
Text: EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO.

A case is over, Lestrade is storming down the steps, in a fury. Donovan following him

LESTRADE

They just walked out of there ... !

DONOVAN

Yeah, I know, I was sort of sitting next to you.

LESTRADE

The whole Waters family. They just walked right out of there.

DONOVAN

Again, I was in the room, I was there when it happened.

LESTRADE

How can they always do that!

DONOVAN

They're good.

LESTRADE

They're greedy, they'll do it again, and next time we're going to catch them in the act.

He storms off down the steps.

DONOVAN

(Starting to follow)
How?

AA1

DONOVAN
They' re good. They work at i t.

LESTRADE
And they' re never going to stop!

She puts a comforti ng hand on hi s arm.

DONOVAN
Nei ther are we.

FADE TO BLACK:

AAA1

AAA1

Text: EIGHT MONTHS AGO.

Tiny fast scene - Lestrade storming down the steps, face like
thunder agai n. Donovan followi ng.

FADE TO BLACK:

AAAA1

AAAA1

Text: FOUR MONTHS AGO.

Lestrade' s car, parked a short di stance from the court. An
enraged Lestrade kicking savagely at the one of hi s car
wheels, taki ng out hi s frustration. Donovan watches
sympatheti cally, as do several poli ce officers - she gentl y
i ntervenes.

DONOVAN
Greg

LESTRADE
(Rounds on her)
In the act! Only way we' re going to
do i t! In. The.

FADE TO BLACK:

1

1

Text: Today.

ECU - a hi deous face. Green fl esh, bl ank expressi on -
FRANKENSTEI N' S MONSTER!

Pull out to reveal the Monster i s holdi ng a sawn-off shotgun.
I t' s an armed bank job -- wi th Hal lowe' en masks.

The massive vault door is open and DRACULA is loading money onto a cart.

Another of the robbers - THE MUMMY, sits at a laptop, tapping away.

Close on the alarm. Totally silent.

CUT TO:

1A

1A

In an unmarked car, LESTRADE and DONOVAN. She has an open laptop on her knee.

LESTRADE
They're still blocking it?

DONOVAN
Yeah. Very efficiently hacked. They must be bloody pleased with themselves.

LESTRADE
Must be.

They share a smile.

CUT TO:

1B

1B

The cart is now groaning under the weight of cash, safety deposit boxes etc. FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER looks to THE MUMMY, who gives a big thumbs up.

CUT TO:

1C

1C

A phalanx of armed POLICE in bullet-proof vests. LESTRADE and DONOVAN are at their head.

LESTRADE
Right then.

He ushers Donovan ahead.

DONOVAN
No, no, no. You've got to make the arrest. This one's yours, boss.

LESTRADE
... never called me boss before.

(CONTINUED)

DONOVAN

Well I look what happens when you're good!

Lestrade can't help feeling chuffed.

LESTRADE

You know how most days aren't good days. This is a good day.

DONOVAN

Not for the Waters family.

And then his phone rings in his pocket. A very distinctive ring. He's about to answer, but ignores it.

LESTRADE

Come on.

They start to move forward.

DONOVAN

Ten men on the roof, all exits covered. Bank's closed so no hostages worry about -

The phone rings again angrily. Donovan sighs.

LESTRADE

Sorry. Go on.

DONOVAN

We've got the tunnel entrance covered and Davies, Willow and Christie --

Ring, ring.

- are heading up armed response in Mafeking Road -

LESTRADE

Sorry. Better get this.

DONOVAN

It's him, isn't it?

Lestrade reaches apologetically for his phone - glances at the display.

Text on screen.

HELP ME PLEASE!

LESTRADE

I...I have to go.

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

Really hard. Hardest thing I've ever done.

SHERLOCK
Please shut up, Mrs. Hudson.

SHERLOCK

What bi g day?

MRS. HUDSON

The wedding! John and Mary, getting married!

SHERLOCK

A couple, who currently live together, are about to attend church, have a party and a short holiday, and then carry on living together. What's big about that?

MRS. HUDSON

It changes people, marriage.

SHERLOCK

No it doesn't.

MRS. HUDSON

You wouldn't understand, you've always been alone.

SHERLOCK

Your husband was executed for double murder, you're hardly an advert for companionship.

MRS. HUDSON

Marriage changes you as a person in ways you can't imagine.

SHERLOCK

As does lethal injection.

MRS. HUDSON

My best friend, Margaret - she was my chief bridesmaid. We were going to be best friends forever, we always said so. But I hardly ever saw her after that.

SHERLOCK

(Examining the tea tray)

Aren't there usually biscuits?

MRS. HUDSON

I've run out.

SHERLOCK

Have the shops run out too?

MRS. HUDSON

She cried the whole day. Kept saying it was the end of an era.

Sherlock, losing patience, has opened the door for her to leave.

SHERLOCK

The shop on the corner should be open, I think.

MRS. HUDSON

She was right I suppose. I remember she left early. Who leaves a wedding early, it was so sad.

SHERLOCK

Anyway. You've got things to do...

MRS. HUDSON

I don't, really, I've got plenty of time to get ready -

seems to place himself
Biscuits!

SHERLOCK

She starts heading out.

MRS. HUDSON

I really am going to have a word with your mother.

SHERLOCK

You can if you like, she understands very little.

He closes the door behind her. Looks thoughtful for a moment. I read
Goes to his page of manuscript, makes a note.

Then goes to where his morning suit is hanging, waiting for him.

Seems to brace himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Well then! Into battle!

He starts to take off his dressing gown

WE NOW CUT TO MAJOR SHOLTO PUTTING ON HIS MILITARY UNIFORM. . . .

Pull back to reveal the reflection of a tall, distinguished looking man in his 50s - JAMES SHOLTO. He has a vivid scar right down his face and his left arm hangs by his side - stiff and useless.

He looks at himself in the mirror but his face is impassive.

Click.

JOHN and MARY with MRS. HUDSON sandwiched between them. She's wearing a very large, elaborate hat.

Click.

JOHN, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE. The three boys together. Buddy shot.

Click

BRIDE and GROOM. BEST MAN and BRIDESMAID.

HOLD on this quartet whilst they wait for the PHOTOGRAPHER to set up the shot.

The Chief Bridesmaid, JANI NE (20s) smiles nervously at SHERLOCK. This is her first chance to say 'Hello' to him. And he is properly famous after all.

JANI NE
You're Sherlock. Hi. Jani ne.

SHERLOCK
(Polite smile)
Hello.

JANI NE
The famous Mr. Holmes - very pleased to meet you. But no sex, okay?

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

JANI NE
Don't look so scared, joking. Bridesmaid, best Man, it's a bit traditional

SHERLOCK
Is it?

JANI NE
But not obligatory.

SHERLOCK
If that's the sort of thing you're looking for, best bet would be the man in beige. Recently divorced doctor with a ginger cat, a barn conversion, and a history of erectile dysfunction.

(A beat)
Revi ewing that information, possibly your best bet.

JANI NE
Yeah, maybe not.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, there was one more deduction
than I was really expecting.

Janine is looking at him thoughtfully - now links arms with
him.

JANI NE
Mr. Holmes, you are going to be
incredibly useful.

Click!

MARY

DAVID

Yeah, ages ago. Just good friends now.

SHERLOCK

Is that a fact?

(Flipping open his laptop)

Whenever she posts on Twitter, you respond within five minutes - regardless of time or your current location, which suggests you have her on text alert. In all your Facebook photographs of the happy couple, Mary is in centre frame and John is partially or entirely excluded -

DAVID

You can't assume from that I've still got some kind of interest in Mary -

SHERLOCK

(The clincher)

You have volunteered to be a shoulder to cry on no less than three separate occasions!! Do you have anything to say in your defence?

David swallows hard. He's got him bang to rights.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I think, in future, we'll downgrade you to a casual acquaintance. No more than three planned social encounters a year, and always in John's presence. I have your contact details, I will be monitoring.

DAVID

They're right about you. You're a bloody psychopath.

Sherlock just looks at him.

SHERLOCK

High functioning sociopath. With your number.

CUT TO:

DAVID moves swiftly along the line, getting away from SHERLOCK as fast as he can.

PAGE BOY
... You're a detective.

SHERLOCK
Yep.

PAGE BOY
Have you solved any murders?

SHERLOCK
Sure, loads.

PAGE BOY
... can I see?

Sherlock considers, then reaches for his laptop.

SHERLOCK
Yeah, why not?

CUT TO:

Sherlock and the Page Boy, pouring over the laptop, their faces illuminated by the screen. The little boy is thrilled and fascinated.

PAGE BOY
What's all the stuff in his eye?

SHERLOCK
Maggots.

PAGE BOY
Cool!

CUT TO:

11

They move on.

CUT TO:

12

12

People milling round in the Reception room, before it's time to take their seats. Lively chatter. WAITERS circulate with trays of drinks.

Let's have this scene POV PHOTOGRAPHER.

Click.

MOLLY with fiance TOM - kissing. Never miss an opportunity.

Click.

MRS. HUDSON has brought MR. CHATTERJEE. She's wiping a canape off his mouth.

Click.

LESTRADE at the same table. He's getting quietly sloshed.

Click.

John and Mary, laughing as they talk to someone. Mary is grabbing handfuls of the canapes.

MARY

Bloody starving - lost so much weight to get into this dress!

Click.

SHERLOCK and JANINE - they're both scanning the room. There's a DISHY WAITER bending over a silver salver dish. In it is a rack of delicious-looking lamb. Sherlock sniffs the air.

JANINE

He's nice.

SHERLOCK

(Sniffs)

Traces of two leading brands of deodorant, both advertised for strength. Suggestive of a chronic body odour problem, manifesting under stress.

Another WAITER arrives and starts talking to the first one. He withdraws a skewer from the lamb and juice spills out onto the salver. A tiny frown from Sherlock.

(CONTINUED)

JANI NE

Okay, done there. What about his friend?

SHERLOCK

Long term relati onshi p, compul si ve cheat.

JANI NE

Seri ousl y?

