Episode 1 - "The Empty Hearse"

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FINAL

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1 <u>EXT. CEMETERY. D</u>AY.

1

A stark black gravestone. Dead flowers wilted round the base, messages scrawled on damp cards. The ink has run. It's like a shrine.

The stone's a bit grubby but the name in gold letters is unmistakable -

SHERLOCK HOLMES

A shadow falls across it...

JOHN (V.O.)

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL ROOF. DAY.

2

...flashback...

SHERLOCK, phone in hand, stands on the roof of Bart's. Below him, PASSERS-BY, a red phone-box, a parked laundry van...

SHERLOCK

(into phone) It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

CUT TO:

Behind him, the dead body of JIM still lies, blood pooling around his shattered head.

CUT TO:

JOHN

No. Alright stop it now.

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK

No. Stay exactly where you are. Don't move.

JOHN

Alright.

SHERLOOK

Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please would you do this for me.

JOHN

Do what?

2

SHERLOCK

This phone call. It's my note. That's what people do, don't it? Leave a note?

JOHN

Leave a not e when?

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

JOHN

No. Don't!

And Sherlock throws himself from the roof...

JOHN (CONT, D)

John rushes across the street - and a CYCLIST slams into him John's hurled to the tarmac. The cyclist doesn't stop.

John doesn't see what happens next...

CUT TO:

3 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

3

Two MEN in black fatigues manhandle JIMs corpse into a lift. Fast, 'Mssion Impossible' style cuts.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a contact lens holder. One of the MEN removes a lens with a pair of tweezers.

CUT TO:

They open a case. Inside - a prosthetic SHERLOCK mask!

CUT TO:

They pull the mask over JIMs dead face!

CUT TO:

4 <u>EXT. BART'S HOSPI TAL. DAY.</u>

4

SHERLOCK falls towards the pavement - a blur of windmilling arms -- but then he's jerked back up by a bungee rope attached to his waist!

John is still sprawled, disorientated on the road.

CUT TO:

5 I NT. BART'S HOSPI TAL. DAY.

5

SMASH!! SHERLOCK crashes through a window, still attached to the bungee.

MOLLY HOOPER is waiting for him on the other side. With Bond-like nonchalance, he disconnects his harness, kisses her on the mouth and saunters off into the corridor beyond.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

6

The two MEN appear from inside Bart's, carrying JIMs corpse, now dressed identically to Sherlock. They position him onto the pavement. Slapping at his suit makes bloodbags burst all over his body. PASSERS-BY suddenly spring into action, flocking around him like a shield.

CUT TO:

Disorient at ed, John gets up.

Someone marches towards him in a hooded Parka.

John's POV. We see it is -

He grabs John by the shoulders and, with a nod, puts him under hypnosis. John's head sinks onto his breast. Quickly Derren slips off John's watch and adjusts the time, then gently lays John out onto the pavement again. He whispers in John's ear and then disappears into the crowd.

John's POV as he comes out of his trance and gets up. It's as if he's underwater. Sound, images, all distorted.

People try to help John but he pushes them away. It's like slo-mo. He staggers towards the broken body of his friend and fights off others as he takes the fake Sherlock's pulse. Nothing.

The gurney, with fake-Sherlock on it, is whisked into the hospital.

Devast at ed, John just stands there.

The rain falls like angels' tears onto this scene of aching melancholy --

LESTRADE (V. O.)

Bol I ocks.

HARD CUT TO:

LESTRADE is outside the High Court with ANDERSON. They cradle cups of coffee.

ANDERSON

No, no, no! It's obvious. That's how he did it! It's obvious!

LESTRADE

Anderson is sweating, dishevelled. There are TV news crews buzzing all over the steps.

LESTRADE

Let it go! Sherlock's dead.

ANDERSON

Is he?

LESTRADE

There was a . It was him Definitely him Molly Hooper laid him out!

ANDERSON

She's lying! It was Jim Moriarty's body. With a mask on.

LESTRADE

A mask! A bungee rope, a mask and Derren Brown. Two years and the theories keep getting more stupid. How many more you got for me today?

ANDERSON

Well - did you know all the paving slabs in that area, including the exact ones he landed on, are all -

LESTRADE

Guilt! That's all this is. You pushed us all into thinking Sherlock was a fraud. You and Donovan. You did this, and it killed him, and he's staying dead. Do you honestly believe if you have enough stupid theories it will change what really happened.

A beat on Anderson. Then genuine emotion, tightly reined in.

ANDERSON

I believe in Sherlock Holmes.

LESTRADE

That won't bring him back.

A beat on Anderson. Almost mutinous. Cos he's thinking

Lestrade glances over at the TV news crews.

CUT TO:

8 TV SCREEN.

8

9

LIVE NEWS FEED. STRAPLINE: 'SUICIDE DETECTIVE CLEARED.'

REPORTER 1

...and that after extensive police investigations, Richard Brook did indeed prove to be the creation of James Moriarty...

CUT TO:

9 BACK TO OUTSI DE THE COURT.

REPORTER 2

...uproar in court as Sherlock Holmes vindicated and cleared of all suspicion.

REPORTER 3

Sadly, all this comes too late for the detective who became something of a celebrity two years ago...

LESTRADE raises his coffee cup.

LESTRADE

Well then. Absent friends.

Lest rade gives him a beady look. With a sigh he joins the toast.

LESTRADE AND ANDERSON

They 'clink' cups.

LESTRADE

God rest his soul.

CUT TO:

10

Reflected in the black granite of Sherlock's gravestone: a lonely figure.

JOHN WATSON. A little older - and with a moustache! He gazes down sadly at Sherlock's grave.

Solitary. Abandoned.

Or is he?

CUT TO:

CLOSE on John's left hand. And another, hand slips into his.

CUT TO:

11 <u>EXT. FOREST. NI GHT.</u>

11

A helicopter searchlight sweeps over a dense, dark forest. Someone is running, panting hard.

CUT TO:

POV:

Tree trunks I oom up starkly, 9 Tc - 0.04537:

12 I NT. I NTERROGATI ON HUT. ANTECHAMBER. NI GHT.

12

A dimly lit, grim military compound. Close on a very young SOLDIER in the uniform of an East European power, i Phone buds in his ears, bopping gently to a dance track. He's outside a rusting metal door.

Suddenly from the other side of the door-

bone agai nst bone.

Someone gasps in pain.

On-screen subtitles of a TORTURER's voice:

TORTURER

A yell of agony.

The young Soldier fiddles with his iPhone and turns up the dance track till it drowns out the sound of torture...

CUT TO:

13 <u>I NT. I NTERROGATI ON HUT. NI GHT.</u>

13

The other side of the door is lit only by a bare bulb. There are three men in the room

One is the thick-necked and massive TORTURER. The second is an OFFICIAL in a massive great coat, lapels turned up, calmly watching as his friend lays into their PRISONER.

In the ghastly light we see the Prisoner is almost naked and covered in bruises, his arms manacled and fixed to the ceiling by chains. His head is sunk on his chest and his very long, sweat-soaked hair completely obscures his face.

> TORTURER (Serbian subtitles)

No response.

The Torturer reaches round and produces a baseball bat. He raises it high in the air, setting the bulb swinging.

Suddenly, the Prisoner mumbles something.

The thick-necked TORTURER stops and leans in.

TORTURER

The prisoner mumbles again. The torturer leans closer. Listens. Then he straightens up, frowning.

OFFI CI AL

TORTURER

OFFI CI AL

TORTURER

OFFI CI AL

What?

TORTURER

. . .

The Prisoner mumbles again. The torturer leans in.

TORTURER

Mumble.

TORTURER

Mumble.

TORTURER

. .

He exchanges a furious look with the Official.

TORTURER

He tears out of the hut. The door slams shut.

The Official contemplates the Prisoner, whose head remains bowed.

OFFI CI AL

The door swings open and the Torturer darts back inside, grabs the baseball bat and exits again.

OFFICIAL (to Prisoner)

He walks slowly up to the Prisoner and grabs his long hair. Then he leans in very close to the Prisoner's ear. Unexpectedly, he speaks in English.

OFFI CI AL

(sotto)
Now listen to me. There's an underground terrorist network active in London and a massive attack is imminent. Sorry, but the holiday is over ...

Unexpectedly, he lets go of the Prisoner's hair.

OFFI CI AL

... brother dear.

The Official pulls down the lapels of his great coat. Smiles. And suddenly we realise --

MYCROFT

Back to Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes!

The Prisoner slowly, slowly raises his head. Through the tangled mass of hair all we see is a half-smile.

SLAM!

- into:

14 OPENING TITLES.

14

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LONDON. ROOFTOP. DAY.

15

The majesty of London on a cold winter's day.

Someone is looking out over it from a high building.

A familiar silhouette in a dark coat.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

I need to get to know London again. Breathe it in. Every quiver of its beating heart.

CLOSE on a smart phone. A series of photos of random seeming men and women, thumbed through on the screen.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

Sometimes it's not a question of 'who'. It's a question of 'who knows'.

CUT TO:

15A EXT. STREET. DAY.

15A

A BURLY MAN looks round as he gets into his car.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

If this man cancels his papers...

A HOVELESS WOVAN sits nearby. Unexpectedly, she takes out a very expensive-looking smartphone.

Snap! She takes the man's photo. Sends it.

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

I need to know...

CUT TO:

15B <u>EXT. MARKET. DAY.</u>

15B

A SLENDER WOMAN is shopping at a busy market. She has a beautiful pedigree dog on a lead.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

If this woman leaves London without putting her dog into kennels. I need to know...

Close by sits a HOMELESS MAN. He watches her with interest and then discreetly takes a photo and sends it.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

There are certain people. They're markers. If they start to move, I'll know something's up. Like rats deserting a sinking ship.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

Markers of what?

15B CONTI NUED: 15B

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

The end of Western Civilization.

Faster and faster until the photos are a blur...

CUT TO:

16 I NT. TUBE. DAY.

16

... merging with a Tube train as it streaks through a station. JCHN trundles along in a half-empty compartment, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

16A <u>EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.</u>

16A

A big, impressive black car speeds through London. Through its windows, a glimpse of a tangle-haired SHERLOCK.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

17

JOHN stands opposite 221B. A couple of sulky KIDS go past, wheeling a poorly made Guy Fawkes in a push chair. It's just a bundle of clothes with a balloon for a face.

