

Screen snows and --

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

NEWSEADER
-- Afghani stan --

ITN NEWSREADER
-- Bri tish troops involved in a --

SKY NEWSREADER
-- four dead, two injured --

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

MAN
Watson!!

News reports --

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

SKY NEWSREADER
-- until relatives have been informed --

Video phone --

MAN
Watson!!

News reports --

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

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

Video phone --

MAN
Watson!!

And on that we cut to:

1 INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 1

Close on a pair of eyes snapping open.

Wi der:

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

As she says this she makes a note.

JOHN
You just wrote "still has trust issues".

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

John's face: touche!

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

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

JOHN
Nothing happens to me.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

4 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY 4

A bustling London railway station, thronged with commuters.

Words marching across the screen:

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

JEFFREY
Car! There's no ruddy car!

CUT TO:

5 INT. OFFICE - DAY 5

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

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

JEFFREY
I never get cabs!

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

HELEN
I love you.

Jeffrey smirks.

JEFFREY
When?

HELEN
Get a cab.

On Jeffrey: now THAT's good news. Looks around for the TAXI

7 INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY 7

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

8 INT. SUBURBAN LONDON STREET - DAY 8

Terrible rain thrashing down.

Words type across the screen.

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

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

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

JIMMY
I'll be two minutes.

GARY
What?

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

GARY
You can share mine.

JIMMY
(Already heading back)
Two minutes!

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

CUT TO:

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

On the sound of a doorbell.

CUT TO:

9

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

9

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

GARY
Where's Jimmy?

JIMMY'S MUM
I thought he was with you.

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

Words typing along the screen.

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

SALLY

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

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

REPORTER

Detective Inspector, how can suicides be linked?

LESTRADE

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

REPORTER

But you can't have serial suicides.

LESTRADE

Apparently you can.

SECOND REPORTER

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

LESTRADE

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

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

Everyone - even Sally - is checking their phones.

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

The Reporter has pulled his phone out,

REPORTER

Sorry, I -

SALLY

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

REPORTER

It just says "Wrong"

SALLY

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

SECOND REPORTER

If they're suicides, what are you
investigating?

LESTRADE

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

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

REPORTER

Says "Wrong" again.

Lestrade and Sally exchange furious glance.

SALLY

One more question.

FEMALE REPORTER

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

LESTRADE

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

FEMALE REPORTER

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

LESTRADE

Don't commit suicide.

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

SALLY

(A warning whisper)
Daily Mail!

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

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

Cutting fast round various phones.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

LESTRADE
You tell me how he does it, I'll

15

EXT. ROOF OF SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

15

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

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

LESTRADE

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

A beat - and a cultured voice from off.

SHERLOCK

(From off)
Cancer of the jaw.

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

LESTRADE

Okay. What am I getting wrong this
time?

SHERLOCK

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

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

LESTRADE

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

CUT TO:

16

EXT. PARK - DAY

16

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

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

We hear a voice is shouting.

MIKE

John!

Watson ignores the voice, limping doggedly on.

MIKE

John Watson!

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

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

JOHN
Yes. Sorry, yes, Mike, hello!

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

JOHN
I got shot.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PARK - DAY

17

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

MIKE
You okay?

JOHN
Just my leg.

MIKE
Bad, is it?

JOHN
My therapist thinks it's psychosomatic.

MIKE
What do you think?

JOHN
I think I got shot.

As they settle at a table...

JOHN
You're still at Barts then?

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

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

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

JOHN
I'm not the John Watson you --

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

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

MIKE
Couldn't Harry help?

John just gives him a look.

JOHN
Yeah, that's going to happen.

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

JOHN
Who'd want me for a flatmate?

Mike gives a little laugh.

JOHN
What?

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

John looks at him, intrigued in spite of himself.

JOHN
Who was the first?

CUT TO:

18

INT. ST BARTHOLEMEW'S/DISSECTING ROOMS - DAY

18

For a moment blackness, the zzzzi i i ppp.

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

SHERLOCK
How fresh?

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

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

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

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

Sherlock turns into a hero close-up.

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

CUT TO:

19

INT. ST BARTHOLEMEW'S/DISSECTING ROOMS - DAY

19

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

On Miss. Hooper watching. Perhaps a girlish flutter.

Sherlock appears in shot, tossing the riding crop aside.

MISS. HOOPER
So. Bad day, was it?

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

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Sorry, you were saying?

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

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

He heads away.

MISS. HOOPER
... okay.

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

20

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

From the other end of the room:

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

JOHN
Bit different from my day.

MIKE
You've no idea.

Without glancing up from his computer:

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

MIKE
What's wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK
I'd rather text.

Mike has reached inside his jacket --

MIKE
Sorry. Other coat.

JOHN
Here. Use mine

Sherlock has swivelled round in his chair --

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

SHERLOCK
(Taking it)
Oh, thank you.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Afghani stan or Iraq?

JOHN
... I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK
Which was it? Afghani stan or Iraq?

JOHN
... Afghani stan. I'm sorry, how
did you --

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

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

Setting down the coffee, Molly colours again.

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

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

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

MISS. HOOPER
... okay.

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

SHERLOCK
How do you feel about the violin?

JOHN
I'm sorry, what?

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

John, flummoxed - looks to Mike.

JOHN
Oh! You told him about me?

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

MIKE

Not a word.

JOHN

... then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

... how did you know about Afghanistan?

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Is that it?

SHERLOCK

Is that what?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Problem?

