

Sherlock S4 E2

The Lying Detective

Blurry, out of focus and aimed directly towards the camera, a pistol has fired and smoke drifts from the muzzle. The camera drops slowly downwards, eventually revealing the face of John Watson lying on his back and staring blankly upwards. The angle changes and we now see John's face upright, then the angle changes yet again and he is actually lying on his back on his bed at home, staring blankly upwards. A woman's voice speaks with a soft German accent.

WOMAN (offscreen): Tell me about your morning. Start from the beginning.

(The scene shifts again. John is reflected in a window. Outside the window is a wicker fence, and inside the room – very out of focus – is a bunch of what look like pale white roses in a vase.)

JOHN: I woke up.

(He smiles tightly. We now see that he is in what appears to be the back room of a house. He is sitting in a chair a few feet away from a woman facing him as she sits in a low armchair. Dark blue floor-length curtains are tied back either side of French windows at the rear of the room, looking out into the back garden, and similar curtains hang either side of a smaller window beside him. On a table under the smaller window stands the vase of flowers. There is a jagged red rug on the floor between John and the woman. It's clear as the conversation continues that this woman is a therapist and is not Ella.)

THERAPIST: How did you sleep?

JOHN: I didn't. I don't.

THERAPIST: You just said you woke up.

JOHN: I stopped lying down.

(In flashback John sits up in bed and shifts back to lean against the headboard. The duvet on the other side of the bed is rucked up and a hand is poking out from under it, resting on the pillow. Blonde curly hair is also visible.)

THERAPIST (voiceover): Alone?

(In flashback John looks across to the mostly-hidden person lying beside him.)

JOHN (in the therapist's room): Of course alone.

(We get our first proper sight of the therapist. She has ash blonde shoulder-length hair and is wearing glasses. She has a notebook on her lap.)

THERAPIST: I meant Rosie, your daughter.

JOHN: Uh, she's with friends.

THERAPIST: Why?

JOHN: Can't always cope ... and, uh, last night wasn't ... good.

(In flashback, John stands in the hallway of his house leaning against the wall. The hall is in darkness. He holds his left shoulder with his right hand and drinks from a glass, ice cubes rattling.)

THERAPIST: That's understandable.

JOHN: Is it? Why? Why is it understandable? Why does everything have to be understandable?

(He smiles and then laughs bitterly.)

JOHN: Why can't, um, some things be unacceptable and-and we just say that?

(He gestures briefly at the end of the sentence, then lowers his hand onto the other one and taps his index finger against it.)

THERAPIST: I only mean it's okay.

JOHN: I'm letting my daughter down. How the hell is that okay?

THERAPIST (softly): You just lost your wife.

JOHN: And Rosie just lost her mother.

(He pulls in a harsh breath, then clears his throat.)

In flashback, John sits at his kitchen table with a steaming mug beside him. He lifts his hands, clasps them together and props his chin on them. In the background, someone is moving around in the living room. Whoever it is is very out of focus but their shape suggests that it's a woman.)

THERAPIST (voiceover): You are holding yourself to an unreasonable standard.

(In flashback, the person walks to John's side and puts an arm around his shoulder. We still can't see who it is.)

JOHN (at the therapist's, voiceover): No, I'm failing to.

THERAPIST: So there is no-one you talk to, confide in?

JOHN: No-one.

(In flashback, John has now put on a jacket and walks towards the front door, holding a set of keys in

one hand and a briefcase in the other. He turns back towards the other person, whom we can't see except their arm.)

JOHN: Oh, I'm picking up Rosie this afternoon, after I've seen my therapist. Got a new one; seeing her today.

MARY (*offscreen*): Are you gonna tell her about me?

JOHN (*shaking his head*): No.

MARY (*offscreen*): Why not?

JOHN: 'Cause I can't.

MARY (*offscreen*): Why *not*?

JOHN: Because I can't ... you *know* I can't. She thinks you're dead.

MARY (*offscreen*): John, you've got to remember. It's important.

(The angle reverses and Mary is standing at the kitchen table with her hand on the back of one of the chairs. She is wearing the same clothes she wore in the Aquarium but there is no blood or bullet hole on her shirt.)

MARY: I am dead.

(John nods.)

MARY: Please, for your own sake and for Rosie's. This isn't real. I'm dead.

(He looks away.)

MARY: John. Look at me.

JOHN: Hm. *(He turns his head to her.)*

MARY: I'm not here.

(He nods.)

MARY: You *know* that, don't you?

(John stares blankly into the corner of the room for several seconds, rubbing his ear with one finger.)

JOHN (*his voice breaking slightly*): Okay, I'll see you later.

(He looks into the kitchen again. We can see that there is nobody there. He turns and walks away.)

THERAPIST (*voiceover*): Is there anything you're not telling me?

(In her consultation room, John bites his lip and then presses his lips together. After a moment he looks up and over the therapist's left shoulder. Mary is standing by the wall behind her, looking off into the distance. John huffs out a small laugh.)

JOHN: No.

(He clears his throat awkwardly. Mary is now looking towards him and tears run down one cheek.)

THERAPIST: What are you looking at?

(She turns in her chair and looks towards where John was looking.)

JOHN: Nothing.

THERAPIST (*facing him again*): You keep glancing to my left.

JOHN: Oh, I suppose I was just ... looking away. *(He laughs nervously.)*

THERAPIST: There is a difference between looking away and looking *to*. I tend to notice these things.

JOHN (*smiling tightly*): I'm sure.

(She breathes out a small laugh.)

THERAPIST: Now I am reminding you of your friend, I think.

JOHN (*still smiling humourlessly*): It's not necessarily a good thing.

THERAPIST: Do you talk to Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: I haven't seen him. No-one's seen him. He's locked himself away in his flat. God knows *what* he's up to.

THERAPIST: Do you blame him?

(John twiddles his thumbs compulsively.)

JOHN: I don't blame ... I don't think about him. *(He shakes his head.)*

THERAPIST: Has he attempted to make contact with you?

JOHN: No.

THERAPIST: How can you be sure? He might have tried.

JOHN: No, if Sherlock Holmes wants to get in touch, that's not something you can fail to notice.

(He sighs out a breath through his nose. Just then the sound of a car accelerating hard can be heard outside. John turns his head towards the front room and a red car comes into view through the window, does a dramatic U-turn with a squeal of tyres and stops outside the house. There's the sound of shattering glass and a black plastic rubbish bin flies through the air and crashes to the ground. John and the therapist get up from their seats and walk towards the front door as the sound of an approaching police car's siren can be heard. John opens the front door and walks outside just as a helicopter can be heard overhead. John looks at the expensive-looking red car and then squints

upwards towards the helicopter, while the police siren continues to wail. Camera footage from the chopper shows the red car parked at an awkward angle outside the house and rubbish bins lying on their sides near it. Smoke is still rising from the car's tortured tyres. Police cars are just pulling up from both ends of the road. Back on the ground, we see the badge on the front of the car showing that it's an Aston Martin. The driver's door opens and the sound of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 (Ode to Joy) can be heard from the car's stereo. The driver gets out but the person is out of focus and we can't see who it is. John squints up at the helicopter again.)

THERAPIST (standing in the doorway behind John): Well, now ...

(John lowers his head to look at the driver and his face fills with surprise.)

THERAPIST: ... won't you introduce me?

(John stares at the driver as if he can't believe what he is seeing.)

OPENING CREDITS.

LONDON. DUSK. A man in his fifties, wearing a white suit, stands on the balcony of a riverside building in the Southwark area, looking at the view. The balcony is many storeys above ground. We might recognise him from the advertisement on the bus shelter where John last saw his mystery redhead.

Shortly afterwards, the man has come off the balcony into a room which has floor-to-ceiling glass windows on three sides. He shakes hands with a white-haired man and then walks over to one of the windows to look outside. There are several other people in the room chatting with each other around a large white oval table in the middle of the room.

In a cut-away shot, news footage is shown of the man, wearing a black tuxedo and coming down a grand staircase smiling and waving as cameras flash and reporters shout questions. The footage is captioned News 24/7 on the bottom left of the screen and on the right the man is identified as Culverton Smith and underneath his name, Entrepreneur / Philanthropist. He continues downstairs into the throng of reporters who continue to take photos and hold microphones towards him. He raises his hands to them, smiling as he continues onwards.

SMITH (northern English accent): No, thank you, thank you.

(In the glass walled room, Smith smiles to himself. Nearby a woman in her mid-thirties, with mid-blond shoulder-length hair and wearing a large pair of glasses, walks across the room leaning heavily on a cane. She greets one of the men.)

FAITH (northern English accent): Hello.

(The man she's talking to turns one of the chairs to make it easier for her to sit down. Behind Smith, a woman approaches him.)

CORNELIA: Mr Smith?

(He turns his head slightly towards her.)

CORNELIA: Whenever you're ready.

(Smith turns and looks towards the table where everyone is now sitting down, still talking to each other.)

(There's another brief cut-away to the news footage. Smith has now stopped to talk to the reporters.)

SMITH: Uh, the charity fun...

(In the riverside room, Smith turns to Cornelia.)

SMITH: Now, please.

(Raising her hand to a headset in her ear, she walks away across the room.)

CORNELIA (into her microphone): Bring them through.

(At the end of a corridor outside the room, the door opens and a woman in a white nurse's uniform, cap and gloves and with a white mask over her nose and mouth walks through carrying a clipboard. She is followed by several other nurses, mostly female but at least one male, similarly attired. Each of them is wheeling a drug stand beside them. Inside the glass room we see clearly for the first time that there are six people seated around the table, three on each side. Faith sits between two men on the left-hand side, and two men and a woman sit on the other side. Smith stands at the end of the table looking at them.)

SMITH: It's difficult having such good friends.

(He walks along the right-hand side of the table, putting a hand briefly on the shoulder of the two men as he passes.)

SMITH: Friends are people you want to share with. Friends and ...

(Reaching the other end of the table, he points towards Faith.)

SMITH: ... family.

(Outside the room, the nurses and their stands progress along the corridor.)

SMITH *(reaching Faith and putting both hands on her shoulders)*: What's the very worst thing you can do to your very best friends?

(He rubs her shoulders and then strokes her neck with one hand. She laughs a little nervously. The man sitting to her right speaks.)

IVAN: Something on your mind?

SMITH: Yes, Ivan. Oh, yes.

(He pats Faith's shoulder and she tilts her head back and smiles at him.)

IVAN: Whatever you tell us stays in this room. I think I speak for everyone.

(The others chorus their agreement with comments of "Of course," and "Yeah." Smith walks back to the head of the table and leans his arms on the back of the chair there.)

FAITH: Well? What is the worst thing you could do?

(Smith draws in a long breath through his nose.)

SMITH: Tell them your darkest secret. *(He narrows his eyes.)* Because if you tell them and they decide they'd rather not know, you can't take it back. You can't unsay it. *(He smiles briefly.)* Once you've opened your heart, you can't close it again.

(His friends look at him silently. After a moment he laughs raucously. The others laugh too as he flaps a hand at them.)

SMITH: I'm kidding!

(He continues to laugh for a moment, then his smile drops.)

SMITH: Of course you can.

(He nods to Cornelia standing near the door. The door is already open and now the nurses process into the room.)

SMITH: Well, everyone, please, roll up your right sleeves. Roll up your right sleeves. Come on.

(The seated people look anxious as the nurses wheel their drug stands into the room and each one goes to one of Smith's guests.)

SMITH: Oh, i-it's, uh, it's a bit of insurance.

FAITH: I don't understand. *(She points to the drug stand nearest to her.)* What is that?

IVAN *(chuckling)*: TD12. One of ours.

FAITH: One of yours?

IVAN: We make it, my company – TD12. Sells mainly to dentists and hospitals for minor surgical procedures. Interferes with ...

(He gestures towards his head. In a brief blurry cut-away, Faith stumbles into another room, leaning heavily on her cane, and slumps against the door.)

IVAN: ... the memory.

SMITH *(pointing towards Ivan)*: The memory, yes!

(In the blurry cut-away, Faith hobbles deeper into the room.)

SMITH: I-I-I want to thank you, Ivan, for allowing me to use it.

IVAN: Well, I didn't exactly know who you were going to be using it on.

(Smith chuckles.)

FAITH: You mean you didn't ask?

SMITH *(looking round the table)*: Is everyone ready?

FAITH *(anxiously)*: No.

SMITH *(to everyone)*: Please, roll up your sleeves. Come on – roll up!

(In the blurry cut-away, Faith drops her cane to the floor and leans heavily on a desk, then straightens up and looks down to run her finger over her right arm just below the elbow.

In the glass room, the nurses are beginning to attach drips to the right arms of other seated guests, although Faith's nurse hasn't started yet.)

THE OTHER FEMALE GUEST: This is obscene.

SMITH: All I'm doing, Faith, dear ... *(he walks behind her and turns her chair slightly so that she can look at him)* ... is getting something off my chest ... *(he bends and takes her right wrist)* ... without getting it on yours.

(He starts to unbutton the sleeve of her blouse.)

SMITH: What you're about to hear me say may horrify you, but you will forget it.

(Around the table, the nurses continue their preparations.)

SMITH *(rolling up Faith's sleeve and looking around the table)*: If you think about it, civilisation has always depended on a measure of elective ignorance.

(Very brief cut-away clip of Smith, wearing a blue suit, laughing raucously. It looks as if he's in a TV studio.)

*In the glass room Smith chuckles slightly and passes Faith's arm to her nurse.
In the blurry cut-away, Faith has sat down at the desk and reaches down to a small round sticking plaster on her right arm just below the elbow.*

In the glass room the nurse finishes attaching a drip to Faith's right arm. Smith is now seated in the chair at the head of the table.)

SMITH: These drip feeds will keep the drug in your bloodstreams at exactly the right levels.

(Cornelia opens the door and the nurses start to leave the room.)

SMITH: Nothing that is happening to you now will stay with you for more than a few minutes. *(More quietly)* I'm afraid that some of the memories you've had up to this point might also be ...

(In the blurry cut-away, Faith struggles to pick up and control a fountain pen.)

SMITH: ... corrupted.

(He smiles, revealing his stained and jagged teeth. The people around the table are starting to look drowsy.)

SMITH: I'm going to share something with you now; something personal and of importance to me.

(He stands up.)

SMITH: I have a need to confess, but you – I think – might have a need to forget. *(He chuckles.)* By the end of this, you'll be free to go. And don't worry – by the time you're back in the outside world, you will not remember any of what you've heard.

FAITH: Ignorance is bliss.

SMITH: Well, what's wrong with bliss?!

(In the cut-away, Faith has got a notepad on the desk in front of her. She runs her hand over her face.)

SMITH *(walking slowly around the table)*: Some of you know each other and some of you don't.

(In the cut-away Faith breathes shakily, looking down at the notepad.)

SMITH: Please, be aware that one of you is a high-ranking police officer.

(In the cut-away Faith forces her hand onto the notepad and scribbles, "Police officer".)

SMITH: One of you is a member of the judiciary.

(In the cut-away Faith writes "Judge?" then, staring into the distance, angrily slams her pen hand down three times on the desk.)

SMITH: One of you sits on the board of a prominent broadcaster.

(In the cut-away a drop of blood falls onto the notepad. Faith looks at where the drop has fallen just under where she has written "BROADCASTER". She turns her hand over and looks at where she inadvertently cut herself at the base of her little finger, presumably against the nib of the fountain pen.)

SMITH: Two of you work for me and one of you, of course, is my lovely daughter, Faith.

(He reaches out and puts his hand on the back of her head, rubbing it quite hard.)

In the cut-away, Faith has written "ME" next to the bloodstain. Her hand drags across the paper, smearing the blood through the word.)

SMITH: You are the people I need to hear me. I have made millions, for myself, for the people round this table, for millions of people I've never even met.

(Brief cut-away of the news footage and Smith talking to reporters.)

SMITH *(walking around the table)*: There are charities that I support who wouldn't exist without me.

(Brief cut-away of him wearing a tracksuit and breaking the tape at the end of a fun run, raising his arms in triumph. Someone dressed in a large bird costume is also finishing the race just behind him.)

Brief cut-away of Smith cutting a ribbon at the opening of The Culverton Smith Wing at a hospital on Thursday 20th July 2014 as shown on a plaque on the wall nearby. Medical staff stand behind him applauding.)

[Transcriber's note: that date wasn't on a Thursday in real life.]

SMITH: If life is a balance sheet – and I think it is – well, I believe I'm in credit!

(He chuckles, then his smile fades.)

SMITH: But I have a situation that needs to be ... managed ...

(He turns and walks away from the table.)

SMITH: I have a problem ... and there is only one way that I can solve it.

FAITH *(a little drowsily)*: And what's that?

(Smith turns back, walks to the table and leans his hands on it.)

SMITH: I'm terribly sorry.

(He pauses for a long moment, then draws his lips back from his teeth.)

SMITH: I need to kill someone.

(In the cut-away Faith writes "NEED TO KILL". Gritting her teeth in concentration she adds "SOMEONE".)

FAITH *(in the glass room, leaning forward a little)*: Who?

(Smith chuckles.

In the cut-away, Faith writes "Who?" She puts her pen down and tears the sheet of paper from the notepad. At the open door of what we presume is her office, Ivan comes to the doorway holding his jacket in one hand and undoing the top button of his shirt. He stops, wobbling slightly.)

IVAN *(vaguely)*: Were we in a meeting? Was there a meeting?

(Faith stares down at the sheet of paper. Ivan looks around, confused, then wanders away. Putting one hand to her head, Faith puts down the piece of paper and in flashback remembers her father in the glass room.)

SMITH: I need to kill someone.

(In her office, Faith looks up at the sound of someone at the doorway.)

SMITH: Faith.

(He walks in, tutting as she picks up the paper again.)

SMITH: My dear, dear child.

FAITH *(tearfully)*: I can't remember. Can't remember who you're gonna kill.

SMITH: Dear, in five minutes you won't even remember why you were crying.

(Reaching her side, he puts his arm around her and pulls her to his chest.)

SMITH: The others are all fine.

FAITH: I know.

SMITH: You know, they've gone down the pub. *(He strokes her hair.)* It's all on me.

(He chuckles. She sobs and he reaches out to turn the piece of paper so that he can read what's written on it.)

SMITH: Oh, Faith. Don't you think I should take that? It's only going to upset you.

(He kisses the top of her head, then looks grimly towards the door.)

Without segue, a pair of hands is holding the piece of paper which had been folded in half, as shown by the sharp crease in it, but is now open.

FAITH *(offscreen)*: Three years ago ...

(The camera angle changes and we are in the living room of 221B Baker Street. It is night time but the curtains are open. Despite lamps being on all around the room, it looks dark and gloomy in there. Faith, wearing an ankle-length long-sleeved dark red dress, is standing facing the right-hand window. Sherlock is slumped in his chair with a dark blue dressing gown over his clothes and he is holding and looking at the sheet of paper. The room is an even worse mess than usual, with papers and files scattered everywhere. There is a pile of books on the table beside John's chair, although the 'me-balloon' is no longer there.)

FAITH: ... my father told me he wanted to kill someone. One word, Mr Holmes ...

(Sherlock folds the paper over and looks at the back of it, then straightens his fingers and notices that they are trembling slightly. He looks like hell. He hasn't shaved for a couple of days and his hair is unwashed and flatter to his head than usual.)

FAITH: ... and it changed my world forever.

(Sherlock looks up at her as she clenches her hands over the top of her cane in front of her, still facing the window.)

FAITH: Just one word.

SHERLOCK: What word?

(Lowering the paper, he picks up his mobile phone.)

FAITH *(turning to face him as he works on the phone)*: A name.

SHERLOCK: What name?

(Faith walks across the room to where the client's chair is facing the fireplace. The fire is lit.)

FAITH *(sitting down)*: I can't remember.

(Sherlock looks up at her.)

FAITH: I can't remember who my father wanted to kill ... *(she looks down at her hands on top of her cane)* ... and I don't know if he ever did it.

(Sherlock looks back to the phone and sighs.)

SHERLOCK: Well, you've changed. You no longer top up your tan and your roots are showing.

(He holds up the phone to look more closely at a photograph of Faith and her father smiling into the camera. He lowers the phone and looks at her.)

SHERLOCK: Letting yourself go?

FAITH: Do you ever look in the mirror and want to see someone else?

SHERLOCK: No. Do you own an American car?

FAITH: I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK (*closing his eyes and waving a hand vaguely*): No, not American; left-hand drive, that's what I mean.

FAITH: No. Why-why do you ask?

(*Sherlock blinks and looks across to her.*)

SHERLOCK: Not sure, actually. (*He shrugs.*) Probably just noticed something.

(*Above and to the left of her head from his perspective, imaginary chalk writing appears in large letters reading "SOMETHING" and a chalk line draws down to form an arrow pointing to the bottom right of her skirt – again from Sherlock's perspective. He blinks a couple of times and focuses in to where there's a straight dark line of dirt on the skirt, then he grimaces and gestures angrily in front of him. The imaginary chalk disperses and disappears.*)

[*Transcriber's note: 'dmellieon' on Tumblr suggested that the way that the 'chalk' disperses looks more like salt or sugar or could even be cocaine or powdered meth crystals. While I'm thrilled with that deduction, I'll continue to refer to it as 'chalk' simply to save repeating lots of possible alternatives.*]

Sherlock looks down at his hand held out in front of him and sees that it's trembling. He clenches it into a fist with a sharp snap, then stretches the fingers out again. They continue to tremble.)

FAITH: Are you okay?

SHERLOCK (*still holding out his shaking hand*): Oh, of course you don't own a car. You don't need one, do you, living in isolation, no human contact, no visitors.

(*While he speaks he unfolds the piece of paper again and looks at it vaguely.*)

FAITH (*nervously, reaching up to fiddle with her necklace with one hand*): Okay, how do you know that?

SHERLOCK (*brandishing the paper*): It's all here, isn't it? Look.

(*He stands up and wanders across the room toward her, showing her the paper.*)

SHERLOCK: Cost-cutting's clearly a priority for you. Look at the size of your kitchen: teeny-tiny. (*He walks past her towards the right-hand window then turns back to her.*) Must be a bit annoying when you're such a keen cook.

FAITH: I don't understand.

SHERLOCK: Hang on a minute ... (*he turns to the window*) ... I was looking out of the window. Why was I doing that?

(*He steps closer to the window and looks out of it through the rain pouring down it.*)

FAITH: I don't know!

SHERLOCK: Me either. Must have had a reason. (*He shakes his head and turns around.*) It'll come back to me.

(*He walks back across the room, folding the paper in half and sniffing it as he goes.*)

SHERLOCK: Presumably you downsized when you ... when you left your job ... (*he raises the paper to his mouth and bites into the edge of it*) ... and maybe when you ended your relationship.

(*He slumps heavily down into his chair. On the table beside him, a spoon and a used syringe with the last dregs of brownish fluid in it rattle noisily on the saucer on which they're lying.*)

FAITH: You can't know that.

SHERLOCK: 'Course I can. There wasn't anything physical going on, was there? (*He holds up the paper and starts to run his fingers along the fold.*) Quite some time, in fact.

(*He sharply finishes running his fingers along the fold and then waves the paper at her.*)

SHERLOCK: There, see? It's obvious.

FAITH (*upset*): You can't tell things like that from a piece of paper.

SHERLOCK: Think I just did, didn't I? (*He nods.*) I'm sure that was me. (*He sniffs.*)

FAITH: *How?*

SHERLOCK: Dunno. (*He gestures vaguely.*) Just sort of ... happens, really. (*He leans forward and lowers his head.*) It's ... like a reflex. I can't stop it.

