

1 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 1

Chinese music.

Plucked strings, a bamboo flute - delicate; serene.

A woman's hand. She pours green tea from a Chinese tea set.

The woman is SOO LIN YAO. Pale, young, beautiful - a fragile little doll. Her security badge says 'BRITISH MUSEUM'.

The Chinese Antiquities Room in the museum. Glass cabinets bursting with Oriental artefacts. The sun streams through the high windows.

A demonstration. SOO LIN exhibits the tea ceremony to the tourists that pass by. People chatter and take photographs.

SOO LIN

The great artisans say - the more
the tea pot is used, the more
beautiful it becomes.

(Pours the tea)

The pot is seasoned by repeatedly
pouring tea over the surface.

Wipes the surface of the clay. It gleams.

SOO LIN

The deposit left on the clay
creates this beautiful patina, over
time. Some pots - the clay has been
burnished by tea made over four
hundred years ago.

A party of school children watching her. She offers the cup
to a BOY. He takes it nervously and sips.

SOO LIN

You drink from the pot that served
Tan Lun himself. Great General of
the Ming Dynasty.

2 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 2

The day ending.

POV security camera. Tourists flock towards the exit.

ANDY GALBRAITH. Museum staff - mid 20s. An archeology
graduate. Sexy in a geeky way.

ANDY watches SOO LIN meticulously pack away her tea set. He
is enchanted by this exquisite but remote girl. Clumsily he
tries to flirt.

ANDY

Four hundred years old. And they're letting you use it to make yourself a cuppa.

SOO LIN

Some things aren't supposed to sit behind glass. They're made to be touched - to be handled.

She turns. He is looking straight at her.

ANDY

(Softly)

Some things.

Embarrassed, she looks away.

SOO LIN

These pots need attention. The clay is cracking.

ANDY

I can't see how a tiny splash of tea is gonna help.

SOO LIN

Sometimes you have to look hard at something - to see its value.

She holds up the pot. It shines in the light.

SOO LIN

See. This one shines a little brighter.

Why won't she look at him? She only has eyes for the artefacts; caresses them gently.

ANDY

I don't suppose... I mean, er... I don't suppose you want to have a drink, perhaps. Not tea! I mean a pub. With me. Tonight. Um.

SOO LIN smiles softly.

SOO LIN

You wouldn't like me all Tm96 197. 40 1 162?c0 1 90.96 317.2

She continues... then... Bang!

She isn't alone in there. She calls into the empty space.

S00 LIN
Is that security?
(No answer)
I'm still in here.
(Nothing)
Just another couple of minutes.

A small gust of air makes the dust covers billow. As if someone has opened a door somewhere...

S00 LIN
Hello?

In the corner: a statue covered loosely with a dust cloth. The cloth billows about - someone has untied it.

Two pale arms poke out from beneath the cloth. Why has the statue been untied?

S00 LIN reaches out and pulls the cloth away.

POV the statue. S00 LIN freezes in horror. Something about the figure terrifies her.

She opens her mouth and screams, but the scream becomes...

TITLES

5 EXT. EDDIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

5

Isle of Dogs. 1am.

A taxi pulls up outside an apartment block...

Plush city flats, each with a private balcony.

A man jumps out - EDDIE - early 30's, chalk pin-stripe, red braces. He can only be a banker. Throws a twenty at the DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER
You wanna receipt?

But EDDIE doesn't stop to reply. He's in a blind panic. He rushes up to the apartments, drenched in sweat, and punches the key pad.

Doors open. He bolts inside.

6

INT. EDDIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

6

Ping! The elevator doors slide open. 6th floor. EDDIE rushes out, fumbles for his key and jams it in the lock.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Please place your items in the bag
provided.

JUMP CUT TO:

8 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 8
SHERLOCK in the flat.

He is locked in hand to hand combat with a six-foot SIKH
WARRIOR in a turban and full traditional battle dress.

The SIKH WARRIOR lunges at him with a lethal-looking blade.
SHERLOCK jumps back to avoid the blow.

JUMP CUT TO:

9 INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. DAY 9
JOHN in Tesco.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Item not scanned. Please try again.
(He does. But no good)
Item not scanned.

The voice is rather too loud. JOHN suddenly self-conscious.

JOHN
You think maybe you could keep your
voice down?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

Everyone in the queue behind sighs.

JUMP CUT TO:

12 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 12

SHERLOCK and the SIKH WARRIOR rolling around the carpet aiming bitter blows.

JUMP CUT TO:

13 INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. DAY 13

JOHN rummaging for change.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Card not authorised.

JOHN
(Finally losing it)
Yeah. I've got it. Alright!

JUMP CUT TO:

14 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 14

SHERLOCK dodges another thrust from the SIKH WARRIOR.

He tries a variation on the old 'Watch Out!' routine: he points into the corner of the room and pulls a face.

SHERLOCK
Hey.

The SIKH WARRIOR falls for it; turns round to look. SHERLOCK brings his fist up and lands a punch that knocks his assailant out.

The man collapses in the armchair.

15 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 15

SHERLOCK
You took your time.

JOHN
Er ... I didn't get the shopping.

SHERLOCK
What? Why not?

JOHN
I had a row in the shop. With the chip and pin machine.

SHERLOCK
You had a row with a machine?

JOHN
Well, sort of. It sat there and I shouted abuse. Have you got cash?

SHERLOCK
(Nods at the table)
Take my card.

JOHN digs in SHERLOCK'S wallet and finds his debit card.

JOHN
You could always go yourself, you know. You've been sitting there all morning - you haven't moved since I went out.

SHERLOCK totally blanks him.

JOHN
What happened about that case you were offered? The Jari a diamond.

SHERLOCK spies the SIKH'S blade on the carpet.

SHERLOCK
Not interested. I sent them a message.

SHERLOCK kicks the blade under the sofa.

JOHN spots the scratch on the table - rubs it - tuts to himself as he goes out of the door.

15A INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

15A

Five minutes later -

JOHN enters again, laden with groceries. He dumps the bags on the counter with a bang.

SHERLOCK is surfing the internet - JOHN recognises his computer.

JOHN
Is that my computer?

SHERLOCK
Of course.

JOHN
(Taken aback)
What?

SHERLOCK
Mine is in the bedroom.

JOHN

And you couldn't be bothered to get up.

SHERLOCK can't even be bothered to answer.

JOHN

It's password protected.

SHERLOCK

In a manner of speaking. Took me less than a minute to guess yours. Not exactly Fort Knox.

JOHN

You guessed my password!?

SHERLOCK

There are forty-three.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Types of password. That people like you commonly use.

JOHN

What does that mean? 'People like me'.

SHERLOCK

Ordinary.

JOHN

Stupid. Better change it.

SHERLOCK

There's no point.

JOHN

No. I suppose.

SHERLOCK clicking on JOHN'S Blog page...

SHERLOCK

I see you've started a blog...

JOHN

(Suddenly wary)
You... you read it?

SHERLOCK

'Imperious'. Not a word I've ever been called before.

JOHN
I said some nice stuff about you
too... I said you knew some good
restaurants.

SHERLOCK
'Pompous' has a 'U' in it.

JOHN
Right. Thank you.

JOHN snatches the computer away and snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

JOHN collapses in the chair and examines today's mail. Plenty
of bills.

JOHN
I need to get a job.

SHERLOCK
Oh. Dull!

JOHN
Yeah. But necessary. If we want to
eat actual food this month.

He thumbs through a whole stack of red bills, discards them.

JOHN
(This is difficult to say)
If you could see your way to
lending me some...
(Beat. No response)
Sherlock? Did you hear what I said?

SHERLOCK jumps up.

SHERLOCK
I need go to the bank.

16 ~~EXT.~~ 6LONDON STREET. DAY

16

JOHN and SHERLOCK on a busy London street.

There, in front of them, are the spires of the City of
London...

The Gherkin and Tower 42. The biggest banks in the land.

A gigantic cathedral of steel and glass - the most high-tech, swanky new building in the city. SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

A gleaming sign reads: 'SHAD SANDERSON'. Investment Bank.

18

INT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY

18

SHERLOCK and JOHN inside. A vast high-tech atrium.

Glass lifts; internal windows; multiple trading floors. All illuminated in bold colours - reds and blues. (Like
- more like a nightclub than a bank).

Banks of digital clocks herald the time in New York, London and Tokyo.

London hits 12pm; Hong Kong hits 8pm; New York hits 7am. Simultaneously.

Employees wave their badges at electronic eyes. Security doors swing open. (You can't get to the lavatory here without a pass.)

JOHN

When you said we were going to the bank...

19

~~DRAFTS~~ ~~SHAD SANDERSON~~ ~~at~~ ~~SEB'S~~ ~~OFFICE~~. DAY

19

A corner office. Corporate art and chrome.

In walks SEBASTIAN (SEB) WILKES, the Director of the Trading Floor. He has that floppy hair that bellows 'Eton'.

SEB

Sherlock Holmes!

SHERLOCK

Sebastian.

SEB

How are you, buddy? How long's it been? Eight years since I last clapped eyes on you?

SHERLOCK

This is my friend John Watson.

SEB

(A window gets too close to clapped eyes on you) 10/10 Tj 102090

SEB

(Laughs)

Go on. Enlighten me. 'Two trips a month, flying all round the world'. You're quite right. But how could you tell?

SHERLOCK opens his mouth to speak, but ...

SEB

Gonna tell 'em there's a stain on my tie - from a type of ketchup you can only buy in Manhattan?

SHERLOCK

No. I ...

SEB

Or maybe it's the mud on my shoes ...

SHERLOCK

I was chatting to your Secretary outside. She told me.

SEBASTIAN'S arrogant smile fades.

SEB

I'm glad you could make it over. We've had a break in.

20

INT. SHAD SANDERSON - TRADING FLOOR. DAY

20

Across the busy trading floor.

Telephones buzz and squawk boxes chatter. Each trader has a personalised name plate.

Metal signs suspended from the ceiling delineate the trading groups - Sterling; Dollars; Yen.

They reach a darkened corner office with a glass front.

SEB

Sir William's Office. The bank's former chairman. His room has been left here - like a sort of memorial ...

An electronic key pad on the door. SEB opens it with a swipe card.

SEB

Someone broke in here late last night.

SHERLOCK studies the digital display - lines and lines of recorded times.

SHERLOCK
That door didn't open last night?

SEB
(Shakes his head)
There's a hole in our security.
Find it and we'll pay you. Five
figures.

Reaches into his pocket, brandishes a cheque.

JOHN clearly impressed by the amount - SHERLOCK not.

SEB
This is only an advance. Tell me
how he got in - there's a bigger
one on its way.

SHERLOCK
I don't need incentives, Sebastian.

SHERLOCK will not even look at it - breezes off to begin work. SEB about to put the cheque away.

JOHN
He's kidding you, obviously. Shall
I look after that for him...?

Tentatively takes the cheque.