JOHN

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

He goes.

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

MIKE

Yeah. He's always like that.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - DAY

21

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

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

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

Under SENT, the following:

IF BROTHER HAS GREEN LADDER ARREST BROTHER. SH.

John: stares at this. What?

CUT TO:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

22

SCENE DELETED

22

Scene deleted

23 ***SCENE DELETED*** 23

Scene deleted

24 ***SCENE DELETED*** 24

Scene deleted

25 EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY 25

A queue at a taxi rank. In the queue, shuffling along, Jennifer Wilson. She's dressed in entirely in pink, and is talking on a pink-covered iPhone.

JENNIFER

One hour, I'll be there. Honestly,
I'll be there. You get the drinks
in.

As shuffles forward in the queue, out of frame, we fade down to black.

Fading up on:

CUT TO:

26 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS - DAY 26

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

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

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY 27

The street sign:

Panning to:

on a door.

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

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Hi.

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

JOHN
Mr. Holmes!

SHERLOCK
Sherlock, please.

JOHN
He's ringing the doorbell on 221b.

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson, the landlady. She's giving me a special deal. Owing me a favour - few years ago, her husband got himself sentenced to

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

MRS. HUDSON
Sherlock!

Joyously she throws her arms rounds Sherlock.

CUT TO:

28

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/SITTING ROOM - DAY

28

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

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

JOHN

Well of course we'll be needing
two.

MRS. HUDSON

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

MRS. HUDSON
A fourth? How do you know?

For answer, he points to the window.

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

Feet thumping on the stairs, and suddenly in the doorway --
DI Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
Where?

LESTRADE
Brixton. Lauriston Gardens.

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

LESTRADE
You know how they never leave
notes?

SHERLOCK
Yeah.

LESTRADE
This one did. Will you come?

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

And Sherlock lets a whoop of excitement.

SHERLOCK
Brilliant!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN
Damn my leg!

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

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

JOHN
Well, yes.

SHERLOCK
Bit of trouble too, I bet.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Want to see some more?

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

SHERLOCK
Get your coat.

And he's dashing for the door again --

-- John hesitates for a second --

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

CUT TO:

29

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/EXIT STAIRS - DAY

29

Sherlock and John clattering down the stairs.

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

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

MRS. HUDSON
Both of you?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY 30

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

Sherlock is straight out into the street, yelling:

SHERLOCK
Taxi!

CUT TO:

31 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 31

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

Sherlock is flicking through items on his PDA.

SHERLOCK
Okay, you've got questions!

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Crime scene, next.

JOHN
Who are you? What do you do?

SHERLOCK
What do you think?

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

SHERLOCK
But?

JOHN
The police don't go to private
detectives.

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

JOHN
What does that mean?

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

JOHN
But the police don't consult --

Bites off the word. Sherlock looks sharply at him.

JOHN
Amateurs.

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

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

JOHN
How did you know?

And whoosh!

Flashback - the computer room. Bullet time, everything
suspended, SHERLOCK

JOHN
Bit different from my day.

MIKE
You've no idea.

Whoosh! Back to frozen John.

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

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

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

In the cab:

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

JOHN
You said I had a therapist.

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

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

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

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

Whoosh! Closer on the phone.

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

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

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

JOHN

(V.O.)

The engraving.

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

Whoosh! Closer on the engraving.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

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

In the cab:

SHERLOCK

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

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

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

JOHN

How can you possibly know about the drinking?

SHERLOCK

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

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

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

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

In the cab:

He tosses the phone back to John.

SHERLOCK

There you go, you see? You were right.

JOHN

I was right? Right about what?

SHERLOCK

The police don't consult amateurs.

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

John is staring at him, a little gobsmacked.

JOHN

That was ... amazing.

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

SHERLOCK

Do you think so?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK
That's not what people usually say.

JOHN
What do they usually say?

SHERLOCK
Piss off.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - EVENING

32

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Did I get anything wrong?

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

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

JOHN
-- Harry is short for Harriet.

SHERLOCK
... Harry's your sister.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Your sister.

JOHN
No, seriously, why am I here?

SHERLOCK
There's always something!

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

SHERLON Tc -02 Tc 0.008 TwFTj R't expect to be

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

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

SALLY
Hello Freak.

SHERLOCK
I'm here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade.

SALLY
Why?

SHERLOCK
I was invited.

SALLY
Why?

SHERLOCK
I think he wants me to take a look.

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

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

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

SALLY
Who's this?

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
No!

Sally has raised her walke-talkie.

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

On Sherlock: expertly scanning the front of the house.

On John: clocking this, looks at the house.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Anderson! Here we are again.

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

SHERLOCK
And is your wife away for long?

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

SHERLOCK
Your deoderant told me that.

ANDERSON
My deoderant??

SHERLOCK
It's for men --

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

SHERLOCK
So's Seargent Donovan.

A quick panicked look between Sally and Anderson.

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

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

SHERLOCK
I'm not implying anything - I'm
sure Sally just came round for a
lovely little chat, and happened to
stay over.
(Glances at her)
And I assume scrubbed your floors,
going by the state of her knees --

ANDERSON
Right, just go in, just go!

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

Into --

CUT TO:

33 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/HALLWAY - NIGHT 33

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

LESTRADE
I can give you two minutes.

SHERLOCK
I may need longer.

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/KITCHEN - NIGHT 34

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

SHERLOCK
You'll need to put this on.

Lestrade is looking at John - bemused, pissed off.

