

BBC Sherlock S3 E1

The Empty Hearse

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As John Watson's anguished cry of "Sherlock!" rings in the air, John himself approaches Sherlock Holmes' headstone. We see brief flashback clips of Sherlock and Jim Moriarty on the rooftop of Bart's Hospital, then of John arriving by taxi at the hospital and Sherlock standing on the roof's edge talking to him by phone.

SHERLOCK: It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN: No. All right, stop it now.

(He starts to walk towards the hospital.)

SHERLOCK: No, stay exactly where you are.

(John backs up.)

SHERLOCK: Don't move.

JOHN: All right.

(They seem to hold out their hands towards each other.)

SHERLOCK: Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please, will you do this for me?

JOHN: Do what?

SHERLOCK: This phone call - it's ... it's my note.

(But now we're seeing new footage. Behind Sherlock, two men are dragging the body of Jim Moriarty across the roof towards the door. Sherlock doesn't react to them and continues to concentrate on John.)

SHERLOCK: It's what people do, don't they? Leave a note?

JOHN: Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK: Goodbye, John.

JOHN: No. Don't.

(The men drag Jim's body into a service elevator inside the hospital, and lay it on the floor. While Sherlock continues to look down towards John, one of the men opens a case. Inside is a latex mask which is a perfect replica of Sherlock's face. The other man closes the lift doors, while the first man takes a small bottle from the case and, using tweezers, carefully extracts a blue soft contact lens. On the roof, Sherlock drops his phone behind him and stares intensely ahead of himself as John screams, "Sherlock!" up at him.

In the elevator, Jim's dead open eyes are now blue instead of brown. The man takes the mask out of the case and lays it over Jim's face, then picks up a scalpel and reaches forward to start lifting the closed eyes on the mask. The second man starts to apply a dark curly wig to Jim's slicked-down hair.

On the roof, Sherlock spreads his arms and falls forward. John stares in horror, and a man on a pushbike slams into him from behind, sending him crashing to the ground. Sherlock plummets towards the ground, but now it's clear that he is attached to a bungee cord. While John lies on the ground still trying to catch his breath, Molly Hooper watches from a window of Bart's as Sherlock plunges past, the bungee cord trailing behind him. He heads towards the pavement but the cord stops his fall when it reaches its full extension. Sherlock's breath whooshes out of him ... then the elastic begins to contract and Sherlock is yanked skywards. Molly gasps as he shoots back into view, flailing to change his direction and, before she can react, he wraps his arms around his head

and kicks his way through the window in front of her. She cringes back from the breaking glass and Sherlock lands on his feet and quickly unclips the bungee cord from his waist. It is whipped out of the window and disappears from view and Sherlock straightens his coat, ruffles his hands through his hair and marches over to Molly, taking her head in his hands and kissing her deeply for a couple of seconds. She reaches up to hold his head but he pulls away, gives her a long last look and then leaves the room. She watches him go with a girly smile on her face.

Downstairs, the two men are dragging Jim's body - now perfectly disguised as Sherlock's, including being dressed in a Belstaff coat and blue scarf - out onto the street. Nearby, a man wearing a fur-lined hooded jacket is approaching John. The men put the body into position on the pavement and one of them squirts fake blood onto the paving stones around the head. Other people - various fake medical staff and passers-by - are running into position around the body. The jacket-wearing man walks over to John as more people run towards the scene. John gets up onto his knees, seeing the passers-by running over to the body and pointing upwards as they appear to discuss what they just saw. John gets to his feet, and the man steps into his way.)

DERREN: John.

(It's none other than Derren Brown, the famous illusionist and hypnotist! [Click here for more information about him.] He puts his hand onto John's shoulder.)

DERREN: John. Look at me. Look at me.

(John drags his eyes away from the scene of Sherlock's fall and looks at Derren, whose face is a little fuzzy so close-up. Derren puts his fingers over John's face.)

DERREN: And sleep!

(John collapses forward, his eyes closing. Derren supports him and gently lowers him to the ground.)

DERREN: Right the way down, right the way deep, right the way sound asleep. That's right. That's good - keeping my voice just there in the centre of your head and floating all the way around you. (While he's speaking, he reaches down to John's wrist and adjusts his watch, turning it back a few minutes. He straightens up and looks down at John.)

DERREN: And you will awaken in three, two, one ...

(John starts to move on the ground.)

DERREN: ... zero.

(Flipping up his hood to cover his head again, he walks away. John rolls over onto his side, grimacing with pain. The crowd continues to gather around the body and John - unaware of the passage of time since he first was knocked over by the bike - clammers to his feet and stumbles towards the pavement.

Inside the hospital, Sherlock walks towards a set of double doors.

John hurries over to the crowd and tries to push his way through them, while they do all they can to hold him back.)

JOHN (anguished): Let me come through, please. He's my friend.

(Sherlock half-turns as he walks, taking one last look behind him.

Outside, John's knees give out and he half-collapses, supported by some of the bystanders. The wrist of the dead man falls limply out of John's grasp. Paramedics arrive with a stretcher and load the body onto it while John watches in anguish. The stretcher is wheeled away; and Sherlock pushes his way through the doors and walks around the corner, disappearing from view.)

LESTRADE (offscreen): Bollocks!

(The dramatic action-movie music which has played all through the previous scene stops, and suddenly we're in a different part of London. Detective Inspector Greg Lestrade and Doctor Anderson - the latter sporting a scruffy beard and with unwashed hair - are standing at a mobile coffee stall.)

ANDERSON: No-no-no-no! It's obvious! That's how he did it! It's obvious!

LESTRADE: Derren Brown? ! Let it go. Sherlock's dead.

