INT. POLICE STATION. ASSEMBLY ROOM. BELARUS. DAY.


Caption: Minsk, Belarus.

SHERLOCK - looking tired - sits opposite a shifty man in a Guantanamo-orange jumpsuit - BEZZA.

SHERLOCK
Just tell me what happened. From the beginning.

BEZZA
We’d been to a bar. Nice place. I got chatting to one of the waitresses and Karen weren’t happy. So when we got back to the hotel we ended up having a ding-dong, didn’t we? She was always getting at me. Saying I weren’t a real man.

SHERLOCK
“I wasn’t a real man”.

BEZZA
What?

SHERLOCK
It’s not weren’t, it’s wasn’t.

BEZZA
Oh.

SHERLOCK
(sighs)
Go on.

BEZZA
Well, I dunno how but suddenly there was a knife in me hands. Me Dad was a butcher so I know ‘ow to handle knives. He learned us how to cut up a beast –

SHERLOCK
Taught.

BEZZA
What?

SHERLOCK
He taught you how to cut up a beast.
BEZZA
Yeah. Well. Then I done it.

SHERLOCK
Did it.

BEZZA
Did it. Stabbed her! Over and over! And I looked down and she weren’t —

Sherlock frowns

BEZZA (CONT’D)
- wasn’t moving no more —

Bigger frown

BEZZA (CONT’D)
- any more?

Sherlock nods.

BEZZA (CONT’D)
God help me. I don’t know how it happened but it was an accident. I swear it!

He puts his head in his hands and sobs. Sherlock nods to a stocky BELARUS POLICEMAN and gets to his feet.

BEZZA (CONT’D)
Look, you’ve gotta help me, Mr Holmes. Everyone says you’re the best. Without you, I’ll get hung for this.

SHERLOCK
No, no, no Mr Bewick. Not at all.

Bezza looks reassured. Sherlock turns in the doorway.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Hanged, yes.

He smiles and goes out.

CUT TO:

TITLES

2

INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

BANG! BANG! BANG!
Three gunshots. SHERLOCK’s letting fly at the wall with a revolver. He’s drawn a ‘smiley face’ on the wall and it now has bullet holes for eyes and a mouth.

The door flies open and JOHN tumbles inside. Back from a night out.

    JOHN
    What the hell are you doing?!
    SHERLOCK
    Bored.
    JOHN
    What?
    SHERLOCK
    Bored -
    Bang!
    SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
    Bored -
    Bang!
    SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
    Bored. I don’t know what’s got into the criminal classes. It’s a good job I’m not one of them.
    JOHN
    So you take it out on the wall?
    SHERLOCK
    The wall had it coming.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

A very tidy, slightly beige house.
A young man, WESTIE, and his girlfriend LUCY are watching TV.
Westie looks troubled, distracted,

    LUCY
    It’s all right. Honestly. I know it wasn’t your thing. Next time we’ll watch something with zombies.
    WESTIE
    What? Oh. Yeah.
Lucy

What is it, love? You’ve been funny all –

Westie gets up, goes to the window. Orange street light bleeds over his face.

Lucy (cont’d)

What’s the matter? Westie?

Westie

Lucy, love. I’ve got to go out.

Lucy

What?

Westie

Got to see someone. It’s important. Dead important.

Lucy

You’re kidding, aren’t you? It’s so late –

Westie

I’ll get a cab. Won’t be long.

Lucy

What? Who are you going to see?

Westie

It can’t wait. Sorry. Should’ve sorted it (ages ago) –

He shakes his head.

Westie (cont’d)

Sorry.

He grabs his coat then dashes back and kisses her.

Westie (cont’d)

Love you.

Lucy

Westie!

Westie

I won’t be long.

And he’s gone.

The front door slams. She’s alone. The TV blares on.

Cut to:
INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

JOHN goes through into the kitchen.

JOHN

What about that Russian case?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)


JOHN

Shame. Anything in? I’m starving.

He opens the fridge door.

Shoot through the back of the fridge to show -- the back of a bloodied head! John gawps and steps away.

JOHN (CONT’D)

A head. A severed head.

SHERLOCK

Just tea for me, thanks.

JOHN

There’s a head in the fridge!

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

A bloody head!

SHERLOCK

Had to put it somewhere. You don’t mind, do you? Got it from Bart’s morgue. I’m measuring the coagulation of saliva after death. (nods at laptop) I see you’ve written up the Taxi Driver case.

JOHN

(distracted)

Um...yeah.

He slams shut the fridge door.

SHERLOCK

‘A Study in Pink’. Nice.

JOHN

Well, you know. Pink lady, pink case, pink phone. There was a lot of pink. Did you like it?
SHERLOCK
Er...no.

JOHN
Why not? I thought you’d be...flattered.

SHERLOCK
Flattered?
(reads from blog)
“Sherlock sees right through everyone and everything in seconds. What’s incredible, though is how spectacularly ignorant he is about some things”.

JOHN
Hang on, I didn’t mean -

SHERLOCK
What, you meant “spectacularly ignorant” in a nice way? Look, it doesn’t matter to me who’s Prime Minister. Or who’s sleeping with who -

JOHN
Or that the earth goes round the Sun?

SHERLOCK
Oh that again. It’s not important.

JOHN
Not important! It’s primary school stuff! How can you not know that?

SHERLOCK
If I ever did, I’ve deleted it.

JOHN
Deleted it?

SHERLOCK
Listen -

He jabs a bony finger to his temple.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
THIS is my hard drive. Only makes sense to put stuff in there that’s useful. Really useful. Ordinary people fill their brains with all kinds of rubbish.

(MORE)
SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
And then it’s impossible to get at
the stuff that matters. You follow?

JOHN
But it’s the Solar System - !

SHERLOCK
What the hell does that matter? So
we go around the Sun! If we went
round the Moon or ...round and
round the garden like a teddy bear
it wouldn’t make any difference.
All that matters is the work.
Without it, my brain rots. Put that
in your blog. Or, better still,
stop inflicting your opinions on
the world.

John glares at him - then heads for the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Where are you going?

JOHN
Out!
(pointed)
I need some air.

He makes to go, almost colliding with MRS HUDSON.

MRS HUDSON
Oh, sorry, love.

JOHN
Sorry -

And he’s gone. Mrs Hudson looks after his retreating back and
then over to Sherlock.

MRS HUDSON
You two had a little...domestic?

Sherlock gets up and stares moodily out of the window. He
watches John leave the house.

SHERLOCK
Look at that, Mrs Hudson. Quiet.
Calm. Peaceful. Isn’t it hateful?

MRS HUDSON
I’m sure something’ll turn up,
Sherlock.
(brightly)
A nice murder! That’ll cheer you
up.
SHERLOCK
Can’t come too soon.

Mrs Hudson suddenly notices the bullet-pocked plaster.

MRS HUDSON
Oi! What have you done to my bloody wall!

Smiling, Sherlock turns to her and --

BOOM! The empty house opposite explodes in a huge fireball!

All the windows shatter, Sherlock throws himself onto Mrs Hudson and they dive to the floor!

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH’S FLAT. DAY.

JOHN is asleep on a sofa. He blinks awake and tries to sit up. His neck is stiff and he groans in pain.

SARAH (O.S.)
I told you to go with the li-lo.

John tries to turn but his neck won’t let him.

JOHN
Ow!

SARAH is behind the sofa holding out a mug of coffee.

JOHN (CONT’D)
No, no. It’s fine. I slept fine. It was very kind of you.

SARAH
Next time, maybe I’ll let you sleep on the end of the bed.

JOHN
And the time after that...?

Sarah smiles and snaps on the TV.

SARAH
Do you want some breakfast?

JOHN
Great.
SARAH
(leaving)
Mind if I shower first?

JOHN
No, no. Go ahead. I’m in no hurry.

He’s suddenly distracted by the TV. News footage of Baker Street and the ruins where the empty house used to stand.

Sound of a shower from the next room.

John’s face falls.

JOHN (CONT’D)
(calling)
Sarah! Sarah!

He grabs his coat and rushes to the door.

JOHN (CONT’D)
I’ve got to go! Sorry.

He runs out, slams the door.

Beat.

Sarah comes back in, now in a towelling dressing gown.

SARAH
Sorry. Couldn’t hear -

But she’s alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY.

Something lies slumped by the tube rails.

A SIGNALMAN comes running up.

CLOSE on WESTIE’s dead face. There’s matted blood across his forehead...

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

JOHN races round the corner. He takes in the smoking ruins of the empty house opposite. Police cordon. It’s crawling with forensics. Appalled, he looks over at 221b. Many windows shattered. He runs towards it--

CUT TO:
-- hurls open the door, clatters up the stairs.

JOHN
Sherlock! Are you alright??

CUT TO:

He stops, framed in the doorway to the sitting room. Sitting next to SHERLOCK is MYCROFT HOLMES.

SHERLOCK
I can’t.

MYCROFT
Can’t?

SHERLOCK
It’s impossible at the moment. Hi John.

JOHN
Are you ok? I saw it on the TV –

SHERLOCK
(distracted)
(to Mycroft)
The stuff I’ve got on is too big. I just can’t spare the time.

MYCROFT
This is of national importance!

SHERLOCK
How’s the diet?

MYCROFT
Fine ....

....Maybe you can get through to him, John.

JOHN
What?

MYCROFT
I’m afraid my brother can be very intransigent.
SHERLOCK
If you're so keen, why don't you investigate it?
No, no, no. I can’t possibly leave
the office for any length of time.
Not with the Korean elections so
near -

He stops. Smiles sweetly.

Yes, well, you don’t need to know
about that, do you? Besides, a case
like this. It requires...

(infinite disdain)

...leg-work.

(to John)
How’s Sarah? How was the li-lo?

Sofa, Sherlock. It was the sofa.

Of course.

How - ? Never mind.

Mycroft looks searchingly at John.

Sherlock’s business seems to be
booming since you became...pals.
What’s he like to live with?
Hellish, I imagine?

I’m never bored.

Good! That’s good, isn’t it? He’s a
real live wire, is Sherlock. When
we were children, he worked out
from the angle of the car seats and
a smear of lipstick in the back of
the Audi that Dad was having it off
with the au pair. I’m afraid Mum
wasn’t too pleased and that was
that. Bang went our happy home.

He gazes levelly at Sherlock.

Such a clever boy, but he really
should have got his priorities
right. Like now.
Andrew West. Known as “Westie” to his friends. Civil servant. Found dead on the rails at Battersea station this morning. Head smashed in.

JOHN
Jumped in front of a train?

MYCROFT
That seems the logical assumption.

JOHN
But?

MYCROFT
But?

JOHN
Well, you wouldn’t be here if it was just an accident.

SHERLOCK
(tickled)
Ha!

MYCROFT
The Ministry of Defence has been working on a new missile defence system. The Bruce-Partington Program, it’s called. And the plans for it were on a memory stick.

JOHN
That wasn’t very clever.

MYCROFT
(withering)
It’s not the only copy. But it is secret. And missing.

JOHN
(delighted)
Top secret?

MYCROFT
Very. We think West must’ve taken the memory stick and we can’t possibly risk it falling into the wrong hands. You’ve got to find those plans, Sherlock. Don’t make me order you.
SHERLOCK
Like to see you try.

Silence.

MYCROFT
Think it over.

Mycroft winces slightly, touches his jaw, then takes John’s hand again.

MYCROFT (CONT’D)
Good bye, John.
(pointed)
See you very soon.

He goes out, closing the door.

Sherlock picks up his violin and starts sawing away at it with furious energy.

JOHN
Why did you lie?

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
You’ve got nothing on. Not a single case. That’s why the wall took a pounding. Why did you tell your brother you were busy?

SHERLOCK
Why shouldn’t I?

JOHN
Oh. Sibling rivalry. Nice. Now we’re getting somewhere. Sherlock’s got a past!

Sherlock’s phone rings.

SHERLOCK
(answering)
Sherlock Holmes.
(listens)
How could I refuse?

He smiles, hangs up.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Lestrade. I am summoned. Coming?

JOHN
If you want me to.
SHERLOCK
(brightening)
Of course! I’m lost without my blogger!

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. DAY.

LESTRADE’S bleakly modern office. Strip-lights, wilting pot plants. Lestrade is at a filing cabinet. SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

LESTRADE
(without looking up)
You only like the funny cases, don’t you? The surprising ones?

SHERLOCK
Obviously.

LESTRADE
You’re gonna love this.
(to John)
Hi.

JOHN
Inspector.

LESTRADE
That explosion.

SHERLOCK
Gas leak, yes?

Lestrade shakes his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
No?

LESTRADE
Made to look like one. Explosives.

JOHN
What?

LESTRADE
Hardly anything left of the place. Except a strong box. A very strong box. And inside it was this.

He hands an envelope across to Sherlock.

Sherlock looks up, surprised.

SHERLOCK
You haven’t opened it?

LESTRADE
Addressed to you, isn’t it? We’ve X-rayed it. Not booby trapped.

SHERLOCK
How reassuring.

Sherlock looks closely at the envelope.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Nice stationery. Bohemian.

LESTRADE
What?

SHERLOCK
From the Czech Republic. No fingerprints?

LESTRADE
No.

SHERLOCK
She used a fountain pen. Parker Duofold. Iridium nib.

JOHN
She?

SHERLOCK
Obviously.

JOHN
Obviously.

Carefully, Sherlock opens the envelope. From inside tumbles... an iPhone. But not any old phone - the pink covered phone from Episode One.