SHERLOCK

Waterproof cover on hi s smartphone, but hi s complexi on doesn' t indi cate outdoor work. Suggests he' s in the habi t of taking hi s phone into the shower, whi ch indi cates he often recei ves texts and emai ls he' d rather went unseen.

She looks at hi m, marveli ng.

JANI NE

Can I keep you?

SHERLOCK

Do you l ike solvi ng crimes?

JANI NE

Do you have a vacancy?

He doesn' t reply for a beat - and Jani ne' s gaze goes straight to John.

JANI NE (CONT' D)

Oh! I suppose you do!

Cl i ck.

JOHN and MARY are hovering. Not quite time to si t down yet.

MARY

Harry?

JOHN

(shakes head)
No show.

MARY

Oh, I' m sorry, I love.

JOHN

Bi t of a punt aski ng her. Sti ll.
Free bar. Woul dn' t have been a good mi x.

He smi les sadl y. Then gl ances over Mary' s shoul der. Someone has wal ked casual ly into the recepti on. It' s MAJOR SHOLTO -

(CONTI NUED)

JOHN (CONT' D)
Oh God. Wow.

Mary looks.

MARY
Is that - ?

JOHN
He came.

Without a word, he moves swiftly up to Sholto and salutes. Sholto salutes back. Mary watches.

SHERLOCK
(a statement)
So that's him. Major Sholto.

Mary turns. Sherlock's right behind her.

MARY
Aha.

SHERLOCK
(Is he jealous?)
If they're such good friends, why
does he hardly ever mention him?

MARY
(Teasing)
Mentions him all the time to me.
Never shuts up about him.

SHERLOCK

SHOLTO
I do for old friends, Watson.
(corrects himself)
Good to see you.

JOHN
You too.

A slightly awkward silence. John can't help glancing at Sholto's scar. Sholto touches it self-consciously.

SHOLTO
Civilian life suiting you, then?

JOHN
I think so, sir.

SHOLTO
No more need for the trick cyclist?

JOHN
Still go back now and then. Sort of
top up. Therapy can be very
helpful.

Sholto just grunts, unconvinced.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO
Oh. Way out in the middle of
nowhere.
(smiles)
You wouldn't know it.

CUT TO:

Back to Sherlock and Mary.

SHERLOCK
(Pointedly)
I've barely heard him speak his
name.

MARY
He's almost a recluse these days.
Since...

SHERLOCK
Yes.

MARY
I didn't think he'd show at all -
John says he's the most unsociable
man he's ever met.

SHERLOCK

I've either caught you in a compromising position or you've been working out again. I favour the latter.

MYCROFT

What do you want?

SHERLOCK

I need your answer, Mycroft. As a matter of urgency.

MYCROFT

Answer?

SHERLOCK

Even at the eleventh hour, it's not too late you know.

MYCROFT

Oh Lord -

SHERLOCK

Cars can be sent. Private jets commandeered -

MYCROFT

Today. It's today, isn't it?

(sighs)

No, Sherlock. I will not be coming to the , as you so poetically put it.

SHERLOCK

Oh. That's a shame. John and Mary will be extremely d-

MYCROFT

- delighted not to have me hanging around.

SHERLOCK

(smiles)

Oh, I don't know. There should always be a spectre at the feast.

Mycroft sits, sipping juice.

MYCROFT

So. This is it, then. The big day. I suppose I'll be seeing a lot more of you now.

SHERLOCK

What do you mean?

MYCROFT

It'll be just like old times.

SHERLOCK

I don't get you.

MYCROFT

Well. It's the end of an era, isn't it? John and Mary. Domestic bliss.

SHERLOCK

No, no. I prefer to think of it as the beginning of a new chapter.

Mycroft smiles to himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

MYCROFT

Nothing.

SHERLOCK

I know that silence. What??

MYCROFT

I'd better let you get back to it. You have a big speech or something, don't you?

SHERLOCK

MYCROFT

Cakes. Karaoke.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft!

MYCROFT

This is what people do, Sherlock. They get married. I warned you. Don't get involved.

SHERLOCK

Involved? I'm not involved.

MYCROFT

No. Of course not.

SHERLOCK

John asked me to be his Best Man. How could I say no?

MYCROFT

Absolutely.

SHERLOCK

Not

MYCROFT

I believe you. Really I do. Have a lovely day and do give the happy couple my best.

SHERLOCK

I will.

MYCROFT

By the way, Sherlock, do you remember 'Redbeard'?

This brings Sherlock up short. A memory - almost like a code word between them.

SHERLOCK

I'm not a child any more, Mycroft!

MYCROFT

No. Of course you're not. Enjoy not getting involved, Sherlock.

He hangs up.

PULL WIDE.

Mycroft alone in the empty gym.

Over this:

Spoon on a wine glass.

TOAST MASTER

Pray silence for the Best Man!

A ripple of applause.

JOHN clutches MARY'S hand - partly in anticipation, partly for comfort - this speech could go either way.

SHERLOCK clears his throat and -

SHERLOCK

Ladies and gentlemen. Family. Friends. Um... Also...

And then the camera turns round, and we see SHERLOCK'S POV -

A sea of eighty people.

Now cutting closer around some of our regulars.

Mrs Hudson, clearly tensing. What will this be like, what will he

Molly Hooper. Just staring at him, openly anxious.

On Lestrade:

MOLLY
(V.O.)
Greg?

CUT TO:

14

14

Lestrade, heading along the morgue corridor, clearly on business. Molly has stepped out of dissecting room, to call to him. She's holding a bucket, and is wearing her rubber gloves.

LESTRADE
(Turning, going to her)
Mol!

MOLLY
I just had a thought.

LESTRADE
(Looking into bucket)
Is that a brain?

MOLLY
What if John asks Sherlock to be his best man?

LESTRADE
He will, won't he? He's bound to.

MOLLY
Exactly!

LESTRADE
So?

MOLLY
Greg ... he'll make a !

A silence.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

14

On Lestrade - starting to visualise this. Different scenarios chasing each other across his face.

On Molly - waiting, hauntedly.

Finally.

LESTRADE
.... What's the worst that could happen?

MOLLY
Hel en-Louise probably wondered the same.

LESTRADE
Hel en-Louise?

She holds up the bucket.

A phone ringing.

CUT TO:

15

15

Mrs Hudson has answered her phone.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, hello, dear.

CUT TO:

16

16

On Molly on the phone.

MOLLY
I was just thinking again - if John ask Sherlock -

MRS. HUDSON
The speech, dear, I know. It'll be fine.

MOLLY
It's not just the speech, though, is it?

CUT TO:

John Watson is just coming through the door, when he hears the hooting of uncontrollable laughter. Mrs Hudson is practically ending herself.

He frowns.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
John Watson. My friend, John
Watson. John.
(Looks to John)
What can I say. When John first
broached the subject of best man I
was confused -

CUT TO:

Sherlock working at the kitchen table. He has a flame-thrower
and holds what appears to a human eye in a pair of tweezers
in the other.

John is popping his head round the door. (This takes place
seconds after his scene with Mrs Hudson.)

JOHN
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
What was that noise downstairs?

JOHN
Mrs. Hudson laughing.

SHERLOCK
I thought perhaps she was torturing
an owl.

JOHN
No, it was laughter.

SHERLOCK
It could have been both.

John, looking at the eyeball and the flame-thrower.

JOHN
Busy?

SHERLOCK
Just occupying myself - sometimes
it's so hard not to smoke.

JOHN
Mind if I interrupt?

SHERLOCK
I would be delighted.

He tosses the eye - it lands in a cup of tea with a splash.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Tea?

JOHN

I 'm fi ne.

(Now seating himsel f
opposi te Sherlock)

So! The big question. The best man!

SHERLOCK

The best man?

JOHN

What do you think?

SHERLOCK

Bi lly Ki ncai d.

JOHN

I 'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

Bi lly Ki ncai d, the Camden
Garrotter. Best man I ever knew.
Vast contributi ons to charity, all
undi sposed, personally saved three
hospitals from closure, ran the
best and safest children' s homes in
the north of Engl and, and yes, now
and then, garrotted people. But if
you stack up all the lives saved,
agai nst the garrottings, on
balance, I 'd say -

JOHN

For my weddi ng. For me. I need a
best man.

SHERLOCK

Oh, ri ght.

JOHN

Maybe not a garrotter

SHERLOCK

Gavi n.

JOHN

Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

Gavin Lestrade, he' s a man, he' s
good at it.

JOHN

It' s Greg. And he' s not my best
friend.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Mike Stamford you mean? Nice
fella, not sure he'd handle all the
-

JOHN

Mike's great, he's not my best
friend.

SHERLOCK

... your Mum?

JOHN

Is dead, and a woman.

SHERLOCK

Dead? I was talking to
Mum, wasn't that yours?

JOHN

Sherlock, this the biggest and most
important day of my life.

SHERLOCK

(Equivocating)
Well -

JOHN

No, it And I want to be
standing up there with the two

26

26

Si l ence. Si l ence.

JOHN
... Sherlock, getting a tiny bit
scary now.

CUT TO:

27

27

SHERLOCK
It later transpired that I had said
none of this out loud.

CUT TO:

28

28

Fi nal l y...

SHERLOCK
..... so. I'm ... in fact ...

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Your best

Man. JOHN Friend. SHERLOCK

JOHN
Of course you are. Of course you're
my bloody best friend.

Sherlock stares. Takes his mug of tea, sips. Remembers
there's an eye it. They both look at the mug.

JOHN (CONT'D)
How was that?

SHERLOCK
Surpri si ngl y okay.

Proffers it to John.

JOHN
No.

A si l ence. Then. The di ffi cul t subj ect.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So. You'll have to make speech
obviously.

Another silence.

SHERLOCK
Yes.

CUT TO:

29 _____ 29

30 _____ 30

31 _____ 31

On Sherlock. A pause. Bracing himself for the ordeal.

Cutting round Molly, Lestrade, Mrs Hudson, John and Mary -

Sherlock clears his throat - launching into the speech,
proper. Here goes. Consults his notes.

