all - not to
be *bored*.

Sherlock: staring at the pill. His hand starts to raise --

CUT TO:

94 INT. JOHN'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT 94

John, watching, horrified. Why's he doing that, why, *why??*

JOHN
Sherlock! *Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

95 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 95

TAXI DRIVER
You're not bored now, are you? And
isn't it good?

Sherlock, hand trembling, the pill closer and closer to his mouth.

-- and the window explodes! A hail of shattering glass.

Sherlock: staggers back in shock, the pill falling from his hand. Looks to the Taxi Driver --

-- he's clutching at his chest, blood spurting, he's choking. He makes a flailing grab at the table - then sends it crashing as he falls to the floor.

Sherlock, total shock. Looks to the window. Who did that, who shot??

CUT TO:

96 INT. JOHN'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT 96

A gun clatters to the floor -

John is standing there, staring at his hand. Both his hands. Not shaking.

He looks to the window.

Sherlock stands at the window opposite, peering out.

CUT TO:

97 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 97

Closer on Sherlock, peering out.

Sherlock's POV. He can see the windows opposite, one of them standing open. But the room beyond is darkened. Can't see the gunman.

A spluttering from behind makes him turn.

The Taxi Driver is gasping his terrible last on the floor. Great, ragged whoops of breath.

Sherlock leaps past him, going straight to -

- the pills and the bottles are now scattered on the floor. He grabs them, examines them frantically. No way to tell them apart.

He goes to the dying man, shoves the pill bottles at him.

SHERLOCK
Was I right? I was, wasn't I? Did
I get it right?

But the taxi driver just looks up at him. The tiniest hint of a smile. Never going to tell.

Sherlock: furious! He dashes the pill bottle to the ground. His anger is controlled now. More terrible.

Sherlock walks calmly over to him, stands over the dying man - so cold now.

SHERLOCK
Ok then. Tell me this. Your
sponsor - who is it?

The Taxi Driver - such agony, but shakes his head.

SHERLOCK
The one who told you about me. My
fan. I want a name.

TAXI DRIVER
... no ...

Sherlock - calmly, coldy - places a foot on him, near his
wound.

SHERLOCK
You're dying, but there's still
time to hurt you. Give me a name.

The Taxi Driver, shaking his head. *No, no!*

Sherlock presses down with his foot.

SHERLOCK
A name! Now!

The Taxi Driver screams, but no, *no!!*

Sherlock presses hard. He's now terrifying, almost demonic.

SHERLOCK
Name him!!

And one word is ripped from the Taxi Driver - a terrible, sky-
splitting bellow!

TAXI DRIVER
Moriarty!!!

98

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

98

The area is cordoned off, blazing with blue flashing lights,
police vehicles everywhere. On Detective Inspector Lestrade
crossing to:

Sherlock Holmes. Sitting on the back steps of an ambulance
with a blanket round his shoulders, with a coffee.

SHERLOCK
Why do I have this blanket? They
keep putting a blanket on me.

LESTRADE
It's for shock.

SHERLOCK
I'm not in shock!

LESTRADE
Yeah, but some of the guys want to
take photographs.

Sherlock shoots him a look, then looks back up at the opened window in the college building.

SHERLOCK
So, the shooter. No sign of him.

LESTRADE
Cleared off by the time we got here. A guy like that would've had enemies, I suppose. One of them could've been following him. But we've got nothing to go on ...

SHERLOCK
Oh, I wouldn't say that ...

LESTRADE
(Wearily - here we go again)
Okay, gimme!

He's pulled out his notebook.

SHERLOCK
The bullet they just dug out the wall was from a hand gun. A kill shot over that distance from that kind of weapon - that's a crack shot you're looking for. But not just a marksmen, a fighter - his hand couldn't have shaken at all, so clearly he's acclimatised to violence. He didn't fire 'til I was in immediate danger, though. So, strong moral principles. You're looking for a man probably with a history of military service and nerves of steel --

And he breaks off. Staring.

Sherlock's POV. Across the other side, of the cordoned area, surrounded by flashing blue lights and hurrying policemen --

Dr. John Watson. A real hero shot. He's just standing, there, watching - quiet, reserved, military.

Sherlock just stares for a moment. Oh my God.

SHERLOCK
Actually, you know what - ignore me.

LESTRADE
I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK
Ignore all that. It's the shock talking!

*

He's already heading over to John.

LESTRADE
Where are you going?

SHERLOCK
Just need to ... discuss the rent.

LESTRADE
Still got questions for you.

SHERLOCK
What, now? I'm in shock. Look,
I've got a blanket.

LESTRADE
Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK
And I did just catch a serial
killer for you. More or less.

LESTRADE
... Okay. We'll pull you in
tomorrow - off you go.

And he's off. Lestrade watches him go for a moment, smiles,
turns away.

Sherlock joining John. John is back to gruff and military.

JOHN
Sergeant Donovan's been explaining
about everything. The two pills -
dreadful business, dreadful.

SHERLOCK
(Quiet, between the two of
them)
Good shot.

JOHN
Yeah, it must have been. Through
that window...

SHERLOCK
Well you'd know.

Sherlock just eyes him. John gives a little smile of
acknowledgment.

SHERLOCK
We'll need to get the powder burns
out your finger. I don't suppose
you'd serve time for this, but
let's avoid the court case. Are
you all right?