(*Raising his head he looks across to Faith, then does a double-take and homes in on the wet patch on the top of her dress' right shoulder. Looking away briefly, he returns his gaze to her and three chalk words appear above her, one over each shoulder and one over the top of her hair. Each word reads "DAMP". Hauling himself to his feet, he waves his hand at her twice and the two words over her shoulders dissipate while she flinches away from him, then he sweeps his hand over the top of her head and the last word also dissipates and the chalk dust floats away. She looks up at him nervously as he reaches out and touches his fingers to her right shoulder.*)

SHERLOCK: Coat.

(*He turns and walks towards the fireplace.*)

FAITH: I don't have a coat.

SHERLOCK (*walking round the other side of John's chair and heading in the direction of the kitchen*): Yeah, that's what I just noticed. I wonder why?

(One of the closed doors of the kitchen slides open and Bill Wiggins looks through the gap.)

WIGGINS: Who you talkin' to?

SHERLOCK: Piss off.

(He pushes the door closed and turns away.)

FAITH: So what do you think?

SHERLOCK: Of what?

FAITH: My case.

SHERLOCK: Oh, it's way too weird for me. Go to the police; they're really excellent at dealing with this complicated sort of stuff. Tell them I sent you; that ought to get a reaction.

(He picks up a large handbag from John's chair.)

SHERLOCK: Night-night.

(He tosses the handbag towards her. In slow motion the bag flies across the room and Faith raises her hands to catch it but before it reaches her it goes into ultra-slow motion. Sherlock frowns and heads towards it at normal speed, looking closely at it as it drifts very slowly across the room. He reaches down and puts his hand underneath it and a chalk letter 'g' appears. Sherlock lifts his hand and touches the underside of the bag and a variety of chalk numbers scroll up beside the 'g', peaking at '1619' [grams] before rolling back to '0g' when he takes his hand away again. Giving the almost-frozen Faith a look, he turns and walks back across the room, wiping out the chalk as he walks across in front of it and he is back in his previous position when the bag goes into normal speed and Faith catches it. She stands up and walks towards him as he slides open the kitchen doors and starts to walk through them.)

FAITH: Please.

(He turns back.)

FAITH: I have no-one else to turn to.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but I'm very busy at the moment. I have to drink a cup of tea.

(He half closes the doors, goes to the kitchen table and picks up a teacup with two syringes in it. Liquid can be heard bubbling nearby. Sitting at the left of the table in front of a complicated contraption of pipes clamped together, a gas tank and what looks like a plastic drugs drip bag clipped to one pipe with a large clothes peg, Bill looks at him.)

WIGGINS: Is "cup of tea" code?

(A clear plastic tent has been hung from the ceiling around the sink. Sherlock reaches through the opening to empty the syringes from the teacup onto the draining board.)

SHERLOCK: It's a cup of tea.

WIGGINS: Because you might prefer some ... *(he makes air-quotes with the fingers of his right hand)* ... "coffee."

(Walking back across the kitchen, Sherlock throws him a dark look. Faith is still standing in the living room.)

FAITH: You're my last hope.

SHERLOCK *(turning to her and taking hold of the handles on both of the sliding doors)*: Really? That's bad luck, isn't it? Goodnight. Go away.

(He slides the doors closed. She shuts her eyes in despair. Sherlock turns back to the work surface nearby.)

WIGGINS: *What's* bad luck?

SHERLOCK *(exasperated, leaning his hands on the work surface and lowering his head)*: Stop talking. It makes me aware of your existence.

WIGGINS: I always 'ave bad luck. It's congenital.

SHERLOCK *(raising his head)*: Handbag.

WIGGINS: That's not rude. Congenital: it just means ...

(Sherlock turns to the doors and slides them open.)

SHERLOCK: Handbag!

(Faith has gone.)

Downstairs, Faith is just opening the front door. Outside torrential rain is pouring down.)

SHERLOCK *(offscreen)*: Stop. Wait!

(She turns to see Sherlock half-hurrying and half-falling down the stairs, his right hand braced against the wall. He stops at the bottom of the stairs.)

SHERLOCK *(urgently)*: Your life is not your own. Keep your hands off it, do you hear me?

(She stares at him, looking confused. He points at her.)

SHERLOCK: Off it. *(Sternly, emphatically)* Off it.

FAITH: Sorry? *(She limps back towards him.)* What? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK (*pointing down towards her feet*): Your skirt.

FAITH: My skirt?

SHERLOCK (*urgently*): Look at the hem of it! That's what I noticed. I'm ... (*he puts his hand to his face briefly*) ... still catching up with my brain. It's terribly fast.

(*He points to the bottom of her dress and takes a step closer to her, still bracing himself on the wall with the fingertips of his other hand.*)

SHERLOCK: Those markings. Do you see them?

(*She looks down.*)

SHERLOCK: You only get marks like that by trapping the hem of your skirt in a car door but they're on the left-hand side, so you weren't driving; you were in the passenger seat.

FAITH: I came in a taxi.

SHERLOCK (*shaking his head against his befuddled mind*): There is no taxi waiting in the street outside. That's what I checked when I went to the window. And you've got all the way to the door and not made any move to phone for one, and *look* at you. You didn't even bring a coat – in this rain? Now, well, that might mean nothing, except for the angle of the scars on your left forearm; you know, under that sleeve that you keep pulling down.

(*Looking down, Faith reaches across and pulls her left sleeve down.*)

FAITH (*looking up again*): Y-you never saw them.

SHERLOCK: No, I didn't, so thank you for confirming my hypothesis. Don't really need to check that the angle's consistent with self-harm, do I?

(*He reaches towards her. She flinches back.*)

FAITH: No.

SHERLOCK: Then you can keep your scars. I want to see your handbag.

FAITH: Why?

SHERLOCK: It's too heavy. You said I was your last hope and now you're going out into the night with no plan on how you're getting home ... and a gun.

(*She lowers her head. He focuses in on her walking cane, which is black with a white band across the top of the handle and some curly patterning up its length. He nods and sniffs sharply and has a brief flashback of John walking away from the house in Lauriston Gardens in "A Study in Pink," leaning heavily on his cane. Sherlock shakes the memory away, his face unhappy.*)

SHERLOCK: Chips.

FAITH: Chips?

(*Sherlock takes a coat – presumably one of Mrs Hudson's – from the coat hooks on the wall and sighs as he hands it to her. She takes it.*)

SHERLOCK: You're suicidal. You're allowed chips, trust me. It's about the only perk.

(*He takes off his dressing gown and hangs it on a hook before taking hold of his greatcoat. Faith turns and walks out of the door. Sherlock closes his eyes and grimaces, bracing both hands against the wall.*)

MRS HUDSON (*offscreen*): Sherlock?

(*She comes up the hall from the direction of her flat as he straightens up, takes his coat from the hook and starts to put it on.*)

MRS HUDSON (*looking at him worriedly*): Are you going out?

SHERLOCK: I *think* I remember the way. (*He points to the front door.*) It's through there, isn't it?

MRS HUDSON (*sadly*): Oh, you're in no state. *Look* at you.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, I've got a friend with me, so ...

(*He turns and heads for the open door.*)

MRS HUDSON: What friend?

SHERLOCK: 'Bye!

(*He closes the door behind him and looks up into the pouring rain.*)

MRS HUDSON (*worriedly*): Oh!

(*Standing on the doorstep, Sherlock wraps his coat around him, then turns left and walks under the awning of Speedy's where Faith is waiting.*)

SHERLOCK: Come on.

(*They head off into the rain.*)

TV FOOTAGE. Smith, wearing a suit and tie, looks directly into the camera.

SMITH: I'm Culverton Smith, and in this election year I'll be voting ...

At what appears to be a formal reception of some kind, Mycroft – wearing a suit and bow tie and

holding his phone in one hand – walks out of a room and sighs silently at the person waiting for him.

MYCROFT: For God's sake. I was talking to the prime minister.

MAN (*a little nervously*): I am sorry, Mr Holmes. It's your brother.

(*Mycroft raises his eyebrows at him.*)

MAN: He's left his flat.

MYCROFT (*facetiously*): Was it on fire?

TV FOOTAGE. Smith, wearing a denim jacket with a handkerchief in the breast pocket and an open-necked pink shirt, looks on excitedly as an offscreen waiter ignites the contents of a wide flat metal dish beside his table in a restaurant. He grins quirkily into the camera, then laughs silently.

SMITH (*voiceover*): Even when I'm on the road, I still like quality food.

Someone squirts tomato ketchup onto a cardboard carton of chips. Sherlock and Faith are standing under the awning of a fish and chips stand while the rain pours down. Not long afterwards they are sitting on the bench of a covered bus stop outside a church. Sherlock is holding the piece of paper that Faith gave him. The rain is easing up.

SHERLOCK: You see the fold in the middle? For the first few months you kept this hidden, folded inside a book.

(*He looks at it closely. Beside him, Faith is eating from the carton of chips on her lap.*)

SHERLOCK: Must have been a tightly packed shelf, going by the severity of the crease.

(*Brief flashback to the folded piece of paper being put inside the pages of a book.*)

SHERLOCK: So obviously you were keeping it hidden from someone living in the same house at a level of intimacy where privacy could not be assumed.

(*As he speaks there's a flashback of a hand putting the closed book back in its place on a shelf amongst many other books.*)

SHERLOCK: Conclusion: relationship.

(*Brief flashback to the shadows of two people standing in front of the bookshelf, leaning towards each other, about to kiss.*)

SHERLOCK: Not any more, though.

(*He points to the top of the opened piece of paper.*)

SHERLOCK: There's a pinprick at the top of the paper.

(*Brief flashback to someone pinning the paper to a noticeboard with a drawing pin.*)

SHERLOCK: For the past few months it's been on open display on a wall. Conclusion: relationship is over.

(*Brief flashback to the shadows of the two people drawing away from each other.*)

SHERLOCK: The paper's been exposed to steam and a variety of cooking smells ...

(*Brief close-up of the piece of paper pinned to the noticeboard. Just in front of it, the contents of a saucepan on the cooker are boiling and steam issues from under the lid.*)

SHERLOCK: ... so it must have been on display in the kitchen. (*He lifts the paper to his nose and sniffs it.*) Lots of different spices. You're suicidal, alone and strapped for cash, yet you're still cooking to impress. You're keen, then. The kitchen is the most public room in any house, but since any visitor could be expected to ask about a note like this, I have to assume you don't have any. You've isolated yourself.

FAITH: Amazing.

SHERLOCK: I know.

FAITH: I meant the chips.

(*Sherlock chuckles and looks at her, then looks away, his smile fading.*)

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): Hm.

(*He raises his eyes skywards at the sound of an approaching helicopter. He stands and walks forwards as the helicopter comes into view, its on-board camera looking down at him. He smiles upwards.*)

SHERLOCK: Let's go for a walk.

In a surveillance room, presumably in MI5's headquarters, a wall is full of screens showing CCTV footage of various areas of the city as well as the live footage from the helicopter. Two screens to the left of the others have street maps of the area east of Hyde Park, one in slightly tighter focus than the other, and a red dot is flashing and bleeping on one of the maps.

A mobile phone shows a close-up of its active screen indicating an incoming call. The caller is

identified as Mycroft. John is sitting on the end of his bed and Mary stands at the door leading to Rosie's bedroom, looking down at the phone.

MARY: You should answer it.

JOHN: It's Mycroft.

(Mary smiles.)

MARY: Might be about Sherlock.

JOHN *(as his phone continues to buzz)*: Of course it's about Sherlock. *Everything's* about Sherlock.

FAITH *(voiceover)*: How did you know my kitchen was tiny?

(She and Sherlock are walking along a street. The rain has stopped.)

SHERLOCK *(showing her the paper)*: Look at the fading pattern on the paper. It's not much but it's enough to know your kitchen window faces east. Now, kitchen noticeboards ...

(He walks a few paces into the road, looking up towards the Christmas lights strung across the street, and draws a rectangle in the air. It instantly turns into a noticeboard. He walks towards it.)

SHERLOCK: By instinct we place them at eye level where there's natural light.

(As he speaks he takes a drawing pin from the board and pins the piece of paper to the board. Smoothing the paper down he turns to Faith who walks into the road to join him.)

SHERLOCK: Now look: the sun's only struck the bottom two thirds ... *(he draws his hand horizontally across the paper one third of the way down it)* ... but the line is straight, so that means we know the paper is facing the window.

(He turns and walks a few paces away from the floating imaginary board. Pointing upwards at about forty-five degrees, he draws another rectangle and a window appears in the air. He turns and walks back to the noticeboard, which now has sunlight streaming onto it.)

SHERLOCK: But because the top section is unaffected ... *(he gestures to the piece of paper)* ... we know the sunlight can only be entering the room at a steep angle.

(He walks towards the window again, from which the sunlight is coming. Behind him, just in case we'd forgotten, there is no magical noticeboard floating in mid-air. Either that, or the special effects budget was running low.)

SHERLOCK: If the sunlight was able to penetrate the room when the sun was lower in the sky ...

(He walks away from the non-existent window towards the non-existent noticeboard. Yep, I reckon the budget was starting to run out.)

SHERLOCK: ... then the paper would be equally faded top to bottom.

(The noticeboard is back with sunlight streaming onto it. [Oh good, they found a few more quid.]

SHERLOCK: But no. It only makes it when the sun is at its zenith, so I'm betting that you live in a narrow street on the ground floor.

(He looks towards the window which is back floating above the street. Through the glass he can see the terraced houses facing Faith's flat and it's clear that her window is indeed on the ground floor. There's either a narrow street between the flat and the houses opposite, or the kitchen is at the back and the houses have short gardens. The sun is a few degrees above the roof of the house opposite.)

SHERLOCK *(pointing towards the noticeboard, where the sunlight is now only shining on the bottom couple of inches of the board)*: Now, if steeply angled sunlight manages to hit eye level on the wall opposite the window, then what do we know about the room?

(He walks to the window, takes one side of it and pulls it towards the noticeboard. The sunlight moves up the noticeboard as the window approaches it. Once the window is about ten feet from the board and the sunlight is hitting the bottom two thirds of the piece of paper, Sherlock stops and lets the window go.)

SHERLOCK: The room's small.

(Faith smiles at him. Overhead, the helicopter has found them and shines its spotlight down onto them. Faith looks up.)

FAITH: Oh.

(Sherlock also looks up at the chopper.)

FAITH: Big Brother is watching you!

SHERLOCK: Literally.

At MI5, or wherever it is, Mycroft walks into the surveillance room, a grim look on his face. Lady Smallwood is standing behind the computer desks.

LADY SMALLWOOD: We can keep tabs. You didn't have to come in.

MYCROFT: I was talking to the prime minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Oh, I see.

(Mycroft looks at the screens, and particularly at a camera watching Sherlock walking along a road.)

MYCROFT: What's he doing? Why's he just wandering about like a fool?

(Somewhere in the room, a female voice laughs.)

LADY SMALLWOOD: She died, Mycroft. He's probably still in shock.

MYCROFT: Everybody dies. It's the one thing human beings can be relied upon to do. How can it still come as a surprise to people?

LADY SMALLWOOD *(turning to him)*: You sound cross. Am I going to be taken away by security again?

MYCROFT: I have, I think, apologised extensively.

LADY SMALLWOOD: You haven't made it up to me.

MYCROFT: And how am I supposed to do that?

FAITH *(offscreen)*: Sex.

(Walking with her along Regent Street towards Piccadilly Circus, Sherlock looks round to her. They are now each carrying a can of energy drink.)

SHERLOCK: I'm sorry?

FAITH: Sex. How did you know I wasn't ... getting any?

SHERLOCK: It's all about the blood.

(Close-up of the bloodstain on the paper, which Sherlock now gestures to.)

SHERLOCK: This one comes from the very first night. You can see the pen marks over it. I think you discovered that pain stimulated your memory, so you tried it again later. I'm no expert, but I assume that since your lover failed to notice an increasing number of scars over a period of months, that the relationship was no longer intimate.

FAITH: How do you know he didn't notice?

SHERLOCK *(shrugging)*: Oh, well, because he would have done something about it.

FAITH: Would he?

SHERLOCK: Wouldn't he? Isn't that what you people do?

FAITH: Well, *that's* interesting.

SHERLOCK: What is?

FAITH: The way you think.

SHERLOCK: Superbly?

FAITH: Sweetly.

SHERLOCK: I'm not sweet; I'm just high.

(By now they've reached Piccadilly Circus. He stops and turns around.)

SHERLOCK: This way.

FAITH: What? We just came that way.

SHERLOCK: I know. It's a plan.

(He wanders back the way they just came.)

FAITH *(following him)*: What plan?

In the MI5 surveillance room, several agents start to laugh. Mycroft, with his phone raised to his ear, looks at the wall screens.

MYCROFT: What is it? What-what now?

AGENT *(sitting at one of the desks)*: Sorry. Um, traced his route on the map.

(Mycroft and Lady S stare at the street map on the agent's computer screen. It shows in red the route that Sherlock has taken from the Marylebone area in a south-easterly direction down to Piccadilly Circus. On several occasions Sherlock has disappeared from the surveillance and so the red lines are broken and only appear on certain roads and sections of road. The left-hand side of the map is obscured by either Mycroft's or Lady S's shoulder but the rest of the red lines spell out

U
C

K
O
F F

[Obviously the 'U,' 'C' and 'O' are made up of straight lines, not curves.] The tracking signal is currently flashing and beeping at the top right-hand corner of the 'K,' so Sherlock is apparently retracing his steps.

Out on the street, Sherlock looks up to a nearby surveillance camera, smiles and raises his can of energy drink to it in salute before taking a swig from it. Mycroft, with his phone raised to his ear again, sighs.)

MYCROFT: Is he with someone?

AGENT: Not sure. We keep losing visual. Mostly we're tracking his phone.

TV FOOTAGE. As the audience sitting behind him applauds and cheers, Smith sits at a table with three large red buttons on it. A man and woman sit either side of him behind the other two buttons. They too applaud as Smith slams his hand down onto his button. He points towards the camera in front of him.

SMITH: Don't call us; we'll call...

JOHN *(quietly tetchy, into his phone)*: I'm trying to sleep. Can you stop ringing my damn phone?

MYCROFT *(over phone from the surveillance room)*: Sherlock has left his flat for the first time in a week, so I'm having him tracked.

JOHN *(sitting fully clothed on the end of his bed)*: Nice. It's very touching how you can hijack the machinery of the state to look after your own family. Can I go to sleep now?

MYCROFT *(sternly)*: Sherlock gone rogue is a legitimate security concern. The fact that I'm his brother changes absolutely nothing. It didn't the last time and I assure you it won't with ...

(He stops himself and pauses for a long moment. At the other end of the phone, John frowns.)

MYCROFT *(eventually)*: ... with Sherlock.

JOHN: Sorry, what?

MYCROFT: Please phone me if he gets in contact. Thank you.

(After a moment, John lowers his phone and terminates the call.

In the surveillance room, Lady Smallwood turns to Mycroft.)

LADY SMALLWOOD: Do you still speak to Sherrinford?

MYCROFT: I get regular updates.

LADY SMALLWOOD: And?

MYCROFT *(putting his phone into his trouser pocket)*: Sherrinford is secure.

(He walks away.)

Sherlock and Faith are walking across the southern Golden Jubilee Bridge beside Hungerford Bridge. He is holding her cane and she has her right arm linked through his left.)

FAITH: Are we gonna walk all night?

SHERLOCK: Possibly. It's a long word.

FAITH: What is?

SHERLOCK: "Bollocks."

(She laughs. He smiles round at her.)

Fast and brief clips show Sherlock's journey continuing, including the Houses of Parliament and Trafalgar Square. One overhead shot shows Sherlock walking on a roundabout just south of Trafalgar Square which has a statue nearby of King Charles I mounted on a horse. Faith stands a few yards away, watching him. The clips move on to another area of Trafalgar Square, then The Mall, then onto the Millennium Bridge looking towards Southwark Bridge and the Shard. [Your transcriber sends fervent thanks to Mirith Griffin, an American who knows far more about locations in London than your transcriber who works a few hundred yards from Trafalgar Square!] The sun is starting to rise. Over the latter part of the footage, the voice of Evan Davis, the main presenter of the week-night BBC show Newsnight can be heard and as he continues speaking we switch to the studio.

EVAN DAVIS: Culverton Smith. All this charity work: what's in it for you?

SMITH *(looking into the camera instead of at Evan)*: We must be careful not to burn our bridges.

DAWN. Sherlock and Faith are sitting on a bench on the South Bank not far from Hungerford Bridge. Facing the river, they each hold a filled half baguette wrapped in a paper serviette. Many pigeons are pecking at the ground a few feet away.

SHERLOCK: D'you know why I'm going to take your case? Because of the one impossible thing you've said.

FAITH: What impossible thing?

SHERLOCK: You said your life turned on one word.

FAITH: Yes: the name of the person my father wanted to kill.

SHERLOCK: *That's the impossible thing. Just that, right there.*

FAITH: What's impossible?

SHERLOCK: Names aren't one word. They're always at least two. Sherlock Holmes; Faith Smith; Santa Claus; Winston Churchill; Napoleon Bonaparte. Actually, just 'Napoleon' would do.

FAITH: Or Elvis?

SHERLOCK: Well, I think we can rule both of them out as targets.

FAITH: Okay, I got it wrong, then. It wasn't only one word; it can't have been.

SHERLOCK: And you remember quite distinctly that your whole life turned on *one* word, so that happened, I don't doubt it, but how can that word be a name – a name you instantly recognised that tore your world apart?

FAITH: Okay, well, how?

SHERLOCK: No idea. Yet. *(He draws in a breath.)* But I don't work for free.

(He holds out his hand towards her, the palm upwards. She looks down at it for a moment, then looks up at him.)

FAITH: D'you take cash?

SHERLOCK: Not cash, no.

(He looks round at her pointedly. After a moment she reaches down to her handbag sitting on the bench beside her, unzips the top, takes out a pistol and puts it into his hand. He stands up, stumbles forward unsteadily to the riverside railing, pulls his arm back and hurls the pistol as hard as he can towards the river. It splashes into the water and disappears from view. Sherlock half-turns towards Faith.)

SHERLOCK: "Taking your own life." Interesting expression. Taking it from who? Oh, once it's over, it's not you who'll miss it.

(Resting one hand on the railing, he looks westwards along the river. In a brief cut-away, a pistol fires towards the camera, then there's a brief shot of the exterior of the London Aquarium as the gunshot echoes and then smoke rises from the end of the pistol. Sherlock now has both hands on the railing as he continues to gaze along the river.)

SHERLOCK: Your own death is something that happens to everybody else.

(Faith has looked in the direction he's looking but now turns to face him again. He lowers his head, his back to her.)

SHERLOCK: Your life is not your own. *(His voice becomes strained.)* Keep your hands off it.

(As he looks down, it's as if he and the railing are suspended in mid-air with no ground or river below them. His feet are not touching anything. He lifts his right hand and looks at how badly it's shaking. He has a very brief flash of the word "SOMEONE" handwritten in white over a dark blue background. The writing is almost identical to that on the note that Faith wrote to herself. The last two letters of the word "KILL" are in the top left-hand corner of his vision. At the riverside, Sherlock closes his eyes and blows out a breath.)

FAITH: You're not what I expected. You're ...

(Again the white, blue-backgrounded "SOMEONE" flashes before Sherlock's eyes. Groaning, he slumps on top of the railing. He stares down into the blank void beneath his feet. The tip of his right shoe is now wedged into the bottom rail of the railing and he struggles to get his left foot onto the rail as well.)

SHERLOCK *(breathlessly, anxiously)*: What ... what am I?

FAITH: Nicer.

