

A Soviet-era assembly room in a Belarussian prison. Bit like a spartan school room. Lots of tables and chairs. Belarus flag in the corner.

Caption: Minsk, Belarus.

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

SHERLOCK

Just tell me what happened. From the beginning.

BEZZA

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

SHERLOCK

"I wasn't a real man".

BEZZA

What?

SHERLOCK

It's not weren't, it's wasn't.

BEZZA

Oh.

SHERLOCK

(sighs)

Go on.

BEZZA

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

SHERLOCK

Taught.

BEZZA

What?

SHERLOCK

He taught you how to cut up a beast.

BEZZA
Yeah. Well. Then I done it.

SHERLOCK
Did it.

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

Sherlock frowns

BEZZA (CONT'D)
- wasn't moving no more -

Bigger frown

BEZZA (CONT'D)
- any more?

Sherlock nods.

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

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

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

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

Bezza looks reassured. Sherlock turns in the doorway.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Hanged, yes.

He smiles and goes out.

CUT TO:

TITLES

CUT TO:

Three gunshots. SHERLOCK looks at the wall with a
revolver. He's drawn a 'smiley face' on the wall and it now
has bullet holes for eyes and a mouth.

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

JOHN
What the hell are you doing?!

SHERLOCK
Bored.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Bored -

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Bored -

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Bored. I don't know what's got into
the criminal classes. It's a good
job I'm not one of them.

JOHN
So you take it out on the wall?

SHERLOCK
The wall had it coming.

CUT TO:

LUCY
 What is it, Love? You've been funny
 all -

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

LUCY (CONT'D)
 What's the matter? Westie?

WESTIE
 Lucy, Love. I've got to go out.

LUCY
 What?

WESTIE
 Got to see someone. It's important.
 Dead important.

LUCY
 You're kidding, aren't you? It's so
 late -

WESTIE
 I'll get a cab. Won't be long.

LUCY
 What? Who are you going to see?

WESTIE
 It can't wait. Sorry. Should've
 sorted it (ages ago) -

He shakes his head.

WESTIE (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

He grabs his coat then dashes back and kisses her.

WESTIE (CONT'D)
 Love you.

LUCY
 Westie!

WESTIE
 I won't be long.

And he's gone.

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

CUT TO:

4 INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

4

JOHN goes through into the kitchen.

JOHN
What about that Russian case?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Belarus. Open and shut domestic
murder. Not worth my time.

JOHN
Shame. Anything in? I'm starving.

He opens the fridge door.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
A head. A severed head.

SHERLOCK
Just tea for me, thanks.

JOHN
There's a head in the fridge!

SHERLOCK
Yes.

JOHN
A bloody head!

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

JOHN
(distracted)
Um... yeah.

He slams shut the fridge door.

SHERLOCK
'A Study in Pink'. Nice.

JOHN
Well, you know. Pink Lady, pink
case, pink phone. There was a lot
of pink. Did you like it?

SHERLOCK

Er...no.

JOHN

Why not? I thought you'd
be...flattered.

SHERLOCK

Flattered?

(reads from blog)

"Sherlock sees right through
everyone and everything in seconds.
What's incredible, though is how
spectacularly ignorant he is about
some things".

JOHN

Hang on, I didn't mean -

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Or that the earth goes round the
Sun?

SHERLOCK

Oh that again. It's not important.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

And then it's impossible to get at the stuff that matters. You follow?

JOHN

But it's the Solar System - !

SHERLOCK

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

John glares at him - then heads for the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Where's going? You going? (i ndow. Hel oi ng?) Tj 1 0 0 1 9 56. Ody

SHERLOCK
Can't come too soon.

Mrs Hudson suddenly notices the bullet-pocked plaster.

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

Smiling, Sherlock turns to her and --

! The empty house opposite explodes in a huge fireball!
All the windows shatter, Sherlock throws himself onto Mrs
Hudson and they dive to the floor!

CUT TO:

5

INT. SARAH'S FLAT. DAY.

5

JOHN is asleep on a sofa. He blinks awake and tries to sit
wal

SARAH
(leaving)
Mind if I shower first?

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

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

Sound of a shower from the next room.

John's face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(calling)
Sarah! Sarah!

He grabs his coat and rushes to the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I've got to go! Sorry.

He runs out, slams the door.

Beat.

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

SARAH
Sorry. Couldn't hear -

But she's alone.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY. 6

Something lies slumped by the tube rails.

A SIGNALMAN comes running up.

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

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY. 7

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

CUT TO:

8 INT. BAKER STREET. HALL. DAY.

8

-- hurls open the door, clatters up the stairs.

JOHN
Sherlock! Are you alright??

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

9

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

SHERLOCK
I can't.

MYCROFT
Can't?

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

JOHN
Are you ok? I saw it on the TV -

SHERLOCK
(distracted)
What? Oh. Yeah. Gas leak, apparently.
(to Mycroft)
The stuff I've got on is too big. I just can't spare the time.

