Episode 3 - "His Last Vow"

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FINAL

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1 BLACK SCREEN 1

A voice. Female, refined.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, please state you full name for the record.

MAGNUSSEN
Charles Augustus Magnussen.

Fading in on ...

GARVIE
Do you think it’s right that a newspaper proprietor - a private individual and in fact a foreign national - should have such regular access to our Prime Minister?

On Magnussen’s clasped hands. He now reaches for gold-rimmed spectacles, unfolds them.

Magnussen’s POV. The round, glittering lenses raise up - now looking through them:

A heads-up display. Text streaming across Magnussen’s view - like Sherlock’s text-vision, but apparently electronically originated. A 3D projection, with the lenses.

Cursors quiver around Garvie’s face - facial recognition software. Now his name flickers into position next to his face.

JOHN GARVIE

MP ROCKWELL SOUTH
ADULTERER (SEE FILE)
REFORMED ALCOHOLIC
PORN PREFERENCE: NORMAL
FINANCES: 41% DEBT (SEE FILE)
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

In red letters below this (so that it stands out.)

PRESSURE POINT: DISABLED DAUGHTER (SEE FILE)

MAGNUSSEN
I don’t think it’s wrong that a private individual should accept an invitation. However, you have my sincere apologies for being foreign.

GARVIE
That’s not what I meant, that’s not in any way -

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, can you recall an occasion when your remarks could have influenced government policy?

Still from Magnussen’s POV as he swivels to look at her.

Again the cursor’s flicker round her face, then the text:

LADY ALICIA SMALLWOOD

MARRIED

2 CONTINUED: 2

PRESSURE POINT:

The word is blinking, work in progress.

MAGNUSSEN
No.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Or the Prime Minister’s thinking in any way?

Magnussen, now removing his spectacles. He polishes them with a little cloth - his face still unseen.

MAGNUSSEN
Not that I recall.

Magnussen’s POV. He raises the spectacles again. The text reappears, the word still blinking.

Now the word is replaced by the word HUSBAND.

On Magnussen’s eyes, behind the round lenses. They gleam for a moment - result.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Are you sure?

MAGNUSSEN
I have an excellent memory.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT 3

The big black car now sweeping between imposing gateposts, a wide, gracious driveway. Security men everywhere, and looming at the centre -

- a huge, grand house. But modern - like a castle, built in the Apple era.

CUT TO:

4 INT. APPLEDORE HALLWAY - NIGHT 4

Looking down on a giant hallway. All white and gleaming, carved out of icebergs. This place is pristine and shining and perfect - and as soulless as an iPad. It’s the Citizen Kane mansion for the computer age.

Now close on Magnussen’s eyes, gleaming through the gold rims, the white walls reflected as he passes along them.

CUT TO:

5 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5

Stylish, minimalist, modern. A bowl of fruit is a burst of colour.

Magnussen's shadow passing over the walls. Behind the desk, there is a door. Magnussen's shadow pauses there.

Again on those gleaming, eyes in the gold rims ...

He steps forward, opening the door.

CUT TO:

6 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 6

A spiral staircase down into the shadows of the basement - a different world down here: gloomy, spooky, dusty, pools of light and shadow

Magnussen descends the staircase.

Now he's walking among an extraordinary maze of filing cabinets and crammed bookshelves.

Strange details picked out as he moves - a clown costume and mask hanging from a coatstand.

An elegant statue holding a mobile phone.

A stuffed otter in a glass case.

Magnussen, now at a filing cabinet - the one next to the statue with the mobile phone. He pulls open the top drawer.

Flicks among the files, extracts on. It is labeled SMALLWOOD. A photograph of Lady Smallwood is attached to the cover.

He opens it ...

Close on Magnussen's eyes in the gold rims - reading, avid ...

CUT TO:

7 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 7

A club, somewhere in Whitehall - all leather armchairs and wood panelling.

On Lady Smallwood. Sitting at a table. Working late - there's a pot of coffee and papers spread in front of her.

Takes a moment, pinches the bridge of her nose - long night.

As she lowers her hand again, she startles.

Lady Smallwood's POV. Seated opposite, at a table at the other side of the room, is Charles Augustus Magnussen.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

He’s smiling placidly at her, eyes twinkling through his gold rims.

It’s the first proper look at him - he’s serene, smiling, sleek. At first glance benevolent. But the smile is too fixed, the eyes too black and unblinking.

MAGNUSSEN
May I join you?

LADY SMALLWOOD
I don’t think it’s appropriate.

MAGNUSSEN
It isn’t.

But he’s already risen, crossed to her. He takes the empty seat facing her, moves it round the side of her table. He sits close to her.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Mr. Magnussen, outside the enquiry, we can have no contact, no communication at all -

She breaks off, because Magnussen has reached, and placed his hand over hers.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Please don’t do that.

MAGNUSSEN
In 1982 your husband corresponded with Helen Elizabeth Morrison -

LADY SMALLWOOD
That was before I knew him.

MAGNUSSEN
The letters were lively, loving, some would say explicit ... And currently in my possession.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Would you please move your hand.

MAGNUSSEN
“I long, my darling, to know the touch of your body - “

LADY SMALLWOOD
I know what was in the letters.

MAGNUSSEN
She was fifteen.

On Lady Smallwood. A moment to compose herself. She’s been through this before.

LADY SMALLWOOD
... she looked older.

MAGNUSSEN
She looked delicious. We have photographs too - the ones she sent him.
(Smack lips)
Yum yum!

LADY SMALLWOOD
He was unaware of her age. He met her only once before the letters began and nothing happened. When he discovered the truth, he stopped immediately. Those are the .

MAGNUSSEN
Facts are for history books. I work in news.

She looks at him for a moment - so full of hatred, but silent.

LADY SMALLWOOD
... your hand is sweating.

MAGNUSSEN
Always, I’m afraid. I have a condition.

LADY SMALLWOOD
It’s disgusting.

MAGNUSSEN
I’m used to it. The whole world is

7 CONTINUED: 7

MAGNUSSEN
Go on, do it, call someone.

She does nothing.

MAGNUSSEN
Of course not. Because now there are . I have the letters, therefore I have you.

LADY SMALLWOOD
This is blackmail.

MAGNUSSEN
No. Blackmail is nothing. This is .

LADY SMALLWOOD
You do not own me.

Magnussen just smiles. Now leans in, and very deliberately, licks the side of her face. A long, rasping lick right up from her neck to her hairline. It's not sexual in any way - just a terrible, matter of fact demonstration.

As he does it.

MAGNUSSEN
I don't even know why I did that. I just .
(Smacks lips.)
Yes, Claire De La Lune. Never tastes like it smells, does it.

He takes her napkin, dabs at his mouth. He now rises, starts to leave. He barely glances at the waiter as he goes.

MAGNUSSEN
Lady Smallwood's bill is on me. See to it.

WAITER
Yes, Mr. Magnussen.

On Lady Smallwood, sitting, trembling with rage and disgust. The waiter, just stands there, embarrassed waiting.

CUT TO:

8 INT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON - NIGHT 8

Lady Smallwood's car, speeding through the night.

CUT TO:

9 INT. LADY SMALLWOOD'S CAR - NIGHT 9

Lady Smallwood, sitting in the back - uniformed chauffeur driving. Still brooding, still furious.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

She puts a hand to where he licked her face. She now scrubs at it with her handkerchief. A big sigh, almost a sob.

Her Chauffeur is glancing in the rearview mirror.

CHAUFFEUR
You all right, ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Fine, yes, yes.

Too quick, too snappy. The Chauffeur glances in the mirror.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Magnussen! Charles Augustus Magnussen. No one stands up to him. No one dares, no one even tries. There isn't a man or woman in England capable of stopping that disgusting creature from -

And she breaks off. Because she has an idea. Frowning now, thinking it through. No! But could that work?

CHAUFFEUR
Ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD
Turn the car around.

CHAUFFEUR
I'm sorry?

LADY SMALLWOOD
We're going back into town, turn around.

The Chauffeur starts to comply.

CHAUFFER
Where are we going, ma'am?

Closing in on Lady Smallwood. She's resolved now, she's decided. New purpose in her face.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Baker Street.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 10

The car roars off towards the lights of London.

CUT TO:

11 SCENE OMITTED 11

OPENING TITLES

JOHN
Yeah, it’s Kate.

MARY
Well

JOHN
Right, yes, sorry. You want to come in?

CUT TO:

14 INT. JOHN AND MARY’S LIVING ROOM - DAWN 14

Kate is sobbing away. Mary is comforting her. They have mugs of tea.

John is coming through the door, with a tray of tea things. He’s clearly not that comfortable being involved.

MARY
(To John)
It’s Isaac.

JOHN
(To Kate)
Right, Isaac, your husband.

MARY
Her .

JOHN

14 CONTINUED: 14

MARY
(To John)
You see? That happen.

John doesn't sit - he's pacing the room, prowling. Absently clicking the fingers of his left hand (the tremor one.)

KATE
There's a place they all go to, him and his friends. And they all ... do whatever they do, shoot up, whatever you call it.

MARY
(To John)
Do you want to sit down?

JOHN
I'm fine.

MARY
Stop pacing then.
(to Kate)
Have you phoned the police?

KATE
He's my , I'm not setting the police on him.

JOHN
Where is he?

KATE
I told you, they go to a place - a house, it's a dump, practically falling down -

JOHN
No, the address. Exactly where?

Mary looks at him, startled. What??

CUT TO:

15 EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAWN 15

John comes marching out the door, heading to their car - he's fully dressed now. Mary, still in her robe, following.

MARY
Seriously?

JOHN
Why not? She's not going to the police, someone's got to get him back.

MARY
Why

16 CONTINUED: 16

JOHN
Tyre lever.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because there’s going to be a whole lot of smackheads in there and maybe one of them will need help with a tyre. If there’s any trouble, just drive off, I’ll be fine.

He starts to go.

MARY
John - ...

He looks back.

MARY
It is a tiny bit sexy.

JOHN
I know.

And now he’s heading off.

As he goes, her face falls slightly. Worried about her husband.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. RUINED HOUSE - DAWN 17

A gaunt ruin of a house, practically leaning. Boarded windows, KEEP OUT signs.

John, looking at it grimly. Now he’s running up the steps, batters on the door.

JOHN
Hello?

The door cracks open on a worried face. This is Wiggins.

WIGGINS
... what do you want?

JOHN
Excuse me.

He shoulders his way past Wiggins, pushes into the hallway -

WIGGINS
No, you can’t come in here -

CUT TO:

18 INT. RUINED HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT 18

- John pushing in, Wiggins flailing behind - he’s gangling and gormless.

The hallway is in hideous disrepair - peeling wallpaper, rotting floor-boards.

JOHN
I’m looking for a friend.

He’s looking through the opened doors. Dimly seen, various figures are sprawled and hunched, presumably in drug induced torpor.

JOHN
A specific friend, I’m not just browsing.

WIGGINS

18 CONTINUED: 18

It’s a fast and brutal take-down, and now Wiggins is lying, clutching his arm.

John pockets the knife, hunkers down at him.

JOHN
Are you concentrating yet?

WIGGINS
You broke my arm!

JOHN
No, I sprained it.

WIGGINS
It feels squishy, is it supposed to feel squishy?
(Proffers his arm)
Feel that.

JOHN
It’s a sprain - I’m a doctor, I know how to sprain people. Where is Isaac Whitney?