(The words in front of Sherlock's mind's eye now read, in Faith's handwriting, "NEED TO KILL SOMEONE". Sherlock screws up his eyes, shaking the vision away and still clinging desperately to the railings.)

SHERLOCK: Than who?

FAITH *(shaking her head)*: Anyone.

(Sherlock closes his eyes and lets out a loud anguished scream. There's a brief cut-away of a syringe filled with dark fluid. Sherlock slumps down onto the concrete in front of the railing, groaning. As he doubles over, a voice sounds in his head. It's the voice of the child we heard singing in the previous episode but this time the lyrics are a little clearer.)

CHILD'S VOICE *(singing)*: ♪ My little master

Who will find me ... ♪

(Inside Sherlock's head, the pirate child and the Irish setter trot through the shallows at a beach, then the youngster with the red wellingtons seems to be running towards them.)

CHILD'S VOICE *(singing)*: ♪ Deep down be... ♪

(Sherlock's head snaps up and he breathes heavily as he looks towards the bench.)

SHERLOCK: Sorry, I ...

(He trails off. Faith is no longer sitting there.)

SHERLOCK *(looking each way along the walkway)*: Faith? Faith?

(Frowning, he leans his head back against the railings for a moment, then hauls himself to his feet. Straightening his coat, he walks away.)

Sherlock is walking along the streets, perhaps making his way home. His own words echo in his head.

SHERLOCK'S VOICE *(echoing)*: You said your life turned on one word. A name can't be one word.

(He walks past some houses which have basement flats. He walks to the street-level railings of one of those houses and looks over them, flashing back to the last time he stood at the door of a basement flat, when he visited John's home and was met at the front door by Molly holding Rosie in her arms.)

MOLLY'S VOICE *(echoing)*: ... if you were to come round asking after him, that he'd rather have anyone but you.

(In flashback, Molly stands outside the porch looking at him. She pauses for a moment.)

MOLLY: Anyone.

(In the present, Sherlock turns away.)

FAITH'S VOICE *(echoing)*: You're not what I expected.

SHERLOCK'S VOICE *(echoing)*: What ... what am I?

FAITH'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Nicer.

SHERLOCK'S VOICE: Than who?

(In flashback, Faith sits on the bench looking at him.)

FAITH *(her voice echoing)*: Anyone.

MARY'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Don't think anyone else is going to save him, because there isn't anyone.

(On the DVD recording which she sent to Sherlock, she shakes her head.)

FAITH'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Anyone.

MOLLY'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Anyone.

FAITH'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Anyone.

MOLLY'S VOICE *(echoing)*: Anyone.

MARY'S VOICE *(echoing as she shakes her head on the DVD)*: Anyone.

(Sherlock spins around and stares intensely down the road.)

SMITH *(in close-up)*: I have a situation ...

(His eyes wide, Sherlock starts to walk down the road.)

SMITH *(offscreen)* ... that needs to be managed.

(Further along the narrow street, it's as if the oval table from Smith's glass-walled room has appeared in the middle of the road. Smith's six guests are sitting either side of it with the drip stands beside them and Smith sits at the far end. The street scenery around the table is fuzzy and out of focus. As Sherlock slowly walks towards the table, Smith smiles and stands up and walks towards him.)

SMITH *(his voice echoing)*: There's only one way that I can solve it.

FAITH: And what's that?

(Smith has now passed the table and continues to walk towards Sherlock.)

SMITH: I need to kill someone.

(Sherlock stops.)

FAITH *(offscreen)*: Who?

SHERLOCK: Who?

(Smith chuckles silently.)

SMITH: Anyone!

(He laughs.)

SHERLOCK: Of course!

(Smith continues to laugh, putting the back of one hand up to his mouth.)

SHERLOCK: He doesn't want to kill one person; he wants to kill anyone. *(He stares at Smith, his eyes wide.)* He's a serial killer!

SMITH *(his hand lowered again)*: Anyone.

SHERLOCK: He could be.

SMITH: Anyone.

SHERLOCK: Why not? Why shouldn't he be?

(He starts to smile, then his smile drops and he looks confused. Smith and the table instantly disappear and a man walks past in front of Sherlock, looking at him disapprovingly. Offscreen a man's voice angrily yells, "Move!" and, from an overhead shot, we see that Sherlock is standing in the middle of a very narrow stretch of road. Cars have come to a halt in front of him, behind him, and from

a side turning to his right, some of them honking their horns. The driver of the car in front of him has his door open and calls out to him in irritation.)

DRIVER: Hey, you! What's the matter with you?

SMITH'S VOICE (*echoing*): Anyone!

(As Smith's voice continues to echoingly repeat the word, Sherlock's vision homes in on the driver, who has got out of his car and is leaning an arm on the open door while looking at him in half-irritation, half-concern.)

DRIVER: Do you know where you are? Are you drunk?

(Sherlock blinks.)

WIGGINS: Shezza.

(The driver has been replaced by Bill, who is looking at him sternly.)

SHERLOCK: What are you doing here?

WIGGINS (*now standing in front of the fireplace in 221B's living room*): What were you doing in the middle of a bloody street?

SHERLOCK (*still in the middle of the bloody street*): You should be at Baker Street.

(His head twitches and he stumbles slightly.)

WIGGINS (*in the living room*): I am. So are you.

(In the street, the scenery around Sherlock goes very out of focus as he lowers his head a little and blinks rapidly. Behind him, a large backdrop ripples down to cover the view. The backdrop is the far wallpaper of the living room with a two-dimensional image of the sofa at the bottom. The backdrop thumps down into place and straightens out while Sherlock raises his head and stares around in front of him.)

WIGGINS (*in the real living room*): They found your address; they brought you here.

(Confused, Sherlock turns and looks around the room.)

WIGGINS: You've 'ad too much ...

(Sherlock turns back to him, wide-eyed and bewildered.)

WIGGINS: ... an' that's me sayin' this.

(Flailing in panic, Sherlock stumbles backwards and up onto the now solid sofa. His back ought to crash into the wall but instead he lands flat on his back on the rug some distance in front of the sofa.

In a brief cut-away, Smith is on TV looking bored as the audience applauds behind him. He gestures towards the camera.)

SMITH: Kill.

(He smacks his hand down onto the big red button on the table in front of him.

In 221 Sherlock struggles to turn over onto his side. Then, without transition he's back on his feet, possibly standing on the sofa, and he turns and stares around the room wide-eyed.

Brief cut-away of Smith in his tracksuit during a fun run, holding up his index fingers and thumbs to the crowd as he forms the letter 'W' with them. [Presumably in this context he intends it to mean 'winner' rather than certain other options.]

WIGGINS' VOICE (*distantly, offscreen*): Sherlock.

Sherlock rolls onto his back again on the rug.

In a cut-away of a TV show, Smith stands inside the door of a shop, looking out through the glass. A female assistant stands at a cash register deeper in the shop. Smith reaches up to a sign on the door and turns it around so that from outside it reads "Sorry We're CLOSED". In the bottom left-hand corner of the screen are the words "BUSYNESS KILLER" except the 'Y' is actually a pair of scissors. The word KILLER is in red. Presumably this is the name of a TV show in which he is appearing/starring.

In 221B Sherlock elevates off the rug without using his hands or feet. Bill stares in shock. By the door to the landing, Sherlock begins walking up the wall. Floating impossibly sideways, he clumsily steps over a lot of magazines piled up against the wall, then puts his feet together and turns towards Bill.

Back out in the narrow street, Smith smiles ecstatically.)

SMITH (*in a whisper*): Anyone.

MOLLY'S VOICE (*offscreen, echoing*): Anyone.

SHERLOCK (*now standing upright on the floor in front of the sofa*): They're always poor ...

(And he's horizontally walking up the wall again.)

SHERLOCK (*back in front of the sofa*): ... and lonely, and strange.

(Brief cut-away of Smith in a tuxedo, laughing and pointing in a TV studio or theatre while the audience laughs and applauds.)

SHERLOCK (*intensely, in front of the sofa*): But those are only the ones we catch.

(Brief cut-away of Smith in a brown jacket and white shirt, holding his hands up in mock-surrender

and laughing while the offscreen audience also laugh.)

WIGGINS (*in 221B*): Who do we catch?

SHERLOCK: Serial killers.

(Brief cut-away of Smith, still in the previous TV studio, laughing and pointing to something in front of him while the offscreen audience also laugh and whoop.

Sherlock is back on the wall, standing horizontally above the frosted glass window. He spins on the spot, his coat flaring out around him.)

SHERLOCK (*back on the floor in front of the sofa*): What if you were rich and ...

(He squeezes his eyes shut.

Very brief cut-away of Smith in his tuxedo in a studio or theatre, smiling and clapping his hands together.)

SHERLOCK: ... powerful and necessary.

(Cut-away of Smith standing outdoors, probably at Buckingham Palace, holding up and proudly pointing to his new OBE [more details of the Order of the British Empire [here](#)].

Again horizontal on the wall, Sherlock steps unsteadily downward, putting one foot on the arm of the chair beside the sofa.)

SMITH (*offscreen, echoing*): Anyone.

(In the narrow street Smith puts the back of one hand to his mouth as he giggles.

Horizontally, Sherlock reaches across to put his hands on the wall behind the sofa.)

SHERLOCK (*upright in front of the sofa, and gasping*): What if ...

(Bill stares disbelievingly. Sherlock is now horizontally halfway up the wall behind the sofa, his arms spread wide to steady himself as he carefully steps sideways/upwards along the part of the wall which juts out a little into the room.)

SHERLOCK (*intensely, upright in front of the sofa*): ... you had the compulsion to kill, and money? What then?

(Brief cut-away – presumably imaginary – of Smith standing in front of the sofa in 221B's living room. Wearing a blue shirt and tie, he folds his arms and smiles.

Sherlock, standing on the right arm of the sofa (as you look at it) and tilted towards the sofa at an impossible angle, topples forward and crashes down onto the sofa. Bill watches him go with a look of shock. Sherlock's eyes close as his body settles onto the cushions.

The camera pans down and an overhead shot of a road rises into the bottom half of the screen. Painted on the road in white paint are the words "THREE WEEKS LATER". A few moments later a red car speeds over the words, and a police car follows, its siren wailing.

*We switch to a view from the red car as "Ode to Joy" blares out of its speakers. Then from an outside perspective the car rapidly overtakes another one and heads towards a roundabout, entering the roundabout without slowing. The car skids around the roundabout, almost sideways at one point, while up above a helicopter heads for the Holmes parents' cottage. [For crying out loud, production team, we know you have to save money, but re-using footage from "His Last Vow" is far too noticeable! And anyway you then use real footage of the car chase and a real helicopter above it!] Anyway ... [*coughs*] ... there is a helicopter above the chase. The car speeds off down another road and we get a brief view from inside the car and the driver's left hand gripping the steering wheel while the helicopter can be seen through the windscreen soaring overhead. The car heads for another roundabout, now pursued by two police cars. The red car turns left and is followed by the first police car but the second one goes straight on, presumably taking a short cut to intercept the chase further on. The red car skids around a right turn into a residential road. As the second police car approaches from in front, the driver throws the car into a spectacular U-turn and crashes into several black plastic rubbish bins outside the houses. One of the bins flies into the air and then crashes to the ground. As the vehicles come to a halt and the helicopter hovers overhead, John opens the front door of his therapist's house, walks out and looks at the car and then squints up at the chopper.*

THERAPIST (*standing in the doorway behind him*): Well, now ...

(John lowers his gaze to the car and licks his lips.)

THERAPIST: ... won't you introduce me?

(The driver opens the door and the music gets louder. Initially the person is out of focus and we can't see who it is but then the angle changes and it's Mrs Hudson, sighing with relief. She closes the door and turns to John, smiling and sighing out another breath as she walks towards him. John opens his mouth but before he can speak a male police officer storms over from the car that had been behind the Aston at the end of the chase.)

POLICE OFFICER: Right, you there. Stop right where you are.

MRS HUDSON: Huh? What? *(She stops momentarily, looking at the officer, then turns and continues towards the front door, holding out a hand towards John.)*

MRS HUDSON: Oh, John ...

JOHN *(taking a step towards her)*: Mrs Hudson ...

POLICE OFFICER: Do you have any idea what speed you were going at?

(She stops and walks towards him.)

MRS HUDSON: Well, of course not. I was on the phone.

(She looks down.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh ... *(she holds out a mobile phone to him)* ... it's for you, by the way.

POLICE OFFICER *(automatically taking it)*: For me?

MRS HUDSON *(turning and heading for the house)*: It's the government.

POLICE OFFICER: The what?!

(He raises the phone to his ear.)

JOHN *(offscreen)*: What's going on? What's wrong?

POLICE OFFICER *(into phone)*: Hello?

MYCROFT'S VOICE *(over phone)*: My name is Mycroft Holmes and I am speaking to you from the Cabinet Office.

(Simultaneously John continues talking to Mrs H offscreen.)

JOHN: Look at the state of you! Mrs H, what have you been doing?!

(Apparently the police officer recognises Mycroft's name, because he takes off his cap even though Mycroft obviously can't see it.)

(Outside the front door Mrs H is pointing vaguely up to the helicopter.)

JOHN: What's happened?

MRS HUDSON *(lowering her hand)*: It's Sherlock! *(Breaking down in tears, she pulls John into a hug.)* You've no idea what I've been through!

FLASHBACK. As the "Le nozze di Figaro" overture plays in the background, Mrs Hudson creeps slowly and nervously up the stairs towards the first floor, clinging anxiously to the bannisters. From the flat come various and random angry cries from Sherlock and the crashing noises of objects being flung around. A moment later Bill pelts down the stairs towards her.

SHERLOCK *(offscreen, from the flat)*: Wait!

(Mrs H whimpers and cringes against the bannisters as Bill races past her.)

WIGGINS: I'm out of 'ere.

(He reaches the half-landing and points back up the stairs.)

WIGGINS: 'e's lost it.

SHERLOCK *(angrily, from inside the flat)*: Where is it?!

WIGGINS *(pausing momentarily to yell in Mrs H's ear)*: 'e's totally gone!

(She cringes and backs a step down while Bill heads off down the stairs, and upstairs Sherlock lets out a triumphant cry.)

In the flat Sherlock charges from the kitchen into the living room, wielding a long-muzzled pistol in his right hand. Wearing a dark blue dressing gown over his black shirt and trousers, he still has a few days' of beard growth and his hair is greasy. He looks manic as he runs across the living room.)

SHERLOCK *(shouting loudly and dramatically throughout the rest of the scene)*: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends ...

(He spins round in the middle of the room, pumping the pistol towards the ceiling.)

SHERLOCK: "... once more!

(All around the room there are countless photographs of Culverton Smith. They're stuck on the walls, they're scattered over every surface, and Sherlock has apparently taken lessons from Phillip Anderson on how to display evidence and has strung pieces of string across the room to which he has attached even more photos of Smith with clothes pegs. On the stairs, Mrs Hudson continues her slow nervous climb. We see through the open kitchen door, which has a large knife stuck in it. A book flies across the kitchen, flung from the direction of the living room.)

SHERLOCK: "Or close the wall up ...

(He leaps onto the sofa.)

SHERLOCK: "... with our English dead!

(Lots more photographs of Smith are randomly stuck on the wall behind the sofa. Sherlock turns around and heads back across the room.)

SHERLOCK: "... set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide.

(He turns and dramatically kicks the living room door closed.)

SHERLOCK (*storming across towards the fireplace*): "Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit ...
(*He snatches down a photo of Smith which was taped to the mirror.*)

SHERLOCK: "... to his full height!

(*Screwing up the photo, he looks down at it for a moment, then raises his head and brandishes both hands either side of his head.*)

SHERLOCK (*now yelling at the top of his voice, his face full of rage*): "On, on, you noblest English ...
(*He hurls the photo across the room.*)

SHERLOCK: "... whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!

(*Outside, Mrs Hudson nervously reaches the landing and looks towards the kitchen door. In the living room Sherlock points the pistol towards the wall behind the sofa, taking the gun in both hands.*)

SHERLOCK: "And you, good yeoman, whose limbs were made in England, show us *here* the mettle of your pasture!

(*Mrs H walks slowly towards the closed living room door. Inside, Sherlock heads into the kitchen.*)

SHERLOCK: "... which I doubt *not*, for there is none of you so mean and base ...

(*He gestures dramatically with both hands, his gaze manic.*)

SHERLOCK: "... that hath not noble lustre in your eyes!

(*Cautiously Mrs H opens the door and peers around it. Pinned to the back of the door is a printout of a newspaper or magazine article headed CULVERTON HIT-LIST with a large photo of Smith underneath. A piece of string has also been attached to the door and it leads towards the sofa wall with more pictures pegged to it. The string brushes against the top of Mrs Hudson's forehead and she ducks under it and cranes her head around the edge of the door in the direction of the kitchen, where Sherlock is still ranting and alternately pacing or twirling on the spot.*)

SHERLOCK: "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, *straining* upon the start!

(*Stepping into the living room he aims the pistol towards the sofa wall and fires, narrowly missing Mrs Hudson who ducks back and pulls the door closed. Sherlock fires four more times in quick succession, blowing holes in various photos of Smith.*

The music ends. Sherlock glares towards the wall.)

SHERLOCK (*intensely*): "The game's afoot."

[*The speech that he was quoting comes from William Shakespeare's Henry V, Act 3, Scene 1.*]

(*Sherlock breathes heavily as Mrs Hudson slowly pushes the door open again and peers round it.*)

SHERLOCK (*calmly*): Oh, hello.

(*He sniffs and blinks hard.*)

SHERLOCK: Can I have a cup of tea?

(*He turns and walks back into the kitchen.*)

In the present, John is walking along the hall in his therapist's house. Mrs Hudson closes the front door and follows him.

JOHN: Did you call the police?

MRS HUDSON (*crossly*): Of course I didn't call the police. I'm not a civilian!

FLASHBACK. In the chaos that is 221B's living room, Sherlock is back in the room. He tears at some of the photographs near the door, then turns towards the windows, putting both hands to his head in frustration. He still has the pistol in one hand.

MRS HUDSON: These pictures ...

(*She's in the kitchen. She has pushed back the plastic tent from around the sink and is pouring tea from a teapot into a cup and saucer on the work surface.*)

MRS HUDSON: ... they're that man on the telly, aren't they?

(*Sherlock is frenetically turning back and forth but lowers his hands and turns to look at her.*)

SHERLOCK: What pictures?

MRS HUDSON (*nervously*): They're everywhere.

(*She puts down the teapot and picks up the cup and saucer. Sherlock dramatically gestures around the room with both hands.*)

SHERLOCK: Oh, these pictures! (*He gestures towards the fireplace with the pistol.*) Oh, you can see them too. (*For a second, he points the gun directly at her.*) That's good.

(*He turns away, focusing in on a few of the many photographs. Screwing his eyes closed for a moment, he spins around, still zooming in on individual pictures and then onto a white padded envelope stabbed into the mantelpiece at one corner. The address label is typed and in large red letters underneath is printed Private and Personal. An out of focus sticker on the top of the envelope suggests that it was sent Recorded Delivery. Pulling in a shaky breath and putting one clenched hand*

to his cheek, he turns away and continues looking at the photographs around the room.)

THERAPIST (offscreen): Culverton Smith.

In the present, John's therapist has her laptop open on the side table in the back room. Pushing her glasses up her nose, she bends down to the computer and runs her finger over the pad.

THERAPIST: This, I think, is relevant from this morning.

(She has done a search for the man in question and the results page is on the screen. At the right of the screen are photographs of Smith, and underneath are links to a couple of books he has written. One is called 'How to Make a Killing' and the other 'Business Killer'. On the left of the screen, the top item on the results list – headed Latest News – is headlined, in speech marks, "He's a serial killer!" and underneath it says, 'Net detective blasts Culverton Smith on Twitter' and then 'Defamatory remake goes viral on Twitter'. [Oh, joy. The production team still haven't learned how to proofread.] The article underneath is headed 'Culverton Smith | UK News' and underneath it reads, 'Culverton Smith wins year long legal battle with media outlet 'News24', gaining an undisclosed sum for defamation of character over the infamous 'crooked tooth...' There are several other articles under that one but your transcriber hasn't got the energy to copy them out. Buy the DVD to see them!)

THERAPIST: He's publicly accused Mr Smith of being a serial killer.

(She clicks on the top article and it jumps to a report on Spector Online which shows side-by-side photos of Sherlock, wearing his deerstalker and looking towards the camera, and a smiling Smith. The two photos are divided by a jagged white line that looks like lightning striking. The main headline again reads, in quotes, "He's a serial killer!" and the straplines read:

Net detective blasts Culverton Smith on Twitter

- Defamatory remark goes viral on social networking site

[Oh, they get it right that time!]

- Media tycoon yet to comment

Under the photographs the left-hand side of the caption can't be seen but it ends 'Culverton Smith blasted by Sherlock Holmes'.)

JOHN (leaning down to the laptop beside the therapist): Christ! Sherlock on Twitter. He really has lost it.

MRS HUDSON (crossly): Don't you dare make jokes. Don't you dare. I was terrified!

Back in the flashback at 221B, Sherlock has his back to the kitchen and gestures dramatically either side of his head, the pistol still in one hand.

SHERLOCK (frantically, through gritted teeth): Cup of tea!

(He spins around and rolls his eyes.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, for goodness' sakes.

(In the kitchen Mrs Hudson is clutching the cup and saucer in both shaking hands as she stares at Sherlock in terror and slowly backs away.)

SHERLOCK (walking briskly towards her): What's the matter with you?

(She whimpers. He storms closer to her, staring manically down at the tea and again gesturing with both hands.)

SHERLOCK (loudly, sarcastically): Are you having an earthquake?!

(Time slows down and in ultra-slow motion the cup and saucer start to fall from Mrs Hudson's hand.)

In the present, Mrs Hudson looks at John pleadingly.

MRS HUDSON: You need to see him, John. You need to help him!

JOHN (shaking his head): Nope.

MRS HUDSON (frantically): He needs you!

JOHN (angrily): Somebody else. *(He turns away from her.)* Not me. Not now.

(As he turns, he sees Mary standing just outside the door of the room. Leaning casually against the wall, she is looking at him with a sort of 'Really, John?' look on her face.)

MRS HUDSON (storming over to him): Now you just listen to me for once in your stupid life. I know Mary's dead and I know your heart is broken, but if Sherlock Holmes dies too, who will you have then?

(He opens his mouth but she keeps talking, pointing an angry finger at him.)

MRS HUDSON: Because I tell you something, John Watson. You will not have me.

(She storms out of the door, passing invisibly Mary, and heads for the front door. John turns to watch her

go and Mary tilts her head towards Mrs H, urging him to follow. After a moment he does what he's told and stomps off into the hall. Mary smiles and watches him go.

Outside, Mrs Hudson has folded her arms on top of the Aston's roof and has lowered her head onto them and is crying. The police cars and helicopter have gone. John comes out of the house, closes the door and slowly walks towards her while she sobs noisily. He stops behind her for a long moment, blows out a long breath and steps closer.)

JOHN: Have you spoken to Mycroft, Molly, uh, anyone?

MRS HUDSON (*tearfully*): They don't matter. You do. (*She straightens up and turns to face him.*) Would you just see him? Please, John. Or just take a look at him as a doctor? I know you'd change your mind if you did.

(*John tries to shake his head but then pauses for a second.*)

JOHN: Yeah, look, okay, maybe, if I get a chance.

MRS HUDSON (*hopefully*): D'you promise? (*She beams at him.*)

JOHN: I'll try, if I'm in the area.

MRS HUDSON (*turning puppy dog eyes on him*): Promise me?

JOHN: I promise.

MRS HUDSON: Thank you!