24 INT. SHAD SANDERSON - SIR WILLIAM'S OFFICE. DAY 24

Click. A camera on a mobile phone. SHERLOCK photographs the vandalised portrait.

Click. Photographs the tag on the adjacent wall.

SHERLOCK explores Sir William's office. There is access out onto a tiny private balcony/terrace. Five floors up - a vertiginous drop.

25 INT. SHAD SANDERSON - TRADING FLOOR/HONG KONG OFFICE. DAY 25

SHERLOCK is dancing...

Moving around the trading floor, dodging and weaving in and out of the pillars. People stop work and stare.

He appears to be studying the graffiti from all sorts of different angles.

He darts into the office next door to the Sir William's. A sign outside it: 'HONG KONG DESK HEAD'.

The walls are glass. He turns - there is a full, plain view of the painted graffiti from in here.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

The New York market is opening...
The New York market is now
opening...

The LONDON clock goes from 12.59 to 13.00. A bell rings.

26 INT. SHAD SANDERSON - ELEVATOR. DAY 26

SHERLOCK and JOHN descend in the glass lift.

JOHN
'Two trips around the world this month.' You didn't ask his Secretary. You said that just to irritate him.

A shared smile.

JOHN
How did you...?

SHERLOCK
Did you look at his watch?

JOHN
His watch?

SHERLOCK
The hands on his watch were correct but the date was wrong.

Whoosh! Back to the previous scene - SEB'S office - the detail of his wrist watch.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
It actually said the day before yesterday. He crossed the date line twice, and didn't alter his watch.

Back to the lift.

JOHN
Within a month? How d' you know that part?

SHERLOCK
New Rolex. Only came out in February.

The lift reaches the bottom and opens.

27 EXT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY 27

SHERLOCK and JOHN exit the building.

JOHN
You think we should sniff around here a bit longer?

SHERLOCK

Got everything I need to know
already, thanks.

SHERLOCK strides off up the street. JOHN scuttling after.

SHERLOCK
That graffiti is a message, John.
For someone at the bank - working
on the trading floor. We find the
intended recipient and...

JOHN
He'll lead us to the person who
sent it.

SHERLOCK
Obvious.

JOHN
Three hundred people up there. Who
was it meant for?

SHERLOCK
Pillars.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
The pillars. And the screens.

And whoosh! We're on the trading floor - SHERLOCK dancing
between the pillars, looking for a clear view.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Very few places where you could see
the graffiti. That narrows the
field considerably.

Back on the street.

SHERLOCK
And of course - the message was
left at 11.34 last night. That
tells us a lot.

JOHN
Does it?

SHERLOCK
Traders come to work at all hours.
Some people trade with Hong Kong in
the middle of the night.

Whoosh! The time zone clocks, changing in unison.

Whoosh! The suspended metal signs - Sterling; Dollars; Yen.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

That message was intended for
someone who came in at midnight.

Focus on the sign: 'HONG KONG DESK HEAD'.

SHERLOCK standing in the glass-walled office next door to Sir
William's. A clear view of the graffiti.

Back on the street.

SHERLOCK reaches into his jacket. He has stolen the name sign
off the desk: 'VAN COON'.

SHERLOCK

Not many Van Coon's in the phone
book.

They hail a cab and climb in.

28 EXT. EDDIE'S FLAT. DAY 28

Establishing shot.

29 EXT. EDDIE'S FLAT. DAY 29

EDDIE VAN COON'S apartment block. A set of buzzers outside,
labelled with the names of the tenants. EDDIE VAN COON lived
on the sixth floor.

SHERLOCK rings. No answer. Rings again. Still no answer.

JOHN

What are we gonna do now, then? Sit
here and wait for him to come back?

SHERLOCK checks the buzzers. The one directly above EDDIE'S -
seventh floor - is labelled 'WINTLE'.

The label is brand new.

SHERLOCK

Just moved in.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Floor above. New label.

JOHN observes the pristine label on the buzzer.

JOHN

Could have just replaced it.

SHERLOCK
Noone ever does that.

He rings the buzzer - seventh floor.

A WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

WOMAN
(O.S.)
Hello?

SHERLOCK
(Speaking into the buzzer)
Hi. I live in the flat just below
you. I don't think we've met.

WOMAN
(O.S.)
No. Well - I've just moved in.

SHERLOCK casts a victorious glance at JOHN.

SHERLOCK
I've actually locked my keys in my
flat.

WOMAN
You want me to buzz you in?

SHERLOCK
I want to use your balcony.

WOMAN
What?

30 EXT. WOMAN'S FLAT - BALCONY. DAY

30

SHERLOCK is on the WOMAN'S 7th floor balcony - he climbs over the edge so he can lower himself down on to VAN COON'S.

He slips and almost plummets to his death. The WOMAN gasps, but he carries on with an elegant smile and lowers himself down.

VAN COON'S patio door slides open when he pushes it.

SHERLOCK

We don't know that it was suicide.

JOHN

Come on! His door was locked from the inside. You had to climb across the balcony...

SHERLOCK observes the dead man's suitcase.

It is stuffed full of underwear and socks but there is a hole in the middle - a large impression left in all the clothes.

Something else was packed in there. A long cylindrical shape.

SHERLOCK

Been away. Three days, judging by the laundry. Look - something was packed tightly inside this case.

JOHN

Thanks - I'll take your word for it.

SHERLOCK

What's the matter?

JOHN

I'm not desperate to root around some bloke's dirty underwear.

SHERLOCK studies the corpse.

SHERLOCK

Those symbols at the bank - that graffiti. Why was it put there?

JOHN

You think it was some sort of code?

SHERLOCK

Obviously. But I'm saying why paint it? Why not use email if you want to make contact? Or the phone?

It takes JOHN a moment. Then...

JOHN

Maybe he wasn't answering...

SHERLOCK

Good. You follow.

JOHN

No.

SHERLOCK

What sort of message would everyone try to avoid?

There is something in the dead man's mouth.

SHERLOCK puts on his gloves and delicately pokes inside...

SHERLOCK

What about this morning? Those letters you were looking at.

JOHN

Bills!?

SHERLOCK

Yes. He was being threatened.

JOHN

Not by the gas board.

From the dead man's mouth SHERLOCK retrieves...

A small screwed up ball of black paper - moist with saliva. He stretches it open - it's simply blank.

Just that moment a police Inspector enters - DI DIMMOCK. A newly promoted graduate. Small, fresh-faced.

SHERLOCK

Ah, Sergeant... We haven't met.

DIMMOCK

(Without joy)

I know who you are. And I'd prefer it if you didn't tamper with any of the evidence.

SHERLOCK puts the soggy ball of black paper into an evidence bag and hands it over.

SHERLOCK

I phoned Lestrade. Is he on his way...?

DIMMOCK

He's busy. I'm in charge. And it's not Sergeant. It's Detective Inspector. Dimmock.

Sweeps out again. SHERLOCK and JOHN follow him.

33

INT. EDDIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE . DAY

33

As they sweep through the door into the lounge.

DIMMOCK

We're obviously looking at a
suicide.

JOHN

It does seem the only explanation
of the facts.

SHERLOCK

Wrong. It's one possible
explanation of some of the facts.
You've got a solution that you
like... but you're just choosing
to ignore anything you see that
doesn't comply with it.

DIMMOCK

Like?

SHERLOCK

The wound is on the right side of
his head.

DIMMOCK

And?

SHERLOCK

Van Coon was left-handed.

Mimes shooting himself in the right temple with his left
hand.

SHERLOCK

Requires a bit of contortion.

DIMMOCK

Left-handed?

SHERLOCK

I'm amazed you didn't notice. All
you have to do is look around
this flat...

And Whoosh!

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

...tea stains from the bottom of
mugs, where he's been resting them
on the arm of that chair. The left
arm... Pad and paper on the left
side of his phone, means he could
hold it in his right hand and take
messages with his left... All his
expensive, favourite suits on the
left side of his wardrobe, because
he'd open the left-hand door...

Back to the flat.

SHERLOCK
Want me to go on?

JOHN sensing DIMMOCK'S irritation.

JOHN
Er, no. I think you've covered it.

SHERLOCK
I might as well actually. There's only one left on the list.

And Whoosh!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
The butter knife on the kitchen surface has butter on the right side of the blade because he used it with his left. Unlikely that a left-handed man would shoot himself in the right side of the head. Conclusion: someone broke in and murdered him. Only explanation of all of the facts.

DIMMOCK
But the gun...

SHERLOCK
He was waiting for the killer. He'd been threatened.

DIMMOCK
What?

JOHN
Today at the bank. A sort of a warning.

SHERLOCK
He fired when his attacker came in.

DIMMOCK
And the bullet...?

SHERLOCK
Went out the window.

DIMMOCK observes - the other officers are gossiping about SHERLOCK; smirking.

DIMMOCK
Oh, come on! What are the chances of that?

SHERLOCK

Wait for the pathologist's report.
The bullet in his brain wasn't
fired from his gun, I guarantee.

DIMMOCK

But if his door was locked from
the inside... how did the killer
get in?

SHERLOCK

Good. You're finally asking the
right questions.

And SHERLOCK is off.

34

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

34

SEB is entertaining clients - the end of a long lunch. They
roar heartily at his jokes.

A stylish classical building (probably an old converted bank
in the city).

SHERLOCK and JOHN stride over to the table.

SHERLOCK

It was a threat. That's what the
graffiti meant.

The table silenced by this odd intrusion.

SEB

I'm kind of in a meeting. Can you
make an appointment with my
secretary?

SHERLOCK sits, helps himself to someone's glass of water.

SHERLOCK

I don't think this can wait, Seb.
Sorry. One of your traders -
someone in your office was killed.

SEB

What!?

JOHN

Van Coon. The police are at his
flat.

SEB

Killed?

SHERLOCK
(With a mouthful)
Sorry to interfere with everyone's digestion. Still want me to make an appointment? OK. Would maybe nine o'clock at Scotland Yard suit?

And embarrassed hush.

35 INT. RESTAURANT - TOILET. DAY

35

SHERLOCK, SEB and JOHN in the restaurant toilet.

SEB splashes water on his face - stares at the mirror.

SEB
Harrow. Oxford. Very bright guy.
Worked in Asia for a while so...

JOHN
You gave him the Hong Kong accounts.

SEB
Lost five mil in a single morning.
Made it all back a week later. Had nerves of steel, Eddie did.

JOHN
Who'd want to kill him?

SEB
We all makes enemies.

JOHN
You don't all end up with a bullet through your temple.

SEB
Not usually.

SEB'S mobile buzzes - a text message. He is rather relieved by the contents.

SEB
My Chairman. The police have been on to him. Apparently they're telling him it was suicide.

SHERLOCK
They've got it wrong. He was murdered, Sebastian.

SEB
I'm afraid they don't see it that way. And neither does my boss.

SHERLOCK

Seb. . .

SEB

I hired you to do a job - don't get
side-tracked.

And he exits.

JOHN

I thought bankers were all supposed
to be heartless bastards.