WIGGINS
I don’t know. Maybe upstairs.

JOHN
There you go - wasn’t that easy?

He starts heading up the stairs.

WIGGINS
(Calling after him)
No, it was really sore. You’re mental, you are.

JOHN
Just used to a better class of criminal.

CUT TO:

19 <u>INT. RUINED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAWN</u> 19

On the upstairs landing, John looking about in the various rooms, calling loudly.

JOHN
Isaac? Isaac Whitney?

He looks round the various slumped figures, in the dim, reeking rooms. One of them is struggling to sit up...

JOHN
Isaac?

John goes to him. Isaac is in his late teens - looks wasted and utterly wretched.

19 CONTINUED: 19

ISAAC
Hello?

John hunkers down at him.

JOHN
Hello, Isaac.

ISAAC
Dr. Watson? Where am I?

JOHN
Arse end of the universe with the scum of the earth.

ISAAC
Have you come for me?

JOHN
Do you think I know a lot of people here?

A lying figure just behind Isaac, stirs and sits up. It's Sherlock Holmes. He looks blearily at John.

SHERLOCK
Oh, hello John. Wasn't expecting you.

John just stares -

SHERLOCK
Have you come for me too?

CUT TO:

20 <u>EXT. SLUMS/WASTEGROUND - DAWN</u> 20

On Mary, waiting in the car - agitated, fingers drumming the wheel. Then scuttling footsteps -

- and Isaac comes racing out of the shadows. Now battering on her window.

ISAAC
Mrs. Watson, it's Isaac, can I get in please.

MARY
Yes, of course, get in - where's John?

ISAAC
(Scrambling in)
They're having a fight.

MARY
Who is??

20 CONTINUED: 20

Now on the door of the ruined house - bursting out of it is Sherlock Holmes! And he's furious.

SHERLOCK
For God's sake, John, I'm on a case.

Bursting out in pursuit, John, also bellowing.

JOHN
One month. That's all it took.

SHERLOCK
I'm working!

JOHN
Sherlock Holmes in a bloody drug den - how does that look??

SHERLOCK
I'm under cover!

JOHN
No, you're not!

SHERLOCK
Well, I'm not

Lights are coming on in the house behind them -

- and now Mary comes screeching up in the car.

MARY
In, both of you, now!

John and Sherlock, now scrambling in - John to the passenger seat, Sherlock into the back with Isaac.

And now another figure is racing out of the house - Wiggins, battering on the side window.

WIGGINS
Please, can I come, I think I've got a broken arm.

MARY
No, go away.

JOHN
(Bit guilty)
Yeah, let him.

MARY

JOHN
It's just a sprain, get in.

Wiggins is now scrambling in, next to Sherlock.

20 CONTINUED: 20

MARY
Anyone else - are we taking home??

WIGGINS
Hi, Shezzer.

JOHN
Shezzer??

SHERLOCK
I was

MARY
Shezzer though??

She starts up the car.

JOHN
We're not going home, we're going to Barts. I'm phoning Molly.

He's tapping into his phone.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because Sherlock Holmes needs to pee in a jar.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BARTS LAB - DAWN 21

A jar of amber liquid is set down on a bench. Molly turns from it, peeling off her gloves.

JOHN
Well? Is he clean?

Wider: a motley selection in the lab. John, still a bit righteous.

Mary, still in her robe, is bandaging Wiggins arm.

Sherlock is lounging against the wall, quiet, watching.

MOLLY
Clean?

She rounds on Sherlock.

MOLLY
What do you want me to tell them?

He fixes her with a look.

21 CONTINUED: 21

SHERLOCK
Whatever you feel you ought to tell them.

MOLLY
Oh, I see! You give me the big dark eyes, and the deep, deep voice, and I'm supposed to for you.

She just slaps him hard across the face. And again. And again. He stands there, not reacting.

MOLLY
How dare you throw away the beautiful gifts you were born with, and how dare you betray the love of your friends. Say you're sorry.

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry your engagement is over.
(Stroking his slapped face)
Though I'm fairly grateful for the lack of a ring.

MOLLY
Stop it, just stop it.

JOHN
Jesus, Sherlock.

MOLLY
And we're just having a break! It was a mutual agreement that he needed more space.

JOHN
(To Sherlock)
If you were anywhere near this kind of thing again, you could've phoned, you could've talked to me -

SHERLOCK
Oh, please do relax. This is all part of a case!

JOHN
What case would need you doing this?

SHERLOCK
I might as well ask you why you've started cycling to work.

JOHN
No, we're not playing this game.

SHERLOCK
Quite recently, I'd say. But you're very determined about it.

21 CONTINUED: 21

JOHN
Not interested.

WIGGINS
I am.

Wiggins is flinching back from Mary,

MARY
Sorry, you moved. It is just a sprain though.

WIGGINS
Yeah, somebody hit me.

He flashes a look a John - who just gives him the stare.

WIGGINS
Just some guy.

JOHN
Probably some addict in need of a fix.

He makes this remark, directly at Sherlock, pointedly

But Sherlock looks pointedly back at him.

SHERLOCK
Yes, in a way I think it was.

And John feels pinioned for a moment - Sherlock reading him, as usual.

WIGGINS
Is it his shirt?

Sherlock looks quickly back to Wiggins.

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

WIGGINS
Is that how you know about the cycling. Sorry, should have let you do it.

SHERLOCK
Do what?

WIGGINS
The showing off.

SHERLOCK
(Amused now)
The showing off??

WIGGINS
Cos I know who you are - I knew the first day you came.
(MORE)

I’ve always read that blog. Not been much on it lately, I thought you’d retired.

SHERLOCK
The band split up. Tell me about the shirt?

WIGGINS
Well it’s the creases, isn’t it? The two creases down the front.

21 CONTINUED: 21

Sherlock’s phone is buzzing - he pulls it out.

On the display - the caller ID is Charles Augustus Magnussen

SHERLOCK
Finally!

MOLLY
Finally what?

WIGGINS
Good news?

SHERLOCK
Oh, excellent news, the best. There’s every chance my drug habit is going to hit the newspapers - the game is on. Excuse me

He steps away to take the call.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING 22

A taxi speeding through the night.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
You’ve heard of Charles Augustus Magnussen, of course!

CUT TO:

23 INT. CAB - MORNING 23

Sherlock and John in the cab together - like old times!

JOHN
Owns some newspapers. The ones I don’t read.

SHERLOCK
(Looking around)
Hang on, weren’t there other people?

JOHN
Mary’s taking the boys home, I’m taking you. We did discuss it.

SHERLOCK
People were talking, none of them were me - I may have filtered.

JOHN
I noticed.

23 CONTINUED: 23

SHERLOCK
I have to filter out a lot of witless babble - I've got Mrs Hudson on semi-permanent mute. Magnussen is much more than a newspaper owner.

JOHN
What is he?

SHERLOCK
A cancer. And do you know the best thing about cancer?

JOHN
Not off the top of my head.

SHERLOCK
Untreated it will kill you.

JOHN
Why's that the best thing?

SHERLOCK
One should always admire efficiency.
(Glances out of window)
Now what's my brother doing here?

The cab is drawing up at 221B, Sherlock is already leaping out -

CUT TO:

24 EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING 24

- Sherlock bounding out of the cab, John following.

JOHN
So I'll just pay, shall I?

Sherlock is pointing at the door.

SHERLOCK
The knocker's been straightened - he always corrects it. OCD, doesn't even know he's doing it.

As he does this he reaches out and moves the knocker back to it's normal squintiness.

JOHN
Why did you do that?

SHERLOCK
Do what?

JOHN
Nothing.

Sherlock is already heading in -

CUT TO:

25 INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING 25

As Sherlock and John come bursting through the door, there's Mycroft sitting elegantly on the stairs.

MYCROFT
Well then, Sherlock - back on the sauce?

SHERLOCK
What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN
I phoned him.

Sherlock stares at John -

26 CONTINUED:

SHERLOCK
Anderson??

ANDERSON
Sorry, Sherlock, it’s for your own good.

BENJI
(To Anderson)
Oh, that’s him, isn’t it? You said he’d be taller.
(To Sherlock)
He’s a big fan.

SHERLOCK
Who are these people? What are they doing in my flat. Do I know these ones?

BENJI
You said he had a photographic memory.

SHERLOCK
I make deletions.

BENJI
Do you? That’s clever.

SHERLOCK
I’m glad you think so, I’ll be making one shortly.

Mycroft now entering, John behind him.

MYCROFT
Some members of your little fan club. Do be polite, they’re entirely trustworthy and even willing to search the toxic waste dump you are pleased to call your flat. You’re a celebrity these days, Sherlock, you can’t afford a drug habit.

SHERLOCK
I don’t have a drug habit.

JOHN
What happened to my chair?

SHERLOCK
It was blocking my view of the kitchen.

JOHN
It’s good to be missed.

SHERLOCK
You were gone, I saw an opportunity.

JOHN
You saw the .

MYCROFT
What have you found so far. Clearly nothing.

SHERLOCK
There’s nothing to find.

MYCROFT
Your bedroom door is shut. You haven’t been home all night, so why

MYCROFT
That name you think you may have just heard - you were mistaken. Leave now - and if you ever mention hearing that name in this room, or this context, I guarantee you, on behalf of the British security services, that there will be material found on your computer hard drives resulting in your immediate incarceration. Don't reply to me, just look frightened and scuttle. Go! Now,

Anderson and Benji, scuttling away.

MYCROFT
(To John)
I hope I don't have to threaten you as well.

JOHN
I think we'd both find that embarrassing.

MYCROFT
(To Sherlock)
Magnussen is not your business.

SHERLOCK
You mean he's yours.

MYCROFT
You may consider him under my protection.

SHERLOCK
I consider you under his thumb.

MYCROFT
If you go against Magnussen, you will find yourself going against me.

SHERLOCK
Okay. I'll let you know if I notice. Now what was I going to say? Oh yes! Bye bye!

Sherlock has gone to the door and opened it for Mycroft. Mycroft stares at him, simmering.

MYCROFT
Unwise, brother mine.

SHERLOCK
Speaking of which ...

Sherlock has pulled his phone from his pocket, now clicks it -

A recording of Mycroft's voice from a few moments ago.

26 CONTINUED: 26

MYCROFT
(From phone)

Instinctively, Mycroft steps forward to grab the phone -

- explosively, Sherlock grabs his wrist, twists him round, and slams him against the wall. A shocking moment of violence.

SHERLOCK
Brother mine - don’t appal me when I’m high.

Mycroft, staring, furious.

John, straight in there, ready to intervene.

JOHN
Mycroft, don’t say another word just go. He could snap you in two. And right now, I’m slightly worried that he might.

A moment - a sardonic smile from Sherlock. He steps back from his brother.

JOHN
Don’t speak. Just leave.

Mycroft: gathers as much of his dignity as he can. Straightens his tie. Leaves.

Silence between the two men. They look at each other. Finally:

JOHN
Magnussen?

SHERLOCK
What time is it?

JOHN
About eight.

SHERLOCK
I’ll be meeting him in three hours. I need a bath.

Sherlock, how heading for the bathroom.

JOHN
A case, you said. What kind of case?

SHERLOCK
Too big, too dangerous, not for any sane individual to be involved in.

JOHN
Trying to put me off?

SHERLOCK
God, no. Trying to recruit you.

He disappears into the bathroom. A moment later we hear a bath being run.