(*She instantly turns and walks to the rear of the car. John frowns. She opens the boot of the car and lifts it up. Inside the boot Sherlock looks up at her anxiously. John walks to the rear of the car and looks into the boot with no expression on his face.*)

MRS HUDSON (*turning to him*): Well? On you go.

(*In the boot Sherlock squints against the daylight. His wrists are handcuffed together in front of him.*)

MRS HUDSON (*to John*): Examine him!

(*John throws her a quick glance and then looks into the boot again where Sherlock, his legs bent up in front of him, lifts his head and peers out.*)

In flashback in 221B's kitchen, the teacup and saucer are dropping in ultra-slow motion from Mrs Hudson's hands. Instinctively – and also in ultra-slow motion – Sherlock reaches forward to drop his pistol onto the kitchen table and then his hand continues its downward motion as he bends his knees and gets his hand under the falling saucer. He catches it and the tea splashes noisily in the cup as its fall is halted. Before he can start to straighten up again, Mrs Hudson reaches across to the table and picks up the gun by its muzzle with her right hand, pulling it towards her and reaching for the other end with her left. Sherlock starts to come up again, some of the tea splashing out of the cup and falling towards the floor. As his knees straighten and his hand shakes, rattling the cup in the saucer, Mrs H turns and points the gun at him, cocking it. He jumps at the sight and stares at it, his hand still trembling.

MRS HUDSON: Right, then, mister. Now I need your handcuffs. I happen to know there's a pair in the salad drawer. (*She shrugs.*) I've borrowed them before.

(*He looks at her in startled indignation.*)

MRS HUDSON (*crossly*): Oh, get over yourself. You're not my first smackhead, Sherlock Holmes.

In the present, John opens the front door of the therapist's house and stands aside while Sherlock, rubbing one of his wrists from where the handcuffs have been removed, stumbles inside.

SHERLOCK: The woman's out of control. I asked for a cup of tea!

(*He stops partway down the hall and picks up a glass vase of flowers from a shelf, takes out the flowers and heads further down the hall. John turns to Mrs H as she walks in.*)

JOHN: How did you get him in the boot?

MRS HUDSON: The boys from the café.

SHERLOCK (*angrily, turning back*): They dropped me. Twice.

(*He turns around again and heads for the kitchen, drinking some of the water from the vase.*)

MRS HUDSON: And d'you know why they dropped you, dear?

(*Sherlock dumps the flowers onto the breakfast bar.*)

MRS HUDSON: Because they know you.

(*Sherlock takes another drink from the vase, grimaces and then gestures towards the therapist standing in the consultation room with a phone to her ear.*)

SHERLOCK: Who's this one? (*He points at her while looking at John.*) Is this a new person? I'm against new people.

THERAPIST (*into her phone*): Excuse me for a moment.

(*She lowers the phone. Sherlock, now holding the vase in both hands, takes another long drink from*

it.)

JOHN: She's my therapist.

SHERLOCK: Awesome! *(He walks towards her.)* D'you do block bookings?

(In the hall, John points out of the open front door to the Aston.)

JOHN: Whose car is that?

MRS HUDSON: That's my car.

JOHN: How can that be your car?!

MRS HUDSON *(high-pitched with exasperation)*: Oh, for God's sake! I'm the widow of a drug dealer, I own property in central London ...

(In the consultation room, Sherlock stands with his back to the chair in which John was sitting earlier, looks round at it and drops heavily onto it, grimacing.)

MRS HUDSON: ... and for the last bloody time, John, I'm not your housekeeper.

(She walks back to the front door to close it. The therapist holds out the phone to John.)

THERAPIST: I'm so sorry. I answered your phone. You were busy. I think you'll want to take it.

(John takes it and holds it to his ear as he walks back into the hall.)

JOHN *(into phone)*: Uh, yes, hello?

(Elsewhere, Culverton Smith is sitting at a table while a make-up artist brushes flesh-coloured powder onto his forehead.)

SMITH *(into his mobile phone)*: Is this Doctor John Watson?

JOHN: Yeah. Who's this?

SMITH *(dismissing the make-up artist with a smack on her hand)*: Culverton Smith. You've probably heard of me.

JOHN *(looking towards the open laptop which still shows the article he was looking at earlier)*: Uh, well, yes.

(Sherlock holds up the vase, which is now almost empty.)

SHERLOCK: Get me a fresh glass of water, please. This one's filthy.

SMITH: I mean, I'm aware of this morning's developments.

(Sighing, Sherlock leans forward and holds out the vase to the approaching therapist, who takes it.)

JOHN *(into phone)*: Yes. I'm sure he was being ... hilarious. Sorry, did you say *all* still meeting?

[No, he didn't. Was this a bad edit?]

SMITH *(over phone)*: You, me and Mr Holmes. I've sent a car; should be outside. Mr Holmes gave me an address.

JOHN: Well, he couldn't have given you *this* one. It's ...

(The doorbell rings. John turns and walks to the front door and opens it.)

MAN STANDING OUTSIDE: When you're ready.

(Frowning, John looks to the kerb where a black stretch limousine is parked in front of the Aston Martin. He looks at the man again and gives him a tiny nod. The man turns away and John closes the door, grimacing. He lifts the phone to his ear and heads down the hall.)

JOHN: When did Sherlock give you this address?

SMITH: Two weeks ago.

JOHN *(tightly)*: Two weeks?

SMITH: Yes. Two weeks.

(John lowers the phone and switches it off. Smith takes his phone from his ear and looks at it as it beeps three times. John, now in the kitchen, looks at Mrs Hudson who is cleaning up at the sink.)

JOHN: How did you know where to find me?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock told me. He's not so difficult when you've got a gun on him.

(John turns, hesitates for a moment, then walks into the consulting room. Sherlock is slumped back in the chair with his eyes closed, and the therapist is just putting a glass of water onto the nearby table.)

JOHN *(loudly)*: How did you know?

(Sherlock jerks awake.)

JOHN *(loudly)*: How? On Monday I decided to get a new therapist. Tuesday afternoon, I chose her.

(He points to the therapist who is just sitting down in her chair. Sherlock leans one elbow on the arm of his chair and supports his head with his fingers.)

JOHN: Wednesday morning I booked today's session. Now, today is Friday. So two weeks ago – two weeks before you were abducted at gunpoint and brought here against your will ...

(Sherlock frowns and rolls his jaw, looking as if he's finding it hard to keep up.)

JOHN *(angrily)*: ... over a week before I even thought of coming here, you knew exactly where you'd need to be picked up for lunch?

SHERLOCK *(looking towards the ceiling)*: Really? I correctly anticipated the responses of people I

know well to scenarios I devised? Can't everyone do that?

MRS HUDSON: How?

SHERLOCK (*pointing in the direction of her car*): Except the boot. The boot was *mean*.

JOHN (*to Mrs H*): Never mind how. He's *dying* to tell us that. (*He turns to Sherlock.*) I want to know *why*.

SHERLOCK: Because Mrs Hudson's right. I'm burning up.

(*John straightens up, putting his hands on his hips.*)

SHERLOCK: I'm at the bottom of a pit and I'm still falling and ... (*he shakes his head and clenches his eyes closed*) ... I'm *never* climbing out.

(*Mrs Hudson turns away sadly and goes back to the kitchen.*)

SHERLOCK (*standing up*): I need you to know, John – I need you to see that up here ... (*he gestures to his temples with both hands*) ... I've still got it, so when I tell you that this ... (*he walks to the side table to point to the open laptop*) ... is the most dangerous, the most *despicable* human being that I have ever encountered; when I tell you that this-this *monster* must be ended, *please* remember where you're standing, because ... you're standing *exactly* where I said you would be two weeks ago.

(*Grimacing in pain, he slumps into a chair beside the table.*)

SHERLOCK (*more quietly*): I'm a mess; I'm in hell; but I am *not* wrong, not about him.

(*He points to Smith's photo on the laptop.*)

JOHN: So what has all this got to do with me?

(*Folding his arms, he smiles humourlessly at Sherlock.*)

SHERLOCK (*savagely, still looking at the photo*): That creature, that rotting *thing*, is a living breathing coagulation of human evil, and if the only thing I ever do in this world is drive him out of it, then my life will not have been wasted.

(*He takes a breath, staring up at John who tilts his head to one side.*)

SHERLOCK: Look at me. Can't do it, not now. Not alone.

(*He looks away and swallows, his eyes slightly tearful. John sighs slightly, then unfolds his arms and holds out his right hand towards Sherlock, pulling in a sharp breath through his nose. Sherlock stands up, also sighing a little, and takes his hand. Instantly John clasps Sherlock's arm with his other hand and turns it over. Sherlock rolls his eyes as John pushes up the sleeves of his dressing gown and shirt to reveal all the dark marks on the underside of his arm where he's been injecting himself.*)

JOHN (*releasing his arm*): Yeah, well, they're real enough, I suppose.

SHERLOCK (*turning away*): Why would I be faking?

JOHN (*loudly*): Because you're a liar.

(*Sherlock turns back to him.*)

JOHN: You lie all the time. It's like your mission.

SHERLOCK (*holding out his hands either side*): I have been many things, John, but when have I ever been a malingerer?

JOHN (*yelling*): You pretended to be dead for two years!

SHERLOCK (*after a momentary hesitation*): ... Apart from that?

JOHN (*more quietly*): Listen, before I do anything, I need to know what state you're in.

SHERLOCK: Well, you're a doctor. Examine me. (*He sits down on the chair again.*)

JOHN: No, I need a second opinion.

SHERLOCK (*exasperated*): Oh, John, calm down. When have you ever managed two opinions? You'd fall over.

JOHN: I need the one person who – unlike me – learned to see through your bullshit long ago.

SHERLOCK: Who's that, then? I'm sure I would have noticed.

JOHN: The last person *you'd* think of.

(*Sherlock looks up at him silently.*)

JOHN: I want you to be examined by Molly Hooper.

(*Sherlock looks down, biting his lip.*)

JOHN: D'you hear me? I said Molly Hooper.

SHERLOCK (*cringing a little*): You're *really* not gonna like this.

JOHN: Like what?

(*The doorbell rings. John looks towards the sound, then heaves in a frustrated breath and scowls down at Sherlock.*)

A few moments later he opens the door to Molly who is standing outside wearing her white lab coat over her clothes. He looks at her in exasperation.)

MOLLY: Um, hel-hello. Is, uh ... I'm sorry, Sh-Sherlock asked me to come.

(*An ambulance is parked in the driveway of the house opposite. A paramedic is opening the rear*

doors.)

JOHN: What, two weeks ago?

MOLLY: Yeah. About two weeks.

(John nods in resignation. Sherlock stumbles out into the hall.)

SHERLOCK: If you'd like to know *how* I predict the future ...

JOHN *(angrily interrupting as he turns to him)*: I don't care how.

SHERLOCK *(holding up his hands as he continues forward)*: Okay. Fully equipped ambulance; Molly can examine me on the way. It'll save time. *(He stops on the doorstep.)* Ready to go, Molly?

MOLLY: Oh, well ...

SHERLOCK: Just tell me when to cough.

(He smiles falsely at her and walks out the door.)

SHERLOCK: Hope you remembered my coat.

MOLLY: Wh...

(He's gone. She looks at John.)

MOLLY: I... Sorry. I didn't know that you were gonna be here.

(Glancing briefly towards the nearby limousine, Sherlock walks round the front of the Aston and almost falls off the kerb before heading for the ambulance.)

MOLLY *(to John)*: Absolutely no idea what's going on.

JOHN: Sherlock's using again.

(Her slight smile fades. Behind her, Sherlock climbs into the back of the ambulance.)

MOLLY: Oh God. But, um, a-are you sure?

(Mrs Hudson has come along the hall and stops just behind John.)

JOHN: No. It's *Sherlock*. Of course I'm not sure. *(He glares towards the ambulance then speaks more quietly to Molly.)* Just check him out.

(Nodding, she turns and heads across the road.)

MRS HUDSON *(quietly to John, standing at his side)*: Is Molly the right person to be doing medicals? She's more used to dead people. It's bound to lower your standards.

JOHN *(looking across the road)*: I don't know. I don't know *anything* any more.

(She gently laughs sympathetically.)

JOHN: Mrs Hudson. As ever, you are amazing.

MRS HUDSON *(chuckling)*: No! *(She leans closer to him.)* You're going to have to buck up a bit, John. *(He turns to look at her.)*

MRS HUDSON: You know that, don't you? The game is on!

JOHN *(looking away)*: I'll do my best.

(She puts an arm around him.)

MRS HUDSON: Anything you need, any time, just ask. Anything at all!

(He smiles at her.)

JOHN: Thank you.

(Patting his arm, she steps back. He pulls in a breath, then steps out of the door. He has only taken a few paces when he slows down, half-turns towards her and points towards her Aston before walking back to her.)

JOHN: Sometimes, can I borrow your car?

(She thinks about it for a split second then shakes her head.)

MRS HUDSON: No.

(She turns away.)

JOHN: Okay.

(He turns and walks forward again, then stops and looks towards the limo, flexing his left hand. He starts to walk along the road, passing the open door of the ambulance which briefly obscures our view of him and when he comes into view again, Mary is walking beside him.)

MARY: He knew you'd get a new therapist after I died because you'd need to change everything. That's just what you're like.

(John steps off the pavement, passing a bush on the other side of the road which again momentarily obscures our view of him, and when he reappears Mary has gone. He walks to the left rear door of the limo which a man is holding open for him. John nods to him.)

JOHN: Thanks.

(He gets into the back seat. Mary is already sitting on the other side, one leg curled under her. The man closes the door.)

MARY: You keep your weekends for Rosie, so you needed to see someone during working hours.

(Cut-away of John typing into a search engine – surfsearching.co.uk – "Psychiatrist my location".)

MARY: Because you're an idiot, you don't want anyone at the surgery knowing you're in therapy, so that restricts you to lunchtime sessions with someone reasonably close.

(John looks round at her.)

Cut-away of the homepage of Dr. Marcus Chambers, Phd, Consultant Psychiatrist. John's face comes into focus reflected in the screen as Mary continues speaking. He folds his hands in front of him and rubs his thumb against the other hand while he looks at the screen.)

MARY (offscreen): You found four men and one woman, and you are *done* with the world being explained to you by a man.

(In the limo, she laughs briefly.)

MARY: Who isn't?!

(John looks at her.)

MARY: So all he needed to do was find the first available lunchtime appointment with a female therapist within cycling distance of your surgery.

(While she speaks, John turns his head away and rubs his nose briefly.)

MARY: My God, he knows you.

(The ambulance drives past the limo.)

JOHN: No he doesn't.

MARY (smiling): I'm in your head, John. You're disagreeing with yourself.

DRIVER: You ready, sir?

(John is alone on the back seat. He turns and looks at the blank space, speaking a little angrily.)

JOHN: Yes, I am.

(He turns to look into the rear-view mirror where the driver is watching him in the mirror through sunglasses. The man turns his head away.)

MARY (back sitting beside him): He is the cleverest man in the world, but he's not a monster.

JOHN (looking at her): Yeah, he is.

MARY: Yeah, okay, all right, he is. *(She mock-shudders.)* Urgh!

(She chuckles.)

MARY (softly): But he's *our* monster.

(John turns away again.)

In a TV studio, Smith smiles into the camera.

SMITH (in a loud whisper): I'm a killer.

(Outside the building, a large billboard is being carried away by a couple of people. The image shows someone – presumably a man but the picture only shows him from the neck down – wearing a suit and tie and holding up a large sharp knife covered with blood. To the right of the person, text reads:

ROWBANK MEDIA

A ROWBANK
ORIGINAL SERIES

ROUGE
[in bright red]

SERIES PREMIERE
8TH MARCH

EXCLUSIVE TO
PLAY TV

Along the bottom of the poster it reads:

ON MARCH 8, THE SECRET WILL BE UNLEASHED

As the billboard is carried away, behind it the limousine turns into the forecourt.

Inside the studio Smith, wearing a grey suit and white shirt, has turned his head to the left to smile into another camera.)

SMITH: You know I'm a killer.

(Outside, the limo drives past two people in alien make-up and clothes. They watch the car go past.

Each of them has a cigarette in their hands and the woman is also holding her phone.

Inside, Smith straightens up and turns to the camera in front of him.)

SMITH: But did you know I'm a s...

(To his right, the bulb in a large light on a stand explodes. Just starting to hold up a bowl and spoon, Smith flinches.)

DIRECTOR (offscreen): Cut there. What was that? Was that a light?

(Smith is standing behind a breakfast bar. To his left on the table is a tall jug of orange juice, a glass of orange juice and an orange sliced into two. Beside them are two boxes of breakfast cereal. The cereal is called "GNASH" and a blue triangle in the top left corner of the boxes announces that this is "New!" A large picture behind Smith shows an overhead shot of a bowl of cereal with a spoon in it. Smith puts his own spoon into the bowl and puts the bowl onto the table, pointing to the exploded light.)

SMITH: Oh, was that me? Er, was I too good, huh?

(The camera crew laugh. His assistant Cornelia walks to his side and speaks into his ear.)

CORNELIA: He's here.

(Outside, the limo comes to a halt in a car park and a man walks over and opens the rear right-hand door. John has already slid across to that side and he gets out. The ambulance is parked nearby with its back doors open and he walks over to where Molly is sitting on the back step slightly hunched over and with her hands clasped in her lap. Sherlock is lying on the stretcher inside but now stands up.)

JOHN (to Molly): Well? How is he?

SHERLOCK: Basically fine.

(He takes off his dressing gown and reaches down to pick up his coat which is lying on the stretcher.)

MOLLY: I've seen healthier people on the slab.

SHERLOCK: Yeah but, to be fair, you work with murder victims. They tend to be quite young.

(He puts on his coat.)

MOLLY: Not funny.

SHERLOCK: Little bit funny.

MOLLY (her voice getting tearful as she speaks): If you keep taking what you're taking at the rate you're taking it, you've got weeks.

(Sherlock comes to the doorway and holds onto the poles either side.)

SHERLOCK: Exactly, weeks. Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

(He steps down to the ground, then totters on the spot.)

MOLLY (standing up): For Christ's sake, Sherlock, it's not a game!

SHERLOCK (turning to her): I'm worried about you, Molly. You seem very stressed.

MOLLY: I'm stressed; you're dying.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, I'm ahead, then. Stress can ruin every day of your life.

(She turns away from him, closing her eyes against her tears.)

SHERLOCK: Dying can only ruin one.

JOHN (stepping closer to him with his hands behind his back): So this is real? You've really lost it. You're actually out of control.

SHERLOCK: When have I ever been that?

JOHN: Since the day I met you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, clever boy. I've missed you fumbling 'round the place.

JOHN (to Molly): I thought this was some kind of ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN (turning to him): ... trick.

SHERLOCK: 'Course it's not a trick. It's a plan.

SMITH (offscreen): Mr Holmes!

(John looks past Sherlock's shoulder to where the voice came from. Smith is coming out of the doors of a building marked VILLAGE STUDIOS. Cornelia is behind him and a man walks alongside filming him as more people come out of the doors behind them.)

SHERLOCK (quick fire, not turning round): Thirty feet and closing: the most significant undetected serial killer in British criminal history.

(Smiling, Smith walks towards them followed by his entourage.)

SHERLOCK (to John): Help me bring him down.

JOHN: What ... what plan?

SHERLOCK: I'm not telling you.

JOHN: Why not?

SHERLOCK: Because you won't like it.

SMITH: Mr Holmes!

(Sherlock turns to face him. Smith stops a few feet away. A cameraman and another man hurry around behind our boys so that they can film Smith from the front.)

SMITH: I don't do handshakes. *(He starts to walk towards Sherlock again.)* It'll have to be a hug.

SHERLOCK: I know.

(Reporters holding notebooks gather around them. Chuckling, Smith reaches out and hugs him. Sherlock leans down into the man's embrace. Resting his head on Sherlock's shoulder, Smith pats his back.)

SMITH: Oh, Sherlock.

(Over his shoulder, Sherlock frowns.)

SMITH: Oh, Sherlock! *(Releasing him, he steps back.)* What can I say? Thanks to you ... *(he turns to his entourage)* ... we're, uh, we're everywhere!

MALE REPORTER: Mr Holmes, how did Culverton talk you into this?

SMITH: Well, he-he's a detective. *(He fakes a startled look.)* Maybe I just confessed!

(The reporters and Smith laugh. He looks at Sherlock and beckons him towards the building.)

SMITH: Come on.

(Starting to follow him, Sherlock turns and throws a significant, perhaps pleading, look to John, who follows him. Molly watches them go, looking worried.)

SMITH *(walking along)*: Now, it's a ... it's a new kind of breakfast cereal.

MALE REPORTER: Mr Holmes, can you put on the hat?

JOHN: Yeah, he doesn't really wear the hat.

SMITH: Kids will be getting two of their five-a-day before they've even left home!

[Details of the five-a-day campaign [here](#).]

(He leads the crowd into the building and stops to take a notebook from a woman and sign his name in it. Cornelia walks alongside John.)

CORNELIA: Sherlock's been amazing for us.

(Handing the notebook back to the woman as she smiles, Smith continues onwards with the others.)

SMITH *(to the reporters)*: Breakfast has got to be cool.

CORNELIA *(to John)*: We're beyond viral.

SMITH: And you know what makes it cool when you're a kid?

JOHN *(to Cornelia)*: What, sorry? Beyond what?

SMITH: *Dangerous.*

Not long afterwards, Smith is behind the breakfast bar, smiling to one of the cameras.

DIRECTOR *(offscreen)*: Set; and action!

SMITH: I'm a killer.

(Sherlock stands several feet away with his hands in his pockets, watching him. John has turned to one side with his back to Sherlock, watching the filming on one of the nearby TV screens.)

SMITH: You know I'm a killer.

(He smiles into the camera, then turns to the one on his right and looks into that.)

SMITH: But did you know ...

(He turns back to the front camera, picks up the bowl and holds it up.)

SMITH: ... I'm a cereal killer?!

(To his right, behind the repaired light on its stand, is a large poster advertising the new breakfast cereal. On it, Smith is smiling into the camera and the words "I'm a CEREAL KILLER!" are to the left of his head.

Sherlock chuckles slightly, his gaze intense. Smith takes a large mouthful of cereal and chews on it.)

SMITH *(making an appreciative noise)*: Mm!

(He straightens up and gestures towards the director.)

DIRECTOR *(offscreen)*: And cut there. Thank you.

(Smith puts down the bowl, claps his hands together a couple of times and gestures to a young woman who hurries over to him. She is wearing a headset and carrying a black plastic bin with a white bin liner inside. Smith leans down to the bin and spits the cereal into it. Spitting, he straightens and looks at the woman.)

SMITH: We should bag that up, sell it. *(He spits a last bit of cereal into the bin.)* Make money for that on eBay.

(She chuckles nervously. He looks up at her again and nods towards the bin.)

SMITH *(quietly)*: I could make more if you like. Any time you like.

(Her smile becomes rather fixed and she turns and walks away. He straightens up and grimly watches

her go.

John has turned to Sherlock.)

JOHN: Has it occurred to you – anywhere in your drug-addled brain – that you've just been played?

SHERLOCK: Oh, yes.

JOHN: For an ad campaign.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant, isn't it?

JOHN: Brilliant?

(Sherlock stares towards Smith.)

SHERLOCK: Safest place to hide.

(At the table, Smith is picking a bit of cereal from his teeth while a wardrobe mistress adjusts his shirt and a make-up artist strokes a brush through her tin of powder.)

SHERLOCK: Plain sight.

CORNELIA *(walking towards him)*: Mr Holmes? Culverton wants to know if you're okay going straight to the hospital.