MYCROFT
This is of national I

SHERLOCK

If you're so keen, why don't you
investigate it?

MYCROFT

No, no, no. I can't possibly leave
the office for any length of time.
Not with the Korean elections so
near -

He stops. Smiles sweetly.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Yes, well, you don't need to know
about that, do you? Besides, a case
like this. It requires...
(infinite disdain)
...leg-work.

SHERLOCK

(to John)

How's Sarah? How was the li-lo?

MYCROFT

Sofa, Sherlock. It was the sofa.

SHERLOCK

Of course.

JOHN

MYCROFT (CONT' D)

(holds up some documents)
Andrew West. Known as "Westie" to his friends. Civil servant. Found dead on the rails at Battersea station this morning. Head smashed in.

JOHN
Jumped in front of a train?

MYCROFT
That seems the logical assumption.

JOHN
But?

MYCROFT
But?

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

SHERLOCK
(tickled)
Ha!

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

JOHN
That wasn't very clever.

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

JOHN
(delighted)
Top secret?

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

SHERLOCK
Like to see you try.

Silence.

MYCROFT
Think it over.

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

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

He goes out, closing the door.

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

JOHN
Why did you lie?

SHERLOCK
What?

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

SHERLOCK
Why shouldn't I?

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

Sherlock's phone rings.

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

He smiles, hangs up.

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

JOHN
If you want me to.

SHERLOCK
 (brightening)
 Of course! I'm lost without my
 blogger!

CUT TO:

10 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. DAY. 10

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

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

SHERLOCK
 Obviously.

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

JOHN
 Inspector.

LESTRADE
 That explosion.

SHERLOCK
 Gas leak, yes?

Lestrade shakes his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 No?

LESTRADE
 Made to look like one. Explosives.

JOHN
 What?

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

He hands an envelope across to Sherlock.

It's good quality. Cream-coloured. On it, in spidery writing:
Sherlock Holmes. By Hand.

Sherlock looks up, surprised.

SHERLOCK
You haven't opened it?

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

SHERLOCK
How reassuring.

Sherlock looks closely at the envelope.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Nice stationery. Bohemian.

LESTRADE
What?

SHERLOCK
From the Czech Republic. No finger-
prints?

LESTRADE
No.

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

JOHN
She?

SHERLOCK
Obviously.

JOHN

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(breaks off, realises,
looks at Lestrade)
'A Study in Pink' - you read his
blog??

LESTRADE

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

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

He puts the phone on speaker mode.

PHONE VOICE

You have one new message.

They listen, rapt.

From the phone:

JOHN

That's it?

Close on the phone: a photo is downloading.

SHERLOCK

No, that's not it.

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

LESTRADE

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

Beat.

SHERLOCK

(grave)
It's a warning.

JOHN
A warning?

Sherlock grabs the phone from Lestrade.

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

MRS HUDSON
 He had a look, didn't you,
 Sherlock, when you first came to
 see about the flat? I can't get
 anyone interested in it. The damp I
 expect. It's the curse of
 basements.

Sherlock has his face pressed to the door.

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

SHERLOCK
 Door's been opened. Recently.

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

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

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

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

JOHN
 Shoes?

They go in.

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

Sherlock shuts the door in her face.

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

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

SHERLOCK
 Hello?

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

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
 Hello, sexy.

SHERLOCK
Who is this?

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

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

SHERLOCK
Who's talking? Are you crying?

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

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
The curtain rises...

13 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

13

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

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Then you're not going to be much use to her.

JOHN

Are they trying to trace it? Trace the call?

Sherlock's phone beeps. A text has arrived.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Where is it?

SHERLOCK

Jacket.

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

JOHN

Text, from your brother.

SHERLOCK

Delete it.

JOHN

Delete it?

MISS HOOPER
 Jim! Hi! Come in, come in. Jim,
 this is Sherlock Holmes.

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

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

JOHN
 John Watson. Hi.

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

Sherlock doesn't even look up.

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

Sherlock glances up at Jim, briefly.

SHERLOCK
 (sotto)
 Gay.

MISS HOOPER
 ... sorry, what?

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

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

JIM
 Sorry. Sorry.

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

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

MISS HOOPER
 Yeah.

JIM
 Bye, then. Nice to meet you.

JOHN

You too.

JIM goes out, smiling.

MISS HOOPER

What do you mean, gay? We're together.

SHERLOCK

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

MISS HOOPER

JOHN
Charming. Well done.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
Go on, then.

JOHN
Eh?

SHERLOCK
You know what I do. Off you go.

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Go on.

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

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

John shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Really.

John shrugs. Accepts.

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

SHERLOCK
Good.

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

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

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

- the soles are well-worn so the owner has had them for a while.

SHERLOCK

Yup.

JOHN

(warming to his theme)

Very 80s. Probably one of those retro designs.

SHERLOCK

You're on sparkling form! What else?

JOHN

They're pretty big but -

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

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

SHERLOCK

(sincerely)

Excellent. What else?

JOHN

That's it.