ANDERSON: Is he?

LESTRADE: There was a body. It was him. It was definitely him. Molly Hooper laid him out.

ANDERSON: No, she's lying. It was Jim Moriarty's body with a mask on!

LESTRADE: A mask? !

(Anderson nods eagerly.)

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

ANDERSON: Well, you know the paving slabs in that whole area - even the exact ones that he landed on - you know they were all ...

LESTRADE (interrupting): Guilt. (He looks sternly at Anderson.) That's all this is. You pushed us all into thinking that Sherlock was a fraud, you and Donovan.

(Anderson looks down sadly.)

LESTRADE: You did this, and it killed him, and he's staying dead. Do you honestly believe that if you have enough stupid theories, it's gonna change what really happened?

(Taking his cup of coffee with him, he starts to walk away.)

ANDERSON: I believe in Sherlock Holmes.

(Greg turns around.)

LESTRADE: Yeah, well that won't bring him back.

(He continues on towards where several camera crews are filming reporters.)

REPORTER 1 (into his crew's camera): ... that after extensive police investigations, Richard Brook did indeed prove to be the creation of James Moriarty ...

REPORTER 2 (into a different camera): ... amidst unprecedented scenes, there was uproar in court as Sherlock Holmes was vindicated and cleared of all suspicion ...

REPORTER 3: ... but sadly, all this comes too late for the detective who became something of a celebrity two years ago ...

REPORTER 1: ... Questions are now being asked as to why police let matters get so far.

(Greg and Anderson are now standing side by side, each holding a coffee cup and watching the reporters.)

REPORTER 2: Sherlock Holmes fell to his death from the top of London's Bart's Hospital. Although he left no note, friends say it's unlikely he was able to cope with ...

(Greg turns to Anderson.)

LESTRADE: Well then. (He raises his cup.) Absent friends. Sherlock.

ANDERSON (sadly raising his own cup): Sherlock.

(They tap their mugs together.)

LESTRADE: And may God rest his soul.

(They drink.)

At Sherlock's grave, John gazes down at the headstone, his eyes haunted with memories and loss. Since we last saw him he has grown a moustache. As he continues to look at the grave, which has

several bunches of flowers - some of them fading with age - at the base of the headstone, a woman steps to John's side and takes his hand. He clasps it tightly.

SERBIA. NIGHT TIME. A man with long straggly hair is running through a forest. Above him, a helicopter is circling around, shining a searchlight into the trees while the crew watch their infrared camera, radioing instructions in Serbian to the ground crew. There is much shouting and running and chasing of the man through the woods which your transcriber can't be bothered to relate second by second but eventually some of the soldiers block the way in front of the man. One of them sends a burst of automatic gunfire towards his feet and he has no choice but to stop. The soldiers surround the man and aim their rifles at him. He slumps to the ground, exhausted.

Some time later, in what may be a bunker or an interrogation centre, a soldier wearing a thick coat and a furry hat is guarding the entrance to a room. He has earphones in his ears playing loud music. Behind the closed door, the prisoner cries out as he is struck for what is apparently the umpteenth time. Hearing the noise, the soldier takes out one of his ear buds and looks round to the door as the prisoner is struck again and groans. The soldier puts his ear bud back in and turns away. Inside the room, the torturer shouts repeatedly at the prisoner, who is naked from the waist up and whose arms are chained to opposite walls of the small room, forcing him to stay upright. The man is slumped forward as far as he can, apparently exhausted by the repeated blows and unable to support his own weight. In a dark corner of the room another soldier, well wrapped against the cold and with a furry hat on his head, sits with his feet up on a small table and watches while the torturer paces across the room.

TORTURER (in Serbian): You broke in here for a reason.

(He picks up a large metal pipe and walks towards the prisoner again, whose face we cannot see through the long straggly hair which is falling across it.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): Just tell us why and you can sleep. Remember sleep?

(He draws back the pipe over his shoulder and prepares to strike the prisoner but the man quietly whispers something. The torturer stops, lowering the pipe and leaning forward.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): What?

(He reaches down and pulls the man's head back by the hair, leaning closer as the prisoner continues to whisper. The soldier in the corner speaks ... in a voice which sounds more than a little familiar, although it is currently speaking with a heavy accent.)

SOLDIER (in Serbian): Well? What did he say?

(Straightening up and releasing the prisoner's head, the torturer looks down at him in puzzlement.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): He said that I used to work in the navy, where I had an unhappy love affair.

SOLDIER (in Serbian): What?

(The prisoner continues to whisper and the torturer relays his words to the other man.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): ... that the electricity isn't working in my bathroom; and that my wife is sleeping with our next door neighbour!

(He reaches down and pulls up the prisoner's head by the hair again.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): And?

(The prisoner replies briefly and the man releases his head.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): The coffin maker!

(Once again he bends to the prisoner, lifting his head with a fist in his hair.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): And? And?

(The prisoner continues whispering, then the torturer drops his head and relays the words to the soldier.)

TORTURER (in Serbian): If I go home now, I'll catch them at it! I knew it! I knew there was something going on!

(He storms out of the room, leaving the prisoner slumped in his chains.)

SOLDIER (in Serbian): So, my friend. Now it's just you and me.

(He takes his feet off the table and stands up.)

SOLDIER (in Serbian): You have no idea the trouble it took to find you.

(He walks across the room to the prisoner, whose back is covered in blood and wounds from his beating. The soldier grabs a handful of the prisoner's hair and pulls his head up a little. Leaning close to the man's ear, he speaks in English and now we know that the familiar voice is none other than that of Mycroft Holmes.)