JOHN: Hospital?

CORNELIA: Culverton's doing a visit. The kids would love to meet you both. I think he sort of promised.

SHERLOCK: Oh, okay.

(He walks away. John looks at him, startled. Cornelia gestures to John.)

CORNELIA: If you'd just like to come this way.

(They walk away. Smith watches them go, his face serious.)

Shortly afterwards, John gets into the right-hand side of the limousine. Sherlock is already sitting on the other side, typing on a phone.

JOHN *(closing the door and settling down on the seat)*: So ... what are we doing here? What's the point?

SHERLOCK *(still typing, not looking up)*: I needed a hug.

(Smith comes to John's side of the car and knocks on the window. John presses the button to lower it. Smith bends down and looks in.)

SMITH: What do you think, Mr Holmes? 'Cereal' killer.

SHERLOCK *(still typing)*: It's funny 'cause it's true!

SMITH: See you at the hospital.

(He straightens up and starts to walk away.)

SHERLOCK *(turning and calling to him)*: Oh, you can have this back now.

(Smith stops. The sound of a message being sent from the phone can be heard, and Sherlock lowers it to his lap and tries to look nonchalant while John frowns round at him. Smith turns and walks back to the window.)

SMITH: Have what back?

SHERLOCK *(reaching across John and holding out the phone with a tight smile)*: Thanks for the hug.

(Frowning, Smith takes the phone.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, I sent and deleted a text. You might get a reply but I doubt it.

(He settles back into his seat. Smiling, Smith tucks his phone into his inside jacket pocket.)

SMITH: It's password protected.

SHERLOCK *(scornfully)*: Please!

(Smith chuckles.)

SMITH: We're going to have endless fun, Mr Holmes, aren't we?

SHERLOCK: Oh no. No, not endless.

(Smiling, Smith walks away. Sherlock looks at him grimly for a moment, then turns away. John glances towards him as Sherlock sighs silently, hugging himself.)

JOHN: Need another hit, do you?

SHERLOCK: I can wait until the hospital.

(John turns his head away, shaking it slightly, and closes the window. Sherlock lays his head back and closes his eyes.)

SAINT CAEDWALLA'S HOSPITAL. *[St. Caedwalla is the patron saint of serial killers; or, more specifically, of repentant serial killers.] John stands in a corridor with a blue-uniformed female nurse. Near them is the plaque beside which Smith stood when he opened The Culverton Smith Wing. To the right of the plaque is a large photo of Smith just about to cut the ribbon, and to the right of that is another photograph, or possibly a painting, of him smiling. The nurse looks at John.*

NURSE CORNISH: You involved much?

JOHN: Sorry?

NURSE CORNISH: Um, with Mr Holmes – Sherlock and all his cases?

JOHN: Uh, yeah. I'm John Watson.

NURSE CORNISH (*looking as if that means nothing to her*): Okay.

JOHN: *Doctor Watson.*

NURSE CORNISH: I love his blog, don't you?

JOHN: *His* blog?

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, don't you read it?

JOHN: You mean *my* blog.

(*Sherlock comes out of the nearby toilets.*)

SHERLOCK: Say what you like about addiction; the day is *full* of highlights.

NURSE CORNISH (*smiling at him*): Oh, Mr Holmes. You feeling better?

SHERLOCK: Psychedelic!

NURSE CORNISH: I was just saying I love your blog.

SHERLOCK: Great. I ...

JOHN (*interrupting*): It's *my* blog.

SHERLOCK: It is. He writes the blog.

NURSE CORNISH (*to John*): It's yours?

JOHN: Yes.

NURSE CORNISH: You write Sherlock's blog?

JOHN: Yes.

(*Sherlock briefly closes his eyes and then widens them, blowing out a long breath.*)

NURSE CORNISH: It's ... gone downhill a little bit, hasn't it?

(*John smiles tightly at her.*)

NURSE CORNISH (*turning round*): Oh, it's this way, then.

(*Sherlock blows out another breath and he and John follow her.*)

Smith is standing in the middle of a play area in a children's ward. Child patients and their nurses and other support staff are sitting and standing around him. He turns and everyone applauds as Nurse Cornish leads Sherlock and John into the room. Another nurse smiles at them as they walk past.

NURSE: Oh, my God; I love your blog!

(*Sherlock points both index fingers at her and smiles.*)

SHERLOCK: You're welcome!

(*He puts a friendly hand on her shoulder as he walks past. John looks at them straight-faced.*)

SMITH (*offscreen*): Right, here he comes, the internet 'tec!

(*Sherlock continues into the room, mock-gaping at the sight.*)

SMITH: You all know Sherlock Holmes!

(*The children cheer and applaud harder.*)

SHERLOCK: Hello!

(*Smith walks closer to him as the applause dies down.*)

SMITH: Oh, and Doctor Watson, of course.

(*The audience clap again, far less enthusiastically this time. John presses his lips together.*)

SMITH: Mr Holmes. I was wondering – well ... (*he turns to the kids*) ... we all were, weren't we? – maybe you could tell us about some of your cases.

SHERLOCK (*instantly*): No.

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Yes! Absolutely, yes.

(*He goes into lecture mode as he walks forward into the circle of children.*)

SHERLOCK: The main feature of interest in the field of criminal investigation is not the sensational aspects of the crime itself, but rather the iron chain of reasoning, from cause to effect, that reveals – step by step – the solution. That's the only truly remarkable aspect of the entire affair. Now, I will share with you the facts and evidence as they were available to me, and in this very room you will all attempt to solve the case of Blessington the Poisoner.

(*He has wandered back towards John while talking, who now speaks quietly.*)

JOHN: I think you slightly gave away the ending.

SHERLOCK (*to the audience*): There were five main suspects ...

JOHN: One of them called Blessington.

SHERLOCK (*briefly throwing him a look*): ... but it's more about *how* he did it.

JOHN: Poison?

SHERLOCK: Okay.

(The kids laugh.)

SHERLOCK: Drearcliff House. Remember that one, John?

(He blows out a breath.)

SHERLOCK: One murder, ten suspects. *(He excitedly holds up his hands and splays his fingers.)*

JOHN: Ten, yeah.

SHERLOCK: All of them guilty.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

(Mary is sitting at one side of the room, smiling fondly at him. She giggles silently. Meanwhile Sherlock is starting to lose concentration.)

SHERLOCK: Uh, wh-wh-wh-what did you call that one, John? Um, something to do with murder at the zoo.

JOHN: Yeah, I called it Murder at the Zoo.

(The audience smile.)

SHERLOCK: Or-or was it The Case of the Killer Orang-Utan?

(The audience fall silent. John looks at him straight-faced.)

MARY: He should be wearing the hat. The kids'd love the hat.

SHERLOCK *(turning in a circle to look at his audience)*: So, any more questions?

SEVERAL OF THE KIDS *(simultaneously)*: No.

ONE OF THE KIDS: I don't think so.

SHERLOCK: No?

(Smith has sat down near a couple of the children and now raises a hand.)

SMITH: Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Good, then I'll ... *(He trails off and turns to Smith.)*

SMITH: How do you catch a serial killer?

(The little girl to one side of him had previously been holding a Barbie-type doll but at some time after he sat with her, he has taken it from her and is holding it in one hand on his lap. Sherlock looks at him silently for a long moment before speaking.)

SHERLOCK: Same way you catch any other killer.

SMITH: No, but m-most killers kill someone they know.

(Sherlock blinks several times.)

SMITH: You're looking for a murderer in a tiny social grouping.

NURSE CORNISH: Um, Mr Smith. Um, I'm-I'm just, er, wondering. Maybe this isn't a suitable subject for the children.

SMITH *(quietly, not turning to her)*: Nurse Cornish. How long have you been with us now?

NURSE CORNISH: Seven years.

(He turns to look at her straight-faced.)

SMITH: Seven years.

(She smiles nervously.)

SMITH: Okay.

(After a moment he turns back towards Sherlock and the audience. His tone is serious when he speaks, and the adults in the room are now starting to look a little uncomfortable.)

SMITH: Serial killers choose their victims at random. Surely that must make it more difficult?

SHERLOCK *(staring at him wide-eyed)*: Some of them advertise.

SMITH: Do they really?

SHERLOCK *(his voice quiet and intense)*: Serial killing is an expression of power, ego, a signature in human destruction.

(Smith presses his lips together, fiddling with the doll on his lap with both hands as Sherlock continues. Both men have locked eyes on each other.)

SHERLOCK: Ultimately, for full satisfaction, it requires ... *(he speaks the next two words pedantically)* ... plain sight. Additionally, serial killers are easily profiled. They tend to be social outcasts, educationally sub-normal.

(Nurse Cornish looks around the room anxiously.)

SMITH: No-no-no-no-no. You're just talking about the ones you know, the ones you've caught.

(Sherlock frowns slightly.)

SMITH: But hello, dummy, you only catch the dumb ones. Now, imagine if the Queen wanted to kill some people. What would happen then?

(Sherlock's gaze lowers downwards towards Smith's hands.)

SMITH: All that power, all that money. *(He squeezes the head of the doll with one thumb, crushing its*

face.) Sweet little government dancing attendance.
(Nurse Cornish looks round again, now very uncomfortable.)

SMITH: A whole country just to keep her warm and ...
(He pulls the doll's head off its body.)

SMITH: ... and fat.

(He smiles up at Sherlock, whose eyes are still fixed on the doll. Smith pushes the head back onto its body.)

SMITH: Hm.

(He looks round at the kids, smiling.)

SMITH: We all love the Queen, don't we? And I bet she'd love you lot!

(John steps forward a few paces.)

JOHN: Uh, it-it's all right, everyone. I can personally assure you that Sherlock Holmes is not about to arrest the Queen. (He grins at the kids.)

SMITH: Well, of course not! Not Her Majesty!

(Sherlock is staring intensely at him. Smith turns back to face him.)

SMITH: Money, power, fame.

(Standing near him, the expression on John's face suggests that he's beginning to realise why Sherlock is obsessed with this man.)

SMITH: Some things make you untouchable.

(John's gaze lowers and he blinks several times. It seems he now also knows that Sherlock is right in his obsession.)

SMITH (louder): God save the Queen! (He looks round at the kids.) She could open a slaughterhouse and we'd all probably pay the entrance fee!

JOHN: No-one's untouchable.

SMITH: No-one?

(Sherlock's eyes turn towards John and he smiles slightly. Perhaps he's reading John's expression and knows that he's finally on his side. Smith looks round at the children.)

SMITH: Look at you all! So gloomy! Can't you take a joke?

(Chuckling, he stands up.)

SMITH: The Queen! If the Queen was a serial killer, I'd be the first person she'd tell! (He pulls a funny face.) We have that kind of friendship!

(He chuckles and claps his hands together.)

SMITH: A big round of applause for Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson!

(He chuckles again and applauds while the audience clap rather unenthusiastically.)

SMITH: Come on! Wonderful!

(He turns to smile at Sherlock, who gazes back at him intensely.)

SMITH: Thank you so much for coming. Thank you.

(Sherlock's eyes lift to meet John's. John returns the look. It's clear that he's now fully on board.)

Not long afterwards, Smith leads Sherlock and John along a bright white-painted corridor.

SHERLOCK: Where are we going now?

SMITH: I want to show you my favourite room.

(They walk past a door. Sherlock glances towards it, then does a double-take.)

SHERLOCK: No, let's go in here.

(The door has a window in it and he pulls the door open and goes inside. A sign on the wall inside shows that this is Suite W34, Directors Boardroom B-2. There's a white rectangular table in the middle with three chairs on each side and one at each end, and there are drug stands beside each of the side chairs. Sherlock walks around the table, gesturing towards it.)

SHERLOCK: So you've had another one of your little meetings.

(He smiles humourlessly at Smith.)

SMITH: Oh, it's just a monthly top-up. Confession is good for the soul ... providing you can delete it.

(John looks closely at a bag hanging from one of the stands.)

JOHN: What's TD12?

SHERLOCK: It's a memory inhibitor.

SMITH: Bliss.

JOHN: Bliss?

SMITH: Opt-in ignorance. Makes the world go round.

SHERLOCK (folding his arms): Anyone ever 'opt' to remember?

SMITH: Some people take the drip out, yeah. Some people have the same ... urges. Huh ... (he claps

his hands together) ... come on. Wasting time.

SHERLOCK: Indeed. *(He looks at his watch.)* You have – I estimate – twenty minutes left.

(Smiling, he walks towards the door which Smith is about to push open. Smith turns back towards him.)

SMITH: I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK: I sent a text from your phone, remember? It was read almost immediately. Factoring in the degree of shock and emotional decision and a journey time based on the associated address, I'd say that your life as you know it has twenty minutes left to run.

(He checks his watch again.)

SHERLOCK: Well, no, seventeen and a half, to be precise but I rounded up for dramatic effect, so please do show us your favourite room. *(He walks closer to Smith, glaring at him intensely.)* It'll give you a chance to say ... goodbye.

(Smith chuckles unpleasantly.)

SMITH: Come along.

(He turns around. Sherlock pulls a brief humourless smile behind him, then heads for the door which Smith is holding open for him. They walk away, Smith letting the door go behind him. John walks towards it.)

MARY'S VOICE *(offscreen)*: The game is on.

(John stops and the door closes in front of him. He raises his head skywards. As he starts to turn around, we are looking over Mary's shoulder from behind her.)

MARY: Do you still miss me?

(He turns to look back into the room. There's nobody there. John turns again, looking thoughtful, then starts to move.)

Shortly afterwards, the three men are in an elevator. John has his head lowered and is pinching the bridge of his nose. Sherlock looks uncomfortable and twitchy.

SMITH: Speaking of serial killers, you know who's my favourite?

(There's the sound of a 'bing' as the lift stops.)

SHERLOCK: Other than yourself?

(The doors open and Smith leads them out.)

SMITH: H. H. Holmes.

(He leads them along a blue-painted corridor. The ceiling is very high above them and pipework runs along it.)

SMITH: Relative of yours?

SHERLOCK: Not as far as I know.

SMITH: You should check. What an idiot.

(He pushes through a set of double doors and looks around the room as he walks in.)

SMITH: Everyone out.

(Sherlock and John stop just inside the doors. Deeper in the room, a body is lying on a silver chrome examination table, covered by a sheet up to its neck. A male mortician stands at the other side of the table holding a clipboard and pen. He is wearing green scrubs with a blue disposable plastic apron over the top. A woman, similarly dressed, is nearby with her hands on a wheeled trolley with medical equipment on it. Tall silver-coloured cabinet doors are set into the walls. The man looks up at Smith.)

SAHEED: Mr Smith, we're actually in the middle of something.

SMITH *(stopping and looking at him)*: Saheed, isn't it?

(Near the doors, Sherlock puts his hands in his coat pocket and leans against the side of a cupboard, watching with interest.)

SAHEED: Saheed, yes.

SMITH: How long have you been working here now?

SAHEED: Four years.

SMITH *(softly)*: Four years. Well, that's a long time, isn't it?

(He draws his lips back from his teeth in what can be described as anything but a smile.)

SMITH *(intensely, his 'smile' dropping)*: Four years.

(Saheed swallows nervously, then looks round at the woman and two other men in the room.)

SAHEED: Okay, everyone.

(Clicking his pen shut, he pulls the sheet over the face of the person on the examination table. At the door, Sherlock turns his head away and shakes it slightly. John looks towards the other people, frowning.)

SAHEED: Five minutes?

SMITH: Come back in ten.

(Looking at him nervously for a moment, Saheed turns away and his colleagues start towards the door. John steps aside to get out of their way. Saheed follows his co-workers.)

SMITH: Saheed.

(Saheed stops and turns to look at him.)

SMITH: This time, knock.

(Saheed turns and leaves the room. Your transcriber unintentionally imagines just what Saheed might have interrupted Smith doing in there in the past and sends out an urgent order for industrial-strength brain bleach. Once the staff have left, Sherlock and John walk closer to the examination table and Smith wanders round to the other side of the table.)

JOHN: How can you do that? I mean, how-how are you even allowed in here?

SMITH: Oh, I-I can go anywhere I like.

(He takes a ring of many keys from his trouser pocket, holds them up and shakes them noisily.)

SMITH *(smiling)*: Anywhere at all.

JOHN *(staring at him, appalled)*: They gave you keys?

SMITH: They presented 'em to me. There was a ceremony. You can watch that on YouTube.

(Sherlock has walked over to one of the nearby cabinets and pulls open the door.)

SMITH: Home Secretary was there.

SHERLOCK *(looking into the cabinet and the slide-out shelves in there)*: So, your favourite room: the mortuary.

SMITH: What d'you think?

(The top shelf inside the cabinet is empty. Sherlock bends down to look at the next shelf, on which lies a sheet-covered body.)

SHERLOCK: Tough crowd.

(He closes the door and turns around.)

SMITH: Oh, I don't know.

(He pulls back the sheet on the table to reveal the head and shoulders of the corpse. There is a Y-shaped cut, sewn up, in the chest.)

SMITH: No, I've always found 'em quite pliable.

(As he says the last word, he reaches out to the body – which we can now see is an elderly woman – and pulls her jaw down with his fingers.)

JOHN: Don't do that.

SMITH *(staring at the woman intensely)*: She's fine. She's dead.

(He smirks, still holding her jaw down and staring at her misty eyes and stained, misshapen teeth. He finally releases her jaw.)

SMITH: H. H. Holmes loved the dead. He mass-produced 'em.

SHERLOCK *(probably for John's benefit)*: Serial killer, active during the Chicago Fair.

(He walks off and starts wandering around the mortuary.)

SMITH *(raising his head to look at John)*: D'you know what he did? He built a hotel, a special hotel, just to kill people. You know, with a hanging room, gas chamber, specially-adapted furnace. You know, like Sweeney Todd ...

(He reaches out to the dead woman's jaw and moves her mouth up and down with his fingers while he speaks through clenched teeth as if manipulating a ventriloquist's dummy.)

SMITH: ... without the pies!

(He chuckles, releasing her and turning away.)

SMITH: Stupid. So stupid.

(Instantly John grabs the sheet and pulls it over the woman's face.)

JOHN: Why stupid?

SMITH: Well, all that effort. You don't build a beach if you want to hide a pebble; you just find a beach!

(Sherlock has stopped at the far end of the room and is leaning back against a sink.)

SMITH: And if you wanna hide a murder, or wanna hide lots and lots of murders, just find a ...

(He pauses for a moment then meets John's eyes.)

SMITH: ... hospital.

(John lowers his head in disbelief for a moment, then raises it again and takes a step closer.)

JOHN: Can we be clear? Are you confessing?

SMITH: To what?

JOHN: The way you're talking ... *(He stops.)*

SMITH *(softly)*: Oh, sorry. *(He pauses for a moment.)* Yes. *(He chuckles briefly.)* You mean, am I a serial killer, or am I just trying to mess with your funny little head? Well, it's true.

(He walks around the head of the table while John looks at him grimly.)

SMITH: I do like to mess with people ...

(John glances towards Sherlock at the far end of the room, who blinks rapidly, trembling slightly.)

SMITH: ... and yes, I am a *bit* creepy, but that's just my U.S.P.

[Unique selling proposition.]

SMITH: I use it to sell breakfast cereal. But am I what he says I am? *(He points at Sherlock.)* Is that what you're asking?

(He walks past John and continues along the side of the table. John turns to watch him.)

JOHN: Yes.

SMITH: Hm. Well, let me ask you this. *(He stops and turns to look at John.)* Are you *really* a doctor?

JOHN: Yeah, of course I am.

SMITH: Well, no, a *medical* doctor, you know. Not just feet, or media studies or something.

JOHN: I'm a doctor.

(Smith snorts quietly.)

SMITH: Are you serious? No, really, *are* you?

(He turns to walk away, then turns back and takes a couple of steps towards John, looking angrily at him.)

SMITH: Are you ... are you *actually* serious?

(He walks away again.)

SMITH: I've played along with this joke. It's not funny any more. No ... *look* at him.

(He gestures towards Sherlock who really does look like he's badly in need of a hit. He's blinking frequently in between widening his eyes in an attempt to keep them open, and blowing out silent but heavy breaths.)

SMITH: Go ahead, *look* at him, Doctor Watson! Hm? Oh, no, *I'll* lay it out for you.

(He walks towards John, holding up two fingers on his right hand.)

SMITH *(angrily)*: There are two possible explanations for what's going on 'ere. *(He gestures towards himself.)* Either I'm a serial killer ... *(he turns and walks towards Sherlock, pointing at him)* ... or Sherlock Holmes is off his tits on drugs, hm? Delusional paranoia about a-a public personality? That's not so special. It's not even new!

(He walks close to Sherlock, pointing at him.)

SMITH *(in a stage whisper)*: I think you need to, er, tell your faithful little friend how you're wasting his time because you're too high to know what's real any more.

(He turns and walks away, stopping a few paces away with his back to Sherlock. John frowns, apparently wondering what to believe.)

SHERLOCK *(quietly)*: I apologise.

(Smith turns and looks at him.)

SHERLOCK *(looking downwards in front of himself)*: I-I-I miscalculated.

(He lifts his head, his eyes widening.)

SHERLOCK *(louder)*: I forgot to factor in the traffic!

(Stepping forward, he looks at his watch and then at Smith.)

SHERLOCK: Nineteen and a half minutes.

(Clearing his throat he continues onwards a couple of steps, then stops and turns his left side towards the doors, dramatically cupping his left hand to his ear as there's a clunking sound some distance away.)

SHERLOCK *(to Smith)*: Ah, the footsteps you're about to hear will be very familiar to you, not least because there'll be three impacts rather than two. The third, of course, will be the end of a walking cane.

(At the other end of the corridor, the ping of an arriving lift can be heard. The lift doors open and we see a woman's feet, wearing black shoes and tights, and the bottom of said walking cane. The woman starts to step forward out of the lift.)

SHERLOCK: Your daughter Faith's walking cane.

SMITH: And why would *she* be here?

SHERLOCK: You invited her. *(He smiles tightly at him.)* You sent her a text – or-or-or technically *I* sent her a text but she's not to know.

(He turns to look at the doors. Further along the corridor, we see the woman's legs as she walks along. In the mortuary, Sherlock turns back and looks upwards.)

SHERLOCK: Now, let's see if I can recall.

(He narrates the message he sent, the words appearing beside his head as he talks.)

SHERLOCK: "Faith... I can stand it no longer, I've confessed ... to my crimes. Please forgive me!"

(The text whooshes away as if sent.)

SMITH: Why would that have any effect? *(He smiles.)* You don't know her.

SHERLOCK: Oh, but I do. *(He smiles.)* I spent a whole evening with her. *(He grins.)* We had chips.
(He looks down reflectively.)

SHERLOCK: I think she liked me.

SMITH: You don't know Faith. You simply do not. *(He smiles.)*

SHERLOCK: I know you care about her deeply. I know you invited her to one of your special board meetings. *(He steps closer to Smith.)* You care what she thinks.

(He smiles smugly at him, then laughs as he speaks, pointing at him.)

SHERLOCK: You maintain an impressive façade.

(Smith continues to smile confidently. Sherlock's smile drops and he looks at him seriously.)

SHERLOCK: I think it's about to break.

(Cut-away to a new scene. Greg Lestrade frowns into the camera.)

LESTRADE: Did you know?

(Back in the mortuary, John's view of Smith has been blocked by Sherlock, so he is slowly moving across the room to get clear sight of him.)

SHERLOCK *(to Smith)*: She came to Baker Street.

SMITH: No she didn't.

(In the cut-away scene, John seems in the same room where we just saw Greg. He shakes his head.)

JOHN: Of course I didn't.