On John, contemplative. He goes to Sherlock's bedroom door. Very quietly, so Sherlock can't hear, he tries the handle.

Locked.

He goes out to the hallway, where Sherlock's coat is hanging. Removes a bunch of keys from Sherlock's pocket, now heads back to Sherlock's bedroom -

- and comes to a freezing halt.

Because there's a click, and Sherlock's door is

John just stands and stares as the door opens, and a woman, wearing one of Sherlock's shirts, cautiously emerges.

She gives a little yelp on seeing John -

JANINE
Oh, John, hi! How are you?

It's Janine from the The Sign Of Three - Sherlock's dancing partner.

JOHN
... Janine.

JANINE
Sorry, not dressed. Has everybody gone, I heard shouting?

On John, still trying to process this. What?

JOHN
... Yeah, they're gone.

Janine has darted to the kitchen now.

JANINE
God, look at the time, I'll be late. Sounded like an argument - was it Mike?

JOHN
Mike?

JANINE
Mike, yeah. His brother, Mike. They're always fighting.

JOHN
Mycroft?

JANINE
Do people actually call him that? Listen, could you be a love, and put some coffee on?

JOHN
... right, sure.

JANINE
Great, thanks. How's Mary, how's married life?

John, floundering a bit, has gone to a cupboard.

JOHN
She's fine, we're both fine -

JANINE
(Pointing to another cupboard)
No, it's in there now. Where's Sherl?

A man in a daze, John is moving to the other cupboard.

JOHN
He's having a bath. I'm sure he'll be out in a minute.

JANINE
Oh, like he ever is!

And she darts to the bathroom, slipping inside.

JANINE
Morning! Room for a little one?

And the door closes.

On John - more thunderstruck than any man ever.

CUT TO:

27 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 27

Some while later - early daylight. Sherlock Holmes, back to his impeccable self is installing himself in his armchair.

SHERLOCK
So. Just a guess, but you've probably got some questions.

JOHN
Yeah, one or two. Pretty much.

Glances round. Janine is dashing round the kitchen, getting her things together. She dashes off to Sherlock’s bedroom. (Pointedly, Sherlock waits till she’s gone - throughout this scene he makes sure he isn’t talking about Magnussen while she can hear.)

SHERLOCK
Naturally.

JOHN
You have a girlfriend??

SHERLOCK
Yes, I have. Okay, Magnussen then. Magnussen is a shark. Only way I can describe him. Ever been to the

27 CONTINUED: 27

JOHN
You got that from a book.

SHERLOCK
Everyone got that from a book.

Janine now dashing through from the bedroom - pecks Sherlock on the cheek. She perches momentarily on the arm of Sherlock’s chair, every inch the confident girlfriend.

JANINE
Okay, bad boys, you two behave. And you, Sherl, you’re going to tell me where you were last night.

SHERLOCK
Working.

JANINE
Yeah, working, course you were. I’m the one who knows what you’re really like, remember?

SHERLOCK
Well don’t you go letting on!

And he gives her a finger tap on the nose - the loved-up couple.

John, just staring his eyes off. Maybe she the one who knows.

JANINE
I might just, actually.
(to John)
Haven’t told Mary about this. Kind of wanted to surprise her.

JOHN
Well, I think you probably will.

JANINE
But we’ll get you two round to dinner really soon. My place, though, not the scuzz-dump.

JOHN
Great. Yeah. Dinner, yeah.

Many thoughts are competing for space in John’s mind - all of them labeled

JANINE
Gotta dash, brilliant to see you. Bye!!

She’s heading to the door. Sherlock has leapt up to open the door - the considerate boyfriend in the early days.

SHERLOCK
Have a lovely day - call me later.

JANINE
Yeah, might do, might call you - unless I see anyone prettier
(Grabs him, kisses him)
Solve me a crime, Sherlock Holmes.

She goes rattling down the stairs.

On Sherlock - one of those chilling moments. The moment her back is turned, his face just drops. All the warmth gone, the cold mask slams down. This is fast though - so fast we're almost not sure we saw it.

He closes the door.

SHERLOCK
You know Magnussen as a newspaper owner - but he is so much more than that. He has, in his possession, the single greatest store of dangerous and compromising information this world has ever seen. He uses his power and wealth to gain more information, and the more he acquires, the greater his wealth and power. I'm not exaggerating when I say he knows the critical pressure point on every person of note or influence, in the Western World and possibly beyond. He is the Napoleon of blackmail. He has created an unassailable architecture of forbidden knowledge - and it's name is Appledore.

During the above he has opened his laptop, tapped away. Now on the screen - of Magnussen's house, as seen in the opening.

John, now looking at the picture.

A beat.

JOHN
Dinner?

SHERLOCK
Sorry, what, dinner?

JOHN
We're coming round to dinner, me

27 CONTINUED: 27

SHERLOCK
It is the greatest repository of sensitive and dangerous information anywhere in the world. The Alexandra Library of secrets and scandals. And none of it is on a computer. He's smart, computers can be hacked. It's all on hard copy, in vaults, underneath that house. And as long as its there the personal freedom of anyone you've ever met is a fantasy.

JOHN
And this is the guy we're going to go and see?

SHERLOCK
I have an appointment at his office in two hours. What do you think?

JOHN
I think it's strange you chose to go back on drugs first.

SHERLOCK
Surely it's obvious why.

A tap at the door, Mrs. Hudson popping her head round.

MRS. HUDSON
That was the doorbell. Didn't you hear it?

SHERLOCK
It's in the fridge - it kept ringing.

MRS. HUDSON
That's not a , Sherlock.

JOHN
Who is it?

On Mrs. Hudson - clearly a little freaked, almost frightened.

CUT TO:

28 <u>INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY</u> 28

On Mrs Hudson, nervously descending the stairs -

- from the POV of someone waiting below.

As she comes down, Magnussen-style text starts flowing across the screen.

MARTHA LOUISE HUDSON (née SISSONS)

LANDLADY
WIDOW (SEE FILE)
SEMI-REFORMED ALCOHOLIC
FORMER “EXOTIC DANCER” (SEE FILE)
FINANCES: 21% DEBT (SEE FILE)
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

PRESSURE POINT: MARIJUANA.

MRS. HUDSON
Mr. Holmes says you can go right up.

CUT TO:

29 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 29

On the door as it pushed open, to reveal -

- Sherlock and John, standing either side of the fireplace. Tensed, on their mettle.

And now through the door, three men. All well built in dark suits, clearly private security. They move swiftly and efficiently round the room. One of them is checking doors and windows, the other two go to John and Sherlock, as if to frisk them.

Sherlock stands ready to be frisked.

SHERLOCK

As Sherlock says this, the Security Man is taking Wiggins' knife from John's jacket pocket.

SECURITY MAN
Then why's he armed?

JOHN

On Sherlock - so not used to this. A beat. Resumes.

SHERLOCK
I have been asked to negotiate for the return of the letters. I am aware that you do not make copies of any sensitive -

MAGNUSSEN
Is it like the rest of the flat?

SECUREtu7kMA

29 CONTINUED: 29

JOHN
How do you know his schedule?

SHERLOCK
Because I do. Right, I'll see you tonight, I've got shopping to do.

JOHN
What's tonight.

SHERLOCK
I'll text you instructions.

JOHN
I'll text if I'm available..

CUT TO:

30 EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY 30

Continuous: John and Sherlock coming out the door.

SHERLOCK
I've checked, you're fine.

JOHN
I'll check with .

SHERLOCK
Yep, did that, you've got a pass.

JOHN
A

SHERLOCK
Don't bring a gun

JOHN
Why would I bring a gun??

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK
Or a knife, or a tyre lever. Probably best not to do any arm-spraining, but let's see how the evening goes.

JOHN
You just I'm coming along.

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK
Time you got out of the house, John. You've put on seven pounds since you got married, and the cycling isn't doing it.

33 INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT 33

A few minutes later, John and Sherlock with Cappuccinos from the coffee stall.

They turn, and Sherlock nods to the wall opposite - a cliff of marble. An unassuming door is set in the middle of it - a small lift, big enough for one or two people.

SHERLOCK
Magnussen's personal lift. Goes straight up to his penthouse and office, only he uses it. Only his keycard, calls the lift - if anyone else even tries, security is automatically informed.

Sherlock produces a keycard.

SHERLOCK
Standard keycard, for the building. Nicked it yesterday. This one only gets us to the canteen. If I tried it on that lift right now, what do you think happens?

Wider shot: John and Sherlock in the background, and Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, using the card in the slot.

Instantly alarms go off, and Security Men come racing over, grab Imaginary Sherlock, pull him.

JOHN
Alarms go off, and you get dragged away by security.

SHERLOCK
Exactly.

JOHN
Taken to some dark little room and your head kicked in.

SHERLOCK
Do we need so much colour?

JOHN

33 CONTINUED: 33

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
Common problem - never put your phone with your keycard. If you really want to screw things up, you can do this too.

He’s now rubbing a magnet over the card.

SHERLOCK
Now think about this. What happens if I try the card now?

Wider shot: again John and Sherlock in the background, Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, trying the card.

JOHN
It still doesn’t work.

Again, alarms go off, security men descend -

- but this time they all freeze-frame, only John and Sherlock remain animated in the background.

SHERLOCK
But it won’t read as the wrong card now, it will read as corrupted.

A second bunch of security men come dashing in - but the freeze-frame too, as Sherlock says.

SHERLOCK
But if it’s corrupted, they can’t know it Magnussen. Are they going to risk dragging off?

JOHN
Probably not.

All the security men disappear in multiple puffs of smoke.

SHERLOCK
So what do they do? What they do?

JOHN
... Well. They check if it’s him or not.

SHERLOCK
There’s a camera at eye level at the side of the door.

Cut to neatly concealed little camera lens in the wall beside the lift.

The light on the little camera glows on.

35 CONTINUED: 35

JOHN
You realise you don’t exactly look like Magnussen?

SHERLOCK
Which, in this case, was a considerable advantage.

CUT TO:

36 INT. MAGNUSSEN’S OFFICE - DAY 36

Again Magnussen’s insanely opulent office -

Close on entry-phone unit next to the Magnussen’s personal lift. It starts beeping.

Footsteps approaching, then a red fingernail on the button -

- Sherlock’s smiling face pops into view on the little monitor.

This time we pan to the astonished face of the PA and -

- it’s Janine!

She stares in disbelief. What??

Wider: a Security Officer pops his head round the office door.

SECURITY OFFICER
Everything okay?

Janine hurriedly steps between the monitor and the Security Officer, protecting her boyfriend!

JANINE
Yeah, just a fault.

The Security Officer now withdraws. Janine turns, furious, to the entryphone. Presses a button on it.

JANINE
Sherlock, you complete loon! What are you doing??

CUT TO:

37 INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT 37

Now intercutting as required.

John, boggling as he recognises the voice.

JOHN
Hang on, was that - that was -

37 CONTINUED: 37

Sherlock reaches out and neatly covers John’s mouth with his hand.

SHERLOCK
Hi, Janine. Go on, let me in!

JANINE
I can’t. You I can’t, don’t be silly!

SHERLOCK
Well don’t make me do it out here! In front of everyone. I will, you know!

JANINE
Do in front of everyone??

And Sherlock reaches into his coat pocket - the one he patted - and produces a little ring box! Flips it open reveal an engagement ring.