LESTRADE
Who is this?

SHERLOCK
He's with me.

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

LESTRADE
But who is he?

SHERLOCK
I told you - he's with me.

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

Sherlock chills him with a look.

SHERLOCK
So where are we?

LESTRADE
Upstairs.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 35

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

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

CUT TO:

36 INT. LAURISTON GARDENS/UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT 36

They enter.

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

And in the centre, a slash of pink.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Shut up!

LESTRADE
Didn't say anything.

SHERLOCK
You were thinking. It's annoying.

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

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

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

Close on outflung hand. The wedding and engagement ring.

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

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

RACHE.

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

Now close on the scratched word RACHE.

Floating on the screen:

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

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

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

RACHEL.

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

The word WET pulses across the screen ...

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

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

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

WET. (Pink)

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

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

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

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

Through the lens, so close on the rings. He's pulling them

SHERLOCK
Dr. Watson, what do you think?

JOHN
Of the message?

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

LESTRADE
We have a whole team right outside -
-

SHERLOCK
They won't work with me.

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

SHERLOCK
Yeah. Cos you need me.

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

LESTRADE
Yes, I do. God help me.

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

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

SHERLOCK
Dr. Watson!

He gestures John towards the body.

On John: what?

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

John, uncertain, looks to Lestrade.

LESTRADE
Oh, do as he says, help yourself.

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

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

He flicks his eyes at Lestrade.

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

SHERLOCK
Yeah, this is more fun.

JOHN
Fun?? There is a woman lying dead!

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

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

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

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

JOHN
She's one of the suicides. The

LESTRADE

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

(Scribbling away)
Brilliant!

Sherlock and Lestrade look at John.

JOHN

Sorry!

LESTRADE

Cardiff?

SHERLOCK

Obvious, isn't it?

JOHN

Not obvious to me.

SHERLOCK

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

They look to her coat, clearly seeing nothing.

SHERLOCK

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

(Feeling at her coat)

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

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

(Holds up PDA)
Cardiff.

JOHN
Fantastic!

Again, Lestrade and Sherlock look at him.

SHERLOCK
Do you know you do that out loud?

JOHN
... sorry, I'll shut up.

SHERLOCK
No, it's fine.

LESTRADE
Why do you keep saying suitcase?

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

LESTRADE
She was writing Rachel?

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

LESTRADE
How do you know she had a case?

SHERLOCK
Back of her right leg. Tiny splashes on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her, with her right hand - you

LESTRADE

There wasn't a case.

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

SHERLOCK

... say that again.

LESTRADE

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

Sherlock straightening up. Thinking, the wheels spinning.

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Oh! Oh!

JOHN
... Sherlock?

Sherlock is bounding down the stairs now.

LESTRADE
What? What is it, what?

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

LESTRADE
We can't just wait!

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

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

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

LESTRADE
Of course, yes. But what mistake??

SHERLOCK
Pink!!

And he slams out.

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

ANDERSON

Okay - let's get on with it!!

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

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

CUT TO:

38

EXT. LAURISTON GARDENS - NIGHT

38

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

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

-- Sally Donovan, looking sardonically at him.

SALLY

SALLY
Try the main road.

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

He starts limping off down the road --

SALLY
Hey --

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

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

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

SALLY
Bit of advice then. Stay away from that guy.

JOHN
Why?

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

John stares at her, appalled at the idea.

JOHN
Why would he do that?

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

John, staring at her. Could that be true?

LESTRADE
(Calling over)
Donovan!

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

She heads towards Lestrade.

- stops.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ANOTHER LONDON STREET - NIGHT 40

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

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

JOHN
Hello?

A cultured, educated voice (Mark Gatiss).

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

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

M
(V.O.)
Do you see the camera, Dr. Watson?

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

JOHN
Yeah.

M
(V.O.)
Watch.

And as he watches -

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

M
(V.O.)
There is another camera on the
footbridge to your left. Do you
see it?

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

John, staring now. What? What??

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

John. Again, the camera revolves, looks away.

JOHN
How are you doing that?

As he asks, he notices -

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

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

The phone goes dead in his ear.

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

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

CUT TO:

41 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 41

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

JOHN
Hello.

She smiles at him, perfectly pleasant.

ANDREA
Hi.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ANOTHER LONDON STREET - NIGHT 42

The limo pulls away.

CUT TO:

43 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 43

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

JOHN
What's your name then?

ANDREA
Anthea.

JOHN
Is that your real name?

ANDREA
No.

JOHN
I'm John.

ANDREA
Yes, I know.

JOHN
Any point in asking where I'm going?

ANDREA
None at all, John.

JOHN
Okay.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT 44

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

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

CUT TO:

45 INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 45

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

CUT TO:

46 INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT 46

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

M
Have a seat, Dr. Watson.

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

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

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

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

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

M
You don't seem very afraid.

JOHN
You don't seem very frightening.

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

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

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

JOHN
Who are you?

M
An interested party.

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

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

JOHN
And what's that?

M
An enemy.

JOHN
(Almost laughs)
An enemy?

M
In his mind, certainly. If you

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

JOHN
Why?

A silence. The wintriest smile from M.

M
I worry about him. Constantly.

JOHN
That's nice of you.

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

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

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

M
I haven't mentioned a figure.

JOHN
Don't bother.

M
You're very loyal, very quickly.

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

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

JOHN
What is that?

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

JOHN
Who says I trust him??

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

John is getting to his feet, angrily.