JOHN (CONT’D)
But that’s - that’s the phone, the pink phone...

LESTRADE
What, from ‘A Study in Pink’?

SHERLOCK
Well it isn’t, of course, but it’s supposed to look like it -

(MORE)
SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(breaks off, realises, looks at Lestrade)
‘A Study in Pink’ - you read his blog??

LESTRADE
‘Course I read his blog, we all do. Do you really not know the Earth goes round the Sun?

A snort of laughter from a few desks away. Sherlock glances round. SALLY DONOVAN, pretending she hasn’t been listening.

SHERLOCK
(moving swiftly on)
It’s not the same phone, this one’s brand new. But someone’s gone to a lot of trouble to make it look like the same phone, which suggests your blog -
(fires such a look at John)
- has a wider readership.

He turns on the phone and, super-quick, keys in a retrieval code.

He puts the phone on speaker mode.

PHONE VOICE
You have one new message.

They listen, rapt.


JOHN
That’s it?

Close on the phone: a photo is downloading.

SHERLOCK
No, that’s not it.

Close on the photo: the inside of a bare, empty flat.

LESTRADE
What the hell are we supposed to make of that? An estate agent’s photo and the bloody Greenwich pips!

Beat.

SHERLOCK
(grave)
It’s a warning.
JOHN
A warning?

Sherlock grabs the phone from Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
(realising)
Some secret societies used to send
dried Melon seeds. Orange pips.
Things like that. Five pips!
They’re warning us that it’s going
to happen again.
(stares at phone)
I’ve seen this place before!

JOHN
Hang on. What’s going to happen again?

SHERLOCK
(at the door)
Boom!

CUT TO:

11
EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

A cab screeches to a halt outside their flat.

SHERLOCK almost flings himself out of it. Behind him, JOHN,
LESTRADE. But he heads not for the front door but down the
steps to the basement level.

With him --

- and we see a neglected door. On the wall next it is a grimy
intercom system.

CLOSE on it: almost hidden by grime: 221c.

On Sherlock: triumph!

CUT TO:

12
INT. BAKER STREET. OUTSIDE 221C. DAY.

LATER

MRS HUDSON is now with them outside the interior door of the
basement flat, sorting through a bunch of keys.
MRS HUDSON
He had a look, didn’t you, Sherlock, when you first came to see about the flat? I can’t get anyone interested in it. The damp I expect. It’s the curse of basements.

Sherlock has his face pressed to the door.

MRS HUDSON (CONT’D)
I had a place once, when I was first married, black mould all up the walls, it was like a weight on your chest -

SHERLOCK
Door’s been opened. Recently.

MRS HUDSON
No. Can’t have been. This is the only key.

Sherlock just takes the key off her, inserts it into the lock and pushes the door slowly open.

We see: a bare room. Pale daylight spills through dusty net curtains.

And in the centre of the room: a pair of battered trainers.

JOHN
Shoes?

They go in.

MRS HUDSON
Now, I’ve had Mr Merryman round to look at the damage -

Clunk! Sherlock shuts the door in her face.

Then he quickly examines the rest of the room, getting down onto the bare floorboards to stare at the shoes.

Suddenly -- the Pink phone starts ringing in Sherlock’s hand. He answers it, putting it on speaker so the others can hear.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

And over the phone, a terrible whimpering, sniffling. A woman crying. As she speaks her voice is shaky and wracked with sobs.

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
Hello, sexy.
SHERLOCK
Who is this?

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
I’ve sent you...a little puzzle...just to say...hi.

They are all exchanging glances now. What?? Such a weird contrast between the voice and the words.

SHERLOCK
Who’s talking? Are you crying?

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
I’m not crying...I’m typing.

They all look at each other. What the hell? Typing?

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT’D)
And this stupid bitch...is reading it out.

A real thud of realisation as they work out what’s happening. Except Sherlock’s eyes are shining..

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
The curtain rises...

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Nothing.

JOHN
No. What do you mean?

SHERLOCK
Just that I’ve been expecting something like this.

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
Twelve hours to solve my puzzle, Sherlock. Or I’m going to be so naughty.

And the woman starts sobbing her heart out. The sound fills the room. Lestrade and John, horrified. Sherlock - cold, bemused. And fascinated.

Click - end of call.

Silence in the room.

CUT TO:
SHERLOCK is minutely examining the trainers. A microscope projects images onto the wall behind him. Huge, alien-looking clusters. Pollen.

He is totally, eerily focussed on his work. John is pacing next to him, clearly still chilled by what he heard.

JOHN
Who do you suppose it was?
The woman on the phone - the crying woman?

SHERLOCK
Oh, she doesn’t matter. Just a hostage. There’s no lead there.

JOHN
For God’s sake, I wasn’t thinking about leads.

SHERLOCK
Then you’re not going to be much use to her.

JOHN
Are they trying to trace it? Trace the call?

Sherlock’s phone beeps. A text has arrived.

SHERLOCK
The bomber’s too clever for that. Pass me my phone.

JOHN
Where is it?

SHERLOCK
Jacket.

John looks round, realises - Sherlock is wearing his jacket. Used to this behaviour, John pulls Sherlock’s phone from his jacket pocket.

JOHN
Text, from your brother.

SHERLOCK
Delete it.

JOHN
Delete it?
SHERLOCK
Those missile plans will be out of the country now. Nothing we can do about it.

JOHN
(looks at phone)
Mycroft thinks there is. He’s texted you eight times. Must be important.

SHERLOCK
Then why didn’t he cancel his dental appointment?

JOHN
His what?

SHERLOCK
Mycroft never texts if he can talk. Look, Andrew West stole the plans, tried to sell them, got his head smashed in for his pains – end of story. The only mystery is this: why is my brother so determined to bore me when someone else is being so delightfully interesting?

On John – just a little appalled at his friend.

JOHN
Yeah, try and remember there’s a woman who might die!

SHERLOCK
What for? This hospital is full of dying people, Doctor. Go and cry at their bedsides, see what good it does them.

He changes the image on the microscope, cries out in satisfaction.

MISS HOOPER
(entering)
Any luck?

SHERLOCK
Oh yes.

Another Bart’s staff member walks in. JIM, 30s, slight, pleasant-looking.

JIM
Oh. Sorry. Didn’t know –
MISS HOOPER
Jim! Hi! Come in, come in. Jim, this is Sherlock Holmes.

She gazes doe-eyed at Sherlock, then remembers John.

MISS HOOPER (CONT’D)
And - Oh ...er...sorry.

JOHN
John Watson. Hi.

JIM
Hi.
(to Sherlock)
So you’re Sherlock Holmes. Molly’s told me all about you. Are you on one of your cases?

Sherlock doesn’t even look up.

MISS HOOPER
Jim works in IT upstairs. That’s how we met. Office romance!

Sherlock glances up at Jim, briefly.

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Gay.

MISS HOOPER
...sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
Nothing. Um. Hey.
(unconvincing)
Hey!

Jim knocks into a kidney-dish which clatters to the floor.

JIM
Sorry. Sorry.

He hands the dish back to Sherlock. Sherlock glances inside, then looks up, twinkling a little.

JIM (CONT’D)
Well, I’d better be off. See you at the Fox? Sixish?

MISS HOOPER
Yeah.

JIM
Bye, then. Nice to meet you.
JOHN
You too.

JIM goes out, smiling.

MISS HOOPER
What do you mean, gay? We’re together.

SHERLOCK
And domestic bliss must suit you, Molly. You’ve put on three pounds since I last saw you.

MISS HOOPER
(mortified)
Two and a half!

JOHN
Sherlock...

MISS HOOPER
He’s not gay! Why do you have to spoil – He’s not!

SHERLOCK
With that level of personal grooming?

JOHN

SHERLOCK
You wash your hair. There’s a difference. No, no. Tinted eyelashes, clear signs of taurine cream around the frown lines and those tired, clubber’s eyes. Then there’s his underwear.

MISS HOOPER
His underwear?

SHERLOCK
Visible above his waist. Very visible. Very particular brand. That plus the extremely suggestive fact that he just dropped his phone number in this dish and I’d say you’d better spare yourself the pain and break if off now.

Miss Hooper bursts into tears and runs out of the room.
JOHN
Charming. Well done.

SHERLOCK
Just saving her time. Isn’t that kinder?

JOHN
Kinder? No, Sherlock. That wasn’t kind.

He looks anxiously at his watch. SHERLOCK chucks the trainers across to him.

SHERLOCK
Go on, then.

JOHN
Eh?

SHERLOCK
You know what I do. Off you go.

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Go on.

JOHN
No! I’m not going to sit here so you can humiliate -

SHERLOCK
An outside eye. A second opinion. It’s very useful to me.

John shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Really.

John shrugs. Accepts.

JOHN
They’re just a pair of shoes.
(corrects himself)
Trainers.

SHERLOCK
Good.

John turns them over in his hands. Sherlock starts tapping away on his PDA.

JOHN
Well, they’re in good nick. I’d say they were pretty new but -
(examining soles)

(MORE)
JOHN (CONT'D)
- the soles are well-worn so the owner has had them for a while.

SHERLOCK
Yup.

JOHN
(warming to his theme)
Very 80s. Probably one of those retro designs.

SHERLOCK
You’re on sparkling form! What else?

JOHN
They’re pretty big but –

Sherlock gives an encouraging smile to John. John suddenly beams. Holds out the shoe. We see a completely blurred, felt-tipped name.

JOHN (CONT'D)
There’s traces of a name inside! In felt tip. Grown-ups don’t put their names in their shoes. They belonged to a kid.

SHERLOCK
(sincerely)
Excellent. What else?

JOHN
That’s it.

SHERLOCK
That’s it?

(MORE)
JOHN
How did I do?

SHERLOCK
Really well, John. Really well.

John beams.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
I mean you’ve missed almost everything of importance but, you know...

Sherlock takes the trainers from him and his gaze flicks over them.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
The owner loved these. Scrubbed them clean, whitened them where they’ve got discoloured and changed the laces three...no, four times. Even so, there’re traces of flaky skin where his fingers have come into contact with them. So he suffered from eczema. The trainers are well-worn but much more so on the inner side. Which means the owner had weak arches.

He sniffs the shoes.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
British made. And twenty years old.

JOHN
Twenty years - ?

SHERLOCK
Not retro. They’re original.

He flashes his PDA.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)

JOHN
But they’ve still got mud on them. They look new.
SHERLOCK
(darkly)
Someone’s kept them that way.
Quite a bit of mud caked on the soles. Analysis shows it’s from Sussex but with London mud overlaying it.

JOHN
How do you know?

SHERLOCK
(gestures at microscope image)
Pollen. Clear as a map reference to me. South of the river too. So the child who owned these trainers came to London from Sussex twenty years ago and left them behind.

JOHN
So what happened to them?

SHERLOCK
Something bad. He loved these shoes, remember? Wouldn’t leave them filthy. Wouldn’t let them go unless he had no choice. So kid with big feet gets - oh!

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
(pole-axed)
Carl Powers!

JOHN
Who?
SHERLOCK

Carl Powers! John....

JOHN

What is it?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

It’s where I began.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CAB. DAY.

CLOSE on SHERLOCK’s phone.

A page from an old newspaper. ‘Tragic Carl died “doing what he loved”’

Under it, a photo of a cheerful-looking twelve year old boy.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are in the back of a cab.

SHERLOCK

1989. Young kid, champion swimmer, came up from Brighton for a school sports tournament, drowned in the pool. Tragic accident. You won’t remember it. Why should you?

JOHN

But you remember?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

There was something fishy about it?

SHERLOCK

Nobody thought so. Nobody except me. I was only a child myself. I read about it in the paper.

JOHN

Started young, didn’t you?

SHERLOCK

The boy Carl Powers had some sort of fit in the water. By the time they got him out, it was too late.

(MORE)
But there was something wrong. Something I couldn’t get out of my head.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
His shoes.

JOHN
What about them?

SHERLOCK
They weren’t there. I made a bit of a fuss. Tried to get the police interested. But no-one thought it was important. He’d left all the rest of his clothes in his locker, you see. But there was no sign of his shoes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Until now.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET. KITCHEN-LAB. NIGHT.

Track across the steel draining board of the flat’s ex-kitchen sink. The trainers are in bits, sliced up by the scalpel that gleams next to them.

String has been pinned up from corner to corner and bits of the trainers hang from them like photos in a dark-room.

SHERLOCK is poring over police documents.

JOHN pops his head through the plastic-strip curtain.

JOHN
Can I help? I want to help. There’s only five hours left.

His mobile pings. John glances at it.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Mycroft. He’s texting me now.
(sighs)
How does he know my – ?

SHERLOCK
Must be a root canal.
JOHN
He did say “national importance”.

SHERLOCK
How quaint.

JOHN
What is?

SHERLOCK
You are. “Queen and Country”.

JOHN
You can’t just ignore it!

SHERLOCK
I’m not ignoring it. I’m putting my best man onto it right now.

JOHN
Ok. Good. Who’s that?

CUT TO:

INT. MYCROFT’S OFFICE. NIGHT.

A slightly seedy Whitehall office. Portrait of the Queen hangs on the dingey wall. JOHN sits by the door. He looks a bit nervous.

The door opens and MYCROFT comes in, head buried in a file.

MYCROFT
John! How nice. I was hoping it wouldn’t be long. How can I help you?