SHERLOCK *(in the mortuary)*: She came to see me because she was scared of her daddy.

SMITH: Never happened. Is this another one of your drug-fuelled fantasies?

(He looks across to John and pulls a face while noisily sucking in a fake-nervous breath.)

In the cut-away scene it's now clear that Greg and John are in a police interview room. There's a large mirror on the wall behind where Greg is sitting at a small table, and in the reflection we can see John sitting opposite him. A male police officer is standing beside the closed door behind John.)

LESTRADE: You didn't see him take the scalpel?

(As the camera angle switches to John, out of focus in the background several lights can be seen on a recording device. One of the lights is flashing, indicating that the device is recording their conversation. This therefore isn't a private talk; it's an official police interview.)

JOHN: Nobody saw him.

LESTRADE: So you didn't know what was about to happen.

JOHN: Of course I didn't know.

SHERLOCK *(in the mortuary)*: Well, let's see, shall we?

(He raises his voice and calls over his shoulder towards the doors, keeping his eyes fixed on Smith.)

SHERLOCK: Faith, stop loitering at the door and come in! This is your father's favourite room.

(The doors open and we see from behind Faith as she walks in.)

SHERLOCK: Come and meet his best friends.

(He turns to face her.)

FAITH *(still seen from behind as she walks forward)*: Dad?

(Although she still has the northern English accent, her voice sounds slightly different. In tight close-up, Sherlock frowns.)

FAITH: What's happening? What was that text?

(Smiling, she walks deeper into the room, the doors closing behind her.)

FAITH: Are you having one of your jokes?

(She chuckles, then stops walking forward and looks enquiringly at Sherlock.)

FAITH: Who are you?

(It's not Faith. At least, it's not the Faith who spent the evening with Sherlock. She looks very similar in height and size; she has the same style and length of hair, although it's a very slightly different shade of mid-blonde, and she's wearing similar glasses.)

John frowns at her question. Sherlock lowers his chin, flashing back to a close-up rear view of the hair of the woman who stood at his window three weeks ago, before focusing in on the hairline and then the mouth of the woman in front of him. He lowers his gaze to her hand leaning on her walking cane and the gold patterning on the stick which seems very similar, maybe even identical, to those on the stick which the Faith he met then holds in flashback as she sits on the client chair in 221B. In the mortuary, Sherlock raises his gaze to this Faith's face, then flashes back to the face of the woman he met before. He screws his eyes shut and sees mortuary-room Faith sitting on the client chair at 221B. The camera rolls round behind her and slows down as it slowly pans past her, and various details appear around her:

Hair: Mid-Blonde
Height: 5'5"
Dress Size: 10
Skin: Fair
Posture: Favours Right

As the camera continues around behind her, she transforms into previous-Faith, her hair a slightly darker mid-blonde but all the details around her remain the same. The camera speeds up and rolls round to face her, then she transforms back into mortuary-room Faith sitting on the chair again.

In the mortuary, Sherlock frowns at her.)

SHERLOCK: Who the hell are you?

(Smith walks across the room to the woman.)

SMITH *(to her)*: Sherlock Holmes! Surely you recognise him.

FAITH: Oh my God!

SMITH: Mm!

(She gasps and looks at her father, smiling.)

FAITH: Sherlock Holmes! *(She looks at Sherlock.)* I love your blog.

SHERLOCK: You're not her. You're not the woman who came to Baker Street.

FAITH: Um, well, no. Never been there.

(Cut-away to the police interview room.)

LESTRADE: Well, there must have been *some* build-up. He didn't just suddenly *do* it.

JOHN *(leaning forward)*: Look, I didn't know he had the bloody scalpel.

SHERLOCK *(in the mortuary)*: Sorry, I'm not sure I completely understand.

FAITH: U-understand what?

SMITH *(walking to stand between the two of them and gesturing at both)*: Well, I thought you two were-were old friends!

FAITH *(giggling a little)*: No! We've never met.

SMITH *(backing towards Faith and raising a hand to his mouth as he chuckles)*: Oh, dear! Oh!

FAITH *(to Sherlock)*: Have we?

(Smith continues to laugh. John steps towards his colleague.)

JOHN: Sherlock?

(Faith lets out a nervous laugh and Smith is still chuckling. Sherlock stares down towards the floor.)

SHERLOCK: So who came to my flat?

(He raises his eyes to Faith.)

FAITH: Well, it wasn't me.

(Smith's laughter becomes louder.)

SMITH: Oh, no!

(He doubles over laughing. Faith lets out a quiet confused laugh.)

SHERLOCK *(staring at her)*: You ... look ... different.

FAITH: I wasn't there.

(Smith cackles with delight. Sherlock screws his eyes shut.)

SHERLOCK'S VOICE *(in a whisper in his head)*: Who came to my flat?

(He flashes back to sitting in his chair holding up his phone showing a photo of Faith and Smith. It's mortuary-Faith in the photo – as it was three weeks ago – and as he lowers the phone and looks at the woman sitting on the chair opposite him, she's the one he met back then, looking so similar that he only noticed slight differences and didn't realise she wasn't the same woman.)

FAITH *(in the present, offscreen)*: I'm sorry, Mr Holmes, but ...

(Sherlock opens his eyes and shakes his head.)

FAITH *(close-up and fuzzily out of focus)*: ... I don't think I've ever been anywhere near your flat.

(Sherlock's lower lip trembles and his eyes are wide with shock. Smith continues to laugh uproariously.)

SMITH: Oh, dear!

(He puts the back of one hand to his mouth.)

SMITH *(laughing)*: Oh, no!

(Sherlock stares downwards. In flashback, Bill looks at him through the gap between the kitchen doors.)

WIGGINS: Who you talkin' to?

(In the mortuary, Sherlock's eyes start to widen.

In flashback, Mrs Hudson looks at him in the hall of 221.)

MRS HUDSON: What friend?

(In flashback, past-Faith sits on the bench near the river and looks into the camera.)

PAST-FAITH: Anyone.

(In the present, Sherlock raises both hands and covers his nose and mouth, shocked and breathing out a horrified breath as he slowly backs away. Smith continues to cackle delightedly.

SMITH: Oh no!

(Sherlock blows out a couple more sharp breaths and takes his hands away from his face. He briefly flashes back to the empty riverside bench.)

SHERLOCK'S VOICE *(offscreen from the direction of the railings):* Faith?

(In the present, Sherlock shakes his head and raises his hands again, pressing the sides of his thumbs to his eyes as he screws them shut.)

SHERLOCK *(muffled):* God.

(Suddenly everything whites out around him and his body spins in the void as he takes his hands from his eyes and flails wildly, groaning and then opening his eyes wide in horror. As Smith's manic cackling continues, Sherlock's head jolts and the room starts to come into focus again. Sherlock buries his head in his hands and can see a flashback of him holding his phone with the photograph of Smith and Faith. He lowers the phone and the client chair comes into focus, but it's empty. In the mortuary, Sherlock opens his eyes and drags his hands down his face, rubbing one across his mouth. Still Smith laughs as Sherlock's hand trembles. He clenches both hands into fists, pressing them against his mouth and screwing up his eyes again before lowering his hands a little, shaking his head in denial. He flails his hands in front of him as Smith continues to cackle. Putting one hand to his head, Sherlock turns away from him, bumping into a tray on a stand. The tray rattles noisily and he flinches away, focusing briefly on the row of six scalpels lying on it. Nearby John looks at him in concern as he continues to spin.)

JOHN: Sherlock.

(Sherlock stops and faces Smith, who points at him, still laughing.)

JOHN: Sherlock? Are you all right? Sherlock, are you okay?

(Wide-eyed, Sherlock points a shaking hand at Smith.)

SHERLOCK: Watch him. He's got a knife.

SMITH *(laughing incredulously):* I've got a what?!

SHERLOCK *(loudly):* You've got a scalpel! You picked it up from that table.

(He points to the tray which is now several feet away from him. There's a gap in the row of scalpels and only five remain.)

SHERLOCK: I saw you take it.

SMITH: I certainly did not!

(Even though Smith is talking and not laughing, his laughter can still be heard echoing distantly.)

SHERLOCK *(manically):* Look behind his back!

SMITH *(smiling):* What? *(He brings both hands up and waves them in the air.)*

SHERLOCK *(near-hysterical):* I saw you take it! I saw you!

(As he speaks he points his right arm at Smith, brandishing the scalpel he's holding. Smith's smile turns to a look of alarm as he keeps his hands in the air and backs away.)

SMITH *(loudly, shocked):* Whoa, whoa, whoa!

(Faith raises a horrified hand to her mouth.)

JOHN *(holding out a stern hand to Sherlock):* Whoa-whoa-whoa. Whoa, Sherlock, d'you wanna put that down?

FAITH: Oh my God.

(Sherlock stares wide-eyed at the scalpel in his shaking hand. Smith and Faith continue to make noises of concern while John shakes his head anxiously, his eyes fixed on Sherlock's hand. The sound of Smith's laughter continues to echo. Sherlock lowers his head and shakes it, screwing his eyes shut, then stumbles back and raises his head, glaring savagely at Smith and pointing his left hand at him.)

SHERLOCK *(in a low hiss):* Stop laughing at me.

SMITH *(his hands still raised):* I'm not laughing!

JOHN: He's not laughing, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK *(furiously, at the top of his voice):* STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

(He surges forward towards Smith with his right arm held forward and the scalpel aimed at the other man.)

JOHN: *Sherlock!*
(*Faith lets out a brief scream.*)

Before Sherlock reaches Smith, without segue we jump to the police interview room and Greg reaches across to switch off the recording device, then leans back in his chair with a tired sigh and tilts his head back.

LESTRADE: Ohh, Christ!
(*He lifts his head again.*)

LESTRADE: I keep wondering if we should have seen it coming.

JOHN: Not long ago, he shot Charles Magnussen in the face. We *did* see it coming.

[*Oh, way to go, Watson. Why the hell should a police detective inspector, even if he is Sherlock's 'handler,' ever have been told about that 100-year D-notice top secret only-four-people-know-about-this incident?]*

JOHN: We *always* saw it coming. But it was *fun*.
(*Someone knocks on the door. Greg turns his head.*)

LESTRADE: Come in.
(*The door opens and a female police officer comes in.*)

POLICE OFFICER: Sir. You probably want to see this.

(*She puts an open laptop onto the desk. Greg and John lean over to look at the screen which is showing a news bulletin.*)

FEMALE NEWSREADER (*initially offscreen*): Harold Chorley reporting earlier today. Mr Smith stated he had no interest in bringing charges.

(*The footage cuts away to Smith, in the mortuary, talking to a reporter. A band at the bottom of the screen shows his name.*)

SMITH: I'm a fan of Sherlock Holmes. I'm a *big* fan.
(*John frowns briefly.*)

SMITH (*offscreen while we see Greg and John watching the screen*): I don't really know what happened today. To be honest, I don't think I'd be standing here now if it wasn't for Doctor Watson.

And we're back in the mortuary at the end of the previous scene.

SHERLOCK (*furiously, at the top of his voice*): STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

(*He surges forward towards Smith with his right arm held forward and the scalpel aimed at the other man.*)

JOHN: *Sherlock!*

(*Faith lets out a brief scream. John seizes Sherlock's lower arm with his left hand and turns his left shoulder into Sherlock's body, then slams his hand down onto Sherlock's hand and knocks the scalpel out of it. As it clatters noisily to the floor he turns and seizes Sherlock's coat with both hands and bundles him backwards across the room and slams him hard into one of the cabinet doors.*)

JOHN (*loudly, angrily*): Stop it!

(*He pulls Sherlock forward a little and then slams him back against the cabinet again.*)

JOHN (*even louder, emphasising each word*): Stop It Now!

(*Smith, his hands still raised, and Faith stare at them in shock.*)

FEMALE REPORTER (*offscreen*): Is it true he's being treated in your hospital?

(*We're back in the interview room and John and Greg are still watching the news footage on the laptop.*)

SMITH: It's not actually my hospital ... Well, it is a *little* bit my hospital ... (*he smiles at the reporter*) ... Uh, but I can promise you this: he's going to get the best of care. I might even move him to my favourite room.

(*He smiles smarmily. In the interview room, John frowns.*)

NEWSREADER (*offscreen*): Culverton Smith earlier today.

(*On the footage, Smith raises a cheery thumb to the camera.*)

NEWSREADER (*offscreen*): In Nottingham ...

(*The police officer stops the footage and takes the laptop away, leaving the room. John sits back in his chair, looking down at his right hand and flexing it.*)

LESTRADE (*standing up and moving away*): He's right, you know. You probably saved his life.

Back in the mortuary, John glares furiously into Sherlock's face.

JOHN (*yelling*): What are you doing?!

(He slaps Sherlock hard across the face with his right hand.)

JOHN: Wake up!

In the interview room.

JOHN *(still looking down at his right hand and repeatedly flexing it)*: I really hit him, Greg.

(As he looks up at Greg we see a close up of John's hand. The knuckles are raw and bloody.)

JOHN: Hit him hard.

In the mortuary, John punches Sherlock right-handed with all his strength. Crying out, Sherlock falls to the floor. Gasping, he props himself up on his right arm, his nose bleeding.

JOHN *(yelling furiously)*: Is this ... *(he bends down and punches him in the face again)* ... a game?

(Behind them, and unseen by Faith who is watching the other men, Smith's expression becomes intense as he looks at them.)

JOHN: A bloody game?

(Again Sherlock tries to rise up and again John punches him down. Faith turns her head towards the doors as if seeing something. His face twisted with rage, John kicks Sherlock's body hard, then again. Sherlock groans and John kicks him again. Two male medical staff come in, see what's happening and run across the room. John is kicking at Sherlock again and the men run to either side of him, seize his arms and drag him backwards. He struggles against them and Smith walks forward, holding up his hands as he walks over towards where Sherlock is lying.)

SMITH *(to John)*: Please. Please, please, please, no violence.

(The men release John and he takes a couple of steps forward, looking down grimly at Sherlock.)

SMITH: Thank you, Doctor Watson.

(On the floor, Sherlock is bracing himself on his right arm and left hand and looking distantly at the floor. He is trembling and bloodstained saliva is dripping from his mouth. There's blood on his mouth and nose and a bleeding cut on the inside of his left eyebrow.)

SMITH: But I don't think he's a danger any more.

(He bends down to look at Sherlock. John, his shirt half out of his trousers, looks down at them and breathes heavily. Smith looks up to him.)

SMITH: Leave him be.

SHERLOCK *(shakily)*: No, it's-it's okay. Let him do what he wants. *(He raises his head a little.)* He's entitled. *(He lifts his head higher and makes eye contact with John.)* I killed his wife.

(John steps forward a little, breathing sharply through his nose. He stares down at Sherlock.)

JOHN *(his voice tight against repressed tears)*: Yes, you did.

(He holds Sherlock's gaze, breathing shakily through his nose. Sherlock continues to look up at him for a moment and then slowly, oh so slowly, his eyes gradually lower away from John's face. At this point your weeping transcriber refuses to even attempt to describe the next ten seconds as Benedict, while barely moving a muscle in his face, gives an absolute masterclass of a man's life slowly but irrevocably falling apart. John stares at him for a little longer and then slowly turns around, wiping his left hand under his nose, and walks away. Sherlock moves his right arm forward a little and slowly sinks his head down onto it.)

HOSPITAL ROOM. A close-up of a drip attached to a drug stand then pans down to show the monitor beside it. A steady beeping can be heard, presumably indicating a heartbeat. Sherlock's face is reflected in the screen and the camera moves across to show him lying in bed, his eyes closed. We can only see his face from his right side, so we can't see the extent of his injuries on the other side. John stands at the foot of the bed, his back to the camera. It looks as if he's bracing his hands on the bed frame in front of him and now he leans forward a little, hunching his shoulders.

Outside the room, Nurse Cornish approaches and nods and smiles to the uniformed male police officer who is clearly guarding the room. He is not wearing a jacket and his cap is on a chair at the other side of the door. She opens the door and walks in, smiling when she sees John.

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, hi.

(She closes the door. John, his eyes fixed on Sherlock, turns his head only briefly and opens his mouth a little but then closes it again.)

NURSE CORNISH *(walking to the side of the bed)*: Just in to say hello?

JOHN: No. I'm just in to say goodbye.

NURSE CORNISH: I'm sure he'll pull through.

(John briefly smiles tightly, still watching Sherlock.)

NURSE CORNISH: And yeah, he's made a terrible mess of himself, but he's awfully strong, so must

look on the bright side.

(She walks around him to the other side of the bed. John is a couple of paces back from the end of the bed and we're looking at him from his left side. There's something wrong about the way he's standing; he's slightly hunched over. He nods.)

JOHN *(almost silently)*: Hm.

(We see all of Sherlock's face. The cut on his eyebrow has been stitched, and he has a large bruise under his left eye.)

(After a moment John looks down and – below the screen – brings his hands together and then separates them again.)

JOHN: Well ...

(Clearing his throat, he walks towards a chair near the left side of the bed and we see that his earlier movement had been him transferring his old walking cane – on which he had been leaning with his right hand, thus explaining his earlier hunched stance – into his left. Stopping at the chair, he holds up the cane to show to the nurse.)

JOHN: Parting gift.

(He braces it against the back of the chair.)

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, that's nice. A walking stick.

JOHN: Yeah, it was mine from ... a long time ago.

(She smiles awkwardly. He turns to walk away and just then the phone on the bedside table rings. The nurse picks it up and holds it to her ear as John opens the door.)

NURSE CORNISH: Hello? Ward seventy-three.

(Listening for a moment, she calls out softly.)

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, uh, Doctor Watson?

(John has gone out of the door and is about to close it but now pushes it open again and looks in.)

JOHN: Hm?

NURSE CORNISH: It's for you.

(John frowns, then makes an exasperated sound. Walking back into the room he takes the phone which the nurse is holding across the bed to him. He puts the phone to his ear.)

JOHN: Hello, Mycroft.

MYCROFT *(over phone)*: There's a car downstairs.

(Not long afterwards, a black car drives under Admiralty Arch and heads into The Mall. John is sitting in the back seat.)

MARY *(sitting beside him, now wearing the same top she had on when she and her boys went off to play with the reluctant bloodhound Toby)*: You know, he should definitely have worn the hat.

JOHN *(quietly)*: Still thinking about Sherlock?

MARY: No! You are.

JOHN *(quietly)*: Got your disapproving face on.

MARY: Well, seeing as I'm inside your head, I think we can call that self-loathing.

(He looks across to the seat beside him. There's nobody there. He looks away.)

(In Sherlock's hospital room, Nurse Cornish finishes whatever she's doing with the equipment beside the bed and walks to the door. We see the entire room for the first time. The wall behind the top of the bed is wood panelling. The side walls have white wallpaper covered with large white circles with pale blue circles around them. The wall opposite the bed has mostly the same wallpaper except opposite the bed itself where there is a large wood panel – about fifteen feet wide – attached a couple of inches in front of the wall. It curves over into the room at the top. Above most of the room, wood panelling is suspended just below the ceiling and lights above it shine around the edges, while similar lights shine around the edges of the panel opposite the bed, giving the room a gentle lighting. There are also small halogen lights set into the underside of the ceiling, and a light near the bed shines on the drip stand. A lamp covered with a lampshade stands on top of a narrow cupboard in the far corner of the room. In between the two windows at that end of the room is a small wooden table and a chair. The nurse flicks a switch near the door and the lights above the ceiling panel go out, dimming the overall lighting even more. She goes out of the door and closes it behind her. Sherlock's closed eyes flicker a little.)

(The wooden panel opposite the bed begins to swing open from the left-hand side as viewed from the bed. After a moment Culverton Smith steps through the gap and into the room. He turns and pushes the panel closed again with a hand covered with a medical glove. He turns and walks over to the chair near the table, picking it up and carrying it nearer to the bed. Putting it down, he sits in it and folds his

gloved hands in front of him, looking towards the bed and gently tapping the fingers of one hand against the tips of the other.

BAKER STREET. The black car pulls up at the kerb near 221B and John gets out and walks towards the front door. Inside, he climbs the stairs. As he approaches the first floor landing, two sets of legs can be seen, one walking across the landing into the living room and another set crossing the room just inside. Mycroft's voice can be heard.

MYCROFT: Where is she?

(Mycroft is sitting in Sherlock's chair, his obligatory umbrella leaning against the right arm of the chair.)

MYCROFT: Where's Mrs Hudson?

(The man just entering the room ducks under the string attached to the back of the door, which another man is just taking down. The first man answers Mycroft.)

AGENT: She'll be up in a moment.

JOHN *(coming in and ducking under the string)*: Uh, what are you doing?

(Mary is standing in front of the fireplace, still in her Toby-day shirt.)

MYCROFT: Have you noticed the kitchen? *(He stands up as John looks around the living room before turning towards the kitchen.)* It's practically a meth lab. I'm trying to establish exactly what drove Sherlock off the rails.

(In the kitchen, someone is twirling a small brush covered in black powder over a knife lying on top of photographs and press articles about Smith.)

MYCROFT: Any ideas?

JOHN *(looking into the kitchen and referring to the various people in the flat)*: Are these spooks?

(Another person pulls a book from the small table in the corner of the room behind John's chair. As he does so, a piece of paper underneath the book falls unnoticed to the floor. It's Faith's handwritten note.)

JOHN *(looking round the living room)*: Are you using spooks now to look after your family?

(He turns his head to the kitchen again and sees one of the spooks putting items from the table into a large plastic evidence bag.)

JOHN: Hang on – are they tidying?

MYCROFT: Sherlock is a security concern. The fact that I'm his brother changes nothing.

(Someone in the living room takes a flash photograph, and continues to do so while other agents mill around looking at items and the photographs as the scene continues.)

JOHN *(turning and walking further into the living room)*: Yeah, you said that before.

(Mary, now standing just behind Mycroft's left shoulder as he stands in front of John's chair, speaks sternly.)

MARY: Ask him.

MYCROFT *(standing near the fireplace, with no sign of Mary near him)*: Why fixate on Culverton Smith? He's had his obsessions before, of course, but this goes a bit further than setting a mantrap for Father Christmas.

MARY *(now standing by Mycroft's right shoulder)*: Do it. *(She nods her head towards Mycroft.)* Ask him.

MYCROFT: Spending all night talking to a woman who wasn't even there.

(Mary narrows her eyes at Mycroft.)

MARY: Oh, shut up, you.

JOHN *(folding his arms in front of him)*: Mycroft, last time when we were on the phone ...

(Mycroft, with no sign of Mary near him, screws up his eyes in distaste.)

MYCROFT: No-no-no-no, stop. *(He raises a disparaging hand and turns and walks a few steps towards Sherlock's chair.)* I detest conversation in the past tense.

JOHN *(stepping closer to him)*: You said the fact that you were his brother made no difference.

MYCROFT: It doesn't.

JOHN: You said it didn't the last time and it wouldn't with Sherlock, so who was it the last time? Who were you talking about?

(Mary, now sitting in Sherlock's chair with her hands clasped between her knees, smiles up at her husband proudly.)

MARY: Attaboy.

MYCROFT: Nobody. I ... misspoke.

MARY *(sternly to John)*: He's lying.

JOHN *(to Mycroft)*: You're lying.

MYCROFT: I assure you I'm not.

MARY: He really is lying.

(John looks at Mycroft for a moment, then smiles slightly.)

JOHN: Sherlock's not your only brother. There's another one, isn't there?

MYCROFT *(holding his gaze and speaking firmly)*: No.

JOHN *(chuckling)*: Jesus! A secret brother! What, is he locked up in a tower or something?

(Mycroft raises his head and looks down his nose at John, but then turns his head as Mrs Hudson arrives in the room.)