KID Penny for the guy, mate?

John just looks through them Then gathers himself. It's been a while. He goes up to the familiar door and lets himself in.

CUT TO:

17A EXT. WHI TEHALL. DAY.

17A

The car draws up outside an imposing Government building.

CUT TO:

18 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY. DAY.

18

JOHN hesitates in the hallway, rolling the keys in his hands. He looks up at the seventeen steps. So many memories. Voices from the past...

JOHN (V. O.)

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

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

And you invaded Afghanistan.

He smiles but then sadness clouds his face.

Suddenly, the door to 221A opens and MRS HUDSON appears. She's heard the key in the lock. John freezes. Mrs Hudson sees him

John gives a tiny, slightly sheepish wave.

CUT TO:

18A INT. CELL. DAY.

18A

A bleak cell.

In a chair, an unkempt figure in fatigues, reading a paper. Headline: 'Skeleton mystery baffles police'.

SHERLOCK's hair has been trimmed and a BARBER is busy giving him a cut-throat shave. MYCROFT stands in the shadows, consulting a file.

MYCROFT

You have been busy.

SHERLOCK

(shrugs)

Moriarty's organization. Took me two years to dismantle it.

MYCROFT

And you're confidant you have?

SHERLOCK

The Serbian side was the last piece of the puzzle.

MYCROFT

Yes. You got yourself in deep there with Baron Maupertius. Quite a scheme.

SHERLOCK

Col ossal.

MYCROFT

Anyway. You're safe now.

Sherlock grunts.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

A small 'thank you' wouldn't go amiss.

SHERLOCK

What for?

MYCROFT

For wading in. In case you've forgotten, field work is not my natural

SHERLOCK

Wading in? You sat there and watched while he beat me to a pulp.

MYCROFT

I got you out!

SHERLOCK

got me out! Coul dn't you have intervened sooner?

MYCROFT

I couldn't risk giving myself away, could I? That would have ruined everything.

SHERLOCK

You were enjoying it!

MYCROFT

Nonsense.

SHERLOOK

Definitely enjoying it!

MYCROFT

Listen, do you have any idea what it was like, Sherlock? Going undercover? Smuggling my way into their ranks like that?
(shudders)

The noi se.

Sherlock looks away. A grudging beat of acquiescence.

SHERLOCK

Di dn' t know you coul d speak Ser bi an.

MYCROFT

I couldn't. But the language has a Slavic root. Frequent Turkish and German loanwords.

(shrugs)

Took me a couple of hours.

SHERLOCK

You're slipping.

18A CONTI NUED: 18A

MYCROFT

M ddl e- age, brother mine. Comes to us all.

The door opens, revealing ANTHEA. Holding a suit on a hanger.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MRS HUDSON'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

19

A cup and saucer are plonked gracelessly onto the kitchen table.

JOHN watches as MRS HUDSON puts down milk, sugar and a plate of biscuits with just enough force to make it obvious she's cross. John clears his throat to speak. Mrs Hudson takes back the sugar bowl.

MRS HUDSON

Oh no, you don't take it do you?

JOHN

No.

MRS HUDSON

You can forget a little thing like that.

JOHN

Yes.

MRS HUDSON

You can forget lots of little things. It seems.

JOHN

Aha.

Awkward silence.

CUT TO:

19A INT. CELL. DAY.

19A

SHERLOCK is now in a very sharp suit. He checks himself in a mirror, shoots his cuffs.

MYCROFT

I need you to give this matter your full attention, Sherlock. Is that quite understood?

19A CONTINUED:

19A

SHERLOCK

What do you think about this shirt?

MYCROFT

Sher Lock!

SHERLOCK

I'll find your underground terror cell, Mycroft. Just put me back in London. I need to get to know the place again. Breathe it in. Every quiver of its beating heart.

ANTHEA

One of our men - Atchison - died getting this information to us. All the chatter, all the traffic concurs. There's going to be a terrorist strike on London. A big one.

SHERLOCK

What about John Watson?

MYCROFT

John?

SHERLOCK

Have you seen him?

MYCROFT

(withering)

Oh yes. We meet up every Friday for fish and chips.

He nods to Anthea. She shows Sherlock a photo.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

I've kept a weather eye on him, of course.

It's of John - with the moustache. Anthea goes out.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

You haven't been in touch at all?
To prepare him?

SHERLOOK

No.

CUT TO:

19 <u>INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY.</u>

19

MRS HUDSON

(gestures to his

moust ache)
Not sure about

Ages you.

JOHN

Just trying it out.

MRS HUDSON

Well it ages you, so best stop now.

She sits opposite him More silence.

CUT TO:

19AA INT. CELL. DAY.

19AA

SHERLOOK gestures at the moustache in the photo.

SHERLOCK

We're getting rid of that.

MYCROFT

SHERLOCK

He looks ancient. I can't be seen hanging around with an old man.

CUT TO:

19 <u>INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN. DAY</u>

19

JOHN

Look -

MRS HUDSON

 $\mbox{\sc I}$ 'm not your mother. I don't have any right to expect -

JOHN

No.

MRS HUDSON

Just a phone call, John! A phone call would have done.

JOHN

I know.

MRS HUDSON

After all we went through!

JCHN Yes. Look, I'm sorry.

MRS HUDSON

I know how difficult it was for you after...after -

JCHN
I just let it... drift. Let everything drift. It gets harder to pick up the phone somehow. Do you know what I mean?

Mrs Hudson smiles sadly, softening.

20A CONTINUED:

20A

MYCROFT (cont'd)

It's been two years. He's got on with his life.

SHERLOCK

What life? I've been away.

CUT TO:

20 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

20

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

So, why now? What's changed your mind?

JOHN

I've got some news.

Mrs Hudson's face falls.

MRS HUDSON

Oh God. Is it serious?

JOHN

What? No, I'm not ill. I've...well, I'm moving on.

MRS HUDSON

You're emigrating?

JOHN

I mean I've met someone.

MRS HUDSON

(thrilled)

Ch! Ch, how lovely!

JOHN

Yes. We're getting married. Well, I'm going to ask, anyway.

MRS HUDSON

So soon after Sherlock?

JOHN

Well. Yes.

Mrs Hudson beams.

MRS HUDSON

What's his name?

JOHN

(exasper at ed)

I'm not g'- - It's a woman!

20

MRS HUDSON

A woman?

JOHN

Yes, of course it's a woman.

MRS HUDSON

You really moved on, haven't you?

JOHN

Mrs Hudson, how many times. Sherlock was not my boyfriend!!

MRS HUDSON

(shrugs)
Live and let live, dear. That's my motto.

CUT TO:

21 <u>EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.</u>

21

Outside the flat, JOHN's voice echoes down the street.

JOHN (O.S.)

I AM NOT GAY!!

CUT TO:

21A INT. CELL. DAY.

21A

SHERLOCK

Where will he be tonight?

MYCROFT

How should I know?

SHERLOCK

You always know.

MYCROFT

He has a dinner reservation at a place called 'Adair's'. Nice little spot. They have a few bottles of the 2000 Bordeaux. Though I prefer the 2001...

SHERLOCK

Then I'll pop in and see him

MYCROFT

You know, it's just possible that you might not be welcome.

SHERLOCK

No it isn't.

One last look in the mirror.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Right then. Where is it?

MYCROFT

Where's what?

SHERLOCK

You know what.

Mycroft smiles. The door opens and there is ANTHEA holding - the coat!

ANTHEA

Welcome back, Mr Holmes.

CUT TO:

21AA EXT. LONDON. ROOFTOP. DAY.

21AA

The majesty of London on a cold winter's day.

SHERLOCK, in the coat, looking out over it from a high building.

CUT TO:

22 <u>EXT. RESTAURANT. NI GHT.</u>

22

A dark, swanky, expensive restaurant.

CUT TO:

23 I NT. RESTAURANT. NI GHT.

23

JCHN sits alone at a table, very smartly dressed. He glances nervously at his watch and gulps down a large glass of water. Goes back to the menu he's been looking at.

Wider: the POV of someone watching!

Sherlock Holmes stands just inside the restaurant. He's in his usual dark suit, and white shirt, and is now pulling off his coat, ready to hang it up.

The Maitre Dis already next to him

MAITRE D Sir, can I help you?

The faintest of beeps.

SHERLOCK

Your wife just texted you - possibly her contractions have started.

The Maitre D goes pale, starts scrabbling for his phone.

Sherlock looks over at John. The path is clear. He takes a step towards him, opens his mouth to speak --

- and his nerve fails him a little.

John, sitting there, unaware that the shock of his life is walking towards him

Sherlock pauses.

Looks around.

Right next to him, a Man sits at table, dressed in a tuxedo.

Sherlock's face: a plan.

(The following sequence is fast a smooth, possibly all in one fluid tracking shot.)

Sherlock casually reaches out, knocks over the Man's wine glass spattering red wine over his shirt front -

- Sherlock is immediately fussing over him patting his shirt with napkin -

SHERLOCK

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, let me get something from the kitchen for that.

- as he moves smoothly away we see that he has removed the Man's black bow tie, which he is now fixing with inhuman speed to his own collar -
- before he's even finished, he passes another man who is just putting down his menu and taking off his reading glasses -

SHERLOCK

Are you ready to order, sir? Excellent, let me take that for you.

- and he promptly takes the slightly startled man's menu away from him -

- on Sherlock now slipping on this man's reading glasses, which he's also taken -

- and now he places the menu in front of a woman who already has a menu and is reading from it -

SHERLOCK

Ma'am, you might prefer this menu, it's completely identical.

- she looks startled at the other menu, and doesn't see Sherlock slip his hand into her handbag -
- Sherlock, now heading away from her, an eyebrow pencil in his hand, giving himself a tiny little moustache -

On John, still pondering the Menu.

Sherlock glides behind him, now in character, complete with French accent.

SHERLOCK

Sir, can I help you in any way?

JOHN

Need a bottle of champagne. A good one.

SHERLOCK

These are all excellent vintages, sir.

John barely glance at him - like you do with a waiter.

JOHN

Not really my area. What do you suggest?

SHERLOCK

I don't really think you can go wrong, sir. But if you would take my recommendation -

He hits the word hard, to make John look at him-but it's still barely a glance.