JOHN
I wanted to...um...Your brother sent me to collect some more facts. About the stolen plans. The missile plans.

MYCROFT
(sweetly)
Did he?

John avoids his gaze.

JOHN
Yes. He’s...investigating now. Investigating away! Just wanted to know what else you could tell us about the dead man.
MYCROFT
Twenty seven. A clerk at Vauxhall Cross. He was last seen by his girlfriend at nine thirty on Monday night. They’d been watching a film at home.

CUT TO:

FLASH!

17 INT. LUCY’S HOUSE. NIGHT.
WESTIE staring out of the window.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MYCROFT’S OFFICE. NIGHT.

MYCROFT
He suddenly left her without explanation.

JOHN
He was found at Battersea, yes? So he got on the tube?

MYCROFT
No.

Mycroft touches his jaw. Wincs a little.

JOHN
What?

MYCROFT
He had an Oyster card but it hadn’t been used.

JOHN
Must’ve bought a ticket.

MYCROFT
There was no ticket on the body.

JOHN
Then - ?

MYCROFT
Then how did he come to end up with a bashed-in brain on the tracks at Battersea? That is the question. The one I was hoping Sherlock would provide an answer to. How’s he getting on?
JOHN
He’s...fine. It’s going well. He’s completely focused on it.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BAKER STREET. KITCHEN-LAB. NIGHT.

SHERLOCK is bent over a microscope. Three cups of cold tea stand next to him.

MRS HUDSON (O.S.)
Don’t know why I bother.

Sherlock doesn’t look up from the microscope. MRS HUDSON comes into view with a fresh cup on a tray.

MRS HUDSON (CONT’D)
I’m not your housekeeper.

Sherlock suddenly sits back, eyes glittering with triumph.

SHERLOCK
Poison.

MRS HUDSON
(softening)
I know. It’s the caffeine. How about Camomile?

SHERLOCK
Clever. Clever.

MRS HUDSON
What are you on about?

JOHN enters. Sherlock looks up, thrilled.

SHERLOCK
Clostridium botulinum. One of the deadliest poisons on earth!

MRS HUDSON
(to John)
How about you, love? Do you want his tea?

Sherlock looks at Mrs Hudson, as though noticing her for the first time --

SHERLOCK
Out! Out! Out!

-- and shoos her out of the room.

JOHN
What? Carl Powers was murdered?
Sherlock dashes to his lap-top, calls up his own website.

SHERLOCK
Remember the shoe-laces? The boy suffered from eczema. It would be the easiest thing in the world to introduce the poison into his medication. A few hours later he came up to London for the swimming competition, the poison took effect, paralysed the muscles and he drowned.

JOHN
How come the autopsy didn’t - ?

SHERLOCK
Virtually undetectable. And no-one would’ve been looking for it.
(excited)
But there were tiny traces still inside the trainers. From where he’d rubbed the cream into his feet. That’s why they had to go!

JOHN
So how do we let the bomber know?

SHERLOCK
We get his attention.

He finishes typing, sits back and reads.


SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(sotto)
Stop the clock.

JOHN
The killer’s kept the shoes? All these years?

SHERLOCK
Yes. Meaning -

JOHN
He’s our bomber.

The pink iPhone chimes.

Sherlock and John exchange glances. Then Sherlock rapidly puts the phone on speaker.
CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
Well...done you. Come...and get me.
(suddenly desperate)
Help me! For God’s sake, please
help me!

SHERLOCK
(to phone)
Where are you? Tell us where you
are!!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. NIGHT.
Reveal: a woman tied to a chair, a phone in her hand, what
looks like a pager in the other --
- and she’s festooned in explosives, like a suicide bomber.
A tiny red light from a sniper’s rifle bobs over her.
Blue lights flash over her face. The wail of sirens. The roar
of cars screeching to a halt outside.
On living room door as it is smashed open by the police.
A POLICEMAN, in the doorway, stares -
- then starts forward -

CRYING WOMAN
Stay back, stay back!

Then the policeman sees it.
Close on: the tiny red light of a laser sight on one of the
explosives. The beam shines through the window.
A moment of horror -
- then the light winks out.
On policeman: relief.

CUT TO:
On the pager and mobile phone, lying on a desk - the ones taken from the crying woman.

LESTRADE
She lives in Cornwall. Two men broke in. Wearing masks. Decked her out in enough explosive to take down the house and told her to phone you.

Sherlock and John are there. Sherlock is examining the pager and mobile, fascinated.

LESTRADE (CONT’D)
(indicating pager)
She had to read out from this.

SHERLOCK
And if she’d deviated by one word, the sniper would’ve set her off.

JOHN
Or if you hadn’t solved the case.

SHERLOCK
Oh! Elegant!

JOHN
Elegant?

LESTRADE
But what was the point? Why would anyone do this?

SHERLOCK
Well...I can’t be the only person in the world who gets bored.

The pink iPhone chimes! Sherlock rapidly keys in the retrieval code.

PHONE VOICE (SPEAKER)
You have one new message.


JOHN
Four pips!

SHERLOCK
(brightly)
First test passed, it seems. Here’s the second one.
A picture appears. A flashy sports-car, with all its doors wide open.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Abandoned, wouldn’t you say?

LESTRADE
I’ll see if it’s been reported.

But even as he’s grabbing his phone, Sally is calling over from the desk.

SALLY
Freak!

Sherlock turns. Sally is holding out her phone, looking a little bemused.

SALLY (CONT’D)
It’s for you.

On Sherlock as he takes the phone.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
(tight, scared voice)
It’s ok...that you’ve gone to the police...

SHERLOCK
Who is this? Is this you again?

SCARED MAN (V.O.)

SHERLOCK
And you’ve stolen another voice, I presume.

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
...this is about you and me.

SHERLOCK
Who are you?
(frowns, listening - lots of background noise)
What’s that noise?

CUT TO:
EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. DAY.

Close on the laser sight bobbing on a man’s coat. Pulling back. A terrified YOUNG MAN, wearing an improbably bulky coat (explosives underneath) and we now see he holds a mobile and a pager, just like the Crying Woman. As we pull out, we see that he is standing, utterly terrified, on a busy street corner in a crush of people, bustling by. Some brush past him.

SCARED MAN
The sounds...of life...Sherlock. But don’t worry...I can soon fix that.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. DAY.

On Sherlock, listening to this, urgent, focussed.

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
You solved my last puzzle in nine hours. This time you have eight.

The phone goes dead in Sherlock’s ear. He hangs up, solemn, troubled.

Phone rings again.

LESTRADE
( answering)
Yeah?
(listens, looks to Sherlock)
We’ve found it!

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY.

The sports-car is surrounded by a police cordon. SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE, SALLY DONOVAN.

LESTRADE
The car was hired yesterday morning by an Ian Monkford. Banker of some kind. City boy. Paid in cash. He told his wife he was going away on a business trip. He never arrived.

Sherlock peers in through the wide open back door of the car. The back seat is covered in blood.
SALLY
(sotto, to John)
You’re still hanging around him.

JOHN
Yeah. Well.

SALLY
(shrugs)
Opposites attract, I suppose.

JOHN
What? We’re not -

SALLY
(over him)
You should get yourself a hobby.
Stamps, maybe. Model trains. Safer.

LESTRADE
(to Sherlock)
Before you ask. Yes. It’s
Mulcaster’s blood. DNA checks out.

Sherlock emerges from the car. He’s holding a business card.

SHERLOCK
But no body?

SALLY
Not yet.

Sherlock marches off. John - with an apologetic nod at Sally -
starts to follow. Sherlock notices a distressed-looking woman
standing close by with a WPC.

SHERLOCK
(approaching)
Mrs Monkford?

MRS MONKFORD(30s, pretty) turns. Right now she looks tired,
drawn.

MRS MONKFORD
Yes? Listen, sorry, I’ve already
spoken to two policemen...

JOHN
We’re not the police, we’re -

SHERLOCK
Sherlock Holmes. Very old friend of
your husband’s. We grew up
together.
On John: wha - ?

MRS MONKFORD
I’m sorry, who? I don’t think he ever mentioned you -

SHERLOCK
Oh he must have. God, this is horrible, isn’t it? Can’t believe it. Only saw him the other day. Same old Ian, not a care in the world.

MRS MONKFORD
(getting cross now)
Sorry, but my husband’s been depressed for months. Who are you??

SHERLOCK
Really strange that he hired a car, though, why would he do that? Bit suspicious.

MRS MONKFORD
No it isn’t. He forgot to renew the tax on the car, that’s all.

SHERLOCK
Well, that’s Ian for you, isn’t it - that was him all over!

MRS MONKFORD
No it wasn’t.

SHERLOCK
(dropping all pretence)
Wasn’t it? Interesting.

And he turns and starts heading away.

MRS MONKFORD
(rounding on WPC)
Who was that? Who was I talking to?

On Sherlock, striding away. John, catching up with him.

JOHN
Why did you lie to her?

SHERLOCK
People don’t like telling you things. But they love to contradict you. Past tense – did you notice?
JOHN
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
I referred to her husband in the past tense and then she joined in. Bit premature, they only just found the car.

JOHN
What, you think she killed her husband?

SHERLOCK
Definitely not. That’s not a mistake a murderer would make.

JOHN
I see. No, I don’t. What am I seeing?

SALLY
(calling)
Fishing! Try fishing.

JOHN
I’ll think about it!
(to Sherlock)
Where now?

Sherlock holds out the business card. It reads: Janus Cars.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.

A well-appointed ground floor office. Lots of windows.

SHERLOCK and JOHN sit opposite a flashily dressed, tanned man, EWART. The wall behind him is covered in pictures of cars.

EWART
Can’t see how I can help, gentlemen.

JOHN
(looking at notes)
Mr Monkford hired the car from you yesterday.

EWART
Yup. Lovely motor. Nissan 350Z. Wouldn’t mind one of them myself.

Sherlock points at some pictures low down on the wall.
SHERLOCK
Is that one?

Ewart turns in his swivel chair, bends low.

EWART
Nah. They’re all Jags. I can see you’re not a car man.

SHERLOCK
Surely you can afford one? A Nissan, I mean.

EWART
Fair point! But, you know how it is. It’s like working in a sweet shop. Once you start picking at the Liquorice Allsorts, where does it stop?

He scratches his upper arm.

JOHN
You didn’t know Mr Monkford?

EWART
No.

(shrugs)
He was just a client. Walked in here and hired one of my cars. I’ve no idea what happened to him, poor sod.

SHERLOCK
Nice holiday, Mr Ewart?

EWART
Eh?

SHERLOCK
You’ve been abroad, haven’t you?

EWART
(of his tan)
This, you mean? Nah. Sunbeds, I’m afraid. Too busy to get away. My wife’d love it, though. Bit of sun.

Sherlock just nods, then suddenly brightens.

SHERLOCK
D’you have change for the fag machine?

EWART
What?
SHERLOCK
I noticed there was one on the way in and I’m out of change. I’m gasping. Here.

He proffers a tenner.

Ewart gets out his wallet and rifles inside.

EWART
Nah. Sorry.

SHERLOCK
Not to worry. Well, thanks for your time, Mr Ewart. You’ve been very helpful.

EWART
What do you reckon happened to him, then? Gang stuff, was it? A drive-by?

SHERLOCK
Something like that, I’m sure. Come on, John.

They leave.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

They pass the cigarette machine.

JOHN
I’ve got change if you still -

SHERLOCK
Nicotine patches, remember. I’m doing well.

JOHN
Then what was all that about?

SHERLOCK
I needed a look in his wallet.

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Because Mr Ewart is a liar.

CUT TO:
SHERLOCK is crouched in the back of the hire-car. He stares intently at the blood-stained back seat then opens a bag containing rows of tiny glass bottles and selects one. In it is a colourless liquid with a pipette in the lid. He drops a tiny quantity of the stuff onto the blood-stain.

A phone ringing. He glances round. It’s the pink iPhone. Reaches for it.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

CUT TO:

The SCARED MAN, phone and pager in hand. The Laser sight still bobbing on his coat.

SCARED MAN

The clue’s in the name. Janus Cars.

CUT TO:

Inter-cut as required.

SHERLOCK

And why would you be giving me a clue?

SCARED MAN

Why does anyone do anything? Because I’m bored.

On Sherlock - that’s so familiar.

Flashback: the bullets smashing into the wall of 221b’s sitting room. The smiling face.

SCARED MAN (CONT’D)

We were made for each other, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Then talk to me with your own voice.

SCARED MAN

Patience.

The line goes dead.
On Sherlock - so intrigued. He can’t help smiling a little which turns into a beaming grin at something he sees.

Close on the blood-stain. The wetness from the pipette widens turning into a wipe --

CUT TO:

30 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY.

-- and it’s the same car, later.

SHERLOCK
How much blood is on the seat, would you say?

He bobs back out of the car. LESTRADE and JOHN are there.

LESTRADE
How much? About a pint.

SHERLOCK
Not about. Exactly a pint. That was their first mistake. The blood is definitely Monkford’s. But it’s been frozen.

LESTRADE
Frozen?

SHERLOCK
There are clear signs. I think Monkford gave a pint of his blood some time ago. And that’s what they spread all over the seat.

JOHN
Who did?

SHERLOCK
Janus Cars. The clue’s in the name.

JOHN
The God with two faces.

SHERLOCK
Exactly. They provide a very special service. If you’ve got problems. Money troubles. Bad marriage. Whatever. Janus Cars will help you disappear. Ian Monkford was up to his eyes in some kind of trouble - financial at a guess, he’s a banker.