MRS HUDSON: Mycroft Holmes!

(He sighs silently and lowers his head.)

MRS HUDSON: What are all these dreadful people doing in my house?

MYCROFT *(raising a conciliatory hand to her)*: Mrs Hudson, I apologise for the interruption. As you know, my brother has embarked on a programme of self-destruction remarkable even by *his* standards, and I am endeavouring to find out what triggered it.

MRS HUDSON: And that's what you're all looking for?

MYCROFT: Quite so.

MRS HUDSON: What's on his mind?

MYCROFT: So to speak.

MRS HUDSON: And you've had all this time?

MYCROFT: Time being something of which we don't have an infinite supply ... *(he includes John in his gaze)* ... so if we could be about our business?

(He smiles falsely. Mrs Hudson starts to giggle.)

MRS HUDSON: You are ...

(She continues laughing. Mycroft throws a frown at John.)

MRS HUDSON: ... you're-you're so funny, you are!

(She covers her mouth with her hand, still laughing. Mycroft pulls a confused face.)

MYCROFT: Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON *(gesturing either towards John or out towards the hospital, it's not clear)*: He thinks you're clever. Poor old Sherlock; always going on about you.

(She turns to John and puts both hands on his arm.)

MRS HUDSON: I mean, he *knows* you're an idiot, but that's okay 'cause you're a lovely doctor ...

(She turns to Mycroft while John's eyes flicker as he tries to process that remark.)

MRS HUDSON: ... but he has no idea what an idiot *you* are!

MYCROFT *(frowning)*: Is this merely stream-of-consciousness abuse, or are you attempting to make a point?

MRS HUDSON *(brightly)*: You want to know what's bothering Sherlock? Easiest thing in the world; anyone can do it.

MYCROFT: I know his thought processes better than any other human being, so *please* try to understand ...

MRS HUDSON *(starting to giggle again)*: He's not about *thinking*, not Sherlock.

MYCROFT: Of *course* he is.

MRS HUDSON: No, no. He's more ... emotional, isn't he?

(She turns to face the wall behind the sofa.)

MRS HUDSON: Unsolved case: shoot the wall.

(She points the fingers of her right hand and mimics firing a gun at it.)

MRS HUDSON: Pew! Pew!

(She turns towards the kitchen.)

MRS HUDSON: Unmade breakfast: karate the fridge!

(She mimics doing a karate chop with her left hand, then turns to the mantelpiece.)

MRS HUDSON: Unanswered question ...

(She turns to John.)

MRS HUDSON: Well, what does he do with anything he can't answer, John, every time?

(John has looked towards the fireplace as she spoke, and now looks back at her.)

JOHN: He stabs it.

(He unfolds his arms and walks towards the fireplace while she makes a triumphant gesture and turns to Mycroft.)

MRS HUDSON: Anything he can't find the answer for: ... *(she points two fingers towards the mantelpiece)* ... bang! ...

(While she was speaking, John has focused in on the knife stabbed into the white padded envelope we saw there earlier. Mary is sprawled sideways in Sherlock's chair, one leg up on the left arm and

with her right hand over the handle of Mycroft's umbrella while she tilts her head back and watches John. In a close-up of the mantelpiece we see not only the padded envelope but an unpadded one propped up at the back. Upside down and very stained, the typed address reads S. Holmes / 156 Montague Street [it's typed exactly like that but must surely mean 'Montague Street'] / London. Perhaps this means that Sherlock has a very old unsolved case from before he moved into Baker Street. John pulls the knife from the padded envelope and turns around and reaches in for the contents while Mrs Hudson continues.)

MRS HUDSON: ... it's up there. I keep telling him: if he was any good as a detective, I wouldn't need a new mantel.

(John pulls out the white DVD with its handwritten MISS ME? message on it. His eyes widen and he looks up, startled, at Mycroft and then looks across to Mrs H.)

The DVD has been loaded in the television in the corner of the room near the kitchen. All the spooks have stopped their work and stand watching the screen. Mycroft stands in the middle of the room with his hand raised to the side of his face, looking intrigued as he looks at the TV. Mrs Hudson is sitting on the edge of John's chair and John himself stands between the two of them, a look of devastation on his face as Mary's voice comes from the speakers.

MARY's VOICE (offscreen): If you're watching this, I'm ... probably dead.

(John straightens up and backs away from the TV, holding out one hand.)

JOHN: Okay, no. S-stop that now, please.

(He turns away, biting his lip, and slowly walks across the room. Mrs Hudson pauses the playback and gets to her feet, her voice stern as she turns to the other people.)

MRS HUDSON: Everybody out, now. All of you.

(Nobody moves. John stops, gulps and swallows, tears forming in his eyes as he gazes towards the window in anguish.)

MRS HUDSON (sternly): This is my house ... *(she gestures towards John's back)* ... this is my friend ... *(she points back towards the TV)* ... and that's his departed wife. Anyone who stays here a minute longer is admitting to me personally they do not have a single spark of human decency. *(John has turned around as she spoke. After a brief hesitation, and with nobody looking towards Mycroft for confirmation or permission, everybody else turns and quietly starts to leave the room. Mycroft remains where he is, his arms folded in front of him and looking towards the TV. Mrs H looks at him, then walks across to stand close to him. She leans even closer.)*

MRS HUDSON (savagely, in a low voice): Get out of my house, you reptile.

(He stares at her, startled. Not breaking eye contact, she gestures towards the door with the remote control. After a moment, looking as if he can't believe that he's doing what he's told, he unfolds his arms and turns towards Sherlock's chair to collect his umbrella.)

HOSPITAL ROOM. Smith, still sitting on the chair and watching Sherlock, huffs out a noisy breath, probably deliberately. Sherlock opens his eyes and blinks a couple of times. His left eye is almost completely bloodshot. Smith breathes out noisily again.

SMITH (quietly): You've been ages waking up. I watched you. It's quite lovely in its way.

(Sherlock swallows and looks towards him.)

SMITH (quietly): Take it easy. It's okay. Don't want to rush this. You're Sherlock Holmes.

MARY (offscreen): I'm giving you a case, Sherlock.

(In the living room of 221B, John sits in front of the TV and stares at it with tears in his eyes. Mrs Hudson stands behind him.)

MARY (offscreen): Might be the hardest case of your career.

(The angle changes to show Mary on the TV screen.)

MARY: When I'm ... gone – if I'm gone – I need you to do something for me. Save John Watson.

(John grimaces and shakes his head slightly.)

MARY: Save him, Sherlock.

(Mrs H bends down to him.)

MRS HUDSON: John, if you want to watch this later ...

MARY (offscreen): Save him.

(John breathes out a silent, "No," his tear-filled eyes fixed on the screen. Mrs Hudson straightens up again.)

MARY: Don't think anyone else is going to save him, because there isn't anyone. It's up to you. Save him. But I do think you're gonna need a little bit of help with that, because you're not exactly good with people, so here's a few things you need to know about the man we both love – and more importantly

what you're going to need to do to save him.
(John stares at the screen wide-eyed.)

HOSPITAL ROOM.

SHERLOCK (in a whisper): How did you get in?

(Smith stands and walks closer to the bed, pointing towards the door. He keeps his voice low throughout the rest of the scene.)

SMITH: Policeman outside, you mean? Come on. Can't you guess?

(Sherlock's gaze turns to the wooden panel opposite the bed.)

SHERLOCK (softly): Secret door.

SMITH (looking up and twirling a finger to indicate their surroundings): I built this whole wing. Kept firing the architect and builders so no-one knew quite how it all fitted together. I can slip in and out anywhere I like, you know ... when I get the urge.

SHERLOCK: H. H. Holmes.

SMITH: Murder castle, but done right. I have a question for you. Why are you here? It's like you walked into my den and laid down in front of me.

(Sherlock lowers his eyes.)

SMITH: Why?

SHERLOCK (meeting his gaze briefly, then lowering his eyes again): You know why I'm here.

SMITH: I'd like to hear you say it. (He smiles briefly.) Say it for me, please.

(Sherlock fixes his gaze on Smith.)

SHERLOCK: I want you to kill me.

BAKER STREET. The door to 221B opens and John hurries out into the street, looking down at his phone. He hasn't stopped to put on his jacket. As he walks to the kerb and looks down the road, probably looking for a taxi, Mrs Hudson hurries onto the doorstep.

MRS HUDSON: John!

(He turns to her and she holds up a key fob with one or two keys on it and tosses it to him. He catches them. She points to her left.)

MRS HUDSON: My car.

(He holds up a hand in acknowledgement and heads briskly down the road, looking down to his phone. Raising it to his ear, he breaks into a run.)

HOSPITAL ROOM. Smith has moved to the side of the bed and is resting his gloved left hand on the bed very close to the end of Sherlock's left hand as it rests on the blanket.

SHERLOCK (softly): If you increase the dosage four or five times ...

(Smith looks across to the drip stand.)

SHERLOCK: ... toxic shock should shut me down within about an hour.

SMITH (straightening up and starting to walk around the foot of the bed): Then I restore the settings. Everyone assumes it was a fault, or you just gave up the ghost. (He smiles.)

SHERLOCK: Yes.

SMITH: You're rather good at this.

(He takes off his jacket.)

SMITH: Before we start ... (he drops his jacket onto the chair near the drip stand) ... tell me how you feel.

(He reaches to the shirt cuff on his left hand and takes out the cufflink.)

SHERLOCK (softly): I feel scared.

(Smith scoffs quietly.)

SMITH: Be more specific. (He chuckles.) You only get to do this the once.

SHERLOCK: I'm ... scared of dying.

(Smith has now removed his right cufflink and puts both of them onto the seat of the chair.)

SMITH: You wanted this, though. (He starts to roll up his shirtsleeves.)

SHERLOCK: I have ... reasons.

SMITH: But you don't actually want to die.

SHERLOCK: No.

(Smith smiles.)

SMITH: Good. (Still smiling, he continues rolling up his sleeves.) Say that for me. Say it.

SHERLOCK (frowning slightly): I don't want to die.

SMITH (looking at his left sleeve as he rolls it up): And again.

SHERLOCK (*a little louder and more firmly*): I don't want to die.

SMITH (*softly, looking at him as he rolls his right sleeve even higher*): Once more for luck.

SHERLOCK (*his voice tearful*): I don't want to die. I don't ...

(*He pauses as Smith steps closer to bed and leans over him.*)

SHERLOCK (*tearfully*): ... don't want to die.

(*Smith leans closer until his face is only a few inches above Sherlock's.*)

SMITH (*softly, intensely*): Lovely.

(*Twitching a smile, he straightens up.*)

SMITH: Here it comes.

(*Sherlock stares at him with an anguished look on his face. Smith reaches a finger to the control panel next to the drip stand. He presses a button twice. It beeps noisily each time. He reaches to another button and starts to press it repeatedly. The read-out on the screen, initially reading 3.2, starts to rise.*)

Out on the streets, the Aston Martin is speeding along a road beside the river.

JOHN (*offscreen*): Please, I don't think he's safe.

LESTRADE'S VOICE (*over phone*): No, he's fine. I've got a man on the door. What-what do you think's happened?

(*In the driver's seat, John has his phone to his left ear and is driving one-handed.*)

JOHN (*into phone*): I don't know! Something! Mary left a message.

LESTRADE (*frowning wherever he is, into his phone*): What message?

MARY (*on her DVD recording*): John Watson never accepts help, not from *anyone*. Not ever.

(*Cut-away shot of 221B's living room in the day time. The camera focuses in on John's empty chair.*)

MARY (*offscreen*): But here's the thing: he never *refuses* it. So, here's what you are going to do.

In the hospital room, a drop of liquid drips down from the bag on the stand. Smith is slowly walking around the foot of the bed.

SMITH: So tell me: why are we doing this? To what do I owe the pleasure?

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): I wanted to hear your confession; needed to know I was right.

SMITH: But why do you need to die?

SHERLOCK: The mortuary; your favourite room.

(*Smith smiles slightly.*)

SHERLOCK: You talk to the dead. You make your confession to them.

(*Smith sniffs, straightens up, rubs his nose and turns away towards the chair, shaking his head.*)

Outside the room, the police officer is talking into his phone.

POLICE OFFICER: Sorry, sir, what?

(*Still listening, he turns to the door.*)

POLICE OFFICER: What do you mean?

(*He takes hold of the door handle and turns it and pushes but the door doesn't open.*)

POLICE OFFICER (*into phone*): I think the door's jammed.

(*He rams his shoulder against it as Nurse Cornish approaches along the corridor behind him.*)

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, has that door locked itself again? Yeah, it's always doing that.

MARY (*on the DVD*): You can't save John because he won't *let* you. He won't allow himself to be saved. The only way to save John ... is to make him save *you*.

SHERLOCK (*in the hospital room*): Why do you do it?

SMITH (*sitting in the chair*): Why do I kill? (*He has his hands together and gently rubs his fingers against each other.*) It's not about hatred or-or revenge. I'm not a dark person. It's ... Killing human beings ...

(*He lowers his head and chuckles almost silently for several seconds, putting the back of one hand to his mouth.*)

SMITH: ... it just makes me ... (*he lets out a long contented sigh*) ... incredibly happy.

(*Sherlock gives him a tiny smile. Smith's smile slowly fades and he breathes out a hard breath through his nose and stands up, walking to the bed.*)

SMITH (*leaning his hands on the blanket*): You know i-i-in films when-when you see dead people pretending to be dead and it's just living people lying down? (*He shakes his head.*) That's not what dead people look like. (*His voice and gaze become more intense.*) Dead people look like *things*. I like

to make people into *things*. Then you can own them.

(He huffs out a laugh and straightens up.)

SMITH: You know what? I'm getting a little impatient.

(He bends to the foot of the bed and presses a button on the side. The top of the bed lowers down to the horizontal position. Sherlock looks anxious, his eyes turning to the door. Once the bed is flat, Smith straightens up and bares his teeth as he looks at Sherlock, running his tongue along his bottom lip before walking around to the other side of the bed. He straightens the glove on his right hand and leans down towards Sherlock.)

SMITH *(in a whisper)*: Take a big breath if you want.

(Sherlock, looking afraid, lowers his gaze to Smith's hands.)

MARY *(on the DVD)*: Go to Hell, Sherlock.

(Sherlock gasps in a breath as Smith lays his right palm over his mouth and presses down hard, then pinches Sherlock's nose shut with his left fingers.)

MARY *(on the DVD)*: Go right into Hell, and make it look like you mean it.

(Brief shot of Sherlock's empty chair in the living room.)

SMITH *(pushing his hands down while Sherlock writhes under him)*: Murder is a very difficult addiction to manage. People don't realise how much work goes into it. You have to be careful.

(Sherlock's eyes are wide and he grabs at Smith's lower right arm and flails weakly with his other hand, trying to dislodge him.)

SMITH: ... but if-if you're rich and famous and *loved*, it's amazing what people are prepared to ignore.

(His voice shakes with effort as he resists Sherlock's struggles.)

SMITH: There's always someone desperate, about to go missing ...

(The camera angle changes to show John's cane leaning against the chair near the door.)

SMITH: ... and *no-one* wants to suspect murder if it's easier to suspect something else!

(Sherlock continues to struggle under him, his face covered with sweat.)

SMITH: I just have to ration myself; choose the right heart to stop.

MARY *(on the DVD)*: Go and pick a fight with a bad guy. Put yourself in harm's way.

(Sherlock struggles, his eyes full of panic.)

SMITH *(in an intense whisper)*: Please, maintain eye contact. Maintain eye contact.

(Sherlock stares up at him, writhing.)

SMITH *(even quieter but just as intense, staring down at Sherlock)*: Maintain eye contact. Please. I like to watch it ... happen.

MARY *(on the DVD)*: If he thinks you need him, I swear ...

(John comes through the door at the end of the hospital corridor and hurries along it. He reaches the door to Sherlock's room. The police officer isn't there but his cap still lies on the chair beside the door. John lowers the door handle and pushes forward but the door doesn't open. He rattles the handle a couple of times, then urgently looks along the corridor.

Inside, Smith leans down closer to Sherlock, his teeth bared and his gaze ecstatic as he speaks.)

SMITH *(savagely, slowly)*: And off we ... pop.

(Sherlock's eyes glaze and begin to close.)

MARY *(on the DVD)*: ... he *will* be there.

(Sherlock stops moving and the heart monitor goes into a long single tone. The door smashes open revealing John holding a fire extinguisher. Clearly he just rammed it into the door to break the lock. Smith turns to look, straightening up and releasing Sherlock, who noisily hauls in a long painful breath. As the heart monitor starts to blip again, John drops the fire extinguisher and storms into the room, followed by the police officer.)

POLICE OFFICER: Mr Holmes! You okay?

(John surges across the room and wraps his arm around Smith's neck, bundling him away from the

bed.)

JOHN: What were you doing to him?

(Smith whimpers plaintively. Sherlock moves weakly on the bed.)

JOHN *(yelling)*: What were you doing?!

(He drags Smith across the room. Smith flails in the direction of the bed.)

SMITH: He's in distress! I-I'm helping him!

(John hurls him into the confused police officer's hands.)

JOHN: Restrain him, *now*. Do it.

(The officer takes hold of Smith's arms from behind. Smith gestures towards the bed.)

SMITH: I was trying to help him!

JOHN: Sherlock, what was he doing to you?

SHERLOCK *(breathlessly)*: Suffocating me, overdosing me. *(He points weakly towards the drug stand.)*

JOHN: On what?

SHERLOCK: Saline.

JOHN *(frowning round to him)*: Saline?

SHERLOCK: Yeah, saline.

(He props himself up onto one elbow, still breathing hard.)

JOHN: What d'you mean, saline?

(He goes over to look at the drip bag. Sherlock groans and breathes out shakily. Smith looks worriedly towards John's back.)

SHERLOCK: Well obviously I got Nurse Cornish to switch the bags. She's a big fan, you know? Loves my blog.

(John frowns down at him.)

JOHN: You're okay?

SHERLOCK *(having now caught his breath)*: No-no, of course I'm not okay. Malnourished, double kidney failure, and frankly I've been off my tits for weeks. *(He squints up at John.)* What kind of a doctor are you?

(Groaning, he settles down on the pillows.)

SHERLOCK: I got my confession, though, didn't I?

(He looks across to Smith, who pulls himself free of the police officer.)

SMITH: Huh! I don't recall making any confession.

(He walks forward. John holds out a hand towards him.)

JOHN: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

SMITH *(stopping and looking indignantly at him)*: What would I be confessing to?

SHERLOCK: You can listen to it later.

SMITH: But there is no confession to listen to!

(He stops and gasps, holding up his hands.)

SMITH: Oh, Mr Holmes. I-I don't know if this is relevant, but we found three potential recording devices in the pockets of your coat.

(Sherlock looks across to him.)

SMITH: Um, all your possessions were searched. *(He looks at John.)* Sorry.

(Sherlock lowers his eyes, looking shocked. John and Smith look at him.)

SHERLOCK *(softly)*: Must be something comforting about the number three. People always give up after three.

(He raises his eyes to Smith, who stares back at him in horror. Sherlock's gaze moves across to John.)

JOHN: What? What is it? What?

(Sherlock stays silent, a slight smile forming on his face while he waits. After a moment John sighs in exasperation.)

JOHN: You cock.

SHERLOCK: Yeah.

JOHN: Utter, utter cock.

SHERLOCK: Heard you the first time.

(He turns his head away and settles more comfortably onto the bed. John steps across to the chair by the door and picks up his walking cane. Turning back to the bed, he holds it up.)

JOHN: So how-how does it open?

SHERLOCK: Screw the top.

(John takes hold of the handle and starts to turn it, while Smith watches with a grim expression on his face. John pulls the handle off the cane, revealing a small device inside the stick which is glowing)

bright red. John pulls the recording device out and the bulb goes out. He looks across to Sherlock.)

JOHN: Two weeks ago?

SHERLOCK: Three.

JOHN: I'm *that* predictable?

SHERLOCK (*smiling*): No.

(Holding his gaze, John sighs through his nose, then looks down. Sherlock turns to look at Smith.)

SHERLOCK: I'm just a cock.

(Smith stumbles on the spot, staring at the recording device, his face full of despair.)

POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. Greg reaches across to the side of the table and switches off the recorder. Smith sits on the other side of the table beside a woman who is presumably his lawyer. Greg rests his elbow on the table and lowers his head into his hand, then rubs his eyes with his fingers and thumb.

SMITH (*his usually neat hair in disarray*): It's funny, I ... I never realised confessing would be so enjoyable.

(Greg lifts his head, looking at him tiredly.)

SMITH: I sh-should have done it sooner.

(Greg looks away.)

LESTRADE: We'll carry on tomorrow. *(He reaches for his jacket on the back of his chair.)*

SMITH: Well, w-w-we could carry on now. I'm-I'm not tired. There's loads more.

LESTRADE (*putting on his jacket*): Tomorrow.

SMITH: You know, I am gonna be so famous now.

LESTRADE (*grimly*): You're already famous. *(He drinks from a polystyrene cup.)*

SMITH: Yeah, but with *this* ...

(He looks down thoughtfully, his eyes wide.)

SMITH: ... I can break America.

(Looking disgusted, Greg stands up and walks away. Smith gazes into the distance, smiling delightedly.)

SHERLOCK (*voiceover*): I had, of course, several other back-up plans. Trouble is, I couldn't remember what they were.

(In 221B's living room, he sits in his chair holding a mug in both hands. He has his dark blue dressing gown over his clothes. Although he still has a few days' of beard growth, his hair looks cleaner than it has been recently, though it's still not at the full SherCurls standard. The room is much tidier, all evidence of Culverton Smith removed, and the fire is lit.)

SHERLOCK: And, of course, I hadn't really anticipated that I'd hallucinated meeting his daughter.

(Sitting opposite him and also holding a mug, John nods.)

MARY (*offscreen*): Basically he trashed himself on drugs so that you'd help him ...

(John's eyes have lifted to where Mary turns around from where she's standing in front of the window, now wearing the same top she wore when recording her DVD to Sherlock. Throughout most of the rest of the scene she intermittently disappears and then reappears by the window behind Sherlock's chair.)

MARY: ... so that you'd have something to do, something doctory. You get that now, though?

(In front of her, Sherlock has taken a drink from his mug, gazing towards the floor, and now he sighs.)

SHERLOCK (*softly*): Still a bit troubled by the daughter. Did seem very real, and she gave me information I couldn't have acquired elsewhere.

(He raises his eyes to John's. His left eye is still very bloodshot, though not as badly as it was in the hospital.)

JOHN: But she wasn't ever here?

SHERLOCK: Interesting, isn't it? I have theorised before that if one could attenuate to every available data stream in the world simultaneously, it would be possible to anticipate and deduce almost *anything*.

(He sniffs and looks down pensively.)

JOHN (*nodding*): Hm. So you dreamed up a magic woman who told you things you didn't know.

MARY: Well, it sounds about right to me. *(She looks up thoughtfully.)* Possibly I'm biased. *(She smiles down at John.)*

SHERLOCK: Perhaps the drugs opened certain doors in my mind. *(He looks away again, thinking about it.)* I'm intrigued. *(He takes another drink from his mug.)*

JOHN: Oh, I know you are ...

(He tilts his head towards the door.)

JOHN: ... which is why we're all taking it in turns to keep you off the sweeties.

SHERLOCK *(lowering his mug and looking at him)*: I thought we were just hanging out.

(He smiles slightly. John looks at his watch, then looks up again.)

JOHN: Molly'll be here in twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I do think I can last twenty minutes without supervision.

(He smiles again. John looks down, thinking for a moment.)

JOHN: Well, if you're sure.

