

The Six Thatchers (Sherlock S4 E1)

By <http://arianedevere.livejournal.com/86813.html> AND
<https://www.tumblr.com/blog/tjlc-they-just-lie-conspiracy>

JUST A FAN'S TRANSCRIPTION OF BBC'S SHERLOCK (CREDIT TO
THE CREATORS)

THE SIX THATCHERS, FAN'S TRANSCRIPT (BBC SHERLOCK-S4-EP1)

TRANSCRIPTION FROM:

(<http://arianedevere.livejournal.com/86813.html>)

EDIT TO SCREEN FORMAT:

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1

INT. THE CABINET OFFICE. DAY

1

A notice appears on screen:

THE CABINET OFFICE

70 Whitehall, London SW1A 2AS

This is to certify that all materials pertaining to:

CASE: BT198255D./SH

Have been classified as:

D NOTICE - 100 YEARS

By order of [signature] E Smallwood

TOP SECRET

MYCROFT O.S.

What you're about to see is
classified beyond top secret.

A video screen is showing four perspectives of the scene on the patio at Appledore shortly before SHERLOCK shot CHARLES AUGUSTUS MAGNUSSEN. In a room which may be in the same building where LADY SMALLWOOD's parliamentary commission was held in "His Last Vow," MYCROFT is standing with his back to a table behind which sit LADY ELIZABETH SMALLWOOD herself and SIR EDWIN, last seen with her towards the end of the same episode. Near them sits a woman in her early seventies with a notebook and pen on her lap. Sherlock is sitting on a chair near his brother, facing the table. The video screen is behind the other three people. Now MYCROFT turns to face them.

MYCROFT

Is that quite clear?

MYCROFT looks towards the elderly lady (VIVIAN).

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Don't minute any of this.

The woman (VIVIAN), who was just about to put on her glasses, lowers them again and folds her hands in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT

Once beyond these walls, you must never speak of it. A D-notice has been slapped on the entire incident. Only those within this room - code names Antarctica, Langdale, Porlock and Love - will ever know the whole truth.

SHERLOCK has his head down and a rapid quiet clicking can be heard.

MYCROFT

As far as everyone else is concerned, going to the Prime Minister and way beyond, Charles Augustus ... Are you tweeting?!

MYCROFT glares down at SHERLOCK, who looks up guiltily and covers his phone even as the sound of a tweet being sent can be heard.

SHERLOCK

No.

MYCROFT

Well, that's what it looks like.

SHERLOCK

Of course I'm not tweeting. Why would I be tweeting?

MYCROFT

Give me that.

MYCROFT quickly walks across to his brother and reaches for the phone.

SHERLOCK

What? No. Get off. What are you doing?

SHERLOCK tries to hang on to the phone with both hands while MYCROFT struggles to get hold of it.

SHERLOCK

Get off. What ...?

MYCROFT

(sternly)
Give it here.

MYCROFT finally pulls the phone from SHERLOCK's hands and looks at the screen.

MYCROFT
"Back on terra firma".

SHERLOCK
WAIT. Don't read them out.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
"Free as a bird".

SHERLOCK
God, you're such a spoilsport.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
(angrily)
Will you take this matter
seriously, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
I am taking it seriously. What
makes you think I'm not taking it
seriously?

MYCROFT looks at the phone.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
"Hashtag
OhWhatABeautifulMorning".

SHERLOCK
(indignantly)
Look, not so long ago I was on a
mission that meant certain death
- my death - and now I'm back, in
a nice warm office with my big
brother and ... Are those ginger
nuts?

SHERLOCK looks excitedly at a plate on the table and
springs to his feet to walk over there.

MYCROFT
(sighing)
Oh, God.

SHERLOCK
Love ginger nuts.

SHERLOCK grabs a handful of the biscuits from the plate.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Our doctor said you were clean.

SHERLOCK
I am, utterly.

SHERLOCK turns and looks at MYCROFT as he walks back
towards his chair.

SHERLOCK
No need for stimulants now,
remember? I have work to do.

SHERLOCK crunches into one of the biscuits.

SIR EDWIN
You're high as a kite!

SHERLOCK turns to SIR EDWIN.

SHERLOCK
Natural high, I assure you.
Totally natural. I'm just ...
(sings dramatically while
holding his hands out.)
... glad to be aliiiiiiive!

SHERLOCK chuckles and lowers his hands, still chomping on his mouthful of biscuit.

SHERLOCK
What shall we do next?

SHERLOCK points at the elderly woman (VIVIAN).

SHERLOCK
What's your name?

VIVIAN
(nervously)
Vi-Vivian.

SHERLOCK
What would you do, Vivian?

VIVIAN
Pardon?

SHERLOCK
Well, it's a lovely day. Go for a
stroll?

LADY SMALLWOOD frowns at SHERLOCK and shakes her head in disbelief. SIR EDWIN puts his hand over his face.

SHERLOCK
Make a paper aeroplane? Have an
ice lolly?

SHERLOCK takes another bite of a biscuit.

VIVIAN
Ice lolly, I suppose.

SHERLOCK
(gesturing dramatically)
Ice lolly it is! What's your
favourite?

VIVIAN
(looking a little nervously
towards her superiors)
Well, really, I shouldn't ...

SHERLOCK
(encouragingly)
Go on.

VIVIAN
Do they still do Mivvis?

LADY SMALLWOOD
(firmly)
Mr Holmes.

MYCROFT AND SHERLOCK
Yes?

MYCROFT looks across to SHERLOCK, then lowers his head in exasperation.

LADY SMALLWOOD
We do need to get on.

MYCROFT
(raising his head)
Yes, of course.

MYCROFT uses the remote control he is holding to restart the video footage. There are two screens facing the table which those behind it can watch, and the sound of the helicopter hovering in front of the Appledore patio can be heard. SHERLOCK swipes his phone from MYCROFT and gestures dramatically with it at his brother before he sits down on the chair again as he tucks the phone into the inside pocket of his jacket.

VIDEO'S SHERLOCK
Do your research.

The footage shows a distant shot of SHERLOCK walking towards MAGNUSSEN.

VIDEO'S SHERLOCK
I'm not a hero. I'm a high
functioning sociopath.

The footage moves to the head-cam of an operative nearer to the patio. As someone runs across the camera, very briefly blocking out the view, SHERLOCK can be seen with his hand still lowered, and a gunshot rings out. MAGNUSSEN

(CONTINUED)

falls backwards and SHERLOCK can be seen dropping JOHN's pistol and instantly raising his hands. Behind him, JOHN stares at MAGNUSSEN and, for a moment, starts to move towards him. The footage jumps back a second or two.

VIDEO'S SHERLOCK
... sociopath.

Footage from the telescopic sight of a rifle shows two red dots on MAGNUSSEN's face as he stands upright on the patio. A gunshot rings out and MAGNUSSEN falls out of view.

VIDEO'S SHERLOCK
... sociopath.

The footage again shows MAGNUSSEN being shot without SHERLOCK raising his own gun. In the parliamentary room, the footage continues to repeat.

SHERLOCK
I see. Who is supposed to have shot him, then?

SIR EDWIN
Some over-eager squaddie with an itchy trigger finger, that's who.

SHERLOCK
That's not what happened at all.

SHERLOCK takes another bite of biscuit.

MYCROFT
It is now.

LADY SMALLWOOD
Remarkable. How did you do it?

SIR EDWIN
We have some very talented people working here. If James Moriarty can hack every TV screen in the land, rest assured we have the tech to, er ... doctor a bit of security footage.

SIR EDWIN points towards the screen. As he continues talking, SHERLOCK tosses a piece of biscuit towards his open mouth. It misses and falls down the side of his lap. SHERLOCK scrabbles to recover it.

SIR EDWIN (CONT'D)
That is now the official version;
the version anyone we want to
will see.

LADY SMALLWOOD

No need to go to the trouble of getting some sort of official pardon. You're off the hook, Mr Holmes. You're home and dry.

MYCROFT folds his arms and looks sternly down at his brother.

SHERLOCK

Okay, cheers.

Putting the last bit of biscuit in his mouth and holding it between his lips, SHERLOCK jumps up and starts to button his jacket, then reaches for his greatcoat.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Obviously there's unfinished business. Moriarty.

SHERLOCK

(muffled through the biscuit)

I told you. Moriarty's dead.

SHERLOCK takes the biscuit from his lips as he finishes the sentence.

LADY SMALLWOOD

You say he filmed that video message before he died.

SHERLOCK pauses for a moment with one arm in his coat, and still chewing.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

LADY SMALLWOOD

You also say you know what he's going to do next. What does that mean?

SIR EDWIN

Perhaps that's all there is to it.

SIR EDWIN points towards Sherlock.

SIR EDWIN (CONT'D)

Perhaps he was just trying to frighten you.

SHERLOCK

No, no. He would never be that disappointing.

(gazes into the distance.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
 He's planned something; something long-term; something that would take effect if he never made it off that rooftop alive. Posthumous revenge. No - better than that. Posthumous game.

LADY SMALLWOOD
 We brought you back to deal with this. What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK
 Wait.

LADY SMALLWOOD
 "Wait"?!

SHERLOCK
 Of course wait. I'm the target. Targets wait. Look - whatever's coming, whatever he's lined up, I'll know when it begins.

SHERLOCK walks towards the door, putting his other arm into his coat.

SHERLOCK
 I always know when the game is on. D'you know why?

LADY SMALLWOOD
 (a little exasperated)
 Why?

SHERLOCK turns back to face her.

SHERLOCK
 Because I love it.

2	OPENING CREDITS.	2
3	INT. APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA	3

Blue-lit water can be seen and heard rippling throughout the following scene.

SHERLOCK V.O.
 There was once a merchant in the famous market at Baghdad. One day he saw a stranger looking at him in surprise ...

SHERLOCK can now be seen walking through a glass tunnel under the water. A shark swims towards the camera.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK V.O. (CONT'D)

... and he knew that the stranger was Death. Pale and trembling, the merchant fled the marketplace and made his way many, many miles to the city of Samarra, for there he was sure Death could not find him.

While he continues speaking, the footage continues to show sharks in - presumably - the London Aquarium and SHERLOCK watching them.

SHERLOCK V.O. (CONT'D)

But when at last he came to Samarra, the merchant saw, waiting for him, the grim figure of Death. "Very well," said the merchant. "I give in. I am yours."

SHERLOCK slowly strokes his hand down the glass wall of one of the tanks.

SHERLOCK V.O. (CONT'D)

"But tell me: why did you look surprised when you saw me this morning in Baghdad?" "Because," said Death, "I had an appointment with you tonight - in Samarra."

A SHARK SWIMS UP THE SCREEN, DISSOLVE TO:

4

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

4

In the living room, SHERLOCK stabs his multi-tool knife down into a large pile of letters on the mantelpiece.

SHERLOCK

If this gets any better, I'm gonna get two knives.

SHERLOCK turns to where JOHN is sitting at the dining table typing a new blog, entry entitled "221Back!". It reads:

And we're back! Sorry I haven't updated the blog for such a long time but things really have been very busy. You'll have seen on the news about how Sherlock recovered the Mona Lisa. He described it as "an utterly dreary case" and was much more interested in the case of a missing horseshoe and how it was connected to a bright blue deckchair on Brighton beach. I'll try to write everything up when I get chance but it's not been missing portraits and horseshoes that have taken up my time. I'm going to be a Dad. I mean, I thought I'd spent the last few years being a Dad to Sherlock, but it really doesn't compare.

(CONTINUED)

The baby runs all of our lives. (Maybe not THAT different to Sherlock then!) If I'm not changing nappies, I'm buying nappies. I've fought in Afghanistan and my best friend once faked his own death but none of that [text obscured by John's fingers]. It's a terrifying and amazing and the biggest adventure I've been

The entry ends there.

[Thanks to Glenien for the transcript of the blog entry. Though quite why John is changing nappies when the baby hasn't been born yet is open to some question ...]

JOHN

It pays to advertise.

SHERLOCK sits down in his chair, looking at his phone. MARY, standing near the window and rubbing her very pregnant tummy with one hand while pressing her lower back with the other, looks at him.

MARY

So, what about Moriarty, then?

SHERLOCK

Ooh, I have a plan.

Grimacing, MARY rubs her bump again.

SHERLOCK

I'm going to monitor the underworld - every quiver of the web will tell me when the spider makes his move.

As SHERLOCK speaks, he also tweets "#221Bringit!"

JOHN

Basically your 'plan' is just to sit there solving crimes like you always do.

SHERLOCK smiles across to him.

SHERLOCK

Awesome, isn't it?!

SHERLOCK jumps up, steps across to the mantelpiece and rips the top letter off the pile.

5 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

5

A montage of client scenes begins.

FEMALE CLIENT

He drowned, Mr Holmes.

While the client sits on a dining chair, JOHN's later blog entry drifts across the screen reading:

DUSTY DEATH

I won't name the client out of respect but she came to us because of her late husband. His body was recovered from the sea near Falmouth...

SHERLOCK is pacing back and forth in front of the fireplace, looking at his phone. JOHN sits in his chair with MARY perched on the arm.

FEMALE CLIENT

That's what we thought but when they opened up his lungs ...

MARY

Yes?

FEMALE CLIENT

Sand.

SHERLOCK looks at her for a moment.

SHERLOCK

Superficial.

His phone whistles a tweet alert and SHERLOCK goes back to looking at it.

On another occasion SHERLOCK sits in his chair holding a pair of Mars binoculars to his eyes while he peers at a small plastic bag containing a dark pink item held in pieces of ice.

JOHN's blog entry drifts across the screen:

Mr Hatherley came straight round to Baker Street in a terrible state. He was white as a sheet and bleeding from an awful wound in his hand. Exactly how he came by this wound was at first confusing...

Still holding the binoculars in place over his eyes, SHERLOCK calls out.

SHERLOCK

Come back! It's the wrong thumb!

SHERLOCK lowers the binoculars and looks up but there's nobody in the room, and now the downstairs front door slams shut.

On another occasion photographs are scattered over the dining room table and the Mars binoculars lie on top of some of them. JOHN's blog entry reads:

THE DUPLICATE MAN
How could Dennis Parkinson be in
two places at the same time? And
murdered in one of them?

JOHN is at the table looking at the evidence.

JOHN
 Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK is rapidly typing on his phone.

SHERLOCK
 It's never twins.

On another occasion SHERLOCK sits in his chair with his laptop open on his knees. He's busy on his phone at the same time. MARY is sitting in JOHN's chair holding a mug and rubbing her tummy while JOHN stands at the fireplace.

SHERLOCK
 (quick fire)
 Hopkins, arrest Wilson. Dimmock,
 look in the lymph nodes.

HOPKINS O.S.
 (from the laptop speaker)
 Wilson?!

DIMMOCK O.S.
 (from the laptop speaker)
 Lymph nodes?!

MARY
 Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK is Skypeing with Detective Inspectors DIMMOCK and HOPKINS, who are separately looking into their mobile phone's camera as they talk with him. DIMMOCK is walking along a road while HOPKINS is indoors, possibly in her office.

SHERLOCK
 (quick fire, looking at
 DIMMOCK)
 Yes. You may have nothing but a
 limbless torso but there'll still
 be traces of ink left in the
 lymph nodes under the armpits. If
 your mystery corpse had tattoos,
 the signs'll be there.

JOHN's blog entry reads:

THE CIRCUS TORSO

**A limbless body found decomposing
inside a trunk in left luggage
office in Waterloo station
couldn't be identified...**

A second blog entry reads:

THE CANARY TRAINER

**Andrew Wilson was an unusual man
with an unusual hobby. He seemed
to have no connection with the
man whose life was so abruptly
ended one freezing night in
November...**

DIMMOCK

Bloody hell! Is that a guess?

SHERLOCK

I never guess.

SHERLOCK closes DIMMOCK's screen.

MARY

Sherlock ...

HOPKINS

So he's the killer? The canary
trainer?

SHERLOCK

'Course he's the killer.

HOPKINS

Didn't see that coming.

SHERLOCK

Hm, naturally.

SHERLOCK closes her screen.

JOHN

Sherlock, you can't go on
spinning plates like this.

SHERLOCK's eyes widen and lift from his phone as his mouth
falls open.

SHERLOCK

That's it! The place was
spinning.

On another occasion SHERLOCK walks across the room
checking his phone while he talks to a man sitting on a
dining room chair.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

The heart medication you are taking is known to cause bouts of amnesia.

JOHN's blog entry reads:

THE CARDIAC ARREST

Joel Fentiman was found strangled in the bedsit he shared with his brother. They had always got on well and there was no sign that this situation had changed...

MR FENTIMAN

Yes, um ... I think so. Why?

SHERLOCK sits down in his chair, still looking at his phone.

SHERLOCK

Because the fingerprints on your brother's neck are your own.

Later, another blog entry drifts across the screen:

... we could never have known there was a potential assassin lurking close by. An assassin who turned out to be...

JOHN giggles as he leads SHERLOCK up the stairs at Baker Street towards the living room.

JOHN

A jellyfish?!

SHERLOCK

I know.

JOHN

You can't arrest a jellyfish!

SHERLOCK looks at his phone as he climbs the stairs.

SHERLOCK

Well, you could try.

JOHN

We did try.

His phone sounds an alert. Sighing, SHERLOCK takes it from his pocket as he reaches the landing. He looks at the screen.

JOHN

Oh God.

SHERLOCK looks up from his own phone.

SHERLOCK

Mary?

JOHN

Fifty-nine missed calls.

SHERLOCK

We're in a lot of trouble.

SHERLOCK turns and rapidly heads back down the stairs.

6

INT. WATSON'S CAR. DAY

6

Not long afterwards, MARY is in the back of a car groaning and clutching her abdomen. Her dress is pulled high up her legs.

MARY

Ow! Oh my God. Oh my God!

She presses both her hands against the roof. In the driver's seat, JOHN looks worriedly into the rear-view mirror.

JOHN

Relax. It's got two syllables ...

MARY

I'm a nurse, darling. I think I know what to do.

JOHN

Come on then, come on.

MARY

Re...

JOHN purses his lips, mimicking breathing. He blows out the breath.

JOHN

...lax.

MARY writhes on the seat.

MARY

No, just drive! Please, God, just drive! God, drive!

She screams. SHERLOCK, frantically typing on his phone, glances across to her momentarily.

JOHN

(sternly)

Sherlock. Mary!

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
That's it, Mary. Re...

SHERLOCK purses his lips and sucks in a breath.

MARY, savagely, now kneels on the seat.

MARY
Don't you start.

SHERLOCK
(reluctantly)
...lax.

Moments later SHERLOCK's face is squashed hard against the side window as she slams her hand against the side of his head.

MARY braces her other hand against SHERLOCK's head.

MARY
John? John, I think you have to
pull over.

She shifts back into a sitting position.

JOHN
Mary, Mary ...

MARY
Pull Over!

SHERLOCK looks down towards MARY's legs and his mouth falls open and his eyes widen in horror.

SHERLOCK
Oh my God.

MARY screams and then sobs. JOHN glances over his shoulder and starts to pull the car to the kerb as MARY continues to scream.

7 INT. WATSON'S LIVINGROOM. DAY

7

At JOHN and MARY's home, a flashbulb pops. MARY and JOHN are sitting on the sofa, MARY cradling their new daughter. Helium balloons are floating on strings behind the sofa and there are gift bags and flowers on the coffee table in front of the family, and a large white teddy bear beside the sofa. A glass of champagne is also on the table. JOHN has his arm around his wife while MARY is holding her daughter's hand and the new parents are smiling as they pose for the photograph. Standing at the other side of the table, MOLLY HOOPER is drinking from a glass of champagne and MRS HUDSON is taking another photograph with her camera.

(CONTINUED)

MRS HUDSON
Has that come out?

MRS HUDSON looks at the screen on her camera and makes an exasperated noise.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)
They never come out when I take them!

MOLLY puts down her glass.

MOLLY
Let's have a look.

MOLLY takes the camera.

MRS HUDSON
Aww. She's so beautiful.

MOLLY fiddles with the camera and then hands it back.

MOLLY
Have another go.

SHERLOCK is standing a short distance away, engrossed with his phone.

MRS HUDSON looks at the new parents.

MRS HUDSON
What about a name?

JOHN
Catherine.

MARY
Uh, yeah, we've gone off that.

JOHN
Have we?

MARY
Yeah.

JOHN
Oh.

SHERLOCK not looks up from his phone.

SHERLOCK
Well, you know what I think.

JOHN AND MARY
It's not a girl's name.