(MORE)
SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
  Couldn't see a way out. But if he were to vanish. If the car he hired was found abandoned with his blood all over the back seat...

JOHN
So where is he?

SHERLOCK
Colombia.

LESTRADE
Colombia?

SHERLOCK
Mr Ewart of Janus Cars had a Twenty thousand Colombian peso note in his wallet and quite a bit of change too.

CUT TO:

31 INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.
Flashback to EWART's wallet as he rifles through it.
Perhaps see Sherlock totally isolated in the room, all other details bleached out. He sees only Ewart's wallet.
Zoom super-close on Ewart's fingers flicking through bank-notes. Two tenners. A twenty and --
-- the Colombian money.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
He told us he hadn't been abroad recently but when I asked him about the cars...

Ewart turns in his chair, bends low.
Close on the back of his neck. It is deeply tanned but then there's a clear white line visible some way down.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...I could clearly see the tan-line. No-one wears a shirt on a sun-bed. That plus his arm...

CUT TO:

32 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY.
LESTRADE
His arm?
SHERLOCK
He kept scratching it. Obviously irritating him. And bleeding.

In the isolated flashback, Sherlock cocks his head, narrows his eyes, sees only Ewart scratching his upper arm.

Super-close: a tiny blood-stain on the cloth of his shirt.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Why? Because he’s recently had a booster jab. Hep B, probably. Hard to tell at that distance.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Conclusion: he’s just come back from settling Ian Monkford into his new life in Colombia. Mrs Monkford eventually cashes in the life insurance and she splits it with Janus Cars.

JOHN
Mrs Monkford?

SHERLOCK
Oh yes. She’s in on it too. Now go and arrest them, Inspector. That’s what you do best. We need to let our friendly bomber know that the case is solved!

Sherlock looks at his watch.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
I am on fire!

CUT TO:

INT. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Close on a computer screen, Sherlock tapping away, fast.

Congratulations to Ian Monkford on his relocation to Colombia.

CUT TO:
Sherlock, John, Lestrade - waiting. The pink iPhone rings, Sherlock snatches it up.

**SCARED MAN (V.O.)**

He says...you can...come and fetch me. Help! Help me please!!

**CUT TO:**

The Scared Man, standing there, sagging with tiredness and relief. Police cars are screeching up to him...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAFE. DAY.**

Bleary morning.

A proper greasy spoon. Plastic ketchup tomatoes, smeary menus, truck drivers. Lovely grub. A battered TV on a shelf, sound turned down, is showing bland daytime TV.

John is shovelling bacon into his face. Sherlock sits opposite, anxiously biting his nails. The pink iPhone is on the table in front of them.

**SHERLOCK**

(of the food)

Feeling better?

**JOHN**

(through his food)

Mm! Christ, we haven’t stopped for breath since this thing started.

He eats on.

**JOHN (CONT’D)**

Has it occurred to you -

**SHERLOCK**

Probably.

**JOHN**

The bomber’s playing a game with you. The envelope. Breaking into the other flat. The dead kid’s shoes. It’s all meant for you.
SHERLOCK
(small smile)
Yes. I know.

JOHN
So? What you talked to Lestrade about. Is it...them?

SHERLOCK
Them?

JOHN
This...organization. Crime Ltd... Whatever!
(sotto)
Moriarty.

SHERLOCK
Perhaps.

The iPhone beeps. Sherlock and John exchange glances.

PHONE VOICE
You have one new message.


Close on the phone as another picture appears. A hard-faced, middle-aged woman with heavily mascara-covered eyes.

Sherlock and John stare at it.

SHERLOCK
Could be anyone.

JOHN
Could be. Lucky for you, I’ve been more than a little unemployed.

SHERLOCK
What do you mean?

JOHN
Lucky for you that Mrs Hudson and I watch far too much telly.

He gets up and picks up the grubby TV remote. Flicks through the channels. Sherlock, puzzled, is making to follow when –

– the pink iPhone rings.

SHERLOCK
Hello?
OLD LADY (V.O.)
(tremulous)
This one...is a bit...defective.
Sorry...she’s...blind.

CUT TO:

38 INT. OLD LADY’S HOUSE. DAY.
Pulling out from an earpiece plugged into the ear of -
- a little old lady, propped up in bed. Like the others,
festooned in explosives with a little laser sight bobbing
over her. She’s crying, scared to death. And Welsh.

OLD LADY
(reciting what’s said in
her ear)
This is...a fun...one. I’ll give
you...twelve hours...

CUT TO:

39 INT. CAFE. DAY.
SHERLOCK
Why are you doing this?
OLD LADY (V.O.)
I like...to watch you...dance.
The line goes dead in Sherlock’s ear. He glances over at
John.
He’s found what he was looking for. A news channel with the
same, hard-faced woman prominent on the screen. Under the
photo a running strap-line” “Make-over queen Connie Prince
dead at 48”. A clip of a ‘Ten Years Younger’ type show with
Connie supervising a make-over for a plump, vaguely camp man,
KENNY.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)
There’s really only one thing we
can do with that ensemble, don’t
you think?
An unseen audience start baying ‘Off! Off! Off!’
Kenny grins long-sufferingly as Connie starts to pull down
his trousers.

CUT TO:
Connie Prince lies prone on the morgue slab. SHERLOCK and JOHN are with LESTRADE.

LESTRADE
(reading)
Connie Prince. 48. Had one of those make-over shows on the telly.

Lestrade looks at a file and is impressed by the figures.

LESTRADE (CONT’D)
Very popular. She was going places.

SHERLOCK
Not any more. So, dead two days.
According to one of her staff - Raoul de Santos - she cut her hand on a rusty nail in the garden.

CLOSE: Connie Prince’s hand. There’s a deep cut between her fingers.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Nasty wound. Tetanus bacteria enters the bloodstream. Good night, Vienna.

JOHN
‘Suppose.

SHERLOCK
So...what’s wrong with this picture?

LESTRADE
Eh?

Further up Connie’s arm, there’s a scratch, very faint. Sherlock glances at this.

SHERLOCK
Can’t be as simple as it seems or the bomber wouldn’t be directing us towards it. Something’s wrong.

He gets out a magnifying lens and quickly examines the scratch. Then suddenly he moves up to Connie’s face and passes the lens over her forehead.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(sotto)
John. That cut on her hand. Would have bled a lot, wouldn’t it?
JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
But the wound is clean. Very clean. And fresh. How long would the bacteria have been incubating inside her?

JOHN
Um - eight...ten days.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT’D)
(revelation)
The cut was made later?

LESTRADE
After she was dead?

SHERLOCK
Has to have been. So, question is, how did the tetanus get into the dead woman’s system?
(to John)
You want to help, right?

JOHN
Of course.

SHERLOCK
Connie Prince’s background. Family history. Everything. Give me data.

JOHN
(leaving)
Right.

John goes out.

LESTRADE
There’s something else we haven’t thought of.

SHERLOCK
Is there?

LESTRADE
Yes. Why is he doing this? The bomber. If this woman’s death was...suspicious, why point it up?

SHERLOCK
Good Samaritan?
LESTRADE
Who press-gangs suicide bombers?

SHERLOCK
(shrugs)
Bad Samaritan?

LESTRADE
I’m serious, Sherlock! Listen, I’m cutting you slack here. I’m trusting! But out there, somewhere, there’s some poor bastard covered in Semtex waiting for you to solve a puzzle. Just tell me something! What is this, what are we dealing with?

On Sherlock: thoughtful and, more disturbingly, inspired.

SHERLOCK
Something new.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION. DAY.

KENNY (O.S.)
We’re devastated. Of course we are.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION. DAY.
KENNY, from the TV clip, is ushering JOHN into a seat. A Hispanic houseboy, RAOUl hovers close by.

RAOUl
Can I get you anything, sir?

JOHN
Hm? Oh. No. No thanks.

Raoul melts away.

KENNY
Raoul’s my rock. I don’t think I could’ve managed -

He becomes a little weepy. John smiles sympathetically.

One of those skinny, furless cats is entwining itself around his feet.
KENNY (CONT'D)
We didn’t always see eye to eye,
but my sister was very dear to me.

JOHN
And to... to the public, Mr Prince.

KENNY
Oh, she was adored! I’ve seen her
take girls that looked like the
back ends of Route-masters and turn
them into princesses. Still, it’s a
relief, in a way, to know she’s
beyond this vale of tears.

JOHN
Absolutely.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.
Track across various things pinned to the wall. The bomber’s
hand-written envelope. Photos of Carl Powers. The Crying
Woman. Ian Monkford’s abandoned car. The Terrified Man.

Below this is a map of the London Underground and reams of
Sherlock’s hand-written notes.

End on MRS HUDSON, shifting a nest of tables to cover the
smiley face shot into the wall.

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE back in the flat too.

Sherlock is tapping away madly at his laptop and cradling his
phone under one ear.

SHERLOCK
(on phone)
Great. Thanks. Thanks again.

Mrs Hudson glances over at a morgue photo of Connie Prince.

MRS HUDSON
It’s a real shame. I liked her. She
taught you how to do your colours.

LESTRADE
Colours?
MRS HUDSON
You know, what goes best with what.
I should never wear cerise,
appearently. Drains me.

Sherlock hangs up.

LESTRADE
Who was that?

SHERLOCK
Home Office.

LESTRADE
Home Office?

SHERLOCK
Well...Home Secretary. Owes me a
favour.

MRS HUDSON
(of the photo)
Pretty girl. Messed about with
herself too much. They all do these
days. People can hardly move their
faces. Silly, isn’t it? Did you
ever see her show?

SHERLOCK
Not until now.

On the screen: Another clip from Connie’s show. KENNY is on
too, dressed dowdily. Connie pulls a face.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)
I really don’t know where Kenny
shops, do you?

KENNY (ON SCREEN)
I try, Connie. I try.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)
Didn’t know there was an Oxfam in
Bishop’s Avenue!

Audience laughter.

MRS HUDSON
That’s the brother. No love lost
there, if you can believe the
papers.

Sherlock hits a key. Lots of pop-up windows appear.
So I gather. I’m having a very fruitful chat with people who love this show. Fan sites. Indispensable for gossip.

An instant message appears with a photo. A smiling Connie with the skinny, furless cat.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION. DAY.

JOHN
It’s more common than people think. Tetanus is in the soil. People cut themselves on rose bushes, garden forks that sort of thing. Left untreated...

KENNY
(nods)
Don’t know what I’ll do now. I mean, she’s left me this place which is lovely but it’s not the same without her...

JOHN
That’s why my paper wanted to get the full story straight from the horse’s mouth. You’re sure it’s not too soon...?

KENNY
Oh no. You fire away.

The cat settles onto John’s lap. He tickles its ears, smiles sympathetically.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

SHERLOCK is at the photo wall.

SHERLOCK
Connection, connection, connection. There must be a connection! Carl Powers was murdered twenty years ago. And the bomber knew him. He admitted he knew him...

LESTRADE
We should check. His school records. Everything -
SHERLOCK
I’m already on it.

Back to the photo wall.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
The bomber’s phone was inside stationery from the Czech Republic. The first hostage was in Cornwall. The second one in London. The third one, Wales, at least by the sound of her accent. What’s he doing? Working his way round the world? Showing off?

The pink iPhone is ringing! Sherlock freezes, answer it.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
You’re enjoying this...aren’t you? Joining the ...dots?

On Sherlock. Not answering.

OLD LADY (V.O.) (CONT’D)
I’ll take that...as a yes. Three hours...boom boom.

The phone goes dead.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET. STAIRS. DAY.

SHERLOCK is leaving the flat, half way into his coat. LESTRADE is already on the stair. Sherlock’s own phone rings. Inter-cut with John in the mansion.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

JOHN (V.O.)
It’s me. Look, get over here. Quickly. I think I’m onto something.

SHERLOCK
You are?

JOHN (V.O.)
Yes. You’ll need to pick some stuff up first. You got a pen?

SHERLOCK
I’ll remember.

CUT TO:
RAOUL brings in tea on a tray.

KENNY
Thank you, Raoul.

The cat winds itself round Raoul’s ankles.

KENNY (CONT’D)
So will he be long, your photographer? I don’t want to be rude but you’ll have to be quick. I’ve got the funeral to arrange and all sorts...

JOHN
Of course, of course. It’d be an interesting angle, that’s all. “Connie’s brother re-builds life after tragedy”.

KENNY
Oh yes. I like that.

Doorbell rings.

RAOUL
Excuse me.

JOHN
That’ll be him.

Raoul shows Sherlock in. He’s carrying a lot of bulky camera equipment.

SHERLOCK
Hi! Mr Prince, isn’t it? Good to meet you. Very sorry about -

KENNY
Thank you. You’re very kind.

He goes to a mirror. Starts to preen himself.

John tugs at Sherlock’s sleeve. He’s bursting with excitement.

JOHN
(sotto)
You were right. The bacteria got into her another way!

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Yes?
JOHN
(sotto)
Yes!

John picks up the camera.

KENNY
All set?

JOHN
Um...yes.

He nods towards a light meter. Sherlock picks it up, uncertainly. John goes right up to Kenny with his camera and zooms in on him.

KENNY
Not too close. I’m raw from crying.

JOHN
Right. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
Hm?

JOHN
Need a light reading.

SHERLOCK
Oh. Erm...

He sets off the flash. Kenny blinks.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Um...2.8.