SHERLOCK

- the last one on the list is a
favourite of mine. You might say,
in fact, it is ...
 (Removes his glasses,
 the big reveal)
... a face from the past!

But John doesn't even look.

SHERLOOK

It is familiar, yet has a quality of ...

A fleeting glance from John - doesn't twig.

JOHN

Well. Surprise me.

SHERLOCK

I am certainly endeavouring to, sir.

He moves away.

John gulps more water. Then he takes a small box out of his jacket pocket and sets it on the table. Inside: a beautiful

JOHN

Right. Mary. Listen. I know it hasn't been long. I mean, I know we haven't known each other that long

MARY

(to John)

Go on.

JOHN

The last couple of years haven't been easy for me. And meeting you...meeting you has been the best thing that could've possibly happened -

MARY

I agree.

JOHN

What?

MARY

I agree. I'm the best thing that could've happened to you.
(smiles)

Go on.

JOHN

(embol dened)

Well.

(clears his throat)
If you'll have me, Mary...I
mean...Could you see your way to?

Sherlock, sweeping in to the romantic moment, with a bottle of champagne.

SHERLOOK

Sir, I think this vintage will be exceptionally to your liking. It has all quality of the old, with all the colours of the new -

JOHN

No, sorry, not now, please -

SHERLOCK

Like a familiar gaze from a crowd of strangers, one is suddenly aware of staring into the face of an

JOHN

Look, seriously could you just -

He comes to a dead halt.

The waiter is Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Interesting thing a tuxedo. Lends distinction to friends, anonymity to waiters.

And Time seems to stop. John doesn't move. Just stares at Sherlock.

And stares.

He stands up.

MARY

John? John, what is it?

Tears spring to John's eyes.

He blinks. Blinks.

SHERLOCK

Well. Short version. Not dead!!

John. Still just staring.

SHERLOCK

Bit mean, springing it on you like that. Could've given you a heart attack. Probably will. But in my defence, it was really funny.

(A beat)

Okay. That wasn't a great defence.

Mary looks at Sherlock. Her eyes widen.

MARY

Ch no. You're ...

SHERLOCK

Ch yes.

MARY

(open-mout hed)

Oh my God!

SHERLOOK

Not quite.

MARY

But you died. You jumped off a roof!

SHERLOCK

No.

MARY

You're

SHERLOCK

No. I checked. Excuse me.

He takes Mary's napkin, dabs it in Mary's glass of water, wipes his moustache off.

SHERLOCK

(To John)

Does yours come off too?

And now a new emotion chases over John's face:

MARY

Do you have any

idea what -

Suddenly, John grabs Sherlock by the collar and shunts him backwards --

SHERLOCK

John, I'm starting to realise I probably owe you some sort of apology....

JOHN slams SHERLOOK against the wall, panting like a bull.

MARY

John! John, keep cal m -

JOHN

Two years! Two years! I thought...I thought...

(chokes up)

You were dead! And you've let me grieve. How? How could you do that??

Sherlock spots a pile of food through the service hatch and grabs some.

SHERLOOK

You must be starving. Chip? Have a chip!

John smashes the food away.

SHERLOCK

No chi ps?

John tightens his grip.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait! Before you do anything you'll regret - one question! Let me ask you one question!

John pauses, panting. Sherlock points to John's moustache.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Are you really keeping that?

John smiles.

The tension's broken.

Then, with a bellow, he hurls Sherlock to the floor and piles on top of him! A childish scrap ensues.

Mary tries to prise them apart. Staff and customers pile in too, trying to drag the two men apart.

CUT TO:

24 <u>I NT. RESTAURANT. KI TCHEN. NI GHT.</u>

24

CUT

CUT TO:

25 <u>EXT. BART'S HOSPI TAL. DAY.</u>

25

Fl ashback.

SHERLOOK stands on the edge of the hospital roof.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

I'd worked out there were thirteen possible alternatives once I'd invited Moriarty onto the roof -

JOHN (V.O.)

You know, for a bloody genius you can be remarkably thick.

CUT TO:

26 <u>I NT. CAFE. NI GHT.</u>

SHERLOCK

What?

They're now in a much less salubrious cafe. Sherlock's mouth is bleeding.

JOHN

I don't care you faked it, Sherlock! I want to know

SHERLOCK

Why? Because Moriarty had to be stopped -

Beat.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

Ah. Why. As in...ah. Right. Yes. That's a little more difficult to explain.

JOHN

(danger ously)
I've got all night.

Sherlock clears his throat.

SHERLOCK

Actually, it was all my brother's plan.

JOHN

This was all Mycroft's idea?

MARY

Well, he'd need a confidante.

John gives her a look.

MARY

Sorry.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

But Mycroft was the only one? The only one who knew?

Sherlock looks away.

SHERLOCK

Couple of others. But it was a very elaborate plan! It had to be! The first of the thirteen possibilities was -

(CONTINUED)

26

JOHN

(fumes) Who? Who else knew?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT, D)

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Molly.

JOHN

Customers Look over.

MARY

John -

SHERLOCK

And some of my Homeless Network. But that's

JOHN

Ck.

(shrugs)

Ck. Just your brother, Molly Hooper and a hundred tramps.

SHERLOOK

NO.

Beat.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

Twenty five at most.

Snarling, Sherlock! John launches himself across the table at

CUT TO.

27 INT. KEBAB SHOP. NIGHT.

27

The three of them are now inside a dirty-looking kebab

SHERLOCK

(of the moustache) Seriously? It's not a joke or anything, you're keeping it.

JOHN

(terse)

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Sur e?

JOHN

Mary likes it.

SHERLOCK

(smiles)

She doesn't.

JOHN

She does!

SHERLOCK

She doesn't.

John turns to Mary. She can't hide the truth.

JOHN

On brilliant!

MARY

Sorry, love. I didn't know how to tell you -

JOHN

Yeah. I've missed all this! This is charming!

The Kebab Man looks worriedly at them Is this going to kick off?

JOHN

(hissed whisper)

Just one word, Sherlock. That's all I would have needed! One word to let me know you were alive.

SHERLOCK

I've nearly been in touch so many times...but I was worried you might - you know - say something indiscreet-

JOHN

27

SHERLOCK

Let the cat out of the bag -

JOHN

On so this is my fault!

MARY

Ch God.

JOHN

Why am I the only one who thinks this is wrong? The only one reacting like a human being!

SHERLOOK

- react i ng.

JOHN

(yells)

Over-reacting!

MARY

JOHN

Over-reacting? You fake your own death -

SHERLOCK

JOHN

- and then just turn up again, large as bloody life -

SHERLOCK

John grabs him by the lapels.

JOHN

But I'm not supposed to have a problem with that. Of course not! Because Sherlock Holmes thinks that's a perfectly ok thing to do!

SHERLOCK

(yelling, with just a tiny glance at Kebab

Man)

John, shut up! I don't want everyone to know I'm still alive!

JOHN

(yells)

It's still a secret is it?!

27

SHERLOCK

(yells)

Yes! `Ít's a secret!! Promise you won't tell anyone!

JOHN

(yells)

Swear to God!!

SHERLOCK

(yells)

London is in danger, John. There's going to be a massive terrorisť atťack. I need your hel p!

John glares at him

JOHN

(yells) Yeah?

SHERLOCK

You have missed this, admit it, the thrill of the chase, the blood pumping in your veins, just the two of us against the world -

And John pulls Sherlock forward and nuts him

CUT TO:

28

28 EXT. KEBAB SHOP. NI GHT.

SHERLOCK stands with a hankie over his bloodied nose. MARY's right by him Some way off, JOHN is hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK

I don't get it. I said I'm sorry. Isn't that what people do?

MARY

You don't know much about human nature, do you?

SHERLOCK

Nature...no. Human...no.

MARY

I'll talk him round.

SHERLOCK

You will.

MARY

Ch yes.

Sherlock looks at Mary properly for the first time.

A forest of words on-screen:

JOHN

(calls)

Mary.

Mary winks at Sherlock then joins John in the cab.

John looks over at Sherlock, his expression bleak. Then the cab drives of f.

Sherlock's left on the pavement. Alone. This wasn't how it was meant to go.

CUT TO:

29 <u>I NT. CAB. NI GHT.</u>

29

JOHN sits, fuming.

JOHN

Can you believe it? The bloody nerve.

Mary looks over.

MARY

I like him

JOHN

MARY

(shrugs) I like him

CUT TO:

29A INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. LOCKER ROOM NIGHT.

29A

MOLLY HOOPER is finishing her shift. She slips off her white coat and hangs it in her locker. Then she swings back the door, revealing the mirror on the wall. SHERLOCK is reflected in it.

Molly looks up. Freezes.

CUT TO:

30 <u>INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NI GHT.</u>

30

The Police car pound from 'The Great Game'. It's dimly lit, pooled with shadow.

LESTRADE appears from round the corner and takes out a cigarette instead.

As he's about to light it...

SHERLOOK (O.S.)

Those things'll kill you.

A familiar silhouette in the shadows.

Lest rade closes his eyes. A moment of revelation. Then he grins.

LESTRADE

Oh you bast ard.

From the shadows, SHERLOCK chuckles.

LESTRADE

SHERLOCK

It was time to come back. You've been letting things slide, Graham

LESTRADE

SHERLOCK

Greg.

Unexpectedly, Lestrade crushes Sherlock in a big bear hug.

CUT TO:

31 I NT. LESTRADE'S CAR. NI GHT.

31

CUT

CUT TO:

32 <u>INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR POUND. NI GHT.</u>

32

CUT

CUT TO:

33 I NT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. BEDROOM NIGHT.

33

MARY is as leep but JOHN lies on his back, staring at the ceiling, his mind burning.

CUT TO:

34 I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. NI GHT.

34

MRS HUDSON is washing up. She's got the radio on.

RADIO VOICE

...all night sittings used to be very common, I can assure you! With something this important, the Government feels duty-bound to push through the legislation with all due expedition...

She frowns as she hears something and turns down the radio.

There's the sound of a key in the front door.

She goes to the door of her flat and opens it. We see out into the hallway. SHERLOCK is framed in the open door.

We zoom into Mrs Hudson's tonsils as she

FADE TO BLACK.