SHERLOCK smiles, his eyes still fixed on his phone.

JOHN

Molly, Mrs Hudson, We would love you to be godparents.

MOLLY

(laughing in surprised delight)

Oh!

JOHN

If you ...

MOLLY

Really?

MRS HUDSON

So lovely!

As the two women continue to make appreciative noises, JOHN stands up while MOLLY goes to the sofa to sit down next to MARY. JOHN walks over towards SHERLOCK, who is texting:

Fresh paint to disguise another smell.

SHERLOCK sends the message.

JOHN

And, uh ...

JOHN holds his arms wide and stares upwards, perhaps asking himself, *'Why am I doing this?!'*

JOHN (CONT'D)

... you, too, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK still types on his phone.

SHERLOCK

You too what?

JOHN

Godfather? We'd like you to be godfather.

SHERLOCK is now texting:

Odd socks? Arrest the brother in law.

SHERLOCK sends that text and starts another one while talking.

SHERLOCK

God is a ludicrous fiction dreamt up by inadequates who abnegate all responsibility to an invisible magic friend.

His latest message reads:

If dog can't swim, neighbour is
the killer.

JOHN looks away briefly, then steps closer.

JOHN

Yeah, but there'll be cake. Will
you do it?

SHERLOCK glances at him briefly.

SHERLOCK

I'll get back to you.

JOHN nods resignedly and heads for the stairs.

8

INT. CHURCH DAY

8

Some weeks later, an elderly vicar stands at the font in a church. MARY and JOHN stand near him, MARY cradling the baby, and GREG, MRS HUDSON, SHERLOCK and MOLLY are at the other side of the font. An older couple stand behind them. Could this be the famous STELLA and TED, ready to give 'love and many big squishy cuddles' to the new baby?! SHERLOCK is still busy on his phone.

VICAR

Father, we ask you to send your
blessings on this water ...

THE VICAR leans forward and draws the sign of the cross in the water.

VICAR (CONT'D)

... and sanctify it for our use
this day, in Christ's name.

Shaking the water off his hand, THE VICAR turns to the parents.

VICAR

Now, what name have you given
your daughter?

MARY and JOHN smile at each other, then MARY turns to the vicar.

MARY

Rosamund Mary.

SHERLOCK

(frowning, he looks up
briefly)
Rosamund?

MOLLY
(quietly)
Means 'rose of the world.' Rosie
for short.

ROSAMUND wails briefly. SHERLOCK throws a disapproving look in MOLLY's direction and then goes back to his phone.

MOLLY
Didn't you get John's text?

SHERLOCK
No. I delete his texts. I delete
any text that begins, 'Hi.'

MOLLY raises her eyes skywards.

MOLLY
No idea why people think you're
incapable of human emotion.

MRS HUDSON clears her throat pointedly.

MOLLY
(quietly)
Sorry.

MOLLY nods her head down to Sherlock's hands and still speaks quietly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Phone.

SHERLOCK lowers the phone and puts his hands behind his back. THE VICAR is now holding ROSAMUND, who is grizzling.

VICAR
And now, godparents ...

Behind his back, SHERLOCK is continuing to type.

VICAR (CONT'D)
... are you ready to help the
parents of this child in their
duties as Christian parents?

MOLLY AND MRS HUDSON
We are.

MOLLY looks across to SHERLOCK and elbows him. Behind his back, a male SIRI voice speaks from his phone.

SIRI
Sorry, I didn't catch that.

STELLA and TED make disapproving noises. JOHN closes his eyes and MARY narrows her eyes at SHERLOCK.

SIRI
(beeping)
Please repeat the question.

9

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

9

A FEW MONTHS LATER. LIVING ROOM. Standing in front of the fireplace wearing his camel coloured dressing gown, SHERLOCK sighs in exasperation.

SHERLOCK
As ever, Watson, you see but do not observe.

SHERLOCK turns towards JOHN's chair.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
To you, the world remains an impenetrable mystery whereas, to me, it is an open book. Hard logic versus romantic whimsy. That is your choice. You fail to connect actions to their consequences. Now, for the last time.

SHERLOCK bends down and picks up a jingling baby's rattle.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
If you want to keep the rattle
...

Young ROSIE is sitting in a plastic baby's chair perched on the seat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... do not throw the rattle, hm?

He presents the rattle to her. She gurgles, takes it, and promptly throws it in Sherlock's face. Across the room, MARY is lying on the sofa fast asleep with one foot up on JOHN's lap as he sits at the other end with his hand on her leg, also asleep. ROSIE rears her head back and then sneezes.

[Transcriber's note: some of my beta team queried why I said this scene takes place 'a few months later.' To fend off further enquiries, I simply say that the fact that Rosie is now old enough to sit up and throw things suggested to me that she's more than a few weeks old.]

10 INT/EXT. BUS. DAY

10

BUS. JOHN sits on a sideways-facing seat with his eyes closed. He wakes when his phone chirps an alert, and gets it out of his pocket to look at the message:

Baker Street? Tomorrow five PM?

Lestrade says he has a belter.

He smiles briefly, then looks thoughtful before he looks at the next message:

Mary says it's fine.

He chuckles and puts the phone away. A couple of people walk along the gangway heading for the rear of the bus and JOHN notices a pretty woman (E) with long red hair sitting a few feet to his right on a forward-facing seat. She meets his gaze and smiles at him. JOHN briefly returns her smile and looks away but then glances back and sees that she's still smiling at him. A little self-consciously he runs his right hand over his hair and she lowers her eyes and looks at a piece of paper in her hand, still with a smile on her face. Someone rings the bell to alert the bus to halt at the next stop and JOHN stands and picks up his briefcase, casting one more glance at the smiling woman. The bus pulls up at the bus stop and several passengers, including John, get off. He walks along the side of the bus and then turns to look in the side window, seeing his face clearly reflected in the glass. He has a large plastic daisy-like flower tucked behind his left ear.

11 FLASHBACK: INT. ROSIE'S BEDROOM. DAY

11

JOHN flashes back to earlier that day where he was leaning over ROSIE unfastening her nappy as she lay on a changing mat on top of a bureau in her bedroom.

JOHN

(softly)

All right. Good girl. Good girl.
Good girl.

He waves the plastic flower in front of her while she gurgles contentedly.

JOHN

I'd better finish this, hadn't I?

He tucks the flower's stem behind his left ear.

12 COME BACK TO THE BUS: EXT. BUS. DAY

12

In the present, JOHN takes the flower from his ear, smiling ruefully to himself as the bus pulls away.

13 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 13

LIVING ROOM. JOHN walks in to see SHERLOCK sitting in his chair, wearing his camel dressing gown and with his hands steepled just under his mouth. GREG is standing just inside the door.

LESTRADE

Hey.

JOHN

Afternoon. He says you've got a good one, Greg.

LESTRADE

Oh yeah.

14 FLASHBACK: INT/EXT. A LARGE PRIVATE HOUSE. NIGHT 14

LESTRADE V.O.

It was David Welsborough's fiftieth birthday.

Over the sight of silver helium balloons and the sound of singing, cheering and applause, the image shifts to a white plaster bust of Margaret Thatcher before it shifts again to the birthday boy in the doorway of a downstairs room, kissing his wife. A party is going on in the room nearby.

DAVID

God, fifty! Where did it go?! I know for a fact I was only twenty-one this time last week!

EMMA

Yeah, well that's impossible, 'cause that's before you met me and ...

DAVID

Well, no ...

THE WELSBOROUGHES

(simultaneously)

... there never was such a time!

They kiss again.

EMMA

She's looking at me disapprovingly again.

EMMA looks across to a nearby table. DAVID follows her gaze to the white plaster bust of Thatcher.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
No, she's just jealous.

EMMA
Yeah, well, I think we both are.

There's also a figurine of Thatcher on the table, this one smaller and painted. A phone in DAVID's trouser pocket buzzes.

DAVID
Ooh.

EMMA
No, no, David. Come on, you promised.

DAVID takes his phone from his pocket.

DAVID
Oh, no ...

He looks at his phone. Nearby is another small table on which are several framed photos of their son at various ages.

DAVID
Oh, it's a Skype call.

EMMA
Oh, then, that's ... must be Charlie. At least he's phoning, I suppose.

DAVID takes the call and a live image of their son, probably in his early twenties, appears on the screen. There's a snow-covered mountain range behind him.

DAVID
Oh, look! Hello!

CHARLIE
Hey, Dad!

EMMA smiles and waves into the phone's camera.

CHARLIE
Happy birthday! Sorry to miss your party but, uh ...

CHARLIE tilts his head towards the background.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
... travel broadens the mind, right?

CHARLIE turns the phone a little to give a better view of the mountains, then the image starts to fritz and a spinning 'loading' icon appears as the image freezes.

DAVID shakes the phone.

DAVID
No, picture's frozen.

The image shuts down altogether.

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)
(slightly garbled)
Yeah, signal's rubbish, but I can still hear you.

DAVID puts the phone to his ear.

DAVID
Why-why is it rubbish? Where are you?

EMMA
How is he? Is he eating? Ask him if he's eating.

DAVID
No, shh.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
David! Emma!

A couple come over to greet them.

DAVID (AT PHONE)
No, no, hang on a sec. I'll-I'll find somewhere quieter.

DAVID walks away as the couple kiss EMMA's cheek.

DAVID
So, Charlie, where are you? ... Are you there?

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)
Sorry, I'm here. I'm just a bit ...

CHARLIE trails off.

DAVID
You all right?

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)
It's nothing. Probably just the altitude.

DAVID

Altitude?

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)

I'm in Tibet! Didn't you see the mountains?

DAVID

Look, never mind mountains. Your mother wants to know if you're eating properly.

DAVID laughs.

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)

Listen, Dad, could you do me a favour?

DAVID

What?

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)

Could you just check something on my car?

DAVID walks out of the open front door.

DAVID

Your car?!

CHARLIE (AT PHONE)

It's to settle a bet. The guys here don't believe I've got a Power Ranger stuck to the bonnet. Could you take a photo and send it?

DAVID walks to a nearby car on the drive and takes a photograph of the blue Power Ranger attached to the grille.

DAVID

Er, yes, I can do that.

DAVID straightens up, presses Send on the phone and raises it to his ear again.

DAVID

All done. You got it? ...
Charlie?

There's no reply. DAVID lowers the phone, sighing.

15

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

15

Back at Baker Street, SHERLOCK is still sitting with his eyes closed and his hands steepled under his mouth.

LESTRADE

A week later ...

JOHN sits in his chair.

JOHN

Yeah?

LESTRADE

... something really weird happens.

SHERLOCK smiles.

LESTRADE O.S.

Drunk driver - he's totally smashed, the cops are chasing him ...

There is a car speeding along the road with a police car following, its lights flashing and siren wailing.

LESTRADE O.S.

... and he turns into the drive of the Welsborough house to try and get away. Unfortunately ...

The drunk driver heads at speed for CHARLIE's car and smashes straight into the back of it. CHARLIE's car is pushed a few yards forward until both cars stop. The police car pulls up a little way away. Steam hisses from the engine of the drunk's car, and petrol starts spilling from the rear of CHARLIE's car. Moments later the front car explodes in a massive fireball *[much further away from the house than it was before, which is somewhat puzzling, especially because it's not plot-relevant. Your transcriber tuts sadly at the crew which made that fubar]*.

At Baker Street, SHERLOCK's eyes are closed as he envisions the scene.

LESTRADE O.S.

The drunk guy survived; they managed to pull him out, but when they put the fire out and examined the parked car ...

There's a burned skeleton in the driver's seat. It seems to be covered with the remnants of some kind of material.

JOHN leans forward in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN O.S.

Whose body?

LESTRADE now is sitting on one of the dining room chairs facing the boys' chairs.

LESTRADE

Charlie Welsborough, the son.

JOHN

What?

LESTRADE

The son who was in Tibet. DNA all checks out. The night of the party, the car's empty, then a week later the dead boy's found at the wheel.

With his eyes still closed, SHERLOCK chuckles delightedly.

LESTRADE

Yeah, I thought it'd tickle you.

JOHN

Have you got a lab report?

GREG had already been reaching for his briefcase at his side and now puts it on his lap and takes out some folders.

LESTRADE

Yeah, Charlie Welsborough's the son of a Cabinet minister ...

John lets out a silent, "Oh," and nods understandingly.

LESTRADE

... so I'm under a lot of pressure to get results.

SHERLOCK's eyes snaps open.

SHERLOCK

Who cares about that? Tell me about the seats.

JOHN

The seats?

SHERLOCK

Yes. The car seats.

JOHN takes the sheet of paper which Greg is offering him. SHERLOCK sits up and holds out his hand and GREG gives him a folder. SHERLOCK opens it and looks at the contents.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
Made of vinyl ... two different
types of vinyl present.

SHERLOCK looks up thoughtfully.

SHERLOCK
Was it his own car?

LESTRADE
Yeah. Not flash - he was a
student.

SHERLOCK SITS back again.

SHERLOCK
Well, that's suggestive.

LESTRADE
Why?

SHERLOCK
Vinyl's cheaper than leather.

LESTRADE
(looking confused)
Er, yeah, right.

JOHN
There's something else.

SHERLOCK
Yes?

JOHN LOOKS at the document GREG gave him.

JOHN
According to this, Charlie
Welsborough had already been dead
for a week.

There's a brief flash of the car exploding and the
skeleton with the melted material on it.

SHERLOCK stares at John with a delighted smile forming on
his face.

SHERLOCK
(softly)
What?

JOHN
The body in the car - dead for a
week.

SHERLOCK
Oh, this is a good one.
(looks at GREG)
Is it my birthday? You want help?

LESTRADE
(drawing in a breath)
Yes, please.

SHERLOCK
One condition.

LESTRADE
Okay.

SHERLOCK
Take all the credit.

JOHN raises his head.

SHERLOCK
It gets boring if I just solve
them all.

LESTRADE
Yeah, you say that, but then John
blogs about it and you get all
the credit anyway.

JOHN laughs, then gives the medical report back to GREG
while looking at SHERLOCK.

JOHN
Yeah, he's got a point.

LESTRADE
Which makes me look like some
kind of prima donna who insists
on getting credit for something
he didn't do...

JOHN
Oh, I think you've hit a sore
spot, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK looks startled, and shakes his head at JOHN as if
he doesn't understand.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
... like I'm some kind of credit
junkie.

JOHN
Definitely a sore spot.

LESTRADE
(waving towards SHERLOCK)
So you take all the glory, thanks
...

SHERLOCK
(still looking bewildered)
Okay.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
... thanks all the same.
(looks frustrated.)
Look, just solve the bloody
thing, will you? It's driving me
nuts.

SHERLOCK
Anything you say, Giles.

JOHN and GREG both give him a look. SHERLOCK smiles at GREG.

SHERLOCK
Just kidding.

As GREG starts packing away his paperwork, SHERLOCK turns and mouths to John.

SHERLOCK
(silently)
What's his name?

JOHN
(mouthing the word)
Greg.

SHERLOCK
(silently)
What?

JOHN
(saying the word more
pointedly with as little
sound as he can manage)
Greg.

SHERLOCK
(silently)
Oh.

GREG looks up from his briefcase as SHERLOCK lowers his head a little, looking towards the floor. GREG looks suspiciously across to JOHN.

JOHN
It's obvious, though, isn't it,
what happened?

SHERLOCK

John, you amaze me. You know what happened?

JOHN

Not a clue. It's just you normally say that at this point.

SHERLOCK

(smiling)

Mm. Well, then ...

SHERLOCK stands up and heads for the door, taking off his dressing gown as he goes. The buttons on his white shirt scream in anguish as the shirt stretches across his chest. *[The fandom once again urges them to give up the fight.]*

SHERLOCK

... let's help you solve your little problem, Greg.

JOHN and GREG have also stood up and GREG now looks in startled surprise at JOHN.

LESTRADE

You hear that?

JOHN

I know!

They both smile, and GREG grins towards SHERLOCK's back as he disappears onto the landing.

GREG leads JOHN out of the living room.

LESTRADE

So how's it going then, fatherhood?

JOHN

Oh, good, great! Yeah, amazing.

LESTRADE

Getting any sleep?

JOHN

Christ, no.

SHERLOCK is on the landing putting on his jacket. GREG stops at the top of the stairs and turns back.

LESTRADE

You're at the beck and call of a screaming, demanding baby, woken up at all hours to obey his every whim.

(looks pointedly at SHERLOCK)

Must feel very different.

JOHN lowers his head to try and hide his smile and follows GREG down the stairs.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry, what?

SHERLOCK follows the other two.

JOHN

Yes, well, you know how it is.
All you do is clean up their
mess, pat them on the head.

SHERLOCK

Are you two having a little joke?

[Your transcriber falls off her chair in delight at the return of the mighty 'k-click' on the final word. Many people have given different and various reasons why they didn't like Season 3. Me, I think it's because Sherlock didn't over-emphasise the 'k' at the end of a word for the entire season.]

JOHN

Never a word of thanks. Can't
even tell people's faces apart.

SHERLOCK

This is a joke, isn't it?

LESTRADE

Then it's all, 'Ooh, aren't you
clever? You're so, so clever!'

SHERLOCK stops on the bottom step while JOHN follows GREG to the front door and takes his jacket from the coat hooks.

SHERLOCK

Is it about me?

LESTRADE

(as an aside to JOHN)
I think he needs winding.

[Transcriber's note: in this context, 'winding' means that he needs burping, like a fretful baby who has wind or colic.]

JOHN

You know, I think that really
might be it.

SHERLOCK
No, don't get it.

[Transcriber's note, as suggested by SwissMarg: When Sherlock says this line, he's reflected in the hall mirror and so obviously his image is reversed, which has caused much online confusion as to why his parting briefly appeared to be on the wrong side of his head.]

16 EXT/INT. WELSBOROUGH HOUSE. DAY

16

The boys are walking along the drive towards the house.

LESTRADE
Charlie's family are pretty cut
up about it, as you'd expect, so
go easy on them, yeah?

SHERLOCK
You know me.

JOHN's phone has started ringing notice of a Skype call
and he answers it.

MARY
Hey, hello!

LESTRADE
(unhappily, in response to
SHERLOCK's last comment)
Yeah.

JOHN (INTO PHONE)
Got 'em, don't worry. Pampers;
the cream you can't get from
Boots.

MARY
(holding ROSIE at home)
Yeah, never mind about that.
Where are you now? At the dead
boy's house?

JOHN
Yeah.

MARY
And what does he think? Any
theories?

JOHN
Uh, well, I texted you the
details.

MARY's in the living room and her phone is propped against
a mug so that she can look into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Yeah, two different types of vinyl.

SHERLOCK looks round and snatches JOHN's phone from him.

JOHN

Hey!

SHERLOCK

(looking into the camera of the phone)

How do you know about that?

MARY

Oh, you'd be amazed at what a receptionist picks up.

(She leans closer to the phone and whispers loudly and dramatically.)

They know everything!

SHERLOCK

Solved it, then?

MARY

(smiling)

I'm working on it.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Mary, motherhood's slowing you down.

MARY

Pig!

SHERLOCK

Keep trying.

SHERLOCK hands the phone back to JOHN as they approach the front door.

MARY

So, what about it, then?

SHERLOCK glances upwards as they step into the porch.

MARY

What, an empty car that suddenly has a week-old corpse in it? And what are you gonna call this one?

JOHN

Ooh, the ... uh, The Ghost Driver.

SHERLOCK stops in the hall.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
Don't give it a title.

JOHN
People like the titles.

SHERLOCK
I hate the titles.

JOHN
Give the people what they want.

SHERLOCK
No, never do that. People are
stupid.

MARY
Uh, some people.

SHERLOCK leans over to look into the camera.

SHERLOCK
All people are stupid. ... Most
people.

SHERLOCK straightens up again. As GREG speaks, JOHN smiles and then winks into the camera and then shuts the phone off.

LESTRADE
Bizarre enough, though, isn't it,
to be him?
(looks at SHERLOCK)
I mean, it's right up your
strasse.

SHERLOCK throws him a look and then heads towards a nearby closed door. A man opens it and leads the boys into the same room which the Welsboroughs were in when they took CHARLIE's phone call. CHARLIE's parents are sitting on a sofa and they stand as SHERLOCK walks towards them.

SHERLOCK
Mr and Mrs Welsborough.

SHERLOCK takes EMMA's hand to shake it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I really am most terribly sorry
to hear about your daughter.

JOHN
(instantly)
Son.