SHERLOCK

That's it?

(MORE)

SHERLOCK

(darkly)

Someone's kept them that way. Quite a bit of mud caked on the soles. Analysis shows it's from Sussex but with London mud overlaying it.

JOHN

How do you know?

SHERLOCK

(gestures at microscope image)

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

JOHN

So what happened to them?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

(pol e-axed)

Carl Powers!

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK
Carl Powers! John....

JOHN
What is it?

Beat.

SHERLOCK
It's where I began.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CAB. DAY.

14

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's phone.

A page from an old newspaper. 'Tragic Carl died "doing what he loved"'

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

SHERLOCK and JOHN are in the back of a cab.

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

JOHN
But you remember?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

JOHN
There was something fishy about it?

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

JOHN
Started young, didn't you?

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

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

But there was something wrong.
Something I couldn't get out of my
head.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

His shoes.

JOHN

What about them?

SHERLOCK

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

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Until now.

CUT TO:

15

INT. BAKER STREET. KITCHEN-LAB. NIGHT.

15

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

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

SHERLOCK is poring over police documents.

JOHN pops his head through the plastic-strip curtain.

JOHN

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

His mobile pings. John glances at it.

JOHN (CONT' D)

Mycroft. He's texting me now.
(sighs)
How does he know my - ?

SHERLOCK

Must be a root canal.

JOHN
He did say "national importance".

SHERLOCK
How quaint.

JOHN
What is?

SHERLOCK
You are. "Queen and Country".

JOHN
You can't just ignore it!

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

JOHN
Ok. Good. Who's that?

CUT TO:

16 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

16

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

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

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

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

MYCROFT
(sweetly)
Did he?

John avoids his gaze.

JOHN
Yes. He's...investigating now. Investigating away! Just wanted to know what else you could tell us about the dead man.

MYCROFT

Twenty seven. A clerk at Vauxhall Cross. He was last seen by his girlfriend at nine thirty on Monday night. They'd been watching a film at home.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

18 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 18

MYCROFT

He suddenly left her without explanation.

JOHN

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

MYCROFT

No.

Mycroft touches his jaw. Winces a little.

JOHN

What?

MYCROFT

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

JOHN

Must've bought a ticket.

MYCROFT

There was no ticket on the body.

JOHN

Then - ?

MYCROFT

Then how did he come to end up with a bashed-in brain on the tracks at Battersea? That is the question. The one I was hoping Sherlock would provide an answer to. How's he getting on?

JOHN
 He's... fine. It's going well. He's
 completely focused on it.

CUT TO:

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

19

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

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

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

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

Sherlock suddenly sits back, eyes glittering with triumph.

SHERLOCK
 Poison.

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

SHERLOCK
 Clever. Clever.

MRS HUDSON
 What are you on about?

JOHN enters. Sherlock looks up, thrilled.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
 Out! Out! Out!

-- and shoos her out of the room.

JOHN
 What? Carl Powers was murdered?

CRYING WOMAN (V. O.)
 Well...done you. Come...and get me.
 (suddenly desperate)
 Help me! For God's sake, please
 help me!

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

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

20

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

20

Reveal: a woman tied to a chair, a phone in her hand, what
 looks like a pager in the other --

- and she's festooned in explosives, like a suicide bomber.

A tiny red light from a sniper's rifle bobs over her.

Blue lights flash over her face. The wail of sirens. The roar
 of cars screeching to a halt outside.

On living room door as it is smashed open by the police.

A POLICEMAN, in the doorway, stares -

- then starts forward -

CRYING WOMAN
 Stay back, stay back!

Then the policeman sees it.

Close on: the tiny red light of a laser sight on one of the
 explosives. The beam shines through the window.

A moment of horror -

- then the light winks out.

On policeman: relief.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. DAY.

21

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

LESTRADE

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

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

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(indicating pager)

She had to read out from this.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

Or if you hadn't solved the case.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Elegant!

JOHN

Elegant?

LESTRADE

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

SHERLOCK

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

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

PHONE VOICE (SPEAKER)

You have one new message.

JOHN

Four pips!

SHERLOCK

(brightly)

First test passed, it seems. Here's the second one.

A picture appears. A flashy sports-car, with all its doors wide open.

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

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

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

SALLY
Freak!

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

SALLY (CONT'D)
It's for you.

On Sherlock as he takes the phone.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

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

SHERLOCK
Who is this? Is this you again?

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
...but don't rely on them. Clever you. Guessing about Carl Powers. I never liked him. I had a little theory. About asteroids. Carl laughed at me. So I stopped him laughing.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

SALLY
 (sotto, to John)
 You're still hanging around him.

JOHN
 Yeah. Well.

SALLY
 (shrugs)
 Opposites attract, I suppose.

JOHN
 What? We're not -

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
 But no body?

SALLY
 Not yet.

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

SHERLOCK
 (approaching)
 Mrs Monkford?

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

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

JOHN
 We're not the police, we're -

SHERLOCK
 Sherlock Holmes. Very old friend of
 your husband's. We grew up
 together.