35 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

35

JOHN, on his phone, I ooking up at SHERLOCK on the edge of the building.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

36

CLOSE on SHERLOCK from behind, standing on the ledge. The camera moves closer to him

SHERLOCK

No. Stay exactly where you are. Don't move.

JOHN

Alright.

SHERLOCK

Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please would you do this for me.

Closer.

JOHN (O.S.)

Do what?

The camera swings round to show that it's not Sherlock. It's a dummy!

It holds the phone in its hand.

Crouched down out of sight below the edge are the real SHERLOOK and JIM MORIARTY!

Sherlock is speaking to John on another phone.

SHERLOOK

(into phone)
This phone call. It's my note.
That's what people do, don't
they? Leave a note?

JOHN (O.S.)

Leave a not e when?

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

Jim giggles. Sherlock shushes him

JOHN (O. S.)

No. Don't!

And Sherlock and Jimtip the dummy off the roof!

JOHN (O. S.)

Still sniggering, SHERLOCK and JIM look deep into each other's eyes - and move to kiss. Closer, closer --

ANDERSON (V. O.)

CUT TO:

37 INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

37

ANDERSON

Are you out of your

ANDERSON sits with a group of people, some of them in deerstalkers. Prominent is a plump, gothy girl - LAURA.

LAURA

(sul ky)

Don't see why not. It's just as plausible as some of theories.

(CONTINUED)

One wall of ANDERSON's flat has been entirely converted into a massive crime board. Coloured string connects scrawled notes, photos and pieces of evidence. It's like a botched version of Sherlock's method. Everywhere we notice photo blow ups of Bart's hospital. The ledge. The pavement. Autopsy reports. Photos of Derren Brown. UFOs.

In the background, a TV is on with the sound down. News strapline:

'Surface to air missiles in place again. What does Govt know?'

ANDERSON

Look, if you're not going to take this seriously, Laura -

LAURA

I do take it seriously. I don't think we should wear hats.

ANDERSON

I formed 'The Empty Hearse' so that like-minded people could meet. Discuss theories... Sherlock's still out there. I'm convinced of it.

Suddenly, Laura spots something on the TV. The strapline has changed:

'Hat detective returns to life'.

LAURA (O.S.)

Ch my God!

Her phone suddenly pings with emails. Around her, the group begin to get it.

Laura holds up her phone, eyes wide in wonder.

MARY

(reading)

"His movement's were so silent. So furtive, he reminded me of a trained bloodhound picking out a scent - "

JOHN (O. S.)

What?

MARY

"I couldn't help thinking what an amazing criminal he'd make if he turned his talents against the law -

John appears from the bathroom in a dressing gown. Shaving foam on his face.

JOHN

Don't read that.

MARY

The famous blog! Finally.

JOHN

Ch come on. That's -

MARY

Ancient history. You said. Well, not now, is it? Not now he's - what're doing?

JOHN

Having a wash.

MARY

You're shaving it off!

JOHN

You hat e it.

MARY

hat es it.

JOHN

Apparently everyone hates it.

MARY

Are you going to see him again?

JOHN

I'm going to work.

MARY

And then you're going to see him again.

(CONTINUED)

John doesn't answer. He goes back into the bathroom Mary smiles to herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

Six months of bristly kisses for me. Then His Nibs turns up and -

JOHN

I don't shave for Sherlock Holmes!

MARY

You should put that on a T shirt.

JOHN

Shut up.

MARY

Or what?

JOHN

Or I'll marry you.

John lifts up his razor. Here goes!

39 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

39

CUT

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SURGERY. DAY.

40

JCHN approaches a modest CP's surgery - cleanshaven!

CUT TO:

41 EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

41

MYCROFT (V.O.)

The Terror alert has been raised to critical, Sherlock.

CUT TO:

42 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.

42

The floor of the flat is totally covered in discarded newspapers and open lap-tops.

Facing each other on opposite sides of a chess set, in a classic face off:

SHERLOOK and MYCROFT.

(CONTINUED)

Their faces are in extreme close up. We don't see their hands.

SHERLOCK

Boring. Your move.

MYCROFT

We have solid information, an attack is coming.

With barely a glance down, Sherlock makes his move.

SHERLOCK

What information? A secret terrorist group is planning an attack? Talk about an easy guess. That's what secret terrorist groups - it's their golf!

MYCROFT

An agent gave his life to tell us that.

SHERLOCK

Well he shouldn't have, he was just trying to look good. (Moves) Your move.

Also with barely a glance down, Mycroft makes his move.

MYCROFT

None of these 'markers' of yours has been acting suspiciously?

Beat. Mycroft slowly moves his hand.

MYCROFT

Your move.

SHERLOOK

No. But you have to trust me.

He makes his move.

SHERLOCK

I'll find the answer. But it'll be in an odd phrase in an on-line blog. An unexpected trip to the country. A misplaced lonely hearts ad. Your move.

MYCROFT

I've givOFT5 0 st me. He makes his move.

SHERLOCK

I on the case. We're both on case, right now, look at us.

Mycroft makes his move and -

MYCROFT

Bugger!

Pull out to reveal that the chess set is untouched and they're playing 'Operation'!

Mycroft has a red 'broken heart' between tweezers.

SHERLOCK

Can't handle a broken heart. How very telling.

MYCROFT

Don't be smart.

SHERLOCK

Oh, that takes me back. "Don't be smart, Sherlock. I'm the smart one!"

MYCROFT

I the smart one.

SHERLOCK

I used to think I was an idiot.

MYCROFT

We thought you were an idiot - we had not hing else to go on. Until we met children.

SHERLOCK

Ch, yes. That was a mistake.

MYCROFT

Chastly. What they thinking of?

SHERLOCK

Probably something about making friends?

MYCROFT

Ch, yes. Of course, you go in for that sort of thing now.

SHERLOCK

Don't you? Ever?

SHERLOCK

Hey, tell you what, let's play something else!

MYCROFT

Why are we playing

SHERLOCK

London's terror alert has been raised to critical - I'm just trying to pass the time. Let's do deductions!

Sherlock picks up a big, battered, woolly, Trustafarian style hat with bobbles on. He tosses it to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK

Client left this - missed them while I was out. What do you make of it?

MYCROFT

I'm busy.

SHERLOCK

Come on, it's been ages.

MYCROFT

I always win.

SHERLOOK

Which is why you can't resist.

MYCROFT

I find nothing irresistible in the hat of a well travelled, sentimental, anxious, unfit creature of habit with appalling halitosis.

(Real i ses)

SHERLOCK

Isolated too, don't you think?

MYCROFT

Why would he be isolated?

SHERLOOK

He?

MYCROFT

Covi ously.

SHERLOCK

Why? Size of the hat?

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT

Don't be silly. Some women have large heads too. No, he's recently had his hair cut. You can see the little hairs adhering to the perspiration stains on the inside.

SHERLOCK

(sul ky)

Some women have short hair.

MYCROFT

Balance of probability.

SHERLOCK

Also you've never talked to a woman with short hair. Or, you know, a

MYCROFT

Stains show he's out of condition. And he's sentimental because the hat has been repaired...

(counts)

...three - four- five times very neatly. The cost of the repairs must now exceed the cost of the hat. So he's mawkishly attached to it.

SHERLOCK

More than that. One patch, perhaps two would indicate sentimentality. s

SHERLOCK

Icelandic sheep wool. Similar but quite distinctive when you know what you're looking for. I've written a blog on the tensile strength of certain natural fibres.

MRS HUDSON

(Wandering past)
I'm sure there's a crying need for that.

SHERLOCK

You said he was anxious?

MYCROFT

The 'bobble' on the left side has been badly chewed, showing he's a man of a nervous disposition -

SHERLOCK

But also a creature of habit as he's never chewed the right hand one.

MYCROFT

Precisely.

SHERLOCK

And a brief sniff of the offending bobble tells us all we need to know about the state of his breath.

Brilliant!

MYCROFT

El ement ar y.

SHERLOCK

But you missed his isolation.

MYCROFT

I don't see it.

SHERLOCK

It's plain as day.

MYCROFT

Where?

SHERLOCK

There for all to see.

MYCROFT

Tell me!

SHERLOCK

Plain as the nose on your -

MYCROFT

SHERLOCK

Well, obviously someone who'd wear a hat as stupid as this isn't in the habit of hanging around other people.

MYCROFT

Not at all. Maybe he just doesn't mind being different. He doesn't necessarily have to be isolated.

SHERLOCK

Exact I y.

MYCROFT

... I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

He's different. So what? Why should he mind? You're quite right.

Mycroft, a little disconcerted. Slightly worried he's getting a life lesson from his brother.

Sherlock pops the hat on his head.

SHERLOCK

Why should anybody mind?

A beat between them No question - Sherlock is telling him something.

Tick tock, goes the clock.

MYCROFT

I'm not , Sher I ock!

SHERLOCK

How would you know?

A stare. Then Mycroft stands, having none of this.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Back to work, Sherlock. If you don't mind.

(to Mrs Hudson)

Good morning.

He heads to the stair.

A moment between Sherlock and Mrs Hudson. She approves.

EPI SODE 1	BY MARK GATISS - FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT - 23.05.13
CONTI NUI	ED:
	SHERLOCK Right. Back to work!

CUT TO:

43 <u>SCENE CUT</u>

42

43

42

44 INT. SURGERY. DAY.

44

JOHN's at his desk. MARY comes in.

MARY

Mr Summer son.

JOHN

Right.

MARY

Undescended testicle.

JOHN

Right.

CUT TO:

45 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

45

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's phone.

A message arrives. Sherlock gets up and draws a big cross over another one of the photos on the wall.

MRS HUDSON

Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Hm?

MRS HUDSON

Talk to John.

SHERLOCK

I've tried talking. He made his position quite clear.

CUT TO:

46 <u>I NT. SURGERY. DAY.</u>

46

JOHN's middle finger, raised!

He's putting on rubber gloves.

(CONTI NUED) 47 JOHN Now just relax, Mr

51

SHERLOCK

Yes, YES! Um..

He clears his throat. This isn't easy.

SHERLOCK

Molly. Would you...um..?

He looks away.

SHERLOCK

Would you like to -

MOLLY

SHERLOCK

Have dinner? Solve crimes?