JOHN
Are we done?

M
You tell me.

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

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

That brings John up short. He turns.

JOHN
My what?

M
Show me.

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

M
Remarkable.

JOHN
What is?

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

JOHN
What's wrong with my hand?

M
(Consulting his notebook)
You have an intermittent tremor in
your left hand. Your therapist
thinks it's post-traumatic-stress

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

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

M
Welcome back.

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

M turns at the door.

M
Time to choose a side, Dr. Watson.

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

WOMAN
I'm to take you home.

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

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

The woman is getting impatient.

WOMAN
Address?

John just looks at her. Decides.

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

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT Well I'll U. O O pnoE7 (first.) Tj 199. Tm1

48 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 48

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

JOHN
Sorry. Just had to take care of something.

WOMAN
Get your gun okay?

JOHN
... yeah.

49 EXT. BAKER STREET/LIMOUSINE INTERIOR - NIGHT 49

The Baker Street sign.

The door: 221b.

Pulling out to:

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

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

WOMAN
Sure.

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

WOMAN
Yeah.

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

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

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

JOHN
... Okay.

He closes the car door. The limo glides away.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

JOHN

What are you doing?

Sherlock glances irritably at him - then shows him.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Good news for breathing.

SHERLOCK

Oh, breathing - breathing's boring.

JOHN

(Stepping closer, sees)
Three patches??

SHERLOCK

It's a three patch problem.

SHERLOCK

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

SHERLOCK
A friend.

JOHN
An enemy.

SHERLOCK
Oh! Which one?

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

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

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

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Did you take it?

JOHN
No.

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

JOHN
Who is he?

SHERLOCK
The most dangerous man you've ever
met and not my problem, right now.

JOHN
Hang on, yes.

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

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

JOHN
... You blacked out?

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Sent it yet?

JOHN
What was the address.

SHERLOCK
22 Northumberland Street, hurry up!

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

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

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

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

JOHN
... I never said you did.

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

JOHN
Do people usually assume you're the
murderer?

SHERLOCK
Now and then, yes.

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

SHERLOCK
By looking.

JOHN
Where?

SHERLOCK

JOHN
Maybe she left it at home.

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

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

JOHN
So why did I send that text?

SHERLOCK
The question is, where is that phone now?

JOHN
She could've lost it.

SHERLOCK
Yes. Or?

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

SHERLOCK
Maybe she left it in his car, when she left her case. Maybe he took

JOHN
Have you talked to the police?

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

JOHN
Then why are you talking to me?

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson took my skull.

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

JOHN
So I am basically filling in for your skull?

SHERLOCK
Relax, you're doing fine. Well?

JOHN
Well what?

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

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

JOHN
You want me to come with you?

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

On John - hesitating.

SHERLOCK
Problem?

JOHN
Sergeant Donovan ...

SHERLOCK
What about her?

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

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

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

He turns, goes out --

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

On John, considering for a moment.

JOHN
Damn it!

He limps after Sherlock ...

CUT TO:

54

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

54

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

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Northumberland Street is five minutes walk from here.

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

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

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Appreciation! Applause!

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

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

John, looking up at him. Smiles cynically.

JOHN
Yeah.

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

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

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

Sherlock skips down off the wall.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK

Haven't the faintest. Hungry?

He turns and starts striding on.

CUT TO:

55

INT. ANGELO'S - NIGHT

55

We are pulling out from a sign reading --

NORTHUMBERLAND STREET

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

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

BILLY

Hello, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Thankyou, Billy

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

SHERLOCK
22 Northumberland Street. Keep your eyes on it.

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

SHERLOCK
Well he has killed four people.

JOHN
... okay.

ANGELO
Sherlock!

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

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

SHERLOCK
Do you want to eat?

JOHN
I'm not his date.

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

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

ANGELO
He cleared my name.

SHERLOCK
I cleared it a bit. Anything happening opposite?

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

Just this man - stopped for a minute.

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

ANGELO
We all are, in the end.

SHERLOCK

JOHN
People don't have arch-enemies.

SHERLOCK
I'm sorry?

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

SHERLOCK
Doesn't it? Sounds a bit dull.

JOHN
So who was that guy?

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

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

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

JOHN
Girl friends, boyfriend.

SHERLOCK
Yes, well as I was saying - dull!

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

SHERLOCK
A girlfriend? No. Not really my area.

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

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

JOHN
Which is fine, by the way.

SHERLOCK
I know it's fine.

JOHN
So you've got a boyfriend then?

SHERLOCK
No.

A taxi has stopped outside 22 Northumberland Street!

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

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

JOHN
That's him!

SHERLOCK
Don't stare.

JOHN
You're staring.

SHERLOCK
Well we can't both stare.

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

Over Sherlock now (like the pulsing words earlier) London streets, as lifted from a map, are snaking across the screen. A dark gray line, following the taxi's likely path, is zigzagging round the blocks.

And now another line, a red one, streaks across the map, slicing through the blocks, chasing the black line, but a shorter route - not a straight line, but fewer twists and deviations. The route you could take on foot -

Sherlock's eyes flash open, round to:

- across the road. Directly opposite (therefore on the red line on the map) there's an apartment block. A man, clearing getting home from work, is just unlocking the door, about to go in -

- and Sherlock lunges straight into the traffic, cars swerving and braking round him, and races across the road.

- On John - a heartbeat, and he's racing after him (although we don't feature it, from now on he's running without his stick.)