MYCROFT: Now listen to me. There's an underground terrorist network active in London and a massive attack is imminent. Sorry, but the holiday is over, brother dear.

(He releases the prisoner's head and straightens up.)

MYCROFT: Back to Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes.

(Under the long hair draped across his face, Sherlock smiles.)

OPENING CREDITS

LONDON. In an Underground station, the doors of a Tube train close and the train moves off. John sits inside.

Above ground, a black car with tinted rear windows heads through the streets.

The two journeys continue, while Mycroft sits behind a desk in a dark-walled windowless office (although there might be skylights letting in a little daylight) looking through paperwork. The car pulls up outside the Diogenes Club, which presumably contains this office.

BAKER STREET. John walks across the road towards 221. Two young boys come around the corner, one of them pushing a pushchair in front of him. Sitting in the pushchair is a home-made Guy Fawkes 'guy' with an orange balloon for a head, with a face drawn on with marker pen. One of them calls out the traditional plea to a passer-by.

BOY: Penny for the guy?

[See more about Guy Fawkes traditions here.]

(The woman shakes her head as she walks past and the boys continue on, reaching John just before he gets to the front door.)

BOY: Oi, mate! Penny for the guy?

(John rolls his eyes.)

SECOND BOY: Penny for the guy, mate?

FIRST BOY: Penny for the guy?

(John looks round at them quizzically and they continue onwards, calling out their plea to everyone they see. He unlocks the front door and goes inside. Partway down the hall, he stops, staring at Mrs Hudson's front door and letting out an anxious breath. In his head he starts to hear Sherlock's violin playing a fragment of Irene's lament, and his head snaps up and he looks up the stairs as a snippet of an old conversation sounds inside his mind.)

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

SHERLOCK: And you invaded Afghanistan!

(John blinks, his face sad as the violin fades from his mind. Just then, Mrs Hudson opens her door and comes out, staring at John in surprise. He raises a hand in greeting, clearing his throat before walking towards her after a final glance up the stairs.)

In Mycroft's office, someone is reading the front page headline of a newspaper which reads, "SKELETON MYSTERY". The strapline, of which we can only see the beginning, says, "Remains found in the wall of a ..." The reader folds down the newspaper to reveal Mycroft sitting behind his desk a short distance away, reading a file.

MYCROFT: You have been busy, haven't you?

(We now see that it's Sherlock who's holding the newspaper. He is reclined flat on his back in a barber's chair while a man is shaving his face with a cut-throat razor. Sherlock's hair has been cut back to its normal length and is currently wet and straight. He tosses the paper onto a nearby trolley.)

MYCROFT: Quite the busy little bee. (He chuckles.)

SHERLOCK: Moriarty's network - took me two years to dismantle it.

MYCROFT: And you're confident you have?

SHERLOCK: The Serbian side was the last piece of the puzzle.

MYCROFT: Yes. You got yourself in deep there ... (he checks his report) ... with Baron Maupertuis. Quite a scheme.

SHERLOCK: Colossal.

MYCROFT (shutting the file): Anyway, you're safe now.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

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

SHERLOCK: What for?

MYCROFT: For wading in.

(Sherlock raises a hand to the barber to make him stop shaving him. The man steps back a little.)

MYCROFT: In case you'd forgotten, fieldwork is not my natural milieu.

(Grunting in pain, Sherlock slowly sits up and looks at his brother angrily.)

SHERLOCK: "Wading in"? You sat there and watched me being beaten to a pulp.

MYCROFT (frowning indignantly): I got you out.

SHERLOCK: No - I got me out. Why didn't you intervene sooner?

MYCROFT: Well, I couldn't risk giving myself away, could I? It would have ruined everything.

SHERLOCK (glowering at him): You were enjoying it.

MYCROFT: Nonsense.

SHERLOCK: Definitely enjoying it.

MYCROFT (leaning forward): Listen: do you have any idea what it was like, Sherlock, going 'under cover,' smuggling my way into their ranks like that? (He grimaces.) The noise; the people.

(He sits back. Groaning softly, Sherlock painfully sinks back to lie down in the chair again. The barber resumes his work.)

SHERLOCK: I didn't know you spoke Serbian.

MYCROFT: I didn't, but the language has a Slavic root, frequent Turkish and German loan words. (He shrugs.) Took me a couple of hours.

SHERLOCK: Hmm - you're slipping.

MYCROFT (smiling tightly): Middle age, brother mine. Comes to us all.

(The door opens and Anthea - or not-Anthea, who we last saw in "A Study in Pink" - holds up a dark suit and white shirt on a hanger to show to Sherlock.)

221A BAKER STREET. John is sitting at Mrs Hudson's kitchen table. She firmly slams down a small tray containing a cup and saucer and a jug of milk, then goes across the room to pick up a plate of biscuits, which she equally loudly slams down onto the table. John silently watches her while she picks up a sugar bowl and thumps that onto the table. She hesitates, then points at the sugar bowl.

MRS HUDSON: Oh no - you don't take it, do you?

JOHN: No.

MRS HUDSON: You forget a little thing like that.

JOHN: Yes.

MRS HUDSON (pointedly): You forget lots of little things, it seems.

JOHN: Uh-huh.

(Mrs H purposely runs her finger between her nose and her upper lip while looking at John.)

MRS HUDSON: Not sure about that.

(John reaches up to touch his moustache.)

MRS HUDSON: Ages you.

JOHN: Just trying it out.

MRS HUDSON: Well, it ages you.

(John looks awkwardly at her.)

JOHN: Look ...

MRS HUDSON: I'm not your mother. I've no right to expect it ...

JOHN: No ...

MRS HUDSON: ... but just one phone call, John.

(Her anger dissipates and she looks upset.)