On Janine - just staring. Staring and staring.

On John - also staring for different reasons. Oh, you

And the lift doors roll open!

Sherlock steps inside - John is just staring at him! Now dazedly following him.

SHERLOCK
You see - as long as there’s people, there’s always a weak spot.

JOHN
That was Janine.

SHERLOCK
Of course it was Janine. She’s Magnussen’s PA, that’s the whole point.

JOHN
... Did you just get engaged to break into a bloody office?

SHERLOCK
Yeah. Stroke of luck, meeting her at your wedding - so you can take some of the credit.

JOHN
Jesus, Sherlock, she you!

SHERLOCK
Yeah, like I said - human error.

He hits the button, the lift doors roll shut.

As they ascend:

JOHN
But it’s . What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK
Well, not actually marry her, obviously. There’s only so far you can go.

JOHN
But what will you tell her??

SHERLOCK
I’ll tell her our entire relationship was a ruse so I could break into her boss’s office. I imagine she’ll want to stop seeing me at that point, but you’re the expert on women.

JOHN
She’ll be bloody heart-broken.

SHERLOCK
Well we’re splitting up, that’s a perfectly normal reaction.

JOHN

SHERLOCK
Stop worrying - once I’m out of the picture, I’ll be the last thing on her mind. Magnussen is definitely going to sack her for this.

The lift chimes, and Sherlock strides happily out of the lift. An appalled John follows a beat later -

CUT TO:

INT. MAGNUSSEN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

- where he can see a single female leg projecting.

And there's Janine, lying sprawled.

SHERLOCK
Did she faint? Is that what they do?

John, quickly, checking her. His hand comes away bloody from the back of her head.

JOHN
Blow to the head. She's breathing. Janine?

She mutters, mumbles -

SHERLOCK
Look after her -

He's already leaping over to the other room, throws open the door -

- the Security Officer we saw earlier, also sprawled on the floor -

SHERLOCK
Another one in here - security.

JOHN
Does he need help?

SHERLOCK
Ex-con, white supremacist by his tattoos, so who cares - stick with Janine.

JOHN
Janine, can you hear me, focus on my voice.
(To Sherlock)
They must still be here.

Sherlock has raced over to the chair behind Magnussen's huge desk, placed his palm on the seat of it.

SHERLOCK
So's Magnussen, seat's still warm - he should be at dinner, but he's in the building.
(Looks up)
Upstairs.

JOHN
He's the target. We should phone the police.

SHERLOCK
During our own burglary? You're not a natural at this. No, wait, Perfume! Not Janine's --

38 CONTINUED: 38

Big sniff. Perfume brand names spin through the air around him for a moment, all evaporating, leaving -

SHERLOCK
Claire-De-La-Lune. Why do I know it?

JOHN
Mary wears it.

SHERLOCK
So does ... no, not Mary, there's somebody else ...

His eyes, raking round the room, details pinging at him -

- then one of the windows, the curtains blowing.

He steps over, pulls the curtain back. The window is open, a giddy view over London. Someone has climbed in!!

He looks down, the plunging drop, the cliff face of glass and steel.

How the hell ... ??

A word now floats on the screen ...

GYMNAST.

SHERLOCK
No, no,

He's racing for the stairs again, now pounding up them.

JOHN
Sherlock?

Janine, choking and spluttering.

JOHN
Janine, sit up. Sit up and focus on my voice, come on, that's it ...

CUT TO:

39 <u>INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT</u> 39

Sherlock, now racing into the penthouse suite. Huge, all of London blazing at the tall windows.

Looking round, fast, scanning -

- the room, mostly in darkness, one vivid wedge of light slashing across the carpet -

- from the bedroom door!

- and then, a voice! Magnussen's voice. But this time, pleading ...

39 CONTINUED: 39

... negotiating for his life ...

MAGNUSSEN
(From off)
... I'm a business man. That's all I am ...

Sherlock, now moving to the room, swift and precise as a cat.

MAGNUSSEN
(From off)
... we can do business, we don't have to be so incontinent.

Sherlock now peering round the door.

Through the crack in the door. Magnussen, facing us, on his knees, his hands clasped behind his head. He's afraid, almost crying ...

The muzzle of a handgun, with silencer, inches from his forehead.

A slim female figure - close-fitting combat fatigues, hair tied up - stands over him, gun right in his face.

MAGNUSSEN
What would your husband think? Your lovely husband, upright and honourable, so English, what would he say to you now?

Sherlock now stepping quietly into the room, so far unnoticed.

MAGNUSSEN
You're doing this to protect him from the truth. Is this the protection he would want??

She cocks the gun. Finally, Sherlock speaks - quiet and calm.

SHERLOCK
Additionally, if you're going to commit murder, you might want to consider changing your perfume ...

The female figure freezes ...

... Magnussen's eyes flick to Sherlock.

MAGNUSSEN
Mr. Holmes. Oh thank God!

SHERLOCK
... Lady Smallwood.

The figure doesn't turn.

And now Magnussen, looking at Sherlock, bemused.

MAGNUSSEN
What? Sorry,

On Sherlock - flicker of a frown, of puzzlement.

MAGNUSSEN
Oh! Don’t you know?
(To the woman)
Doesn’t he know?
(To Sherlock)
Seriously? Mycroft said you were slow, but I had no idea.

Sherlock’s eyes flick to the woman standing with her back to him. Actually, too young to be Lady Smallwood ...

MAGNUSSEN
That’s not Lady Smallwood, Mr. Holmes.

And the figure is turning, in nightmare slow motion ...

... turning to face Sherlock.

On Sherlock’s face. The worst moment of his life, the most plunging, terrible realisation.

Standing facing him, gun in her hand, is Mary Watson.

He stands there. He stares. He tries to compute - for once, he can’t.

Frozen. Staring.

Mary, raising her gun to level right at him.He tries to compute - f

39 CONTINUED: 39

Sherlock’s eyes flick to Magnussen -

- who’s hand is slowly reaching towards his mobile phone, lying where it fell...

Sherlock takes a step.

MARY
Sherlock, if you take another step, I swear, I will kill you right here.

On Sherlock. The shock is over, he’s back on form.

Scanning her, fast, forensic.

Sherlock vision: super fast zoom on Mary’s eye. Just the tiniest sparkle of a forming tear.

Super fast zoom on the gun: trembling in her hand, so very slightly.

On Sherlock - the tiniest smile. The great detective back in control.

SHERLOCK
No, Mrs. Watson - you won’t.

And he takes a step forward.

Without hesitation, without a flicker on her face, Mary fires. A tiny sneeze of noise from the silenced gun -

- and now a dreadful ringing silence.

Sherlock, comes to a halt again, now just standing there. Frowns, as if a thought had occurred to him - a look of the mildest surprise.

Cocks his head, as if trying to figure something out.

MARY
I’m sorry, Sherlock. I truly am.

Sherlock, now looking down at his shirtfront. A bloodstain flowering on his chest.

He looks up at Mary, total incomprehension. His eyes blink, woozily.

SHERLOCK
... Mary?

Close on his eyes - another big, woozy, thunderclap blink ...

Wider - everything is slowly freezing to a stop. (We are now entering Sherlock’s mind palace - the following should be bold and surreal but fast! Action stations in Sherlock’s brain as he fights to stay alive.)

39 CONTINUED: 39

The lighting changes, the walls disappearing into darkness, lights picking out the now frozen figures of Sherlock, Mary and Magnussen.

And now, impossibly, a white-coated Molly Hooper steps between them, just walking casually through - she glances at Sherlock as she passes, talking, perfectly conversational.

MOLLY
It’s not like it is in the movies - there’s not a great big spurt of blood and you go flying backwards ...

We pan with Molly and in one panning shot the room becomes -

40 INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT 40

- the mortuary at Barts.

MOLLY
The impact isn’t spread over a wide area, it’s tightly focussed, so there’s little or no energy transfer. You stay still and the bullet pushes through.

She’s walked to one of the slabs, pulled back the sheet.

Sherlock is lying there, white and dead, a neat bullet wound in chest.

Again, close on his eyes, the big, thunderclap blink ...

MOLLY
You’re almost certainly going to die - so we need to focus

She looks at the dead Sherlock’s face, and slaps it hard. He splutters awake.

MOLLY
Focus!

FAST CUT TO:

41 INT. MAGNUSSEN’S SUITE - NIGHT 41

Molly, now standing in front of Sherlock, in Magnussen’s bedroom, all other action is now frozen. She slaps him again -

- on the moment of the slap, we -

FAST CUT TO:

42 INT. BARTS LAB - NIGHT 42

- we're flashbacking to the scene, where she slapped him before -

- but this time the impact sends him stumbling out of shot, into -

CUT TO:

43 INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT 43

- Sherlock stumbles against the slab, where his own body is lying. Molly's there too, waiting for him.

MOLLY
It's all well and clever having a mind palace, but you've only got three seconds of consciousness left to use it. So come on, what's going to kill you?

SHERLOCK
The bullet.

MOLLY
Why?

SHERLOCK
Tissue destruction.

MOLLY
No, it's hardly ever tissue destruction,

SHERLOCK
Blood loss.

MOLLY
Exactly. So it's all about one thing now. Forwards or backwards - we need to decide which way you're going to fall.

CUT TO:

44 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 44

- Magnussen's suite. Frozen Sherlock -

- and now Anderson steps into the shot.

ANDERSON
One hole or two?

The frozen Sherlock turns to look at him.

SHERLOCK
I'm sorry?

Mycroft striding round the desk to tower over the little boy.

MYCROFT

47 CONTINUED: 47

ANDERSON
Right now, the bullet is the cork in the bottle -

MOLLY
The bullet itself is blocking most of the blood flow.

ANDERSON
But any pressure or impact on the entrance wound could distort the primary cavity, dislodging the bullet, accelerating blood loss.

MOLLY
Plus, on your back, gravity is working us. Fall .

The whole room starts to lean. Sherlock's knees start to buckle - in agonising slow motion he starts to fall backwards.

- and then it's like every klaxon and alarm is going off at once. His face twists, wincing at the terrible noise -

CUT TO:

48 INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT 48

Sherlock stumbles violently against the wall of body cabinets, clutching his head, trying to block out the terrible din -

SHERLOCK
What is that, what's happening??

Sherlock's impact with wall, causes one of the long drawers to slide open -

- inside it is Sherlock himself.

Now Molly is there.

MOLLY
You're going into shock. It's the next thing that's going to kill you.

SHERLOCK
What do I do?

Cutting back to Molly, it's not Molly any more, it's Mycroft.

MYCROFT
Don't go into shock, obviously. Must be something in this ridiculous memory palace that can calm you down.

48 CONTINUED: 48

Now Sherlock is stumbling through one of the doors, out of the room -

MYCROFT
The East Wind is coming, Sherlock. It's coming to get you!

CUT TO:

49 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 49

- on Sherlock, falling backwards, surreal slow motion, the klaxons and alarms still clamouring -

CUT TO:

50 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 50

A long, slanting, surreal corridor, lots of doors. Sherlock racing along it, throwing open each door as he passes it -

- and there's Mary, gun leveled, firing at him -

- throws open another door: this time Mary dressed as a bride, firing at him -

- another door: Mary, dressed as she first met Sherlock, firing at him -

The alarms and klaxons louder and louder -

CUT TO:

51 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 51

- Sherlock, falling back and back, mouth open in a silent scream -

CUT TO:

52 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 52

Sherlock, on his knees, clutching his head, too loud, too loud -

- now, another noise, scampering, whimpering -

- he looks up.