SHERLOC
(instantly)
Son.

LESTRADE
Mr and Mrs Welsborough, this is
Mr Sherlock Holmes.

DAVID
Thank you very much for coming.
We've heard a great deal about
you. If anyone can throw any
light into this darkness, surely
it will be you.

SHERLOCK
Well, I believe that I ...

SHERLOCK glances to his right and trails off when
something catches his attention.

SHERLOCK
(slowly)
... can.

DAVID is talking but his voice almost fades out while
SHERLOCK concentrates on what he has spotted across the
room.

DAVID
But Charlie was our whole world,
Mr Holmes. I ...

His voice disappears entirely. SHERLOCK is now totally
focused on a small round table in front of the window. The
window is shuttered and the light in the room is blue and
wavy, as if deep water is rippling all around. At the back
of the table is a certificate on a stand, presented to MR
DAVID WELSBOROUGH by Margaret Thatcher when she was Prime
Minister. In front of it to the left is a framed official
photograph of Thatcher and to the right is another framed
photo of her and David. In front of the solo Thatcher
photo is a small commemorative plate with a painting of
her, and in front of the other picture is the small
painted figurine that we saw earlier. SHERLOCK focuses in
on the space between the plate and the figurine and sees
that the leather cover of the table is scuffed. He homes
in briefly on the official photo and then on the plate,
then the perspective changes and he is standing alone in
the sitting room. The shutters on the windows are open and
daylight is streaming in.

Standing beside him, JOHN speaks distantly.

JOHN
Sherlock?

The Welsboroughs look towards the window, then turn back to SHERLOCK.

DAVID
Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK gasps in a small breath and turns to them.

SHERLOCK
Sorry. You were saying?

DAVID
Well, Charlie was our whole world, Mr Holmes. I ... I don't think we'll ever get over this.

Nodding, SHERLOCK turns his head toward the table again.

SHERLOCK
No, shouldn't think so.

The Welsboroughs look at him, startled at his indifferent tone. SHERLOCK continues to stare at the table, frowning, then pulls in another breath and looks at the couple.

SHERLOCK
So sorry. Will you excuse me a moment? I just ...

SHERLOCK turns and walks closer to the table. DAVID looks at JOHN and GREG.

JOHN
I'll just, um ...

Clearing his throat, JOHN follows SHERLOCK, who stops in front of the table and looks down at it. The Welsboroughs sit down and JOHN walks to SHERLOCK's side.

JOHN
Now what's wrong?

SHERLOCK
Not sure. I just ... 'By the pricking of my thumbs.'

JOHN
(scoffing sarcastically)
Seriously? You?!

SHERLOCK
Intuitions are not to be ignored, John. They represent data processed too fast for the conscious mind to comprehend.

SHERLOCK turns to the Welsboroughs while pointing to the table.

SHERLOCK
What is this?

DAVID
Oh, it's a sort of shrine, I
suppose, really.

DAVID stands up and walks over to the boys.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Bit of a fan of Mrs T. Big hero
of mine when I was getting
started.

SHERLOCK smiles politely at him while he takes his
magnifier from his pocket and clicks it open.

SHERLOCK
Right, yes.

SHERLOCK bends down to look more closely at the table,
then frowns and straightens up again.

SHERLOCK
Who?

DAVID
What?

SHERLOCK
Who-who is this?

SHERLOCK gestures to the table.

DAVID
Are you serious?

JOHN
(sternly)
Sherlock.

DAVID
It's ... it's Margaret Thatcher,
the first female prime minister
of this country.

SHERLOCK
Right.

SHERLOCK has bent down to look at the table again but now
straightens up.

SHERLOCK
Prime minister?

DAVID
(starting to sound a little
tetchy)
Mm. Leader of the government.

SHERLOCK
Right.

SHERLOCK squats down again, then lifts his head.

SHERLOCK
(hopefully)
Female?

JOHN
For God's sake. You know
perfectly well who she is.

DAVID walks away and JOHN steps closer.

JOHN
Why are you playing for time?

SHERLOCK
It's the gap.

SHERLOCK focuses on the space between the items on the table.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Look at the gap. It's wrong.
Everything else is perfectly
ordered, managed ...

DAVID sits down next to EMMA and looks across to GREG, who shrugs.

SHERLOCK
This whole thing's verging on
OCD.

SHERLOCK turns to look at the Welsboroughs.

SHERLOCK
My respects. This figurine is
routinely re-positioned after the
cleaner's been in.

SHERLOCK points to the official picture.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
This picture's straightened every
day, yet this ugly gap remains.

SHERLOCK points to the vacant spot in the middle of the table.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Something's missing from here,
but only recently.

SHERLOCK squats down again to focus on the scratched leather.

DAVID
Yes, a ...

SHERLOCK
... plaster bust.

DAVID
(a split second afterwards)
... plaster bust.

EMMA
(exasperated)
Oh, for God's sake. It got
broken. What the hell has this
got to do with Charlie?

SHERLOCK straightens up and speaks loudly as he clicks his magnifier closed.

SHERLOCK
Rug!

EMMA
What?

SHERLOCK
Well, how could it get broken?
The only place for it to fall is
the floor, and there is a big
thick rug.

EMMA
Does it matter?

JOHN
Mrs Welsborough, my apologies. It
is worth letting him do this.

EMMA
Is your friend quite mad?

JOHN
No, he's an arsehole, but it's an
easy mistake.

DAVID
Look, no, we had a break-in. Some
little bastard smashed it to
bits. We found the remains out
there in the porch.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
The porch where we came in?

DAVID
How anybody could hate her so much, they'd go to the trouble of smashing her likeness ...

[Bloody hell, David, where have you been hiding all these decades?]

SHERLOCK
I'm no expert but, er, possibly her face?

JOHN closes his eyes briefly.

SHERLOCK
Why didn't he smash all the others? Perfect opportunity, and look at that one.

SHERLOCK points to the official photo.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
She's smiling in that one.

EMMA
Oh, Inspector, this is clearly a waste of time. I mean, if there's nothing more ..

SHERLOCK
I know what happened to your son.

The parents stare at him hopefully.

EMMA
You do?

SHERLOCK
It's quite simple. Superficial, to be blunt. But first, tell me: the night of the break-in. This room was in darkness?

DAVID
Well, yes.

SHERLOCK
And the porch where it was smashed: I noticed the motion sensor was damaged, so I assume it's permanently lit.

Brief flashback to SHERLOCK looking upwards as he and others approaching the front door, and seeing the cracked motion sensor and the porch light on in broad daylight.

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

How'd you notice that?

SHERLOCK

I lack the arrogance to ignore details. I'm not the police.

JOHN

So you're saying he smashed it where he could see it.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

Why?

SHERLOCK

Dunno. Wouldn't be fun if I knew.

EMMA

(tearfully)

Mr Holmes, please.

SHERLOCK straightens up and turns towards them. He takes a breath.

SHERLOCK

(quick fire)

It was your fiftieth birthday, Mr Welsborough; of course you were disappointed that your son hadn't made it back from his gap year. After all, he was in Tibet.

DAVID

Yes.

SHERLOCK

No.

DAVID

No?

Flashback to the car parked outside the house. People can be heard singing 'Happy Birthday To You' inside the house.

SHERLOCK

The first part of your conversation was, in fact, pre-recorded video. Easily arranged.

In flashback, CHARLIE is sitting in the driving seat of the car holding his phone. As the 'buffering' circle spins, he lifts the phone to his ear. Inside the house, DAVID looks at his ringing phone.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (IN FLASHBACK)
It's a Skype call.

SHERLOCK
The trick was meant to be a surprise.

DAVID
Trick?

SHERLOCK
Obviously.

In flashback, CHARLIE speaks into his phone.

CHARLIE (IN FLASHBACK)
(He grins)
Could you take a photo and send it?

SHERLOCK
There were two types of vinyl in the burnt-out remains of the car. One the actual passenger seat; the other a good copy. Well, good enough.

In flashback, CHARLIE takes a loose seat cover from the passenger seat and puts it over his face and body. DAVID walks towards the car, getting the camera ready to take the photo. In the near darkness, CHARLIE can see what's happening through dark gauzy material inserted into the face area of the cover.

SHERLOCK
Effectively a costume.

Having got the cover in place, CHARLIE tucks his hands inside and is now obscured from view from the outside.

In the present, DAVID and EMMA stare in disbelief.

DAVID
You're joking.

SHERLOCK
No, I'm not. What he wanted was for you to get close enough to the car so he could spring the surprise.

In flashback, DAVID takes the photo of the Power Ranger attached to the car's grille. As he lifts his phone to his ear, CHARLIE rips off the seat cover, grinning at him. DAVID stares at him in delight.

DAVID (IN FLASHBACK)
(excitedly)
Oh my God!

CHARLIE (IN FLASHBACK)
Surprise!

The not-real flashback goes into reverse.

SHERLOCK
That's when it happened.

Hidden inside the seat cover, CHARLIE frowns as if in pain.

SHERLOCK
I can't be certain, of course,
but I think Charlie must have
suffered some sort of a seizure.
You said he'd felt unwell?

In flashback, DAVID speaks into his phone.

DAVID (IN FLASHBACK)
You all right?

CHARLIE (IN FLASHBACK)
It's nothing. Probably just the
altitude.

Inside the seat cover, CHARLIE's eyes go blank.

SHERLOCK
He died there and then. No-one
had any cause to go near his car,
so there he remained in the
driver's seat hidden until ...

Flashback to the drunk driver's car smashing into
CHARLIE's car, which then explodes.

SHERLOCK
When the two cars were examined,
the fake seat had melted in the
fire, revealing Charlie, who'd
been sitting there quite dead for
a week.

EMMA breaks down in tears.

EMMA
Oh, God!

Staring at SHERLOCK in shock, DAVID reaches across to
comfort her.

LESTRADE

Poor kid.

SHERLOCK

Really, I'm so sorry, Mr
Welsborough, Mrs Welsborough.

SHERLOCK walks rapidly out of the room and is soon
examining the concrete on the porch with his magnifier.

SHERLOCK

This is where it was smashed.

JOHN and GREG are just joining him.

LESTRADE

That was amazing.

SHERLOCK

What?

LESTRADE

The car, the kid.

SHERLOCK

Ancient history. Why are you
still talking about it?

JOHN

What's so important about a
broken bust of Margaret Thatcher?

SHERLOCK

(straightening up)

Can't stand it. Never can.
There's a loose thread in the
world.

JOHN

Yeah, doesn't mean you have to
pull on it.

SHERLOCK

What kind of a life would that
be? Besides, I have the strangest
feeling.

SHERLOCK has a brief flash of JAMES MORIARTY looking into
the camera over his right shoulder.

JIM (IN FLASHBACK)

Miss me?

SHERLOCK shakes the thought away and stands up, pointing
to the black cab parked nearby as he walks towards it.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

That's mine. You two take a ...
bus.

JOHN

(laughing in disbelief)
Why?

SHERLOCK

I need to concentrate, and I
don't want to hit you.

SHERLOCK gets in and tells the cabbie his destination.

SHERLOCK

The Mall, please.

17 INT.THE DIOGENES CLUB. MYCROFT'S UNDERGROUND OFFICE. DAY17

SHERLOCK has taken off his coat and is pacing in front of
the desk while MYCROFT sits behind it.

MYCROFT

I met her once.

SHERLOCK

Thatcher?

MYCROFT

Rather arrogant, I thought.

SHERLOCK

You thought that?!

MYCROFT chuckles.

MYCROFT

I know!

His smile drops and he holds up SHERLOCK's phone.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Why am I looking at this?

SHERLOCK stops his pacing.

SHERLOCK

That's her. John and Mary's baby.

MYCROFT

Oh, I see.

(looks at the picture)

Yes.

(smiles in a fake way)

Looks very ...

(pauses as struggles for an
appropriate term)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT (cont'd)
... fully functioning.

SHERLOCK frowns at him.

SHERLOCK
Is that really the best you can do?

MYCROFT
Sorry. I've never been very good with them.

SHERLOCK
Babies?

MYCROFT
(smiling smugly)
Humans.

SHERLOCK steps forward and takes the phone from his brother and puts it in the inside pocket of his jacket.

SHERLOCK
Moriarty. Did he have any connection with Thatcher? Any interest in her?

MYCROFT
Why on earth would he?

SHERLOCK
(tetchily)
I don't know. You tell me.

MYCROFT sniffs, then leans forward and opens a folder on his desk.

MYCROFT
In the last year of his life, James Moriarty was involved with four political assassinations, over seventy assorted robberies and terrorist attacks, including a chemical weapons factory in North Korea, and had latterly shown some interest in tracking down the Black Pearl of the Borgias - which is still missing, by the way, in case you feel like applying yourself to something practical.

SHERLOCK
It's a pearl. Get another one.

MYCROFT rolls his eyes.

SHERLOCK
(thoughtfully, looking off
to one side)
There's something important about
this.

For a few moments, the reflection and sound of dark blue rippling water seems to surround him.

SHERLOCK
I'm sure. Maybe it's Moriarty.
Maybe it's not. But something's
coming.

The water disappears. MYCROFT frowns and leans forward, folding his hands on the desk.

MYCROFT
Are you having a premonition,
brother mine?

SHERLOCK blinks and looks towards MYCROFT.

SHERLOCK
The world is woven from billions
of lives, every strand crossing
every other. What we call
premonition is just movement of
the web. If you could attenuate
to every strand of quivering
data, the future would be
entirely calculable, as
inevitable as mathematics.

MYCROFT smiles briefly.

MYCROFT
Appointment in Samarra.

SHERLOCK
I'm sorry?

MYCROFT
The merchant who can't outrun
Death. You always hated that
story as a child. Less keen on
predestination back then.

SHERLOCK narrows his eyes.

SHERLOCK
I'm not sure I like it now.

SHERLOCK picks up his coat from the chair in front of the desk and starts to put it on.

MYCROFT

You wrote your own version, as I remember. Appointment in Sumatra. The merchant goes to a different city and is perfectly fine.

SHERLOCK

Goodnight, Mycroft.

SHERLOCK turns towards the door.

MYCROFT

(looking thoughtful at the memory)

Then he becomes a pirate, for some reason.

SHERLOCK

Keep me informed.

MYCROFT

Of what?

SHERLOCK walks out the door.

SHERLOCK

Absolutely no idea.

18 INT. SOMEWHERE. NIGHT

18

Somewhere unknown, white plaster smashes. The camera pans across the dark room where this has happened and reveals another plaster bust of Thatcher, broken into pieces.

19 INT. AJAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

19

Elsewhere, a man (AJAY) lies with his eyes closed, his eyelids trembling slightly as he dreams or remembers something. His eyes snap open, tears running from them, and a voice sounds inside his head, speaking with a foreign accent.

VOICE V.O.

Ammo!

(again, louder this time)

Ammo!

The man (AJAY) writhes on his bed in a small room while remembered screams echo in his head. The lights of a passing car swing across the window above the bed and the man cringes, his breathing ragged.

20 INT. SOMEWHERE. NIGHT 20

Elsewhere, another white plaster bust of Thatcher smashes to the ground.

21 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY 21

On the first floor landing, DI HOPKINS is standing outside the closed door of the living room tapping a finger against a folder she is holding. She turns as GREG trots up the stairs holding a brown paper bag.

LESTRADE
Oh, hi, Stella.

HOPKINS
Greg.

LESTRADE
You, uh ... you, um ...

He makes incoherent noises and points to the closed door.

HOPKINS
Uh, yeah. He's just got a client,
so ...

LESTRADE
R-right, right, right.

They look around awkwardly for a moment.

LESTRADE
Uh, so see a lot of each other,
do you?

HOPKINS
(shrugging)
It's nothing. I mean, it's
nothing serious.

LESTRADE
No, no.

HOPKINS
I just pop round every now and
again for a chat.

LESTRADE
Yeah, 'course.

HOPKINS
I mean, he loves a really tricky
case.

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

(laughing)

Yeah, he does! So, what you here for?

HOPKINS

Well, uh, Interpol think the Borgia Pearl trail leads back to London, so ...

LESTRADE

The Borgia Pearl. Are they ... they still after that, are they?

HOPKINS

Yeah. So how did, uh, you two first meet?

LESTRADE

Oh, it was a-a case about, um, ten years ago nobody could figure out. There was an old lady found dead in a sauna.

HOPKINS

Oh yeah? How'd she die?

LESTRADE

Hypothermia.

HOPKINS

(frowning)

What?

LESTRADE

I know! But then I met Sherlock.
(louder)
It was so simple, the way ...

SHERLOCK hurls the door open and glares at them.

SHERLOCK

Will you two please keep it down?

SHERLOCK slams the door shut.

LESTRADE

Sorry.

HOPKINS

Sorry.

Inside the living room, SHERLOCK walks over to his chair, passing a man (KINGSLEY) sitting on the client chair wearing grey trousers and a pale short-sleeved shirt.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Now, you haven't always been in life insurance, have you? You started out in manual labour.

SHERLOCK sits down in his chair and raises his hands when the man opens his mouth in surprise.

SHERLOCK

Oh, don't bother being astonished. Your right hand's almost an entire size bigger than your left.

A close-up of the man's hands clasped on his lap is overlaid with the words

GLOVE SIZE

[Superimposed above his hands are the numbers "10½" over the right hand and "9½" over the other.]

SHERLOCK

Hard manual work does that.

KINGSLEY

I was a carpenter, uh, like me dad.

SHERLOCK

And you're trying to give up smoking, unsuccessfully, and you once had a Japanese girlfriend that meant a lot to you but now you feel indifferent about.

KINGSLEY

(smiling nervously)
How the hell ...?

KINGSLEY looks down into the pocket on his shirt and the several small cylindrical items in it. He smiles across to SHERLOCK.

KINGSLEY

Ah. E-cigarettes.

SHERLOCK

Not just that - ten individual electronic - cigarettes. Now, if you just wanted to smoke indoors, you would have invested in one of those irritating electronic pipe things, but you're convinced you can give up, so you don't want to buy a pipe because that means you're not serious about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
quitting, so instead you buy
individual cigarettes, always
sure that each will be your last.
Anything to add, John?

SHERLOCK glances briefly towards JOHN's chair, then does a startled double-take.

SHERLOCK
John?

Floating at seated head height in JOHN's chair is a red balloon with a face drawn on it. The eyebrows are tilted enquiringly and the face has an impressed smile. The balloon is held in place by a piece of string wrapped around a book propped up on the seat. A moment later the real JOHN pops his head round the kitchen door.

JOHN
Er, yeah, yeah, listening.

SHERLOCK stares wide-eyed at the balloon.

SHERLOCK
What is that?

JOHN comes into the living room.

JOHN
That is ... me. Well, it's a
me-substitute.

SHERLOCK frowns, then glances briefly towards KINGSLEY.

SHERLOCK
Don't be so hard on yourself.

SHERLOCK chuckles, looking a little shy and awkward and flicking brief glances at John as he continues.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You know I value your little
contributions.

JOHN
Yeah? It's been there since nine
this morning.

SHERLOCK
Has it? Where were you?

JOHN
Helping Mrs Hudson with her
Sudoku.

KINGSLEY

What about my girlfriend?

SHERLOCK

What?

KINGSLEY

You said I had an ex.

SHERLOCK

You've got a Japanese tattoo in the crook of your elbow in the name 'Akako.'

There's a close-up of the tattoo, which is very faded, and we hear the buzzing sound of a tattoo gun.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's obvious you've tried to have it removed.

KINGSLEY looks down at the tattoo.

KINGSLEY

But surely that means I wanna forget her, not that I'm indifferent.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

If she'd really hurt your feelings, you would have had the word obliterated, but the first attempt wasn't successful and you haven't tried again, so it seems you can live with the slightly blurred memory of Akako, hence the indifference.

KINGSLEY laughs for a couple of seconds, then holds his hands up.

KINGSLEY

Sorry. I-I thought you'd done something clever.

SHERLOCK's head turns towards him.

KINGSLEY

No, no. Ah, but now you've explained it, it's dead simple, innit?

The side of JOHN's mouth twitches up into a smile. SHERLOCK pulls in a long breath, straightening up in his seat as he turns more towards KINGSLEY, then he breathes out deeply through his nose.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

I've withheld this information from you until now, Mr Kingsley, but I think it's time you knew the truth.

KINGSLEY

What d'you mean?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Have you ever wondered if your wife was a little bit out of your league?

KINGSLEY

Well ...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You thought she was having an affair. I'm afraid it's far worse than that. Your wife is a spy.