JOHN
Right.

John fiddles clumsily with the camera. Another flash.

KENNY
(blinks)
Look, will this take long?

JOHN
Half an hour, tops.

The cat wanders in.

SHERLOCK
Oh, who’s this?

KENNY
This is Sekhmet. Named after the Egyptian goddess.
SHERLOCK
How nice.

He strokes the cat.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Was she Connie’s?

KENNY
Yes. Little pressie from yours truly. Connie’s life was...very busy. Didn’t leave much room for personal things. So I got her Sekhmet to keep her company.

He scoops up the cat.

KENNY (CONT’D)
Didn’t I, puss?

John turns suddenly to Sherlock, beaming.

JOHN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
Yes?

JOHN
Light reading!

He grabs the flash gun from Sherlock and fires it off right in Kenny’s face. Kenny is blinded and the cat jumps from his arms. In a second, John is on the floor, his face pressed close to the cat!

KENNY
Bloody hell! What do you think you’re playing at?

SHERLOCK
Sorry! Sorry!

KENNY
You’re like Laurel and bloody Hardy, you two! What’s going on?

JOHN
That’s all right. I think we’ve got what we came for.

KENNY
Eh?

JOHN
Come on, Sherlock.
SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
We have a deadline.

KENNY
But you’ve not taken anything!

But John is already out of the door.

CUT TO:

48  EXT. STREET. DAY.

JOHN hurries away from the house, laughing.

JOHN
Yes! Yes!

He almost punches the air. SHERLOCK smiles kindly.

SHERLOCK
You think it was the cat. It wasn’t the cat.

JOHN
What? No! Yes! It is! It must be. That’s how he got the tetanus into her system! Its paws stink of disinfectant.

SHERLOCK
It’s a lovely idea -

JOHN
He coated it onto the claws of her cat! It’s a new pet. Bound to be a bit jumpy around her. A scratch was almost inevitable. But she’d never pay much attention to it and -

SHERLOCK
I thought of it as soon as I saw that scratch on her arm. But it’s too random. And too clever for the brother.

JOHN
He murdered his sister for her money!

SHERLOCK
Did he?
JOHN
(face falls)
Didn’t he?

SHERLOCK
No. It was revenge.

JOHN
Revenge? Who wanted revenge?

SHERLOCK
Raoul. The houseboy. Kenny Prince was the butt of his sister’s jokes, week in, week out. Virtually a bullying campaign. Finally, they fell out. Badly. It’s all on the fan sites. She was going to disinherit Kenny. Raoul had grown used to a certain standard of living, so...

JOHN
(clutching at straws)
What about the disinfectant? On the cat’s claws?

SHERLOCK
Raoul keeps a very clean house. You came in through the kitchen door. You saw that floor. Scrubbed within an inch of its life. You smell of disinfectant now.

John is crestfallen.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
No, the cat doesn’t come into it. Raoul’s internet records, do, though. Hope we can get a cab from here.

He marches off. John: crushed.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. OFFICE. NIGHT.

SHERLOCK tosses a hefty file across the desk to LESTRADE. It carries a Home Office stamp.
SHERLOCK
Raoul de Santos is your killer.
Kenny Prince’s houseboy. Second
autopsy shows it wasn’t Tetanus
that poisoned Connie Prince. It was
Botulinim toxin.

A look from John.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
We’ve been here before. Carl
Powers? Tut-tut. Our bomber is
repeating himself.

LESTRADE
How did he do it?

SHERLOCK
Botox injection.

LESTRADE
Botox?

SHERLOCK
Botox is a diluted form of
Botulinim. Among other things,
Raoul de Santos was employed to
give Connie her regular facial
injections. My Home Office contact
got me a complete record of Raoul’s
internet purchases. He’s been
ordering Botox in bulk for months.
Bided his time, then upped the
strength to a fatal dose.

LESTRADE
Are you sure?

SHERLOCK
I’m sure.

Lestrade grabs his phone, dashes out into the corridor.

JOHN
How long?

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
How long have you known?

SHERLOCK
Well, this was quite a simple one,
really. Like I said, the bomber’s
repeated himself. That was a
mistake.
JOHN
But the hostage! That old woman on the phone. She’s been there all this time -

SHERLOCK
I knew I could save her. I also knew the bomber had given us twelve hours. I solved the case quickly, that gave me time to get on with other things. Don’t you see? We’re one up on him!

CUT TO:

50 INT. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. NIGHT.
As before: close on computer screen, Sherlock typing away.

Raoul de Santos, the house-boy, botox.

CUT TO:

51 INT. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. NIGHT.
As before: Sherlock, John, Lestrade, waiting. The pink iPhone rings, Sherlock grabs it.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

CUT TO:

52 INT. OLD LADY’S HOUSE. NIGHT.
The tremulous, blind old lady – so scared now, so many hours of terror.

OLD LADY
...help me...

CUT TO:

53 INT. LESTRADE’S OFFICE. NIGHT.
Inter-cut as required.

SHERLOCK
Tell us where you are – address!
OLD LADY
...he was so...his voice...he sounded so...

SHERLOCK
No! Tell me nothing about him!
Nothing!

On the old lady. The laser sight whizzes back on to her, zeroing in on one of the packages of explosive.

OLD LADY
...he sounded so soft...

And the phone goes dead in Sherlock’s ear. He just freezes.

SHERLOCK
Hello? Hello?

LESTRADE
Sherlock?

JOHN
What’s happened?

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.


Strapline: 12 dead in gas explosion.

On Sherlock and John grimly watching.

JOHN
A whole block of flats. Glasgow this time. He gets about.

Sherlock - a little angrily - grabs the remote, turns down the TV.

SHERLOCK
Yes. Well I suppose I lost that round. Though technically I did solve the case so -

JOHN
What the hell does that matter? People are dying!
SHERLOCK  
(thinking)  
He killed the old woman because she  
was starting to describe him. Not  
‘them’, John. Him. Just for once,  
he’s put himself in the firing  
line.

JOHN  
What do you mean?

SHERLOCK  
Well, usually he must stay above it  
all. He arranges these things but  
no-one ever has direct contact...

JOHN  
What? Like Connie Prince’s murder?  
He arranged that? People come to  
him to get their crimes fixed up?  
Like booking a holiday?

SHERLOCK  
It’s novel.

John points to the TV news. RAOUl is being bundled out of his  
house and into a waiting police car.

Paparazzi cameras flash.

CLOSE on the Bomber’s iPhone. Sherlock’s fingers drumming on  
the table next to him.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)  
Taking his time, this time.

On John: a beat. The cold-bloodedness gets to him – but he’s  
trying to get past it.

JOHN  
Anything from the Carl Powers lead?

SHERLOCK  
Nothing. All his living class mates  
check out. Spotless. No connection.

JOHN  
Maybe he was older than Carl.

SHERLOCK  
The thought had occurred.
JOHN
So why is he doing this? Playing this game with you? You think he wants to be caught?

SHERLOCK
I think he wants to be distracted.

He cradles the phone. His eyes are shining.

On John: disturbed. Even angry. He glances at the smiley face.

JOHN
I hope you’ll be very happy together.

He’s getting up - restless, suddenly wanting to be a long way from Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
I’m sorry, what?

JOHN
There are lives at stake. Actual, human lives. I just want to know, do you care about that at all?

SHERLOCK
Would caring help save them?

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Then I’ll continue to avoid the mistake.

JOHN
Find that easy, do you?

SHERLOCK
Very. Is that news to you?

JOHN
No. No.

He’s gone to the window, staring out. Agitated, doesn’t want even to look at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
You’re disappointed in me.

JOHN
Oh, good. Good deduction.
SHERLOCK
Don’t make heroes out of people, John. Heroes don’t exist. And if they did, I wouldn’t be one of them.

The Bomber’s phone beeps. New message. Sherlock is instantly all action.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Excellent!

Speaker-phone again. BEEP. BEEP.

Close on the phone. Sherlock clicks on it.

Another picture. A riverside view.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
That’s the Thames. Near St Paul’s. Check the papers, John. I’ll try online.

John just glowers at him.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Oh. You’re angry so you won’t help me. Not much cop, this caring lark.

On John – damn it, he’s right! He goes towards a pile of newspapers, Sherlock begins tapping away at the laptop.

John flicks rapidly through page after page of newprint.

JOHN
Archway suicide.

SHERLOCK
Ten a penny.

JOHN
Two kids stabbed in Stoke Newington. Um...that dead bloke found on the railway line. Andrew West -

SHERLOCK (exasperated)
Nothing!

He grabs his phone, speed-dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
It’s me. Anything been found near St Paul’s? Or the river?
He listens. Nods to John.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. THAMES. PIER. DAY.

Plastered over buildings by the riverside, posters: ‘Hickman Gallery. The Lost Vermeer.’

SHERLOCK and JOHN walk along the exposed shore of the Thames. A police tape has cordoned off most of the area.

LESTRADE nods to them. A body bag lies at his feet.

LESTRADE
You reckon this is connected then?
The bomber?

SHERLOCK
Must be.

He pulls the pink iPhone from his pocket, like he’s checking it for messages.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Odd though, he hasn’t been in touch.

LESTRADE
But we must assume some poor bugger’s primed to explode, yeah?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

Sherlock bends down and zips open the body bag. He looks the body up and down. It’s a large, middle-aged man.

LESTRADE
Any ideas?

SHERLOCK
Seven so far.

LESTRADE
Seven?

Sherlock’s suddenly all over the corpse like a blood-hound, sniffing, pressing the cold skin, unbuttoning clothes, rolling up the body’s trouser leg, examining the wristwatch, tapping into his PDA.

He examines the face with a lens and his eyes light up.

At last, he shoots a look at John, jerks his head towards the body then concentrates on sending texts.
John looks to Lestrade for permission. He shrugs. Why not?

JOHN
Dead about twenty four hours. Maybe a bit longer. Did he drown?

LESTRcade

JOHN
(nods)
Yes. I’d agree. There’s quite a bit of bruising around the nose and mouth...

SHERLOCK
Yes. There would be.

JOHN
(gestures at the corpse’s hairline and ears)
And there are more bruises...here and here...

SHERLOCK
Fingertips.

John shoots a look at him. What does he know?

JOHN
He’s mid-Fifties, I’d say. Not in the best condition.

SHERLOCK
He’s been in the river a while which has destroyed most of the data...

His phone beeps. He smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
But I’ll tell you one thing.
(nodding towards posters)
That lost Vermeer painting is a fake!

Beat.

LESTRade
What?
SHERLOCK
We need to identify the corpse. Find out who his friends and associates are -

LESTRADE
Wait, wait! What painting? What’re you on about?

SHERLOCK
(holds up his PDA)
It’s all over the place. Haven’t you seen the posters? Dutch Old Master. It was supposed to have been destroyed centuries ago and now it’s turned up. Worth thirty million pounds.

LESTRADE
Ok. So... What’s that got to do with the stiff?

SHERLOCK
Everything.
(excited)
Have you ever heard of the Golem?

LESTRADE
Golem?

JOHN
It’s a horror story, isn’t it? What Are you saying?

SHERLOCK
Jewish folk-story. A gigantic man made of clay. It’s also the name of an assassin. Real name Oskar Dzundza. One of the deadliest assassins in the world.
(gestures at the corpse)
That’s his trademark style.

LESTRADE
This was a hit?

SHERLOCK
Definitely. The Golem squeezes the breath out of his victims with his bare hands.

LESTRADE
What’s this got to do with that painting? I don’t see -

SHERLOCK
You do see. You just don’t observe.
John
(intervening)
All right, girls. Keep calm.
Sherlock? Wanna take us through it?

Sherlock does. He straightens up, enjoying himself.

Sherlock
What do we know about this corpse?
The killer’s not left us with much.
Just shirt and trousers. They’re pretty formal – maybe he was going out for the night. But the trousers are heavy duty –

CUT TO:

INT. HICKMAN GALLERY. NIGHT.

Close on the same trousers. Their owner is panting for breath. Running for their life past a shadowy wall.

Intercut as required.

Sherlock

Now we see the shirt too.

Sherlock (CONT’D)
And they’re both too big for him –

Alex Woodbridge (overweight, 50s, uniformed) is sweating with terror. He presses himself against the brick wall and listens.

Sherlock (CONT’D)
So, some kind of standard issue uniform. Dressed for work, then.
But what work? There’s a loop on his belt –

Zoom c/u to Alex’s belt.

Sherlock (CONT’D)
Must be for a walkie-talkie –

Lestrade
Tube driver?

Sherlock pulls a face.
JOHN
Security guard?

SHERLOCK
More likely. That’d be borne out by his backside.

LESTRADE
His backside?

SHERLOCK
Flabby. You’d think he led a sedentary life – yet the soles of his feet and the nascent varicose veins in his legs –

Track up from the corpse’s feet to show its callused soles and veiny legs.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
- say otherwise. So, a lot of walking and a lot of sitting around. Security guard’s looking good.

John smiles. Pleased.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
And the watch helps. The alarm –

Sherlock isolated. All other details bleached out. Examining the watch as before. ECU: watch face showing 2.30 PM.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
- shows he did regular night shifts.

LESTRADE
Why regular? Maybe he just set his alarm like that the night before he died?