- 36 INT. A DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT 36
- Two pale hands. A woman's hands.
- She opens a white box - inside a bundle of tissue paper.
- Unwraps the bundle - inside a ream of paper. Black paper.
- She takes one sheet and begins to fold it up. . . Precise,
meticulous folds. . .
- 37 EXT. LUKIS' FLAT - STREET. NIGHT 37
- A man in a wild panic - runs across a busy London street at
night. Cars swerve to avoid him - beeping.
- He's BRIAN LUKIS. Scruffy, unshaven, 40's. Anorak and jeans.
- 38 EXT. LUKIS' FLAT. NIGHT 38
- LUKIS arrives at a front door and jams his key in the lock -
a converted Victorian house. Four floors. Peeling paint.
- Slams the door behind him.
- 39 INT. LUKIS' FLAT - STAIRCASE. NIGHT 39
- LUKIS running up the stairs - desperate, terrified.
- Opens the door to his top-floor flat.
- 40 INT. LUKIS' FLAT. NIGHT 40
- Inside - an untidy studio flat - high ceilings, a skylight.
- Bookshelves crammed with books, piles of paper stuffed in
every crevice.
- LUKIS bolts the door behind him - a dead bolt top and bottom
and a chain.

And then he hears it! In the street somewhere... A drum beat.

41 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 41

Early morning sunlight. Precious jade in raw mineral form.

The Chinese Room at the National Antiquities Museum. A guided tour has stopped beside the jade exhibition.

TOUR GUIDE

Jade - or 'Yu' in Chinese - more precious in the ancient world than gold or gems. These trinkets are carved from mineral jadeite - a substance associated with great power and wealth.

The MUSEUM DIRECTOR trots through the gallery.

The tour moves on to the Empress mannequin.

TOUR GUIDE

Here we have Empress Wu. The only woman ever to rule Imperial China. 'The sacred and divine Wu'. Seen here in a replica outfit to the one worn at her wedding, a thousand years ago...

42 INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. DAY 42

THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR enters. A sea of antiquities in various stages of disrepair.

Someone daubing dirt off the surface of a painting 0 1 162.9tR Tj 1 0 0

43 EXT. GP' S SURGERY. DAY 43

A grim Doctor' s surgery. Early morni ng. Establ i shi ng shot.

44 INT. GP' S SURGERY - SARAH' S ROOM. DAY 44

JOHN sits across the table from SARAH, practice manager. She' s pretty, intelligent, about hi s age. We can see thei r mutual attraction comi ng a mi le away.

She' s readi ng hi s CV.

SARAH
Just locum work.

JOHN
No. That' s fi ne.

SARAH
You' re a bi t - well , over-qual i fi ed.

JOHN
Coul d always do wi th the money.

SARAH
We' ve got two off on hol i day thi s week and another one just left to have a baby. It might be a bi t... mundane for you.

JOHN
(Smil es)
Mundane is good, somet i mes. Mundane works.

SARAH
(Reads more)
Says here that you' re a sol di er.

JOHN
And a Doctor.

SARAH
Anythi ng el se you can do?

JOHN
I l earned the clari net i n school .

SARAH
Look forward to i t.

Smil es. A fl i rty moment.

SHERLOCK has printed off his photos of the graffiti - the blindfold and the tag. He's stuck them to the mirror above the fireplace.

He sprawls in the armchair and stares at them in a trance - hoping their meaning will suddenly leap out at him.

Door slams. JOHN back from interview - pink and cheerful.

SHERLOCK

I said could you pass me a pen?

JOHN

(Taken aback)

What? When?

SHERLOCK

About an hour ago.

JOHN

Didn't notice I'd gone out, then?

JOHN'S good mm -OoiII soti c 00.003 wuen?

DIMMOCK can't believe the arrogance - looks at JOHN.

JOHN

He makes everyone feel like that.

SHERLOCK

I've just handed you a murder enquiry. We might have a serial killer. Five minutes in that flat.

47 INT. LUKIS' FLAT. DAY

47

Earl's Court. BRIAN LUKIS' flat. Dusty, dirty chaos. Police tape across the door.

There are mountains of books - some travel books - time spent in south-east Asia. Tucked beside them is an A to Z of London.

In the corner of the room - an open suitcase - empty. Unzipped - recently used.

JOHN casts an eye over the dead man's desk... Pages and pages of handwritten notes. Books on South-East Asian politics.

LUKIS was clearly researching an article.

SHERLOCK looks out of the window.

SHERLOCK

Fourth floor. That's why they think they're safe. Put the chain on the door, bolt it shut. They think they're impregnable.

He tries the windows - all bolted shut; looks up at the skylight.

SHERLOCK

They never consider for a moment - there's another way in here.

DIMMOCK

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK sees a broom.

He grabs a table, balances a chair on it and climbs up on the structure, broom in hand.

DIMMOCK

What are you doing?

SHERLOCK

We're dealing with a killer who can climb.

DIMMOCK

What?!

SHERLOCK

He can cling to walls like an insect. That's how he gets in.

Balancing on the chair atop the table - he lifts the broom up high and nudges the skylight. It opens.

SHERLOCK

He climbed up the side of this building, ran across the roof and dropped in through the skylight.

DIMMOCK

You're not serious?

Whoosh! We're in EDDIE'S flat, looking at the vertiginous drop from the balcony.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Scal ed a sixth floor balcony in Docklands to kill Van Coon.

DIMMOCK (V.O.)

(Scathing)

Hold on...

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Of course he got into the bank the same way...

Whoosh! We're in the bank, the private terrace of SIR WILLIAM'S office.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Across the window ledge and on to the terrace.

Back to the flat. SHERLOCK jumps down from the table and chair.

SHERLOCK

We have to find out what connects these two men.

Thumbs through the books on the desk. The top one is marked with the words 'WEST KENSINGTON LIBRARY', a stamped date and a little crest.

JOHN stares at the detritus on the floor.

Sees a small scrunched up ball of black paper - trodden into the carpet. It has been meticulously folded up.

48 EXT. LIBRARY. DAY 48
Establishing shot.

49 INT. LIBRARY. DAY 49
Inside the library, a LIBRARIAN pushing books through the
electronic scanning device.
Each of them marked with the little crest.

CUT TO:

JOHN

The killer finds Lukis at the library, he writes the cipher on the books where the guy will see it. Lukis goes home...

SHERLOCK

... and that night he dies too.

Beat. They stare at the display - four yellow images.

JOHN

Why did they die, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Only the cipher can tell us.

51 EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - THE LUCKY CAT. DAY 51

ANDY GALBRAITH in his coat, ringing on a door bell.

No response. Tries again. The name on the doorbell says 'SOO LIN YAO'.

There is a new phone book on the doorstep - recently delivered but not collected.

ANDY finds an old envelope in his pocket, scribbles a short message and stuffs it through the letter box.

The camera pulls out.

SOO LIN'S flat is in London's Chinatown, above a shop - an old Chinese emporium: 'THE LUCKY CAT'.

52 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. DAY 52

SHERLOCK and JOHN crossing Trafalgar Square.

SHERLOCK is on a roll...

SHERLOCK

The world runs on codes and ciphers, John... that million pound security system at the bank... the pin machine you took exception to... cryptography inhabits our every waking moment...

JOHN

Yes. OK. But...

SHERLOCK

But it's all computer generated. Electronic codes - electronic ciphering methods.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
This is different: it's an ancient device. Modern code-breaking methods can't unravel it.

JOHN
Where we headed?

SHERLOCK
I need some advice.

JOHN
What? Sorry?

SHERLOCK
You heard me perfectly. I'm not saying it again.

JOHN
(A broad smile)
You need advice.

SHERLOCK
On painting. Yes. I need to talk to an expert.

They make for the National Gallery. But then SHERLOCK cuts down a side alley.

JOHN
Where... where are you going?
Sherlock?

53 EXT. GRAFFITI ALLEY. DAY

53

The back of the National Gallery - an alleyway.

RAZ is a nineteen year-old skateboard punk: hoody, baseball cap and over-sized jeans. He has a kit bag at his feet and an aerosol can in hand.

He sprays a stencil on to the rear wall of the gallery - a policeman with a pig's face.

RAZ knows SHERLOCK is there without even turning.

RAZ
Part of my new exhibition.

SHERLOCK
Interesting.

RAZ
I call it 'Urban bloodlust frenzy.'

JOHN
Mm. Catchy.

RAZ

I've got two minutes before a Community Support Officer comes round that corner. Can we maybe talk whilst I'm working?

SHERLOCK offers him the phone. RAZ hands the spray can to JOHN so he can look.

Flicks through the photographs. The images from the bank and the library.

SHERLOCK

Know the author?

RAZ

I know the paint. Looks like Michigan, hardcore propellant. I'd say zinc.

SHERLOCK

And what about the symbols? Do you recognise them?

RAZ

It's not a tag. I'm not even sure it's a proper language.

SHERLOCK

Two men have been murdered, Raz. Deciphering this - it's the key to finding who killed them.

RAZ

This is all you got? Not much to go on.

SHERLOCK

You think you could help out?

RAZ

I can ask around.

SHERLOCK

Someone must recognise it.

Two COMMUNITY SUPPORT OFFICERS appear around the corner.

OFFICER

Oi.

JOHN forgets he is holding the paint can.

The OFFICERS come running. RAZ surreptitiously kicks the kit bag along the floor. It is now at JOHN'S feet.

OFFICER
(To John)
What the hell do you think you're
doing? This gallery is a listed
public building.

The OFFICER sees the fresh art - the pig-faced policeman.

JOHN
Oh no, that wasn't me who painted
it. I was just... Just holding this
for...

JOHN turns to...

RAZ and SHERLOCK have both run away.

The OFFICER opens the kitl frt - the pig-c Tsi ded

ANDY looks up - a few of the staff glance at him and then glance away. People have been gossiping.

55 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

55

SHERLOCK has made a - pages and pages printed off the internet -

Egyptian hieroglyphics; the Greek alphabet; Hebrew letters; Arabic letters; Chinese words...

He's stuck them all around the edge of the mirror.... Trying to find a match for the strange yellow squiggle.

Nothing fits. The scribbled tag is too messy - it defies interpretation.

JOHN opens the door, quietly furious. SHERLOCK has his head in a book of runes.

SHERLOCK
(Without looking up)
You've been a while.

JOHN
Yeah, well you know how it is... Custody Sergeants don't like to be hurried, do they? Just formalities. Finger prints; a charge sheet. And I'll have to be in Magistrates Court on Tuesday...

SHERLOCK
(Not interested)
What?

JOHN
Me, Sherlock. In court on Tuesday. They're giving me an ASBO. Criminal damage.

SHERLOCK
(Still not listening)
Good. Fine.

JOHN
You want to tell your little pal: he's welcome to go and own up, anytime...

SHERLOCK
This symbol - I still can't place it. I want you to go to the police station. Ask about the journalist...