SHERLOCK
I'm afraid, John, I can't
congratulate you. All emotion, and
love in particular, stand opposed
to that pure, cold reason that I
hold above all things. A wedding
is, in my considered opinion,
nothing short of a celebration of
all that is false and specious and
irrational and sentimental in this
ailing and morally compromised
world. We honour today the death
watch beetle that is the doom of
our society, and in time, one feels
certain, our entire species. But

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It is a fact, I believe, that brides tend to favour exceptionally plain bridesmaids for their big day. There is a certain analogy, I feel.

On the bridesmaids - appalled and hurt.

The whole room is slowly freezing over.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Contrast is, after all, God's own plan to enhance the beauty of his creation. Or would be, if God were not a ludicrous fantasy designed to provide a career opportunity for the family idiot.

On the Vicar, appalled and insulted.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The point I'm trying to make is this. I am the most unpleasant, ignorant, rude, all round obnoxious git anyone is ever likely to meet.

I am dismissive of the virtuous -
(Nods the vicar)

- unaware of the beautiful -
(Janine)

- and uncomprehending in the face of the happy.

(The whole audience)

So if I didn't understand I was being offered the chance to be best man, it is because I never expected to be anyone's best friend. And certainly not the best friend of the bravest, kindest, wisest human being I have ever been privileged to know. John, I am a ridiculous man, redeemed only by the warmth and constancy of your friendship. But since I am, apparently, your best friend I cannot congratulate you on your choice of companion.

(Looks to Mary)

Well! I can! Mary, when I say you deserve this man, it is the greatest compliment of which I am capable. John, you have endured war, injury and tragic loss - sorry, again, about that - so please know this. Today you are sitting with the woman you have made your wife and the man you saved.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

In short, with the two people who love you the most in all this world. I know I speak on behalf of Mary when I say that we will never let you down - and we have a life time ahead to prove that.

Now on John. Pole-axed. Tears in his eyes. Desperately trying not to snifle.

Cutting round the others - the whole room, so moved. Sniffles everywhere. Mrs. Hudson openly crying. Sholto smiles to himself, touched.

John now trying to conceal his emotional disarray, in a display of manly gruffness and coughing.

JOHN

(Aside to Mary)

If I try to bloody hug him, stop me.

MARY

Certainly not.

The whole room now, sniffing away.

Sherlock, at the centre of it all, as ever oblivious.

SHERLOCK

Now, on to some funny stories about John -

He looks up from his notes, becomes aware that practically the whole room is crying.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

What's wrong, what's happened? Why are you all doing that. John?

MRS. HUDSON

(Can't hold it in)

Oh,

Floods of tears now.

SHERLOCK

... Did I do it wrong?

JOHN

No you bloody didn't!

John can't stop himself - goes to Sherlock gives him the biggest hug. The whole room applauds!

Sherlock stands there, enduring a hug, slightly bemused.

32

32

JOHN and SHERLOCK have just got in. Sitting in John's chair is --

A suit of empty clothes! Shoes, tie, cuff-linked sleeves on the arms of the chair, everything in place. As though a client had become invisible.

CUT TO:

33

33

SHERLOCK
The Poison Giant.

CUT TO:

34

34

SHERLOCK and JOHN mid-chase on a foggy rooftop. Facing them - a horrifying MIDGET with a blow pipe! He fires!

CUT TO:

35

35

SHERLOCK
There have been frustrating cases
...

CUT TO:

36

36

SHERLOCK examining a matchbox. John enters.

JOHN
Whatw q 1 0 0 4 reW nBT/CN and SHERLOC9 784 reW nBT/CSO c

37

37

SHERLOCK
... touchi ng cases...

CUT TO:

38

38

Sherlock is in his chair. John at the window, looking down into the street.

JOHN
She's nearly ringi ng the doorbell.
Nope, she's changed her mi nd. She's
going to ring it, she's leavi ng,
she's leavi ng, she's comi ng back -

SHERLOCK
She's a client and she's boring.
Seen those symptoms before.

JOHN
Hm?

SHERLOCK
Oscillation on the pavement always
means a love affair.

CUT TO:

39

39

SHERLOCK
... and of59 e-0.0329 Tc 12 0 0 12 54 365 Tm(39)Tj ETQq512

41

41

SHERLOCK
But we want something very
particular for such a special day,
don't we?

42

42

Flashback.

MARY and SHERLOCK - up to their ears in wedding preparations.

Stationery samples, material swatches, sample menus, a first, second and third draft table plan. The two of them are preparing the whole event with gusto. SHERLOCK right in the centre of it all.

JOHN, however, is sitting in the corner, feet up, surfing his iPhone.

SHERLOCK
We'll have to work on your side of
the church, Mary. Looking a bit
thin.

MARY
An orphan's lot. Friends. That's
all I've got.
(smiles)
Lots of friends.

SHERLOCK
If we schedule the organ music to
start at precisely 11.48 -

Mary puts her hand on his.

MARY
The rehearsal's not for a
fortnight. Calm down.

SHERLOCK
Calm? I am calm. I'm
calm.

MARY
Let's get back to the reception.
(holding up a post-it)
John's cousin. Top table?

(CONTINUED)

40

SHERLOCK

(Shrugs)

Hates you to bits. Can't even bear to think about you.

MARY

Seri ousl y?

SHERLOCK

Second class post. Cheap card -
(sniffs it)

- from a filling station. And look at the stamp. Three attempts at licking, she's unconsciously retaining her saliva.

MARY

Stick her near the bogs.

SHERLOCK

Oh yes.

She glances at John. Not listening.

MARY

Who else hates me?

For answer he just slaps a list in front of her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Great, thanks.

JOHN

(Looking up from his
i Phone)

Pri cel ess pai nti ng. Ni cked. Looks interesting.

MARY

Tabl e el even?

SHERLOCK

Done.

JOHN

'My husband is three people'.

MARY

Tabl e twel ve?

SHERLOCK

(Reading the name)

James Sholto.

(Doesn't recognise him)

Who?

MARY

John's old commanding officer.
(sotto)
I don't think he's coming.

JOHN

He'll be there.

MARY

Well, he'd better RSVP, then.

JOHN

He'll be there.

(beat)

'My husband is three people.'
Interesting. Says he has three
distinct patterns of moles on his
skin.

SHERLOCK

Identical triplets. One in half a
million births. Solved it without
leaving the flat. Now,
serviettes...

Produces two elaborated folded serviettes. One like a swan,
one like the Sydney Opera House.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Swan or Sydney Opera House?

MARY

Where did you learn to do that?

SHERLOCK

Many unexpected skills are required
in the field of criminal
investigation -

MARY

Fibbing Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

I once broke an alibi by
demonstrating the exact severity of
a fabric crease -

MARY

I'm not John, I can tell when
you're fibbing.

SHERLOCK

Okay, I looked it up on YouTube.

MARY

Swan please. Hang on, I'm buzzing.
(Pulls her phone from her
pocket)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

Hello. Oh, hi Beth. Yes. Yes, I don't see why not...

She wanders off into the back corridor area, beyond the kitchen.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

If that's Beth, that's probably me too, hang on -

He dashes after Mary, leaving Sherlock contemplating his serviettes.

Back corridor - Mary is waiting for John, no phone at her ear now. Conversation conducted in whispers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He knows we don't have a friend called Beth, he's going to figure out it's code -

MARY

He's YouTubing serviettes.

JOHN

He's thorough!

MARY

He's terrified!

JOHN

Of course he's not.

MARY

You know when you're scared of something's that coming, and you start wishing it sooner, just to get started. That's what he's doing!

JOHN

Why would he be scared of us getting married? Nothing's going to change, we'll still do stuff.

MARY

Prove it to him. I told you to find him a case.

JOHN

I'm trying.

MARY

You need to run him. Show him it's still the good old days.

She practically shoves him back into the living room. John stumbles back in on Sherlock -

- who's now folded an whole array of serviettes in record time. He looks up almost guiltily.

SHERLOCK

That just sort of happened.

John, resolved now, goes to Sherlock - lowers his voice as if to stop Mary hearing (play acting for Sherlock.)

JOHN

Sherlock, mate, I've smelled eighteen different perfumes. I've sampled nine different slices of cake that all tasted identical. I like the Bridesmaids in purple.

SHERLOCK

Lilac.

JOHN

There aren't any decisions left to make! I don't even understand the ones we've made. I'm faking opinions, it's exhausting. Now please, before she starts again -

Thrusts his phone under SHERLOCK'S nose.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anything! Pick one.

SHERLOCK

Pick what?

JOHN

A case! Your inbox is bursting. Get me out of here.

SHERLOCK

You want to go out on a case? Now?

JOHN

Sherlock, please, for .

Sherlock inwardly delightedly, outwardly selfless.

SHERLOCK

Don't worry about a thing - I'll

JOHN taps the inbox and one of the emails floods our screen:

'DEAR MR. HOLMES...'

The voice of the correspondent narrating -

The Wellington barracks in London. Birdcage Walk.

The Queen's Grenadier Guard - the Busbies - are barracked here, right in the shadow of Buckingham Palace.

An elegant and imposing Georgian building made of honey-coloured stone. It's surrounded by a high perimeter wall with a row of punitive metal spikes.

A GUARDSMEN on duty outside the barracks in a sentry box. The traditional red tunic, Sam Browne belt, gold-braided trousers. And the absurdly large Busby hat.

We hear the voice of PRIVATE BAINBRIDGE -

Very plummy - from the upper echelons, your typical GUARDSMAN.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
Dear Mr. Holmes. My name is
Bainbridge. I'm Private in Her
Majesty's Household Guard...

CUT TO:

Inside the barracks -

The place is old and drenched in tradition. Wood-panelled walls. Flagstone floors.

SOLDIERS in their red coats, braided trousers and busbies marching past.

One of them is BAINBRIDGE. Tall, slim, trim.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
I'm writing to you about a personal
matter - one I don't care to bring
before my superiors. It would sound
so trivial...

BAINBRIDGE is on duty. The classic pose of the Busby-wearing guardsman in his sentry box.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
But I think someone is stalking me.