(He lifts his mug to drink from it. Sherlock turns his head, looking hurt.)

MARY *(exasperated)*: Christ, John, stay. Talk!

(John puts his mug on the tray which is on top of the table beside him, then puts his hands on the chair arms and shifts forward.)

JOHN: Uh, sorry, it's just, um, you know, Rosie.

SHERLOCK: Yes, of course, Rosie.

MARY: Go and solve a crime together. Make him wear the hat!

JOHN *(looking at Sherlock)*: You'll be okay for twenty minutes?

(Mary narrows her eyes and glares at him.)

SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes! Sorry, I-I wasn't thinking of Rosie.

JOHN *(standing up)*: No problem.

SHERLOCK *(looking down initially)*: I should, uh, come and see her soon.

(He looks up hopefully at John.)

JOHN *(flatly)*: Yes.

MARY: Actually, he *should* wear the hat as a special tribute to me. I'm dead. I would *really* appreciate it.

(As she speaks, John turns and walks towards the door. Behind him, Sherlock lowers his head, looking very lonely. He looks at his mug, and then raises his head.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, by the way, the recordings will probably be inadmissible.

(John turns on the landing and walks back into the room a little way.)

JOHN: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Well, technically, it's entrapment so it might get thrown out as evidence. Not that that matters; apparently he can't stop confessing. *(He chuckles.)*

JOHN: That's good.

SHERLOCK: Yeah.

(He looks away. John nods, flexing the fingers of his left hand for a moment, then turns towards the door. Mary watches him, a hopeful and expectant look on her face. Sherlock looks down at his mug again, then raises his head.)

SHERLOCK: Are you okay?

(Laughing sarcastically, John comes back into the room.)

JOHN: Uh, what, am I ... no, no, I'm *not* okay. I'm never gonna be okay.

(Standing behind Sherlock, Mary's hands are linked in front of her and her head is tilted to one side but now she tilts it to the other side.)

JOHN: ... but we'll just have to accept that. It is what it is; and what it is ... shit.

MARY: John, do better.

(Sherlock lowers his eyes and nods understandingly. John pulls in a breath through his nose and lowers his own head.)

JOHN *(almost silently)*: Hm.

(He lifts his head as he speaks.)

JOHN: You didn't kill Mary.

(Sherlock's eyes snap up to look at him.)

JOHN: Mary died saving your life. It was her choice. No-one made her do it. No-one could ever make her do *anything* ...

(Mary smiles at him.)

JOHN: ... but the point is: you did not kill her.

(Mary lowers her head and looks towards Sherlock. He turns his eyes to the carpet, his gaze distant.)

SHERLOCK *(quietly)*: In saving my life, she conferred a value on it. *(He hesitates for a moment.)* It is a currency I do not know how to spend.

(Mary smiles affectionately at him, then raises her eyes to John. John looks at Sherlock for a while, looks away and then turns back to him.)

JOHN: It is what it is.

(He gives a brief tight smile. Sherlock nods and lowers his head.)

JOHN *(pulling in a breath)*: Uh, I'm tomorrow, six 'til ten. I'll see you then.

SHERLOCK *(raising his mug to him in a toast and smiling)*: Looking forward to it.

JOHN *(unconvincingly)*: Yeah.

(He turns to leave. Just then Sherlock's phone, face down on the table beside him, lights up and a very familiar female orgasmic voice sighs from the speaker. John stops dead on the landing. Mary, smiling towards John's back, looks down in surprise. Sherlock, raising his mug to his lips, glances across at the phone.)

MARY: That noise: that's a text alert noise.

JOHN *(to Sherlock, turning round and coming in again)*: What was that?

(Lowering his mug, Sherlock looks around the room as if confused.)

SHERLOCK: Mm? *(He swallows his mouthful.)* What was what?

MARY: That's the text alert of Irene Adler. She's the scary mad one, right?

JOHN *(to Sherlock)*: That noise.

SHERLOCK *(raising his mug to his mouth again)*: What noise?

(Mary walks around to Sherlock's side and looks down at him.)

MARY: But she's dead. *(She sucks in a long gasp and looks at John.)* Ooh, I bet she *isn't* dead!

(John walks slowly closer while Mary bends down to look at Sherlock, smiling at him.)

MARY: I bet he saved her! *(Laughing)* Oh my God!

(Sherlock tries to look as if he doesn't understand the fuss as John walks closer to him, frowning.)

MARY: Oh, the posh boy loves the dominatrix! *(Raising her eyes to John as she speaks)* He's never knowingly under-clichéd, is he?

(John stops in front of his chair, looking thoughtful. Sherlock looks up at him.)

SHERLOCK: John?

JOHN: I'm gonna make a deduction.

SHERLOCK: Oh, okay. That's good.

JOHN: And if my deduction is right, you're gonna be honest and tell me, okay?

SHERLOCK: Okay. Though I should mention that it is possible for any given text alert to become randomly attached to a ...

JOHN *(interrupting)*: Happy birthday.

(Mary, now standing up straight, smiles down at Sherlock as he looks up at John silently for a moment, then nods his head.)

SHERLOCK: Thank you, John. That's ... very kind of you. *(He looks down to his mug.)*

JOHN: Never knew when your birthday was.

SHERLOCK *(quietly, lifting the mug to his lips)*: Well, now you do. *(He drinks.)*

JOHN: Seriously, we're not gonna talk about this?

SHERLOCK *(keeping his eyes lowered)*: Talk about what?

JOHN: I mean, how does it work?

SHERLOCK *(precisely, still not meeting his eyes)*: How does *what* work?

JOHN *(smiling briefly)*: You and The Woman.

(Sherlock closes his eyes and sighs in exasperation as John continues.)

JOHN: D'you go to a discreet Harvester sometimes? Is there a ... night of passion in High Wycombe?

[Harvester is a restaurant chain in the UK. High Wycombe is a town in Buckinghamshire.]

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God's sakes. I don't text her back.

JOHN *(chuckling as he moves a few steps across the room)*: Why not?!

(He stops and looks at him, grinning, and his voice becomes louder.)

JOHN: You bloody moron!

(Sherlock stares up at him.)

JOHN *(loudly)*: She's out there ... *(he points towards the stairs)* ... she likes you, and she's alive.

(His voice starts to get angry.)

JOHN: ... and do you have the first idea how lucky you are?

(Beside Sherlock, Mary smiles down at him as he looks up at John, his left hand upturned on the arm of the chair as if still pretending he doesn't know what John's talking about.)

JOHN: Yes, she's a lunatic, she's a criminal, she's *insanely* dangerous – trust you to fall for a sociopath ...

(As he was speaking, Mary has walked across the room towards the kitchen. Now she turns her head towards John as she loops around his chair.)

MARY *(exasperated)*: Oh, married an assassin!

(She heads off across the room and ends up in front of the dining table. She turns and leans against

the back of one of the dining chairs while John talks loudly to Sherlock, his hands on his hips.)

JOHN: ... but she's ... you know ... *(He stops, unable to find the words.)*

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: Just text her back.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JOHN: Because High Wycombe is better than you are currently equipped to understand.

(Sherlock looks down, pouting a little.)

SHERLOCK: I once caught a triple poisoner in High Wycombe.

JOHN *(quieter)*: That's only the beginning, mate.

SHERLOCK *(sighing)*: As I think I have explained to you *many* times before, romantic entanglement, while fulfilling for other people ...

JOHN *(interrupting)*: ... would complete you as a human being.

SHERLOCK: That doesn't even mean anything.

JOHN *(leaning closer to him)*: Just text her. Phone her. Do *something* while there's still a chance, because that chance doesn't last forever. Trust me, Sherlock: it's gone before you know it. *(Firmly, emphasising each word)* Before you know it.

(Mary lowers her head, her face sad. Sherlock flicks a couple of nervous glances up at John. After a moment, John tilts his head towards where Mary is standing.)

JOHN: She was wrong about me.

(Mary raises her head. Sherlock looks up at him.)

SHERLOCK: Mary? How so?

(John looks towards the fireplace, then pulls in a breath and walks a little closer.)

JOHN: She thought that if you put yourself in harm's way I'd ... I'd rescue you or something. But I didn't – not 'til she told me to. *(He briefly glances towards Mary as he says 'she.')* And that's how this works. That's what you're missing. *(He points towards Mary.)* She taught me to be the man she already thought I was. Get yourself a piece of that.

SHERLOCK: Forgive me, but you are doing yourself a disservice. I have known many people in this world but made few friends, and I can safely say ...

JOHN: I cheated on her.

(Sherlock stops. Mary straightens up from where she was leaning on the back of the chair, looking shocked. John gestures towards Sherlock.)

JOHN: No clever come-back?

(Immediately he turns to directly face the ghost of his wife.)

JOHN: I cheated on you, Mary.

(Sherlock blinks, perhaps realising what's happening, but he stays silent as he turns his head towards where John is looking.)

JOHN: There was a woman on the bus, and I had a plastic daisy in my hair. I'd been playing with Rosie. *(He pauses for a moment then raises his eyes.)* And this girl just smiled at me.

(Mary gazes back at him. There is no condemnation on her face.)

JOHN: That's all it was; it was a smile.

(Sherlock's eyes turn back to John.)

JOHN *(to Mary)*: We texted constantly. You wanna know when? Every time you left the room, that's when. When you were feeding our daughter; when you were stopping her from crying – *that's* when.

(Mary lowers her eyes and gives a small smile. John swallows, his eyes starting to fill with tears.)

JOHN: That's all it was, just texting.

(Sherlock has lowered his eyes and is gazing into the distance.)

JOHN: But I wanted more.

(Sherlock lifts his head and his eyes to John again. Mary is smiling tearfully at her man.)

JOHN: And d'you know something? I still do. I'm not the man you thought I was; I'm not that guy. I never could be. But that's the point. *(He sniffs, then looks at her as his eyes fill with more tears. He bites his lip and speaks tearfully.)* That's the whole point.

(Again he bites his lip. Mary looks back at him, her own eyes filled with tears. She smiles at him as he speaks again.)

JOHN: Who you thought I was ... *(she nods at him)* ... is the man who I *want* to be.

(He swallows, fighting off his tears. She smiles gently back at him.)

MARY *(softly)*: Well, then ... John Watson ...

(She raises her head and smiles widely and fondly at him. He stares back at her. She looks at him for a long moment.)

MARY: Get the hell on with it.

(She nods at him and smiles through her tears. The perspective changes and she has gone. John stares ahead of himself for a long moment, then gradually lowers his head into his left hand and starts to cry. Sherlock quietly puts his mug onto the table beside him, then stands up. John sobs, tears pouring from his face and falling to the floor. Slowly Sherlock walks across to him.)

SHERLOCK *(softly)*: It's okay.

(He tentatively raises his arms, perhaps hesitating momentarily for fear of being rejected again, then slowly puts his left hand onto John's arm and his right hand onto his back before sliding it upwards to gently cradle his neck. He moves closer, sliding his left arm up to hold John's shoulder.)

JOHN *(tearfully)*: It's not okay.

SHERLOCK *(softly)*: No.

(He lowers his cheek onto the top of John's head.)

SHERLOCK *(softly)*: But it is what it is.

(Blinking against his own tears, he continues to hold his sobbing best friend.)

Later, after your transcriber has had a bloody good cry and can finally see the screen of her laptop again, the camera pans down from the view over the houses of Baker Street and descends down towards the street.

SHERLOCK *(offscreen)*: So Molly's going to meet us at this 'cake place.'

JOHN *(offscreen)*: Well, it's your birthday. Cake is obligatory.

(In the living room, Sherlock is putting on his coat.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, well. Suppose a sugar high's some sort of substitute.

JOHN: Behave.

(He walks across the room towards the door. He has already put on his jacket.)

SHERLOCK: Right then. You know ...

(John stops and turns to him.)

SHERLOCK: ... it's not my place to say but ... it was just texting.

(John looks away.)

SHERLOCK: People text.

(John heaves an unhappy sigh as Sherlock continues.)

SHERLOCK: Even I text. Her, I mean, The Woman. Bad idea; try not to, but, you know, sometimes.

(He pulls in a breath.)

SHERLOCK: It's not a pleasant thought, John, but I have this terrible feeling, from time to time, that we might all just be human.

JOHN: Even you?

SHERLOCK: No.

(John blinks at him.)

SHERLOCK: Even you.

(John looks at him silently for a long moment while he takes that in, then turns towards the door.)

JOHN: Cake?

SHERLOCK *(nodding)*: Cake.

(John starts to walk out the door but stops when Sherlock speaks again.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, um ...

(He walks across the room to the cabinet to the right of the dining table. It's the same cabinet he put Irene's phone into at the end of "Scandal.")

JOHN: What? What is it?

(Sherlock pulls open a drawer and starts rummaging in it.)

JOHN: What's wrong?

(Sherlock straightens up and turns, simultaneously putting on his deerstalker hat. John laughs.)

JOHN: Seriously?!

SHERLOCK: I'm Sherlock Holmes. I wear the damn hat.

(Lifting one leg behind him and kicking the drawer closed, he walks across the room and out of the door.)

SHERLOCK *(not slowing or turning around)*: Isn't that right, Mary?

(Startled, John stops and turns back into the room and looks around before blinking and then turning to follow his friend. The camera pans slowly across the room to show that there's nobody there.)

[Transcriber's note, inserted here so as not to interrupt later scenes: a person's name will be given during a later conversation. It's an unusual name and there has been much discussion online about how it is spelled, because historically there are two variants. I have chosen to go with the version that

seems most likely to be correct, even though it's pronounced slightly differently, but this spelling was used in the BBC subtitles and was therefore probably given to the subtitler by the producers. If the next episode or the writers/producers specifically clarify that they choose to spell it the other way, I'll correct the transcript.]

John is again sitting in the chair in the back room of his therapist's house, his legs crossed in front of him.

THERAPIST (offscreen): You seem so much better, John.

JOHN (nodding): Yeah, I ... I am. I *think* I am. Not *all* day; not *every* day, but, uh, you know.

THERAPIST: It is what it is?

JOHN: Yeah.

THERAPIST: And Rosie?

JOHN: Oh, beautiful, perfect, unprecedented in the history of children. (He smiles.) That's not my bias; that's scientific fact. (He nods.)

THERAPIST: Good.

(He smiles again.)

THERAPIST: And Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: Back to normal.

SHERLOCK (offscreen, angrily): Get out!

(In the living room of 221B Sherlock – now clean shaven, with his hair back into the proper SherCurls and wearing his usual suit – grabs the door handle and angrily pulls it open.)

MALE CLIENT: She's possessed by the Devil!

(The angle changes to look at the middle-aged man. Beyond him, the horns of the skull on the wall above the dining table look as if they're coming out of either side of his head.)

MALE CLIENT: I swear my wife is channelling Satan!

SHERLOCK (crossly): Yes, boring. (He gestures towards the landing.) Go away!

(Making an exasperated sound, the man storms out of the room. His wife follows, turning to Sherlock as she passes him.)

WIFE (exasperated): I'm *not* channelling Satan!

SHERLOCK: Why *not*, given your immediate alternative?

(He slams the door shut, then turns and walks towards the kitchen but stops when he sees a piece of paper lying on the floor in front of the small table in the corner. It had been blocked from his view by a cabinet behind John's chair. Frowning, he goes down onto one knee to pick it up. His eyes widen when he realises that it's Faith's note.)

THERAPIST (in her consulting room): What about his brother?

JOHN: Mycroft? He's fine.

MYCROFT: So, you're off now?

(In his Diogenes office, both he and Lady Smallwood are putting on their coats. Your transcriber's eyes raise for a moment but then she realises that this is Mycroft bloody Holmes and there's no chance that they've been up to what she momentarily thought they might have been.)

MYCROFT: I won't see you for a week?

LADY SMALLWOOD (looking into the mirror on the wall as she adjusts her coat around her): Just spending it at home ... unless *she* calls.

(She turns away from the mirror.)

MYCROFT: The P.M.

[Prime Minister.]

LADY SMALLWOOD (holding out a business card to him): Here.

MYCROFT (taking it): What's this?

LADY SMALLWOOD: My number.

MYCROFT: I already *have* your number.

LADY SMALLWOOD: My *private* number.

MYCROFT: Why would I need that?

LADY SMALLWOOD (blinking innocently): I don't know. Maybe you'd like a drink some time.

MYCROFT (frowning): Of what?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Up to you. (She smiles at him.) Call me.

(She turns and leaves the room. Mycroft turns to follow, looking at the card, then chuckles, turns back

and drops the card onto an open notebook on his desk. A close-up shows that the card reads LADY ALICIA SMALLWOOD [which immediately sent your transcriber into hysterics and prompted her to post [this set of screencaps](#) on Tumblr which, in less than a week, received more than 4000 Likes and Reblogs!]. Under her name, too out-of-focus to see clearly, are her email address and a telephone number. Mycroft turns and starts to walk away, then he stops, looking thoughtful, and turns back.)

JOHN (*in the therapist's room*): I mean, obviously 'normal' and 'fine' are both relative terms when it comes to Sherlock and Mycroft.

THERAPIST (*smiling*): Obviously.

In his office, Mycroft walks back to the desk and reaches out a hand towards the card. He hesitates for a long moment, tapping his fingers on the edge of the desk, then turns away again.

In 221B, Sherlock has gone into the kitchen and holds the piece of paper up to the light suspended over the table, looking at the writing on it. He turns it over and continues looking at it.

SHERLOCK: She was real.

(He frowns at the paper.)

Mycroft pulls open his office door and starts to walk out, but then pauses, looking thoughtful. Eventually he turns back. A few moments later he picks up the card.

Handwritten on the left page of the notebook on which the card had been lying are the words:

Monitor —
Baker Street.
Blind Greenhouse.
Leaning Tomb.
Clock Face —
 Elizabeth
 Tower?

[The last entry, which reads in full 'Clock Face – Elizabeth Tower?' harks back to Mrs Hudson's suggestion in "His Last Vow" that Sherlock had a 'bolt hole' behind the clock face of Big Ben. More explanation of the differing names [here](#).]

On the right hand page is handwritten:

CALL
SHERRINFORD
2 pm

THERAPIST (*offscreen*): I didn't mean Mycroft.

(In her consulting room, she smiles across to John.)

THERAPIST: I meant the other one.

JOHN: Wh-which other one?

THERAPIST: You know – the secret one.

JOHN: Oh, that was just something I ... *(he smiles and takes a breath)* ... I said. I'm sure there's ... *(He stops, looking at her for a long moment.)*

JOHN: How did you know about that? I didn't tell you that.

THERAPIST: You *must* have done.

JOHN: I really didn't.

THERAPIST: Well, maybe Sherlock told me.

JOHN (*shifting forward in his seat*): No, you've met Sherlock exactly once. In this room. He was off his head.

THERAPIST: Oh, no, no. I-I-I met him before that.

JOHN: When?

THERAPIST (*smiling*): We spent a night together. *(John blinks.)*

THERAPIST: It was lovely. We had chips.

(Cut-away flashback to Faith sitting at the bus stop beside Sherlock, eating from the carton on her lap.)

Cut-away flashback to the camera revolving around that version of Faith as she sits on the client chair in 221B's living room.

Cut-away to a new flashback of Faith walking briskly alone across one of the Golden Jubilee Bridges holding her walking cane in front of her, clearly having no need for it.)

THERAPIST *(in her consulting room, speaking with Faith's northern English accented voice)*: You're not what I expected, Mr Holmes. *(She over-emphasises the accent.)* You're ... nicer.

(John frowns. The woman takes off her glasses, blinking as her vision adjusts. When she next speaks, her German accent is back but is slipping slightly.)

THERAPIST: Culverton gave me Faith's original note. *(She stands up.)* A mutual friend put us in touch. *(She walks across to the French windows and turns the key in the lock of the door, removing the key afterwards before turning back. As she continues talking, her accent slips even more, sometimes sounding German and sometimes veering more towards an English accent.)*

THERAPIST: Did Sherlock ever tell you about the note?

In 221B's kitchen, Sherlock – still holding Faith's note in one hand – frantically pulls open the top drawer under the work surface, glances quickly in, slams it shut again and pulls open the next drawer down and starts rummaging inside it.

THERAPIST: I added some deductions for Sherlock. *(She puts the door key onto the side table, then drops her glasses onto the table.)* He was ... quite good.

In 221B's kitchen Sherlock reaches up to the overhead light and adjusts the bulb until it goes out, plunging the kitchen into near-darkness.

THERAPIST *(turning towards John)*: But ...

Sherlock stares downwards, his face illuminated by a dark blue light.

THERAPIST: ... he didn't get the *big* one.

Sherlock shines an ultraviolet torch down onto the note. Illuminated by its blue glow, written on the paper in something like linseed oil, two large words glow brightly, overlaying the handwriting. They read

MISS

ME?

Sherlock's eyes lift from the note in shock.

The therapist is bent forward, gasping sharply as she holds her right eye open with her left index finger and thumb. Lowering that hand she straightens up and looks down to her right hand. A contact lens is resting on the tip of her index finger. The lens has brown colouring around the centre. Tossing her hair back a little, she turns to look at John, revealing that her right eye is now a grey-blue colour while her left eye is still brown. John stares up at her. When she speaks, all trace of the German accent is gone. She's now talking with a well-educated southern English accent.

THERAPIST: In fairness, though, he does have excellent taste in chips.

(She reaches up with her left hand and brushes her hair back. She has a white plastic daisy-like flower behind her ear.)

JOHN: What's that?

THERAPIST: What's what?

JOHN: The flower in your hair: it's like I had on the bus.

THERAPIST *(taking the flower from her ear as she walks towards him)*: You looked very sweet. *(She looks down at the flower.)* But then ...

(She bends down and looks into his eyes. When she speaks, it's with the Scottish voice of the girl on the bus.)

THERAPIST: ... you have such nice eyes.

(Brief cut-away of the redhead on the bus smiling towards John.

In the house, John sinks back in his chair, stunned by the revelation.)

THERAPIST *(back in her English accent)*: Amazing the times a man doesn't really look at your

face. *(She turns and walks across the room.)* Oh, you can hide behind a sexy smile, or a walking cane ... *(she turns and looks at him with her mis-matched eyes)* ... or just be a therapist, talking about you ... *(she looks bored)* ... all the time.

(John finally catches up to the fact that he's in trouble and stands up. Instantly she reaches to a nearby table and turns back and aims a pistol at him. He raises his hands and backs away a little.)

THERAPIST: Oh, *please* don't go anywhere. I'm sure the therapist who actually lives here wouldn't want blood on the carpet.

(She pauses briefly as if thinking.)

THERAPIST: Oh, hang on, it's fine. She's in a sack in the airing cupboard.

JOHN: Who are you?

THERAPIST *(lowering the gun to her side)*: Isn't it obvious? *(She steps forward a few paces, smiling.)* Haven't you guessed? *(Her smile drops.)* I'm Eurus.

JOHN *(shaking his head)*: Eurus?

THERAPIST/EURUS: Silly name, isn't it? Greek. Means the East Wind.

(John stares at her.)

EURUS: My parents loved silly names, like Eurus ... or Mycroft ... or Sherlock.

(John's mouth drops open a little.)

EURUS: Oh, *look* at him. Didn't it ever occur to you – not even once – that Sherlock's secret brother might just be Sherlock's secret sister?

(John blinks, frowning.)

EURUS: Huh. It's making a funny face.

(She raises her gun and points it at him.)

EURUS: I think I'll put a hole in it.

(John raises his hands again, his eyes wide.)

Eurus pulls the trigger.

And in an identical repeat to the beginning of the episode, we see the gun from the business end pointing directly towards the camera as smoke rises from it, but then the image is overlaid with a blood red colour.)