KINGSLEY

What?!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

That's right. Her real name is Greta Bengsdotter.

(quick fire)

Swedish by birth and probably the most dangerous spy in the world. She's been operating deep undercover for the past four years now as your wife for one reason only: to get near the American embassy which is across the road from your flat. Tomorrow the US president will be at the embassy as part of an official state visit. As the president greets members of staff, Greta Bengsdotter, disguised as a twenty-two stone cleaner, will inject the president in the back of the neck with a dangerous new drug hidden inside a secret compartment inside her padded armpit. This drug will then render the president entirely susceptible to the will of their new master, none other than James Moriarty.

KINGSLEY

What?!

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

(quick fire)

Moriarty will then use the president as a pawn to destabilise the United Nations General Assembly which is due to vote on a nuclear non-proliferation treaty, tipping the balance in favour of a first strike policy against Russia. This chain of events will then prove unstoppable, thus precipitating ... (he finally slows down and says the next words slowly and precisely) World War Three.

JOHN chuckles almost silently.

JOHN

Are you serious?

SHERLOCK

No, of course not.

SHERLOCK stands up and walks towards the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

His wife left him because his breath stinks and he likes to wear her lingerie.

KINGSLEY

I don't!

JOHN quirks a look at him.

KINGSLEY

Just the bras.

SHERLOCK opens the door.

SHERLOCK

Get out.

KINGSLEY stands up and leaves the room, walking between the waiting inspectors. SHERLOCK pushes the door shut again.

JOHN

So. What's this all about, then?

SHERLOCK

Having fun.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Fun?

SHERLOCK

While I can.

JOHN

Mm-hm.

There's a knock on the door and HOPKINS opens it and comes in.

HOPKINS

Uh, Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK

(quick fire)

Borgia Pearl, boring, go.

SHERLOCK turns her around and pushes her towards the landing.

HOPKINS

Uh, but, uh ...

SHERLOCK

Go!

SHERLOCK pushes the door shut. Immediately GREG opens it and comes in. SHERLOCK looks exasperated.

SHERLOCK

Oh, this had better be good.

LESTRADE

Oh, I think you'll like it.

From the paper bag GREG produces a clear plastic bag and holds it up. Inside are shattered pieces of white plaster, and some of the larger pieces show that this was a Thatcher bust. SHERLOCK takes hold of the bottom of the bag and looks at it closely.

JOHN

That is the bust, isn't it? The one that was broken.

LESTRADE

No, it isn't. It's another one; different owner, different part of town. You were right! This is a ... this is a thing. Something's going on.

SHERLOCK looks at the bag and for a moment it's as if half of his face is replaced by a Thatcher bust, which then shatters. SHERLOCK's gaze becomes intense.

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE

What's wrong? I thought you'd be pleased.

SHERLOCK

I am pleased.

LESTRADE

You don't look pleased.

SHERLOCK is still looking down at the bag.

SHERLOCK

This is my game face.

SHERLOCK raises his eyes, a slight smile forming.

SHERLOCK

And the game is on.

SHERLOCK turns away.

Shortly afterwards he is sitting at the kitchen table examining pieces of the broken plaster under his microscope. John and Greg stand nearby.

LESTRADE

Another two have been smashed since the Welsborough one: one belonging to Mr Mohandes Hassan
...

JOHN

Identical busts?

LESTRADE

Yeah; and this one to a Doctor Barnicot in Holborn. Three in total.

(looks at his watch.)

God knows who'd wanna do something like this.

JOHN

Yeah, well some people have that complex, don't they - an idée fixe.

JOHN walks closer to the table he looks pointedly at Sherlock.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They obsess over one thing and they can't let it go.

SHERLOCK is still looking into the microscope.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
No, no good. There were other
images of Margaret ...

SHERLOCK pauses, then raises his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... Margaret?

JOHN
(exasperated)
You know who she is.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Thatcher present at the first
break-in. Why would a monomaniac
fixate on just one?

SHERLOCK picks up another piece of plaster with tweezers
and finds it instantly interesting.

SHERLOCK
Ooh.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Blood.

SHERLOCK puts the plaster under the microscope and looks
at it through the lenses.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Quite a bit of it, too.

SHERLOCK looks up to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Was there any injury at the crime
scene?

LESTRADE
No.

GREG looks at his watch again. SHERLOCK turns his head
away.

SHERLOCK
Then our suspect must have cut
themselves breaking the bust.

SHERLOCK uses the tweezers to put the blood-stained piece
of plaster into a small plastic bag.

SHERLOCK
Come on.

LESTRADE
Holborn?

SHERLOCK
Lambeth.

LESTRADE
Lambeth? Why?

SHERLOCK
To see Toby.

JOHN
Ah, right. Who?

SHERLOCK
You'll see.

JOHN
Right.
(to Greg)
You coming?

SHERLOCK
No. He's got a lunch date with a
brunette forensic officer that he
doesn't want to be late for.

SHERLOCK gets up and starts putting on his jacket.

LESTRADE
Who told you?

SHERLOCK
The right sleeve of your jacket
...

A close-up shows that there are long human hairs on the sleeve.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... plus the formaldehyde mixed
with your cologne ...

SHERLOCK pulls a disgusted face.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
... and your complete inability
to stop looking at your watch.
Have a good time.

LESTRADE
I will.

GREG heads for the kitchen door onto the landing. SHERLOCK picks up his phone and types, "Busy?"

SHERLOCK
Trust me, though, she's not right
for you.

GREG stops and turns back.

LESTRADE
What?

SHERLOCK
(loudly)
She's not the one.

LESTRADE
Well, thank you, Mystic Meg(!)

GREG leaves. JOHN steps closer to SHERLOCK.

JOHN
How'd you work all that out?

SHERLOCK
(quietly, still typing)
She's got three children in Rio
that he doesn't know about.

JOHN
Are you just making this up?

SHERLOCK
Possibly.

SHERLOCK turns and goes out of the kitchen door, JOHN following.

JOHN
Who's Toby?

22 INT. ROOM WITH COMPUTERS. DAY

22

As SHERLOCK speaks, we see images of a young overweight man (CRAIG) with glasses sitting at a desk on which are several computer screens. As he types, complicated data code streams across the screen in front of him.

SHERLOCK V.O.
There's a kid I know, hacker,
brilliant hacker, one of the
world's best. He got himself into
serious trouble with the
Americans a couple of years ago.
He hacked into the Pentagon's
security system, and I managed to
get him off the charge. Therefore
he owes me a favour.

23

EXT. FRONT DOOR. DAY

23

SHERLOCK's gloved hand reaches for the knocker on a black-painted door and he knocks twice and then steps back onto the pavement.

JOHN

So, how does that help us?

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

Toby the hacker.

SHERLOCK

Toby's not the hacker.

JOHN

What?

The young man (CRAIG) opens the door and SHERLOCK smiles at him.

SHERLOCK

All right, Craig?

CRAIG

(smiling)

All right, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK smiles at something near Craig's feet.

SHERLOCK

Craig's got a dog!

A large bloodhound (TOBY), with a lead attached to his collar, wanders out onto the pavement.

JOHN

So I see.

SHERLOCK laughs with delight as the dog comes to him.

SHERLOCK

Good boy!

As CRAIG grins at them, MARY comes to his side from inside the house, carrying ROSIE in her arms.

MARY

Hiya!

JOHN stares at her in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Mary, what are you ...?

JOHN holds up his hands as she comes out of the house.

JOHN

No, we-we agreed we would never bring Rosie out on a case.

MARY

No, exactly, so ...

She hands the baby to John.

MARY (CONT'D)

... don't wait up.

She looks across to SHERLOCK.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hey, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Hey.

JOHN

But ... Mary, what are you doing here?

SHERLOCK

She's better at this than you.

JOHN

Better?

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

So I texted her.

JOHN

Hang on. Mary's better than me?

SHERLOCK

Well, she is a retired super-agent with a terrifying skill set. Of course she's better.

JOHN

Yeah, okay.

SHERLOCK

Nothing personal.

JOHN

What, so I'm supposed to just go home now, am I?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Oh, what do you think, Sherlock?
Shall we take him with us?

SHERLOCK

John or the dog?

JOHN

Ha-ha, that's funny.

MARY

(to SHERLOCK)

John.

SHERLOCK

(mock-thoughtfully)

Well ...

MARY

He's handy and loyal.

JOHN

That's hilarious.

SHERLOCK

Mm.

JOHN

(not seriously)

Is it too early for a divorce?

MARY

Aww!

Smiling, she points to herself.

SHERLOCK

Barnicot's house, then. Anyone up
for a trudge?

SHERLOCK turns and walks away with TOBY, who barks
enthusiastically.

SHERLOCK

Keep up. He's fast.

24

EXT. SOME CORNER IN THE STRETS. DAY

24

Some time later, TOBY is sit down on the pavement near a
phone box. MARY stands behind him holding his lead and
with her feet either side of his backside. JOHN now has
ROSIE strapped in front of him in a baby carrier and
SHERLOCK stands next to him with his hands stuffed into
the top pockets of his coat. From MARY's pursed lips,
JOHN's frown as he looks down at the dog and SHERLOCK's
distant gaze, it seems that they've been there for some
time. JOHN finally looks up at SHERLOCK.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
He's not moving.

SHERLOCK
He's thinking.

MARY idly strokes the top of TOBY's head with her fingers, and TOBY whines. JOHN looks down at him again for a moment before lifting his head.

JOHN
He's really not moving.

SHERLOCK
Slow but sure, John; not dissimilar to yourself.

JOHN frowns and looks down at TOBY again.

JOHN
You just like this dog, don't you?

SHERLOCK
Well, I like you.

MARY
(tiredly)
He's still not moving.

SHERLOCK looks down at the dog for a few seconds.

SHERLOCK
Fascinating.

MARY lets out an exasperated sigh.

25

EXT. DIFFERENT PLACES OF LONDON. DAY

25

But finally the game is afoot a-paw, and - to the familiar "Pursuit" music - It shows a TOBY's-eye view while he lollops along the road, identifying scents in his own Sherlockian way as he visualises the different smells as '**HAEMOGLOBIN**' and '**CAFFEINE**', and various chemical symbols. Overlaying the screen, a map shows the route he's taking as he chases along many different roads. Some time later the team is walking along another road as TOBY leads them, his nose down and identifying '**H: GROUP A -VE**'. On they go, TOBY smells the chemical elements of '**WHISKEY**' as they run past a church.

SHERLOCK
Well? What do you make of it?

MARY
They were looking for something.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Yes, but it wasn't a burglar.
They came specifically for that
Thatcher bust. Why?

Reaching the Southwark area of London, they head into Borough Market and walk past the stalls until TOBY finally slows down and stops. There's a large pool of blood on the ground and someone has thrown sawdust over it to soak up some of it. Nearby a door opens and a butcher walks out with a pig's carcass over his shoulder. TOBY looks round as another butcher carries another carcass into the area the other man just left. As a third butcher with yet another carcass walks across the pool of blood, a street sweeper begins to brush the soaked sawdust into a heap ready to clean it up. TOBY whines mournfully. SHERLOCK looks at the bloody sawdust.

SHERLOCK

Clever.

MARY

Well, if you were wounded and you
knew you were leaving a trail,
where would you go?

JOHN

Like hiding a tree in a forest.

SHERLOCK

Or blood in a butchers'.

SHERLOCK goes round to the front of the dog and bends down to stroke his head.

SHERLOCK

Never mind, Toby. Better luck
next time, hm?

SHERLOCK looks around the market.

SHERLOCK

This is it, though. This is the
one. I can feel it.

JOHN

Not Moriarty?

SHERLOCK

It has to be him. It's too
bizarre; it's too baroque.

SHERLOCK continues to look around the area, his face alight with excitement.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
It's designed to beguile me,
tease me, lure me in. At last - a
noose for me to put my neck into.

SHERLOCK walks away. JOHN and MARY exchange a concerned look.

26 INT. SOMEWHERE. NIGHT

26

Elsewhere, someone smashes a hammer into another white plaster bust of Thatcher and then brings the hammer down again to break the bits into smaller pieces before rummaging through the fragments. A second identical bust stands beside the shattered one, and the intruder lifts it and then slams it down onto the table to break it.

27 INT.MARY AND JOHN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

27

The Watsons are lying side by side in bed with their eyes closed. They speak quietly and tiredly.

MARY
You should have seen the state of
the front room. It was like 'The
Exorcist.'

JOHN
Hm! Was Rosie's head spinning
round?

MARY
No. Just the projectile vomiting.

JOHN
Nice(!)

He shifts slightly in the bed.

MARY
Hm! No, you'd think we'd have
noticed when she was born.

JOHN
Hm? Noticed what?

MARY
The little '666' on her forehead.

JOHN hums thoughtfully.

JOHN
That's 'The Omen.'

MARY opens her eyes and looks across to him.

MARY

So?

JOHN

Well, you said it was like 'The Exorcist.' They're two different things. She can't be the Devil and the Antichrist.

MARY sighs and closes her eyes. From the next bedroom, ROSIE starts to cry. JOHN opens his eyes and lifts his head slightly and they both look in the direction of the sound.

MARY

Yeah, can't she?

JOHN groans and drops his head back onto the pillow. MARY throws back her side of the duvet and gets up.

MARY

Coming, darling.

JOHN pushes the top of the duvet down a little and presses the backs of his hands over his eyes for a moment. MARY heads for the other bedroom.

MARY

Mummy's coming.

On his bedside table, JOHN's phone trills an incoming message. He rolls over and picks up the phone. ROSIE wailing can be heard.

MARY V.O.

Oh, what are you doing?! What are you doing?!

As she continues chatting to her daughter, JOHN looks at his phone. His eyebrows raise at what he sees, then he frowns.

28

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE. DAY

28

CRAIG is sitting at his computer typing while SHERLOCK stands behind him.

CRAIG

Have you heard of that thing, in Germany?

SHERLOCK

You're going to have to be more specific, Craig.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

'Ostalgie.' People who miss the old days under the Communists. People are weird, aren't they?

SHERLOCK

Mm.

SHERLOCK narrows his eyes momentarily.

CRAIG

According to this, there's quite a market for Cold War memorabilia - Thatcher, Reagan, Stalin.

(smiles)

Time's a great leveller, innit? Thatcher's like - I dunno - Napoleon now.

SHERLOCK steps closer and leans down to CRAIG.

SHERLOCK

(quick fire)

Yes, fascinating, irrelevant. Where exactly did they come from?

CRAIG

I've got into the records of the suppliers - Gelder & Co. Seems they're from Georgia.

SHERLOCK

Where exactly?

CRAIG

Uh, Tbilisi. Batch of six.

SHERLOCK straightens up, looking thoughtful.

CRAIG

One to Welsborough; one to Hassan; one to Doctor Barnicot. Two to Miss Orrie Harker ...

SHERLOCK's phone rings and he reaches into his coat to get it.

CRAIG

... one to a Mr Jack Sandeford of Reading.

SHERLOCK answers his phone and starts speaking immediately.

SHERLOCK

Lestrade, another one?

(CONTINUED)

LESTRADE
 (over phone, tired)
 Yeah.

SHERLOCK
 Harker or Sandeford?

Outdoors somewhere, GREG looks skywards as if wondering which magic pixie whispered those names into SHERLOCK's ears. Behind him is a crime scene tape and two forensics technicians in white body cover-suits, along with a couple of police officers in neon yellow coats.

LESTRADE
 Harker. And it's murder this time.

SHERLOCK
 Hm, that perks things up a bit.

SHERLOCK turns to leave.

29

EXT. A CAB. DAY

29

Not long afterwards SHERLOCK is in the back of a taxi and types **"BLACK PEARL MYSTERY"** into his phone and getting various snippets of information:

Legendary gem stolen from ...

Interpol launches investigation following the legendary Black Pearl ...

... Borgias from a secure vault in Georgia.

INVESTIGATION ...

He types **"INTERPOL"** and more information comes up:
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Black Pearl

Sources at Interpol have admitted they have no new suspects in the case of the missing Black Pearl of the ...

... IN GEORGIA

INTERPOL INVESTIGATION

NO NEW SUSPECT IN THE BLACK PEARL CASE

30

INT. ORRIE HARKER'S BACK GARDEN. DAY

30

GREG and SHERLOCK walk across the garden to where MISS HARKER's body is lying face down on the grass. The forensic investigators are taking photographs.

LESTRADE

Defensive wounds on her face and hands. Throat cut - sharp blade.

SHERLOCK

The same thing inside the house?
The bust?

LESTRADE

Two of them this time.

SHERLOCK

Interesting. That batch of statues was made in Tbilisi several years ago - limited edition of six.

LESTRADE

And now someone's wandering about destroying 'em all. Makes no sense. What's the point?

SHERLOCK

No, they're not destroying them. That's not what's happening.

LESTRADE

Yes it is.

SHERLOCK

Well, it is what's happening, but it's not the point. I've been slow; far too slow.

LESTRADE

Well, I'm still being slow over here, so if you wouldn't mind ...

SHERLOCK

Slow but lucky; very lucky. And since they smashed both busts, our luck might just hold. Jack Sandeford of Reading is where I'm going next. Congratulations, by the way.

LESTRADE

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

Well, you're about to solve a big one.

SHERLOCK turns and walks away.

LESTRADE

Yeah, until John publishes his blog.

SHERLOCK

(over his shoulder)

Yeah. 'Til then, basically.

31 INT. SANDEFORD HOME. EARLY EVENING

31

Inside one of the rooms in an expensive looking house, a small table holds a photo of a man holding up a trophy and smiling happily at the camera. In front of the photograph is a different trophy with a carving of a man with a golf club over his shoulder in full back swing and an over-large bag of golf clubs beside him. Next to the trophy is a white plaster bust of Thatcher.

A man (SANDEFORD) wearing a dressing gown and with a towel over one arm walks past the table and goes to the other side of the room which has a floor-to-ceiling window looking through into an indoor swimming pool lit in dark blue light. A little girl is in the pool, swimming. The man goes through the open door into the pool room and calls out to the girl.

SANDEFORD

That's enough now, love.

He walks over to where there's a small jacuzzi set into the corner of the main pool. On either side of the jacuzzi, two silver towers, about four feet high and a couple of feet wide, are fountaining clear sheets of water into the main pool. SANDEFORD leans down and passes his hand over a photoelectric sensor and the water stops.

SANDEFORD

Daddy has things to do, I'm afraid.

The girl (SANDEFORD'S DAUGHTER) has swum to the ladder at the side of the pool and starts to climb it. He walks over to meet her.

SANDEFORD

And you need to get to bed! Come on!

She gets out of the water and he wraps the towel around her. They walk out of the pool room and SANDEFORD closes the door, swiping his hand over another sensor on the

(CONTINUED)

wall. The lights in that room go out, leaving the lights on in the pool room. They walk away and, in the pool room, SHERLOCK walks into view and stands at the window watching them leave. After a moment, he walks out of view again.

A clock on the screen shows the time as 19:00. Time passes - your transcriber can't be bothered to record each time change - and then, some time after 22:00 someone comes into the room adjoining the pool room, carrying a large bag. The person walks across to the Thatcher bust, picks it up and starts to stuff it into the bag but then the lights come on.

SHERLOCK - who has taken off his coat - walks across the room behind THE INTRUDER, who has the hood of his jacket pulled up over his head and is wearing a balaclava helmet over his face.

SHERLOCK

Wouldn't it be much simpler to
take out your grievances at the
polling station?

THE INTRUDER whips out a pistol and spins around towards SHERLOCK, who instantly slaps the gun out of his hand. The man swings the bag up and towards SHERLOCK's head but he grabs it and throws it out of reach before punching the man in the face. *Your transcriber notices for the first time that SHERLOCK is wearing the Purple Shirt of Sex[U+0099] and frets for its safety.*

THE INTRUDER returns the punch and they fight on for some time, trading blows and kicks. The man hurls a bar stool at SHERLOCK but he shimmies out of the way and then surges in and grapples with the man, who headbutts him and then grabs the back of his head and slams his forehead down onto a breadboard on the bar. SHERLOCK springs back up and punches the man again, then grabs his balaclava and pulls it off. THE INTRUDER stumbles back and we recognise that this is the man who was having nightmares in his small bedroom earlier in the episode (AJAY).

SHERLOCK

You were on the run; nowhere to
hide your precious cargo.

He kicks the man's knee. THE INTRUDER (AKA AJAY) kicks back at him but SHERLOCK backs out of reach. They circle each other. SHERLOCK has blood running from his nose.