MRS HUDSON: Just one phone call would have done.

JOHN: I know.

(He looks down.)

MRS HUDSON: After all we went through.

JOHN (looking her in the eye): Yes. I am sorry.

MRS HUDSON (sitting down at the table): Look, I understand how difficult it was for you after ... after ...

(She stops, shaking her head sadly.)

JOHN: I just let it slide, Mrs Hudson. I let it all slide. And it just got harder and harder to pick up the phone somehow.

(Sighing, he looks away for a moment, then turns his eyes back to hers.)

JOHN: D'you know what I mean?

(After a moment, Mrs Hudson sighs too and reaches out to put her hand on his arm. He immediately puts his hand over hers.)

MYCROFT'S OFFICE. Sherlock's hair is now dry and curly, and he is on his feet and almost dressed. He tucks his shirt into his trousers while he looks at himself in a large mirror on the wall. Mycroft and not-Anthea stand nearby.

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

SHERLOCK: What do you think of this shirt?

MYCROFT (exasperated): Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: I will find your underground terror cell, Mycroft.

(He briefly looks at his brother.)

SHERLOCK: Just put me back in London. I need to get to know the place again, breathe it in - feel every quiver of its beating heart.

NOT-ANTHEA: One of our men died getting this information. All the chatter, all the traffic, concurs there's going to be a terror strike on London - a big one.

SHERLOCK (putting on his jacket): And what about John Watson?

(Anthea throws an exasperated glance towards Mycroft.)

MYCROFT: John?

SHERLOCK: Mmm. Have you seen him?

MYCROFT: Oh, yes - we meet up every Friday for fish and chips(!)

(He gestures to Anthea, who hands Sherlock a folder.)

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

(Sherlock opens the file. There are two black and white surveillance photos of John and a printed report underneath.)

MYCROFT: You haven't been in touch at all, to prepare him?

SHERLOCK (distractedly): No.

(He looks at the picture of John with his new moustache.)

SHERLOCK: Well, we'll have to get rid of that.

MYCROFT: "We"?

SHERLOCK: He looks ancient. I can't be seen to be wandering around with an old man.

(He closes the file and drops it onto the desk.)

221B. John has gone upstairs and opens the door to the living room. He stands in the doorway, looking into the room. It's quite dark because the curtains are closed, but lots of dust is floating around, illuminated by the few shafts of light coming into the room. John continues to stand still, looking towards Sherlock's chair by the fireside. Mrs Hudson comes in and switches on the lights.

MRS HUDSON: I couldn't face letting it out.

(She walks across to the right-hand window and pulls the curtains back, coughing at the dust.)

MRS HUDSON: He never liked me dusting.

JOHN (turning to look into the kitchen): No, I know.

(Mrs Hudson goes across the room to open the other curtains.)

MRS HUDSON: So, why now? What changed your mind?

(Drawing in a deep breath, John turns back to face her.)

JOHN: Well, I've got some news.

(Mrs H turns to him and her face fills with horror.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh, God. Is it serious?

JOHN: What? No - no, I'm not ill. I've, er, well, I'm ... moving on.

MRS HUDSON (sadly): You're emigrating.

JOHN: Nope. Er, no - I've, er ... I've met someone.

(Mrs Hudson giggles with delight. Clapping her hands, she walks towards him smiling happily.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh, lovely!

JOHN (smiling): Yeah. We're getting married ... well, I'm gonna ask, anyway.

MRS HUDSON (looking more doubtful): So soon after Sherlock?

JOHN: Well, yes.

(Mrs H looks away thoughtfully for a moment, then smiles at John.)

MRS HUDSON: What's his name?

JOHN (letting out a huge exasperated sigh): It's a woman.

MRS HUDSON: A woman?!

JOHN: Yes, of course it's a woman.

(Mrs H laughs in surprise.)

MRS HUDSON: You really have moved on, haven't you?

JOHN: Mrs Hudson! How many times ...? Sherlock was not my boyfriend.

MRS HUDSON (smiling affectionately): Live and let live - that's my motto.

JOHN (slowly getting louder): Listen to me: I am not gay!

MYCROFT'S OFFICE.

SHERLOCK (straightening his jacket): I think I'll surprise John. He'll be delighted!

MYCROFT (smiling cynically): You think so?

SHERLOCK: Hmm. I'll pop into Baker Street. Who knows - jump out of a cake.

MYCROFT (frowning): Baker Street? He isn't there any more.

(Sherlock looks surprised.)

MYCROFT: Why would he be? It's been two years. He's got on with his life.

SHERLOCK: What life? I've been away.

(Mycroft pretty much rolls his eyes without actually rolling them.)

SHERLOCK: Where's he going to be tonight?

MYCROFT: How would I know?

SHERLOCK: You always know.

MYCROFT: He has a dinner reservation in the Marylebone Road. Nice little spot. They have a few bottles of the 2000 Saint-Emilion ... though I prefer the 2001.

SHERLOCK: I think maybe I'll just drop by.

MYCROFT: You know, it is just possible that you won't be welcome.

SHERLOCK: No it isn't. Now, where is it?

MYCROFT: Where's what?

SHERLOCK: You know what.

(Anthea also knows what, because she immediately appears in the open doorway holding Sherlock's Belstaff coat. Sherlock smiles with delight, and slides his arms into the sleeves as Anthea lifts it into position. She has even already popped the collar for him.)

ANTHEA: Welcome back, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK (pulling the collar tips into a better position): Thank you ...

(He turns to face his brother.)

SHERLOCK (sarcastically): ... blud.

[See urban dictionary definition of 'blud' here. Also see some of the Comments below (here) for an alternative possibility, although Benedict later admitted that he ad-libbed the word during filming.]