- Sherlock shoves past the man who is entering the apartment building, races into the hallway.

- John, pursuing -

JOHN
Sherlock!
(To Man)
Sorry!

CUT TO:

58 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

58

Sherlock pounding up the stairs, John pursuing.

On the map: the gray line is filling in black, representing the progress of the taxi. The red line is filling in darker red, representing the progress of Sherlock and John.

Top of the stairs. On John as he comes gasping to the top -

- to see Sherlock clambering out of a window. What??

CUT TO:

59 INT. ANGELO'S - NIGHT

59

On Angelo, still on the doorway, staring after them. Shakes his head, fondly. That Sherlock Holmes!

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

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

CUT TO:

60 EXT. ROOFTOOPS - NIGHT 60

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

On John, hesitating behind him - oh dear God!

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

CUT TO:

61 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 61

Sherlock and John, clattering down it --

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

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 62

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

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

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

STAGE-HAND

Oi!

JOHN

(Belting past him)
Sorry!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 63

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

JOHN

Sorry.

Races after Sherlock -

The map: the red line, the black line.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT 64
Sherlock, then John pelting down the steps to the underground
-

CUT TO:

65 INT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT 65
- Sherlock and John racing through -
The map: the red line, nearly catching up the with the black
line -

CUT TO:

66 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 66
- Sherlock pelting along a side street, John yards behind
him.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 67
Sherlock bursts out of the end of the side street, and right
into the traffic and -
- Map: the red line and black line snick together -
- right in front of the taxi!! It screeches to a halt in
front of him. (NB. Shot so we DON'T see the driver.)
- Sherlock marches round the side of the taxi and slams a
card against the driver's window, yelling.

SHERLOCK
Police, pull over, now. Pull over!

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

SHERLOCK
Open up, come on, now!

And he tears the passenger door open, looks in -

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

No, how could you -

SHERLOCK

The luggage!

Sherlock is reading the luggage labels.

SHERLOCK

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

HANDSOME MAN

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
What?

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Got your breath back?

JOHN
Ready when you are!

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

CUT TO:

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

68

Sherlock and John, arriving back - puffed out but a bit exhilarated. And they're talking. You can keep t

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

SHERLOCK
And you invaded Afghanistan.

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

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

JOHN
So what were we doing there?

SHERLOCK
Passing the time, proving a point.

JOHN
What point?

SHERLOCK
You.

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

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

JOHN
Says who?

The doorbell rings.

SHERLOCK
Says the man at the door.

Bemused, John turns, opens the door.

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

ANGELO
Sherlock texted me! He said you forgot this.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK

JOHN
Yeah, but come on -

SHERLOCK
This is childish.

LESTRADE
I'm dealing with a child.

I'm letting you in, but you don't
go off on your own - clear?

SHERLOCK
What, so you s Ogo off on your oRLOCK

LESTRADE

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

ANDERSON

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

John cringes at him.

SHERLOCK

Not good?

JOHN

Bit not good, yeah.

SHERLOCK

(Pacing frantically)
Yes, but listen! If you were dying, if you'd been murdered, in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANDERSON
What, my face is??

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

ANDERSON
For God's sake -

LESTRADE
Your back, now, please!

Anderson turns his back, furious, embarrassed.

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

SHERLOCK
Come on, come on!!

MRS. HUDSON
What about your taxi -

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson!!

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

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

LESTRADE
But how?

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

JOHN
Then what is it?

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

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

John is straight to the luggage tag.

JOHN
Jennie dot pink at mephone dot org dot uk.

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

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

SHERLOCK
The user name will be the email address -

Types rapidly.

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

JOHN

Rachel .

ANDERSON

So we can read her emails - so what?

SHERLOCK

(Tapping away)

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

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

SHERLOCK

... you can locate it online.

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

SHERLOCK

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

LESTRADE

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

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

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

Thud-thud! Closer on Mrs. Hudson.

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

Thud-thud! Closer on Mrs. Hudson -

- but now drifting over her shoulder to ...

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

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

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

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

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

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

Thud-thud. Closer on the badge.

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

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

And then something else, being raised into shot.

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

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

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

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

JOHN
Sherlock? You okay?

Sherlock's mobile beeps.

SHERLOCK
What? Yes, yes.

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

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

JOHN
So how can the phone be here?

SHERLOCK
I don't know ...

JOHN
I'll phone it again.

SHERLOCK
Good idea.

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

JOHN
Where are you going?

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

JOHN
You sure you're all right?

Sherlock is hurrying down the stairs.

SHERLOCK
I'm fine!

On John. Troubled, what's going on.

CUT TO:

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

TAXI DRIVER
Taxi for Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK
I didn't order a taxi.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Is this a confession?

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

SHERLOCK
Why?

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

SHERLOCK
Am I not?

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

He turns and calmly climbs into his cab.

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

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

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

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

TAXI DRIVER
Let me take you for a ride.

SHERLOCK
So you can kill me too?

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

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

Pulling out:

Sherlock has climbed into the back of the cab!

The Taxi Driver smiles, starts her up -

CUT TO:

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

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

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

Sally glances at him, pityingly.

SALLY
I told you. He does that.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

72 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 72

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

CUT TO:

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

LESTRADE
If it's ringing, it's not here.
John is hanging up.

JOHN
I'll try the search again.
He clicks the 'Update Location' button.

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

He looks bleakly at her acknowledges this as the truth.

On John: this isn't right. Something is WRONG. He glances to the still open

75 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

75

SHERLOCK
How did you find me?