JOHN is trying to take off his coat - SHERLOCK won't let him.

SHERLOCK

All his personal effects will be impounded. Get hold of a diary - or something that will tell us his movements...

Instead he pushes him out of the door.

56

EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

56

JOHN and SHERLOCK coming out the front door - JOHN still only half-wearing his coat.

SHERLOCK

I'll go and see Van Coon's PA... If we can retrace their steps - somewhere they're going to coincide.

SHERLOCK runs off up the street. JOHN is left alone. Sighs. Acquiesces. Hails a cab.

The cab draws up. He climbs in then glances round... someone is on the pavement opposite, watching him.

We only get the tiniest glimpse - a fleeting image as the cab races away. A WOMAN dressed all in black?

She holds up her phone - is she photographing JOHN?

The cab pulls away.

57

INT. SHAD SANDERSON - EDDIE'S OFFICE. DAY

57

SHERLOCK in VAN COON'S office.

EDDIE'S desk is as sparse as his flat - no personal items. Just a few magazines.

And a London A to Z.

EDDIE'S PA, AMANDA is with him - her hair fastened back with a little green hair pin.

She leans over and punches passwords into EDDIE'S computer. His calendar pops up.

A note in it says 'DALIAN' - a trip lasting three days.

AMANDA

Flew back from Dalian, Friday. Looks like he had back to back meetings with the sales team.

She presses 'Print' - prints out a copy of the diary for SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK stares at it.

SHERLOCK
What about the day he died? Can you
tell me where he was?

AMANDA
Sorry. There's a bit of a gap.

On the computer screen - a large blank space in an otherwise
crowded diary.

And then her face lights up - an idea!

AMANDA
I've got all his receipts!

58 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY 58

The police station. DIMMOCK rooting through a file of
evidence.

DIMMOCK
Your friend...

JOHN
Hey - whatever you say - I'm a
hundred per cent behind you.

DIMMOCK
He's an arrogant sod.

JOHN
(Genuinely surprised)
Oh. That was mild. People say a lot
worse than that.

DIMMOCK offers JOHN an item - a pocket diary.

DIMMOCK
This is what you wanted, isn't it?
The journalist's diary.

JOHN takes it - a fat personal organiser - opens it. Tucked
inside is an aeroplane ticket.

We see the airport name printed: 'DALIAN'.

59 INT. SHAD SANDERSON - AMANDA'S DESK. DAY 59

SHERLOCK and AMANDA.

EDDIE'S receipts for the week are spread across her desk.
Taxis; meals; buses; trains.

SHERLOCK stares - trying to get a sense of the man's life.
Posh restaurants - countless expensive bar bills - new suits.

SHERLOCK

What sort of boss was he, Amanda?
Appreciative?

AMANDA

(A wry smile)

Er... no. I don't think that's the
word I would use. The only things
that Eddie appreciated had a big
price tag.

There is hand-cream on her desk.

SHERLOCK

Like that hand cream. He bought
that for you, didn't he?

AMANDA utterly disconcerted by this.

SHERLOCK shuffles the receipts around like a card game -
trying to get them in order.

AMANDA brushes hair from her eyes - pins it back again.

SHERLOCK

Look there. He took a cab from home
the day he died. Eighteen pounds
fifty.

AMANDA

That would get him into the office.

SHERLOCK

It wasn't rush hour. Check the
time. Mid morning. Eighteen would
get him as far as...

AMANDA

(Recalls)

The West End! I remember him
saying.

FLASHBACK -

EDDIE VAN COON climbs out of a cab in Central London.

The bank. SHERLOCK finds a train ticket amongst the receipts.
Checks the dates.

SHERLOCK

Underground.

(Reads the small print)

Printed at one. In Piccadilly.

AMANDA

So he took a tube back to the
office.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Whatever was hidden inside that suitcase. I've managed to piece together his movements using scraps of information...

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

... credit card bills and receipts. He flew back from China and came here.

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in this street. Somewhere close. I don't know where.

JOHN

(Points)

That shop over there.

SHERLOCK

How can you tell?

JOHN holds up the journalist's diary

JOHN

Luki's diary. He was here. He wrote down the address.

SHERLOCK

Oh.

JOHN rather pleased with himself at having found the answer so easily.

They cross the street to the shop...

61 EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - LUCKY CAT. DAY 61

An old Chinese Emporium - THE LUCKY CAT.

The golden cat in the window waves at SHERLOCK and JOHN.

Classical ceramic figures on display. Paper lanterns, Chinese fans and sashes are strung around the door. They go in...

62 INT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - THE LUCKY CAT. DAY 62

Inside the shop... Tiny, dingy, dirty. A fluorescent glow.

A layer of dust over everything. Noone has bought anything here for years...

No till - just an old metal cash box, a few coins in the bottom. No notes.

A CHINESE SHOPKEEPER (old lady in dark glasses) sits on a stool behind the counter. The radio plays a Chinese news station.

On the shelves... Row after row of statuettes - Buddhas and geishas and classical warriors - cheap stoneware with green and ochre glaze.

Incense burning. A dish of oranges (also covered in dust). An altar with miniature figures - Gods and Guardians.

Everywhere there are lucky Chinese cats with waving paws - moving in hypnotic unison. All the items are labelled with prices in Chinese.

SHERLOCK lifts a small stone figurine - exposes a small square in the thick layer of dust.

The SHOPKEEPER decides that JOHN is an eager customer.

CHINESE SHOPKEEPER
You want Lucky Cat...?

JOHN
Er, no thanks. No.

She lifts a lucky cat from the shelf.

CHINESE SHOPKEEPER
Ten pound. Ten pound. I think your wife she will like.

And then something catches JOHN'S eye. And SHERLOCK'S too.

JOHN
Sherlock, look... On the label there...

SHERLOCK
I see it.

He's staring at the prices scrawled on the little tickets.

JOHN
The symbol. Look. It's exactly the same as the cipher...

A handwritten price tag - the symbol on it is identical to

A girl working in a Chinese herbalist throws a bucket of water out on to the pavement and starts to sweep.

JOHN and SHERLOCK peruse the shop windows - the same symbols

Across the road from THE LUCKY CAT - a dingy cafe. Plastic chairs. The steam from a coffee machine.

SHERLOCK scribbles '1' and '15' on the back of a serviette.

JOHN

Two men travel back from China.
They both come straight to the
Lucky Cat Emporium. What did they
see?

SHERLOCK

It's not what they saw. It's what
they brought with them in those
suitcases.

JOHN follows his line of reasoning perfectly.

JOHN

You don't mean duty free.

The WAITER brings food - a sausage sandwich for JOHN. They wait for him to go.

SHERLOCK

Think about what Sebastian told us.
About Van Coon; about how he kept
afloat in the market.

JOHN

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

SHERLOCK rips the bag open - the pages are swollen with rain water.

SHERLOCK
That's been on the step since
Monday.

SHERLOCK rings. No response.

SHERLOCK
Noone's been in this flat for at
least three days.

SHERLOCK darts down the side of the building - a side alley -
JOHN scuttling after.

JOHN
They're away on holiday. So what?

SHERLOCK
Do you leave your windows open when
you go away?

Looks up. The window of the flat is gaping wide. There is
scaffolding at the back of the flats.

SHERLOCK jumps up on a dustbin, hauling himself up on the
scaffolding.

Reaches the windows of the first floor flat. One of them is
wide open. He jumps inside.

JOHN
(His ses)
Sherlock!

66

INT/EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - SOO LIN'S FLAT. DAY

66

SHERLOCK lands inside.

On the window ledge is a vase. He almost knocks it over -
just manages to catch it.

A fastidiously clean little studio flat. Good taste, but no
money to indulge it.

Everywhere there are feminine touches - dried flowers,
embroidered cushions. A Chinese screen.

But the place is cold - noone has been here for days.

Washing up drained dry on the draining board. One cup, one
plate, one bowl, one pair of chopsticks. The washing machine
light says 'End'. SHERLOCK opens it. The washing is damp and
it smells.

In the corner is a clothes horse hung with laundry - all of
it bone dry. The flowers in the vase are sagging. He opens
the fridge and sniffs the milk - gone sour.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
(Slaps his head)
Stupid. Stupid. It's obvious!
Because he's still in here.

Looks at the Chinese screen. The only place the intruder can be.

SHERLOCK tugs it quickly to one side. Noone there. Just a pile of cuddly toys.

But...

Look behind you, Sherlock! A shadow moving out from behind the clothes horse - the mountain of laundry.

Someone slips a piece of the laundry around his neck and pulls hard - drags him to the carpet, strangling him...

It's ZHI ZHU - the spider.

SHERLOCK tears at the cloth. It bites into his neck. His legs flailing all the time.

CUT TO:

JOHN on the pavement outside the front door.

JOHN
Any time you want to include me -
that would be great.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK is still clutching at his throat...

He peers through half-closed eyes but ZHI ZHU is just a blurred silhouette.

SHERLOCK
(Half-strangled)
John... John...

CUT TO:

Pavement.

JOHN
I'm obviously wasting my breath.

Shouts through the letterbox - a bad impression of SHERLOCK.

JOHN
'I'm Sherlock, and I always work
alone because no one else can
compete with my massive intellect!'

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK inside, tries to reply - can't speak.

Tighter and tighter the cord is pulled.

And then, just as SHERLOCK is about to black out the assailant mysteriously lets go...

His assailant pushes something into SHERLOCK'S top pocket and scurries away through the open window.

SHERLOCK is too weak to pursue.

He glances up to see a shadowy figure leaping through the frame.

Why didn't he kill him? He coughs - regains his breath...

Reaches in his pocket, finds a tiny black flower made of folded paper.

67 EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - SOO LIN'S FLAT. DAY 67

JOHN on the pavement.

The door opens suddenly. SHERLOCK is very hoarse.

SHERLOCK
The milk's out of date. And the
washing - it's started to smell.
Someone left here in a hurry. Three
days ago.

JOHN
Someone?

SHERLOCK points to the name on the bell.

SHERLOCK
Soo Lin Yao. We need to find her.

JOHN
How exactly?

SHERLOCK
Start with this.

He has picked a note up off the doormat.

It is the note that ANDY GALBRAITH pushed through the door:
'SOO LIN. PLEASE RING ME, TELL ME YOU'RE OK. ANDY.'

SHERLOCK turns the paper over - an old envelope. It says
NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES MUSEUM.

Off they go - to the museum.

As an aside -

JOHN
You sound croaky. Are you getting
a cold?

SHERLOCK
It's nothing.

68 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 68

Museum. Chinese Antiquities Room. JOHN and SHERLOCK with ANDY
GALBRAITH.

SHERLOCK
When was the last time you saw her?

ANDY

Three days ago. Here, at the
museum. This morning - they told me
she'd resigned. Just like that.
Left her work unfinished.

Beat. SHERLOCK Looks around him -

JOHN

Well, look who it is...

RAZ

I've found something you'll like.