44

Two JAPANESE TOURISTS stand either side of him, giggling with excitement. They take photos of themselves. Bainbridge's face remains impassive.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
I'm used to tourists. It's part of the job. But this is different. Someone's watching me. He's taking pictures of me. Every day.

CUT TO:

45

45

BAINBRIDGE is in a towel, ready to have a shower. He glances out of the window. Distantly, a figure is watching.

BAINBRIDGE (V.O.)
I don't want to mention it to the Colonel. But it's really preying on my mind. I've read about you and I know this sort of thing wouldn't interest the police...

46

46

SHERLOCK
Uniform fetishist? All the nice girls love a soldier.

JOHN
It's sailors. And Bainbridge thinks his stalker is a bloke. Let's go and investigate.

SHERLOCK studies the email. His curiosity is just beginning to be teased.

SHERLOCK
Elite guard.

JOHN
Forty enlisted men and officers.

SHERLOCK
(starting to get interested)
Why this particular Grenadier?
Curious.

JOHN
Now you're talking.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

Ok.

MARY reappears, play-acting ending her call.

Now John is play-acting a guilty thing surprised.

JOHN

Um...we're just...I want Sherlock
to help me choose some...

And he can't think of a single credible lie. So MARY helps
him out.

MARY

Why not go with 'socks'?

JOHN

Yep.

MARY

Got to get the right ones.

JOHN

Yep. To go with my outfit.

MARY gives them an indulgent smile.

MARY

It'll probably take you a while,
that.

JOHN

Is my coat in there?

He dashes past her into the kitchen.

Sherlock leans conspiratorially to Mary.

SHERLOCK

Just need to get him out for a bit -
run him.

MARY

I know. You said you were going to
find him case!

John, in the kitchen, heading to the door.

JOHN

Come on Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

Coming!

46

As they both head out, they each turn to Mary - Sherlock at the living room door, John at the kitchen door, and so unseen to each other - and give Mary a thumbs-up. They both go clattering down the stairs together.

On Mary, laughing - oh, her boys!

47

JOHN and SHERLOCK leaving JOHN'S flat, running to hail a cab!

47

48

St. James' Park.

The sparrows flock to be fed. The pond ripples in the sunshine.

SHERLOCK and JOHN walking through the park, heading for the barracks in Birdcage Walk.

48

49

JOHN is presenting his credentials. A DUTY OFFICER is stationed at the guard house - the red and gold of the Grenadiers.

49

JOHN
We're here to see Private Steven
Bainbridge.

DUTY OFFICER
He's on duty right now, sir.

He nods across the parade ground.

BAINBRIDGE is stationed in his sentry box.

Motionless.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)
But I'll certainly let him know
when he's free.

SHERLOCK
How long does he stay like that?

DUTY OFFICER
(smiles)
Another hour.

On Bainbridge again, face utterly impassive.

CUT TO:

50

50

JOHN and SHERLOCK sit on a bench in St. James' Park.

Fifty yards away they can see BAINBRIDGE on duty, stock still.

A TOURIST has set up a camera on a tripod. He holds the timer button as he stands next to Bainbridge and -

- takes a photo.

SHERLOCK
You think they give them classes?

JOHN
Classes?

SHERLOCK
Resisting the temptation to scratch their behinds.

JOHN
Afferent neurons in the peripheral nervous system.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Bum itch.

The Tourist walks off.

SHERLOCK
So. Why don't you see him any more?

JOHN
Who?

SHERLOCK
This previous commander of yours.
Sholto.

JOHN
commander?

SHERLOCK
I meant ex.

JOHN
"Previous" would suggest I currently have a commander.

SHERLOCK
(Soothingly)
Which you don't.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Which I don't.

SHERLOCK
Of course you don't. You think highly of him. He was your previous best friend ... ex-best friend. Whatever he was, why don't you keep in touch.

JOHN
doesn't. Long story - he had a bad time out there.

SHERLOCK
Decorated, wasn't he? He's a war hero.

JOHN
Not to everyone. He led a team of crows into battle.

SHERLOCK
Crows?

JOHN
New recruits. Standard procedure, break in the new boys - but it went wrong. All the rookies died, he was the only survivor. The press and the families gave him hell. Gets more death threats than you.

SHERLOCK
Oh, I wouldn't count on that!

JOHN
And why are you suddenly taking an interest in another human being?

SHERLOCK
I'm ... chatting.

JOHN
Okay, scared now.

SHERLOCK
Well I'm not going to try that again.

JOHN
He's a good man. A brave man. And he was a very good friend to me.

SHERLOCK
"Was"?

On John. Finally gets it. Suppresses a smile.

JOHN
Okay. Changing the subject
. . . . You know - it won't
change anything. Me and Mary -
getting married. We'll still be
doing all this.

SHERLOCK
Oh. Good.

JOHN
If you were worried.

SHERLOCK
Wasn't worried.

Beat.

John - he's got something to say. Can't quite meet Sherlock's
eye, when he does so. The gruff soldier, with stuff to talk
about it.

JOHN
You know . . . the thing about Mary.
She's completely turned my life
around. She's changed everything.
But for the record, over the last
few years, there have been two
people who've done that. And the
other one is . . .

He turns. Sherlock's not there.

JOHN (CONT'D)
. . . a complete dickhead.

He looks round. No Sherlock.

John looks over at Bainbridge.

Still stock still, face immobile.

CUT TO:

Seven Busbies file past a window.

We see them from the side: a phalanx of red-uniformed
GUARDSMEN.

Six of them march on. The seventh is SHERLOCK. (Not in the
full uniform, just the hat!)

He detaches himself from the back of the pack and slips immediately through a door --

CUT TO:

52

52

-- where more GUARDSMEN are lounging about, watching TV, playing ping-pong.

SHERLOCK watches them through the half-closed door, then moves off.

CUT TO:

Outside, BAINBRIDGE comes to attention, shoulders his rifle and marches back into the barracks.

CUT TO:

54

54

BAINBRIDGE comes inside, pulling off his Busby and unbuttoning his uniform. He looks pale and ill.

He pulls off his belt and heads for the showers.

CUT TO:

55

55

REED

I know you, don't I? I've seen you

The DUTY OFFICER comes tearing inside.

DUTY OFFICER

Sir!

REED

What's going on - ?

DUTY OFFICER

It's Bainbridge, sir! He's dead!

CUT TO:

BAINBRIDGE lies prostrate on the floor in a huge pool of blood. He's pale as death. The shower cubicle door has been smashed open.

JOHN, REED and the DUTY OFFICER pile into the room.

REED

My God.

John makes to move. Reed stops him.

JOHN

Let me take a look, sir. I'm a doctor.

REED

What? Sergeant, arrest this man.

JOHN

I'm a doctor!

REED

Oh, you're a doctor now too!

The Duty Officer starts to hustle John out of the doorway.

JOHN

Please, let me examine him!

A commotion in the corridor and SECOND SOLDIER appears, with SHERLOCK in an arm89 6.T -0.0221 Tc 12 0 0 -12 252 429 Tm /u0o12 77

REED

Is that what this was all about?
Distracting me so this man could
get into here and kill Bainbridge?

JOHN

Don't be stupid!

Sherlock scans the room in an instant. The body. The smashed door.

SHERLOCK

Kill him with what? Where's the
weapon?

REED

What?

SHERLOCK

Search me. Go ahead. No weapon.

JOHN

Bainbridge was on parade. He only
left his sentry box five minutes
ago. When is this supposed to have
happened?

REED

(to Sherlock)

You obviously stabbed him before he
got into the shower.

SHERLOCK

No.

REED

No?

SHERLOCK

He's soaking wet and there's
shampoo in his hair. He got into
the shower and then someone stabbed
him.

DUTY OFFICER

The cubicle was locked from the
inside, sir. I had to break it
open.

REED

You must've climbed over the top.

SHERLOCK

Then I'd have got soaked too,
wouldn't I?

JOHN
(roars)

Major! I'm John Watson,
Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers,
three years in Afghanistan. Veteran
of Kandahar, Helmand and Bart's
bloody Hospital! Let me examine
this man!

At last, Reed nods. John tears over to Bainbridge and rapidly
examines him.

DUTY OFFICER
Suicide?

SHERLOCK
No. The weapon again. No knife.

JOHN
There's a wound in the abdomen. But
it's incredibly fine --

John suddenly puts his ear to Bainbridge's chest. Frowns.

Sherlock checks Bainbridge's hands but they are empty. Then,
astonishingly, he licks water off the floor.

SHERLOCK
Man lies stabbed to death. No
murder weapon. Door locked from the
inside. Only one way in or out of
here.

JOHN
He's still breathing!!

DUTY OFFICER
Oh my God.

SHERLOCK
... what do we do??

JOHN
(To Bainbridge)
It's alright, it's alright, son.
(To Sherlock)
Give me your scarf -

SHERLOCK hurriedly hands him his scarf. John, the army
soldier, totally back in his element.

JOHN uses it as a makeshift bandage.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to soldiers)
Get an ambulance.

SOLDI ER

What?

JOHN

(taki ng command)

An ambulance now,

He grabs Sherlock' s hand, slams it on to the wound.

JOHN (CONT' D)

Nurse, press here, hard.

SHERLOCK

Nurse??

JOHN

I' m making do. Got to keep pressure
on thi s wound.

CUT TO:

Back to the speech. . .

SHERLOCK

Private Bainbridge had just come
off guard duty. Stood there for an
hour with plenty of people
watching. Nothing apparently wrong
with him. He came off duty and,
withi n minutes, he was almost dead
from a wound in hi s stomach.

The whol e wedding crowd are rapt, hangi ng on hi s every word.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

But no weapon. So. Where did it go?
Ladies and gentlemen, I invi te you
to consider thi s. A murderer who
can walk through walls. A weapon
which can vanish. And yet, in all
of thi s, there is only element
which can be said to be truly
remarkable. Would anyone like to
make a guess.

He looks around. Silence. What?

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Well , come on, come on. There is a
Q and A element to thi s. Scotland
Yard, what' s your theory?