TAXI DRIVER

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

On Sherlock: surprised. Really?

Close on Sherlock's eyes, examining the man.

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

The word SINGLE pulses and fades.

SHERLOCK

Who would warn you about me?

TAXI DRIVER

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

Sherlock's eyes have flicked to a photograph of two children - 8 and 10 - laughing on a sofa. A woman's arm is round them, but she's been cut out of the photograph. It's clearly an old photograph, but if we notice, the fr9 The word0 1 9W Tc 0.162 Tw

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

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

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

JOHN
You know him better than I do.

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

JOHN
Why do you put up with him?

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

77 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 77

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

CUT TO:

78 INT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT 78

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

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

Sherlock just sits there, looking at him.

SHERLOCK
Where are we?

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK
Rol and-Kerr further educati on
col lege. Why here?

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

SHERLOCK
And you just walk your victims in?
How?

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

SHERLOCK
Oh, dull!

TAXI DRIVER
It gets better, don't worry.

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

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

And he turns, heading towards the building.

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

CUT TO:

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

79

On the open Netbook - 'Location Updated'.

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

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

And then John's hand reaches through the foreground -

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

'Location Updated' ...

What??

CUT TO:

83

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

83

(contd...)

SHERLOCK

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

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

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK

Love what?

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK

My fan?

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

SHERLOCK

Okay, two bottles. Explain.

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK

The bottles are, of course, identical.

TAXI DRIVER

In every way.

SHERLOCK

And you know which is which.

TAXI DRIVER

Course I know.

SHERLOCK

But I don't.

TAXI DRIVER

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

SHERLOCK

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

TAXI DRIVER

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

Sherlock is staring at him, genuinely surprised.

TAXI DRIVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TAXI DRIVER
-- this is the move.

Sherlock looks at the pill in front of him.

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

CUT TO:

84 INT. TAXI 2 - NIGHT

84

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

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

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

CUT TO:

85 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

85

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
It's still chance.

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

SHERLOCK
It's luck.

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

On Sherlock - almost twitches at that.

TAXI DRIVER
Of course - maybe God just loves
me.

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

CUT TO:

86 EXT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT 86

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

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

CUT TO:

87 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 87

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver.

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

TAXI DRIVER
Time to play.

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

FLASHBACK: closer on the ear.

SHERLOCK
There are traces where it's
happened before, so clearly you
live alone - there's no one to tell
you.

FLASHBACK: the photograph.

SHERLOCK
But you have photographs of
children. The children's mother has
been cut out the photograph - if
she'd died, she'd still be there.
The photograph is old, but the
frame is new. You think of your
children, but you don't get to see
them. Estranged father, she took
the kids, but you still love them,
and it still hurts.

On the Taxi Driver. On the back foot now, nailed.

SHERLOCK
Oh, but there's more! Your clothes
are freshly laundered, but
everything you're wearing is at
least three years old. Keeping up
appearances, but not planning
ahead. And here you are, on a
kamikaze murder spree, what's that
about? Ah! Three years ago, is
that when they told you?

TAXI DRIVER
Told me what?

And over the TAXI DRIVER the word DYING in black. Pulses,
fades.

SHERLOCK
That you're a dead man walking.

On the Taxi Driver. A moment to recover.

TAXI DRIVER
So are you.

SHERLOCK
You don't have long. Am I right?

The Taxi Driver smiles, affable. He taps his head.

TAXI DRIVER
Aneurism - right in here. Any
breath could be my last.

SHERLOCK
And because you're dying, you've
just murdered four people.

TAXI DRIVER
I've outlived

TAXI DRIVER
You' d be surpris ed.

SHERLOCK
Surpri se me.

JOHN
Sherlock!

He throws open yet another door. Empty!

CUT TO:

He stands, about to head for the door.

TAXI DRIVER
Before you go, did you figure it out? Which one's the good bottle.

SHERLOCK
Of course. Childs play.

TAXI DRIVER
Which one, then? Which one would you have taken. Just so I know if I could have beaten you.

Sherlock, looking narrowly at him. Contemptuous - but so competitive.

TAXI DRIVER
Come on. Play the game

Sherlock: slowly he crosses back to the table. He points to the bottle in front of the Taxi Driver.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh! Interesting!

He reaches for the bottle he placed in front of Sherlock. Uncaps it. Removes a pill.

TAXI DRIVER
What do you think? Shall we?

Sherlock reaches for the bottle, looks at it in his hand. Like he's almost tempted.

TAXI DRIVER
Really, what do you think? Can you beat me? Are you clever enough? Are you really sure? Bet your life?

Sherlock gives him a look. Of COURSE he can beat him.

The bottle in his hand. A temptation. A REAL temptation...

CUT TO:

92

INT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

92

John racing along. Bangs a door open. Then another one. Then another.

And this time he stops and stares in the doorway...

John's POV. Sherlock stands there, staring at the pill. The Taxi Driver, looks up at him, smiling and malevolent.

Pulling back now, right through the window, pulling back through the space between the buildings, pulling back through another window, into an identical classroom where John is standing, staring

He's in the wrong building! He's in the same classroom in the other building, a helpless spectator!

JOHN
Sherlock!!

CUT TO:

93 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 93

Sherlock and the Taxi Driver, still in confrontation.

TAXI DRIVER
Well? Shall we play? For real,
shall we?

Sherlock: silent, still staring at the pill bottle.