JOHN
(Shouts)
Sherlock! Sherlock! I found it.

75 EXT. SOUTH BANK. NIGHT

75

A blank wall. Painted black.

JOHN (O.S.)
I don't understand. It was here.

The camera pans out. JOHN has brought SHERLOCK back to the place where he found the eighteen symbols.

Now the wall is blank. Painted over?

JOHN
Twenty minutes ago. I saw it. A whole load of graffiti.

Reaches out. The wall is wet. Black paint.

SHERLOCK
Someone didn't want me to see it.

Grabs JOHN by the head - planting both his hands on his friend's skull.

JOHN
Hey - Sherlock! What you doing?

SHERLOCK
Shush, John. I need you to concentrate. Shut your eyes!

JOHN
What? What for? What you doing?

He clamps JOHN'S arms to his sides - spins round with him, trying to induce a trance-like state.

SHERLOCK
I need you to maximise your visual memory. Try to picture it. Picture what you saw. Can you remember it?

JOHN
Sure. Yeah.

SHERLOCK
You can remember the pattern?

JOHN
Yes, definitely.

SHERLOCK
How much can you remember?

JOHN
Just twenty minutes...

SHERLOCK
Of course! He wants information.
He's contacting all his people in
the underworld. Whatever was stolen
- he wants it back. And it's
somewhere here - in code. We can't
crack this without Soo Lin Yao.

77 EXT/INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY

77

The facade of the museum.

CUT TO:

JOHN and SHERLOCK with ANDY.

SHERLOCK
Two men died after visiting
China... The killer left them
messages - written in the Hang Zhou
numerals.

JOHN
Soo Lin Yao is in danger. That
cipher... it was just the same
pattern as the others. He means to
kill her as well.

ANDY
I've tried everywhere. Her friends;
her colleagues. I don't know where
she's gone. She could be a thousand
miles away.

SHERLOCK isn't listening. He's staring into the distance.

JOHN
What's the matter, Sherlock? What
are you looking at?

SHERLOCK
Tell me more about those tea pots,
in that case.

He is staring at the Zisha pots in their glass case.

CUT TO:

ANDY opens the cabinet.

ANDY

Those pots were her obsession. They need urgent work. If they dry out the clay can start to crumble. Apparently you have to keep making tea in them.

SHERLOCK

Last time we came here - only one of those pots was shining.

Two of the tea pots are now gleaming - newly seasoned.

78 INT. MUSEUM - SECURITY DESK. DAY

78

The security desk. The GUARD hands ANDY a complete written log - who's been in and out of the staff entrance.

ANDY

I mean, I know it's antiquated. But everyone who comes in here has to enter their name. She hasn't been back to the museum. Look at the log!

Beat. SHERLOCK looks about him - the museum is a warren of doors and cupboards and electrical access tunnels.

JUMP CUT from one door to another...

From one gallery to another...

From one wire-mesh panel to another...

This whole museum is a maze of entrances and exits...

SHERLOCK

Maybe she never went away.

79 INT. MUSEUM. NIGHT

79

The galleries are dark. Statues in the moonlight.

Silence. And then a scratching noise - an electrical access panel pushed out of its place.

Two pale hands grasp the metal grille and lower it to the floor.

A woman squeezes out from the tunnel. Her feet pad on the marble floors.

She enters the Chinese Antiquities Room. The Empress mannequin stares into the shadows.

The woman takes out a bunch of keys and goes to the case containing the Zi sha. Opens it and lifts down a third pot ready for restoration.

80 INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

80

The woman sits at her desk in the restoration room. She has a small brass kettle of hot water and some green tea leaves.

We see the detail of her desk - catalogues and papers. Books about ceramics and antiques.

And an A to Z of London.

Carefully she takes the Zi sha pot and brews the tea - sprinkling the leaves and delicately pouring in water.

She sloshes the tea around inside - coating the pot with the glaze. A voice startles her.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Fancy a biscuit with it?

She turns, drops the pot in surprise - it nearly rolls off the desk.

It's SHERLOCK. He rescues the pot.

SHERLOCK
Centuries old. Don't want to break it.

And he turns on the light. For the first time we see her face - SOO LIN.

81 INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

81

SHERLOCK and JOHN with SOO LIN. She is nervous, agitated.

SOO LIN
You saw the cipher? You know that he is coming for me.

SHERLOCK
You've been clever. So far you've managed to avoid him.

SOO LIN
I had to finish. To finish this work. But it is only a matter of time. I know he will find me.

SHERLOCK
Who is he? You've met him before?

SOO LIN

(Nods)

When I was a girl, living back in
China. I recognise his...
'signature'.

SHERLOCK
The cipher?

SOO LIN
Only he would do this. Zhi Zhu.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
It means 'The spider'.

CUT TO:

SOO LIN unlacing her shoe. She takes off her sock, lifts her foot.

There, on her heel, is a small circular tattoo - a black lotus flower inscribed in a circle.

SOO LIN
You know this mark?

SHERLOCK
It's the mark of a Tong.

JOHN quizzical.

SHERLOCK
An ancient crime syndicate. Based in China.

SOO LIN
Every foot soldier bears the mark - every one who hauls for them.

JOHN
Hauls? You mean... you were a smuggler?

SOO LIN
I was fifteen, living back in China, in the Yellow Dragon City. My parents were dead. I had no livelihood. No way to survive day to day, except to work for the bosses.

SHERLOCK
Who are they?

SOO LIN
They are called the 'Black Lotus'. They smuggle alcohol - cheap cigarettes. No one thinks of searching the pockets of a school girl.

(MORE)

S00 LIN (cont'd)

By the time I was sixteen I was taking thousands of pounds worth of drugs across the border into Hong Kong. I'm not proud. I'm ashamed of how I lived. But I managed to get out. I managed to leave that life behind me. I came to England - studied; night school. They gave me a job here. Everything was good. A new life.

SHERLOCK

And then he caught up with you?

S00 LIN

Yes. I hoped after five years... maybe they would have forgotten me. But they never really let you leave. A small community like ours - they are never very far away. He came to my flat three days ago. He asked me to help him - to track down something that was stolen.

JOHN

You've no idea what it was?

S00 LIN

(Shakes her head)

I refused to help.

SHERLOCK

So he sent you the cipher as a punishment.

Beat. She nods gravely.

S00 LIN

He is ruthless. A fanatic. He would strike down anyone. Even family - if they betrayed him.

JOHN

You knew him well? When you were living back in China?

S00 LIN

Oh yes. He is my brother.

82

INT/EXT. MUSEUM. NIGHT

82

JOHN and SHERLOCK with S00 LIN - we glimpse them from up above - through the patterned glass roof.

Is someone watching from up there?

83

INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT
SHERLOCK, SOO LIN, JOHN.

83

SOO LIN

Our parents died in the demonstrations. 1989. I was four years old. Liang a little older. Two orphans. We had no choice. We could work for the Black Lotus or starve on the streets like beggars. My brother has become their puppet - in the power of the one they call Shan - Black Lotus General. I turned him away. He said I had betrayed him. Next day I came to work and the cipher was waiting.

SHERLOCK reaches into his jacket pocket and produces print outs - the ciphers from the bank, the library and the railway.

SHERLOCK

Can you decipher this?

SOO LIN

They're numbers.

SHERLOCK

More gunshots. He ducks and dives between the artefacts.
Finds a hiding place behind a display of skulls.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

SHERLOCK
That skull is two hundred thousand
years old. Have a bit of respect
for archeology!

Then suddenly the bullets stop.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

Silence. Cautiously SHERLOCK peers out. The killer has gone.

He examines the display. Not a single bullet hole in it? What
are the chances of that?

He realises that the drum has stopped beating.

CUT TO:

JOHN in a different gallery - searches amongst the shadows.

No drum any more.

And then it dawns on him...

JOHN
Oh, my God.

He darts back the way he came.

85

INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

85

SOO LIN in the darkened office. She crawls out from under a
desk.

The paper on her desk is being blown about by a gentle
breeze... she realises that someone has opened a window in
this room.

She stands abruptly and turns.

ZHI ZHU is right behind her.

We see him - a long thin face and a tall wiry body - gaunt
and angular. Skin a ghastly grey in the moonlight.

He's dressed all in black and wears bulbous sunglasses that
give him an insect-like appearance in the gloom.

SOO LIN

She stretches out a trembling hand to touch his face.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK running back through the galleries. A shot rings out.

CUT TO:

JOHN running back through the main atrium. He hears it too.

Runs at lightning speed back to the staff office - the place is still dark.

He stops dead in his tracks. We do not see much - just a dead hand poking out from behind the desk.

And a black paper Lotus flower resting in her palm.

We do not need to see more. JOHN'S face says everything.

The little Zisha pot has rolled on to the floor and smashed.

86 INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

86

DIMMOCK, SHERLOCK, JOHN.

SHERLOCK fired up after his encounter at the museum - JOHN angry and bewildered.

JOHN

How many murders is it going to take before you start believing this maniac is out there? A young girl was gunned down tonight - three victims in three days. You're supposed to be finding him...

SHERLOCK raises a hand to stop him ranting - JOHN'S emotional tirade is not helping.

SHERLOCK

Brian Lukis and Eddie Van Coon were working for a gang of international smugglers. A gang called 'The Black Lotus'. Operating right here in London. Under your nose.

DIMMOCK

Can you prove that?

The light in SHERLOCK'S eyes says he can.

87 INT. HOSPITAL - CANTEEN. NIGHT

87

Hospital canteen.

MOLLY HOOPER on a break - clipboard and lab coat.

She queues at the self-service cafe with a plastic tray.
SHERLOCK joins the queue behind her.

SHERLOCK
What are you thinking? The pork or
the pasta?

MISS HOOPER
(Pleasant)
Oh. It's you.

SHERLOCK
This place is never going to
trouble Egon Ronay. Probably ought
to stick with the pasta - don't
want to do roast pork. Not if
you're slicing up human cadavers.

MISS HOOPER
Er... what are you having?

SHERLOCK
Don't do food when I'm working.
Makes you tired, when you digest.

MISS HOOPER
Oh, right. You're working here
tonight?

SHERLOCK
Got some bodies I need to examine.

MISS HOOPER
Some?

SHERLOCK
Eddie Van Coon and Brian Lukis.

She recognises the names; checks her clipboard.

MISS HOOPER
Er... They're on my list.
(Reads)
I did the post-mortems.

SHERLOCK
Could you wheel them out again?

MISS HOOPER
Well, the paperwork's already gone
in...

She dithers - ought to say 'no' - wants to say 'yes' because
it's him.

SHERLOCK decides to apply a little pressure.

SHERLOCK
You' ve changed your hai r.

MI SS HOOPER
What?

SHERLOCK
The style. You used to part it in
the mi ddl e.

MI SS HOOPER
Oh. Yes. Wel l.

SHERLOCK
Suits you better this way.

And he' s got her.