SHERLOCK
No, no. Buttons are stiff. Hardly touched. He set the alarm like that a long time ago. His routine never varied. But there’s something else. Killer must’ve been disturbed otherwise he’d have stripped the corpse completely. There was some kind of badge or insignia on the shirt front that he tore off. Suggests the dead man worked somewhere recognisable. Some kind of institution.
He holds up a wet ball of paper.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
From his pocket. Soaked by the river but still recognisably –

JOHN
Tickets?

SHERLOCK
Ticket stubs. He worked in a museum. Or a gallery.

A long, industrial-looking gallery. Subdued lights, suggestions of chunky installations, modern canvasses.

Alex Woodbridge runs on.

Heavy footsteps thump towards him.

Alex’s eyes bulge in terror. Someone’s following him.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(holding up Blackberry)
Did a quick check. The Hickman Gallery has reported one of its attendants as missing. Alex Woodbridge.

ALEX races towards the doors at the end of the room and crouches in the shadows.

His pursuer moves across the wooden floor.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

CLOSE on Alex, crouching. Behind him is a big glossy poster: ‘Hickman Gallery: The Lost Vermeer’

A huge shadow falls across his face.

Alex looks up - terrified.

ALEX
What have I done? What have I - ?
Please! For God’s sake -

He screams.

SHERLOCK
Last week they unveiled the rediscovered masterpiece. Now why would anyone want to pay a killer like the Golem to suffocate a perfectly ordinary gallery attendant? Inference: the dead man knew something about it.

(MORE)
SHERLOCK (CONT’D)

Something that would stop the owner charging thirty million pounds for it. The picture’s a fake.
JOHN
Fantastic!

SHERLOCK
Meretricious.

JOHN
And a happy new year.

He looks down at the body.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Poor sod.

LESTRADE
I’d better put out some feelers for this Golem character –

SHERLOCK
Pointless. You’ll never find him. But I know a man who can.

LESTRADE
Who?

SHERLOCK
(smiles)
Me.

CUT TO:

57 INT. TAXI. DAY. 57

SHERLOCK and JOHN clamber into a cab. Sherlock has the pink iPhone in his hand. Restlessly turns it over and over.

SHERLOCK
But why hasn’t the phone - he’s broken his pattern - why?
(to driver)
Waterloo Bridge.

JOHN
Where now? The gallery?

SHERLOCK
In a bit.

He takes out a pen and a notebook and hastily scribbles a note.

JOHN
The Hickman’s contemporary art, isn’t it? Why’ve they got hold of an Old Master?
SHERLOCK
Dunno. Dangerous to jump to conclusions. I need data.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE. DAY.
The cab pulls up halfway along the bridge.

SHERLOCK
(to driver)
Can you wait? Won’t be a minute.

He darts down the stairs towards the river. JOHN follows. A young, trustafarian female BEGGAR is on the steps calling out in a familiar, defeated way.

BEGGAR
Change? Any change, please?

SHERLOCK approaches her.

BEGGAR (CONT’D)
Change? Any change?

SHERLOCK
What for?

BEGGAR
Cup of tea, of course.

Sherlock beams at her. John catches him up.

SHERLOCK
I’ve only got a fifty.

The beggar grins.

BEGGAR
In that case, a magnum of champagne!

Sherlock hands over fifty quid and then runs back up the steps to the cab.

JOHN
(incredulous)
What’re you doing?

SHERLOCK
Investing.

He gets back into the cab.
SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Now we go to the gallery. Got any cash on you?

ON JOHN: exasperated. He jumps back in. The cab pulls away.

ON the Beggar as they walk off. She smiles and unrolls the fifty pound note. Inside is a slip of paper. She reads it. Frowns.

CUT TO:

59
EXT. HICKMAN GALLERY. DAY.
A massive industrial building on the South Bank. Big letters on the side: HICKMAN.

The cab pulls up. SHERLOCK jumps out. JOHN makes to do the same.

SHERLOCK
No. I need you to find out all you can about the gallery attendant. Lestrade will get you the address.

JOHN
Oh. Ok.

Sherlock slams shut the cab door and heads towards the gallery.

CUT TO:

60
INT. FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY.
A very messy bedroom. On the walls, among the Thrash Metal posters and Page 3 nudes are pictures of stars and galaxies. JULIE (40s) is showing JOHN around.

JULIE
We’d been sharing about a year. Just sharing.

There’s something under a cloth by the window.

JOHN
May I?

Julie nods. John pulls the cloth away revealing a big reflector telescope.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Star-gazer, was he?
JULIE
God, yeah. Mad about it. That’s all he ever did when he had spare time. He was a nice guy, Alex. I liked him.

She looks around the messy room and her voice cracks.

JULIE (CONT’D)
He was never much of a one for hoovering.

JOHN
What about paintings? Did he know anything about them?

JULIE
(shrugs)
It was just a job.

John nods. Not much to go on here.

JOHN
Has anyone else been round? Asking about Alex?

JULIE
No. We had a break-in, though.

JOHN
When?

JULIE
Last night. Nothing taken. Oh, and there was a message for Alex. On the landline. I must’ve missed it somehow ’cos I only found it when I was deleting old ones.

JOHN
Who was it from?

JULIE
I can play it for you, if you like. I’ll get the phone.

She goes out. John’s phone buzzes.

He checks it. A text:

“Re: Bruce-Partington plans. Progress? Mycroft Homes.”

Like a guilty school-boy, John looks a little found-out.

Julie comes back with a hands-free phone. She dials a number. Puts it on speaker.

It beeps.
A long pause.

CAIRNS (V.O.)
Oh. Should I speak now? Alex? Alex, love it’s Professor Cairns. Listen, you were right! You were bloody right! Give us a call when -

The message cuts out.

JOHN
Professor Cairns?

JULIE
(Shrugs)
No idea. Sorry.

JOHN
Can I try and ring back?

JULIE
No good. I’ve had other calls since. Sympathy ones.

CUT TO:

61 SCENE CUT – ACTION ADDED TO SCENE 60
CLOSE on a massive yellow disc. It’s an installation in the gallery. Glazed brick walls, modern canvases, everything is suffused with its amber light.

On another wall, surrounded by a plush canopy --

The lost Vermeer! A small but beautiful painting of the city of Delft by night, under a star-filled sky.

A uniformed gallery attendant is staring at it. We only see him from behind.
A smart, glamorous Czech woman - MISS WENCESLAS - walks past, notices.

WENCESLAS
Don’t you have something to do?

The attendant turns. It’s SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK
Just admiring the view.

WENCESLAS
Yes. Lovely. Now get back to work.

SHERLOCK
Doesn’t it bother you?

WENCESLAS
What?

SHERLOCK
That the painting’s a fake?

WENCESLAS
What?

SHERLOCK
It has to be a fake. It’s the only explanation. Are you in charge...

He glances at her name-badge.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
...Miss Wenceslas?

WENCESLAS
Who are you?

SHERLOCK
Alex Woodbridge knew it was a fake, so someone sent the Golem to take care of him. Was it you?

WENCESLAS
‘Golem’? What the hell are you talking about?

SHERLOCK
Or are you working for someone else? Did you fake it for them?

WENCESLAS
It is not a fake!
SHERLOCK
It is a fake. I don’t know why but there’s something wrong with it. There has to be.

MISS WENCESLAS looks like she’s about to explode.

WENCESLAS
What the hell are you on about? You know I could have you sacked? On the spot?

SHERLOCK
Not a problem.

WENCESLAS
No?

SHERLOCK
No. I don’t work here, you see. Just popped in to give you some friendly advice.

WENCESLAS
How did you get in?

SHERLOCK
Please.

WENCESLAS
I want to know!

SHERLOCK
(plucking at his uniform)
The art of disguise is knowing how to hide in plain sight.

WENCESLAS
Who are you?

SHERLOCK
Sherlock Holmes.

WENCESLAS
Am I supposed to be impressed?

SHERLOCK
You should be. Have a nice day.

He walks confidently away.

MISS WENCESLAS watches him go, then swings back towards the new Vermeer. Stares at it.
The same tidy house from sc2. In it sits the controlled but red-eyed LUCY, fiancee of the dead WESTIE.

LUCY
He wouldn’t. He just wouldn’t.

JOHN
Stranger things have happened.

LUCY
Westie wasn’t a traitor. It’s a horrible thing to say.

JOHN
I’m sorry. But you must understand, that’s –

LUCY
That’s what they think, isn’t it? His bosses.

John nods.

JOHN
He was a young man, about to get married. He had debts.

LUCY
(heated)
Everyone’s got debts! And Westie would never have wanted to clear them by selling out his country.

JOHN
(kindly)
And how had he been? Recently?

Beat.

LUCY
Fine.

JOHN
You’re sure?

LUCY
Yes.

(sighs)
I suppose he had been a bit... off. Bit distracted. Since the engagement party, really. But I thought it was just stress. People think it must be glamorous working for them. The Security Service. But it’s not. It’s a slog. Not bloody James Bond.
JOHN
Can you...can you tell me exactly what happened? That night?

LUCY
We were having a night in. Just watching a DVD. He usually falls asleep, you know but he sat through this one. He was...quiet. Out of the blue he said he had to go and see someone.

She starts to cry.

JOHN
You’ve no idea who?

She shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY’S HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

As LUCY shows JOHN out, the front door opens and a man JOE (30s) enters, pushing his bike inside. He’s a cycle courier.

JOE
Oh. Hi Luce. You ok, love?

LUCY
Yeah.

JOE
Who’s this?

JOHN
John Watson. Hi.

LUCY
This is my brother. Joe. John’s trying to find out what happened to Westie, Joe.

JOE
You with the police?

JOHN
Sort of.

JOE
Well, tell them to get off their arses! It’s bloody ridiculous.
JOHN
I’ll do my best. Well...thanks for your help. And again, I’m very sorry.

LUCY
He didn’t steal those things, Mr Watson. I knew Westie. He was a good man. He was my good man.

She cries.

John goes out, solemn.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

A taxi pulls up outside 221b. JOHN gets out, just as SHERLOCK emerges from the flat. The same female BEGGAR is sitting outside.

BEGGAR
Spare change. Any spare change?

Sherlock goes straight up to her.

JOHN
(calling)
Alex Woodbridge didn’t know anything special about paintings.

SHERLOCK
And?

JOHN
And?

SHERLOCK
Is that it? He had no habits, no hobbies, no personality?

JOHN
Give us a chance. He was an amateur astronomer.

SHERLOCK
Hold that cab.

JOHN
What? Oh. Right.

He does so.

BEGGAR
Spare change, sir?
SHERLOCK
Don’t mind if I do.

The Beggar hands him what looks like a bank note –

BEGGAR
Night, night.

- and ambles off into the night. Sherlock unrolls the note - it’s a scribbled message. He grins triumphantly.

SHERLOCK
Fortunately, I’ve not been idle.
Come on.

He gets into the back of the taxi. John follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE ARCHES. NIGHT.
The exterior of a grim section of bridge arches. The cab pulls up and deposits SHERLOCK and JOHN.

A CHINESE YOUTH is spraying tags on the brickwork. He spots them and scurries off into the night.

The cab drives off.

Sherlock looks up at the clear night sky. It’s absolutely packed with stars.

SHERLOCK
Beautiful, isn’t it?

JOHN
I thought you didn’t care about things like that.

SHERLOCK
I can still appreciate them.

JOHN
Listen, Alex Woodbridge’s flat was broken into. And someone left him a message. A Professor Cairns -

SHERLOCK
This way.

He leads the way into the arches. It’s very sinister. Vaguely human shapes under sleeping bags and cardboard boxes. The odd fire.
JOHN
Nice. Nice part of town. Why are we here?

SHERLOCK
To see a friend.

JOHN
Friend. Right.

John looks round. One of the shapes detaches himself from the shadows. A whiskery old man, HUXLEY. He’s surprisingly posh.

HUXLEY
Good evening!

SHERLOCK
Lord Huxley! How are you?

HUXLEY
Mustn’t grumble. Really, I mustn’t. The farmers aren’t good again, though, it has to be admitted.

SHERLOCK
You shouldn’t sit on so many cold steps.

HUXLEY
Occupational hazard!

SHERLOCK
This is John. He’s a friend.

HUXLEY
(brightly)
Hello!

JOHN
Hi.

SHERLOCK
Well?

HUXLEY
(thrilled)
We found him, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
I never doubted you would.

HUXLEY
(pointing)
Down there. Last arch but one. Made himself a nice little nest but...keeps himself to himself.
SHERLOCK
Not surprised.

HUXLEY
I got my lads straight onto it.
Hard to miss him. He’s there at the
minute. Came back about an hour ago
in a tearing hurry.

SHERLOCK
Thanks.

He makes to go.

HUXLEY
Careful, Sherlock. There’s
something...unnatural about this
one.

SHERLOCK
So I hear. Thanks. I’ll be in
touch.

HUXLEY
Ta, ta. Nice to meet you, John!

Sherlock moves quietly along the arches. John follows.

JOHN
Any time you want to explain -

SHERLOCK
Homeless network. Really is
indispensable.

JOHN
Homeless network?

SHERLOCK
Yeah. My eyes and ears. All over
the city.

JOHN
Right. That’s clever! So, you
scratch their backs -

SHERLOCK
- and then disinfect myself, yes!
Lord Huxley’s in charge of the
operation.

JOHN
(amused)
Lord Huxley? What’s that, like a
Pearly King name or something?
SHERLOCK
No, no. He’s the real thing. Don’t you remember? Pile of clothes on a beach about ten years ago? The disappearing peer?

JOHN
Oh God, yeah.