He' s rounded on poor old Lestrade.

(CONTI NUED)

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Yes, you. You're a detective,
broadly speaking - got a theory?

People are turning to look at Lestrade. He shifts
uncomfortably in his chair.

LESTRADE

If the blade was propelled
somehow... Through the grating on
the air vent. Maybe a ballista or a
catapult. Somebody tiny could crawl
through there. We're obviously
looking for a dwarf.

SHERLOCK

Brilliant.

LESTRADE

Really?

SHERLOCK

No. Next!

TOM

Stabbed himself.

SHERLOCK

Hello, who was that?

Molly's boyfriend TOM, getting hesitantly to his feet.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Ah! Tom. What was your theory?

TOM

Attempted suicide. With a blade
made of compacted blood and bone.
Broke after piercing his abdomen.

Sherlock looks sceptical.

TOM (CONT' D)

(Losing confidence)
Like a meat... dagger.

SHERLOCK

A meat dagger.

TOM

Yeah.

MOLLY

(hissed whisper)
Sit down!

Tom sits down, a little crushed.

SHERLOCK

No, there was one, and only one, feature of interest in this whole baffling case. And that was, frankly, the usual. John Watson. Who, while I tried to solve a murder, instead, saved a life. Some mysteries are worth solving, some stories are worth telling. The best and bravest man I've ever known, and on top of that, actually knows how to do stuff. Except wedding planning and serviettes, he's rubbish at those. The case itself remains the most ingenious and brilliantly planned murder - or attempted murder - I have ever had the pleasure of encountering. The most perfect locked room mystery of which I am aware.

A beat. The audience expectant.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

However, I'm not just here to praise John, I'm also here to embarrass him, so let me move on -

An outraged mutter among the guests, and now Lestrade shouts out.

LESTRADE

But how was it done? Aren't you going to tell us?

SHERLOCK

How was what done?

LESTRADE

The murder, the stabbing.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I've no idea, I never solved that one. That happens sometimes, it's very disappointing.

(Back to his notes)

Embarrassment, of course, leads me to the stag night. Frankly there are hours of material here, but I've cut it down into the really good bits ...

SHERLOCK has come to see MOLLY.

MOLLY
Murder scenes? Locations of

SHERLOCK
(Pleased with himself)
A pub crawl. Themed.

MOLLY
Yeah, but... Murder scenes? Can't
you do... underground stations?

SHERLOCK
Lacks a personal touch. We're going
to have a drink in every street...

MOLLY
(Finishes his sentence)
Where you've found a corpse. That's
lovely. Why d'you need me?

SHERLOCK
Don't want us getting ill. That
would ruin it. Spoil the mood.

MOLLY
You're a graduate chemist. Can't
you work it out?

SHERLOCK
I lack... practical experience.

MOLLY
Meaning you think I like a drink.

SHERLOCK

SHERLOCK
How' s...
(struggl es)

MOLLY
Not a soci opath.

SHERLOCK
Sti ll? Good.

MOLLY
And we' re having quite a lot of
sex.

SHERLOCK
OK.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK digs into hi s coat and presents MOLLY with a
dossi er. On JOHN.

JOHN' S exact hei ght, wei ght, vi tal stati sti cs.

SHERLOCK (O. S.) (CONT' D)
I want to calcul ate John' s i deal
i ntake - and mi ne. Want to keep us
i n the sweet spot for the whol e
eveni ng.

Back at the lab...

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Li ght-headed: good.

MOLLY
(Understands)
Vomi ti ng i n gutters: bad.

Busy London bar - musi c bl ari ng - young peopl e mi lli ng
around. Noi se noi se noi se.

SHERLOCK stands at the bar, orders a round.

Conspi cuously out of pl ace. Sti ff as a board and all i n
bl ack. Won' t take hi s coat off for anyone.

SHERLOCK
Two... er, beers.

BARMAN
Pi nts?

SHERLOCK
(Shakes his head)
A hundred and forty three point
seven millilitres.

He has brought two glass vessels from the laboratory - graduated cylinders - little graded lines up the side.

Slaps them both on the bar.

JUMP CUT TO:

Slams them on the pub table in front of JOHN, full up to their mark with beer.

Takes out his stopwatch and hits it.

A digital counter starts to run in the corner of the screen...

JOHN
Are we on a schedule?

SHERLOCK
You'll thank me.

CUT TO:

JUMP CUT through a series of pubs and clubs as they travel all over London.

Superimpose a map of London with a red line showing them travelling to the sights of their greatest cases...

Downing another.

The stopwatch is still running in the corner of the screen.

SHERLOCK
(Nods)
Over there.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Toilet. Any second you'll need -

JOHN
Hang on. Tell me after. Need the loo.

SHERLOCK
On schedule.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Nothing. Go.

JOHN bolts to the toilet.

SHERLOCK takes out a chart and unfolds it. Puts a tick on a box marked 'URINE' and records the exact time.

CUT TO:

JOHN comes back, and -

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In their cups now.

CUT TO:

Superimpose the red line across London - but, oh look, it starts to get shakier.

CUT TO:

The next beer and the next beer and the next.

Until the red line is snaking all over London, and looping back in itself in a ridiculous drunken fashion...

64

64

SHERLOCK, completely blotto, in the middle of a bar fight with a pissed up THUG.

He's pointing at the THUG'S hoodie and yelling.

SHERLOCK
Listen, I'm telling you - on
your...hoodie. That's ash from a
Marlboro light!

THUG
I never smoke lights. Girls' fags!

SHERLOCK
(Yelling)
I know ash! Don't tell me I don't!

The THUG takes a swing at SHERLOCK which he narrowly dodges.

SHERLOCK takes a swing back. JOHN drags him out...

CUT TO:

Red line crisscrossing London in no ordered fashion whatsoever.

TIGHT IN on BAKER STREET on the map -

65

65

Silence -

TIGHT IN on SHERLOCK and JOHN'S faces, lying side by side.

SHERLOCK
(Mumbles)
I've got an international
reputation.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)
64

SHERLOCK
You or the...?

He waves at John's Rizla.

JOHN
Funny.

SHERLOCK
No. You're not a vegetable.

SHERLOCK
Do . . . peopl e l i ke me?

JOHN
On bal ance, no. You tend to rub
them up the wrong way.

SHERLOCK
Ok.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Am I the present King of Engl and?

JOHN
We don' t have a Ki ng!

SHERLOCK
Don' t we?

JOHN
No!!

SHERLOCK
(shrugs)
Your go.

JOHN
Am I a woman?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

JOHN
Pretty?

SHERLOCK
Beauty is a construct based
enti rely on chi ldhood i nflu ences,
i mpressi ons and rol e model s -

JOHN
Yeah. But am I a pretty l ady?

SHERLOCK
I don' t know. I don' t know who
you' re supposed to be.

JOHN
You pi cked the name!

SHERLOCK
Pi cked it at random. Saw it i n the
paper.

SHERLOCK

Ten minutes I'll find him. What was
the dog's name?

JOHN

(Murmurs in his sleep)
I could have you in an ash-fight.

SHERLOCK

Erm. . . .

POV SHERLOCK -

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Let me just whip this out -

SHERLOCK tries to whip out his magnifying lens - a ridiculous dance because it's stuck sideways in his pocket.

Eventually retrieves the thing by pulling his coat half inside-out.

Kneels down on the floor to examine the pile of the carpet.

TESSA

(To John)

You alright?

JOHN

Clueing.

TESSA

What?

JOHN

(Points at Sherlock)

He's clueing. For looks.

TESSA

Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK has fallen asleep on top of his magnifying glass - right there on the floor.

TESSA (CONT' D)

Mr. Holmes?

LANDLORD

I'm calling the police.

TESSA

No, no! This is a famous detective.
Sherlock Holmes. And his partner -
John Hamish Watson.

LANDLORD strides across the room to yank him out -

SHERLOCK

Hey, hey. What are you doing? Don't
compromise the integrity of the -
of the -

But he can't finish his sentence.

(CONTI NUED)

67

Because he suddenly vomits.

JOHN
Crime scene.

SHERLOCK
(Wiping his mouth)
Yup. That.

68

And they're in a prison cell.

Clang! Cell door opens -

LESTRADE enters and rouses JOHN. He's asleep on the cell floor.

LESTRADE
Wakey wakey.

Turns JOHN over with his foot.

JOHN
Oh my God.
(Rolls over)
Greg. Is it Greg?

LESTRADE
Get up. I'm putting you two in a taxi. I managed to square things with the Desk Sergeant.

JOHN staggers to his feet.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
What a couple of lightweight.
Couldn't even make it to closing time.

JOHN
Can you whisper?

LESTRADE
(yells)

He slaps JOHN playfully on the back, and nearly decks him.

69

Front desk.

JOHN and SHERLOCK signing for their things. Walking like they're badly crippled. The worst of hangovers.

69

JOHN

Yeah. But it's different now, isn't it? Different to when we thought we'd lost him.

MRS HUDSON

Marriage changes everything, John.

JOHN

Yeah?

Mrs Hudson nods.

MRS HUDSON

You might not think it but it does. Different phase of your life. You meet new people 'cos you're a couple. You let old friends slip away.

JOHN

It won't be like that.

Mrs Hudson just shrugs.

MRS HUDSON

If you've found the right one. The person you click with, then that's the best thing in the world.

JOHN

I have. I know I have.

Mrs Hudson nods, a bit teary.

MRS. HUDSON

I'm sure. She's lovely.

JOHN

I like to think so.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What about you?

MRS. HUDSON

Me?

JOHN

Did you think you'd found the one? When you married... Hudson?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh no. It was more of a whirlwind thing with us. I knew it wasn't right but I just got sort of swept along.

JOHN

Right.

MRS. HUDSON

Moved to Florida. We had the most fantastic time. 'Course, I didn't know what he was up to. The drugs.

JOHN

MRS. HUDSON

Oh yes. He was running a whatchamacallit... a Got in with a very bad crowd.

JOHN

Oh.

MRS. HUDSON

And then I found out about all the

Photos of SHOLTO.

JOHN comes in.