CUT TO:

52 I NT. SURGERY. DAY.

52

JOHN sits opposite an EMBARRASSED WOMAN.

JOHN

There's absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, Mrs Reeves. It's very common.

(writes prescription)
I'm going to recommend a course of -

CUT TO:

53 I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

53

SHERLOOK

- Monkey glands!

HUSBAND

Good heavens.

SHERLOCK

But enough of Professor Presbury. What about your case, Mr Harcourt?

A MARRIED COUPLE stand opposite SHERLOCK and MOLLY. The HUSBAND is pompous, full of himself. The Wife meek.

MOLLY

(sotto)

You're sure about this?

SHERLOCK

(sotto) Absolutely.

> (CONTI NUED) 49

MOLLY

MARY

Mr Blake. (mout hs)

John smiles, a little weary.

The clock ticks dully.

CUT TO:

55 I NT. 221 BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

55

SHERLOCK and MOLLY at the fireplace facing M SS SUTHERLAND (plain, thick glasses). She's crying. An older man, WINDI BANK sits close by.

SHERLOCK

(to Mss Sutherland)
Then your penpal's emails just stopped, did they?

Mss Sutherland nods, overcome with sobbing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And you really thought he was the one, didn't you? The love of your life?

She nods again. Sherlock points at Windibank.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Stepfather posing as online boyfriend.

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOCK

Breaks it off. Breaks her heart.

Molly looks a little wistful.

SHERLOCK

She swears off relationships.
Stays at home. Stepfather still
has her wage coming in.
 (turns to step-father)
Mr Windibank, you've been a
complete and utter -

CUT TO:

56

JOHN

- piss pot.

JOHN holds up a specimen jar.

JOHN

Nothing to worry about. Take your... (suspicious)...take your time.

An old man, MR SZIKORA sits opposite him He has a woolly hat, big bushy, white beard, dark glasses and a thick foreign accent.

JOHN

Infection of some sort, by the sound of it. Dr Verner's your usual GP, yes?

MR SZI KORA

Yeah. Looked after me man and boy. I run a little shop just on the corner of Church Street. Magazines. DVDs. Got a few little beauties here might interest you?

John looks sidelong at the old man. The dark glasses, the beard...

Mr Szikora rummages through his mucky carrier bags.

MR SZI KORA (CONT'D)
'Tree Worshi ppers', that's a corker. Very saucy. 'British Birds' - same sort of thing.

JOHN

 $\begin{array}{c} (wary) \\ No, \quad I \ 'm \ good, \quad t \ hanks. \end{array}$

MR SZI KORA

'The Holy War'? Sounds a bit dry, I know but it isn't. There's a nun with all these holes in her

JOHN

What do you want? Have you just come to torment me?

He tugs at the old man's beard.

MR SZI KORA

Ow! What are you talking about?

Tugs agai n.

JOHN

Stick a stupid beard on and you think you can get away with it?

He drags the dark glasses off the old man.

MR SZI KORA

(shouts)

Help`me! Thís man is crazy!

JOHN

And you know what? It's not even a good disguise! Where'd you get it? A bloody...

John looks into the old man's eyes. His face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...j oke...shop.

JOHN (CONT, D)

Ch God. Ch God, I am sorry. I am so, so sorry. . .

MARY throws open the door. John looks up at her, sheepishly.

CUT TO:

56A INT. STAIRWELL. DAY.

56A

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE and MOLLY make their way down a crumbling old staircase.

LESTRADE

This one's got us all stumped.

SHERLOCK

I don't doubt it.

CUT TO:

MARY

Sur e?

JOHN

l'm sur e.

She kisses him Checks her watch.

MARY

I'mlate for Cath. See you later,

She goes.

John remains for a moment, thinking.

Sherlock's face looms into view, sharing the screen...

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR. DAY. 59

SHERLOCK is still examining the skeleton.

LESTRADE

(sotto, of Molly)
This going to be your...new arrangement is it?

SHERLOCK

Just giving it a go.

LESTRADE

Right. So... John...?

SHERLOCK

Not really in the picture any more.

Suddenly, the room vibrates.

MOLLY

Trains?

SHERLOCK

Trains.

He sits back on his haunches and looks at the skeleton in its costume. The shoulders of the Victorian frock-coat have distinctive dents in them and one side of the fabric is faded in a triangular shape.

In Sherlock's mind, a white outline appears inside the coat - the shape of a tailor's dummy. The outline spins round and a shaft of sunlight appears in the room, shining across one corner of the cost ume.

59

He turns back to the skeleton - but Molly is already there, opening the jaw and examining the teeth.

MOLLY

Male. Forty to fifty. Ch, sorry, did you want to - ?

SHERLOCK

Be my guest.

More text on-screen.

SHERLOCK

Shut up!

Molly and Lestrade exchange a look.

Sherlock walks through the words, scattering them into bits. He busies himself examining the desk. He looks at the ink pen and a trail of ink drops that cover the desk.

MOLLY

Doesn't make sense.

LESTRADE

What doesn't?

MOLLY

This skeleton. I'd say it's no more than -

SHERLOOK

Six months old.

Sherlock has found a concealed compartment in the desk. He puts his hand in and takes out leather-bound book, covered in cobwebs.

He brushes away the cobwebs.

Molly looks.

MOLLY

Wow!

We see the cover, written in a spidery Victorian hand:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But that's impossible!

SHERLOCK

Welcome to my world.

On screen text:

Sherlock shakes his head as though to clear it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I won't insult your intelligence by explaining.

LESTRADE

No, please! Insult away!

Sherlock takes a breath.

On-screen text:

SHERLOCK

Um . . si x . . . si x month old corpse,

60

A large room, almost completely dominated by a massive train set. Everywhere there are photos, signs, memorabilia devoted to engines: steam, diesel, electric. A model train is clattering around its track.

HOWARD - a large unhealthy-looking man, shows SHERLOOK and MOLLY inside. He's holding the woolly hat.

HOWARD

Thanks for hanging onto it.

SHERLOCK

Not a problem

HOWARD

My girlfriend's a big fan of yours.

SHERLOCK

(scoffs)

Molly shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. Go on, please, Mr Shilcott.

HOWARD

(wounded)

Well, I...I like trains.

No-one says anything. The room speaks volumes.

HOWARD

I work on the Tube. District Line. One of my jobs is to wipe the security footage once it's been cleared. I was just whizzing through and I found something a bit...bizarre.

He takes out an iPad-like tablet and jabs at it. Fuzzy CCTV footage appears.

HOWARD

This was a week ago. The last train on the Friday night.
Embw (4yOntsteation Thes wan, get) Tj 1 0 0 1 170.04 2129

HOWARD

They're cars, not carriages. It's a legacy of the American involvement in the early Tube system

Molly looks at Sherlock. This guy is a knob! But Sherlock shrugs.

SHERLOCK

What? He said. He likes trains.

On screen: A tube train trundles into Westminster Station.

The train doors open. A tall, SUAVE MAN gets into the last carriage. He's the only passenger. Howard fiddles with the screen and the image zips forward.

HOWARD

Next stop St James' Park Station five minutes later. And...

The train arrives at St James' Park Station - and there's nobody on it!

Sherlock sits forward.

HOWARD

Thought you'd like it!

He rewinds the image. Shows it again.

HOWARD

He gets into the last car at Westminster. The only

HOWARD

The driver of that train hasn't come into work since. According to his flat mate, he's on holiday. Came into some money.

SHERLOCK

(to Mblly) Bought off?

MOLLY

(distracted)

Hm?

Sherlock turns to Howard.

SHERLOCK

So if the driver was in on it, his passenger did get off. But

HOWARD

(excited)
It's not that simple, Mr Holmes.
There's nowhere he go! It's a straight run on the District
Line between the two stations. No side-tunnels. No maintenance tunnels. There's nothing on any ma g53. 242. 195 Molly)

The CC-TV image of the train leaving Westminster. One passenger. The SUAVE MAN.

The same train arriving at St James' Park. The car is empty.

SHERLOCK I know that face.

CUT TO:

62 <u>EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DUSK.</u>

62

JOHN approaches 221B again.

MOLLY

Right . . .

Sherlock looks at her. Knows something's wrong.

SHERLOCK

Fancy some chips?

MOLLY

What?

SHERLOOK

I know a fantastic fish shop just off the Marylebone Road. The owner always gives me extra portions.

MOLLY

Did you get him off a murder charge?

SHERLOCK

No. Helped him put some shelves up.

They share a smile.

MOLLY

Sherlock, what was today about?

SHERLOOK

Saying thank you.

MOLLY

Thank you?

SHERLOCK

For what you did for me.

MOLLY

Oh that's ok. My...my pleasure.

SHERLOCK

No. I mean it.

MOLLY

I mean, not pleasure. I mean, I didn't mind. So...

SHERLOOK

(si ncer el y)

Jim Moriarty ślipped up. He made a mistake. Because the one person he thought didn't matter to me was the one who actually mattered the most.

Molly doesn't reply.

SHERLOCK

You made it all possible.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

But you can't do this again, can you?

She shakes her head. A bit tearful.

MOLLY

(sad)

I'd love to, Sherlock. I'd like nothing else. I've had such a wonderful day. But -

SHERLOCK

(nods)

Your fiancé.

MOLLY

How did you - ?

Sherlock gives her a look.

Molly fiddles with her expensive-looking engagement ring.

SHERLOCK

Congrat ul at i ons.

MOLLY

(too quickly)

He's not from work. We met through friends. Sounds a bit old-fashioned, doesn't it? He's nice. He's got a dog and we go to the pub on Sundays and I've met his Mum and Dad. He's close to the rest of his...I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

SHERLOOK

I hope you'll be very happy, Molly. You deserve it. Not all the men you fall for can turn out to be megalomaniacs.

MOLLY

No?

SHERLOOK

Statistically it's extremely unlikely.

He walks out of the door into the night.

MOLLY

(to herself)

Maybè that's just my type.

CUT TO:

64 <u>EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S FLAT. NI GHT.</u>

64

MARY is almost home. Her phone beeps.

She pulls it out and we see it, the text appearing on screen.

She frowns. Then pales.

Over this: a door buzzer.

CUT TO:

65 I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. HALLWAY. NI GHT.

65

MRS HUDSON opens the front door to.... MARY - who dashes inside.

MRS HUDSON

Hey, hang on - !