JOHN
Sorry, what?

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

JOHN
What, you think she killed her
husband?

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

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

SALLY
(calling)
Fishing! Try fishing.

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

Sherlock holds out the business card. It reads:

CUT TO:

INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.

SHERLOCK
Is that one?

Ewart turns in his swivel chair, bends low.

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

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

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

He scratches his upper arm.

JOHN
You didn't know Mr Monkford?

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

SHERLOCK
Nice holiday, Mr Ewart?

EWART
Eh?

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

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

Sherlock just nods, then suddenly brightens.

SHERLOCK
D'you have change for the fag machine?

EWART
What?

SHERLOCK
I noticed there was one on the way
in and I'm out of change. I'm
gasping. Here.

He proffers a tenner.

Ewart gets out his wallet and rifles inside.

EWART
Nah. Sorry.

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

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

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

They leave.

CUT TO:

26 INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

26

They pass the cigarette machine.

JOHN
I've got change if you still -

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

JOHN
Then what was all that about?

SHERLOCK
I needed a look in his wallet.

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Because Mr Ewart is a liar.

CUT TO:

On Sherlock - so intrigued. He can't help smiling a little which turns into a beaming grin at something he sees.

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

CUT TO:

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

-- and it's the same car, later.

SHERLOCK

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

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

JOHN

So where is he?

SHERLOCK

Colombia.

LESTRADE

Colombia?

SHERLOCK

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

CUT TO:

31 INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.

31

Flashback to EWART'S wallet as he rifles through it.

Perhaps see Sherlock totally isolated in the room, all other details bleached out. He sees only Ewart's wallet.

Zoom super-close on Ewart's fingers flicking through bank-notes. Two tenners. A twenty and --

-- the Colombian money.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

He told us he hadn't been abroad recently but when I asked him about the cars...

Ewart turns in his chair, bends low.

Close on the back of his neck. It is deeply tanned but then there's a clear white line visible some way down.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT' D)

...I could clearly see the tan-line. No-one wears a shirt on a sunbed. That plus his arm...

CUT TO:

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

32

LESTRADE

His arm?

SHERLOCK
He kept scratching it. Obviously
irritating him. And bleeding.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

33

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

JOHN
Mrs Monkford?

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

Sherlock looks at his watch.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I am on fire!

CUT TO:

34 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

34

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

CUT TO:

35 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 35

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

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
He says... you can... come and fetch
me. Help! Help me please!!

CUT TO:

36 EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. NIGHT. 36

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

CUT TO:

37 INT. CAFE. DAY. 37

Bleary morning.

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

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

SHERLOCK
(of the food)
Feeling better?

JOHN
(through his food)
Mm! Christ, we haven't stopped for
breath since this thing started.

He eats on.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Has it occurred to you -

SHERLOCK
Probably.

JOHN
The bomber's playing a game with
you. The envelope. Breaking into
the other flat. The dead kid's
shoes. It's all meant for you.

SHERLOCK
(small smile)
Yes. I know.

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

SHERLOCK
Them?

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

SHERLOCK
Perhaps.

The iPhone beeps. Sherlock and John exchange glances.

PHONE VOICE
You have one new message.

Close on the phone as another picture appears. A hard-faced,

OLD LADY (V.O.)

(tremulous)

This one... is a bit... defective.
Sorry... she's... blind.

40 INT. MORGUE. DAY.

40

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN
' Suppose.

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

LESTRADE
Eh?

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

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

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

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

KENNY (CONT'D)

We didn't always see eye to eye,
but my sister was very dear to me.

JOHN

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

KENNY

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

JOHN

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

43

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

43

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

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

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

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE back in the flat too.

Sherlock is tapping away madly at his laptop and cradling his
phone under one ear. CONT'D)

MRS HUDSON
 You know, what goes best with what.
 I should never wear cerise,
 apparently. Drains me.

Sherlock hangs up.

LESTRADE
 Who was that?

SHERLOCK
 Home Office.

LESTRADE
 Home Office?

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

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

SHERLOCK
 Not until now.

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

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

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

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

Audience laughter.

MRS HUDSON
 That's the brother. No Love Lost
 there, if you can believe the
 papers.

Sherlock hits a key. Lots of pop-up windows appear.

SHERLOCK
So I gather. I'm having a very
fruitful chat with people who love
this show. Fan sites. Indispensable
for gossip.

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

CUT TO:

44

INT. MANSION. DAY.

44

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

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

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

KENNY
Oh no. You fire away.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER STREET 221B. DAY. The cat settles on

SHERLOCK
I'm already on it.

Back to the photo wall.

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

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

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

On Sherlock. Not answering.

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

The phone goes dead.

CUT TO:

46

INT. BAKER STREET. STAIRS. DAY.

46

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

SHERLOCK
Hello?

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

SHERLOCK
You are?

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

SHERLOCK
I'll remember.

CUT TO:

47 INT. MANSION. DAY.

47

RAOUL brings in tea on a tray.