SHERLOCK

You find yourself in a workshop.
Plaster busts of The Iron Lady
drying. It's clever, very clever.
But now you've met me, and you're
not so clever, are you?

(CONTINUED)

THE INTRUDER

Who are you?

SHERLOCK

My name is Sherlock Holmes.

The man looks at him murderously.

THE INTRUDER

Goodbye, Sherlock Holmes.

Roaring in rage, he throws himself at SHERLOCK and their impetus sends them crashing through the glass window and straight into the pool. They struggle, fighting underwater for a while. The intruder screams out in fury and they surface, the man with his hands around SHERLOCK's throat before they plunge underwater again. Your transcriber wishes she had the time, enthusiasm and energy to transcribe the fight split second by split second but hopes you'll forgive her not going into that much detail. They continue to struggle and eventually THE INTRUDER drags SHERLOCK across to the jacuzzi, hauls him half over the top and shoves his head down into the water, holding him down. One of their hands flails across a nearby sensor and water begins to bubble through the pool. SHERLOCK finally manages to get his head up and out of the water and he flails towards the sensor, eventually slamming his hand down onto it. The towers either side of the jacuzzi begin to pour out sheets of water. SHERLOCK jerks backwards, pushing the man away, and turns to face him, backhanding him and then moving around him to wrap one arm around his neck. As the man repeatedly cries out while he struggles to get free, SHERLOCK puts his other hand over the man's head and pulls it back while bundling him towards one of the fountains and then shoving his face under the flow. THE INTRUDER gags and chokes as the water pours into his mouth.

After a while SHERLOCK shoves him aside and makes for the side of the pool. The man cries out in rage and chases after him, climbing out and following him, but SHERLOCK scrambles into the adjoining kitchen and grabs the plaster bust from the bag on the floor. As the man runs towards him, SHERLOCK swings the bust round and slams it across his face, sending him crashing to the floor. THE INTRUDER lands close to his own pistol lying nearby but for the moment he doesn't notice it.

SHERLOCK

You're out of time. Tell me about your boss, Moriarty.

THE INTRUDER

(looking up at him)

Who?

SHERLOCK holds up the bust threateningly.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

I know it's him. It must be him.

THE INTRUDER

You think you understand. You understand nothing.

SHERLOCK

Well, before the police come in and spoil things, why don't we just enjoy the moment?

(still holds up the bust)

Let me present Interpol's number one case. Too tough for them; too boring for me.

SHERLOCK raises the bust high above his head. The man rolls over onto his side and covers his head with his arm. SHERLOCK hurls the bust down onto the floor and it smashes to pieces.

SHERLOCK

The Black Pearl of the Borgias.

Looking smug, he lowers his gaze to the shattered plaster. But there's no pearl lying in the fragments. Instead, SHERLOCK's eyes fill with shock and disbelief as he looks down at a large silver memory stick. Written on the side of it in dark ink are the letters **A.G.R.A.**

SHERLOCK slowly sinking to his knees, his eyes locked on the memory stick.

SHERLOCK

It's not possible. How could she ...?

He reaches out to pick it up.

32 FLASHBACK: INT. SHERLOCK'S PARENTS'S HOUSE. DAY 32

In flashback, we see JOHN rolling the memory stick in his fingers in front of the fireplace at the HOLMES' cottage.

In flashback, MARY puts the stick onto the table beside JOHN's chair in 221B's living room.

MARY

Everything about who I was is on there.

JOHN

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

He turns and drops the memory stick onto the burning fire.

33

INT. SANDEFORD HOME. EARLY EVENING

33

In the present, while SHERLOCK continues to stare in confusion, THE INTRUDER finally sees his pistol nearby, reaches for it and picks it up.

SHERLOCK
I don't understand.

The man turns towards Sherlock.

SHERLOCK
She ... she destroyed it.

THE INTRUDER
"She."

THE INTRUDER gets up onto his knees, his face anguished and his eyes full of tears, and raises the gun to point it at SHERLOCK.

THE INTRUDER
You know her.

SHERLOCK frowns and slowly raises his head to look at him.

THE INTRUDER
You do, don't you? You know the bitch. She betrayed me; betrayed us all.

Approaching police sirens can be heard.

SHERLOCK
Mary. This is about Mary.

THE INTRUDER
Is that what she's calling herself now, eh?

The police cars have stopped, and now GREG's voice can be heard over a loudhailer.

LESTRADE O.S.
Armed police! You're surrounded!

THE INTRUDER glances in the direction of the sound but then looks back to SHERLOCK.

THE INTRUDER
Give it to me.

THE INTRUDER slowly gets to his feet. SHERLOCK does likewise.

(CONTINUED)

THE INTRUDER
(screaming at him)
Give it to me!

LESTRADE O.S.
Come out slowly. I wanna see your
hands above your head.

THE INTRUDER turns his head and yells out.

THE INTRUDER
Nobody shoots me! Anyone shoots,
I kill this man!

LESTRADE O.S.
Lay down your weapon. Do it now!

THE INTRUDER, loudly, starts to back away in the direction
of the door.

THE INTRUDER
I'm leaving this place. If no-one
follows me, no-one dies.

LESTRADE O.S.
Lay down your weapon!

THE INTRUDER
You're policemen. I'm a
professional.

He looks at SHERLOCK and speaks more quietly.

THE INTRUDER
Tell her she's a dead woman.
She's a dead woman walking.

SHERLOCK
(holding his gaze)
She's my friend, and she's under
my protection. Who are you?

THE INTRUDER
(his voice shaking with
rage)
I'm the man ... who's gonna kill
your friend. Who's Sherlock
Holmes?

SHERLOCK
Not a policeman.

THE INTRUDER shifts his aim and fires at the sensor beside
the door to the pool room. It explodes and all the lights
go out except a couple of up lighters at the far end of
the pool. A high-pitched alarm begins to sound and a white
alarm light strobes in the pool room. The man turns and

runs for the door. SHERLOCK watches him go for a moment, then looks down at the memory stick in his hand.

34

INT. TBILISI, GEORGIA. REGRESSION. DAY

34

TBILISI, GEORGIA. SIX YEARS AGO (as shown onscreen). The camera pans down over a huge room with an enormously high ceiling. Ornate lights hang from the ceiling. Two large pedestals either side of the middle of the room have large bronze lions on them. The room is a mess with items scattered about haphazardly. There are several people sitting at the foot of each of the pedestals, wrapped in blankets. Other people are sitting on the floor underneath the massive windows. One of the windows has a Georgian flag on a flagpole propped up against the window frame. A few armed men in military uniform are prowling around the room watching the others.

In between the pedestals is a large table and a man and woman sit in chairs at one end. They too have blankets wrapped around them. A chess set is on the table. The woman looks up at an approaching soldier.

AMBASSADOR

What do you think? Mate in two?

The soldier aims his rifle at the couple and briefly speaks, presumably in Georgian. The AMBASSADOR cringes away from the gun and her HUSBAND speaks quietly to her.

HUSBAND

Don't antagonise them, darling.

The soldier walks away.

AMBASSADOR

Oh, what else is there to do?
Chess palls after three months.

She makes a move on the chess board. The soldiers talk amongst themselves nearby.

AMBASSADOR

Everything palls.

HUSBAND

They'll send someone soon.

AMBASSADOR

"They"? Who are "they"? Seems to me we've put an awful lot of faith in "they." Well, I've got something "they" would dearly love if only we could get out of here.

(looks at her husband
smugly.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMBASSADOR (cont'd)

I've got Ammo.

HUSBAND

Ammo?

At that moment glass shatters above them. The Georgian soldiers shout out and everyone dives for cover as two black-clad operatives with balaclavas over their faces rappel down into the room on ropes, firing as they go. At the same time two more operatives kick their way through a door which had been held closed with an axe through the handles and begin to pick off the soldiers with accurate single shots from their rifles. With all the soldiers apparently terminated, the operatives move through the room checking in all directions.

The screen splits into four, each section containing one of the operatives. Above each of their heads appears a letter. Left to right, the letters read:

G.A.R.A.

The two operatives on the left change places, their letters following them. Now the order of letters reads:

A.G.R.A.

THE AMBASSADOR kneels up from where she had taken cover under the table. The operative labelled 'R.' holds out a hand towards her and speaks in a very recognisable female voice.

MARY

Madam Ambassador.

MARY takes the woman's hand and pulls her to her feet.

AMBASSADOR

What took you so long?

MARY

Can't get the staff.

She firmly pushes THE AMBASSADOR towards the door. One of the other operatives yells at the other hostages.

OPERATIVE

Everyone out! Now!

The hostages begin to get to their feet and head for the door. Shortly afterwards, the AGRA team are leading the hostages through the building. They reach a junction and the team checks in all directions. One of them shouts, "To your left!" and the hostages turn that way. The team moves on but Georgian soldiers suddenly come into view in front of them and the one in the lead fires upwards, blowing out all the lights in the already-dark corridor. The hostages scream and duck, and AGRA turn and realise that there are

(CONTINUED)

armed civilians behind them. AGRA pause, weighing their options as they calculate how many people they are up against, and then another Georgian soldier steps into view with his hand on the neck of a female hostage and his pistol pointed at her head. As he grins and chuckles, revealing a set of gold teeth, one of the AGRA team, wearing a silver A.G.R.A memory stick round his neck on a chain, pulls up his balaclava to reveal his face. It's THE INTRUDER (AKA AJAY) we saw in the previous scene.

THAT MAN

What now? What do we do?

MARY pulls up her own balaclava and takes one more look at the armed men surrounding them.

MARY

We die.

She pulls the pin from a device and hurls the object to the floor in front of her and turns her face away as a massive white light explodes in front of them. The hostages scream as gunfire begins.

35 INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

35

The light of the explosion fades away and we're in the living room in Baker Street. SHERLOCK is standing in front of his chair holding the memory stick by one end and repeatedly tapping it against the fingers of his other hand while he frowns in concentration. He has a dark bruise under his left eye. The door opens and GREG comes in. SHERLOCK turns to look at him.

SHERLOCK

Well?

GREG shakes his head.

LESTRADE

He can't have got far. We'll have him in a bit.

SHERLOCK

I very much doubt it.

SHERLOCK takes out his phone and starts to type on it.

LESTRADE

Why?

SHERLOCK turns and heads for the door while still typing.

SHERLOCK

Because I think he used to work with Mary.

36 INT. AJAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

36

In his crummy little room, THE INTRUDER is sitting on the floor with a bandage wrapped around his left hand. He is holding an open bottle in that hand, and to the right of him on the floor is an open laptop. He has googled "Sherlock Holmes" and is looking at the various images that have come up. He clicks on some of them and then finds one of JOHN, MARY and SHERLOCK outside the church on THE WATSONS's wedding day. He zooms in on SHERLOCK, then pans across to MARY's smiling face. Putting down the bottle, he picks up the laptop and puts it into his lap, staring at the photo and breathing heavily. He closes his eyes, grimaces, and now he's in flashback.

37 FLASHBACK: INT. TBILISI, GEORGIA.

37

Wearing his black camo gear but without the balaclava, he runs across the floor of a pottery workshop and braces himself momentarily against one of the racks in the middle of the floor. Soldiers shout in Georgian somewhere nearby. A man, maybe a potter, maybe a guard, is sitting at a side bench and the operative runs across towards him. The man gets up and the operative fights with him. A gunshot explodes some nearby pottery on one of the central racks, and the operative takes down his opponent as a soldier comes in and starts firing. By now the operative has a pistol but he has no chance to use it because there are now at least two soldiers firing at him and pottery and coloured glaze powder are exploding into the air all around him. Using the cover of the flying dust, the operative turns and runs to the far end of the workshop and sees six identical white plaster busts of Margaret Thatcher on the table. Pulling his memory stick's chain over his head, he stuffs the chain and stick into the open base of one of the busts. As the soldiers make their way cautiously forward, he stands the bust up [thus ensuring that the memory stick will fall out when someone picks up the bust, what the hell?]. He turns to run but the gold-toothed man is behind him and smashes him to the floor.

Some time later the operative is tied to a chair. The gold-toothed soldier shoves his head up to reveal his bleeding mouth and then punches him hard in the stomach twice. As the operative slumps and wheezes, the man walks around behind him.

GOLD TEETH MAN

Ammo. Ammo. Ammo.

The operative looks around at the bare walls. He seems to be in a small warehouse or maybe a storage lock-up. There's another man standing at a table behind him but he's not aware of him yet. A doorway some feet away in front of him leads to another room and there's some movement in there. The gold-toothed man wraps his arm

(CONTINUED)

around the operative's neck from behind and starts to strangle him.

GOLD TEETH MAN
Ammo. Ammo. Ammo-o-o-o-o.

The operative's vision goes black and he slumps in his chair almost unconscious as the man releases him. The other man walks across and pulls his head up to look at his face.

GUARD
(in heavily-accented
English)
He passed out again.

THE GUARD releases the operative's head and steps back.

GUARD
It's no fun when they pass out.
We'll come back later.

He starts to walk away and his colleague follows but then turns back.

GOLD TEETH MAN
(also in heavily-accented
English)
What would he do if he knew, huh?
About the English woman?

GUARD
What would you do to a traitor?

GOLD TEETH MAN
Maybe we'll tell him one day. If
he lives that long.

They chuckle. Blood dribbles from the operative's mouth. A few moments later he lifts his head. The torturers have gone into the next room and - in a shadow on the wall - the operative can see that someone has been hung from the ceiling by their wrists and is being repeatedly punched or flogged. The victim has long straggly hair. The operative's head goes down briefly but then he raises it and looks up to the ceiling. It's as if his chair is falling backwards but instead of landing on hard concrete, he falls back onto the carpet in his bedsit.

38 INT. AJAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

38

Staring blankly upwards, he raises his bottle to his lips and drinks. The perspective changes and he's still lying on his back on the floor, although his face isn't as badly beaten as it was in the past.

(CONTINUED)

*[Transcriber's note: one of my beta team flailed over the fact that the unseen person being flogged was tall and thin and had long floppy hair. When she pointed it out to me I joined in with the flailing, remembering someone else of that description who got himself beaten in a foreign country. Additionally, during later footage of the same embassy firefight we see glimpses of both of the other team members, and each of them has short hair. All right, so the above event happened six years ago but still ... *wibbles*]*

39

EXT/INT. OLD CHURCH HIDEOUT. NIGHT

39

Rain is pouring down and there's lightning and thunder. Somebody wearing a raincoat with the hood pulled up over their head walks along a path towards a church, lighting the way with a flashlight. The person makes their way to a small wooden door with NO ENTRY stencilled on it in red. Graffiti just under the message reads "GwJ." Near the bottom of the door, someone has spray-painted a white circle with an "i" inside it. The person pushes open the door and goes inside, closing the door again. Walking into a small vault, they find that it has been set up as a home-from-home: there's a tatty sofa and a couple of hard plastic chairs, and a couple of desks, one of which has an open laptop and angle poise lamp on it. A few other lights are dotted around the room but it's still quite dark in there. The person pushes back the hood of their coat and we realise that it's MARY. SHERLOCK is barely visible at the end of the vault.

SHERLOCK

I am an idiot. I know nothing.

MARY, cheerily, puts her torch into her coat pocket.

MARY

Well, I've been telling you that for ages! That was quite a text you sent me.

She smiles at him and looks around the vault.

MARY (CONT'D)

What's going on, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

I was so convinced it was Moriarty, I couldn't see what was right under my nose.

MARY's smile fades and she looks at him worriedly.

SHERLOCK

I expected a pearl.

He looks down to the memory stick he's holding. MARY stares in shock and then walks quickly towards him.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Oh my God. That's a ...

SHERLOCK

Yes, it's an AGRA memory stick like you gave John, except this one belongs to someone else. Who?

MARY is with her eyes still locked on the stick.

MARY

I don't know. We-we all had one, but the others w...

(gestures at the device)

Well, haven't you even looked at it yet?

SHERLOCK

I glanced at it, but I'd prefer to hear it from you.

MARY

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because I'll know the truth when I hear it.

MARY

(almost silently as she turns away in exasperation)

Oh, Sherlock.

She walks a few paces away from him and then turns back to face him.

MARY

There were four of us. Agents.

SHERLOCK

Not just agents.

MARY

Polite term. Alex; Gabriel; me; and Ajay.

(points to the device)

There was absolute trust between us. The memory sticks guaranteed it. We all had one, each containing aliases, our background, everything. We could never be betrayed because we had everything we needed to destroy the other.

SHERLOCK

Who employed you?

MARY

Anyone who paid well. I mean, we were at the top of our game for years, and then it all ended. There was a coup in Georgia. The British embassy in Tbilisi was taken over; lots of hostages. We got the call to go in, get them out. There was a change of plan, a last-minute adjustment.

SHERLOCK

Who from?

MARY

I don't know. Just another voice on the phone, and a code word, "Ammo."

SHERLOCK

"Ammo"?

MARY

Like 'ammunition.' We went in, but then something went wrong. Something went really wrong.

40 FLASHBACK: INT. TBILISI, GEORGIA.

40

In the corridors of the British embassy, MARY pulls the pin from a device and hurls the object to the floor. A bright white light explodes in front of her and her colleague. Previously we may have thought it was a grenade but it's now clear that it's a smoke bomb or possibly a stun grenade. As the hostages scream and cower, the Georgian forces open fire. One of the AGRA team drops another smoke bomb as they return fire. Chaos reigns as the firefight continues and one of the other two AGRA men spins and falls, apparently shot. MARY starts to move forward. A Georgian soldier grabs the fourth AGRA man round the neck and drags him away.

41 EXT/INT. OLD CHURCH HIDEOUT. NIGHT

41

MARY

That was six years ago. Feels like forever. I was the only one that made it out.

SHERLOCK

No.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

What?

SHERLOCK walks across to the table and picks up the laptop, putting the memory stick into the drive.

SHERLOCK

I met someone tonight: the same someone who's looking for the sixth Thatcher.

He puts the laptop down on the other table, types on it and steps away as various photographs come up on the screen. Two of them seem to be surveillance photos, while the third is a photo ID badge of a journalist called Eshan Mohindra (AJAY/THE INTRUDER). All three pictures are of the man with whom SHERLOCK fought earlier. As MARY walks towards the laptop, a new photo comes up of the man. It and the previous two surveillance photos are marked "AGRA - 3203 - 42673."

MARY

Oh my God. That's Ajay. That's him. What, he's alive?

SHERLOCK

Yeah, very much so.

He touches his hand to the bruise under his eye. MARY is staring at the image in surprised delight.

MARY

I don't believe it! This is amazing! I thought I was the only one. I thought I was the only one who got out.

(turns to Sherlock)

Where is he? I need to see him now!

SHERLOCK holds out a hand to slow her down.

SHERLOCK

Before you gave it to John, did you keep your memory stick safe?

MARY

Yeah, of course. It was our insurance. Above all, they mustn't fall into enemy hands.

SHERLOCK

So Ajay survived as well, and now he's looking for the memory stick he managed to hide with all of AGRA's old aliases on it. But why?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I don't know!

SHERLOCK

Tbilisi was six years ago.
Where's he been?

She looks down, thinking, then shakes her head, making a helpless sound. SHERLOCK pauses for a moment, then pulls in a breath.

SHERLOCK

Mary, I'm sorry to tell you this,
but he wants you dead.

MARY laughs in disbelief, glancing at AJAY's image on the laptop.

MARY

Sorry, no, no, 'cause we-we were
family.

SHERLOCK

(softly)

Families fall out. The memory
stick is the easiest way to track
you down. You're the only other
survivor. It must be you that he
wants, and he's already killed
looking for the Thatcher bust.

MARY looks at the laptop screen.

MARY

Well, he's just trying to find
me. He survived. That's all that
matters!

SHERLOCK

I heard it from his own mouth.
"Tell her she's a dead woman
walking."

MARY

(frowns)

Why would he want to kill me?

SHERLOCK

He said you betrayed him.

MARY

Oh, no, no, that's insane.

She looks at the computer again, bewildered.

SHERLOCK

Well, it's what he believes.

MARY lets out a long breath and sinks onto a chair.

MARY

I suppose I was always afraid
this might happen; that something
in my past would come back to
haunt me one day.

SHERLOCK puts his hand to his bruised ribs and turns away
from her.

SHERLOCK

Yes, well he's a very tangible
ghost.

MARY

God, I just wanted a bit of
peace, and I really thought I had
it.