MARY

I think someone's got John. John Watson.

MRS HUDSON

Who are you - ?

MARY

l'm his fiancée.

MRS HUDSON

(thrilled)

Ch!

SHERLOOK (O.S.)

Mary?

SHERLOOK has come in, holding the last of a bag of chips.

SHERLOCK

What's wrong?

She pulls her phone from her coat.

MARY
Someone sent me this. I thought it was just some Bible thing.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

Dad.

DAD (O. S.)

Hm?

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.) What about the fireworks?

DAD (O.S.) Bonfire first, then the fireworks, darling. Ok?

Suddenly John understands. His eyes widen in fear.

We pull back from them Back, back, back, revealing that John. . .

69 <u>I NT. THI CKET/ BONFI RE. NI GHT.</u>

69

JCHN's POV. Woozy, trippy, out of focus. He shakes his head desperately. Worries his hands - his body waking. But slowly. So slowly.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. BAKER STREET. NI GHT.

70

SHERLOCK is in the middle of the road, looking desperately about.

Cars shriek past him, angrily beeping their horns.

MARY

What're we waiting for?

Suddenly, a MOTORCYCLIST and his PASSENGER roar around the corner.

SHERLOCK

That .

Sherlock makes an instant decision and steps boldly into the motorcyclist's path.

The bike screeches to a halt inches from Sherlock.

CUT TO:

71 <u>EXT. FI ELD. NI GHT.</u>

71

The LITTLE GIRL watches in delight as her DAD walks towards the bonfire holding a blazing torch.

LITTLE GIRL

Can I do it?

DAD

No, sweet heart.

DAD puts the torch to the bonfire...

The kindling doesn't catch fire. It smokes but no flame.

DAD (CONT'D)

Damp. Its a bit damp, love.

CUT TO:

72 <u>I NT. THI CKET/ BONFI RE. NI GHT.</u>

72

JOHN's smells the smoke. Panic flares in his eyes. He tries to call out but nothing happens. It's a living night mare. Smoke begins to curl...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. EUSTON ROAD. NI GHT.

73

The motorbike screeches down Euston Road. SHERLOCK is riding it - with MARY holding on to him! They weave through the dense evening traffic.

Mary's phone beeps.

The phone beeps again. Mary studies it.

On-screen:

The words rearrange themselves to form

SHERLOCK It's a park. In Westminster!

CUT TO:

74 EXT. WATERLOO PLACE. NI GHT.

74

A jack-knifed lorry blocks the road!

A screech of tyres, SHERLOCK pulls up the bike. Sherlock looks round, spots steps leading down into the Mall. Without a second thought, he roars off again, bumping down the steps...

CUT TO:

75 <u>EXT. THE MALL. NI GHT.</u>

75

-- and onto the Mall. Zooooom

CUT TO:

76 <u>I NT. THI CKET/ BONFI RE. NI GHT.</u>

76

Close on JOHN's stricken face. He's weak as a kitten. Paralysed. Blood pours from a cut on his flesh.

JOHN hears this, his eye widen. At last, some feeling is returning. He scrambles with all his strength at the branches that surround him

CUT TO.

83 EXT. LONDON STREET. NI GHT.

83

CUT

CUT TO:

84 <u>EXT. FI ELD/ I NT. THI CKET. NI GHT.</u>

84

John shakes his head madly, trying to focus. Focus! At last, some sound comes out of his mouth. Gutteral, feeble.

The LITTLE GIRL's face falls. Can she hear something?

She looks up at the Guy Fawkes dummy. Its face is unperturbed

CUT TO:

EXT. LI ELD/ NI GHT.

87

DAD flicks his lighter, sets the torch on fire and hurls the it onto the bonfire.

CUT TO:

87A EXT. PERIMETER FIELD. NIGHT.

87A

SHERLOCK and MARY outside the field. They circle the party. Sherlock eyeballs the bonfire.

The phone beeps.

On screen:

″

The words reform

"John' s. . . qui t e. . . a. . . guy" .

A firework shrieks overhead.

MARY

(grave) Oh my God.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. FI ELD. NI GHT.

88

SHERLOCK and MARY roar into the park on the motorbike - scream to a halt.

The fire takes hold.

Desperately, they try to push their way through the excited crowd.

SHERLOCK

Move! MOVE!

From within the bonfire, John's desperate, primal cries.

Without a second thought, Sherlock pulls off his coat, covers his head with it and starts scrabbling at the burning branches.

JOHN is revealed. He staggers up on useless legs.

Someone in the crowd screams in horror. Mary rushes forward and she and Sherlock manage to haul John out of the fire, just in time.

88	EPISODE 1 BY MARK GATISS - FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT CONTINUED:	- 23. 05. 13	88
	John tumbles to the ground.		
89	FADE TO BLACK		89
90	EXT. STREET. DAY.		90
	СИТ		
		CUT TO.	
91	EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.		91
	A bright, sunny morning.		
	ELDERLY LADY (V.O.)which wasn't the way I would have put it at all. Anyway, it was then I noticed it was missing!		
		CUT TO.	
02	INT 221D DAVED STDEET DAV		02

92 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY. 92

CLOSE on an ELDERLY LADY.

ELDERLY LADY

I mean, at first I said have you checked down the back of the sof a...

A client.

SHERLOOK is at his wall, not listening. There are masses of Tube maps covering every inch of the floor.

Six photos form a pyramid shape. Five have been crossed out - now including the BURLY MAN. Only one remains, at the top. An imposing, SUAVE MAN in robes and ermine. Next to him is pinned a blurry photo blow up of the man from the CCTV. They're one and the same.

ELDERLY LADY

... because he's always losing things down there aren't you,

She turns. Sitting behind her is an ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY MAN

'Fraid so!

92

ELDERLY LADY

Keys, I oose change, sweeties and especially his glasses!

ELDERLY MAN

G asses.

ELDERLY LADY

Oh, those blooming things. I said, why don't you get yourself a chain. Put round your neck. He says, what, like Larry Grayson!

ELDERLY MAN

Larry Grayson.

SHERLOCK

So. Did you find it eventually?

Your . .

(a world of disdain)

...lottery ticket?

ELDERLY LADY

Well, yes, thank goodness. So we got the coach in time after all. We managed to see the Tower and St Paul's but they're not letting anyone into Parliament because there's some big debate going on. . .

The door opens. JOHN is standing there. He looks washed out but ok. SHERLOCK immediately perks up.

SHERLOCK

John.

JOHN

Ch. You're busy. Sorry -

SHERLOOK

No, no, no! They were just goi ng.

ELDERLY LADY

Ch. Were we?

SHERLOCK

Yes!

JOHN

No, if you've got a case -

SHERLOCK

Not a case, no!

He starts to shove the elderly couple towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

92

SHERLOCK

Go.

ELDERLY LADY

We're here till Saturday, remember so -

SHERLOCK

Yes. Get out.

ELDERLY LADY

Do give us a ring.

SHERLOCK

Get out!

He pushes them through the door and starts to close it.

CUT TO:

On the threshold, the elderly lady manages to put her foot in the door.

ELDERLY LADY

Can't tell you how glad we are, Sherlock. All that time people thinking the worst of you. We're just so pleased it's all over.

Sherlock nods, tries to close the door.

ELDERLY MAN

Ring more often, won't you?

Sherlock nods.

ELDERLY MAN

She worries.

ELDERLY LADY

Promise?

SHERLOOK

(sotto)

Promise.

She touches his face tenderly. Sherlock closes the door on them -

CUT TO:

- and turns back to John with a big smile.

SHERLOCK

Sorry about that.

JOHN

Clients?

SHERLOCK

Just my parents.

JOHN

Your

SHERLOCK

Yes. They're in town for a few days.

JOHN

Your parents!

He dashes to the window, anxious for a better look.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft promised to take them to a matinee of 'Les Ms'. Tried to talk me into doing it.

JOHN

were your parents?

SHERLOCK

I'm afraid so.

JOHN

They're not what I...

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

Well. You know, they look so...

On Sherlock:

JOHN

Or di nar y.

SHERLOOK

It's a cross I have to bear.

John thinks.

JOHN

Did...they know too?

SHERLOOK

Hm?

JOHN

That you've been playing hide and seek for the past two years?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

(shifty)

Maybe.

JOHN

No wonder they didn't come to the bloody funeral!

SHERLOCK

Yes. Sorry. Sorry again.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

He glances sidelong at John.

SHERLOCK

You've shaved it off.

John touches his lip self-consciously.

JOHN

Yeah. Wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK

I'm glad.

JOHN

You didn't like it?

SHERLOCK

I prefer my doctors clean-shaven.

JOHN

Not a sent ence you hear every day.

SHERLOOK

How are you...feeling?

JOHN

Yeah. Not bad. Bit...smoked.

SHERLOOK

Right.

Beat.

JOHN

Last night. Who did that? Why did they target me?

92

SHERLOCK

I don't know.

JOHN

Is it....is it someone trying to get at you through me? Something to do with this terrorist thing you talked about?

SHERLOCK

I don't know. I need to find the pattern. It's all too...nebulous.

He sinks back into his chair, fingertips steepled.

SHERLOOK

Why would an agent give his life to tell us something incredibly insubstantial? That's what's strange.

JOHN

Gave his life?

SHERLOCK

According to my brother. An underground network is planning an attack on London. That's all we know.

He frowns. Something's ticking over in his brain.

CUT TO:

93 <u>FLASHBACK!</u>

93

The Jack the Ripper cellar. The room vibrating...

CUT TO:

93A <u>I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.</u>

93A

Sherlock shakes his head, then crosses to the wall with the six photos on. John joins him

SHERLOCK

These are my rats, John.

JOHN

Rat s?

SHERLOCK

My markers. Agents. Low-lifes. People who might find themselves arrested or with their diplomatic immunity suddenly rescinded. If they start acting suspiciously, then something's up. Five of them have been behaving perfectly normally. But the sixth...

John Looks at the Last photo. The SUAVE MAN.

JOHN

I know him don't I?

SHERLOCK

Lord Moran. Peer of the Real m M nister for Oversees Development. Pillar of the Establishment.

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Been working for North Korea since 1976.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

He's Rat number one. The Big Rat. And he's just done something very suspicious indeed.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Want to see something strange?