At the other end of the long, mad corridor, a dog - a red setter. It's terrified, cowering.

Sherlock clearly recognises it.

SHERLOCK
Here boy. Come on, come to me, it's okay.

The dog whines, starts cautiously forward. The alarms and the klaxons quieten slightly.

Cutting back to Sherlock - he’s the little boy Sherlock now.

LITTLE SHERLOCK
Come on! Come on, it’s all right, it’s me. Come here, just come here.

The dog approaching, closer. The klaxons and alarms, slowly fading, fading.

And now the dog is licking Little Sherlock’s face.

LITTLE SHERLOCK
That’s it, good boy, clever boy.

Stroking him, hugging him. And now it’s adult Sherlock again, so pleased, so fond.

SHERLOCK
Hello again, Redbeard. They’re putting down now. Not much fun, is it?

CUT TO:

53 INT. MAGNUSSEN’S SUITE - NIGHT 53

Now, in the same agonising slow motion, Sherlock is slamming down on to the carpet, a terrible impact.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SHERLOCK’S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 54

The dog is gone now, as Sherlock convulses and spasms in pain.

The lights in the corridor, buzzing, flickering.

And there’s Molly at the far end of the corridor, standing a few feet in front of a pair of double doors.

MOLLY

54 CONTINUED: 54

And she disappears into the flood.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 55

On Sherlock's face, mouth twisting open in a silent scream of pain.

CUT TO:

56 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE - NIGHT 56

On Sherlock now hurrying down a flight of steps.

Now down a spiral staircase. Another flight of steps, down, down!!

Now bursting through a door, into -

CUT TO:

57 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT 57

A dungeon, like at the very depths of a castle. A figure is chained to the wall, hunched, hiding his face.

SHERLOCK
You never felt pain. Why not? Why don't you feel it??

Silence - then a familiar voice from the hunched figure.

MORIARTY
You always feel it, Sherlock ...

Jim Moriarty erupts out of the shadows, lunging at Sherlock - the chain yanks him back, not long enough.

MORIARTY
... but you don't have to it!

The lights flicker. With a gasp and cry, Sherlock is on the floor again.

MORIARTY
Pain, heartbreak, loss, death - it's good.

Moriarty now looming delightedly over Sherlock, who's in agony on the floor.

MORIARTY
You're going to love being dead, Sherlock - nobody bothers you. Take it from someone who knows - a bullet through the brain solves everything!

JOHN
(V.O.)

CUT TO:

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61 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT 61

Moriarty, singing - Sherlock still on the floor.

MORIARTY
I’m laughing, I’m crying
Sherlock is dying.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 62

The ambulance tearing through the London streets, siren blaring.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT 66

Moriarty exultant, Sherlock still and cold.

MORIARTY
Oh, Mrs. Hudson will cry. And Mummy and Daddy will cry. And the Woman will cry and John will cry buckets and buckets. It’s John I feel sorry for - that wife of his, whatever she’s up to. He’s the one you’re letting down, he’s definitely in danger.

Close on Sherlock’s face. At this, his eyes snap open!

CUT TO:

67 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 67

Close on the heart beat monitor. The line bounces - a heartbeat!!

CUT TO:

68 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT 68

With a mighty effort, Sherlock raises a fist, slams into the floor. On the impact we

CUT TO:

69 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 69

- the monitor - a heartbeat!

CUT TO:

70 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT 70

Sherlock lurching drunkenly to the door.

MORIARTY
Oh, what are you doing now? Are you getting better? What did I say wrong?

Sherlock slams the door open.

MORIARTY
Bullet through the brain - it’s all you ever need!

CUT TO:

71 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 71

- again on the impact, the heartbeat flickers across the monitor.

Wider - the surgeons, reacting.

SURGEON
He’s coming back. Jesus, he’s coming back!!

CUT TO:

72 INT. SHERLOCK’S MEMORY PALACE/STAIRS - NIGHT 72

Sherlock, climbing the stairs - dogged, determined, heroic. Every few steps he stops, he slams a fist against the wall, like he’s trying to stay, willing himself back to life.

On each impact we cut to:

The heart monitor - a heartbeat flickers across it.

Again! Again! Again!

CUT TO:

73 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 73

The surgeons, working like crazy.

Close on Sherlock’s face. Suddenly, impossibly, his eyes snap open.

He’s back!!

CUT TO:

74 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - EARLY MORNING 74

Mary, coming through the doors. Dressed in her clothes now - playing the part of woman who has leapt out of bed, and driven here fast.

JOHN
(From off)

John is dashing from among the crowds in the waiting area, joyous with news.

JOHN
He’s only bloody awake. He’s only gone and pulled through!

MARY
Really? Seriously? Oh God, that’s amazing.

He hugs her. We see the change in Mary’s face over John’s shoulder.

JOHN
He’s conscious. Properly conscious - he made four deductions and one of the nurses cry. And you, Mrs. Watson, you’re in a lot of bloody trouble.

He’s joking, but it chills Mary.

MARY
Really? Why?

JOHN
You and Sherlock. Always thought there was something going on between you pair.

Again he’s just joking - Mary struggling to hide her unease.

MARY
What are you talking about?

JOHN
First word when he wakes up? Mary!

On Mary -

- trying hard to conceal the impact of this. A sickly attempt at a smile.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SHERLOCK’S PRIVATE WARD - DAY 75 *

On Sherlock’s eyes, flickering open.

Blurry details. The silent beeping room. And irregular shapes, moving slightly in the air-conditioning. Monster shadows on the wall.

Sherlock’s eyes, blinking, focussing.

The room is full of flowers. And now a figure detaches, moves among them. The glitter of gold-rimmed spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN
They’re not all from me. The struggling carnations are from

He has taken one of Sherlock’s hands, now examines them - again, it’s that terrible assumption of ownership.

MAGNUSSEN
I covet your hands, Mr. Holmes.

76A EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT 76A

Again, Magnussen's car is heading through the gates.

CUT TO:

76B INT. APPLEDORE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 76B

Again, a shot from on high, as Magnussen makes his way through the huge hallway.

CUT TO:

76C INT. APPLEDORE - MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 76C

Magnussen heads through his office, to the door behind his desk.

CUT TO:

76D INT. APPLEDORE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 76D

Magnussen heading down the spiral staircase.

Now Magnussen pulling open the top drawer of a filing cabinet.

Now he's sitting, leafing happily through a file.

On the file - photographs of Mary, pages of typescript.

Magnussen starts to grin.

MAGNUSSEN
Bad girl. Bad, bad girl.

CUT TO:

77 INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - DAY 77

Sherlock's eyes flickering open again.

His POV. Words coming into focus:

A newspaper headline (the Star or something similar):

SHAG-A-LOT HOLMES

- over a picture of a picture of Sherlock.

The newspaper is gone, another takes its place, held up for his inspection. This time:

7 TIMES A NIGHT IN BAKER STREET

There's another photo of Sherlock, with the smaller headline.

77 CONTINUED: 77

SHERLOCK'S NO HOMO.

And now another takes it place, this time from the inside of the paper.

HE MADE ME WEAR THE HAT

- over a picture of Janine, wearing a deerstalker, and playing the wronged woman for the camera.

The newspaper drops revealing, Janine's smiling face.

JANINE
I bought a cottage! I've made a of money out of you, mister - nothing hits the spot like revenge with profits.

Sherlock looks at her, blinks, considers this. Looks at the tabloids scattered over his bed.

SHERLOCK
You didn't give the story to Magnussen, did you?

JANINE
God, no. One of his rivals, he was . Sherlock Holmes, you are a back-stabbing, heartless, manipulative bastard.

SHERLOCK
And you, as it turns out, are a grasping, opportunistic, publicity-hungry, tabloid whore.

JANINE
So we're good then?

SHERLOCK
Of course. Where did you buy the cottage?

JANINE
Sussex Downs.

SHERLOCK
Nice.

JANINE
View of the sea, gorgeous. There's beehives but I'm getting rid of those.

He's trying to sit up, and now gives a big gasp of pain.

JANINE
Hurts, does it?
(Nods to a dripfeed)
Probably want to restart your morphine - I might have fiddled with the tap.

SHERLOCK
(Restarting)
How much more revenge are you going to need?

JANINE
The occasional top-up. Dream come true for you, this place. They actually attach the drugs to you.

SHERLOCK
Not good for working.

JANINE
You won’t be working for a while, Sherl.
(A beat - they look at each other)
You lied to me. You lied and lied.

SHERLOCK
I needed access to Magnussen’s office. I exploited the fact of our connection.

JANINE
When? Just once would have been nice.

SHERLOCK
I was waiting till we were married.

JANINE
That was never going to happen. I would never have said yes.

She leans in, gives him a kiss on the forehead.

JANINE
Got to go - I’m not supposed to keep you talking. Also, I’m doing an interview for The One Show and I haven’t made it up yet.
(Turns at door)
Just one thing. You shouldn’t have lied to me. I know what sort of man you are - but we could’ve been

77 CONTINUED: 77

JANINE
And that will make up for everything, will it?

SHERLOCK
No, but you might learn something about bees.

JANINE
I would never have married you. Not in a million years.

SHERLOCK
I know.

She looks at him. Ghost of a smile.

JANINE
Although, if we both get really old and saggy and nobody else wants us, what do you think?

SHERLOCK
Yeah, okay.

JANINE
Might as well. I've got a lovely cottage and you paid for it.

She's going now. Over her shoulder.

JANINE
(From off)
I'll give your love to John and Mary.

On Sherlock's face. He likes her. Then, so suddenly, the warmth just disappears. Just drops away, in a moment. The cold mask is back.

He reaches up with his hand and turns off the morphine again.

Close on his eyes as they close -

CUT TO:

78 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 78

Close on Sherlock's eyes as they open -

Wider: he's standing in the corridor of his mind palace.

The camera swings giddily round to reveal, standing a few feet in front of him, utterly motionless, Mary Watson.

Words are hanging in the air around her like a swarm, different sizes and fonts -

- but all the same word -

78 CONTINUED: 78

LIAR.

Sherlock takes a step towards her.

SHERLOCK
Well then, Mary Watson - who are you?

Fade to black ...

CUT TO:

79 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 79

John and Lestrade walking along. Lestrade is fiddling with his mobile phone.

JOHN
Not sure how much sense you'll get out of him. He's drugged up, he's pretty much babbling.
(Glances at Lestrade, fiddling with his phone)
They won't let you use that in here

LESTRADE
I'm not going to phone, I just want to take a video.

They go round the corner, heading into Sherlock's ward -

CUT TO:

80 INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT 80

The bed is empty, clearly recently vacated.

The window is open, the curtains blowing the breeze.

JOHN
Oh, Jesus!

CUT TO:

81 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 81

Mary, on the phone.

MARY
Well where would he go?

CUT TO:

82 INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT 82

John, on his phone, in the foreground. In the background, Lestrade talking to the doctors and nurses.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

(We now intercut as required.)

JOHN
Christ knows - try and find Sherlock in London, bloody hell.

Now with Lestrade and the medical team.

DOCTOR
He took the morphine.

LESTRADE
Yeah, he does that.

John and Mary.

JOHN
So he was lying then.

MARY
Lying?