TAXI DRIVER
You get bored, I know you do - a
man like you, so clever. But
what's the point in being clever if
you can't prove it.

Sherlock is now uncapping the bottle. He does it briskly, professionally - not like he's succumbing, like he's checking something. He holds a pill up to the light, like he's examining it.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, stop it, you can't see poison.
You just wanted to get one step
closer, didn't you? Still the
addict!

On Sherlock glances at him. He knows so much!

TAXI DRIVER
But this is what you're really
addicted to, isn't it? This is the
only fix that works. You'll do
anything, anything at all - not to
be bored.

Sherlock: staring at the pill. His hand starts to raise --

CUT TO:

94 INT. JOHN'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT 94

John, watching, horrified. Why's he doing that, why, why??

JOHN
Sherlock! Sherlock!!

CUT TO:

95 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 95

TAXI DRIVER
You're not bored now, are you? And
isn't it good?

Sherlock, hand trembling, the pill closer and closer to his mouth.

-- and the window explodes! A hail of shattering glass.

Sherlock: staggers back in shock, the pill falling from his hand. Looks to the Taxi Driver --

-- he's clutching at his chest, blood spurting, he's choking. He makes a flailing grab at the table - then sends it crashing as he falls to the floor.

Sherlock, total shock. Looks to the window. Who did that, who shot??

CUT TO:

96 INT. JOHN'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT 96

A gun clatters to the floor -

John is standing there, staring at his hand. Both his hands. Not shaking.

He looks to the window.

Sherlock stands at the window opposite, peering out.

CUT TO:

97 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT 97

Closer on Sherlock, peering out.

Sherlock's POV. He can see the windows opposite, one of them

- the pills and the bottles are now scattered on the floor. He grabs them, examines them frantically. No way to tell them apart.

He goes to the dying man, shoves the pill bottles at him.

SHERLOCK
Was I right? I was, wasn't I? Did
I get it right?

But the taxi driver just looks up at him. The tiniest hint of a smile. Never going to tell.

Sherlock: furious! He dashes the pill bottle to the ground. His anger is controlled now. Muddled i 19182 638.1604 e ground. WMThep

The Taxi Driver - such agony, but shakes his head.

SHERLOCK
The one who told you about me. My
fan. I want a name.

TAXI DRIVER
... no ...

Sherlock - calmly, coldly - places a foot on him, near his
wound.

SHERLOCK
You're dying, but there's still
time to hurt you. Give me a name.

The Taxi Driver, shaking his head. No, no!

Sherlock presses down with his foot.

SHERLOCK
A name! Now!

The Taxi Driver screams, but no, no!!

Sherlock presses hard. He's now terrifying, almost demonic.

SHERLOCK
Name him!!

And one word is ripped from the Taxi Driver - a terrible, sky-
splitting bellow!

TAXI DRIVER
Moriarty!!!

98

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

98

The area is cordoned off, blazing with blue flashing lights,
police vehicles everywhere. On Detective Inspector Lestrade
crossing to:

Sherlock Holmes. Sitting on the back steps of an ambulance
with a blanket round his shoulders, with a coffee.

SHERLOCK
Why do I have this blanket? They
keep putting a blanket on me.

LESTRADE
It's for shock.

SHERLOCK
I'm not in shock!

LESTRADE
Yeah, but some of the guys want to
take photographs.

Sherlock shoots him a look, then looks back up at the opened window in the college building.

SHERLOCK
So, the shooter. No sign of him.

LESTRADE
Cleared off by the time we got here. A guy like that would've had enemies, I suppose. One of them could've been following him. But we've got nothing to go on ...

SHERLOCK
Oh, I wouldn't say that ...

LESTRADE
(Wearily - here we go again)
Okay, gimme!

He's pulled out his notebook.

SHERLOCK
The bullet they just dug out the wall was from a hand gun. A kill shot over that distance from that kind of weapon - that's a crack shot you're looking for. But not just a marksman, a fighter - his hand couldn't have shaken at all, so clearly he's acclimated to violence. He didn't fire 'til I was in immediate danger, though. So, strong moral principles. You're looking for a man probably with a history of military service and nerves of steel --

And he breaks off. Staring.

Sherlock's POV. Across the other side, of the cordoned area, surrounded by flashing blue lights and hurrying policemen --

Dr. John Watson. A real hero shot. He's just standing, there, watching - quiet, reserved, military.

Sherlock just stares for a moment. Oh my God.

SHERLOCK
Actually, you know what - ignore me.

LESTRADE
I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK
Ignore all that. It's the shock talking!

He's already heading over to John.

*

LESTRADE
Where are you going?

SHERLOCK
Just need to ... discuss the rent.

LESTRADE
Still got questions for you.

SHERLOCK
What, now? I'm in shock. Look,
I've got a blanket.

LESTRADE
Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK
And I did just catch a serial
killer for you. More or less.

LESTRADE
... Okay. We'll pull you in
tomorrow - off you go.

And he's off. Lestrade watches him go for a moment, smiles,
turns away.

Sherlock joining John. John is back to gruff and military.

JOHN
Sergeant Donovan's been explaining
about everything. The two pills -
dreadful business, dreadful.

SHERLOCK
(Quiet, between the two of
them)
Good shot.

JOHN
Yeah, it must have been. Through
that window...

SHERLOCK
Well you'd know.

Sherlock just eyes him. John gives a little smile of
acknowledgment.

SHERLOCK
We'll need to get the powder burns
out your finger. I don't suppose
you'd serve time for this, but
let's avoid the court case. Are
you all right?