Sherlock glances briefly round, then changes the screen image.

Now it's a chat room page. A huge amount of traffic - women sharing their experiences of being loved by a spectre...

www.i-dated-a-ghost.com

SHERLOCK
(Nods at the screen)
There're going to be others.

JOHN
Others?

SHERLOCK
Victims. Women. Most ghosts - they tend to haunt a single house. This ghost, however, he's willing to commute. Look.

He has put the locations of the 'haunted shags' on a map -

A series of pins dropped all over North London.

On SHERLOCK. Lost in thought.

CUT TO:

A curved room, like a court or a forum - or the Albert Hall!
(tbc).

There are about fifty people in the room, scattered around in the seats.

Through the entrance-way walks SHERLOCK.

And all the people get to their feet.

Sherlock strides to the centre, as if about to give a lecture, then spins on the spot, a 360 turn around the structure.

He addresses each person in turn.

SHERLOCK
Not you.

First person sits.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Not you.

Second si ts.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Not you, not you, not you...

He goes on, like he's selecti ng jurors. Only women remain standi ng. They're all ages, sizes, ethni ci ty.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Not you, not you, not you...

At last, he stops at one woman. GAI L - 20s, black dress.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Hi .

The woman speaks her name, formal ly.

GAI L

Gai l .

Sherlock turns. Next to her, another woman. 30s.

CHARLOTTE

Charl otte

Next to her, another. 20s.

ROBYN

Robyn.

Next to her another. 40s.

VICKY

Vi cky.

SHERLOCK

GAI L

Came up to me i n a pub.

CHARLOTTE

Same gym as me.

ROBYN

We j ust started chatting on the bus.

VICKY

Onl i ne.

SHERLOCK

GAI L
Tol d you.

SHERLOCK
name.

GAI L
Oscar.

CHARLOTTE
Mi ke.

ROBYN
Terry.

Vicky hesi tates. Sherl ock peers at her.

VICKY
Um. . . ' Love-Monkey. '

Sherl ock gi ves her a si deways l ook.

SHERLOCK
Your pl ace?

ALL

SHERLOCK
Address?

All four women speak at once. addresses.

Sherl ock frowns.

GAI L
Nothi ng happened. It was
just. . .very romanti c.

SHERLOCK
Four women i n four nights. He must
have somethi ng speci al .

GAI L
He was very charmi ng.

CHARLOTTE
He l i stened.

ROBYN
He was sweet.

VICKY
He had a l ovely -

JOHN (V. O.)
You ok?

Sherlock holds up his hand and Vicky 'freezes' mid-sentence.

He turns.

JOHN is suddenly standing next to him.

And we --

CUT TO:

73

73

-- find SHERLOCK standing with his eyes closed in the middle of the flat.

He opens his eyes.

JOHN is just as we saw him, gesturing at a plate of food.

JOHN
You've let your food go cold. Mrs
Hudson'll play hell.

Sherlock is surrounded by a multitude of open laptops, all with open Instant Messages on their screens.

SHERLOCK
Not now, John!!

GAIL
Short blond hair.

CHARLOTTE
Dark hair. Long.

ROBYN
Ginger. I like gingers.

VICKY
Couldn't tell.

Another look from Sherlock.

VICKY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
He had a mask on.

CUT TO:

Now Sherlock has a newspaper in his hands. Scans the pages.
Fast. Superfast.

JOHN Looks at the screens.

CUT TO:

76

76

SHERLOCK

So. Back to business.
No-one wants to sleep in a dead
man's home.

Again, Vicky shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

At least not until it's been
cleared. So he disguises himself.
Steals the man's home - steals his
identity.

JOHN

But only for one night. And then
he's gone.

VICKY

Maid.

She changes into a dowdy, hotel maid's uniform.

TESSA

Private nurse.

Her dress changes into a nurse's uniform.

SHERLOCK

(triumphant)

Obvious. You've all worked for the same person!

CUT TO:

VICKY
Whatever' s cheap.

TESSA
Maybel i ne.

SHERLOCK

GAI L
Chanel .

CHARLOTTE
Chanel .

ROBYN
Chanel .

TESSA
Chanel .

Sherlock' s eyes l ight up.

VICKY
Estee Lauder.

Sherlock' s face fal ls.

Quick, close shots of thei r faces as we spi n round.

SHERLOCK
I deal man?

TESSA
George Cl ooney.

GAI L
Home-l ovi ng.

CHARLOTTE
He' d have to l ike cuddl i ng.

ROBYN
Cari ng.

VICKY

Sherlock hol ds up hi s hand and Vi cky ' freezes' agai n.

SHERLOCK
There' s a uni fyi ng factor. There
must be. None of you reported
anythi ng stol en.

Sherlock hammers his fist against his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Security guard. Gardener. Cook.
Maid. Private Nurse. He's romanced
his way up the pecking order.
pecking order. Come on!
Think!

He spins round 360. Round and round. And comes face to face
with - chillingly - a faceless woman.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Unless...

Sherlock fixes each of the women with his intense gaze.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Do you have a secret that you've
never told anyone?

No. GAIL

No. CHARLOTTE

No. ROBYN

No. VICKY

No. TESSA

Sherlock smiles.

SHERLOCK
Gotcha.

JOHN
What do you mean?

SHERLOCK
Everyone has secrets. And they
replied too quickly.

Gail suddenly looks worried.

GAIL
Gotta go.

SHERLOCK
No!

She winks out of existence.

See you! CHARLOTTE

Wait! SHERLOCK

She's gone.

Bye, bye. ROBYN

Vanishes.

Sorry, sexy. Some secrets have to
stay secret. VICKY

Pop!

TESSA

SHERLOCK

Married! Obvious, really. Our Mayfly Man was trapped in the suffocating chains of domesticity! Instead of endless nights in watching the telly and going to barbecues with dreadful, boring people he couldn't stand he was using his wits, cleverness and powers of disguise to play the field! He was...

Silence. The guests don't look impressed.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, maybe I should've told you about the Elephant in the Room.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But it proves once again how invaluable John is to me. I can read a crime scene, the way he can understand a human being. I used to think that was what made me special - quite frankly, I still do. But a word to the wise, should any of you ever require the services of either of us. I'll solve your murder - but it takes John Watson to save your life. You may trust me on that - he has saved mine, so many times, and in so many ways.

(Holds up the smartphone)

This blog has been the story of two men, and their frankly ridiculous adventures. Of murder and mystery and mayhem. But from now on there's a new story. A bigger adventure. Ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses and be upstanding.

The room getting to its feet.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Today begin the adventures of my Mary Elizabeth Begged. From now on there's

SHERLOCK just leaves them all hanging there, glass raised.

Close on Sherlock - and you can see it. The brain is spinning, powering up. You can almost hear it, like the building whine of aircraft engines

Close on the raised glass in his hand -

- it starts to slip from his fingers, falling.

The motion slows, and slows, almost to a stop. We're entering Sherlock Time!

The whole room freezing into super-slow motion.

On the falling glass, turning in agonising slowness - lights flashes and refracts through the crystal facet-

Close on Sherlock's eyes - normal speed. His eyes blink shut!

CUT TO:

78A

78A

On Sherlock as his eyes open. He's back in the mind palace. Lights spinning round the room, as if refracting through the crystal glass - reality bleeding through.

Around him, positioned as before, the five women. Gail, Charlotte, Robyn, Vicky, Tessa. Now standing solemn and silent - as if dormant now that he's now got them on his computer. Just images.

Sherlock spins, rounding on Tessa.

SHERLOCK
What did you say?? John Hamish
Watson?? You said that, you said

79

80

80

SHERLOCK
How di d you know that?? How di d you
know hi s mi ddl e name?

Tessa - dorman, si lent. No connecti on now.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Never tel ls anyone, he hates i t.

81

81

John typi ng at hi s l aptop, Sherl ock watchi ng over
hi s shoul der.

SHERLOCK
John Watson?

JOHN
Yep.

82

82

- Sherl ock and John havi ng breakfast.

SHERLOCK
Henry?

JOHN
Shut up.

83

83

- John i n hi s armchai r, readi ng the paper -
Sherl ock l ooki ng up from hi s mi croscope.

SHERLOCK
Humphrey.

JOHN
Shut up.

84

84

- Sherl ock, outsi de the bathroom door, calli ng
through.

SHERLOCK
Hi ggenbottom?

JOHN
(From off)
Go away!

85

85

SHERLOCK
Took him years to confide in me!

86

86

- John coming home, pulling off his coat. From off, Sherlock chuckles.

Whip pan to Sherlock with some yellowed paper in his hand.

JOHN
That's my birth certificate!

SHERLOCK
Yep.

87

87

SHERLOCK
The Woman -

88

88

John interrupting Sherlock and Irene Adler.

JOHN
Hami sh. John Watson, if
you're looking for baby names.

89

89

SHERLOCK
- she knew, but God knows where she
is.

And suddenly she's there, in the Round Room - Irene Adler, leaning seductively in one of the pews. We just see bare shoulders and a draped bare arm. She winks at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Out of my head, I'm busy!

She vanishes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
There's only one time that name's
been public -

CUT TO:

90

90

Sherlock, John and Mary, grouped round a computer, working on something. They're in wedding planning mode.

JOHN
Does it have to be on the invitation?

MARY
It's your .

MARY (CONT'D)
It's traditional.

SHERLOCK
It's funny.

On the computer screen, the invitation, zeroing in on a detail -

"... the wedding of and Mary Elizabeth Morstan and John Hamish Watson ... "

91

91

On Tessa, she speaks, the words she spoke before.

TESSA
Enjoy the wedding.

SHERLOCK
You knew about the wedding - more than that. You'd seen the invitation. Now barely a hundred people have seen that invitation, and the Mayfly man only saw five women - for one person to be in both those groups ... it be coincidence.

MYCROFT
(From off; scolding)
Oh, Sherlock!

Sherlock spins. Mycroft stands at the podium, like the Prime Minister of Reason.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
What do we say about coincidence?

SHERLOCK
The universe is rarely so lazy.

MYCROFT
So the balance of probability is ... ?