JOHN
He said he didn’t know who shot him, but he does.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because Sherlock Holmes only ever goes out for one reason. He’s hunting.

On Mary’s face. So chilled. He’s after .

CUT TO:

83 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 83

John and Lestrade, striding. Lestrade on the phone.

LESTRADE
He has three known bolt-holes - Parliament Hill, Camden Lock and Dagmar Court -

CUT TO:

84 INT. MYCROFT’S OFFICE - NIGHT 84

Over Lestrade’s shoulder, Mycroft.

87 CONTINUED: 87

MARY
Where in Leinster Gardens?

ANDERSON
Not exactly sure. I lost him.

On Mary: there's something colder about her now. Something sardonic as she smiles.

MARY
Yeah. Annoying when that happens, isn't it?

CUT TO:

88 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 88

Lestrade and John, looking round the flat, Mrs. Hudson there too.

LESTRADE
He was definitely here then.

MRS. HUDSON
He took his equipment, there's food missing from my fridge - he always does that ...

John, pacing, thinking.

JOHN
He knew who shot him. The bullet wound was here, he was facing whoever it was -

LESTRADE
So why not tell us? Because he's tracking them down himself.

JOHN
Or protecting them.

LESTRADE
Protecting the shooter? Why?

JOHN
Okay, protecting . But why would he care - he's Sherlock. Who would he bother protecting?

As he speaks, he's headed over to his old chair, now throws himself into it.

It takes him a moment to realise. His chair. His chair is back, right where it was.

He touches the arms, looks at. What? ?

MRS. HUDSON
It’s Sherlock.
(No answer)
John, it’s Sherlock.

Now on what John is staring at. On the coffee table in front of him, placed so he can see it from his chair, is a tiny bottle.

Now closing in on the tiny bottle.

MRS. HUDSON
John? You have to answer!

Closer and closer -

- it’s a perfume bottle, the label reads:

Claire-De-La-Lune.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT 89

An ordinary London street, near Paddington station (this is a REAL location.)

On Mary walking along, looking at the houses. Such a ordinary street. Almost deserted, at this time of night.

A hotel, parked cars, nothing.

Where does Sherlock Holmes hide here?

A homeless man, is sitting against the railings as she walks past.

WIGGINS
Spare any change, love.
(She ignores him)
Oh, come on, love. Don’t be like everybody else.

Mary rolls her eyes - he’s going to be persistent, last thing she wants is to attract attention. Tosses some money into his bowl -

- and to her surprise he immediately grasps her hand, presses something into it -

- when she looks, she’s holding a small mobile phone, and Bluetooth earpiece.

She looks at him. It’s Wiggins!

WIGGINS
Rule One of looking for Sherlock Holmes - finds .

Wiggins gets up, starts heading away.

MARY
You’re working for Sherlock now?

WIGGINS
Keeps me off the streets, doesn’t it?

MARY
Well ... no.

89 CONTINUED: 89

Mary has come to halt -

- staring at one of the houses. Perfectly ordinary houses - but clearly Mary doesn't think so.

MARY
Oh!

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Forty seconds

MARY
What am I looking at?

She staring at the frontage of perfectly ordinary house. Cutting closer on details - the windows are eerily blank. Painted.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
23 & 24 Leinster Gardens ...

On Mary's back as stares the house. The camera now goes craning up and up from Mary, arcing to look down at the street.

23 and 24 are simply a facade - no house behind.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
The empty houses.

We can see straight down to railway, an exposed section of the London underground.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
They were demolished years ago, to make way for the London Underground - a vent for the old steam trains.

Back with Mary, staring at this.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Only the very front section of the house remains. It's a facade. Remind you of anyone, Mary? A facade?

Now a powerful blazes from the other side of the street -

- and huge smiling picture of Mary's face is projected all of the facade of 23 & 24.

She stares at this.

89 CONTINUED: 89

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Sorry. Never could resist a touch of drama.

She frowns, now sees that one of the doors stands slightly open.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Do come in. It’s a little cramped.

MARY
Do you own this place?

She starts crossing the road, towards the door in the her own, smiling face.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
I won it in a card game with the Clarence House cannibal. Nearly cost me my kidneys, but fortunately I had a straight flush. Quite a gambler, that woman.

CUT TO:

90 INT. 23 & 24 LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT 90

Inside - a narrow, functional, structure, barely the width of a corridor. In effect, it’s the front few feet of a house, sliced off.

There’s evidence that Sherlock uses this place. Charts on the wall, racks of equipment, a spare coat - everything Sherlock would need in an economy-sized bolt hole.

There’s one narrow window - the fierce projector glows fiercely through it.

Back lit by this, dimly seen, a shadowed, seated figure. Here we see the chrome glitter of a wheelchair. Above it, the hanging polythene bag of a dripfeed dully catches the light.

The figure in the wheelchair is in shadow. Maybe looks a little smaller than usual. Hunched, as if in pain.

A silence. They look at each other from the opposite ends of the empty house.

Mary closes the doors. Just the two of them now, in the darkness, separated by the dazzling shaft.

Mary, relaxed, now strolling around, looking at Sherlock’s various devices and equipment.

MARY
What do you want, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
And remain remarkably calm under pressure.

FLASHBACK FROM THE EMPTY HEARSE

Mary on the back of the motorbike, holding up the phone for Sherlock.

FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THE THREE

Mary racing out the wedding, in pursuit of the boys.

MARY
You were very slow.

SHERLOCK
How good a shot are you?

MARY
How badly do you want to find out?

From under her coat, she takes a gun.

SHERLOCK
If I died in here, my body would be found in a building with your face projected on the front - even Scotland Yard could get somewhere with that. Anyway, you won’t shoot me.

MARY
Shot you once already, dear.

SHERLOCK
I want to see how good you are. Go on, show me. The doctor’s wife must be a little bored by now.

She looks at him, curious. Shrugs. Reaches into the little tray of coins, tosses a fifty pence high in the air. Almost casually she shoots.

It twangs, spins, ricochets, falls to the floor.

SHERLOCK
May I see?

She’s already bending to pick it up -

- as the door opens, and Sherlock Holmes is framed in the doorway, against the light. (He’s paler than normal, clearly weakened by his injuries.

He’s extending his hand for the coin.

Mary, astonished -

90 CONTINUED: 90

- She touches her hand to her earpiece, realising he was talking through there the whole time. Then looks to the shadowy, motionless figure in the wheelchair.

MARY
I suppose that was a fairly obvious trick.

Sherlock, coming through the door, has plucked the coin from her hand. There's a hole almost dead centre.

SHERLOCK
And yet, over a distance of six feet, you failed to make a kill shot. Enough to hospitalise me, not enough to kill me. That wasn't a miss, that was surgery. I'll take the case.

MARY
What case?

SHERLOCK
Yours. Why didn't you come to me in the first place?

Mary rounds on him, fierce now.

MARY
Because John can't ever know that I've lied to him. It would break him and I would lose him forever. And Sherlock, I will never let that happen.

She steps, closer to him. Such cold ferocity in her. Whoever she once was, we're seeing that woman now

MARY
Please understand, there is nothing in this world I would not do, to stop that happening.

On Sherlock: as cold as we ever see him. Just looks at her a moment, appraising.

SHERLOCK
Sorry. It wasn't obvious a trick.

And he reaches over and clicks a light switch.

The room illumines -

- and revealed, sitting in the wheelchair, is John Watson. He was the shadowed figure all along.

He is staring at Mary. A lost man. Tears in his eyes.

Now, Mary staring at John. Oh God. Oh God, he heard all that.

90 CONTINUED: 90

John, now unsteadily getting to his feet. Just staring at her, staring and staring. This woman he thought he knew.

Mary: nothing she can say. Nothing would be enough.

A terrible, end of the world silence.

SHERLOCK
Okay. Talk, sort it out. But do it - we have a war to win.

John and Mary, staring at each other.

Now, slowly fading to black.

Holding on the black for a moment. Now slowly fading up:

FADING IN:

91 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 91

A sweet little cottage in the countryside. A tree in the garden, decorated with Christmas lights. Holly on the door.

It's Christmas.

Closing in on the door now.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Dear God, it's only two o'clock.

CUT TO:

92 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 92

A table is being set for Christmas dinner. Sherlock's Mother, is fussing round, in and out.

Mycroft is staring balefully at a clock on the wall, Sherlock is leaning against the side, reading a newspaper, boredly munching a mince pie.

MYCROFT
It's been Christmas day for at least a week now, how can it only be I'm in agony.

SHERLOCK
That is the one redeeming feature.

On the newspaper Sherlock is reading.

Over a picture of Lady Smallwood with a proud looking man who is clearly her husband, the headline.

LORD SMALLWOOD COMMITS SUICIDE.

A smaller headline:

LETTERS SHAME PEER TAKES OWN LIFE.

93 CONTINUED: 93

MARY
Oh, look! It's him from the spare room.

John staring at her, Mary just looking away.

CUT TO:

94 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY 94

Sherlock's father has just closed the door on the study. Pauses a moment, troubled.

Sherlock, now passing him, still reading his newspaper.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER
Those two - they all right?

Sherlock just waves his hand, vaguely.

SHERLOCK
Oh, you know. They've had their ups and downs.

On this:

HARD CUT TO:

95 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 95

The door to the flat slams open, and John comes storming in, enraged, beyond furious.

From his clothes, it's the same night as we saw them all at Leinster Gardens. He goes straight to the window, staring out, baleful.

Mrs. Hudson comes flustering from the kitchen.

MRS. HUDSON
John, are you all right? Did you find Sherlock?

JOHN
Yeah, I bloody found him.

Mary now coming through the door. Looking so sick, like the world's end.

She just looks over at John, who doesn't look back at her.

MRS. HUDSON
Mary?

Mary shakes her head, goes to the fireplace. Can't talk.

And now Sherlock comes staggering up the stairs. In the better light, we see how frail he still is - white as a sheet, clearly in pain, winded.

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson, the Leinster Gardens branch is looking a little shabby, could you pop along with the hoover?

MRS. HUDSON
Oh, Sherlock, oh my goodness, you look terrible.

SHERLOCK
Of course I look terrible, I got shot last week - ask her. Actually, forget the hoover, get me some morphine from your kitchen, I've run out.

MRS. HUDSON
I don't have any morphine.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, looking

MRS. HUDSON
What is going on?

JOHN
Bloody good question!

SHERLOCK
The Watson's are about to have a domestic - and I hope fairly quickly because we've got work to do.

JOHN
(Rounding on Mary)
No, I've got a better question. Is everybody I've ever met a bloody psychopath??

SHERLOCK
Yes. Well, good we've that settled that, Magnussen is still outo 180 383Tm /TT2.0 1 Tf (What

JOHN
You! Tell me, what have I ever done, in my whole life, to deserve

SHERLOCK
Everything.

JOHN

95 CONTINUED: 95

JOHN
Why is everything. Always.

MRS. HUDSON
Neighbours!

Sherlock watches him for moment, then -

SHERLOCK
John, listen. Be calm and answer me. What is she?

JOHN
My lying wife.

Mary - the words hit her.

SHERLOCK
No. What is she?

JOHN
She’s the woman who is carrying my child, who has lied to me since the day I met her.

SHERLOCK
No, no. Not in this flat, not in this room. Right here, right now,

A moment. John, getting it now. Resigned.

JOHN
Okay. Your way. Always your way.