88

INT. HOSPI TAL - MORTUARY. NI GHT

88

The mortuary. SHERLOCK, JOHN, DIMMOCK and MI SS HOOPER.

SHERLOCK
We' re j ust interested in the feet.

MI SS HOOPER
The feet?

SHERLOCK
Do you mi nd i f we j ust take a look
at them?

MI SS HOOPER unzips the body bag. LUKIS has the Black Lotus
tattoo on hi s heel .

SHERLOCK
Now Van Coon.

CUT TO:

Another slab, takes off the cloth. VAN COON lies underneath.
Same routine - same tattoo on the heel.

SHERLOCK turns to DIMMOCK - a victorious smile.

DIMMOCK
So?

SHERLOCK
So either these two men happened to
visit the same Chinese tattoo
parlour. Or I'm telling the truth.

DIMMOCK
(Sighs)
What do you want?

SHERLOCK
I want every book from Luki's
apartment. And Van Coon's.

DIMMOCK
Their books?

89 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

89

SHERLOCK and JOHN arrive home - walk through the door -
collapse.

JOHN visibly shaken by the death of SOO LIN; flops down in a
chair.

SHERLOCK
It's not just a criminal network -
it's a cult. Her brother's been
corrupted by one of its leaders.

JOHN
Soo Lin said the name...

SHERLOCK
Yes. 'Shan'. 'General Shan'. In
Chinese it means 'The mountain'.

JOHN flops down in the chair - despondent.

JOHN
We're still no closer to finding
them...

SHERLOCK

Wrong! We know almost all there is to know. She gave us most of the missing pieces. . .

FLASHBACK.

SOO LIN

He asked me to help him track down something that was stolen.

Baker Street.

SHERLOCK

Why would he go and see his sister? Why would he need her expertise?

JOHN

She worked at the museum.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

An expert in antiquities. . . .
(And then it dawns)
Ah. Of course. I see.

SHERLOCK

Valuable antiquities, John. Ancient relics of China, purchased on the black market. China's home to a thousand treasures - hidden after Mau's revolution.

JOHN

The Black Lotus is selling them.

He grabs JOHN'S laptop. This time JOHN does not protest.

CUT TO:

Image on a computer screen. A logo - 'CRISPIAN'S AUCTIONEERS. 1750-2010'.

JUMP CUT through a series of pictures - valuable antiquities up for auction.

SHERLOCK pauses on anything oriental - screens; ceramics.

Settles on a picture - two Ming Vases. We have seen the picture before - the MUSEUM DIRECTOR showed it to ANDY.

Their shape is unusual. The exact same impression that was in VAN COON'S suitcase.

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

They're stealing them back in China
and - one by one - they're feeding
them into Britain.

JOHN is flicking through BRIAN LUKIS' pocket diary and the
print-out of EDDIE VAN COON'S computer diary.

He circles some of the dates in fluorescent pen and writes
them on a second list.

He compares his list to SHERLOCK'S...

The dates the Chinese items were sold at auction... compared
to the dates that VAN COON or LUKIS went to China.

They tally precisely - same pattern on the page.

JOHN

Every single auction coincides with
Eddie or Brian Lukis travelling to
China.

SHERLOCK

So, if one of those men was greedy,
when they were in China - if they
stole something ...

JOHN

That's why he's come.

A knock. It's MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

Are we collecting for charity,
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

What?

MRS. HUDSON

A young man's outside with a crate
of books.

90 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

90

The Baker Street flat filled with boxes and boxes of books.
Everywhere they are piled high!

A couple of CONSTABLES are bringing in more.

Some boxes are labelled VAN COON, some are labelled LUKIS.
SHERLOCK and JOHN sit amidst a huge stack of them.

SHERLOCK

So. The numbers - they're
references.

JOHN

To books?

SHERLOCK

To specific pages. And specific words on those pages.

JOHN

Right. So... '15' and '1'... That means...

SHERLOCK
(Without looking up)
Some silence would be marvelous.

DIMMOCK slopes out. Not one of the gang.

CUT TO:

JOHN locating identical pairs of books and handing them to
SHERLOCK: two copies of every best seller.

SHERLOCK takes the first pair - two copies of a trashy
thriller - something that everyone owns.

He opens one and examines it.

Page 15. First word.

'is'

No use.

JUMP CUT through a series of attempts to match the numbers to
words in different books. Always the fifteenth page and the
first word written there.

Nothing significant. The word is always something innocuous
like 'and' or 'the'.

Or occasionally something saucy like 'bum'.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK
The thing about a book code - it
has to be a book that all of the
gang members own. And one that they
all have access to...

JOHN
Can't run around town with the
works of Shakespeare in your
pocket.

An alarm clock rings. They have worked through the night.

91 INT. GP'S SURGERY - RECEPTION/JOHN'S ROOM. DAY 91

The Doctor's Surgery.

SARAH has finished her morning appointments. She walks into Reception. There is a huge queue of patients.

Goes over to the RECEPTIONIST.

SARAH
What's going on?

RECEPTIONIST
That locum you hired. He hasn't
buzzed the intercom for ages.

SARAH
Let me go and have a word.

Knocks on a door. No answer.

SARAH
John?

A little light snoring.

SARAH
John?

In she goes. JOHN is asleep, leaning on his fists.

92 INT. GP'S SURGERY - RECEPTION. DAY 92

SARAH'S in Reception, filling a stack of notes.

JOHN appears from his shift, bleary-eyed. The waiting room is empty.

JOHN
Looks like I'm done. Thought I had
more to see.

SARAH
I did one or two of yours.

JOHN
One or two?

SARAH
Well, maybe five or six.

JOHN
I'm sorry. Not very professional.

SARAH
(Affectionate)
No. Not very.

JOHN
Bit of a late one.

SARAH
Ah. OK.

He drifts away. She can't hide her curiosity - calls after him.

SARAH
What were you doing? Keep you up so late?

JOHN No. bcK. SARAH

Takes down all the classic books and examines them one by one to see if they unlock the code.

JUMP CUT through another series of attempts:

The Bible;

The OED;

Dan Brown;

Nigel Lawson;

Jamie Oliver.

No result.

CUT TO:

JOHN enters - suited and booted. In a bit of a panic.

SHERLOCK

I need to get some air to the brain. We're going out tonight.

JOHN

Actually - I've got a date.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

It's where two people who like each other go out and have fun.

SHERLOCK

That's what I was suggesting.

JOHN

No it wasn't.

(Breath)

At least I hope not...

SHERLOCK finds his wallet.

SHERLOCK

Where you taking her?

JOHN

Cinema.

SHERLOCK

Hardly original. What about this?

He digs into his wallet - takes out a scrap of paper.

It is the tiny shred of a poster that he peeled off the wall from the railway arches.

SHERLOCK

In London for one night only.

JOHN

Thanks, but I don't come to you for dating advice.

JOHN looks at the paper - no picture. Just a scrap that says 'CIRCUS' and has the box office phone number.

94

EXT. THEATRE. NIGHT

94

JOHN and SARAH hurry along an East End Street.

SARAH

It's years since anyone took me to the circus.

JOHN

A friend recommended it to me. He phoned up.

SARAH

Is it a touring company or something?

JOHN

I don't know much about it.

They turn the corner. SARAH sees the venue.

SARAH

I think it's probably from China.

POV SARAH and JOHN. They have come to a theatre.

The front facade is decorated in a hundred Chinese lanterns. There is a poster: 'The Yellow Dragon Circus'.

The same poster that SHERLOCK saw - the bottom corner of it matches his tiny scrap.

JOHN looks entirely suspicious.

95 INT. THEATRE - FOYER. NIGHT

95

JOHN and SARAH in the box office queue.

JOHN

I've got two reserved for tonight.

BOX OFFICE MANAGER

What name is it?

JOHN

Er... Holmes.

BOX OFFICE MANAGER

Actually, I have three in that name.

Hands him an envelope with the name 'SHERLOCK HOLMES' on it.

JOHN

Oh, no. I think that's an error. He booked two.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

And then I phoned back and got one for me as well.

JOHN doesn't need to turn around to know his date has been crashed.

SARAH turns and sees SHERLOCK behind them in the queue.

SHERLOCK
I'm Sherlock.

96

INT. THEATRE - FOYER. NIGHT

96

SHERLOCK and JOHN arguing outside the Ladies' Loo.

JOHN
You couldn't let me have one night off?

SHERLOCK
The Yellow Dragon Circus! One day they're in London. It fits. The Tong sent an assassin to England...

JOHN
Dressed up as a tight rope walker! Come on, Sherlock. Behave!

SHERLOCK
A killer who can climb! Who can shin up a rope! Where else would you find that level of dexterity? Exit visas are scarce in China. They'd need some reason to get out of the country, wouldn't they? I just need to have a little look round the place...

JOHN
Fine. You go ahead. I'll take Sarah off for a pint.

SHERLOCK
I need your help.

JOHN
Look, I do have one or two other things on my mind this evening.

SHERLOCK
Like what?

Beat. JOHN disbelieving.

JOHN
You are kidding?

SHERLOCK
What's so important?

JOHN
Sherlock - I'm right in the middle
of a date. You want me to accost
some killer whilst I'm trying to...

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
(Can't think of a delicate
word, so...)
Whilst I'm trying to get off with
Sarah!

SARAH comes out of the toilet. JOHN forces a smile.

JOHN
Ready?

SARAH

Dear God. What are they going to do now?

SHERLOCK

Ancient Chinese escapology act. The crossbow is on a delicate spring. The warrior has to escape his bonds before it fires.

JOHN

Well, that sounds like ideal entertainment for a Friday night.

Crash! SARAH jumps again and clutches JOHN for comfort.

The ballista spring is pulled back. Then...

A long golden rope is lowered from the ceiling. Attached to the bottom end is a sandbag.

The rope runs up and over a beam. Attached to the end in the roof is a metal weight, shaped like a teardrop.

SHERLOCK

They split the sandbag so the sand pours out. The weight is gradually lowered on to the bowl. Classic Chinese circus act.

JOHN

I would have been happy with a bit of juggling and a couple of clowns.

Crash on the drums. SARAH hugs tighter to JOHN.

JOHN

(Under his breath)

Then again...

The masked warrior is in place, strapped to the plank.

The OPERA SINGER takes out a knife; cuts a gash in the sandbag. The sand starts to pour out.

Slowly, slowly it rises to the ceiling, spinning all the while. On the other end of the rope the metal weight is

His movements are swift and effortless. He climbs thirty feet in the air and winds himself into the silken banner.

Then, using fluid and balletic movements, he gently abseils down the silken train and hovers just above the heads of the audience.

Focus on SARAH'S face. She is entranced.

Focus on JOHN'S face, troubled.

SARAH
(Awed whisper)
Were you expecting anything like
this?

JOHN
Actually yes.

And were those hands carrying a sword?

He gazes at the face, nose to nose. And then the face opens its mouth and screams. A full-throated war-cry.

Someone is wearing the WARLORD costume now.

And he attacks SHERLOCK, brandishing the sword.