SHERLOCK
He prefers it down here. Better class of gentleman than the House of Lords -

He pulls up sharp and stops John with his hand.

Under one of the arches, something is stirring. Cardboard and rubbish are pushed away as an immensely tall, thin, crook-backed figure slinks out of the darkness -

THE GOLEM!

He’s still little more than a silhouette. He shuffles away from his hiding place.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(sotto)
Come on!

They creep after him, trying to stay out of sight.

The Golem turns round. Has he spotted them? His face is still hidden by shadow.

Sherlock and John press themselves against a slimy brick wall.

The Golem plods on.

JOHN
(sotto)
What was he doing sleeping rough?

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
He has a very distinctive look. Needs to hide somewhere tongues won’t wag. Much.

John tuts to himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(sotto)
What?

JOHN
(sotto)
Wish I’d -
Sherlock reaches into his coat and hands John his army pistol.

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Don’t mention it.

John grins.

SCREECH! Out of nowhere, a car pulls up at the entrance to the arches. The Golem scrambles inside --

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
No! No! No! No!

-- and the car roars off in a cloud of dust.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Could take us a week to find him again!

JOHN
(thoughtful)
Or not. I might have an idea where he’s going.

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
I told you. Someone left Alex Woodbridge a message. Can’t be that many Professor Cairns in the book.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANETARIUM. NIGHT.

A modestly sized building set back from a street.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANETARIUM. NIGHT.

Darkness. Then a calm, reassuring voice echoes out.

VOICE
Jupiter! The fifth planet in our solar system. And the largest. Jupiter is a gas giant. Planet Earth would fit into it eleven times...
Jupiter appears, projected onto the ceiling. Bathed in its light is an elderly woman in a track-suit - PROFESSOR CAIRNS. She’s operating a control console.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Yes. We know all that.

The recorded voice squeals as she fast-forwards it. Images of planets and stars blur over her face as she does so.

VOICE
Titan is the largest moon -

Fast forwards again.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Come on, Neptune. Where are you hiding?

She suddenly stops, stiffens.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS (CONT’D)
Hello?

VOICE
Discovered by Urbain le Verrier in 1846 -

She stops the tape. Peers about. Her face is blue with the image of Neptune.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Tom? Is that you?

Someone is moving about in the darkness.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS (CONT’D)
Tom?

It’s not Tom. A huge shadow falls across Professor Cairns’ face. She gasps in terror as an immense hand closes over her face, swamping her nose and mouth. THE GOLEM!

She staggers back against the console.

VOICE
A star begins as a collapsing ball of material composed mainly of hydrogen...

She claws at the Golem’s hand --

Then --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Golem!

Sherlock and John are revealed, bathed in star-light.
The Golem turns and at last we see:

A nightmare face. A living skeleton. The Golem’s milk-white, bald head and deep-set eyes give him a vampire’s look. The skin is shrivelled, dry as parchment. He grins, exposing yellow peg-teeth.

John raises his gun.

VOICE
It is astonishing to think that many of the stars in the night sky are no longer actually there.

The Golem lets go of Professor Cairns and she slides to the floor, dead. The Golem giggles and darts into the shadows. His laughter echoes through the chilly building.

VOICE (CONT’D)
Their light takes so long to reach us that many are actually long dead. Exploded into supernovas...

SHERLOCK
John!

John runs to cut off the Golem. There are rows and rows of seats in the planetarium. He knocks them up as he runs and they bang like pistol shots.

In the flickering projected light it’s almost impossible to see where the Golem has gone.

VOICE
The Crab Nebula exploded in 1054...

SHERLOCK races down one aisle. No sign of the Golem.

He stops dead, listening.

Suddenly the projection changes and the Golem is revealed -- right behind Sherlock!

His enormous hands close over Sherlock’s face like the petals of a monstrous flower.

On Sherlock: gasping for breath. He tries to get his hand under the Golem’s fingers to pull them away from his flesh but it’s no good.

VOICE (CONT’D)
It is an example of what we call a pulsar...

On Sherlock: eyes bulging in terror!
Suddenly the Golem sags as John smashes the back of his gun over the Golem’s head. Sherlock dives free, rubbing his face and whooping for air.

Stunned, the Golem swings round and jabs John savagely in the guts. He drops the gun. Before John can recover, the Golem looms massively over him, his hand closing over John’s face --

Click!

Sherlock has John’s gun pointed at the Golem’s back.

The Golem cocks his head and closes his fingers over John’s mouth. John starts to panic.

Stand off.

SHERLOCK
(deadly intent)
Let him go. Or I’ll kill you, Dzundza. I will kill you.

The Golem releases John. He scrabbles away towards Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
You all right?

JOHN
(gasping)
Think so.

SHERLOCK
(to Golem)
You’ll forgive the hoary cliche, I hope, Mr Dzundza but, who are you working for?

The Golem smiles horribly then suddenly sprints towards the Planetarium’s control console. Sherlock fires -- and hits the console. The recorded voice-over squeals madly into life, the projected images do the same. Planets, stars, galaxies flash insanely over the ceiling and their faces.

VOICE
Their light takes so long to reach us that many are actually long dead. Exploded into supernovas....

The Golem takes advantage of the chaos and dives for the exit. Sherlock fires again but it’s too late. A rectangle of light as the Golem flings open the door and makes his escape.
Sherlock runs to the doorway. The screech of tyres from outside.

On John: damn it!

CUT TO:

INT. HICKMAN GALLERY. NIGHT.

The gallery is empty.

SHERLOCK is in front of the lost Vermeer, tapping away wildly on his phone. JOHN and LESTRADE hover close by. MISS WENCESLAS is there, looking thunderous.

MISS WENCESLAS
This had better be good.

SHERLOCK
It’s a fake. Has to be.

MISS WENCESLAS.
That painting has been subjected to every test known to science -

SHERLOCK
Then it’s a very good fake.
(rounds on her)
You know, don’t you? This is you, isn’t it?

MISS WENCESLAS.
Inspector, my time is being wasted. Would you mind showing yourself, and your friends, out.

And the iPhone rings! Sherlock grabs it, answers, puts it on speaker.

SHERLOCK
(into phone)
It’s a fake. The painting is a fake, that’s why Woodbridge and Cairns were killed.

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Oh come on, proving it is just a detail - I’ve solved it! I’ve figured it out. The painting’s a fake, that’s the answer, that’s why he was killed.
Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Ok! I’ll prove it’s a fake. Just
give me time, will you give me
time?

Silence.

And then, chillingly – a child’s voice from the iPhone.

CHILD (V.O.)

Ten.

A chill sweeps the room.

LESTRADE
It’s a kid. Oh God, it’s a kid.

JOHN
What did he say?

SHERLOCK
Ten.

CHILD (V.O.)

Nine.

SHERLOCK
It’s a countdown. He’s giving me
time.

LESTRADE
Jesus!

Sherlock has leapt to the painting, staring at it, devouring
it with his eyes.

SHERLOCK
It’s a fake, it’s a fake, how do I
prove it’s a fake, how??

CHILD (V.O.)

Eight.

Sherlock rounds on Miss Wenceslas.

SHERLOCK
This child will die. Tell me why
the painting is a fake, tell me!

Miss Wenceslas does not move.

CHILD (V.O.)

Seven.
SHERLOCK
No! Shut up! Say nothing. Only
counts if I work it out!
(at painting)
Must be possible! Must be staring
me in the face!

CHILD (V.O.)
Six.

SHERLOCK
How? Alex woodbridge knew. But how?
How??

CHILD (V.O.)
(audibly sobbing now)
Five.

LESTRADE
He’s speeding up.

JOHN
Sherlock!

CHILD (V.O.)
Four.

And suddenly Sherlock comes to a dead halt. Stares at the
painting. Wham! He’s getting it!

SHERLOCK
Oh! In the planetarium! You heard
what it said! Oh, that’s brilliant.
That’s gorgeous!

He tosses the iPhone to John and now he’s got his PDA out,
tapping away frantically.

CHILD (V.O.)
Three.

JOHN
What’s brilliant? What is?

But Sherlock is tapping away, in his own world.

CHILD (V.O.)
Two.

SHERLOCK
Oh, this is beautiful. I love this!

LESTRADE
Sherlock!

CHILD (V.O.)
One.
Sherlock snatches the phone from John.

SHERLOCK
(into phone)
The Van Buren supernova.

Silence.

Then, the child crying.

CHILD (V.O.)
Help me! Are you there? Help me.
Please!

Sherlock tosses the iPhone to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
There you go. Find out where he is, go and pick him up.

He holds out his PDA like a badge of honour, showing it to John and Miss Wenceslas.

ON SCREEN: A black and white photo of a large, blobby white star.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
The Van Buren supernova, it’s called. A huge star blowing up.
Only appeared in the sky in 1858!

He holds the phone next to the Vermeer. The same configuration of stars has been painted in the sky over Delft. Including the blobby white Van Buren supernova!

JOHN
(growing excitement)
So how could it have been painted in the 1640s?

His phone beeps. He checks it.

Close on text: “My patience is wearing thin. Mycroft”.

John: worried.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SHERLOCK and LESTRADE sit opposite a weary-looking MISS WENCESLAS.
SHERLOCK
You know, it’s interesting.
Bohemian stationery. An assassin
named after a Prague legend and
you...Miss Wenceslas. There’s a
distinctly Czech feel to the whole
case. Is that where all this leads?

No response.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
(to Lestrade)
What are we looking at, Inspector?

LESTRADE
Criminal conspiracy. Fraud.
Accessory after the fact, at the
very least. The murder of the old
woman. All those people in the
flats -

MISS WENCESLAS
I didn’t know anything about that!
All those things...Please. Believe
me. I just wanted my share. The
thirty million...

(sighs, defeated)
I found a little old man in
Brushwork immaculate. Could fool
anyone.

(ruefully)
Well, nearly anyone. But I didn’t
know how to go about convincing the
world the picture was genuine. It
was just an idea. A spark which he
blew into a flame.

SHERLOCK
Who?

MISS WENCESLAS
I don’t know.

Lestrade scoffs.

MISS WENCESLAS (CONT’D)
It’s true! It took me a long time
but eventually I was put in touch
with...people. His people. But
there was never any real contact.
Just messages. Whispers.

SHERLOCK
And did these whispers have a name?

MISS WENCESLAS
Moriarty.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY.

JOHN and a GUARD stand next to tube rails which emerge from a dark tunnel.

JOHN
This is where West was found?

GUARD
Yeah. You gonna be long?

JOHN
Might be.

GUARD
You with the police, then?

JOHN
Sort of.

The Guard pulls a face.

GUARD
I hate ‘em.

JOHN
The police?

GUARD

JOHN
Well, that’s one way of looking at it.

GUARD
I mean it! It’s ok for them. Over in a split second. Strawberry jam all over the lines. What about the drivers? They’ve gotta live with it, haven’t they?

John crouches down and looks at the rails.
JOHN
Speaking of strawberry jam. There’s no blood on the line. Has it been cleaned off?

GUARD
No. There wasn’t much.

JOHN
You said his head was smashed in?

GUARD
It was. But there wasn’t much blood.

JOHN
Ok.

GUARD
I’ll leave you to it, then. Give us a shout when you’re off.

He wanders away up the tunnel. John looks about.

JOHN
(to himself)
Right. Andrew West must’ve got on the tube somewhere. But he didn’t have a ticket. So how did he end up here? Come on, come on, come on.

He chews his lip. Sighs. No good. He wanders back up the tunnel, begins to mount the slope that will take him back onto the platform. Then, suddenly, he turns back and gazes at the railway.

Close: the points.


SHERLOCK (V.O.)
The points!

JOHN
Yes!

He whirls round. The voice wasn’t in his head. Sherlock is standing above him on the platform, smiling.

SHERLOCK
I knew you’d get there. West wasn’t killed here. That’s why there was so little blood.
JOHN
How long have you been following me?

SHERLOCK
From the start. You don’t think I’d give up a case like this one just to spite my brother, do you? Come on. We need to do a bit of burglary.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.
SHERLOCK and JOHN stride along a busy street.

SHERLOCK
We know the missile defence plans haven’t left the country. Mycroft’s people would have heard by now.
(smiles)
Despite what people think, this country does still have a secret service.

JOHN
I know that. I’ve seen ‘Spooks’.

SHERLOCK
Which means that whoever stole that memory stick can’t sell it or doesn’t know what do with it. My money’s on the latter.
(glances up at a house)
We’re here.

JOHN
Where?

There’s an alley at the side of the house. Sherlock disappears down it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.
A young man’s flat. Messy. Bicycle parts litter the hallway.
SHERLOCK and JOHN are silhouetted against the frosted glass of the back door.
JOHN (O.S.)
What if there’s someone in?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
There isn’t.

CRACK! The door is forced. Sherlock pops his head inside.

They creep inside. The wall of the main room is dominated by its windows.

Almost at once, a rumbling roar comes from below them. Sherlock crosses to the windows and throws them open —

CUT TO:

75 EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

-- revealing a view of railway lines beneath.

JOHN
Where are we?

SHERLOCK
Sorry, didn’t I say? This is Joe Harrison’s flat.

JOHN
Joe...?

SHERLOCK
The brother of West’s fiancee. He stole the memory stick. And killed his prospective brother-in-law.

CUT TO:

76 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

SHERLOCK presses his face close to the woodwork of the windows. There are scuff marks and smears of blood.

JOHN
Why did he do it?

The sound of a key in the front door.