He turns, crosses to the table, takes a chair from it and then it sets it in place, facing the fireplace, between Sherlock’s chair and his own.

JOHN
Sit.

MARY
Why?

JOHN
Because that’s where they sit, the people who come here, with their stories. The clients. That’s what you are now, Mary, you’re a client. And this is where you sit and talk, and this is where we sit and listen. And we decide if we want you or not.

John sits in his chair. And waits.

Sherlock hobbles over, sits in his chair. Waits. It’s all strangely formal.

95 CONTINUED: 95

On Mary. A beat.

And she sits in the client chair.

A silence. A slow fade to black.

96 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 96

John and Mary, much as we left them.

JOHN
So. You okay?

MARY
Oh! Are we doing conversation today - it really is Christmas. Your baby's fine, please don't pretend you're interested in me.

A silence. John takes something from his pocket.

Close on it. A data stick. There's lettering along the side, in felt tip. A.G.R.A.

She stares at him.

MARY
Now? Seriously? Months of silence, and we're going to do this

CUT TO:

97 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 97

Mary, John, Sherlock, as we left them. (Sherlock, still deathly pale, wheezing as he breathes.)

On Mary's handbag. She's rooting through it for something.

John, watching uncomfortable. Impatiently, he pulls a packet of tissues from his pockets, holds them out to her.

She gives him a look that says

- a flicker of a sardonic smile on Sherlock's face -

- and Mary pulls the A.G.R.A data stick from her pocket, tosses it on the table.

SHERLOCK
A.G.R.A. What's that?

MARY
My initials.

A pained look from John. Doesn't even know her name.

MARY
Everything about who I was, is on there. If you love me, don’t read it in front of me. Because you won’t love me when you’ve finished, and I don’t want to see that happen.

John considers. Reaches for the data stick, pockets it.

MARY
(To Sherlock)
How much do you know already?

SHERLOCK
By your skill set, you are, or were, an intelligence agent. Your accent is currently English, but I suspect you are not. You’re on the run from something, and you have used your skills to disappear. Magnussen knows your secret, which is why you were going to kill him. I’m assuming you befriended Janine to get close to him?

MARY
You can talk.

JOHN
Jesus, look at the two of you. should have got married.

MARY
The stuff Magnussen has on me, I would go to prison for the rest of my life. I can never be free so long as he has that information.

JOHN
So you were just going to kill him.

MARY
People like Magnussen should be killed. That’s why there are people

97 CONTINUED: 97

SHERLOCK
So Mary - whatever documents Magnussen has concerning yourself, you need them extracted and returned. It all comes back to Appledore.

MARY
Why would you help me?

SHERLOCK
Because you saved my life.

JOHN
... what? Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
(Coughs, wheezes)
So far, at any rate..

The doorbell rings.

SHERLOCK
(Calls)
Mrs. Hudson, stop listening and answer the door.

Mrs. Hudson pops her head round the doorway.

MRS. HUDSON
Why can’t you answer it yourself?

SHERLOCK
Because I’m dying of internal injuries compounded by inappropriate exertion and two packets of cigarettes.

MRS. HUDSON
Well aren’t you always!

She flounces off.

SHERLOCK
When I happened on you and Magnussen, you had a problem.

CUT TO:

98 <u>INT. MAGNUSSEN’S SUITE - NIGHT</u> 98

FLASHBACK A speed-ramped version of Sherlock walking in on Mary and Magnussen. Freeze frame.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
More specifically, you had a witness. The solution, of course, was obvious.

The freeze frame re-starts, now at normal speed. Mary shoots Sherlock through the forehead. He drops, dead

She spins, shoots Magnussen through the forehead. He flops dead.

Freeze-frame again.

SHERLOCK
(Vw Q q 1 0 0 d. He flops

101 CONTINUED: 101

JOHN
She shot you.

SHERLOCK
Mixed messages, I'll grant you that.

He gives a cry, falls to the floor. John and the Medics, working frantically.

JOHN
Sherlock!

CUT TO:

102 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY 102

John and Mary as we left them. Clock ticking silence.

MARY
So. Have you read it?

John hesitates.

JOHN
Come here a moment.

MARY
No, tell me, have you?

JOHN
Just ... come here.

A beat. Then she gets up, goes to him. The two of them, standing there, in front of the fireplace. John frowning fiercely, containing storms of emotion. Mary, sadly and calmly, waiting on the verdict.

JOHN
I have thought about this. I have thought for a very long time about what I need to say to you. These are prepared words, Mary. I have chosen these words with care.

MARY
... okay.

John gives a stiff little nod. Like he's readying himself.

JOHN
The problems of your past are your business. The problems of your future are my privilege.

Holds up the data stick.

JOHN
All I have to say. All I need to know.

He throws the data stick in the fire.

JOHN
No, I didn’t look.

She’s staring at him. Tears starting. Is she forgiven.

MARY
... you don’t even know my name.

JOHN
Mary Watson good enough for you?

MARY
Yes. Oh God, yes.

JOHN
Good enough for me too.

MARY
(Crying now, such relief,
shaking with it)
Oh my God.

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him so tight.

JOHN
This doesn’t mean I’m not still
basically pissed off.

MARY
I know.

JOHN
I am very pissed off, and that will
come out now and then.

MARY
I know. I know.

JOHN
And you can mow the sodding lawn
from now on.

MARY
I do mow the lawn.

JOHN
I mow it loads.

MARY
You really don’t

JOHN

102 CONTINUED: 102

They’re clinging to each other now ...

CUT TO:

103 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 103

The same scene now viewed through the window.

Pulling back to discover Sherlock and Mycroft, standing out the back with cigarettes. Clearly not for the first time.

MYCROFT
I’m glad you’ve given up on the Magnussen business.

SHERLOCK
Are you?

MYCROFT
I’m still curious though. He’s hardly your usual kind of puzzle. Why do you hate him?

On Sherlock: caught out in an emotion.

SHERLOCK
He attacks people who are different and preys on their secrets - why don’t you?

MYCROFT
He never causes too much damage to anyone of importance, he’s far too intelligent for that. He’s a business man, that’s all, and occasionally useful to us. A necessary evil, not a dragon for you to slay.

SHERLOCK
A dragon-slayer - is that what you think of me?

MYCROFT
No. It’s what you think of yourself.

Sherlock’s Mother pokes her head out the door.

SHERLOCK’S MOTHER
Are you two smoking?

They have instantly hidden their cigarettes.

MYCROFT
No!

SHERLOCK
It was Mycroft.

She withdraws. They resume.

MYCROFT
I have, by the way, a job offer I should like you to decline.

SHERLOCK
I decline your kind offer.

MYCROFT
I shall pass on your regrets.

SHERLOCK
What was it?

MYCROFT
MI6. They want to place you back in Eastern Europe. An undercover assignment that would prove fatal to you in, I think, about six months.

SHERLOCK
Then why don’t you want to me take it?

MYCROFT
It’s tempting, but on balance, you have more utility closer to home.

SHERLOCK

MYCROFT
Yes. Perhaps there was something in the punch.

SHERLOCK
Clearly. Go and have some more.

Mycroft goes.

On Sherlock. No smile - his face is cold.

He looks round at -

- the window. John and Mary, hugging.

CUT TO:

104 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE/STUDY - DAY 104

With John and Mary, still hugging.

MARY
So. You realise Sherlock got us out to see his Mum and Dad for a , yeah?

JOHN
His lovely Mum and Dad, what a fine example of married life, yeah I get it. That's the thing about Sherlock - you never know what he's going to do next.

John, frowning now. Because Mary has gone slack in his arms.

JOHN
Mary?

She's reeling back from him, clearly losing consciousness. He's now lowering her into a chair.

JOHN
Mary, what's wrong?

The door is opening - Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK
Don't drink Mary's tea.

John stares at him?? What?? But Sherlock is already gone - John already racing after him

CUT TO:

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105 CONTINUED: 105

What??

Sherlock appears at the door to the kitchen, perfectly casual, relaxed.

SHERLOCK
Oh, or the punch.

He disappears again. John tears after him --

CUT TO:

106 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 106

John comes crashing into the kitchen. Mycroft is slumped asleep in his chair. Wiggins is tending to Sherlock's Mother in a chair.

JOHN
Did you just drug my

SHERLOCK
Don't worry, Wiggins is an excellent chemist.

WIGGINS
Calculated your wife's dose myself - won't affect the little one, and I'll keep an eye on her.

SHERLOCK
He'll monitor them all as they recover - more or less his day job.

JOHN
What the hell have you done??

SHERLOCK
A deal. With the devil.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY 107 *

Charles Augustus Magnussen is entering the restaurant. Looks round.

There is one solitary diner in the corner. Sherlock Holmes. He wears his hospital pyjamas, with his coat over them. There's a dripfeed on a stand next to his chair, still attached to his arm. He's tucking into some pasta.

Magnussen's POV. Again, we see text streaming across his spectacle lenses (too fast for us to read - like there is too much information about Sherlock, but also to preserve a bit of his mystery.)

Magnussen now crosses to him, sits opposite him. Waits. Sherlock is wolfing into his food.

MAGNUSSEN
Shouldn’t you be in hospital?

SHERLOCK
I in hospital, this is the canteen.

MAGNUSSEN
Is it?

SHERLOCK
In my opinion. Have a seat.

Magnussen considers. Sits.

MAGNUSSEN
Thank you.

SHERLOCK
I’ve been thinking about you.

MAGNUSSEN
I’ve been thinking about

He’s broken off, staring in astonishment at the spectacles. Confused now.

SHERLOCK
They’re ordinary spectacles

MAGNUSSEN
Yes, they are.

Again, from Magnussen’s POV. Again text streaming across,

MAGNUSSEN
You underestimate me, Mr. Holmes.

He reaches over to Sherlock’s plate, rummages around in Sherlock’s pasta, find a piece he likes, pops it in his mouth.

SHERLOCK
Impress me then. Show me Appledore.

MAGNUSSEN
Why so interested?

SHERLOCK
Aren’t tours available?

MAGNUSSEN
I’m a business man, everything is available for a price. Are you making me an offer?

SHERLOCK
A Christmas present.

MAGNUSSEN
And what are you giving me for Christmas, Mr. Holmes?

108 CONTINUED: 108

SHERLOCK
Ah! There's our lift! Wiggins, you're in charge.

WIGGINS
You can rely on me.

SHERLOCK
Remember about not stealing.

John has stepped to the back door, now opens it -

CUT TO:

109 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 109

John's POV. A helicopter is descending into the field behind the cottage.

It is emblazoned with CAM.

Sherlock now emerging from the house. He has his coat on, and is carrying John's. He has Mycroft's laptop.

SHERLOCK
Coming?

JOHN
Where?

SHERLOCK
Want your wife to be safe?

JOHN
Of course I do.

SHERLOCK
Good. Because this is going to be incredibly dangerous. One false move and we'll have betrayed the security of the United Kingdom and we'll be in prison for high treason. Magnussen is quite simply the most dangerous man we have ever encountered and the odds are comprehensively stacked against us.

John, momentarily lost for words.

JOHN
It's

SHERLOCK
(Grins)
I feel the same. Oh, you mean Christmas. Did you bring your gun, as I suggested?

JOHN
Why would I bring my gun to your parents house for Christmas dinner.

SHERLOCK
(Passing him his coat)
Is it in your coat?

JOHN
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Off we go then.

They start striding towards the helicopter

JOHN
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK
Appledore!