KENNY
Thank you, Raoul.

The cat winds itself round Raoul's ankles.

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

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

KENNY
Oh yes. I like that.

Doorbell rings.

RAOUL
Excuse me.

JOHN
That'll be him.

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

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

KENNY
Thank you. You're very kind.

He goes to a mirror. Starts to preen himself.

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

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

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Yes?

JOHN
 (sotto)
 Yes!

John picks up the camera.

KENNY
 All set?

JOHN
 Um... yes.

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

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

JOHN
 Right. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
 Hm?

JOHN
 Need a light reading.

SHERLOCK
 Oh. Erm...

He sets off the flash. Kenny blinks.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Um... 2.8.

JOHN
 Right.

John fiddles clumsily with the camera. Another flash.

KENNY
 (blinks)
 Look, will this take long?

JOHN
 Half an hour, tops.

The cat wanders in.

SHERLOCK
 Oh, who's this?

KENNY
 This is Sekhmet. Named after the Egyptian goddess.

SHERLOCK

How nice.

He strokes the cat.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Was she Connie's?

KENNY

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

He scoops up the cat.

KENNY (CONT' D)

Didn't I, puss?

John turns suddenly to Sherlock, beaming.

JOHN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Yes?

JOHN

Light reading!

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

KENNY

Bloody hell! What do you think
you're playing at?

SHERLOCK

Sorry! Sorry!

KENNY

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

JOHN

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

KENNY

Eh?

JOHN

Come on, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

We have a dead line.

KENNY

But you've not taken anything!

But John is already out of the door.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. STREET. DAY.

48

JOHN hurries away from the house, laughing.

JOHN

Yes! Yes!

He almost punches the air. SHERLOCK smiles kindly.

SHERLOCK

You think it was the cat. It wasn't the cat.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

It's a lovely idea -

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

He murdered his sister for her money!

SHERLOCK

Did he?

JOHN
(face falls)
Didn't he?

SHERLOCK
No. It was revenge.

JOHN
Revenge? Who wanted revenge?

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

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

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

JOHN

But the hostage! That old woman on the phone. She's been there all this time -

SHERLOCK

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

CUT TO:

50 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 50

As before: close on computer screen, Sherlock typing away.

CUT TO:

51 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 51

As before: Sherlock, John, Lestrade, waiting. The pink iPhone rings, Sherlock grabs it.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

CUT TO:

52 INT. OLD LADY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 52

The tremulous, blind old lady - so scared now, so many hours of terror.

OLD LADY

... help me...

CUT TO:

53 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 53

Inter-cut as required.

SHERLOCK

Tell us where you are - address!

OLD LADY

... he was so... his voice... he
sounded so...

SHERLOCK

(thinking)

He killed the old woman because she was starting to describe him. Not 'them', John. Him. Just for once, he's put himself in the firing line.

JOHN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

JOHN

So why is he doing this? Playing
this game with you? You think he
wants to be caught?

SHERLOCK

SHERLOCK

Don't make heroes out of people,
John. Heroes don't exist. And if
they did, I wouldn't be one of
them.

He listens. Nods to John.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES. PIER. DAY.

John looks to Lestrade for permission. He shrugs. Why not?

JOHN

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

LESTRADE

Apparently not. Not enough of the Thames in his lungs. Asphyxiated.

JOHN

(nods)

Yes. I'd agree. There's quite a bit of bruising around the nose and mouth...

SHERLOCK

Yes. There would be.

JOHN

(gestures at the corpse's hairline and ears)

And there are more bruises... here and here...

SHERLOCK

Fingertips.

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

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

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

His phone beeps. He smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But I'll tell you one thing.

(nodding towards posters)

That lost Vermeer painting is a fake!

Beat.

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

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

LESTRADE

Wait, wait! What painting? What're
you on about?

SHERLOCK

(holds up his PDA)

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

LESTRADE

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

SHERLOCK

Everything.

(excited)

Have you ever heard of the Golem?

LESTRADE

Golem?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Jewish folk-story. A gigantic man
made of clay. It's also the name of
an assassin. Real name Oskar

JOHN
(i n t e r v e n i n g)
All right, girls. Keep calm.
Sherlock? Wanna take us through it?

Sherlock does. He straightens up, enjoying himself.

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

CUT TO:

56 INT. HICKMAN GALLERY. NIGHT.

56

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

Intercut as required.

SHERLOCK
Polyester. Nasty. Shirt's the same.
Cheap.

Now we see the shirt too.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
And they're both too big for him -

ALEX WOODBRIDGE (overweight, 50s

JOHN
Security guard?

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

LESTRADE
His backside?

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

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

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

John smiles. Pleased.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
And the watch helps. The alarm -

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

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

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

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

He holds up a wet ball of paper.

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

JOHN
Tickets?

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

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

Alex Woodbridge runs on.

Heavy footsteps thump towards him.

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

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

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

His pursuer moves across the wooden floor.

CLOSE on Alex, crouching. Behind him is a big glossy poster:

A shadow falls across his face.