Later, Sherlock stands on a rooftop or a balcony of a tall building and gazes over his favourite city.

[Thanks to the anonymous informant who used Google maps to find out that the building is 55 Whitehall, the Department of Energy and Climate Change.]

EVENING. THE LANDMARK HOTEL, MARYLEBONE ROAD. Sherlock approaches the door to the restaurant, handing his Belstaff to a member of staff. Waiters open the doors for him and he walks in. The maître d' steps forward.

MAITRE D': Sir, may I help you?

(Having only glanced briefly at him, Sherlock has gone into full-blown deduction mode, seeming to hear a woman crying out in pain:

Expectant Father

The man's phone beeps a text alert.)

SHERLOCK: Your wife just texted you. Possibly her contractions have started.

(The man fishes his phone out of his pocket, looks at the screen and hurries away. Sherlock smiles smugly to himself.

Nearby, John is sitting alone at a table, checking the inside pocket of his jacket before taking a drink from a glass of water. Sherlock looks across the room at him, then hesitates. A waitress picks up some menus from the bar and walks across in front of him.)

WAITRESS: 'Scuse me, sir.

(Sherlock's attention is drawn to the bowtie she is wearing as part of her uniform. He looks to a nearby table where a couple are sitting. There is a glass of red wine and a glass of water to the man's left. The man has his back to the door but Sherlock can see him reflected in the water glass. As John picks up the wine list and starts looking at it, Sherlock smiles to himself again and walks over to the side of the other couple's table where he picks up the glass of water and pours it down the man's front. The man - wearing a white shirt, black jacket and a bowtie - recoils and cries out in shock.)

SHERLOCK: Sorry! I'm so, so sorry!

(The man lifts his napkin from his lap and starts mopping himself with it. Sherlock steps behind him, pulling the napkin higher up the man's chest.)

SHERLOCK: Please, let me just go to the kitchen and, er, dry that off for you.

(With one smooth tug, he pulls off the man's bowtie and walks away, tying the bowtie around his own neck. Continuing across the restaurant, he sees a man at another table taking off his glasses and putting them down on top of the menu he has just been reading. Sherlock walks to his side.)

SHERLOCK: Finished with that, sir? Allow me to take it for you.

(Not paying much attention, the man waves him away. Sherlock picks up the menu and the glasses and walks away, putting on the glasses as he goes. At a nearby table, a woman's small handbag is open beside her. Sherlock sees that there is an eyeliner pencil on the top. He steps close behind her, offering her the menu he's holding with his right hand while simultaneously taking the menu she is holding with his left hand.)

SHERLOCK: Madam, can I suggest you look at this menu? It's, er, completely identical.

(She automatically takes the menu from his right hand and he instantly pinches the eyeliner from her bag and steps away, turning his back to the bulk of the restaurant and lifting the eyeliner towards his face. When he turns back, he has drawn a small pencil moustache on his top lip. He goes over to John's table, standing to his left and one step behind him. He addresses John in a French accent.)

SHERLOCK: Can I 'elp you with anything, sir?

JOHN (not looking round at him): Hi, yeah. I'm looking for a bottle of champagne - a good one.

SHERLOCK (leaning closer): Mmm! Well, these are all excellent vintages.

JOHN: Er, it's not really my area. What do you suggest?

SHERLOCK (his French accent becoming a little Captain du Creff-esque): Well, you cannot possibly go wrong, but, erm, if you'd like my personal recommendation ...

JOHN: Mm-hm.

SHERLOCK (French accent) (gesturing at the list with his eyeliner pencil): ... this last one on the list is a favourite of mine.

(John nods, still not looking up at him.)

SHERLOCK (French accent) (straightening up): It is - you might, in fact, say - like a face from ze past.

(He takes off his glasses and waits expectantly. John still doesn't look round.)

JOHN: Great. I'll have that one, please.

(He finishes his glass of red wine. Sherlock looks startled that John hasn't recognised him yet.)

SHERLOCK (French accent): It is familiar, but, er, with the quality of surprise!

(He almost lapses into his own voice on the final word and he gestures grandly. John grimaces at the taste of his wine, then - still without looking round - hands the wine list to the man he thinks is the wine waiter.)

JOHN: Well, er, surprise me.

SHERLOCK (tetchily, in pretty much his own voice): Certainly endeavouring to, sir.

(He walks away. John reaches into his inside jacket pocket and pulls out a small red velvet box. Opening it, he looks at the three-stone diamond ring inside, then closes the box and puts it on the table in front of him. Nearby, a woman walks down the stairs. John fidgets with the box, turning it this way and that, perhaps in an attempt to make it look perfectly placed. He blows out a nervous breath as his dinner date, Mary Morstan, rejoins him, patting his shoulder before walking round to her own seat.)

MARY: Sorry that took so long.

(John snatches the box off the table and shoves it back into his pocket. She sits down and smiles at him.)

MARY: You okay?

JOHN: Yeah, yeah. Me? Fine. I am fine.

(She smiles sweetly. John chuckles and gazes at her with a delighted look on his face.)

MARY: Now then, what did you want to ask me?

(John's smile fades and he looks nervous.)

JOHN: More wine?

MARY: No, I'm good with water, thanks.

JOHN: Right. (He briefly looks away.)

MARY: So ...

JOHN: Er, so ... Mary. Listen, erm ... I know it hasn't been long ... I mean, I know we haven't known each other for a long time ...

(He looks down, clearly struggling.)

MARY (encouragingly): Go on.

JOHN: Yes, I will. As you know, these last couple of years haven't been easy for me; and meeting you ...

(He looks at her for a moment, then nods.)