SHERLOCK turns back and leans down to her,

SHERLOCK

No. Mary, you do. I made a vow,
remember?

She stares up at him.

SHERLOCK

To look after the three of you.

She smiles slightly.

MARY

Sherlock the dragon slayer.

SHERLOCK

(firmly)

Stay close to me and I will keep
you safe from him. I promise you.

She looks thoughtful for a moment, then stands up.

MARY

There's something I think you
should read.

He looks at the piece of paper she's holding out with her
gloved hand.

SHERLOCK

What is it?

MARY

I hoped I wouldn't have to do this.

She puts the paper into his bare hand and watches him as he unfolds it, holding it in both hands. Immediately his vision starts to go fuzzy.

SHERLOCK

What are you ...?

He lifts the paper to his nose and sniffs deeply. [*Oh, way to go, genius!*] He gasps and starts to wobble.

SHERLOCK

(in a whisper)

Mary.

MARY supports him as he totters and falls onto the chair behind him.

MARY

(softly)

There you go.

SHERLOCK

Oh, no.

MARY

It's all right. It's for the best, believe me.

SHERLOCK

(weakly)

No.

While he struggles to stay conscious, MARY goes to the laptop and removes the memory stick. Pulling her hood up over her head, she hurries to the doorway, her voice faint and echoing.

MARY

You just look after them 'til I get back. I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK sighs out a breath, his eyes starting to close.

MARY

(her voice distant and echoing)

I'm so sorry.

She turns and looks back at him briefly before disappearing from view. SHERLOCK's vision whites out.

42 MEMORY: EXT. A BEACH. DAY

42

Inside his head, the distant sound of a young boy singing can be heard. The boy - only fuzzily visible and with his back to us - is wearing red trousers rolled up to the knees, a yellow jumper or jacket, a black pirate's hat on his head and yellow plimsolls or shoes, and he's carrying a yellow plastic sword as he skips away through the shallows on a beach. Nearby a wet Irish setter, with a purple bandana tied around his neck, watches the boy. Then someone wearing a pair of red wellington boots can be seen running along the pebble beach. The perspective changes and, while the young boy's voice continues to sing, we see the pirate boy trotting away from us alongside a stream followed by a taller boy wearing red wellingtons, blue jeans and a checked shirt.

The memory whites out and SHERLOCK regains consciousness in the hideout.

43 INT. OLD CHURCH HIDEOUT. NIGHT

43

Grimacing and groaning, he looks across to the laptop and sees that the memory stick has gone. Wide-eyed, he turns the laptop for a clearer view, then grimaces again, gasps and hauls himself to his feet. He stumbles outside and looks around. The rain is stopped, although a flash of lightning briefly lights the sky. Shaking his head to try and clear it, he groans and hurries away.

44 INT.THE DIOGENES CLUB. MYCROFT'S UNDERGROUND OFFICE. NIGHT
44

MYCROFT, sitting with his feet up on the desk, frowns. SHERLOCK is sitting in the chair on the other side of the desk.

MYCROFT

Agra? A city on the banks of the river Yamuna in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh, India. It is three hundred and seventy-eight kilometres west of the state capital, Lucknow ...

SHERLOCK

What are you, Wikipedia?

MYCROFT

(smiling)

Yes.

[He is, you know. He was quoting the Wikipedia entry verbatim.]

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
AGRA is an acronym.

MYCROFT
Oh, good. I love an acronym. All the best secret societies have them.

SHERLOCK
Team of agents, the best. But you know all that.

MYCROFT
Of course I do. Go on.

SHERLOCK
One of them, Ajay, is looking for Mary, also one of the team.

MYCROFT
Indeed? Well, that's news to me.

SHERLOCK
(a little disbelievingly)
Is it?

MYCROFT lowers his head and smiles at him in a sort of 'believe it if you like' way.

SHERLOCK
He's already killed looking for that memory stick. AGRA always worked for the highest bidder. I thought that might include you.

MYCROFT
(frowning)
Me?

SHERLOCK
Well, I mean the British government or whatever government you're currently propping up.

MYCROFT
AGRA were very reliable; then came the Tbilisi incident. They were sent in to free the hostages but it all went horribly wrong. And that was that. We stopped using freelancers.

SHERLOCK
Your initiative?

MYCROFT

My initiative. Freelancers are too woolly; too messy. I don't like loose ends - not on my watch.

SHERLOCK leans forward and pulls a notepad across the desk towards himself.

SHERLOCK

There was something else; a detail, a code word.

He writes "**AMMO**" on the notepad, then turns it round to face his brother. The overlaid text on the screen flips to show the letters in reverse: "**OMMA**". MYCROFT frowns at the notepad.

MYCROFT

"AMMO"?

SHERLOCK

It's all I've got.

MYCROFT

Little enough.

SHERLOCK

Could you do some digging, as a favour?

MYCROFT

(smiling)

You don't have many favours left.

SHERLOCK

(flatly)

Then I'm calling them all in.

MYCROFT

And if you can find who's after her and neutralise them, what then? You think you can go on saving her forever?

SHERLOCK

(nonchalantly)

Of course.

MYCROFT

Is that sentiment talking?

SHERLOCK

No. It's me.

MYCROFT
Difficult to tell the difference
these days.

SHERLOCK
Told you: I made a promise, a
vow.

MYCROFT takes his feet off the desk.

MYCROFT
All right. I'll see what I can
do.

He leans forward and clasps his fingers together.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
But remember this, brother mine:
agents like Mary tend not to
reach retirement age. They get
retired in a pretty permanent
sort of way.

SHERLOCK
(slowly, determinedly)
Not on my watch.

45 INT/ EXT. MARY'S LETTER.

45

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
My darling.

JOHN sits in a chair at home reading a handwritten letter.

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**I need to tell you this because
you mustn't hate me for going
away.**

The scene wipes to the cabin of an aeroplane. Mary,
wearing white slacks, a light striped jacket, a colourful
scarf around her head and large round Prada sunglasses, is
sitting in an aisle seat chewing a piece of gum. She turns
to the man sitting next to her at the window seat and
talks to him in a broad New York accent.

MARY
Pardon me. I can hear a
squeaking. Can you hear a
squeaking?

The man has looked up from the book he's reading. He
glances around the cabin briefly.

PASSENGER
(English accent)
No.

(CONTINUED)

He lowers his head to his book.

MARY

Only I watched a documentary on the Discovery Channel.

Sighing, the man lifts his head to her.

MARY

"Why Planes Fail." Did you see it?

PASSENGER

Can't say I did.

MARY

Oh, truly terrifying. Swore I would never fly again, yet here I am!

She chuckles nervously. A female flight attendant walks over to her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Everything okay, madam?

MARY

No! No, no, it's not, but then what's the use in complaining? I hear a squeaking. Probably the wing'll come off, is all.

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT laughs politely.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Everything's fine, I promise you. Just relax.

MARY

(sarcastically)
Oh, okay, relax.

She slaps her fellow passenger's arm as the attendant walks away towards the rear of the plane.

MARY (CONT'D)

(sniggers)
She said relax.

PASSENGER

(politely)
Did you have a nice time? In London?

MARY

It was okay, I guess, but did somebody hide the sun?

(CONTINUED)

She takes off her sunglasses.

MARY (CONT'D)
Did you lose it in the war?

Laughing, she slaps his arm again. He smiles politely and returns to his book. MARY, chomping on her gum, turns and looks along the aisle behind her.

Back at JOHN'S, he continues to read her letter. An overlay of her writing drifts across the screen

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**I gave myself permission to have
an ordinary life. I'm not
running. I promise you that. I
just need to do this in my own
way.**

*[Annoyingly, the handwriting on the letter actually reads,
"I'm not running away."]*

On the plane, MARY clings to one arm of her chair and hunches forward.

MARY
(in her New York accent)
Oh God. I'm s... I-I don't feel
so good. Oh my God.

As she lifts her hand and raises it to her mouth, the man beside her turns round from where he was looking out of the window and reaches up to push the Call button. At the front of the section, two flight attendants look round at the sound of the 'bing' and the one who spoke to MARY before comes down the aisle. MARY is breathing heavily and gulping as if she is going to be sick. She glances up as the attendant arrives.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(squatting down next to her)
Everything okay, madam?

MARY
I think I'm dying. I don't feel
so good.

She gasps in a few breaths.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(comfortingly)
You're all right.

MARY
Oh ...

MARY reaches out and cup's the woman's cheek.

MARY (CONT'D)
... you're sweet.

She strokes her cheek.

MARY (CONT'D)
You have a very kind face. God
will smile on you.

She grizzles, then raises her other hand towards her mouth.

At home, JOHN looks away from the letter thoughtfully as MARY V.O. continues.

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**... but I don't want you and
Sherlock hanging off my gun arm.
I'm sorry, my love.**

At an airport terminal, a flight attendant pushes MARY out of the Arrivals area in a wheelchair. Her dark glasses are back on her face. The camera pans up and we see that MARY is actually the flight attendant, now in the airline's uniform. Smiling smugly, she continues across the concourse and it's now clear that the woman in the wheelchair wearing MARY's clothes is THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT, her eyes closed behind the glasses.

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**I know you'll try to find me, but
there is no point.**

In a cut-away shot, three dice tumble across the screen.

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**Every move is random and not even
Sherlock Holmes can anticipate
the roll of a dice.**

Three numbers appear on the screen over an alphabetical list of place names in an atlas. The numbers are **6, 2** and **3** and the camera zooms in on the atlas to where it reads **"Norddal, Norway M47+623 46"** [*presumably the last number is the page number of the atlas*]. A map of Norway appears on screen and starts to zoom in.

MARY, dressed for cold weather and wearing a woolly hat, is on a fishing boat at a quayside. The boat has a Norwegian flag on the side of the wheelhouse. She picks up a large canvas bag, swings it over her shoulder and steps out of the boat and walks away.)

LETTER'S MARY V.O.
**I need to move the target far,
far away from you and Rosie, and
then I'll come back, my darling.
I swear I will.**

Later she has made her way to a more isolated area of shoreline. A coastal watchtower stands nearby and she goes to the stone wall below it. Looking around to check that there's nobody in the vicinity, she pulls out a loose stone from the wall and reaches into the gap to pull out a brown envelope. Taking out the passport inside it, she opens it. The photo is of MARY but with long brown hair, and the name is Gabrielle Ashdown, born in the USA on 16 April 1975.

Some time later, as an overlaid map drifts across eastern Europe, MARY comes out of a stone cottage dressed in black leathers and wearing a long dark wig that matches the passport photo. She gets onto a motorcycle, pushes the starter button, puts on a black helmet and drives off, riding past what looks like an abandoned factory or warehouse with "RACHWALD KIELBASKI" painted on the side. Graffitied across the wall is the word "SOLIDARNOŚĆ" [*the name of the famous Polish trade union, known as 'Solidarity' in English*].

Later again, while the overlaid map confusingly pans across Liechtenstein [*has Gatiss been listening to episodes of 'Cabin Pressure'?*], an SUV drives across a far more arid region, possibly northern Italy. MARY is at the wheel.

The dice roll again and the arrival time of an aeroplane can be seen as 02:30 while the map pans across south eastern Europe. Later, MARY is walking along a stone pier which has the Cyrillic word [*English translation 'Bugrino'*] painted on the wall. Her hair is covered with a black floppy beret.

The dice roll again and a camel walks across a desert region while the map pans across Tehran. It's not clear whether the person riding the camel is actually MARY, though we can assume that it is. Again the dice roll and someone who we again assume is MARY is now on foot, wearing a white head scarf and with a bag over her shoulder, walking across the sand towards a nearby building. The map is now panning across Algeria.

Later, as the map shows Morocco, MARY walks into a covered souk or marketplace wearing dark slacks, a striped shirt and a long white scarf over her dark hair. She has a bag over one shoulder. She moves briskly through the stalls, checking behind herself for any sign of being followed. Making her way into a narrow alleyway she reaches a doorway above which is a sign saying in Arabic and English, "Hotel CECIL". She goes inside.

She reaches a latticed door and puts her head close to it as if listening for sounds inside. Drawing and cocking a large pistol, she pushes the door open and moves toward the sound of an accented male voice. The room ahead of her is in an Oriental style with orange terracotta walls, stained glass windows covered in latticework, and pointed archways. There is a bed in front of her to her right, and the voice is coming from deeper in the room to the left.

MALE O.S.

Not like this, my friend. You haven't got a chance, not a chance.

Holding the gun pointed upwards beside her head with both hands, MARY moves silently forward.

MALE O.S.

I've got you where I want you. Give in! Give in! I will destroy you. You're completely at my mercy.

MARY grimaces.

SHERLOCK O.S.

Mr Baker. Well, that completes the set.

Her grimace fades and she looks startled.

MALE O.S.

(laughing)
No it does not.

Lowering her gun, MARY steps into the room.

SHERLOCK O.S.

Well, who else am I missing?

A young man (MAN), maybe in his early teens, is sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of a low table. It's his voice that heard off-screen. There are game cards on the table.

KARIM (AKA MAN)

Master Bun. It's not a set without him. How many more times, Mr Sherlock?

As MARY moves further into the room she sees SHERLOCK, wearing a dark blue shirt, sitting cross-legged on the floor on the other side of the table, holding some cards in his hands. The two of them are clearly playing the "Happy Families" card game. SHERLOCK is humming out an exasperated breath.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
Maybe it's because I'm not
familiar with the concept.

[Nonchalantly, looking at her for a moment]
Oh, hi, Mary.

KARIM says giving her only a brief glance before turning
back to SHERLOCK:

KARIM
What concept?

SHERLOCK
Happy families.

He looks up at MARY.

SHERLOCK
Nice trip?

MARY
How the f...

SHERLOCK interrupts.

SHERLOCK
Please, Mary. There is a child
present.

MARY sighs.

MARY
How did you get in here?!

SHERLOCK
Karim let me in.

Smiling, KARIM waves to her.

KARIM
Hello.

She nods to him and pulls her headscarf down onto her
shoulders to reveal her long dark bob.

SHERLOCK
Karim, would you be so kind as to
fetch us some tea?

KARIM
Sure.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

KARIM stands up and looks at MARY.

KARIM

Nice to meet you, missus.

He leaves the room while MARY stares blankly into the distance for a moment before turning her head and directing an insincere smile down to SHERLOCK.

MARY moves to stand at the other side of the table.

MARY

No, I-I-I mean how did you find me?

SHERLOCK

(frowning as if he doesn't know why she's surprised)
I'm Sherlock Holmes.

MARY

No, really, though, how? Every movement I made was entirely random; every new personality just on the roll of a dice!

SHERLOCK

Mary, no human action is ever truly random.

(quick fire)

An advanced grasp of the mathematics of probability mapped onto a thorough apprehension of human psychology and the known dispositions of any given individual can reduce the number of variables considerably.

MARY stares at him, bamboozled by his technobabble.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(quick fire)

I myself know of at least fifty-eight techniques to refine this seemingly infinite array of randomly generated possibilities down to the smallest number of feasible variables.

She nods.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But they're really difficult, so instead I just ... stuck a tracer on the inside of the memory stick.

He snorts laughter as her mouth drops a little, then she laughs as well.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
Oh, you bastard!

She looks down on his giggling face.

MARY
You bastard!

SHERLOCK
I know, but your face!

MARY
"The mathematics of
probability"?!

SHERLOCK
You believed that.

MARY throws up her hands.

MARY
"Feasible variables"!

SHERLOCK
Yes. I started to run out about
then.

Still grinning, MARY clenches her hands either side of her head in frustration.

MARY
In the memory stick!

JOHN walks into the room.

JOHN
Yeah, that was my idea.

She turns to look at him. He looks back at her straight-faced and her smile slowly drops.

Night falls outside, and the call to prayer can be heard. In the hotel, MARY has taken off her dark wig to reveal her blonde hair tied back. JOHN is sitting on the corner of the low table while she stands in front of him.

JOHN
AGRA.

MARY
Yes.

JOHN
Mm-hm. You said it was your
initials.

MARY bites her lip.

MARY

In a way, that was true.

JOHN

In a way?

He shakes his head and looks away.

JOHN

So many lies.

MARY

I'm so sorry.

JOHN

I don't just mean you.

MARY

What?

JOHN (CONT'D)

Alex, Gabriel, Ajay ... You're
'R.'

She nods. He looks up at her, a small tight smile on his face.

JOHN

Rosamund.

MARY

(after a slight pause)

Rosamund Mary.

He nods.

MARY

I always liked 'Mary.'

JOHN

(smiling)

Yeah, me too.

His smile drops and he looks away.

JOHN

I used to.

He stands up and walks away a few paces.

MARY

I ju... I didn't know what else
to do.

JOHN turns back to her.

JOHN

You could have stayed. You could have talked to me.

(angrier)

That's what couples are supposed to do: work things through.

She shrugs in agreement.

MARY

Yes.

(nods)

Yes, of course.

JOHN walks closer to her.

JOHN

Mary, I may not be a very good man, but I think I'm a bit better than you give me credit for, most of the time.

MARY

All the time. You're always a good man, John. I've never doubted that. You never judge; you never complain. I don't deserve you. I ...

She trails off. JOHN looks at her questioningly.

MARY

All I ever wanted to do was keep you and Rosie safe, that's all.

He reaches out and puts his hand on top of her clasped hands. Nearby, SHERLOCK has been sitting on a chair at the other end of the room throughout their conversation, his hands clasped in his lap and his head lowered. He has his jacket on over his shirt. Now he looks up briefly towards the couple before lowering his head again.

SHERLOCK

I will keep you safe.

JOHN takes his hand away again.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(standing)

But it has to be in London. It's my city; I know the turf.

MARY glances towards him briefly then returns her gaze to JOHN, who looks away.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Come home and everything will be
all right, I promise you.

The red dot of a laser appears on the wall behind THE WATSONS and then shifts onto the side of JOHN'S head. MARY is unsighted and can't see it but SHERLOCK yells out urgently.

SHERLOCK

Get down!

Instantly MARY grabs JOHN and pulls him downwards. SHERLOCK leans down, grabs the low table and flips it up onto one side to provide a barrier against the shooter. JOHN goes to his hands and knees while MARY runs for the far side of the room, rummaging in her shoulder bag as she goes. Several shots are fired through the closed latticed door and then the man we now know as AJAY kicks the door open and marches in, his rifle raised in front of him. MARY fires three shots from her pistol and AJAY takes cover around the corner of the doorway to the room. MARY drops to a crouch beside a bureau at the end of the room, SHERLOCK half kneels between the other side of the bureau and another taller cabinet near the entrance, and JOHN half sits up behind the upturned table.

AJAY

Hello again.

MARY

Ajay?

AJAY

Oh, you remember me. I'm touched.

MARY

Look, I thought you were dead,
believe me, I did.

AJAY

I've been looking forward to this
for longer than you can imagine.

MARY

I swear to you, I thought you
were dead. I thought I was the
only one who got out.

AJAY moves out of the corner, still obscured from MARY'S and SHERLOCK'S view, and fires a single shot into the upturned table behind which JOHN is crouching with his arms against it to keep it upright. Not looking round, SHERLOCK stretches out a hand towards MARY and without hesitation she gives him her pistol.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

How did you find us?

AJAY

By following you, Sherlock Holmes. I mean, you're clever - you found her - but I found you, so perhaps not so clever. And now here we are, at last.

SHERLOCK looks around and raises his eyes to the light hanging from the ceiling. He stands up, fires at the light and shatters it, then swings the pistol round to aim at AJAY's position. AJAY drops down to a crouch. He chuckles.

AJAY

Touché.

JOHN

Listen: whatever you think you know, we can talk about this. We can work it out.

AJAY

She thought I was dead. I might as well have been.

MARY

It was always just the four of us, always, remember?

AJAY

Oh yeah.

MARY

So why d'you want to kill me?

AJAY

D'you know how long they kept me prisoner; what they did to me? They tortured Alex to death.
(breathes out a brief sigh)
I can still hear the sound of his back breaking.

Brief flashback to the shadow of the long-haired man being flogged.

AJAY

But you, you - where were you?

MARY

That day at the embassy, I escaped.

AJAY
(on an angry breath)
Oh, yeah.

MARY
But I lost sight of you too, so
you explain: where were you?

AJAY
Oh, I got out ... for a while.

Brief flashback to him ducking down while pottery and
coloured glaze powder explodes around him.

AJAY (CONT'D)
Long enough to hide my memory
stick.

Brief flashback of him shoving the stick into the plaster
bust.

AJAY (CONT'D)
I didn't want that to fall into
their hands.