Alex looks up - terrified.

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

He screams.

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

(MORE)

Something that would stop the owner

JOHN
Fantastical!

SHERLOCK
Meretricious.

JOHN
And a happy new year.

He looks down at the body.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Poor sod.

LESTRADE
I'd better put out some feelers for
this Golem character -

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

LESTRADE
Who?

SHERLOCK
(smiles)
Me.

CUT TO:

57 INT. TAXI. DAY.

57

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

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

JOHN
Where now? The gallery?

SHERLOCK
In a bit.

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

JOHN
The Hickman's contemporary art,
isn't it? Why've they got hold of
an Old Master?

SHERLOCK
Dunno. Dangerous to jump to
concl usi ons. I need data.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE. DAY.

58

The cab pul ls up hal fway along the bri dge.

SHERLOCK
(to dri ver)

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Now we go to the gallery. Got any
cash on you?

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

ON the Beggar as they walk off. She smiles and unrolls the Tw (ON JO

JULIE
 God, yeah. Mad about it. That's all
 he ever did when he had spare time.
 He was a nice guy, Alex. I liked
 him.

She looks around the messy room and her voice cracks.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 He was never much of a one for
 Hoovering.

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

JULIE
 (shrugs)
 It was just a job.

John nods. Not much to go on here.

JOHN
 Has anyone else been round? Asking
 about Alex?

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

JOHN
 When?

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

JOHN
 Who was it from?

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

She goes out. John's phone buzzes.

He checks it. A text:

" . "

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

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

It beeps.

A smart, glamorous Czech woman - MISS WENCESLAS - walks past, notices.

WENCESLAS
Don't you have something to do?

The attendant turns. It's SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK
Just admiring the view.

WENCESLAS
Yes. Lovely. Now get back to work.

SHERLOCK
Doesn't it bother you?

WENCESLAS
What?

SHERLOCK
That the painting's a fake?

WENCESLAS
What?

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

He glances at her name-badge.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
...Miss Wenceslas?

WENCESLAS
Who are you?

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

WENCESLAS
'Golem'? What the hell are you talking about?

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

WENCESLAS
It is not a fake!

SHERLOCK

It is a fake. I don't know why but there's something wrong with it. There has to be.

MISS WENCESLAS looks like she's about to explode.

WENCESLAS

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

SHERLOCK

Not a problem.

WENCESLAS

No?

SHERLOCK

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

WENCESLAS

How did you get in?

SHERLOCK

Please.

WENCESLAS

I want to know!

SHERLOCK

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

WENCESLAS

Who are you?

SHERLOCK

Sherlock Holmes.

WENCESLAS

Am I supposed to be impressed?

SHERLOCK

You should be. Have a nice day.

He walks confidently away.

MISS WENCESLAS watches him go, then swings back towards the new Vermeer. Stares at it.

CUT TO:

64 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. DAY.

64

The same tidy house from sc2. In it sits the controlled but red-eyed LUCY, fiancée of the dead WESTIE.

LUCY
He wouldn't. He just wouldn't.

JOHN
Stranger things have happened.

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

JOHN
I'm sorry. But you must understand, that's -

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

John nods.

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

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

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

Beat.

LUCY
Fine.

JOHN
You're sure?

LUCY
Yes.
(sighs)
I suppose he had been a bit... off. Bit distracted. Since the engagement party, really. But I thought it was just stress. People think it must be glamorous working for them. The Security Service. But it's not. It's a slog. Not bloody James Bond.

JOHN
Can you... can you tell me exactly
what happened? That night?

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

She starts to cry.

JOHN
You've no idea who?

She shakes her head.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

65

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

JOE
Oh. Hi Luce. You ok, love?

LUCY
Yeah.

JOE
Who's this?

JOHN
John Watson. Hi.

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

JOE
You with the police?

JOHN
Sort of.

JOE
Well, tell them to get off their
arses! It's bloody ridiculous.

JOHN
I'll do my best. Well... thanks for
your help. And again, I'm very
sorry.

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

She cries.

John goes out, solemn.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

66

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

BEGGAR
Spare change. Any spare change?

Sherlock goes straight up to her.

JOHN

SHERLOCK
Don't mind if I do.

The Beggar hands him what looks like a bank note -

BEGGAR
Night, night.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

67

EXT. BRIDGE ARCHES. NIGHT.

67

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

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

The cab drives off.

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

SHERLOCK
Beautiful, isn't it?

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

SHERLOCK
I can still appreciate them.

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

SHERLOCK
This way.

He leads the way into the arches. It's very sinister. Vaguely human shapes under sleeping bags and cardboard boxes. The odd fire.

JOHN
Nice. Nice part of town. Why are we here?

SHERLOCK
To see a friend.

JOHN
Friend. Right.

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

HUXLEY
Good evening!

SHERLOCK
Lord Huxley! How are you?

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

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

HUXLEY
Occupational hazard!

SHERLOCK
This is John. He's a friend.