JOHN
Course I'm all right.

SHERLOCK
You have just killed a man.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

JOHN

Yeah. True. But he wasn't a very nice man.

SHERLOCK

No. No, he wasn't really, was he?

JOHN

And frankly, a bloody awful cabbie.

Sherlock gives a little laugh.

SHERLOCK

Yeah, that's true. A very bad cabbie. You should've seen the route we took here.

And now they're both giggling. Like school boys.

JOHN
Stop it, we can't giggle. It's a
bloody crime scene, stop.

SHERLOCK
Don't blame me. You shot him!

JOHN
You could maybe keep your voice
down a bit.

And they're giggling again. John notices Sally Donovan a
little distance away (too far to overhear) staring at them.

JOHN
Sorry. Sorry, just ... nerves.

SHERLOCK
Sorry.

She moves on. John looks to Sherlock, more serious now.

JOHN
You were going to take the damn
pill, weren't you?

SHERLOCK
Course I wasn't. Playing for time.
Knew you'd show up.

JOHN
No, you didn't. That's how you get
your kicks, isn't it? Risking
your life to prove you're clever.

SHERLOCK
Why would I do that?

JOHN
Because you're an idiot.

Sherlock looks at him for a moment, affronted. And then ...
smiles. And if it begins anywhere, it begins here - the two
best friends ever.

SHERLOCK
Dinner?

JOHN
Starving.

Sherlock starts leading the way.

SHERLOCK
There's a good Chinese, end of
Baker Street - stays open 'til two.
You can always tell a good Chinese
by examining the bottom third of
the doorhandle --

But John isn't listening - he's seen something ahead.

*

John's POV. Parked outside the college gates. A black limo. *
Standing outside it, staring at them both - M. Standing a
respectful distance behind, tapping away on her Blackberry,
is the beautiful woman.

JOHN
Sherlock, that's him. That's the
guy I was talking about...

SHERLOCK
I know exactly who that is.

He starts towards M.

M starts towards him.

They meet in the gateway. Like gunfighters.

M
So! Another case cracked. How
very public spirited of you.
Though that's never really ever
your motivation, is it?

SHERLOCK
What are you doing here?

M
As ever ... I am concerned about
you.

SHERLOCK
Yes. I've been hearing about your
concern.

M
Always so aggressive. Does it
never occur to you that you and I
belong on the same side.

SHERLOCK
Oddly enough, no.

M
We have more in common than you
like to believe. This petty feud
between us - it's simply childish.
People will suffer. And you know
how it always upset Mummy.

On John. What? What??

SHERLOCK
I upset her? Me? It wasn't me who
upset her, Mycroft -

JOHN
No, sorry, wait, wait - Mummy?
Who's Mummy?

SHERLOCK
Mother. Our Mother. This is my
brother, Mycroft.
(Glances at M)
Are you putting on weight?

M
Losing it, in fact.

JOHN
He's your brother??

SHERLOCK
Of course he's my brother.

JOHN
He's not ...

SHERLOCK
Not what?

JOHN
(Bit embarrassed)
I dunno. Some kind of ...
criminal mastermind.

SHERLOCK
Close enough.

M
Oh for goodness sake! I occupy a
minor post in the British
Government.

SHERLOCK

He is the British Government. When he's not too busy being the British Secret Service. And the CIA on a freelance basis. Good evening, Mycroft - try not to start a war before I get home, you know what it does to the traffic.

Sherlock turns on his heel, starts stalking away.

JOHN

So when you say you're concerned about him, you actually are concerned about him.

M

Of course, yes.

JOHN

It actually is a childish feud.

M

Oh, he's always been so resentful. You can imagine the Christmas dinners.

JOHN

Yes. No. God, no! Anyway, I'd better, um . . .

(Glances to the beautiful woman)

Hello again.

She looks up from her Blackberry.

WOMAN

(Blankly)
Oh, hello.

JOHN

We met, earlier this evening.

WOMAN

Oh!

She returns to her Blackberry.

JOHN

Okay.
(To M)
Good night.

M

Goodnight, Dr. Watson.

And John heads away, running to catch up with Sherlock. We stay on M for a beat, watching him, thoughtful.

On John as he catches up with Sherlock.

JOHN
So. Di m-Sum.

SHERLOCK
I can always predict the fortune
cooki es.

JOHN
No you can' t.

SHERLOCK
I nearly can. You di d get shot
though?

JOHN
I 'm sorry.

SHERLOCK
In Afghani stan. There was an
actual wound.

JOHN
Oh, yeah. In the shoul der.

SHERLOCK
The shoul der. I thought so.

JOHN
No you di dn' t.

SHERLOCK
The left one.

JOHN
Lucky guess.

SHERLOCK
I never guess.

JOHN
Yeah, you do. What are you so
happy about?

SHERLOCK
Mori arty.

JOHN
What' s Mori arty?

SHERLOCK
I have absol utely no i dea.

On M, still watching them go.

ANDREA
Si r?

Andrea has opened the car door open for hi m.

M

Interesting, that soldier fellow.
Could be the making of my brother.
Or make him worse than ever.
Either way, we'd better upgrade
their surveillance status. Grade 3
active.

ANDREA

(Looking up from her
Blackberry)
Sorry, sir, whose status?

M
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

And on those words we cut to:

Proper iconic, hero shot - Sherlock and John striding towards us along the street, the crime scene blazing behind them ...

END TITLES