Brief flashback of the gold-toothed man knocking him out
in the pottery workshop.

AJAY (CONT'D)
I was loyal, you see; loyal to my
friends. But they took me,
tortured me. Not for information.

New flashback of the gold-toothed man firmly cradling
AJAY's head with one hand while holding up a pair of
surgical scissors with the other. AJAY cries out.

AJAY (CONT'D)
Not for anything except fun.

In flashback, the gold-toothed man grins manically into
AJAY's face while he groans.

In the present JOHN, now on his hands and knees behind the
table, drops his head down and then sinks down to press
his head against the backs of his hands.

AJAY (CONT'D)
Oh, they thought I'd give in,
die, but I didn't. I lived, and
eventually they forgot about me
just rotting in a cell somewhere.
Six years they kept me there,
until one day I saw my chance.
Oh, and I-I made them pay. You
know, all the time I was there, I
just kept picking up things -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AJAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
little whispers, laughter,
gossip: how the clever agents had
been betrayed.

JOHN looks across the room in front of him and sees an open bag lying on the floor a short distance away. There's a pistol in it.

AJAY (CONT'D)
Brought down by you.

MARY
Me?

A train whistles as it goes past the window, its light briefly illuminating the room. AJAY rises from his hiding place and at the same moment MARY breaks from cover and heads across the room, grabbing the pistol which SHERLOCK is already holding out to her. Simultaneously JOHN rises to a low crouch and scrambles across to the bag to grab the other gun. As AJAY comes around the corner Mary is already there to meet him and they stop inches away from each other aiming their guns at the other's head. JOHN drops to his knees behind a stool and braces his arms on top of it, aiming his pistol at AJAY with both hands. Everyone stops moving and AJAY lets out a voiceless gasp at the sight of the woman he despises.

MARY
(calmly)
You know I'll kill you too. You
know I will, Ajay.

AJAY
(breathing heavily)
What, you think I care if I die?

He lowers one hand from his gun and takes half a step forward. Standing nearby, SHERLOCK shifts position slightly, his eyes locked on him.

AJAY
I've dreamed of killing you every
night for six years ...

He leans slightly forward so that the end of MARY's gun is touching his forehead.

AJAY (CONT'D)
(savagely)
... of squeezing the life out of
your treacherous, lying throat.

MARY
I swear to you, Ajay.

JOHN briefly rises up a little on his knees, his gun still aimed up at AJAY, then drops back down again, his teeth bared.

SHERLOCK
(calmly, quietly)
What did you hear, Ajay? When you were a prisoner, what exactly did you hear?

JOHN glances across to him as he speaks then looks back towards AJAY and blows out a quiet breath.

AJAY
What did I hear?

He opens his mouth to form a word but hesitates for a moment before he manages to say it.

AJAY
Ammo. Every day as they tore into me. Ammo. Ammo.
(his voice starts to tremble)
Ammo.
(takes in a shaky breath)
Ammo.

His gun hand begins to tremble. MARY grimaces slightly, perhaps realising that he is in danger of losing control.

AJAY
(savagely)
We were betrayed!

SHERLOCK
And they said it was her?

AJAY
(to Mary)
You betrayed us!

SHERLOCK
(firmly)
They said her name?

AJAY
Yeah, they said it was the English woman.

A Moroccan policeman comes into the room and fires two shots into AJAY's back. MARY screams as he drops.

MARY
No! No!

Dropping her gun, she bends down to him and JOHN hurries to join her. As the policeman stands in the doorway with his gun still raised, KARIM walks in carrying a tray containing four silver cups with mint leaves sticking out of them. He stops as JOHN bends down and puts his fingers to AJAY's neck, and KARIM drops the tray which crashes to the floor.

47 INT.THE DIOGENES CLUB. MYCROFT'S UNDERGROUND OFFICE/HOTEL CECIL 47

There's a brief shot of the Houses of Parliament in London, then it shows MYCROFT's Diogenes office. MYCROFT stands in the corner of the room behind his desk with one elbow on the top of a filing cabinet. He is holding his phone to his ear with the other hand.

SHERLOCK V.O.

The English woman. That's all he heard. Naturally he assumed it was Mary.

MYCROFT

Couldn't this wait until you're back?

SHERLOCK's still in the same room in Morocco, although it seems that AJAY's body isn't there.

SHERLOCK

No, it's not over. Ajay said that they'd been betrayed. The hostage takers knew AGRA were coming. There was only a voice on the phone, remember, and a code word.

MYCROFT

Ammo, yes, you said.

SHERLOCK

How's your Latin, brother dear?

MYCROFT

(frowning)
My Latin?

SHERLOCK

Amo, amas, amat...

MYCROFT

(still frowning)
I love, you love, he loves. What ...?

He stops. Apparently he's got it.

SHERLOCK

Not 'ammo' as in 'ammunition' but
'amo,' meaning ...?

MYCROFT raises an eyebrow then starts to straighten up,
his face stern.

MYCROFT

You'd better be right, Sherlock.

He hangs up. SHERLOCK does likewise, and the Holmes
brothers start to move away.

48 INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING. DAY

48

LADY SMALLWOOD walks along a corridor with VIVIAN the
secretary following her holding a folder. They reach a
glass door which has a security panel on a stand. LADY
SMALLWOOD holds her security pass against it and it beeps
and shows a red message reading ACCESS DENIED. She touches
the pass to the panel again but it beeps and shows the
same message. Looking exasperated, she tries again with
the same result. Behind her, SIR EDWIN and a uniformed
security guard approach.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Bloody thing.

She turns and sees the new arrivals. She looks at the
security guard as he walks to stand between her and the
closed door, then turns to SIR EDWIN.

LADY SMALLWOOD

What's going on?

SIR EDWIN

I'm very sorry, Lady Smallwood.
Your security protocols have been
temporarily rescinded.

LADY SMALLWOOD

What?!

The security guard takes one of her arms and puts his
other hand against her back and starts to walk her back
along the corridor. VIVIAN follows them.

49 INT. AEROPLANE. NIGHT

49

On an aeroplane, SHERLOCK sits in an aisle seat with his
eyes closed. THE WATSONS are in the row in front of him.
Despite there being three seats, they are not sitting side
by side: MARY is in the aisle seat with her head propped
up on one hand and her eyes closed, and JOHN is in the
window seat looking towards the window. His own voice
sounds in his head.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN'S VOICE

So many lies. I don't just mean
you.

An image of the woman (E) who smiled at him on the bus appears on the plane's window. He turns away and looks at his sleeping wife.

50

COME BACK TO THE BUS: EXT. BUS. DAY

50

FLASHBACK. On the bus, JHON glances again towards the red-haired woman and smiles to himself. She also smiles towards him, then looks away, licks her lips and then bites her lower lip. JOHN gets off the bus and looks into the side window, seeing his reflection and the flower tucked behind his ear.

JOHN

(quietly, to himself)

Oh, sh...

He takes the flower from his ear and raises his eyes to the heavens as the bus pulls away. He turns, and THE WOMAN is standing beside him, smiling.

WOMAN

(Scottish accent)

Hello.

JOHN

Ah. Hello.

WOMAN

I like your daisy!

JOHN

Thank you, yeah. It's not really
me, though, I don't think.

WOMAN

No?

JOHN

No.

THE WOMAN starts fiddling with her hair.

WOMAN

Shame.

JOHN

No, it's too floral for me. I'm
more of a
knackered-with-weary-old-eyes
kind of guy.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Well, I think they're nice.

She pauses, looking a little awkward, but then presses on.

WOMAN

Nice eyes.

JOHN

(laughing)

Thank you!

He briefly rubs his left hand across his nose and turns away for a moment, shaking his head as if in disbelief that this pretty woman is flirting with him.

WOMAN

Look, look ... I don't normally do this but, um ...

She starts to rummage in her handbag.

JOHN

But you're gonna.

WOMAN

(sounding nervous)

Yeah!

She scribbles onto the piece of paper she'd been holding on the bus. JOHN smiles and steps closer, looking down at the paper.

JOHN

What's this?

WOMAN

This is me.

She hands him the paper and backs away, smiling nervously and rubbing the back of her head while keeping her eyes fixed on the paper JOHN's holding.

THE WOMAN turns away quickly.

JOHN

Thank you. Cheers.

WOMAN

Yeah, okay, 'bye!

She hurries off.

JOHN

'Bye.

He stares after her, frowning in mild disbelief, then looks down at the paper and smiles. He turns and walks in the opposite direction but then stops, looking at the paper again and still smiling. He puts down his briefcase and takes his phone from his pocket. Activating it, he sees his screensaver picture of him sitting on the sofa at home with his arm around his wife who is cradling their newborn daughter. He and MARY are smiling at someone off-camera. He looks up, grimacing, and takes a couple of steps to a nearby rubbish bin. He pushes his hand into the gap and almost drops the piece of paper into the bin but then hesitates. He looks up and smiles, then starts to grimace again.

Later, sitting at the kitchen table in his family home, he unfolds the piece of paper and looks at it. THE WOMAN has written:

07700 900 552

E XX

JOHN looks at it for a long time, then lifts his head and lets out a silent laugh. He looks down at it again, then picks up his phone, opens up a New Contact and types "E" before adding the phone number and saving it. Your transcriber reaches for the brain bleach. JOHN immediately sends a text message reading simply "Hey". He puts the phone down on the table and gets up and walks away. A few moments later the phone chimes and a message appears. It too simply reads, "Hey".

Still in flashback and with no indication yet whether this is the same day or is days or even weeks later, THE WATSONS are lying side by side in bed with their eyes closed.

MARY

No, you'd think we'd have noticed when she was born.

JOHN

Hm? Noticed what?

MARY

The little '666' on her forehead.

JOHN hums thoughtfully.

JOHN

That's 'The Omen'.

MARY opens her eyes and looks across to him.

MARY

So?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Well, you said it was like 'The Exorcist'. They're two different things. She can't be the Devil and the Antichrist.

MARY sighs and closes her eyes. From the next bedroom, ROSIE starts to cry. JOHN opens his eyes and lifts his head slightly and they both look in the direction of the sound.

MARY

Yeah, can't she?

JOHN groans and drops his head back onto the pillow. MARY throws back her side of the duvet and gets up.

MARY

Coming, darling.

JOHN pushes the top of the duvet down a little and presses the backs of his hands over his eyes for a moment. MARY heads for the other bedroom.

MARY

I'm coming.

[Perhaps interestingly, the last time we saw this scene, she said, "Mummy's coming."]

On his bedside table, JOHN's phone chimes an incoming message. He rolls over and picks up the phone. ROSIE is still crying.

MARY O.S.

Oh, what are you doing?! What are you doing?!

As she continues chatting to her daughter, john looks at his phone. His eyebrows raise at what he sees, then he frowns. The message reads:

It's been too long.

john looks across the room towards ROSIE's bedroom as MARY continues to try and soothe the crying baby.

MARY O.S.

(soothingly)

Come on. It's okay.

JOHN looks back to his phone and types:

I know. Sorry.

After a few moments, the reply comes back:

Miss you.

JOHN looks across to his bedside table for a moment, presumably looking at his clock, then goes back to the phone and types:

You're up late.

There's no reply for a few seconds and JOHN again looks across towards ROSIE'S room as she continues to wail. Then a new message comes in:

Or early.

Glancing again towards the other bedroom, JOHN types:

Night owl?

The reply comes back almost immediately:

Vampire

JOHN quirks a grin.

MARY O.S.

Oh, you're not gonna stop crying, are you? I know: shall we go see Daddy?

Quickly types and sends:

:)

JOHN rolls over and puts the phone face down on the bedside table. The clock on the table shows that it's five o'clock.

MARY O.S.

Let's go and see Daddy! Daddy's here.

She walks into the bedroom carrying the baby and kissing her head.

MARY (CONT'D)

It's okay, Rosie.

JOHN throws back the duvet on his side.

JOHN

I'll take her.

MARY

Yeah.

JOHN gets out of bed.

JOHN

Yeah, I may as well get up now.

He puts one knee on the bed and reaches out for his grizzling daughter. MARY is holding Rosie up. She noisily kisses her cheek a few times.

MARY

Hey, baby, it's Daddy! It's your daddy!

Kneeling on the bed, she hands her daughter to JOHN.

JOHN

Come here, Rose.

MARY

Yeah!

JOHN

Come here, darling. It's all right.

He kisses the baby's cheek. MARY gets back into bed.

MARY

Ah, thank you.

The camera focuses in on the phone lying on JOHN's bedside table. Off-screen, ROSIE continues to fret. After a few seconds, JOHN reaches down and picks up the phone before walking away with it.

51

EXT. BUS. DAY

51

Sitting on the top deck of a bus, JOHN types a new message into his phone:

This isn't a good idea. I'm not free. Things won't end well. It was nice to get to know you a little.

Partway into typing the message he stands up and walks to the top of the stairs, still typing one-handed. Someone rings the bell to alert the driver to stop at the next stop and JOHN walks down the stairs, the message still unsent. Downstairs, when the bus stops and the doors open, he gets off, stops a couple of paces away and adds:

I'm sorry.

Sighing, he sends the message. Grimacing a little, he looks around. The mystery WOMAN is sitting on the bus stop bench smiling at him. JOHN smiles and her own smile widens. JOHN grimaces a bit, baring his teeth, and looks down at his phone and the sent message, then briefly raises his eyebrows and looks across to the WOMAN again.

[Transcriber's note: For the sake of completeness, I should add that an advertising hoarding on the bus stop shows something which is almost definitely a flag for something in one or both of the future episodes. If you're avoiding potential spoilers, skip to the next paragraph.]

(CONTINUED)

On the hoarding is a photo of a man in his fifties [*in real life, the actor is Toby Jones*] with a grimace on his face. Beside his head are the words "HE'S BACK" and at the bottom of the poster, partially obscured by JOHN'S body, are the words:

A ROWBANE...

(*in big letters*) **BUSINESS...**

SERIES ...

IT'S MURDER IN THE... (*The word 'murder' is in red letters*)

COMING...

In the present, JOHN stares blankly out of the plane window, lost in thought.

52

INT. INTERROGATING ROOM. DAY

52

DIOGENES CLUB (presumably). In a room similar to but much smaller than MYCROFT'S office - and looking very like the type of room in which JIM MORIARTY was interrogated - LADY SMALLWOOD sits at a small table facing MYCROFT seated on the other side. A mirror is behind her, reflecting both of them. MYCROFT'S hands are clasped in front of him on the table and he is rapidly tapping one finger against the other hand.

LADY SMALLWOOD

This is absolutely ridiculous and you know it. How many more times?

MYCROFT

Six years ago you held the brief for foreign operations, code name "Love."

LADY SMALLWOOD

And you're basing all this on a code name? On a whispered voice on the telephone? Come on, Mycroft.

MYCROFT

You were the conduit for AGRA. Every assignment, every detail, they got from you.

LADY SMALLWOOD

It was my job.

MYCROFT unfolds his hands and sits back.

(CONTINUED)

MYCROFT

Then there was the Tbilisi incident. AGRA went in.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Yes.

MYCROFT

And they were betrayed.

LADY SMALLWOOD

(firmly)

Not by me.

mycroft just looks at her. She takes in a breath and sighs it out.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Mycroft, we've known each other a long time. I promise you, I haven't the foggiest idea what all this is about. You wound up AGRA and all the other freelancers.

(slowly, emphatically)

I haven't done any of the things you're accusing me of. Not one.

(even more emphatically)

Not. One.

MYCROFT looks down at the table for a moment, then turns his head to look to his left. On the other side of a one-way mirror stands SHERLOCK, watching thoughtfully. MYCROFT lowers his gaze and sits forward again, adjusting his jacket.

53 INT.THE WATSONS' HOME. AFTERNOON

53

JOHN is standing in the living room and now turns to face MARY who is sitting on the sofa.

JOHN

D'you think she'll like bedtime stories? I'd like to do those.

MARY

(smiling)

Yeah?!

JOHN

Yeah, I just make a series of gurgling noises at the moment - although she does seem to enjoy 'em.

He sits down at the other end of the sofa and picks up a glass of red wine.

(CONTINUED)

MARY: Well, I'll have to give that a go!

He smiles round to her and takes a drink.

MARY
(looking reflective)
Got a lot to catch up on.

54

EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE. AFTERNOON

54

SHERLOCK is walking slowly across Vauxhall Bridge. He stops and turns to face the river, his gaze distant and his eyes rapidly flickering back and forth as various memories come to him:

AJAY'S VOICE
You think you understand. You
understand nothing.

Two Thatcher busts appear before Sherlock's mind's eye overlaid with flying plaster dust before they are visually shattered.

In the Welsborough house, SHERLOCK looks across to the Thatcher shrine table. Simultaneously a shattered bust lifts off the floor and reassembles itself before flying up out of sight.

MYCROFT'S VOICE
Code names Antarctica, Langdale,
Porlock and Love ...

A hammer smashes down onto the first of Orrie Harker's Thatcher busts.

MARY stands holding ROSIE, looking into her phone's camera as she talks to SHERLOCK over Skype.

MARY'S VOICE
You'd be amazed what a
receptionist picks up.

She lowers her voice to a dramatic whisper.

MARY'S VOICE
They know everything.

More plaster shatters, and AJAY's memory stick lies amongst the fragments.

AJAY'S VOICE
They said it was the English
woman.

More plaster shatters.

MYCROFT'S VOICE
Don't minute any of this.

MARY'S VOICE
They know everything.

SHERLOCK turns his head to the right, staring across the river. He breaks into a run, heading for the distinctive SIS Building, also known as the headquarters of MI6.

55 INT.THE WATSONS' HOME. AFTERNOON

55

MARY and JOHN are still sitting on the sofa, MARY with her feet curled up under her.

MARY
You don't make it easy, do you?

JOHN
What d'you mean?

MARY shifts round and puts her feet on the floor.

MARY
Well, being ...
(clears her throat)
... being so perfect.

She puts her right elbow on her knee and rests her forehead on the heel of her hand. JOHN looks at her for a moment, then takes a breath and leans forward.

JOHN
Mary ... I-I need to tell you ...

MARY's phone buzzes and chirps a text alert.

MARY
Hang on.

Even as she picks up her phone, JOHN's phone also chirps an alert. MARY's message reads:

**The curtain rises. The last
act. It's not over.**

SH

JOHN's message reads:

**London Aquarium. Come
immediately.**

SH

MARY
Can you tell me later?

JOHN
Yeah.

MARY
Great.

JOHN
Yeah.

They both stand up and head towards the front door but then MARY stops and turns around.

MARY
Well, no, we can't just go.

JOHN
Rosie.

MARY
Yeah.

JOHN gets his phone back out of his jeans pocket.

JOHN
Uh, you go.

MARY
No!

JOHN
I'll, um, come as soon as I've found someone. Mrs Hudson.

MARY
Corfu 'til Saturday.

[Oh hell. England will fall.]

MARY
Molly.

JOHN
Uh, yeah, I'll try.

He starts typing.

MARY
Well, we should both stay and wait for her.

JOHN
You know that's not gonna happen. If there's more to this case, you're the one who needs to see it.

MARY

Yeah, okay. You win.

She heads for the door while John continues texting.

56

INT. AQUARIUM (COUNTY HALL, SOUTH BANK). NIGHT

56

Inside the Sea Life London Aquarium housed inside County Hall, SHERLOCK makes his way along the blue-lit corridors and through the glass tunnels under the water.

TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT

Ladies and gentlemen, the Aquarium will be closing in five minutes. Please make your way to the exit. Thank you.

He continues onwards until he reaches an enclosed area with benches where people can sit and look at the various tanks all around. A woman is sitting on one of the benches with her back to him.

SHERLOCK

Your office said I'd find you here.

VIVIAN

This was always my favourite spot for agents to meet.

She continues looking forward into a tank of sharks and other smaller fish.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

We're like them: ghostly, living in the shadows.

VIVIAN turns to look at him. Behind him, fluorescent jellyfish swim in another tank.

SHERLOCK

Predatory.

VIVIAN

Well, it depends which side you're on.

She turns away to look into the shark tank again.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Also, we have to keep moving or we die.

SHERLOCK

Nice location for the final act. Couldn't have chosen it better myself. But then I never could resist a touch of the dramatic.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

I just come here to look at the fish.

She stands up and takes a few steps closer to the tank.

VIVIAN

I knew this would happen one day.

She turns to face him, her handbag hanging from her elbow.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

It's like that old story.