CUT TO:

94 <u>EXT. WESTM NSTER TUBE. DAY.</u>

94

A crowd of commuters are beliched from Westminster Tube. Amongst them - the SUAVE MAN. He makes straight for a waiting car but -

- he's photographed by another HOMELESS GIRL.

She scrolls down her address book and presses 'send'.

CUT TO:

Sherlock runs round the room, whooping with delight.

SHERLOCK

Ch, that's good! That's

JOHN

What're you on about?

SHERLOCK

Mycroft's information. It's not nebulous at all. It's specific. It's specific!

JOHN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

It's not an underground network, John. It's an network!

JOHN

Right!

Beat.

JOHN

... what ?

SHERLOCK

Sometimes a deception is so audacious, so outrageous that you can't see it, even when it's staring you in the face.

He jabs at the remote again. The CC-TV

SHERLOCK

Six carriages arrive at St James' Par k! Count them

JOHN But that's - I mean, it's i mpossi bl e!

SHERLOCK

Moran didn't disappear, the whole compartment did! The driver must've diverted the train somehow. Then detached the last carri age.

JOHN

Detached it where? You said there was nothing between those st at i ons.

SHERLOCK

SHERLOCK Gunpowder, treason and plot!

CUT TO.

96 l	INT.	221B	BAKER	STREET.	FLAT.	DAY.
------	------	------	-------	---------	-------	------

96

 $\mbox{HOWARD}\ \mbox{is on a Skype connection.}$ SHERLOCK and JOHN are surrounded by masses of files, books and maps.

JOHN

So why isn't it on any of the maps?

HOWARD

Because it was closed before it ever opened!

JOHN

What?

HOWARD

They built the platforms. Even the staircases. But it got all tangled up in legal disputes and they never built the station on the surface!

He holds the book up to the screen.

Sherlock stares at it. Sure enough, there's a map showing another Tube station between Westminster and St James' Park. Sumatra Road (proposed).

SHERLOCK

Right under neath the Palace of Westminster.

JOHN

So what's down there? A bomb?

They share a worried look.

CUT TO:

97 <u>EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.</u>

97

CUT

CUT TO:

98 <u>EXT. HOUSES OF PARLI AMENT. NI GHT.</u>

98

The Palace of Westminster, lit up in the frosty night air.

CUT TO:

99 <u>INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. NI GHT.</u>

99

MPs are filing into the main chamber. The place is packed with armed POLICE.

CUT TO:

102 <u>I NT. TUBE TUNNEL. NI GHT.</u>

102

SHERLOCK and JOHN descend a ramp, passing massive, unearthly-looking ventilation tubes.

JOHN sneaks his phone out, finds Lestrade's number. Starts texting.

SHERLOCK

What're you doing?

JOHN

Coming, coming.

He looks at his phone. No signal.

He curses and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

103 <u>I NT. WALKWAY. NI GHT.</u>

103

They race along a walkway, half-way up the ventilation shaft.

CUT TO:

104 <u>I NT. LADDER. NI GHT.</u>

104

At last they reach a ladder, descending into Stygian darkness...

CUT TO:

105 <u>INT. TUNNEL. NI GHT.</u>

105

. . .

SHERLOCK

There's nowhere else it could be.

He looks quickly round.

SHERLOCK

Unless -

JOHN

What is it?

Sherlock stares ahead.

JOHN

We're inside Sherlock's head as he works it out.

Sherlock imagines himself on the Train as it's marooned in the tunnel. It's packed with explosives.

They detonate and fire leaks towards him Suddenly it ignites into a massive fireball.

CUT TO:

Now Sherlock imagines himself in the tunnel. The fireball rockets towards him

At the last minute - whooomph! - the fireball is sucked up a ventilation chimney in the roof of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

107 <u>I NT. PALACE OF WESTM NSTER. NI GHT.</u>

107

A ventilation grille on the wall of the Commons.

CUT TO:

An ANCIENT MP dozing as the House fills up. A ventilation grille right beneath him

CUT TO:

Wide shot of ventilation grilles on the wals and up the staircases of the Palace.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on one grille, shimmered by heat haze.

CUT TO:

The fireball erupts through the grilles.

CUT TO:

From above, fire consumes the entrance and races upwards.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. PALACE OF WESTM NSTER. NI GHT.

108

And Parliament explodes in a blinding white explosion!

Suddenly, the whole image rewinds, shooting back down the chirmey, through the tunnel --

CUT TO:

109 INT. SUMATRA ROAD STATION. NIGHT.

109

-- and into Sherlock's eye. We're back with him Just as he was.

Suddenly, he jumps from the platform onto the rails!

JOHN

Sher I ock!

Sherlock turns.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN sn't it?

lt's - isn't it?

SHERLOCK

Perfectly safe if we avoid the rails.

JOHN

Great. Yes. Avoid the rails. In the pitch black.

SHERLOCK

This way.

JOHN

You're sure?

SHERLOOK

Sur e.

They walk on into the yawning chasm of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

110 <u>I NT. SUMATRA ROAD TUNNEL. NI GHT.</u>

110

The tunnel curves. From far away comes a deep, rumbling roar. SHERLOCK and JOHN stop. Listen. It's the sound of a distant tube train.

They tramp on and on. Suddenly -

JOHN

There! Look!

John's pointing. Sherlock brings the torch to bear on --

It's marooned on the rails ahead of them

Chost I y.

Slowly, he points his torch above the train.

The vast 'chimney' extends upwards. It's covered in white packages.

John and Sherlock exchange a look.

JOHN

Demolition charges.

Gingerly, they step up onto the back of the train.

CUT TO:

111 INT. TUBE CAR. NIGHT.

111

It's a regular modern Tube car. All seems perfectly normal. No TNT. Nothing.

JOHN

It's empty. There's nothing.

Sherlock's keen gaze is all over the compartment.

SHERLOOK

Isn't there?

A corner of the upholstery is loose. Sherlock worries at it and then rips the fabric. Underneath, it's glittering with cables, lights, instrumentation.

Sherlock continues, dragging away the advertising signs and seats. He suddenly pulls up sharp.

SHERLOCK

This is the bomb.

JOHN

Well - Think of something!

SHERLOCK

What makes you think I can stop it?

JOHN

Because you're...you're Sherlock Holmes! You're as clever as it gets!

SHERLOOK

Doesn't mean I know how to defuse a giant bomb! What about you?

JOHN

I wasn't in bomb disposal! I'm a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK

And a soldier! As you keep reminding us all!

JOHN

Can't we...rip off the timer or something?

SHERLOCK

That would set it off.

JOHN

See! You know things!

The electronic timer on the bomb suddenly blinks into life.

1.00...

JOHN

Ch my God.

Sherlock stares at it.

JOHN

Why didn't you call the police! Why do you never call the police!

SHERLOCK

No use now.

53. . . 52. . .

JOHN

You can't turn the bomb off! You can't turn the bomb off and you didn't call the police!

50, 49...

SHERLOCK Go, John. Go now!

JOHN
No. No point, is there? No time to get away.

John turns away, despairing. Sherlock suddenly drops to his knees, fumbling with the circuitry.

CUT TO:

116 <u>EXT. PALACE OF WESTM NSTER. NI GHT.</u>

116

115

The chimes of Big Ben. Bong, bong, bong...

CUT TO:

117 <u>I NT. TUBE TRAI N. NI GHT.</u>

117

SHERLOCK stands up, downcast.

15, 14, 13, 12...

SHERLOCK

l'm sorry. I tried.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN

SHERLOCK

For give me, John. For all the hurt I caused you.

JOHN

This is a trick! It's another one of your bloody tricks!

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

You're just trying to make me say something nice!

SHERLOCK

(sad smile)

Not this time.

10, 9, 8...

JOHN

Make you look good even though you've behaved like a -

Sherlock just shakes his head.

JOHN

I wanted you not to be dead.

SHERLOCK

Be careful what you wish for. If I hadn't come back, you wouldn't be standing here. You'd have a future. With Mary.

7, 6, 5...

JOHN

I know.

He turns and stares into Sherlock's eyes.

JOHN

I find it difficult. This sort of stuff.

SHERLOCK

I know.

JOHN

But I couldn't have asked for a better friend. You were the best. The best and the...wisest man I've ever known.

3, 2...

JOHN

Of course. Of course I forgive you.

They just look at each other.

. . . 1

WHI TEOUT.

CUT TO:

121

JIM (cont'd)

Your only three friends in the world will die unless...

SHERLOCK

Unless I kill myself and complete your story.

JI M

Got to admit, that's sexier.

CUT TO:

122 <u>EXT. BART'S HOSPI TAL. DAY.</u>

122

JCHN gets out of a cab and approaches the hospital. The sights of a rifle move across him

SHERLOCK (V. O.)

The one thing I didn't anticipate was just how far Mbriarty was prepared to go. But I suppose it was obvious right from that first time we met at the pool. His death wish.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

123

BANG!

JIM shoots himself in the mouth. SHERLOCK staggers back.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

I knew I didn't have long.

He fumbles with his phone. Keys in a text.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I contacted my brother. Set the wheels in motion.

On screen text: L...A...Z...A...R...U...S

Sherlock looks over the edge.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

And then everyone got to work.

124 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

124

People going about their business. DOCTORS, NURSES, COMMUTERS.

But they glance at each other furtively, knowing it's nearly time. We now see that each has a discreet ear-piece. Parked on the road: the laundry truck.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

My homeless network. Invaluable. Like I've always said. And I was telling John the truth. Even then.

JOHN looks up in horror at SHERLOOK on the roof.

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

(on phone)

It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN

No. Alright stop it now!

John takes a step into the road.

SHERLOCK

No. Stay exactly where you are. Don't move.

JOHN

Alright.

SHERLOCK

Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please would you do this for me?

CUT TO:

125 EXT. BART'S HOSPITAL. ROOF. DAY.

125

SHERLOCK Looks at his phone.

On-screen text: Lazarus is GO.

SHERLOOK (V.O.)

It was vital John stayed exactly where I wanted him That way his view was blocked by the ambulance station.

SHERLOCK

Goodbye, John.

From SHERLOCK's perspective, we can see JOHN behind the ambulance station.

MOLLY appears in a lower window of Bart's.