CUT TO:

JOHN and SARAH stare in wonder at ZHI ZHU as he effortlessly scales the huge skein of silk.

The accompanying music plays at full volume, masking any sound from...

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK and the CHINESE WARLORD are locked in hand to hand combat. The man is squat and bulky but immensely strong.

The WARLORD lands one blow after another, SHERLOCK narrowly managing to dodge them and to keep his footing.

He tries the 'Watch Out' routine (since it worked so well on the SIKH). He points into the corner.

SHERLOCK

Hey.

This time the trick fails miserably - the CHINESE WARLORD just punches him in the gob.

He grabs the paint can and uses it as a weapon - spraying it into the WARLORD'S eyes.

The WARLORD swings his razor sword at SHERLOCK'S head. SHERLOCK ducks and the sword embeds itself in the plaster wall.

SHERLOCK seizes the moment. He dashes at his assailant with a mighty force.

Together they go crashing through the door, straight through the blacks and into the auditorium space.

The crowd are momentarily stunned: a Chinese WARLORD wrestling on the floor with SHERLOCK HOLMES.

SHERLOCK

John!

JOHN dives on him. The audience scatter, screaming, running for the Exit signs.

The WARLORD lands a punch on JOHN - sending him careering into a curtain.

He tears it down and it lands with a cloud of dust.

Candles are extinguished. Everywhere darker now.

In the gloom ZHI ZHU scuttles down his silken skein and disappears into the shadows.

The WARLORD advances on SHERLOCK and lands another punch. SARAH seizes the wooden plank.

She brings it crashing down on the head of the WARLORD. She runs over to rescue JOHN from the dusty chaos.

SHERLOCK rips a shoe from the WARLORD. He gazes there at a tattoo on the man's heel. The Black Lotus.

But the WARLORD is not concussed - merely stunned. He kicks out at SHERLOCK and staggers to his feet; dizzy; still brandishing a sword.

From the wings the OPERA SINGER appears - something in her hand. She points it at JOHN. He flinches - instinctively thinking it's a gun.

But it's not. It's a mobile phone.

She photographs him and smiles.

JOHN knows he has seen her before - the WOMAN IN BLACK.

The WARLORD is still advancing, half-concussed, but flailing with his sword. JOHN knows it's time to retreat. He grabs SARAH by the wrist.

JOHN
Hope you enjoyed your evening.

SARAH
Just another date.

JOHN
Damn. And I wanted to make it memorable.

And with SHERLOCK they run off into the dark.

101 INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

101

SHERLOCK and JOHN reporting to DI DIMMOCK. SARAH with them - they have come straight from the theatre.

DIMMOCK
I sent a couple of cars. The old music hall is totally deserted.

THE BLIND BANKER

SHERLOCK

Look... I saw the mark at the theatre. The tattoo we saw on the bodies. The mark of the Tong.

JOHN

They were part of a smuggling operation. One of them stole something - when he was in China. Something valuable.

SHERLOCK

These circus performers - they were gang members, sent here to get it back.

DIMMOCK

Get what back?

JOHN

We don't know that.

DIMMOCK

You don't know?

DIMMOCK leans back, sighs.

DIMMOCK

Mr. Holmes - I've done everything you asked. Lestrade - he seems to think your advice is worth something... I gave the order for a raid. Please tell me I'll have something to show for it. Other than a massive bill for overtime.

Silence. There is nothing SHERLOCK can say to mollify him.

102 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

102

JOHN and SHERLOCK arrive home. SARAH still with them.

JOHN

They'll be back in China by tomorrow.

SHERLOCK

They won't leave. Not without finding what they came for. We need to find a hideout - a rendezvous.

He stares at the eighteen symbols on the display.

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in this message - it must tell us.

THE BLIND BANKER

Beat. JOHN and SHERLOCK staring at the wall display - SARAH shuffles awkwardly.

SARAH

Well. I think maybe I should leave you to it.

The next two lines spoken simultaneously:

SARAH

What are these squiggles?

SHERLOCK

They're numbers. Written in an ancient Chinese dialect.

SARAH
(Gently teasing)
Of course. Yes. Should have known
that.

MRS. HUDSON breezes into the flat and straight into the
kitchen - she has a tea towel covered with a tray.

She finds JOHN.

MRS. HUDSON

JOHN appears with the tray of nibbles. MRS. HUDSON makes herself scarce.

SHERLOCK

John, look. Soo Lin - at the museum - she started to translate the code for us. We didn't see it.

Reads the two words she has translated.

SHERLOCK

'Nine Mill...?'

JOHN

Maybe it means 'million'.

SHERLOCK

'Nine million quid...?' For what? We need the end of the sentence.

SHERLOCK rushes to the door.

JOHN

Where you going?

SHERLOCK

To the Museum. The Restoration

SHERLOCK

Sorry. Sorry.

He shoves the book back in their hands. Then stops on the street corner.

Beat. His mind races.

He looks across the street. Two Japanese tourists are opposite - one of them has an A to Z tucked in his back pocket.

Whoosh! SHERLOCK is staring at the books on EDDIE VAN COON'S shelf.

There is a London A to Z nestling beside the phone.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! In LUKIS' flat.

A London A to Z on the shelf.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! Sitting at VAN COON'S desk on the trading floor.

A London A to Z resting there on the top.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK on the street.

SHERLOCK
Everyone carries it. No one would
think twice if they saw it. It's...
invisible.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! The restoration room at the museum.

The London A to Z is right beside SOO LIN whilst SHERLOCK and JOHN are talking to her.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK chases down the German couple. The man has tucked the A to Z in his coat pocket. SHERLOCK yanks it out.

SHERLOCK
Just a second.

They rail at him a second time.

104 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT
JOHN and SARAH.

104

SARAH

No, it's fine. A quiet night in is really just what the Doctor ordered. I mean - I love going out and wrestling with Chinese gangsters. But a girl can get too much.

JOHN

Do you want take out?

He takes a menu off the wall.

105 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

105

SHERLOCK on the street, thumbing through the A TO Z.

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)

Page fifteen. Entry one. Page fifteen entry one.

He reads the A to Z index. Page 15. Entry number 1.

SHERLOCK stares at it.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! Staring at the wall in the banker's office with the sprayed graffiti.

'15' and '1'. The tag and the blind banker.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! The library. '15' and '1' sprayed on the spines of the books.

SHERLOCK on the street.

SHERLOCK

'Dead man'. You were threatening to kill them. That's the first cipher.

He tugs the papers from his pocket - the eighteen symbols from the railway. Gets out a pen - falls to the pavement to write.

He starts thumbing through the index, translating each pair of numbers - writing them down.

Each number pair refers to a street...

Focus on SHERLOCK, frowning.

SHERLOCK
'Nine mill for jade pin. Dragon den
black tramway'.

Focus tight on:

And then on:

106 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

106

The doorbell goes.

JOHN
Blimey that was fast. I'll just
pop down.

SARAH
You want me to lay the table?

They both look at the table, filled with SHERLOCK'S
clutter.

JOHN
Eat off trays?

SARAH
Yep.

107 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

107

JOHN bundles down the stairs and opens then door to the
Chinese take-away guy.

JOHN
Sorry to keep you. How much do
you want?

He digs in his wallet.

We cannot see the man's face - he is immersed in shadow. It is ZHI ZHU.

ZHI ZHU
Do you have it?

JOHN
What?

ZHI ZHU
Do you have the treasure?

JOHN
I don't understand...

JOHN realises, but it's already too late.

ZHI ZHU pulls a revolver and smacks it across JOHN'S face, sending him crashing to the floor.

108 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 108

SHERLOCK'S empty flat. Focus on two trays laid with plates and cutlery.

SHERLOCK arrives home. The door bangs offstage. He shouts up the stairs.

SHERLOCK
(O.S.)
John, I've got it. The key to the cipher. The book. It's the London A to Z, that's what they're using...

Bursts into the flat. The lights are on. JOHN and SARAH are nowhere to be seen.

What is there instead makes SHERLOCK pale with shock.

Sprayed on the windows are two Chinese numerals - in yellow aerosol. A death cipher.

109 INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT 109

JOHN wakes up from his concussion. He's slumped in a chair, temple bleeding.

SARAH beside him. They are both tied down. She is gagged but we can hear her softly crying.

It's a dark cavernous room, illuminated only by a ring of candles. JOHN can just make out some long metal grooves in the floor - old tram tracks. The ceiling drips water.

Three other people present - three members of the Black Lotus. Two men and a woman.

The woman stands in the middle. Dressed in a her long black coat and her dark glasses. The OPERA SINGER.

She is flanked by her two thugs in black suits.

There is the short, squat, muscular one - the WARLORD. And on the other side - tall and wiry with jagged limbs and pointed features - the climbing killer. ZHI ZHU.

The OPERA SINGER snaps JOHN with her mobile phone.

THE OPERA SINGER
(Quiet and cool)
A book is like a magic garden,
carried in your pocket.

JOHN qui zzi cal .

THE OPERA SINGER
Chinese proverb, Mr. Holmes.

JOHN
I'm not actually...
(Still delirious)
I'm not Sherlock Holmes.

THE OPERA SINGER
(Smiles, she doesn't
believe him)
Forgive me if I do not take your
word for it.

Walks over to him - softly, slowly - yanks the wallet out of his pocket.

She opens it and rifles around inside.

Finally produces - a bank card.

THE OPERA SINGER
Debit card. Name of S. Holmes.

JOHN
Ah. That's not actually mine. He
leant that to me...

She rifles around again. Produces - a cheque.

THE OPERA SINGER
And a cheque for five thousand
pounds. Made out in the name of Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN
(Weakly)
He asked me to look after that for
him...

She produces - an envelope with the old ticket stubs from the
theatre. The name 'SHERLOCK HOLMES' is on the front.

THE OPERA SINGER
Tickets. From the theatre.
Collected by you. Name of Holmes.

JOHN
Yes. OK. I realise how this looks,
but honestly, I'm not...

THE OPERA SINGER
We heard it from your own mouth.

Beat. JOHN confused - bewildered.

THE OPERA SINGER
'I am Sherlock Holmes and I always
work alone...'

FLASHBACK.

JOHN shouting through the letterbox at SULLIVAN'S flat.

JOHN
... because no one else can compete
with my massive intellect.'

Back to the hideout.

JOHN smiles weakly - he knows nothing he can say will
convince her that he isn't SHERLOCK.

JOHN
Ah. Did I really say that?
(Breath. She smiles)
I s'pose there's no point in
persuading you I was doing an
impressions...

She produces a small revolver and presses it to JOHN'S
temple. He squirms.

THE OPERA SINGER
Sherlock Holmes - you're my pin-up.
Did you know?

Holds up her phone - shows him the photos she has taken -
dozens and dozens of photos of JOHN.

THE OPERA SINGER

Your friend John writes a fascinating blog - I read it every day. I've made an intricate study of you. But you - you know nothing about your most devoted fan.