HUXLEY
(brightly)
Hello!

JOHN
Hi.

SHERLOCK
Well?

HUXLEY
(thrilled)
We found him, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
I never doubted you would.

HUXLEY
(pointing)
Down there. Last arch but one. Made himself a nice little nest but... keeps himself to himself.

SHERLOCK
Not surprised.

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

SHERLOCK
Thanks.

He makes to go.

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

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

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

Sherlock moves quietly along the arches. John follows.

JOHN

SHERLOCK

No, no. He's the real thing. Don't you remember? Pile of clothes on a beach about ten years ago? The disappearing peer?

JOHN

Oh God, yeah.

SHERLOCK

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

He pulls up sharp and stops John with his hand.

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

Sherlock reaches into his coat and hands John his army pistol.

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Don't mention it.

John grins.

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
No! No! No! No!

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

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Jupiter appears, projected onto the ceiling. Bathed in its light is an elderly woman in a track-suit - PROFESSOR CAIRNS. She's operating a control console.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Yes. We know all that.

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

VOICE
Titan is the largest moon -

Fast forwards again.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Come on, Neptune. Where are you

The Golem turns and at last we see:

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

John raises his gun.

VOICE

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

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

VOICE (CONT'D)

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

SHERLOCK

John!

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

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

VOICE

The Crab Nebula exploded in 1054...

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

He stops dead, listening.

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

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

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

VOICE (CONT'D)

It is an example of what we call a pulsar...

On Sherlock: eyes bulging in terror!

Suddenly the Golem sags as John smashes the back of his gun over the Golem's head. Sherlock dives free, rubbing his face and whooping for air.

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

Click!

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

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

Stand off.

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

The Golem releases John. He scrabbles away towards Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You all right?

JOHN
(gasping)
Think so.

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

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

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

The Golem takes advantage of the chaos and dives for the exit. Sherlock fires again but it's too late. A rectangle of light as the Golem flings open the door and makes his escape.

Sherlock runs to the doorway. The screech of

Silence.

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

Silence.

And then, chillingly - a child's voice from the iPhone.

CHILD (V.O.)
 Ten.

A chill sweeps the room.

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

JOHN
 What did he say?

SHERLOCK
 Ten.

CHILD (V.O.)
 Nine.

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

LESTRADE
 Jesus!

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

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

CHILD (V.O.)
 Eight.

Sherlock rounds on Miss Wenceslas.

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

Miss Wenceslas does not move.

CHILD (V.O.)
 Seven.

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

CHILD (V. O.)
Six.

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

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

LESTRADE
He's speeding up.

JOHN
Sherlock!

CHILD (V. O.)
Four.

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

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

He tosses the

SHERLOCK

You know, it's interesting.
Bohemian stationery. An assassin
named after a Prague legend and
you... Miss Wenceslas. There's a
distinctly Czech feel to the whole
case. Is that where all this leads?

No response.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Lestrade)

What are we looking at, Inspector?

LESTRADE

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

MISS WENCESLAS

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

(sighs, defeated)

I found a little old man in
Argentina. Genius. I mean really.
Brushwork immaculate. Could fool
anyone.

(ruefully)

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

SHERLOCK

Who?

MISS WENCESLAS

I don't know.

Lestrade scoffs.

MISS WENCESLAS (CONT'D)

It's true! It took me a long time
but eventually I was put in touch
with... people. His people. But
there was never any real contact.
Just messages. Whispers.

SHERLOCK

And did these whispers have a name?

On Miss Wenceslas: scared. Nods.

MISS WENCESLAS
Moriarty.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY.

72

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

JOHN
This is where West was found?

GUARD
Yeah. You gonna be long?

JOHN
Might be.

GUARD
You with the police, then?

JOHN
Sort of.

The Guard pulls a face.

GUARD
I hate 'em.

JOHN
The police?

GUARD
No. Jumpers. People who chuck themselves in front of the trains. Selfish bastards.

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

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

John crouches down and looks at the rails.

JOHN
Speaking of strawberry jam. There's
no blood on the line. Has it been
cleaned off?

GUARD
No. There wasn't much.

JOHN
You said his head was smashed in?

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

JOHN
Ok.

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

He wanders away up the tunnel. John looks about.

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

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

Close: the points.

On: John. He frowns. Something occurs to him. He grins
hugely.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
The points!

JOHN
Yes!

JOHN

How long have you been following me?

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN (O. S.)
What if there's someone in?

SHERLOCK (O. S.)
There isn't.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

75 EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 75

-- revealing a view of railway lines beneath.

JOHN
Where are we?

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

JOHN
Joe...?

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

CUT TO:

76 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 76

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

JOHN
Why did he do it?

The sound of a key in the front door.

SHERLOCK
Let's ask him.

John freezes.

JOE comes into the front room, wheeling his bike. He starts at the sight of Sherlock and John.

A strange look crosses his face. He knows they're onto him!
He lifts up the bike, prepares to hurl it at them --

CLICK!

John cocks his army pistol.