On the side of the ambulance station facing Sherlock stand ten BURLY MEN. Propped against the wall, a massive airbag.

Sherlock steps onto the ledge - and throws himself off.

The burly men dash out and hold the airbag in place.

Sherlock spirals down, down, down -

- and lands on the airbag.

CUT TO:

Molly propels a corpse (dressed in another of Sherlock's coats) out of the window.

It hits the pavement.

CUT TO:

The corpse on the pavement. We pull back to see what's on the other side of it:

SHERLOCK sliding casually to the pavement from the airbag. He dashes across the road and flattens himself against the wall of the ambulance station. The burly men throw the airbag into the back of the laundry truck and it drives away. They melt away into the crowd.

CUT TO:

JOHN races round the corner and sees what he thinks is SHERLOCK's body lying on the pavement.

Close on the earpiece of the CYCLIST. He pedals furiously towards John and deliberately collides with him John goes down.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK stands by the wall of the ambulance station as ON-LOCKERS cover him in blood. Fake DOCTORS pick up the corpse and push it into the phone box. Sherlock, drenched in blood, takes its place, lying down on the pavement. The in place pavCTOR theck of I the squt and the shitly into te c in b 1 0

John manages to take Sherlock's pulse. Nothing. He sinks back onto the pavement, stunned.

CUT TO:

The sniper's POV of JOHN. The rifle sights move away.

CUT TO:

126 I NT. STAI RWELL. DAY.

126

The SNI PER looks round from his vantage point. He is entirely surrounded by black-uniformed MARI NES, bristling with machine guns. MYCROFT is there. Gives him a look as if to say: don't be a silly boy.

The sniper knows he's beaten and starts to pack away his gun, just as we saw him do before.

CUT TO:

127 INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT. DAY.

127

On video: SHERLOCK's image.

SHERLOCK

Everything was anticipated. Every eventuality allowed for. And it worked perfectly.

Pull back to reveal that SHERLOCK is sitting with... ANDERSON! He's in front of a video camera which has been recording every word.

ANDERSON

Molly. Molly Hooper. She was in on it?

SHERLOCK

Yes. You remember the little girl who was abducted by Moriarty?

CUT TO:

CLOSE on the GIRL from 'The Reichenbach Fall', screaming at Sherlock.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

You assumed she reacted like that because was her kidnapper. I deduced that Moriarty must've used someone who looked very like me in order to plant suspicion.

(MORE)

I also knew that whoever this man was, he'd be got out of the way as soon as his useful ness ended. That meant that there was a corpse in a morgue somewhere that looked just like me.

ANDERSON

Clever.

SHERLOCK

Molly found the body. Faked the records. I provided the other coat.

(shrugs) I've got a lot of coats.

ANDERSON

And your homeless network?

SHERLOCK
As I explained. The whole street was closed off. Set up like a scene in a play. Neat, don't you t hi nk?

Anderson shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

ANDERSON

Well...

SHERLOCK

ANDERSON

Not the way I'd have done it.

SHERLOCK

Ch. Really?

ANDERSON

No. I'm not saying it wasn't

ANDERSON

No?

SHERLOCK

No. I think you know why I'm here... Phillip.

Anderson reacts. First name terms?

SHERLOCK

'How I did it by Jack the Ripper'?

Anderson pales.

ANDERSON

Didn't you think it was...intriguing?

SHERLOCK

Lurid. A case so sensational you hoped it would interest me? You overdid it, Phillip. You and your little...fan club.

ANDERSON

I just...couldn't live with myself. Knowing I'd driven you to

SHERLOCK

But you hadn't. You were right all along. I wasn't dead.

ANDERSON

(pl eased)

No. And everything's ok now, isn't it?

SHERLOOK (CONT'D)

Yes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Of course, you've wasted police time.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Perverted the course of justice.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Risked distracting me from a massive terrorist assault that could've both destroyed Parliament caused the death of hundreds of people.

ANDERSON

(sobs) Ch God! I'm sorry.

He buries his head on Sherlock's shoulder, sobbing. Sherlock gives him an awkward pat.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I can't do it. Forgive me.

JOHN

SHERLOCK

For give me, John. For all the hurt I caused you.

Close on the clock.

3. . . 2. . . 1. . .

JOHN

Of course I forgive you.

They just I ook at each other.

John closes his eyes.

Not hing happens.

John opens one eye. Looks at Sherlock. Sherlock starts laughing. A deep, throaty chuckle. John stares at him

JOHN

(warningly)

SHERLOCK

Your face!

JOHN

. . . ut t er . . .

SHERLOCK

Your Got you.

JOHN

You -

SHERLOCK

Totally had you!

JOHN

You cock! I knew it! I knew it, you f -

SHERLOCK

All those things you said. Such sweet things! I didn't know you cared!

JOHN

I'm going to kill you. If you ever breathe a word -

SHERLOCK

Scout's honour.

JOHN

- to

SHERLOOK

There's an 'off' switch! There's always an 'off' switch.
Terrorists can get into all sorts of trouble unless there's an off-switch.

JOHN

Then why did you make me go through - ?

SHERLOCK

I wasn't completely lying. I don't know how to turn all the flashing lights off.

POLICEMEN become visible out in the tunnel.

JOHN

You call the Police?

SHERLOCK

Of course I called the Police!

JOHN

I am going to kill you.

SHERLOCK

Oh please. Killing me? That's two years ago.

John laughs, a bit hysterical.

FADE TO BLACK.

130 <u>I NT. HOTEL CORRI DOR. NI GHT.</u>

130

CLOSE on a room service trolley being pushed down a hotel corridor by a bored-looking WAITRESS.

The trolley has a squeaky wheel. On it is a silver dish.

The Waitress passes by a door.

We stay on the door as it opens and the SUAVE MAN hurries into the corridor, clutching bags. He looks dishevelled and scared.

He hurries down the corridor towards the lift, passing the Waitress.

Suave Man stabs at the lift button.

Suave Man turns. The Waitress is holding a pistol to the back of his neck.

From nowhere, two plain-clothes policemen appear, guns raised.

The Suave Man sighs and raises his hands above his head.

CUT TO:

131 <u>EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.</u>

131

The flat is being besieged by REPORTERS.

CUT TO:

132 I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.

132

SHERLOCK is on the phone. JOHN and MARY sit with MRS HUDSON. LESTRADE sits by the fire.

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

I'm sorry, brother dear but you made a promise. There's nothing I can do to help you.

MYCROFT (V.O.)

But you don't understand the pain of it! The horror!

CUT TO:

133 <u>I NT. THEATRE BOX. DAY.</u>

133

CLOSE on MYCROFT, whispering into his phone. Someone shushes him violently. Pull out to reveal...

REVOLUTI ONARY

(sings)

A vast French flag is being waved. On stage, revolutionaries sing their hearts out.

In the audience, the elderly couple we now know to be MR and MRS HOLMES. With them, MYCROFT, looking utterly miserable.

CUT TO:

134 <u>I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. FLAT. DAY.</u>

134

SHERLOOK hangs up.

JOHN

(to She45 up. The42 537.481/14 Sheulghtk) Ma042 Tw (They want the 4stage,) Tj 190 You'll have to go down, you know.

They want the story. (cThc 08sl Tj 1 0 0 1 170.0 w (The4)

MOLLY

Hello, everyone!

MOLLY is in the doorway. With her is TOM He's cute, geeky, wearing glasses. But there's something very familiar about him He's in a dark suit and big coat - with the collar turned up.

There's a fusillade of greetings.

MOLLY

This is Tom Tom, this is everyone.

TOM

Hi. Really pleased to meet you.

Hi.

Sherlock turns. He and Tomlook at each other. Then shake hands.

John kisses Molly.

JOHN

Good to meet you, mate.

He shakes Tom's hand. Shares a look with Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Ready?

JOHN

Ready.

They go out. Lestrade turns to Molly and Tom

LESTRADE

So...is it serious, you two?

MOLLY

(confidently)

Ch Yès. I've movéd on!

CUT TO:

135 <u>I NT. 221B BAKER STREET. STAI RCASE/ HALLWAY. DAY.</u>

SHERLOOK and JOHN pause on the landing.

JOHN

Did you - ?

SHERLOCK

I'm not saying a word.

135

JOHN

No. Best not.

JOHN

So...why did they try to kill me?

SHERLOCK

Hm?

JOHN

If they knew you were onto them Why go after me? Put me in the bonfire?

SHERLOCK

I don't know.

(grim)

And l'don't like not knowing.

They head down the stairs.

SHERLOCK

But unlike the nicely embellished fictions on your blog, John, real life is rarely so neat. I don't know who was behind all this. But I'm going to find out. I promise you.

They reach the hall way.

JOHN

Don't pretend you're not enjoying this. Being back. Being a hero again.

SHERLOOK

Don't be stupid.

JOHN

You'd have to be an idiot not to see it. You love it.

SHERLOCK

Love what?

JOHN

Being Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

I don't even know what's supposed to mean!

He moves to the first door.

John, frowning now, one last thing.

JOHN

Sherlock ... you are going to tell me how you did it? How you jumped of that building and survived.

SHERLOCK

You know my methods, John. I am known to be indestructible.

JOHN

No but seriously. Because when you were dead, I went to your grave...

SHERLOCK

I should hope so.

JOHN

But I made a little speech, I actually spoke to you...

SHERLOOK

I know. I was there.

John, staring at him, a little haunted.

JOHN

I asked you for one more miracle. I asked you to stop being dead.

Sherlock holds his look for a moment.

SHERLOCK

I heard you.

On John - half bemused, half moved.

SHERLOCK

Anyway! Time to go and be Sherlock Holmes.

And, as they7Re1to st4they7R ER, H! ebbf oSwhesitates. Twinkles at John - and lifts something from a coat peg.

It's a deerstalker!

CUT TO:

136 <u>EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY.</u>

136

SHERLOOK and JOHN emerge into the throng of REPORTERS.

Over this:

Fireworks! In the blaoSwNovember sky over Baker Street, they7burst and blossom as if in celebration. The boys are baoS!

We pull back through the massive crowd. On the other side of the street stands a MAN.

We only see him from behind, looking on as the press go crazy over Sherlock and John.

He takes of f his GOLD RIMMED SPECTACLES, breathes on the lenses and wipes them clean with a beautifully laundered white handkerchief.

END