SHERLOCK
Someone went to great lengths to
find out something about this
wedding.

MYCROFT
What great lengths?

SHERLOCK
They lied, assumed false identities
-

MYCROFT
Which suggests?

SHERLOCK
Criminal intent.

MYCROFT
Also suggests?

SHERLOCK
Intelligence, planning -

MYCROFT
Clearly, yes - but more
importantly?

SHERLOCK
The Mayfly Man! The Mayfly Man is -

CUT TO:

92

92

On the falling glass as it finally hits the table - normal speed again (it either smashes or spills, depending what is credible.) And Sherlock finally finishes what he was saying.

SHERLOCK
- here today.

The room on its feet staring at him. For them, hardly a second has passed. Sherlock has momentarily paused, and dropped his glass. Nothing else is going on as far they're concerned - the above was barely a blink.

Sherlock, momentarily fuddled. That blizzard of deduction, of insight almost destabilizing him.

Looks down at the fallen glass.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Sorry. Butter fingers ...

A waiter has already shot over to him, providing another glass.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Thankyou, yes, thankyou!

93

93

Close on Mycroft, talking in Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT
Something is going to happen. Right here, could be any second.

94

94

Sherlock, busking, badly.

SHERLOCK
Right then. Where were we?

95

95

MYCROFT
You have control of the room! Don't lose it!!

96

96

SHERLOCK
Ah, yes! Charging your glasses, and standing up. Yes, very good, thankyou. And down again.

The guests all looking at each other. What? They all start to resume their seats.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(Suddenly adopts a big smile)
Ladies and gentlemen. Everyone tells you not to milk a good

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Part two's different. More action-based, going to move around, shake it up a bit.

As he speaks, he vaults causally over the top table, starts to wander round the room. He's barely listening to what he's saying, he's on high alert. Scanning the room, raking through it. He's just left his voice running as a cover.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Who'd come to a wedding, that's the question. Who'd bother going to any lengths to get themselves to a wedding?

Sherlock's POV. The text Mayfly Man? is hanging over every man's head. Sherlock frowns, almost panicking. Too many, too little time.

Everyone's a bit restive at what he's saying. He quickly attempts to recover.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Well everyone would, because wedding's are great, love a wedding.

On John and Mary, watching - it was going so well. A whispered exchange.

MARY

96

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Sorry, yes, too many ... jokes
about John. Now then.

97

97

A super fast cut-in - Mycroft, extreme close up, talking in
Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT
Criminal intent.

98

98

SHERLOCK
Where was I?

99

99

MYCROFT
Extraordi nary lengths.

100

100

SHERLOCK
Speech, yes, speech. Let's talk
about -

101

101

MYCROFT
All of whi ch is suggestive of -

102

102

SHERLOCK
- murder.

The room - what??

John, focussed - where's thi s goi ng?

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)
Sorry, did I say murder. I meant
marriage. But, you know, very
similar procedures, when you think
about it. The participants tend to
know each other, and it's over when
one of them dies. In fairness,
though, murder's a lot quicker.

Janine, at the top table, startles at her name being called.
Sherlock has darted over to another couple. He points to the man.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
What about this one? Acceptably hot. More importantly, his girlfriend is wearing brand new, uncomfortable underwear, but hasn't bothered to remove this thread from his jacket or mention to him the grease smudge on the back on his neck. Currently he's going home alone.

Janine, blushing. The couple, looking at each other, horrified. We now see Sherlock, his phone behind his back, discreetly texting at hyper-speed!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Also, he's a comics and sci-fi geek - they're always tremendously grateful and really put the hours in.
(To Lestrade)
Jeff, the Gents.

LESTRADE

SHERLOCK
The loo, now please!

LESTRADE
Why?

SHERLOCK
I don't know, it's your go.

Now Lestrade's phone pings. He checks the text.

On-screen:

He glances up at Sherlock. Just for a second, Sherlock gives him a look of deadly seriousness. Lestrade, getting up now

LESTRADE
Yep, now that you mention it.

He's hurrying to the exit.

John, watching him - something's up! Danger in the room. Now calls out to Sherlock - jocular.

JOHN

Oi! Sherlock! Any chance of an end date for this speech? Got to cut the cake?

SHERLOCK

Oh, listen to him. Can't stand it when I get a chance to speak for once vatican cameos.

He just adds the last two words, casually appending them to the sentence.

Their eyes meet for a deadly serious moment.

MARY

(To John)

What was that?

JOHN

Battle stations. Somebody's going to die.

On Sherlock, scanning the room. So many Texts, so many potential Mayfly men ...

103

103

Fast cut to Mycroft, snapping away in Sherlock's head.

MYCROFT

Narrow it down,

104

104

SHERLOCK

Slaps his own head, finally rebelling against his brother's voice.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not you,

The guests staring at him - he's lost it.

Sherlock rounds on John. Striding over to him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You. Always you. Always John Watson, you keep me right.

The guests - confused now, this speech has definitely gone haywire. But John is on his feet, knows this is serious, knows the game is on.

JOHN
What do I do?

And Sherlock is smiling now. He's got it. He's so got it.

SHERLOCK
Already done it.

Swivels round to look at the guests, eyes alight.

Sherlock's POV. The Mayfly Man? texts bobbing round the heads as before ...

Sherlock sweeps his hand through the frame, clearing the texts -

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Don't solve the murder ...

Sweeps his hand through again, and now there a new texts above everybody's heads - TARGET?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... save the life.

The staring guests? WTF??

A beaming smile from Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Sorry. Off-piste, tiny bit, back on, phew! Let's play a game. Let's play

Mrs. Hudson rolls her eyes. Pitying.

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
Imagine someone's going to get murdered at a wedding. Who exactly would you pick?

MRS. HUDSON
(Mutters)
I think you might be a popular choice at the moment, dear.

SHERLOCK
(to Mrs. Hudson's neighbour)
If you could move Mrs. Hudson's glass a fraction out of reach, that would be lovely.
(Back to speech)
More especially, who could you kill at a wedding?
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Most people you can kill any old place. As a mental exercise, I've often planned the murder of my friends and colleagues. Now John, I'd poison. Sloppy eater, dead easy. I've tried out many chemicals and compounds on him that way, he's never even noticed. He missed a whole Wednesday once, didn't have a clue. Lestrade's so easy to kill it's a miracle no one's succumbed to the temptation. I have a set of my brother's house keys, I could break in any time and asphyxiate him, if the whim arose.

On Tom and Molly watching. Molly is rapt, Tom is bemused. He lands a hand on Molly's arm.

TOM

He's pissed, isn't he?

Without taking her eyes off Sherlock, Molly reaches for a fork and stabs Tom's hand.

SHERLOCK

So! Again! Who could you only kill . Clearly this must be a rare opportunity so it's someone who doesn't get out much.

As he walks round the room, people start simply disappearing from their chairs, as Sherlock's dismisses them from consideration - all the people who do get out much.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Someone for whom a planned social encounter, known about months in advance, is an exception. This has to be a unique opportunity.

More people disappearing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Since killing someone in public is difficult, killing them in private can't be an option. Someone who lives in an inaccessible or unknown location then.

More people disappearing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Perhaps someone private, someone obsessive about personal security, possibly someone under threat.

104

He looks round the room is now entirely empty. The camera moving round Sherlock revealing an entire empty room -

- but as the camera moves, one solitary seated figure is revealed. Major Sholto, just sitting there (he behaves as if he's still in a room full of people.)

105

105

earlier that day...

SHOLTO with JOHN.

JOHN
Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO
Oh. Way out in the middle of
nowhere.
(smiles)
You wouldn't know it.

106

106

JOHN
Like I said. He doesn't come out
much. The families gave him hell.

107

107

The room is full again - the guests bewildered, but riveted.

Sherlock moves around again, not looking directly at Sholto. He grabs a napkin, just casually writes something on it.

SHERLOCK
A recluse. Small private staff,
with a high turn over for
additional security.

- and suddenly we are whisked to -

108

108

SHERLOCK's Mind Palace.

SHERLOCK

GAIL
Gardener.

CHARLOTTE
Cook.

ROBYN
I do security work.

VICKY
Maid.

TESSA
Private nurse.

109

109

SHERLOCK
Probably all sign confidentiality
agreements -

110

110

SHERLOCK
Do you have a secret that you've
never told anyone?

GAIL
No.

CHARLOTTE
No.

ROBYN
No.

PAGE BOY

Mr. Hol mes! Mr. Hol mes!

SHERLOCK

Oh, hel lo again. What' s your theory. Get thi s right, there' s a headless nun in i t.

PAGE BOY

The invi si ble man coul d do i t.

SHERLOCK

The who?

PAGE BOY

The invi si ble man wi th the invi si ble kni fe. The one who tried to ki ll the guardsman!

On Sherlock. And he gets i t. A series of explosi ve cuts - Sherlock' s brai n-crash!

Close on the word PLAN at the top of the weddi ng planner board in Baker Street.

Panning down to the word VENUE!

Cutting to the close shot of the weddi ng invi tati on.

Panning fast along the word VENUE to the big tick!

Cutting to the word below i t - REHEARSAL.

John and Sherlock at the barracks over the guardsman' s body.

Panning fast along REHEARSAL to the big tick.

Back on Sherlock, in one giddy moment, pi eci ng i t all together.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Not j ust planned. Pl anned and

Looks round wi ldl y. Major Shol to, on hi s feet, headi ng smartly out of the room. Damn i t,

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Ladi es and Gentl emen, there wi ll now be a short break.

He grabs a wi negl ass off the nearest tabl e, raises i t

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

The bri de and groom.

As everyone in the room gets to their feet - a bit bemused - to do the toast, Sherlock dashes over to John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Major Sholto is going to be murdered - I don't know who or how, but it's going to happen!!

JOHN

Let's go.

John goes vaulting over the table, the two men run to the exit.

On Mary, looking astonished after them. Then she gathers up her dress, and races after them -

Sherlock, John and Mary on the other side. (We now intercut as required.)

JOHN
Just let us in.

MARY
Kick the bloody door down.