JOHN: Yeah, meeting you has been the best thing that could have possibly happened.

MARY: I agree.

JOHN: What?

MARY (smiling): I agree I'm the best thing that could have happened to you.

(John laughs. Mary screws up her nose apologetically.)

MARY: Sorry.

JOHN: Well, no. That's, um ...

(He pauses, then looks at her.)

JOHN: So ... if you'll have me, Mary, could you see your way, um ...

(She giggles. He clears his throat.)

JOHN: ... if you could see your way to ...

(Just as he's about to go for it, Sherlock glides over to the table, still with the glasses, the ridiculous fake moustache and the ridiculous fake accent, but now with the added bonus of a bottle of champagne which he shows to John.)

SHERLOCK (French accent): Sir, I think you'll find this vintage exceptionally to your liking.

(Mary shields her face with her hand so that the 'waiter' can't see her as she giggles silently at John.)

SHERLOCK (French accent): It's all the qualities of the old, with some of the colour of the new.

JOHN (his eyes locked on Mary's): No, sorry, not now, please.

SHERLOCK (French accent): Like a gaze from a crowd of strangers ...

(Mary pulls a face at John.)

SHERLOCK (French accent): ... suddenly one is aware of staring into ze face of an old friend.

(He takes off his glasses.)

JOHN: No, look, seriously ... (he finally lifts his gaze to meet the waiter's eyes) ... could you just ...

(His face drops. His entire body jolts and he stares with an expression of utter disbelief.)

SHERLOCK (in his normal accent): Interesting thing, a tuxedo. Lends distinction to friends, and anonymity to waiters.

(John turns his head towards Mary, then his eyes fill with tears and he ducks his head momentarily before he stumbles clumsily to his feet.)

MARY (concerned): John?

(As John straightens up, Sherlock begins to move his right hand forward as if expecting John to shake it. John looks down at the table breathing heavily before lifting his head and briefly locking eyes with him.)

MARY (worried): John, what is it? What?

(John looks down again, clearly still in shock.)

SHERLOCK (a little awkwardly): Well, short version ...

(John raises his eyes to him again.)

SHERLOCK: ... Not Dead.

(John stares at him, his face full of pain, shock and growing anger. Sherlock finally seems to catch on and looks a little guilty.)

SHERLOCK: Bit mean, springing it on you like that, I know. Could have given you a heart attack, probably still will. But in my defence, it was very funny.

(He laughs nervously, not meeting John's eyes, which is probably for the best because John's gaze is slowly turning murderous.)

SHERLOCK: Okay, it's not a great defence.

MARY: Oh no! You're ...

SHERLOCK (glancing towards her): Oh yes.

MARY (shocked): Oh, my God.

SHERLOCK: Not quite.

MARY: You died. You jumped off a roof.

SHERLOCK: No.

MARY (appalled): You're dead!

SHERLOCK: No. I'm quite sure. I checked. Excuse me.

(Picking up a napkin from the table, he dips it into Mary's glass of water and then starts to rub off his moustache.)

SHERLOCK (trying to sound nonchalant as he meets John's furious gaze): Does, er, does yours rub off, too?

(The tight smile which John directs at him bears absolutely no humour at all. Mary's anger is clear in her voice as she speaks.)

MARY: Oh my God, oh my God. Do you have any idea what you've done to him?

SHERLOCK (looking down nervously): Okay, John, I'm suddenly realising I probably owe you some sort of an apology.

(Clenching his left fist, John slams it down onto the table. It's a credit to the manufacturers of the table that he doesn't shatter it. He hunches over his fist.)

MARY: All right, just ... John? Just keep ...

(John pulls in a deep shaky breath before looking up at Sherlock.)

JOHN (in a whisper): Two years.

(He shakes his head, dragging in another long breath and blowing it out again before starting to straighten up.)

JOHN (still in a tight whisper): Two years.

(He moans and slumps down over his hands again. Sherlock has the decency to look awkward. John glances up at him momentarily.)

JOHN: I thought ...

(He groans, unable to continue and gesturing helplessly. Mary stares at him in sympathy. John finally straightens and turns to Sherlock.)

JOHN: I thought ... you were dead. (His face begins to fill with anger again.) Hmm?

(He breathes rapidly and shallowly.)

JOHN: Now, you let me grieve, hmm? How could you do that?

(Sherlock looks down, biting his lip.)

JOHN (softly but furiously): How?

SHERLOCK (as John's breathing becomes more intense): Wait - before you do anything that you might regret ...

(John half-groans again.)

SHERLOCK: ... um, one question. Just let me ask one question. Um ...

(John looks at him, his eyes still full of fury.)

SHERLOCK (almost giggling as he gestures towards his own top lip): Are you really gonna keep that?!

(He grins as he turns his head to look at Mary. She laughs in disbelief. John draws in one more long breath, then hurls himself at Sherlock, grabbing his lapels and bundling him back across the floor until Sherlock loses his footing and they both fall to the floor, John on top of Sherlock and trying to throttle him. Mary and various waiters run to pull John off.)

LATER. The three of them have presumably been thrown out of the restaurant and have relocated to a café. Sherlock sits on one side of a table wearing his coat, his fingers steepled in front of him. John and Mary, also in their coats, sit side by side opposite him with their arms folded.

SHERLOCK: I calculated that there were thirteen possibilities once I'd invited Moriarty onto the roof. (Flashbacks of Sherlock on the rooftop of Bart's intersperse the following dialogue.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): I wanted to avoid dying if at all possible.