CUT TO:

77

INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

77

A miserable JOE is slumped on his sofa.

JOE

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

JOHN

Why did you kill him?

JOE

It was an accident.

Sherlock scoffs.

JOE (CONT'D)

I swear it was.

SHERLOCK

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

Joe sighs.

JOE

I started pushing. Drugs, I mean.
The bike thing is great cover.
But... I dunno. I dunno how it
say?

JOE (V.O.)
He was usually so careful. But, you
know, after a few pints he opened
up a bit.

Westie is gesticulating. Talking ten to the dozen.

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

Westie flashes the memory stick like a conjuror.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I thought...

CUT TO:

79 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

79

JOE runs his hands over his face.

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

JOHN
What happened? The night he died?

CUT TO:

80 EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT.

80

JOE is struggling to get his key into the lock. WESTIE

Stricken, Joe looks down at him.

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

CUT TO:

81 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 81

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

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

CUT TO:

82 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT. 82

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

CUT TO:

83 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 83

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

JOHN
And points.

SHERLOCK
Exactly.

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

JOE
(hopelessly)
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
Fetch it for me, if you wouldn't
mind.

Joe goes to get it.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

84 INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

84

Close on the bomber's iPhone. Silent.

JOHN has his laptop on his knee.

SHERLOCK's watching a Jeremy Kyle-like TV show.

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

JOHN
I knew it was dangerous.

SHERLOCK
Hm?

JOHN
Getting you into trashy TV.

SHERLOCK
Not a patch on Connie Prince.

He looks over.

JOHN
You given Mycroft the memory stick yet?

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

JOHN
Still waiting.

SHERLOCK

For what?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

Didn't do you any good, did it?

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

(small smile)

True.

John gets up, grabs his coat.

JOHN

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

SHERLOCK

I'll get some.

JOHN

Really?

SHERLOCK

Really.

Beat.

John smiles.

JOHN

And some beans. We need beans.

Sherlock nods. John heads out.

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

Sherlock hesitates. Where? Smiles. Types.

JOHN
' Eveni ng.

On Sherlock. What? John??

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

John's voice is strangely stilted, halting.

SHERLOCK
John? What the hell are you - ?

JOHN
Bet you never saw this coming.

On Sherlock: impossible! John??

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

SHERLOCK

Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to dispose of my boyfriend's nasty sister...?

Jim grins.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to disappear to South America...?

JIM

Just so.

SHERLOCK

A consulting criminal! Brilliant!

JIM

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

SHERLOCK

I did.

JIM

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

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

JIM

Didn't mean it as a compliment.

SHERLOCK

Yes, you did.

JIM

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

Sherlock smiles thinly.

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

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

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

SHERLOCK
 People have died.

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

Beat.

SHERLOCK
 I will stop you.

JIM
 No. You won't.

Sherlock looks over at John.

SHERLOCK
 (to John)
 You ok?

John doesn't move. Frozen with fear.

JIM
 You can talk, Johnny boy. Go ahead.

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

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

SHERLOCK
 Take it!

JIM
 What? Oh. That. Missile plans?
 Boring. Could've picked them up any
 time.

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

Sherlock moves forward instinctively. John seizes on the
 distraction, rushes forward and throws his arms --

-- Now they're both a bomb.

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

The laser light bobs confusedly over John's body.

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

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

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

On Sherlock: impassive.

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

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

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

He gives a cheerful wave.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Ciao, Sherlock Holmes.

-- and melts away into the shadows.

SHERLOCK
 (calling)
 Catch you... later.

Jim calls without turning.

JIM
 No. You won't.

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

Sherlock races up to John -

SHERLOCK
Al ri ght? You al ri ght?

- rips off the overcoat, tears the explosive from around him -

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine!
Sherlock -

Sherlock manically strips the explosives and hurls them away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sherlock!

Sherlock stops dead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's OK. I'm OK.

Sherlock races off, throws open the door.

Sherlock's POV: a very empty corridor. Jim, Long gone.

John sinks to the tiled floor, exhausted.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Jesus.

He glances up at Sherlock.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You al ri ght?

SHERLOCK
Me? Fi ne. I'm fi ne.

Sherlock glances at John, a bit uncomfortably.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
That was...what you did...what you
offered to do. That was...
(di ffi cul t word)
...good.

John shrugs. John gazes down at his ragged clothes.

JOHN
Glad no-one saw that.

SHERLOCK
Hm?

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

SHERLOCK
They do little else.

They look at each other. A small smile.

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

JIM (O.S.)
Sorry, boys. I am so changeable.
It's a weakness with me. But, to be fair, it's my only weakness.

Jim is upstairs in the gallery, half-glimpsed.

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

Sherlock looks over at John.

A moment between them.

John nods.

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

SHERLOCK
Then possibly my answer has crossed
yours.

Close: Countless laser sights hovering over Sherlock and John.

John: a soldier, alert to every move.

Jim: a tiny smile.

Sherlock: totally focussed. Hand steady as a rock.

He cocks the gun.