SHERLOCK
Let’s ask him.

John freezes.

JOE comes into the front room, wheeling his bike. He starts at the sight of Sherlock and John.
A strange look crosses his face. He knows they’re onto him! He lifts up the bike, prepares to hurl it at them --

CLICK!

John cocks his army pistol.

CUT TO:

INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

A miserable JOE is slumped on his sofa.

JOE
It wasn’t meant to...oh God. This is such a bloody mess. What’s Lucy gonna say? Jesus.

JOHN
Why did you kill him?

JOE
It was an accident.

Sherlock scoffs.

JOE (CONT’D)
I swear it was.

SHERLOCK
But stealing the plans for the missile defence program, that wasn’t an accident. Was it?

Joe sighs.

JOE
I started pushing. Drugs, I mean. The bike thing is great cover. But...I dunno. I dunno how it started but I got out of my depth. I owed people thousands. Serious people. I didn’t know what to do. Then, at Westie’s engagement do he started talking about his job.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

WESTIE and JOE are laughing with a bunch of friends. They’re very drunk.
JOE (V.O.)
He was usually so careful. But, you know, after a few pints he opened up a bit.

Westie is gesticulating. Talking ten to the dozen.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Told me about these missile plans. Beyond top secret. Showed me the memory stick. I mean, you hear about these things getting lost. Turning up on rubbish dumps and stuff but there it was!

Westie flashes the memory stick like a conjuror.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
And I thought...

CUT TO:

INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

JOE runs his hands over his face.

JOE
Well, I knew it’d be worth a fortune. It was pretty easy to get the thing off him. He was so plastered. Next time I saw him, I could see by the look on his face that he knew. Knew it was me that’d taken it.

JOHN
What happened? The night he died?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT.

JOE is struggling to get his key into the lock. WESTIE suddenly appears out of the darkness and wrestles him to the ground.

WESTIE
What have you done with it? Where is it, you bastard?

JOE
Westie, for Christ’s sake!

They fight and Westie falls back against the slick, wet pavement, violently cracking his head.
Stricken, Joe looks down at him.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
I knew he was dead soon as I saw him. Didn’t have a clue what to do so I dragged him in here.

CUT TO:

81 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

JOE
I was just sitting in the dark, thinking and thinking...

SHERLOCK
When a neat little idea popped into your head...

CUT TO:

82 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT.

The windows are wide open. JOE lowers WESTIE’s body onto the top of a waiting tube train. After a moment, the train trundles away into the darkness.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Carrying Andrew West a long way away from here. The body would have gone on for ages if the train hadn’t hit a stretch of line with curves -

JOHN
And points.

SHERLOCK
Exactly.

JOHN
You’ve still got it, then? The memory stick?

JOE
(hopelessly)
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
Fetch it for me, if you wouldn’t mind.
Joe goes to get it.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Distraction over. Back to the game.

JOHN
Maybe that’s over too. There’s been nothing from the bomber.

SHERLOCK
(shakes head)
Five pips, John. Remember? And we’ve only had four.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.
Close on the bomber’s iPhone. Silent.
JOHN has his laptop on his knee.
SHERLOCK’s watching a Jeremy Kyle-like TV show.

SHERLOCK
(shouting at TV)
Of course he’s not the kid’s dad!
Look at the turn-ups on his jeans!

JOHN
I knew it was dangerous.

SHERLOCK
Hm?

JOHN
Getting you into trashy TV.

SHERLOCK
Not a patch on Connie Prince.

He looks over.

JOHN
You given Mycroft the memory stick yet?

SHERLOCK
Yup. He was over the moon.
Threatened me with a Knighthood. Again.

JOHN
Still waiting.
SHERLOCK
For what?

JOHN
For you to admit that a little knowledge about the solar system and you’d have cleared up the fake painting a lot quicker.

SHERLOCK
Didn’t do you any good, did it?

JOHN
Well, I’m not the world’s only consulting detective.

SHERLOCK
(small smile)
True.

John gets up, grabs his coat.

JOHN
I won’t be in for tea. I’m going to Sarah’s. There’s some of that risotto left in the fridge. Oh and milk. We need milk.

SHERLOCK
I’ll get some.

JOHN
Really?

SHERLOCK
Really.

Beat.

John smiles.

JOHN
And some beans. We need beans.

Sherlock nods. John heads out.

Sherlock waits a moment then rushes to the laptop. Quickly calls up his own website. Taps manically at the keyboard.

“Found. The Bruce-Partington plans. Please collect.”


“The pool. Midnight.”

CUT TO:
EXT. POOL. NIGHT.

A slightly crumbling municipal baths.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

A shadowy corridor. SHERLOCK walks slowly down it. Takes the memory stick from his pocket. He enters --

CUT TO:

INT. POOL. NIGHT.

The pool room. A railed-gallery looks down onto a long, competitive swimming pool, ringed by old fashioned changing rooms. Very low light. The water throws jagged shapes over the walls. Somewhere, a door opens. Footsteps.

SHERLOCK’s gaze darts around the huge, shadowy pool. No sign of life. Just the soft slap of the water.

SHERLOCK
(calling)
Maybe I should have worn a red carnation.

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
But then, you know what I look like don’t you? It’s me who’s at a disadvantage.

Silence.

He holds up the memory stick.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Little getting-to-know-you present. It’s what the whole thing’s been for, isn’t it? All your little puzzles. Making me dance. All meant to distract me from this.

Distantly, another door opens and then bangs shut. Sherlock whirls round. His expression is set, determined.

Footsteps on the tiled floor. Sherlock peers ahead.

Slowly...slowly...a bulky figure resolves from the darkness.

Then --
JOHN
‘Evening.

On Sherlock. What? John??

JOHN (CONT’D)
This is a turn up, isn’t it, Sherlock?

John’s voice is strangely stilted, halting.

SHERLOCK
John? What the hell are you - ?

JOHN
Bet you never saw this coming.

On Sherlock: impossible! John??

John comes closer. He’s ashen-faced, wearing a big, bulky overcoat.

Then Sherlock sees it!

A tiny, red laser light dancing over John’s bulky coat. Under it: explosives! He also has an ear-piece. He’s saying what’s being fed to him. And he’s scared.

JOHN (CONT’D)
What would you like me to make him say next?

On John: sweat trickling down his face.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Gottle of geer. Gottle of geer.
Gottle -

SHERLOCK
Stop it!

JOHN
Nice touch this. The pool where little Carl died.

The laser point ranges over John’s chest. He swallows, terrified.

JOHN (CONT’D)
I stopped him laughing. I can stop John Watson too. Stop his heart.

The laser settles above John’s heart.

SHERLOCK
Who are you?
A new voice echoes through room.

JIM
I gave you my number. Thought you might call.

And suddenly, stepping from the shadows – the slight, elfin figure of JIM!

JIM (CONT’D)
Is that a British Army Browning L9A1 in your pocket – or are you just pleased to see me?

Sherlock pulls John’s pistol from his coat. Trains it on Jim.

SHERLOCK
Both.

Beat.

JIM
Jim Moriarty. Hi.

He holds out his hand, smiles warmly. Sherlock doesn’t respond. Jim looks disappointed.

JIM (CONT’D)
Jim. From the hospital?

He pulls a mock ‘sad’ expression.

JIM (CONT’D)
Really, did I make such a fleeting impression? But then, that was rather the point.

Sherlock’s gaze flicks over to John. The laser light is still trained on him.

JIM (CONT’D)
Don’t be silly. Someone else is holding the rifle. I don’t like getting my hands dirty.

Jim’s head moves slightly from side to side, like a lizard’s.

JIM (CONT’D)
I’ve given you a glimpse, Sherlock. Just a teensy glimpse of what I’ve got going on out there in the big bad world. I’m a specialist, you see. Like you.
SHERLOCK
Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to dispose of my boyfriend’s nasty sister...?

Jim grins.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to disappear to South America...?

JIM
Just so.

SHERLOCK
A consulting criminal! Brilliant!

JIM
Isn’t it? No-one ever gets to me. (icy)
And no-one ever will.

SHERLOCK
I did.

JIM
You’ve come the closest. But now you’re in my way.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

JIM
Didn’t mean it as a compliment.

SHERLOCK
Yes, you did.

JIM
Yeah, okay, I did. But the flirting’s over, Sherlock. Daddy’s had enough now. I’ve shown you what I can do. I cut loose all those people, all those little problems, even thirty million quid just to get you to come out and play. Did you like the Czech Republic thing? That’s what you might call a leitmotif. Had you going there, didn’t I? But take this as a friendly warning, my dear. Back off.

Sherlock smiles thinly.
JIM (CONT’D)
You know, I’ve loved this. This game of ours. It’s been a treat.

He prods at his eye and removes a contact lens. His brown eye is now blue.

JIM (CONT’D)
Playing Jim from IT. Playing gay. Did you like the little touch? With the underwear?

SHERLOCK
People have died.

JIM
(utter contempt)
That’s what people do.

Beat.

SHERLOCK
I will stop you.

JIM
No. You won’t.

Sherlock looks over at John.

SHERLOCK
(to John)
You ok?

John doesn’t move. Frozen with fear.

JIM
You can talk, Johnny boy. Go ahead.

On John: hating the powerlessness. Then -- a small, tight nod.

The laser light still hovers over the explosives. Sherlock looks at his friend -- and thrusts out the memory stick.

SHERLOCK
Take it!

JIM

Jim takes the memory stick from Sherlock and tosses it in the pool.

Sherlock moves forward instinctively. John seizes on the distraction, rushes forward and throws his arms --
-- around Jim! Now they’re both a bomb.

    JIM (CONT’D)
    Oh, very good. Very good.

The laser light bobs confusedly over John’s body.

    JOHN
    (hissing, to Jim)
    If your sniper pulls that trigger, Mr Moriarty, we both go up.

Jim’s head oscillates again. He doesn’t resist John’s embrace. He is eerily calm.

    JIM
    Isn’t he sweet? I can see why you like having him around. But then, people do get so sentimental about their pets.
    (to John)
    So touchingly loyal. But – oops – you’ve rather shown your hand, there, Dr Watson.

He nods towards the gallery. The laser lights moves off John and settles on Sherlock’s temple.

    JIM (CONT’D)
    Gotcha.


Jim straightens his suit.

    JIM (CONT’D)
    Tsk. Prada.

He beams at Sherlock.

    JIM (CONT’D)
    Do you know what happens if you don’t leave me alone, Sherlock. To you?

    SHERLOCK
    Oh, let me guess. I’ll be killed.
JIM
Killed, nah, don’t be obvious. I mean, I’m gonna kill you anyway, some day - don’t want to rush it, though, saving it up for something special. No, if you don’t stop prying, I will burn you. I will burn the heart out of you.

SHERLOCK
I am reliably informed I don’t have one.

JIM
But we both know that’s not quite true.

On Sherlock: impassive.

JIM (CONT’D)
Well, I’d better be off. So nice to have a proper chat.

SHERLOCK
What if I were to shoot you now? Right now?

JIM
Then you could cherish the look of surprise on my face. Because I would be surprised, Sherlock. Really I would. And just a teensy bit disappointed. ‘Course, you wouldn’t be able to cherish it for very long.

He gives a cheerful wave.

JIM (CONT’D)
Ciao, Sherlock Holmes.

-- and melts away into the shadows.

SHERLOCK
(calling)
Catch you...later.

Jim calls without turning.

JIM
No. You won’t.

He goes. The door bangs behind him. Sherlock stares at John. John stares back. Then, suddenly, the red laser -- winks out.

Sherlock races up to John -
SHERLOCK
Alright? You alright?
-John (cont'd)
Yeah. Yeah, I’m fine. I’m fine!
Sherlock -

Sherlock manically strips the explosives and hurls them away.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Sherlock!

Sherlock stops dead.

JOHN (CONT’D)
It’s OK. I’m OK.

Sherlock races off, throws open the door.

Sherlock’s POV: a very empty corridor. Jim, long gone.

John sinks to the tiled floor, exhausted.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Jesus.

He glances up at Sherlock.

JOHN (CONT’D)
You alright?

SHERLOCK
Me? Fine. I’m fine.

Sherlock glances at John, a bit uncomfortably.

SHERLOCK (CONT’D)
That was...what you did...what you offered to do. That was...
(difficult word)
...good.

John shrugs. John gazes down at his ragged clothes.

JOHN
Glad no-one saw that.

SHERLOCK
Hm?

JOHN
You ripping all my clothes off in a darkened swimming pool. People might talk.
They do little else.

They look at each other. A small smile.

Then, suddenly. Another laser light winks into life on John. Then one on Sherlock. Then another and another and another until both men are covered in tiny, bobbing red lights.

**JIM (O.S.)**

Sorry, boys. I am so changeable.
It’s a weakness with me. But, to be fair, it’s my only weakness.

Jim is upstairs in the gallery, half-glimpsed.

**JIM (CONT’D)**

You can’t be allowed to continue.
You just can’t.
(sighs)
I would try to convince you
but...everything I have to say has
already crossed your mind.

Sherlock looks over at John.

A moment between them.

John nods.

Then Sherlock aims his gun at the massive pile of Semtex he’s just taken off John.

**SHERLOCK**

Then possibly my answer has crossed yours.

Close: Countless laser sights hovering over Sherlock and John.

John: a soldier, alert to every move.

Jim: a tiny smile.

Sherlock: totally focussed. Hand steady as a rock.

He cocks the gun.

**END**