(Sherlock rapidly looks around the roof and all the surrounding buildings, visually calculating trajectories, angles and even the possibility of a ladder being lowered from a helicopter.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): The first scenario involved hurling myself into a parked hospital van filled with washing bags. Impossible. The angle was too steep. Secondly, a system of Japanese wrestling ...

JOHN (interrupting): You know, for a genius you can be remarkably thick.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN (tightly): I don't care how you faked it, Sherlock. I wanna know why.

SHERLOCK (bewildered): Why? Because Moriarty had to be stopped.

(He looks at John's expression.)

SHERLOCK: Oh. 'Why' as in ...

(He lifts a finger, pointing it in John's direction. John nods.)

SHERLOCK: I see. Yes. 'Why?' That's a little more difficult to explain.

JOHN (darkly): I've got all night.

SHERLOCK (clearing his throat and looking down): Actually, um, that was mostly Mycroft's idea.

JOHN: Oh, so it's your brother's plan?

MARY (pointing towards Sherlock): Oh, he would have needed a confidant ...

SHERLOCK (nodding at her in agreement): Mm-hm.

(Mary trails off at John's look.)

MARY: Sorry.

(She refolds her arms and looks down. John turns back to Sherlock.)

JOHN: But he was the only one? The only one who knew?

(Sherlock closes his eyes briefly and seems to force the next sentence out.)

SHERLOCK: Couple of others.

(John lowers his head. Sherlock talks quickly.)

SHERLOCK: It was a very elaborate plan - it had to be. The next of the thirteen possibilities ...

JOHN (in a despairing whisper): Who else?

(He looks up to Sherlock.)

JOHN: Who else knew?

(Sherlock hesitates.)

JOHN: Who?

SHERLOCK: Molly.

JOHN (angrily): Molly?

MARY (softly): John.

SHERLOCK: Molly Hooper - and some of my homeless network, and that's all.

JOHN: Okay. (He sits up a little and glances round at Mary, who gives him a sympathetic smile. He turns to Sherlock again.) Okay. So just your brother, and Molly Hooper, and a hundred tramps.

(Sherlock chuckles.)

SHERLOCK: No! Twenty-five at most.

(John hurls himself across the table and attempts to throttle his old friend again.)

LATER. The three of them have presumably been thrown out of the café and have relocated to a kebab shop. John and Mary stand leaning with their backs against the counter. John apparently managed more than just an attempted throttling, because Sherlock has taken his coat off and is holding a paper napkin to a cut on his lower lip. He looks at the blood on the napkin, wincing, then presses it to his lip again. He looks at John as he raises his head, avoiding Sherlock's gaze.

SHERLOCK: Seriously, it's not a joke? (He gestures to his own top lip.) You're-you're really keeping this?

(John clears his throat and meets Sherlock's eyes.)

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: You're sure?

JOHN: Mary likes it.

SHERLOCK: Mmmmmm, no she doesn't.

JOHN: She does.

SHERLOCK: She doesn't.

(John glances briefly round at Mary, then does a double-take. She makes incoherent apologetic noises.)

JOHN: Oh! (He tries to cover his moustache with his hand.) Brilliant.

MARY: I'm sorry. Oh, I'm sorry - I didn't know how to tell you.

JOHN: No, no, this is charming(!)

(He points angrily at Sherlock, clearly referring to his talent of instant deduction.)

JOHN: I've really missed this(!)

(He looks down, then takes an aggressive step towards Sherlock and gets into his face.)

JOHN: One Word, Sherlock. That is all I would have needed. One word to let me know that you were alive.

(He steps back, breathing heavily.)

SHERLOCK (quietly): I've nearly been in contact so many times, but ...

(John laughs disbelievingly.)

SHERLOCK: ... I worried that, you know, you might say something indiscreet.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Well, you know, let the cat out of the bag.

JOHN (stepping closer again): Oh, so this is my fault?!

(Mary laughs with disbelief.)

MARY: Oh, God!

JOHN (shouting angrily): Why am I the only one who thinks that this is wrong - the only one reacting like a human being?!

SHERLOCK: Over-reacting.

JOHN (furiously): "Over-reacting"?!

MARY: John!

JOHN (still shouting): "Over-reacting." So you fake your own death ...

SHERLOCK: Shh!

JOHN: ... and you waltz in 'ere large as bloody life ...

SHERLOCK: Shh!

JOHN (initially more quietly, but getting louder all the time): ... but I'm not supposed to have a problem with that, no, because Sherlock Holmes thinks it's a perfectly OKAY THING TO DO!

SHERLOCK (shouting): Shut up, John! I don't want everyone knowing I'm still alive!

JOHN (shouting): Oh, so it's still a secret, is it?

SHERLOCK (loudly): Yes! It's still a secret.

(He looks round at the other customers in the shop.)

SHERLOCK (casually): Promise you won't tell anyone.

JOHN (angrily, sarcastically): Swear to God!

(Finally he looks round at the other customers and backs down a little, blowing out a long breath. Sherlock steps closer to him and speaks quietly.)

SHERLOCK: London is in danger, John. There's an imminent terrorist attack and I need your help.

(John stares at him in amazement, then turns to throw a quirky 'can you believe this guy?!' look at Mary. He turns back to Sherlock.)

JOHN: My help?

(Sherlock's eyes narrow as he deduces John's genuine reaction to his request, then he smiles.)

SHERLOCK: You have missed this. Admit it. The thrill of the chase, the blood pumping through your veins, just the two of us against the rest of the world ...

(John grabs his lapels, rears his head back and then moves in for the kill.)

LATER. The three of them have presumably been thrown out of the kebab shop. Sherlock, wearing his coat again, stands just outside the door with his head tilted back a little. Blood is running from his nose.

SHERLOCK: I don't understand.