SHERLOCK

I really am a very busy man.
Would you mind cutting to the chase?

VIVIAN

You're very sure of yourself,
aren't you?

SHERLOCK

(precisely)
With good reason.

VIVIAN

There was once a merchant in a famous market in Baghdad.

SHERLOCK closes his eyes and lowers his head a little.

SHERLOCK

I really have never liked this story.

VIVIAN

I'm just like the merchant in the story. I thought I could outrun the inevitable. I've always been looking over my shoulder; always expecting to see the grim figure of ...

MARY

... Death.

MARY comes into the room and stops at SHERLOCK's side a couple of feet away from him.

SHERLOCK

(not looking round)
Hello, Mary.

MARY

Hey.

SHERLOCK

John?

MARY

On his way.

SHERLOCK

Let me introduce AMMO.

MARY

(staring at her)

You were Amo?

SHERLOCK looks round to her.

MARY (CONT'D)

You were the person on the phone
that time?

SHERLOCK

Using AGRA as her private
assassination unit.

MARY

(to VIVIAN)

Why did you betray us?

VIVIAN

Why does anyone do anything?

SHERLOCK

Oh, let me guess. Selling
secrets?

VIVIAN

Well, it would be churlish to
refuse. Worked very well for a
few years. I bought a nice
cottage in Cornwall on the back
of it. But the ambassador in
Tbilisi found out. I thought I'd
had it.

She looks towards Mary before returning her gaze to
Sherlock.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Then she was taken hostage in
that coup.

(laughs)

I couldn't believe my luck! That
bought me a little time.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

But then you found out your boss
had sent AGRA in.

VIVIAN

Very handy. They were always such
reliable killers.

SHERLOCK

What you didn't know, Mary, was
that this one also tipped off the
hostage-takers.

MARY turns and stares at him. VIVIAN sits back down and
rests her handbag on her lap.

VIVIAN

Lady Smallwood gave the order,
but I sent another one to the
terrorists with a nice little
clue about her code name should
anyone have an enquiring mind.
Seemed to do the trick.

MARY

And you thought your troubles
were over.

VIVIAN

I was tired; tired of the mess of
it all.

(she sighs)

I just wanted some peace, some
clarity. The hostages were
killed, AGRA too ...

(she looks across to MARY)

... or so I thought. My secret
was safe. But apparently not.
Just a little peace. That's all
you wanted too, wasn't it? A
family, home. Really, I
understand.

MARY glances across to SHERLOCK but his gaze is fixed on
VIVIAN, who lifts her handbag as if in preparation to
stand, and rests one hand on the open top of it.

VIVIAN

So just let me get out of here,
right? Let me just walk away.
I'll vanish. I'll go forever.
What d'you say?

MARY

(furiously)

After what you did?!

(CONTINUED)

She starts towards the older woman. SHERLOCK begins to follow her.

SHERLOCK

Mary, no!

In a fluid movement VIVIAN stands, pulling a pistol from her handbag and aiming it at MARY, who stops and backs away.

MARY

Okay.

She moves back to stand the other side of SHERLOCK.

57 EXT. CAB. NIGHT

57

JOHN is in the back of a cab with a phone to his ear.

JOHN

(into phone)

London Aquarium. ... Yes, now.

He hangs up.

58 INT. AQUARIUM (COUNTY HALL, SOUTH BANK). NIGHT

58

In the Aquarium, VIVIAN looks down at her pistol which she's no longer pointing at anyone.

VIVIAN

I was never a field agent. I always thought I'd be rather good.

MARY scoffs.

SHERLOCK

Well, you handled the operation in Tbilisi very well.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

SHERLOCK

... for a secretary.

VIVIAN

What?

SHERLOCK

Can't have been easy all those years, sitting in the back keeping your mouth shut when you knew you were cleverer than most of the people in the room.

VIVIAN
I didn't do this out of jealousy!

SHERLOCK
No? Same old drudge, day in, day out, never getting out there where all the excitement was. Just back to your little flat on Wigmore Street.

VIVIAN gapes.

SHERLOCK
They've taken up the pavement outside the Post Office there. The local clay on your shoes is very distinctive.

Close-up of VIVIAN's dusty shoes.

SHERLOCK
Yes, your little flat.

VIVIAN
How do you know?

SHERLOCK
(quick fire)
Well, on your salary it would have to be modest and you spent all the money on that cottage, didn't you, and what are you, widowed or divorced?

He focuses in on a plain gold band on the index finger of her left hand.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Wedding ring's at least thirty years old and you've moved it to another finger. That means you're sentimentally attached to it but you're not still married. I favour widowed, given the number of cats you share your life with.

MARY
(nervously, watching VIVIAN closely)
Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Two Burmese and a tortoiseshell, judging by the cat hairs on your cardigan.

Close-up of those hairs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

A divorcee's more likely to look for a new partner; a widow to fill the void left by her dead husband.

MARY

Sherlock, don't.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(quick fire, his voice rising as he gets fully into his stride)

Pets do that, or so I'm told, and there's clearly no-one new in your life, otherwise you wouldn't be spending your Friday nights in an aquarium. That probably accounts for the drink problem, too: the slight tremor in your hand ...

There's a close-up of her slightly shaking gun hand, then a close-up of her mouth.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

... the red wine stain ghosting your top lip. So yes. I say jealousy was your motive after all - to prove how good you are ...

VIVIAN's gaze turns to look towards the entrance as MYCROFT walks in.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

... to make up for the inadequacies of your little life.

VIVIAN is still looking to where GREG now comes in followed by three uniformed police officers.

MYCROFT

Well, Mrs Norbury. I must admit this is unexpected.

SHERLOCK

(his voice dripping with sarcasm)

Vivian Norbury, who outsmarted them all. All except Sherlock Holmes.

He takes a step forward, holding out his left hand. MARY and the police officers behind step forward.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK
(softly)
There's no way out.

VIVIAN
So it would seem.
(she smiles a little)
You've seen right through me, Mr
Holmes.

SHERLOCK
It's what I do.

She tilts her head to one side.

VIVIAN
Maybe I can still surprise you.

Swiftly she brings up the gun and aims it at SHERLOCK.

LESTRADE
Come on.
(points at her)
Be sensible.

SHERLOCK holds his hands out to the side. VIVIAN shakes her head.

VIVIAN
No, I don't think so.

She fires. In super-slow motion the bullet heads towards SHERLOCK who stands there unmoving. MARY, who had no doubt anticipated that this was going to happen, hurls herself sideways in front of him and the bullet impacts her lower chest. Blood sprays outward and immediately there is a large bloodstain on her shirt. Crying out, she falls to the floor against a nearby bench.

VIVIAN
(spitefully)
Surprise.

MARY rolls over to slump against the back of the bench, gasping in pain. As two of the police officers hurry over to VIVIAN to disarm her, SHERLOCK stares at MARY in shock, then drops to his knees to press his gloved hand against the wound. She looks up at him, her eyes wide, and whimpers.

SHERLOCK
Everything's fine. It's gonna be
okay.

He looks round to MYCROFT.

SHERLOCK
Get an ambulance.

MYCROFT turns and hurries away just as JOHN runs in.

SHERLOCK
(to Mary)
It's all right, it's all right.

JOHN
Mary!

He races to drop down by her side.

MARY
John!

She breathes heavily. SHERLOCK stands up and steps back and JOHN jams his right hand against the wound, applying pressure to it, and holds the back of her head with his other hand.

JOHN
Mary? Mary?

She looks up at him.

JOHN
Stay with me. Stay with me.

MARY
Oh, come on.

JOHN
No, don't worry. Don't worry.

MARY
Oh, come on, Doctor, you can do better than that.

Her voice breaks on the last word. SHERLOCK stares down at her, his face full of shock.

JOHN
Come on, Mary.

She sobs.

JOHN
Mary, come on.

MARY
God, John, I think this is it.

JOHN
No-no-no-no, it's not.

He looks down to the wound, lifting his hand briefly from it before pressing onto it again.

MARY

You made me so happy.

He looks at her and forces a smile.

MARY

You gave me everything I could ever, ever ...

JOHN

Shh-shh.

MARY

... want.

JOHN

Mary, Mary ...

He gently shushes her, and runs his free hand over her forehead.

MARY

(tearfully)

Look after Rosie.

He shushes her again.

MARY

Promise me.

JOHN

(in a whisper)

I promise.

MARY

(sobbing)

No.

JOHN

(louder)

Yes, I promise.

MARY

(sobbing)

Promise me.

JOHN

I promise. I promise.

She strokes her hand down the side of his face as he continues trying to shush her. She looks up at SHERLOCK.

MARY
(tearfully)
Hey, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK's still looking down at her in shock.

SHERLOCK
Yes?

MARY
I ... so like you.

MYCROFT comes back in with his phone in his hand and stands a short distance away.

MARY
(to Sherlock)
Did I ever say?

SHERLOCK smiles slightly, his eyes filling with tears.

SHERLOCK
Yes. Yes, y-you did.

He presses his lips together, apparently trying to hold back his tears.

MARY
I'm sorry ... for shooting you
that time. I'm really sorry.

SHERLOCK
(softly, trying to force
another smile)
It's-it's all right.

MARY
I think we're even now, okay?

SHERLOCK
(softly, nodding)
Okay.

She yelps with pain.

JOHN
Mary. Mary.

MARY
(her head turning away from
SHERLOCK)
I think we're even; definitely
ev... even.

She looks at JOHN, then gasps against the pain as he continues trying to shush her.

MARY
(sobbing)
You ...

She stares into her husband's eyes.

MARY
(sobbing)
You were my whole world.

Grimacing with his teeth bared, JOHN rears his head back, his eyes screwed shut in anguish, before lowering it down, his breath shuddering against his tears. MARY's now forcing out the words against the pain.

MARY
Being Mary Watson ...

JOHN raises his head to meet her gaze.

MARY
... was the only life worth
living.

JOHN
(softly)
Mary.

MARY
Thank you.

Her head drops and she dies. JOHN draws in a breath.

JOHN
(in a whisper)
Mary.

He reaches to touch her chin with his bloodstained fingers, then drops his hand. SHERLOCK, GREG and MYCROFT watch silently. For a long several seconds nobody moves, then JOHN lifts his hand again to put his fingers against the pulse point on MARY's neck. With his other hand he cradles her head and rests his chin on top of it, staring vacantly into the distance, then he moves his head to the side of her head. Lifting up again, he looks at her open blank eyes and his bloody fingerprints against the side of her neck. SHERLOCK stares down at them as if he cannot believe what has happened. JOHN's head drops, and an animalistic howl comes from his clenched teeth. He draws in a breath and howls again, and then again. SHERLOCK reaches out a hand to touch him but before he can make contact JOHN's head comes up, his teeth clenched and his face full of murderous rage. He glares up at SHERLOCK, breathing heavily.

JOHN
 (savagely)
 Don't you dare.

He takes several harsh breaths.

JOHN
 (savagely, softly)
 You made a vow. You swore it.

His eyes wide with shock, SHERLOCK starts to step back. Nearby, GREG raises his head from the appalling scene and looks across to MYCROFT, who returns his gaze. With tears pouring down his face, JOHN turns back to MARY, strokes her hair back and puts his mouth close to her ear.

JOHN
 (in a tiny whisper)
 Mary.

He sits cradling his dead wife. As GREG passes his hand over his face and MYCROFT watches his brother, SHERLOCK slowly begins to back away.

The camera pulls up to another tank above the room, and a shark swims across the screen, wiping the scene to a dark corridor along which two police officers are escorting VIVIAN NORBURY. From the look on her face, she has finally realised the seriousness of what she has done, and what the future holds for her.

In a crematorium, a coffin is surrounded by blue flames.

59 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY 59

And once again JOHN WATSON has no choice but to walk across a graveyard.

60 INT. WATSON'S HOUSE. DAY 60

Later, we see a close-up of JOHN'S eyes, full of pain. He paces across his living room, repeatedly clenching and unclenching his left hand, the one in which he used to have a tremor. Various baby items are scattered around the room. On the kitchen table his mobile phone buzzes repeatedly but he doesn't move towards it, now stopped in the living room and gazing in anguish into the distance. As the phone continues to buzz relentlessly, he starts to move again, although it might be that he's simply rocking from side to side on the spot.

The voice of his occasional therapist ELLA overlays the scene.

ELLA V.O.
 You've been having dreams. A recurring dream?

61 INT. ELLA'S (NEW) OFFICE. DAY

61

The scene switches to her (new) office and ELLA looks across to the chair facing her, which is currently off-screen.

ELLA

D'you want to talk about it?

She waits for a while, while a clock ticks noisily in the background. Apart from that sound, the silence drags on.

ELLA

This is a two-way relationship,
you know.

She smiles encouragingly. After a few more seconds of silence during which she fiddles idly with her pen, she draws in a breath and breathes out again.

ELLA

The whole world has come crashing
down around you. Everything's
hopeless, irretrievable. I know
that's what you must feel, but I
can only help you if you
completely open yourself up to
me.

As she is talking, the camera is been pulling back towards the opposite chair and now we see who's sitting there.

SHERLOCK

That's not really my style.

He meets her gaze for a moment, then lowers his eyes and turns his head away, looking uncomfortable.

SHERLOCK

I need to know what to do.

ELLA O.S.

Do?

SHERLOCK

(softly, his gaze distant)
About John.

62 INT. MYCROFT'S HOME. NIGHT

62

MYCROFT walks into his kitchen, leans his umbrella against a wall and puts down his briefcase. Straightening up and stretching his back with a loud crunching sound, he rubs the back of his neck as he walks across to the fridge and sighs as he opens the door. He looks inside and although we can't see directly into it, it appears that there's nothing much - if anything - in there. Sighing again, he

(CONTINUED)

closes the door. Attached near the top of the door with a fridge magnet is a takeaway menu for a restaurant called **Reigate Square**. Other takeaway menus are attached lower down, *including one for a Thai restaurant with an elephant on the cover*. He pulls the top menu from underneath its magnet, revealing a large square Post-It note on which has been written "**13th**", double underlined. Looking at the note for a long moment, MYCROFT then reaches into his waistcoat to take out a pocket watch on a chain. Looking at the time on it, he puts the watch away and turns to a nearby telephone. He picks it up, dials what appears to be a speed-dial number and puts the phone to his ear.

MYCROFT

Put me through to Sherrinford,
please. ... Yes, I'll wait.

63

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

63

MRS HUDSON O.S.

(tearfully)

Nothing will ever be the same
again, will it?

The scene switches to the living room of 221B. MRS HUDSON is sitting in JOHN'S chair holding a paper tissue to her mouth. A large book is on the table beside the chair with string wrapped round it. Attached to the end of the string is JOHN'S 'me-substitute' balloon. A lot of the air has leaked out and the balloon now hangs down limply. SHERLOCK is sitting in his chair.

SHERLOCK

I'm afraid it won't.

MRS HUDSON

We'll have to rally round, I
expect. Do our bit.
(breaks down in tears again)
Look after little Rosie.

SHERLOCK stands up.

SHERLOCK

Just going to, um ...

He looks around as if uncertain what to do, then points to the open laptop on the dining table.

SHERLOCK

... look through these things.
There might be a case.

MRS HUDSON

A case?

SHERLOCK sits down at the table and looks at the laptop.

(CONTINUED)

MRS HUDSON

Oh. You're not up to it, are you?

SHERLOCK's head drops a little.

SHERLOCK

Work is the best antidote to
sorrow, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON

Yes, yes, I expect you're right.

She starts to get out of the chair.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

I'll make some tea, shall I?

SHERLOCK

Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON

(staying seated)

Yes, Sherlock?

He blinks several times and half-glances in her direction
but then continues to look at the laptop.

SHERLOCK

If you ever think I'm becoming a
bit ...

(he pauses and swallows)

... full of myself, cocky or ...

(he pulls in a breath)

... over-confident ...

MRS HUDSON

Yes?

SHERLOCK turns on his seat to face her.

SHERLOCK

... would you just say the word
'Norbury' to me, would you?

MRS HUDSON

Norbury.

SHERLOCK

Just that.

He pauses for a moment, lowering his gaze, then looks at
her pleadingly.

SHERLOCK

I'd be very grateful.

Turning back towards where his hand is resting on the dining table, he lifts the top item on a pile of paperwork and pulls out the padded envelope underneath it.

SHERLOCK

What's this?

MRS HUDSON

Oh, I brought that up. It was mixed up with my things.

sherlock opens the envelope and pulls out a DVD. It is a plain white disc but written on it are the words

MISS ME?

He stares down at it and MRS HUDSON gets out of her chair with a look of shock on her face.

MRS HUDSON

Oh God. Is that ...

SHERLOCK

Must be.

MRS HUDSON

Oh!

She sits down on the arm of SHERLOCK's chair while he loads the disc.

SHERLOCK

(intensely)

I knew it wouldn't end like this.
I knew Moriarty made plans.

For a moment the 'loading' circle spins and then the disc begins to play. But it's not JAMES MORIARTY who appears on the screen. It's MARY. She smiles into the camera and rolls her eyes a little as she speaks.

VIDEO'S MARY

Thought that would get your attention.

SHERLOCK sinks back in his chair. MRS HUDSON reaches out and puts her hand over his.

MRS HUDSON

Oh!

VIDEO'S MARY

So, this is in case ...
(smiles awkwardly)
... in case the day comes. If you are watching this, I'm ... probably dead. I hope I can have an ordinary life, but who knows?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIDEO'S MARY (cont'd)
 Nothing's certain; nothing's
 written. My old life - it was
 full of consequences.

(smiles briefly)

The danger was the fun part, but
 you can't outrun that forever.

(gestures)

You need to remember that, so ...
 I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK slowly leans forward.

VIDEO'S MARY
 Might be the hardest case of your
 career. When I'm ... gone - if
 I'm gone - I need you to do
 something for me.

SHERLOCK swallows. Maybe he's already worked out what the
 case is.

64

EXT. WATSON'S HOME. DAY

64

Apparently SHERLOCK has knocked on the door and then
 stepped back out of the porch. The door opens and MOLLY
 comes out, holding ROSIE in her arms. She closes the door
 and comes out to the porch. SHERLOCK smiles down at his
 goddaughter.

MOLLY
 (softly)

Hi.

He nods to her. She returns the nod.

SHERLOCK
 (quietly)
 I just ... wondered how things
 were going and ... and if there
 was anything I could do.

Looking awkward, MOLLY reaches into the pocket of her
 trousers and holds out a piece of paper.

MOLLY
 It's, uh, it's from John.

SHERLOCK takes it and looks down at it.

SHERLOCK
 Right.

MOLLY
 You don't need to read it now.

She pauses for a moment as he looks at her.

MOLLY

I'm sorry, Sherlock. He says ...
Jo-John said if you were to come
round asking after him, offering
to help ...

SHERLOCK

Yes?

MOLLY

(reluctantly)
He ... said he'd r... that he'd
rather have anyone but you.
(softly)
Anyone.

SHERLOCK blinks and presses his lips together. MOLLY, with
tears in her eyes, looks down at ROSIE and then turns and
goes back indoors, closing the door behind her. SHERLOCK
stands there for a few seconds, then turns and walks away,
tucking the note into his coat pocket.

VIDEO'S MARY V.O.

I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.

65

EXT. CAB. DAY

65

SHERLOCK sits in the back of a black cab, his head
lowered. It's possible that he's reading the note.

VIDEO'S MARY V.O.

When I'm gone - if I'm ...
(breathes out a shaky
breath)
.... gone - I need you to do
something for me.

[That sentence does sound different this second time.]

66

COME BACK TO THE VIDEO

66

On the DVD recording, the camera focuses in on MARY's
mouth.

MARY'S VIDEO

Save John Watson.

The focus switches to her eyes.

VIDEO'S MARY

Save him, Sherlock.

The focus switches to her mouth again.

VIDEO'S MARY

Save him.

67 EXT. THAMES COAST. AFTERNOON 67

SHERLOCK is walking along the south bank of the Thames near MI6 headquarters.

SHERLOCK V.O.

When does the path we walk on
lock around our feet? When does
the road become a river with only
one destination? Death waits for
us all in Samarra. But can
Samarra be avoided?

As he moves on, the background changes from the riverside scene to dark blue water, with a bright white light shining down into the depths.

68 ENDS TITLES 68

69 MARY'S CLIP 69

The end credits roll, and then MARY briefly reappears on the DVD, looking intently into the camera.

VIDEO'S MARY

Go to Hell, Sherlock.

The DVD shuts down.

END OF EPISODE 11