CUT TO:

110 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 110

Helicopter shot of Appledore, at sunset. We hear the beating blades.

CUT TO:

111 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 111

On Sherlock and John, looking down at it.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 112

The helicopter descending into the grounds.

CUT TO:

113 INT. APPLEDORE - MASSIVE LIVING ROOM - DUSK 113

Magnussen glances at them. With a little flick of his hand, he dismisses the butler.

Sherlock and John, approaching, staring at the projection.

MAGNUSSEN
I would offer you a drink, but it’s very rare and expensive.

Sherlock and John, staring at the footage looping on the wall.

SHERLOCK
Oh, I see. It was you.

MAGNUSSEN
Yes, of course. Very hard to find a pressure point on you, Mr. Holmes. The drugs thing, I never believed for a moment. And anyway, you wouldn’t care if it was exposed. But look how you care about John Watson. Your damsel in distress.

JOHN
You put me in a bloody fire ...for leverage??

MAGNUSSEN
I would never have let you burn, Dr. Watson, I had people standing by. I’m not a murderer. Unlike your wife.

He clicks off the looping footage.

MAGNUSSEN
Let me explain how leverage works, Dr. Watson. For those who understand these things, Mycroft Holmes is the most powerful man in the country. Well - apart from me.

MAGNUSSEN
Forgive me, but I already seem to have it.

SHERLOCK
It’s password protected. In return for the password, you will give me all materials in your possession pertaining to the woman I know as Mary Watson.

MAGNUSSEN
Oh, she’s bad, that one. So many dead people, you should see what I’ve seen.

JOHN
I don’t need to see it.

MAGNUSSEN
You might enjoy it though. enjoy it.

SHERLOCK
Then show us.

MAGNUSSEN
Show you Appledore? The secret vaults of Appledore, is that what you want?

SHERLOCK
I want everything you have on Mary.

Magnussen leans back, contemplating Sherlock.

Then laughs.

MAGNUSSEN
You know, I honestly expected something good.

SHERLOCK
I think you’ll find the contents of that laptop -

MAGNUSSEN
- By now your brother will have noticed the theft, and the security services will be converging on this house. Having arrived, they will discover

Mycroft has been looking for this

MAGNUSSEN
The entrance to my vaults. This is where I keep you all.

And he opens the door -

- steps in -

- John and Sherlock, step to the doorway, stare in horror.

It’s a cupboard. A tiny, bare, walk in cupboard, containing only a single chair.

Magnussen goes to the chair, sits in it. Beams at them.

JOHN
Okay. Where are the vaults then?

MAGNUSSEN
Vaults? What vaults, there are no vaults beneath this building. They’re all in here.

He points to his head.

MAGNUSSEN
The Appledore Vaults are my mind palace.

On Sherlock - starting to get it. Oh dear God!!

MAGNUSSEN
You know about mind palaces, don’t you, Sherlock? How to store information so you never forget it? By it. I just sit here, I close my eyes ...

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

116 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN’S BASEMENT - DUSK 116

Magnussen opens his eyes. He starts descending the spiral staircase.

MAGNUSSEN
And down I go to my vaults.

CUT TO:

MAGNUSSEN
I can go anywhere inside my vault.
My memories.

CUT TO:

118 INT. MAGNUSSEN’S BASEMENT - DUSK 118

Magnussen wandering the dusty corridors.

MAGNUSSEN
Where shall I go today? Oh, I know!
I’ll look at the files on Mrs.
Watson.

He starts heading towards a filing cabinet.

CUT TO:

119 INT. MAGNUSSEN’S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK 119

Magnussen, sitting there, miming opening a drawer, taking out a file, leafing through it.

MAGNUSSEN
This is one of my favourites. It’

WUT T

MAGNUSSEN
Oh, sometimes I send out for something, if I really need it. But mostly I just remember it all.

JOHN
I don’t understand.

MAGNUSSEN
You should have that on a T-shirt.

JOHN
You just it all.

MAGNUSSEN
Every last detail. It’s all about knowledge, everything is. Knowing is owning.

JOHN
But if you just it, you don’t have proof.

MAGNUSSEN
Proof? What would I need proof for? I’m in , you moron.

He stands.

MAGNUSSEN
Speaking of news, you’ll both be heavily featured tomorrow. Trying to sell state secrets to me. Let’s go outside, they’ll be here shortly. I can’t wait to see you arrested.

He heads out.

John looks to Sherlock -

- who just looks winded, lost, defeated.

JOHN
Sherlock? Have we got a plan, Sherlock?

No answer. Doesn’t even look at him.

John strides away, leaving Sherlock behind.

122 CONTINUED: 122

Magnussen is waiting in front of his spectacular house.

John now emerging behind him.

MAGNUSSEN
They’re taking their time, aren’t they? Do you think they’ll send a helicopter.

JOHN
I still don’t understand.

MAGNUSSEN
And there’s the back of the T-shirt.

JOHN
You just know things. How does that work?

MAGNUSSEN
I love your little soldier face. I’d like to punch it. Bring it over here a minute.

John glances to Sherlock, who is now emerging from the house. Sherlock nods - do it.

MAGNUSSEN
Come on. For Mary, bring me your face.

John goes to Magnussen.

MAGNUSSEN
Lean forward a bit. Stick your face out.

John grinds his teeth. But complies.

MAGNUSSEN
Can I flick it? Can I flick your face?

John: frowning, what does he mean.

And then Magnussen starts flicking a fingernail hard against John’s. Flick! Flick! A stupid, childish, humiliating assault.

MAGNUSSEN
I love doing this. I could do it all day.
(Flick! Flick!)
It works like this, John. I know who Mary hurt and killed.
(Flick! Flick!)
I know where to find people who hate her. I know where they live, I know their phone numbers.
(Flick! Flick!)
All in my mind palace, all of it.
(MORE)

I could phone them right now, and tear your whole life down. And I will unless you let me flick your face.
(Flick! Flick!)
This what I do to people. This is what I do to whole countries. Just because I .

He raises his flicking finger to John’s eye.

MAGNUSSEN
Can I do your eye now? See if you can keep it open!

Flick! John cries out, can’t do it.

MAGNUSSEN
Come on, for Mary, keep it open.

Flick! John flinches back this time.

JOHN

On Sherlock. So lost, so defeated.

SHERLOCK
Let him. Sorry. Just let him do it.

MAGNUSSEN
Come on, eye open. It’s difficult, isn’t it? Janine managed it once - she makes the noises.

The thunder of a helicopter above! They are now transfixed in blazing spotlight from above.

From around the perimeter, we see a black clad SWAT team now cautiously approaching.

123 CONTINUED: 123

MYCROFT
Sherlock, what the hell are you doing??

CUT TO:

124 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 124

Magnussen turns to Sherlock with an amused smile.

MAGNUSSEN
Here we go, Mr. Holmes.

Sherlock looks at him. A gentle frown of thought.

SHERLOCK
To clarify: the Appledore Vaults only exist in your mind. Nowhere else, just there.

MAGNUSSEN
They’re not real, they never have been.

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Sherlock Holmes and John Watson, step away!

MAGNUSSEN
(Calling up)
It’s fine, they’re harmless.

JOHN
What do we do? Sherlock,

MAGNUSSEN
Nothing. There is nothing to be done. I’m not a villain, I have no evil plan - I’m a business man acquiring assets. And you happen to be one of them, that’s all. Sorry, no chance for you to be a hero this time, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK
Oh, do your research.

He steps by John for a moment, takes something from this pocket.

SHERLOCK
I’m not a hero, I’m a high functioning sociopath.

And then, in a superfast, almost causal moment, he jams a gun against Magnussen’s forehead.

SHERLOCK
Merry Christmas.

Blam!!

128 EXT. A PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY 128

A private jet standing on an airstrip. A group of officials standing next to it, including Sherlock and Mycroft. *

The jet's stairs are down, a departure is clearly imminent.

Now, out of the back a black, official looking car, come Mary and John.

Sherlock looks over at them.

The Watson go to him. Mary, impulsively gives Sherlock the biggest hug.

SHERLOCK
You're going to look after him, aren't you.

MARY
Don't worry. I'll keep him in trouble.

SHERLOCK
That's my girl

Sherlock and John look at each other. The end. Finally it's here.

SHERLOCK
(To everyone)
As this is likely to be the last conversation John and I ever have, would you mind if we took a moment.

A general muttering of "not at all", "go ahead."

Sherlock and John step to one side.

A moment.

JOHN
So. Here we are.

SHERLOCK
William Sherlock Scott Holmes.

JOHN
Sorry?

SHERLOCK
That's the whole thing. If you're looking for baby names.

JOHN
We've had a scan, we're pretty sure it's a girl.

SHERLOCK
Oh. Okay.

A silence.

JOHN
Jesus! I can’t think of a single thing to say.

SHERLOCK
Me neither.

JOHN
The game is over.

SHERLOCK
The game is never over, John. But there will be some new players, now. That’s okay. The East Wind takes us all in the end.

JOHN
The what?

SHERLOCK
A story my brother used to tell me, when I was a kid. The East Wind, a terrible force that lays waste to all in its path. It seeks out the unworthy and plucks them from the Earth. That was generally me.

JOHN
Nice.

SHERLOCK
He was a rubbish big brother. Keep an eye on Wiggins for me. Has the makings of a detective, if he can be kept off the drugs. Think you could do that.

JOHN
I have some foryEJ hat b0 -1 . It seeks out th -1 0 842 c

SHERLOCK
John there’s something I should say. Something I’ve always meant to say, and I never have. Since we are unlikely to meet again, I might as well say it now.
(A beat)
Sherlock is actually a girl’s name.

JOHN
No it isn’t.

SHERLOCK
It was worth a try.

JOHN
I’m not naming my daughter after you.

SHERLOCK

On Mary and John, watching it go.

MARY
He did it for us, didn’t he?

JOHN
He promised he would. At our wedding.

On the jet, disappearing into the sky.

JOHN
His last vow.

Slow fade to black. Long enough that the show really seems over ....

Then!

130 INT. MRS HUDSON’S KITCHEN - DAY 130

Mrs Hudson working away, we hear the television. Suddenly it hisses, and she looks to the screen - which we don’t see.

And screams!

CUT TO:

131 INT. PUB - DAY 131

Lestr -1 T. PUB - DAY

133 CONTINUED: 133

LADY SMALLWOOD
Has the Prime Minister been told?

CUT TO:

134 EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY 134

Mycroft, on his mobile. John and Mary listening.

MYCROFT
But that's not possible. It is simply not possible, how has this been done.

He looks to John, like this affects him.

JOHN
What's happened.

CUT TO:

135 INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY 135

Sherlock, sitting at the window, looking gloomily out. Now an official is handing him a mobile.

OFFICIAL
Sir. It's your brother.

SHERLOCK
(Taking it)
Mycroft?

CUT TO:

136 INT. AIRFIELD OFFICE - DAY 136

Mycroft on the phone.

(We intercut with the jet as required.)

MYCROFT
Hello little brother, how's the exile going.

SHERLOCK
I've only been gone four minutes.

MYCROFT
Well I certainly hope you've learned your lesson. Could we possibly persuade you to come back. As it turns out, you're needed.

SHERLOCK
Oh for God's sake, make up your mind. Who needs me this time?

Mycroft’s eyes go the TV in the corner. A picture of Jim Moriarty, staring out, grinning.

It is captioned