SHOLTO
I really wouldn't. I have a gun in my hand and a lifetime of unfortunate reflexes.

SHERLOCK
You're not safe in there. The man who is coming for you, isn't stopped by a locked room, we know that.

SHOLTO
(Smirking, derisory)
The invisible man with the invisible knife?

SHERLOCK
I don't know how he did it, so I don't how to stop him. That means he can do it again!

SHOLTO
Solve it then.

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

SHOLTO
You're the famous Mr. Holmes. Solve the case, on you go. Tell me how he did it and I'll open the door.

On Sherlock. What? What does he do now.

JOHN
Please. This isn't a time for games, just let us in. You're in danger.

SHOLTO
So are you, so long as you're here. Please leave me. Despite my reputation, I really don't approve of collateral damage.

Mary, looking at Sherlock now.

Sholto tries to tuck in behind them but the Photographer encourages him forward, gently shunting him.

Close on the Photographer as he slips an incredibly thin blade from his coat.

As he pushes Sholto forward --

- he pierces Sholto's belt behind his back.

Quick as a flash, the blade is and out.

With a broad smile, the Photographer assumes his position, kneeling before the guests.

Cheese!!

Bainbridge, in the void, starting to take off his belt.

A tight belt worn high on his waist. Push a tiny blade through the hole, you wouldn't even feel it.

JOHN

The belt would bind the flesh together, when it was tied tight.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

But when you took it off ...

: the champagne corks pops.

SHERLOCK

Delayed action stabbing. All the time in the world for an alibi.

In the room, Sholto is standing at the mirror, inspecting himself in his uniform.

SHOLTO

So. I was to be killed by my uniform. How appropriate.

MARY

He solved the case, Major. You're supposed to open the door now - deal's a deal.

But Sholto, still staring at himself, so haunted.

SHOLTO

Not even supposed to have this any more - they gave me special dispensation to keep it. Couldn't

SHERLOCK
I think so too.

SHOLTO
There is a proper time to die,
isn't there?

SHERLOCK
Of course there is.

SHOLTO
And one should embrace it when it
comes. Like a soldier.

SHERLOCK
Of course one should. But not at
John's wedding. We would never do
that, would we, you and I. We'd
never do that to John Watson.

On Sholto - hesitating.

Outside, the others react to the silence.

JOHN
Okay, I'm kicking the door in...

Mary gently pulls him back.

MARY
You won't have to.

The sound of the key in the lock. Sholto opens the door,
every inch the brave soldier.

SHOLTO
I believe I need medical attention.

He looks to Sherlock. A formal nod of gratitude.

JOHN
I believe I'm your doctor.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 _____ 116

Hours later. A shot of the hotel by night, lit up.

117 _____ 117

That moment between the wedding breakfast and the dancing in
the evening. The tables have been cleared, people are milling
about.

In a corridor, next to the main hall -

Sherlock and Janine are dancing together - formally but beautifully, a waltz. Sherlock is tutoring her.

SHERLOCK

And round ... and down ... and up,
very good, just keep your nerve on
the turns ...

JANINE

Why do we have to rehearse?

SHERLOCK

Because we're about to dance
together in public. And your skills
are appalling.

JANINE

You're a good teacher. You're a
dancer.

SHERLOCK

Can I let you into a secret,
Janine?

JANINE

Go on then.

SHERLOCK

I love dancing. I've always loved
it.

JANINE

Seriously?

He detaches for a moment, does an immaculate pirouette.

SHERLOCK

Never really comes up in crime work
- I live in hope of the right case.

Janine, marveling at him.

JANINE

Oh, I wish you weren't - whatever
it is you are.

SHERLOCK

I know.

John has appeared from the pair.

JOHN

Oh, well, glad you've pulled,
Sherlock, what with murderers
running riot at my wedding.

SHERLOCK
murderer. One murderer.
(To Janine)
Loves to exaggerate, you should try
living with him.

LESTRADE
Sherlock!

They look round. Lestrade is arriving - coat on, clearly he's been out. Following him, reluctantly, is the wedding photographer.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
Got him for you.

SHERLOCK
Excellent, the photographer,
thankyou. Can I see your camera?

A little bewildered, the photographer proffers it.

PHOTOGRAPHER
What's this about? I was half-way
home.

SHERLOCK
You should've driven faster.

Sherlock has taken the camera. Is now flipping through the photos in it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Ah, yes! Yes, very good. There, you
see, perfect.

LESTRADE
What is? Are you going to tell us??

Sherlock tosses the camera to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
Take a look yourself.

John and Lestrade, now flicking through the pictures. Sherlock moves away, taking up position behind the photographer, quite casually.

JOHN
A look for what? Is the murderer in
the photos?

SHERLOCK
It's not what's the photographs.
It's what's in none of them. None
of them at all.

JOHN
Sherlock, the showing off thing,
we've discussed it before ...

SHERLOCK
There's one man at a wedding, who
is never in any photograph, but can
go anywhere. Even carry an
equipment bag, if he wants. And you
never even see his face, you only
ever see -

Flashback.

A still of JOHN and MARY.

Click.

JOHN and MARY with MRS. HUDSON.

Click.

JOHN, SHERLOCK and LESTRADE.

Click.

BRIDE and GROOM. BEST MAN and BRIDESMAID.

Click

CUT TO:

BAINBRIDGE in the sentry box.

Click.

CUT TO:

-- and we're back at the Reception.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
- the

But it's not the shutter clicking. It's Sherlock neatly

SHERLOCK
Johnny Small. Today's substitute

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He turns and heads away into the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

118

118

JOHN and MARY - first dance. It's an achingl y beauti ful
waltz. Charmi ng, old-fashi oned wi th a hi nt of mel anchol y.

They're surrounded by a circle of their friends, smiling and
taki ng photos.

Pan up to the stage.

The solo violinist playing the tune for them is SHERLOCK. It
comes to an end. Sherlock finishes with a flourish.

Applause. The married couple take a bow.

Sherlock takes a bow.

Janine, whooping and hollering, like she's at a rock concert.

Sherlock winks at her, tosses her the flower from his
buttonhole.

Now he's crossing to the microphone.

SHERLOCK

Ladies and gentlemen. One last
thing, before the evening begins
properly. Apologies for earlier. A
crisis arose, and was dealt with.
More importantly, though, today we
saw two people make vows. I've
never made a vow in my life. After
today I never will again. So here,
in front of you all, is my first
and last vow. John and Mary.
Whatever it takes, whatever happens
from this day on - I swear I will
always be there. Always. For -

He blinks - another brain crash.

Mary eating canapes like mad.

Mary, grimaces at the taste of the wine.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

- all three of you.

The room - bemused.

Sherlock, blinks, recovers.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Sorry. Two of you. All two of you.
Both of you, in fact. I just ...
mi scouted.

On John and Mary - the implications slowly hitting home.
What?

Mary's hand falters to her tummy - snatches it away again. A
give-away!

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Okay, anyway, time for dancing.
Could we have some music please.
Could we start up the music again?
Thankyou!

The music starts up. Tentatively, couples start moving on the
floor. In the middle of the dance floor, John and Mary rooted
to the spot, staring at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Come on now. Don't be shy,
everybody dancing please!

He abandons the microphone, jumps down from the stage (?) and
heads through the dancing couples to where a stricken John
and Mary are waiting for him.

John, Sherlock, Mary, all staring at each other, all a bit
shell-shocked for different reasons. The dancers swirl around
- a last quiet moment for the three of them, in the eye of
the storm.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Sorry. There was one more deduction
there than I was really expecting.

MARY

Deduction?

SHERLOCK

Changed taste perception, increased
appetite. You were sick this
morning, too. Caught a whiff of
vomit when I kissed you earlier -
remember you were cross when I
mentioned it? All the signs are
there.

MARY

The signs?

SHERLOCK

The signs of three. Mary, I think
you should probably do a pregnancy
test.

Sherlock reaches and gently takes Mary's wineglass. No more of that.

A literally pregnant pause. The dancers swirl around them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Of course, the statistics on the first trimester ...

JOHN

Shut up. Just ... shut up.

SHERLOCK

Sorry.

JOHN

How could you notice, and I didn't. I'm a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK

It's your day off.

JOHN

It's

SHERLOCK

Stop panicking.

JOHN

I'm not panicking!!

MARY

I'm , I'm !!

SHERLOCK

Well, don't. You've not got a single thing to worry about, either of you.

JOHN

Oh, you'd know, of course.

SHERLOCK

I would, yes. You're already the best parents in the world - look at the practice you've put in.

JOHN

What practice?

SHERLOCK

Don't suppose you'll be needing me any more - now you've got a baby on the way.

They laugh at that, all three of them. A beat on Sherlock - his laugh falters, realising that's true.

On John - the same beat. The truth of it - something just ended.

The tiniest - but most revealing - glance between Sherlock and John.

SHERLOCK (CONT' D)

Dance.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK

Both of you, dance, off you go. We can't just stand here, people will wonder what we're talking about!

MARY

What about you?

JOHN

The of us can't dance. There are limits.

SHERLOCK

Yes. There are.

MARY

Well - come on then, husband.

She moves into his arms.

JOHN

Is this another waltz, yeah?

MARY

Yes!

And there's Sherlock, in the loneliest place on Earth - in the middle of a dance floor, no partner, all the couples swirling around him.

Awkward for a moment, adrift. Then sees -

Janine, across the floor, waving to him. He's starting forwards, when he sees why she's waving. The sci-fi comics fan he pointed out to her earlier, is right next to her - and now they're starting to dance. She gives Sherlock a thumbs up behind her new boy's back.

Sherlock smiles. Sorted! He was right as usual.

Looks round again. Still so adrift, still so out of his comfort zone. Awkwardly he makes his way among the dancers.

Now he's at the stage again. He reaches up and takes the sheet music he was playing from earlier.

Closer on the manuscript paper. It's handwritten. In the corner - Waltz for Mary and John, by Sherlock Holmes.

He folds the paper, now slips it into an envelope he's taken from his pocket. The envelope is labeled, in Sherlock's