(MORE)

THE OPERA SINGER (cont'd)
(Breath)
I am Shan.

Beat. JOHN stares at the diminutive woman.

JOHN
(Surprised, bewildered)
You're Shan? 'The mountain'?

THE OPERA SINGER
(A silvery laugh)
Shan is two words in Chinese. It
also means 'The elegant'.

Surfs the internet on her phone.

THE OPERA SINGER
'There is no puzzle, no enigma that
my friend Sherlock cannot solve'.
Let us put it to the test.

She cocks the trigger.

THE OPERA SINGER
(Light, gentle)
Three times we've tried to kill you
and your companion: the flat in
Chinatown; the museum; tonight at
the theatre. What does it tell you
when an assassin cannot shoot
straight?

She pulls the trigger. The barrel is empty. JOHN sighs with relief.

THE OPERA SINGER
It tells you they're not really
trying.

110 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 110

SHERLOCK rummaging through his bookshelves - finds a big OS
map of London - spreads it on the table.

SHERLOCK
(Urgent)
Tramway... tramway...

111 INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT 111

THE OPERA SINGER with her gun in JOHN'S face.

THE OPERA SINGER

Blank bullets. Fired at the museum.
And the fight in Soo Lin's flat -
your companion was allowed to go
free. If we wanted to kill you Mr.
Holmes we'd have done it by now. We
just wanted to make you
inquisitive.

(Brandishing the gun)

Nothing like firing a gun at
someone - to make them think
they're on the trail of something
special. We haven't found what we
seek, but no matter. Now we have
our own sniffer dog. Sherlock
Holmes.

She sniffs at him gently.

THE OPERA SINGER

The rat who gnaws at the tail of
the cat only invites destruction.

JOHN

Proverb?

THE OPERA SINGER

(Beat. Her smile

diminishing)

Do you have it?

JOHN

I... whatJOHNDo ycn4f smiles 1 162.96 reasur 677.28 Tm -C

THE OPERA SINGER
Everything in the west has its
price.

ZHI ZHU drags SARAH'S chair so she is directly in the path of the bolt. The legs of her chair make a shrieking noise from the weight.

THE OPERA SINGER
So. The price for her life.
Information.

Leans very close to him

THE OPERA SINGER
Where's the hairpin?

112 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT 112

SHERLOCK perusing the map - finds what he is looking for. Draws a circle around it.

'Tramway'.

113 INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT 113

A rope slung over a metal beam.

One end of the rope has a sandbag attached. The other end has the teardrop weight swinging from it.

The OPERA SINGER brandishes a knife. The blade glints in the candle flame. JOHN writhes around helpless. ZHI ZHU watches, expressionless.

We have seen the act before. We know how it ends. The bolt will go straight into SARAH'S heart.

She screams with horror, but it is stifled by the gag.

THE OPERA SINGER
The Empress' pin.

JOHN
What?

THE OPERA SINGER
Valued at nine million sterling. We already had a buyer in the west. And then one of our people was greedy. He took it. Brought it back to London. And you, Mr. Holmes, you have been searching...

JOHN

Please, please. You have to
believe me.

(MORE)

I'm not Sherlock Holmes. And I
haven't found what you're looking
for.

She decides to try a new tack - turns to address an imaginary
crowd.

THE OPERA SINGER

JOHN
I'm not Holmes.

THE OPERA SINGER
I don't believe you!

A warmly familiar voice.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
You should, you know.

They turn. SHERLOCK has found them.

SHERLOCK
Sherlock Holmes is a great deal more pompous. With a 'U'. And a great deal more... what was the word, John?

JOHN
Late.

SHERLOCK swings a length of metal piping and knocks the WARLORD out cold. He rushes forward to save SARAH but...

THE OPERA SINGER raises her gun and points it at him - SHERLOCK stops in his tracks.

The sandbag is still rising to the ceiling... There is hardly any time.

SHERLOCK
(Looking at the gun)
That's a semi-automatic. You fire it - the bullet will travel at a thousand metres per second.

THE OPERA SINGER
Well?

SHERLOCK
Well, these walls have a radius of curvature of nearly four metres. If you miss then the bullet will ricochet.

(The Opera singer falters)
Who knows where? You could hit anyone. The bullet could bounce around the tunnel and hit you.

THE OPERA SINGER
I have no intention of missing.

SHERLOCK
Still. I'd take those glasses off. Can't shoot straight in the dark...

And he lashes out and kicks over the burning brazier. The flames are immediately extinguished.

SHERLOCK dives into the shadows - behind the oil drum.

The OPERA SINGER fires and misses.

The bullet ricochets around the tunnel, narrowly missing JOHN.

Everywhere very dark now - just the meagre glow from the candles.

ZHI ZHU running at SHERLOCK in the shadows. He reaches into his pocket - pulls out a long skein of silk - lassoes it over SHERLOCK'S neck with expert precision.

He drags SHERLOCK up towards him - spins more and more silk around him and tugs it tight - the spider spinning a web around his victim - choking him.

SARAH writhing and squealing in her bonds. The weight has almost fallen; the ballista about to fire.

JOHN deliberately topples his chair over and, using scrabbling motions, drags himself towards the loaded ballista.

The OPERA SINGER holds up the gun but she cannot squeeze the trigger for fear of hitting her henchman.

SHERLOCK being choked to death in the folds of silk. ZHI ZHU pulling hard. They are locked together in a silk cocoon...

JOHN finally crawls to the ballista, still strapped to the chair, and lamely attempts to kick it over.

DIMMOCK
I go where you point me.

SHERLOCK
Exactly.

And they go. More and more police are arriving all the while.

117 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 117

SHERLOCK and JOHN at the dining table, staring at the decoded message.

'Nine Mill Fore Jade Pin. Dragon Den Black Tramway'.

JOHN
'Nine Mill...'

SHERLOCK
'Million'.

JOHN
Yes. 'Million'. 'Nine million for
Jade Pin. Dragon Den Black
Tramway'.

SHERLOCK
An instruction - to all of their
operatives in London. A message -
what they were trying to reclaim.

JOHN
A jade pin?

SHERLOCK
Worth nine million pounds. Bring it
to the tramway - their London
hideout.

JOHN
But... a hairpin. Worth nine
million pounds!

SHERLOCK
Apparently.

JOHN
Why so much?

SHERLOCK
Depends who owned it.

118 EXT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY 118

JOHN and SHERLOCK in the city - headed for SHADS bank.

SHERLOCK

Two operatives - based in London.
They travelled over to Dalian to
smuggle those vases. And then one
of them helped himself to
something. A little hairpin.

JOHN

(Incredulous)

Worth nine million pounds,
apparently.

SHERLOCK

Eddie Van Coon was the thief. He
stole the treasure when he was over
in China.

JOHN

How d'you know it was Van Coon not
Lukis? Even the killer didn't know
that.

Reaches the doors of the bank.

SHERLOCK

Because of the soap.

He spins the revolving door and leaves JOHN on the pavement,
baffled.

119

INT. SHAD SANDERSON - AMANDA'S DESK. DAY

119

AMANDA at her desk on the trading floor - putting on hand
lotion. Her mobile rings. She answers.

AMANDA

(On phone)

Amanda?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

(On phone)

He gave you a present.

AMANDA

Oh, hello.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

(On phone)

When he came back from China. A
little gift.

AMANDA

How did you know that?

This time the voice is just behind her.

SHERLOCK

You weren't just his PA, were you?

She turns. SHERLOCK is there - speaking to her simultaneously on the phone.

AMANDA

Someone's been gossiping.

SHERLOCK

No.

AMANDA

Then I don't understand...

SHERLOCK

Hand soap. In his flat. With
moisturiser. Three hundred milli-
litres. Almost finished the bottle.

AMANDA

Sorry?

SHERLOCK

I don't think Eddie Van Coon was
the sort of chap who would buy
himself scented hand soap. Not
unless he had a lady coming over.
Same brand as that hand cream on
your desk there.

AMANDA

I... Look... it wasn't serious
between us. It was over in a flash.
It couldn't last. He was my boss
after all...

SHERLOCK

What happened? Why did you end it?

AMANDA shrugs - SHERLOCK is right.

AMANDA

I thought... he was taking me for
granted. He didn't appreciate me.
(Sighs. Finally admits...)
Stood me up once too often. We'd
plan to go away for a weekend and
then suddenly he'd leave. Fly off
to China at a moment's notice.

SHERLOCK

But he brought you back a present
from abroad. To say 'Sorry'.

SHERLOCK holds out his hand.

SHERLOCK
Could I just have a look at it?

Beat. She reaches into her hair and takes out the Jade hair

INTe90. 96 209. 28 ds.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
Empress Wu Zetian. Only woman to rule Imperial China. This costume is a mock-up of course. She lived fourteen hundred years ago. Nothing of hers has survived.

SHERLOCK
You're sure about that?

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
You hear rumours. The Chinese are always uncovering new artefacts. Anything of hers would be worth... millions.

SHERLOCK produces the pin.

SHERLOCK
I wonder - could you find a place for this, somewhere in the display?

Out on the MUSEUM DIRECTOR, eyes wide.

She looks at the pin and immediately knows its true value.

122

INT. MUSEUM - ATRIUM/ENTRANCE. DAY

122

SHERLOCK and JOHN leaving. ANDY waiting for them by the exit.

ANDY
Almost the last thing she said to me... you have to look hard at something to see its value. I knew she was a sweet girl. But truly - I never knew how brave she was as well.

JOHN smiles sadly. Walks past. And then comes back.

JOHN
That list of benefactors - on the gallery wall. What sort of donation would I need?

He hands ANDY the envelope from SEB.

ANDY opens it. His eyes widen.

ANDY
This would certainly cover it. What name?

JOHN
Three words.

JOHN (cont'd)

Maybe Dimmock can track them all down. Now that he knows it.

SHERLOCK

I cracked the code, yes. All the smugglers have to do is to pick up another book.

JOHN glances through the window - across the street. A young oriental teenager is spraying graffiti on a wall.

125

INT. A DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT

125

A table and chair. Grimy windows.

The OPERA SINGER sits at the table. A laptop in front of her.

It's the first time we've ever seen her full face - without opera make-up or glasses.

She is talking into her computer webcam - Skype.

We see her image on the screen but her correspondent's window simply says 'NO IMAGE AVAILABLE'.

THE OPERA SINGER

Without you - without your assistance - we would not have found passage into London. You have my thanks.

The man on the screen types his replies.

The words appear on her computer - his username at the start of each line...

His username is simply 'M'.

Pause. The cursor hangs there on the screen - blinking.

THE OPERA SINGER

We did not anticipate... we did not know this man would come. This Sherlock Holmes. And now you're safety is compromised.

The reply is typed on screen:

THE OPERA SINGER

I will not reveal your identity...'

Typed on screen:

A little red dot appears on the wall behind her - a laser.

It travels slowly across the room towards her - lands on her forehead.

Black out.

END OF EPISODE
TWO