JOHN
Course I'm all right.

SHERLOCK
You have just killed a man.

*
*
*
*
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*

JOHN

Yeah. True. But he wasn't a very nice man.

SHERLOCK

No. No, he wasn't really, was he?

JOHN

And frankly, a bloody awful cabbie.

Sherlock gives a little laugh.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, that's true. A very bad cabbie. You should've seen the route we took here.

And now they're both giggling. Like schoolboys.

JOHN
Stop it, we can't giggle. It's a
bloody crime scene, stop.

SHERLOCK
Don't blame me. You shot him!

JOHN
You could maybe keep your voice
down a bit.

And they're giggling again. John notices Sally Donovan a
little distance away (too far to overhear) staring at them.

JOHN
Sorry. Sorry, just ... nerves.

SHERLOCK
Sorry.

She moves on. John looks to Sherlock, more serious now.

JOHN
You were going to take the damn
pill, weren't you?

SHERLOCK
Course I wasn't. Playing for time.
Knew you'd show up.

JOHN
No, you didn't. That's how you get
your kicks, isn't it? Risking
your life to prove you're clever.

SHERLOCK
Why would I do that?

JOHN
Because you're an idiot.

Sherlock looks at him for a moment, affronted. And then ...
smiles. And if it begins anywhere, it begins here - the two
best friends ever.

SHERLOCK
Dinner?

JOHN
Starving.

Sherlock starts leading the way.

SHERLOCK
There's a good Chinese, end of
Baker Street - stays open 'til two.
You can always tell a good Chinese
by examining the bottom third of
the doorhandle --

But John isn't listening - he's seen something ahead.

*

John's POV. Parked outside the college gates. A black limo. *
Standing outside it, staring at them both - M. Standing a
respectful distance behind, tapping away on her Blackberry,
is the beautiful woman.

JOHN
Sherlock, that's him. That's the
guy I was talking about...

SHERLOCK
I know exactly who that is.

He starts towards M.

M starts towards him.

They meet in the gateway. Like gunfighters.

M
So! Another case cracked. How
very public spirited of you.
Though that's never really ever
your motivation, is it?

SHERLOCK
What are you doing here?

M
As ever ... I am concerned about
you.

SHERLOCK
Yes. I've been hearing about your
concern.

M

Always so aggressive. Does it never occur to you that you and I belong on the same side.

SHERLOCK

Oddly enough, no.

M

We have more in common than you like to believe. This petty feud between us - it's simply childish. People will suffer. And you know how it always upset Mummy.

On John. What? *What??*

SHERLOCK

I upset her? Me? It wasn't *me* who upset her, Mycroft -

JOHN

No, sorry, wait, wait - Mummy? Who's Mummy?

SHERLOCK

Mother. *Our* Mother. This is my brother, Mycroft.

(Glances at M)

Are you putting on weight?

M

Losing it, in fact.

JOHN

He's your *brother??*

SHERLOCK

Of course he's my brother.

JOHN

He's not ...

SHERLOCK

Not what?

JOHN

(Bit embarrassed)

I dunno. Some kind of ... criminal mastermind.

SHERLOCK

Close enough.

M

Oh for goodness sake! I occupy a minor post in the British Government.

SHERLOCK

He *is* the British Government. When he's not too busy being the British Secret Service. And the CIA on a freelance basis. Good evening, Mycroft - try not to start a war before I get home, you know what it does to the traffic.

Sherlock turns on his heel, starts stalking away.

JOHN

So when you say you're concerned about him, you actually *are* concerned about him.

M

Of course, yes.

JOHN

It actually *is* a childish feud.

M

Oh, he's always been so resentful. You can imagine the Christmas dinners.

JOHN

Yes. No. God, no! Anyway, I'd better, um ...

(Glances to the beautiful woman)

Hello again.

She looks up from her Blackberry.

WOMAN

(Blankly)

Oh, hello.

JOHN

We met, earlier this evening.

WOMAN

Oh!

She returns to her Blackberry.

JOHN

Okay.

(To M)

Good night.

M

Goodnight, Dr. Watson.

And John heads away, running to catch up with Sherlock. We stay on M for a beat, watching him, thoughtful.

On John as he catches up with Sherlock.

JOHN
So. Dim-Sum.

SHERLOCK
I can always predict the fortune
cookies.

JOHN
No you can't.

SHERLOCK
I nearly can. You did get shot
though?

JOHN
I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK
In Afghanistan. There was an
actual wound.

JOHN
Oh, yeah. In the shoulder.

SHERLOCK
The shoulder. I thought so.

JOHN
No you didn't.

SHERLOCK
The left one.

JOHN
Lucky guess.

SHERLOCK
I never guess.

JOHN
Yeah, you do. What are you so
happy about?

SHERLOCK
Moriarty.

JOHN
What's Moriarty?

SHERLOCK
I have absolutely no idea.

On M, still watching them go.

ANDREA
Sir?

Andrea has opened the car door open for him.

M

Interesting, that soldier fellow.
Could be the making of my brother.
Or make him worse than ever.
Either way, we'd better upgrade
their surveillance status. Grade 3
active.

ANDREA

(Looking up from her
Blackberry)
Sorry, sir, whose status?

M
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

And on those words we cut to:

Proper iconic, hero shot - Sherlock and John striding towards us along the street, the crime scene blazing behind them ...

END TITLES