(He pinches the bridge of his nose with one hand and holds a paper napkin underneath with the other.)

SHERLOCK: I said I'm sorry. Isn't that what you're supposed to do?

(Mary is standing beside him, while John is a few yards up the road hailing an approaching taxi.)

MARY: Gosh. You don't know anything about human nature, do you?

(Sherlock lowers his head and looks at her.)

SHERLOCK: Mmm, nature? No. Human? ... No.

MARY: I'll talk him round.

(Sherlock takes the napkin from under his nose and looks at her curiously.)

SHERLOCK: You will?

MARY (smiling confidently): Oh yeah.

(Sherlock looks at her closely and goes into deduction mode. Many, many words appear in his mind, some of them repeated several times. They include, in no particular order:

only child linguist Clever part time nurse Shortsighted Guardian Bakes Own Bread Disillusioned Cat Lover Romantic Appendix Scar Lib Dem Secret Tattoo Size 12 Liar

She smiles at him, then looks round as John calls to her.)

JOHN: Mary.

(She turns to give Sherlock a last smile, then walks over to John. They get into the taxi and it drives away. Sherlock watches them go.

In the taxi John indignantly turns to Mary.)

JOHN: Can you believe his nerve?

(Smiling, Mary looks round at him.)

MARY: I like him.

JOHN: What?

MARY (shrugging and still smiling): I like him.

(She turns her head away and looks out of the window. John narrows his eyes, looking completely bewildered.

Back at the kebab shop, Sherlock looks down thoughtfully, then turns and walks away.)

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL. Molly Hooper walks into a locker room, takes out her keys and opens her locker. As the door swings open, the mirror on the inside reveals Sherlock standing a short distance away behind her, smiling slightly. She gasps and turns to look at him, starting to smile.

In an underground car park, Greg Lestrade walks across the area searching his pockets as he goes. Behind him, Sherlock's distinctive silhouette quickly walks past and disappears into the shadows of an unlit area of the car park. Unaware of this, Greg continues rummaging in various pockets. Something metallic clinks noisily in the darkness. Greg looks around but can see nothing and he resumes his search through his pockets until he finally finds what he was looking for. Tipping a cigarette out of the pack, he sticks it into his mouth, puts the rest of the pack back into his pocket and then flicks his lighter and raises it towards the end of the cigarette.

SHERLOCK's VOICE (in the darkness): Those things'll kill you.

(Greg freezes, the flame not quite reaching the end of his cigarette as he stares into the distance while his brain catches up with what - and who - he just heard. Finally he lowers his lighter and takes his fag out of his mouth.)

LESTRADE: Ooh, you bastard!

SHERLOCK (walking towards him out of the darkness): It's time to come back. You've been letting things slide, Graham.

LESTRADE: Greg!

SHERLOCK: Greg.

(Greg stares at him for a long moment, his lips slowly lifting to reveal his teeth. Grimacing, he lunges towards Sherlock ... and wraps his arms around his neck and pulls him into a tight hug. Sherlock groans - quite possibly because the hug, while adorable for us to look at, is doing no good to his recent injuries acquired in Serbia - but he tolerates Greg's affection.)

John and Mary are in bed. Mary is asleep, but John stares up at the ceiling, lost in thought.

221A BAKER STREET. Mrs Hudson is in the kitchen washing up a pan. The radio is on.

RADIO: ... with an anti-terrorism bill this important, the government feels duty-bound to push through the legislation with all due expe...

(Hearing the main front door being opened, she turns down the volume and goes to her front door and opens it, brandishing the pan in front of her. The front door closes, and a familiar silhouette appears behind the frosted window of the internal door. Mrs Hudson stares at it in disbelief - and then Sherlock pushes open the door and looks at her. She screams hysterically.)

FLASHBACK to the end of “The Reichenbach Fall.” John gets out of the taxi and heads towards the hospital. Cut to partway through his phone conversation with Sherlock when John tries again to go towards the hospital.

SHERLOCK (over phone): No, stay exactly where you are.

JOHN (into phone): Where are you?

SHERLOCK: Don’t move. Keep your eyes fixed on me.

(On the rooftop’s edge, a dummy has been dressed in replicas of Sherlock’s coat and scarf. It’s wearing a curly dark wig, and a life-sized photo of Sherlock’s face has been stuck on the front of its head. One hand is raised to hold a phone.)

JOHN’s VOICE (over phone): What—what’s happening? What’s going on?

(A few feet behind the dummy, Sherlock is sitting on the roof with his back against a low chimney. Jim Moriarty is sitting beside him. Sherlock is holding a rope to keep the dummy upright. He speaks tearfully into another phone.)

SHERLOCK: Please, will you do this for me? Please.

JOHN: Do what?

SHERLOCK: This phone call – it’s my note. That’s what people do, don’t they? Leave a note.

(Beside him, Jim lowers his head and giggles quietly. Sherlock takes the phone away from his mouth and angrily but silently shushes him.)

JOHN’s VOICE (over phone): Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK (raising the phone to his mouth again): Goodbye, John.

JOHN’s VOICE (over phone): No ...

(Switching off the phone, Sherlock flicks the rope and releases it and the dummy topples over the edge of the roof. Jim chuckles, and John’s horrified voice can be heard screaming from ground level.)

JOHN: Sherlock!

JIM: Oh-ho!

(He and Sherlock both laugh as if delighted that their plan has worked. They turn and look at each other, still giggling, but when their eyes meet their smiles slowly begin to fade as if they are starting to realise something or to feel something new. Sherlock frowns a little, looking puzzled, but Jim waits patiently for him to catch up. After a few moments Sherlock works it out and begins to lean towards him, and Jim moves to meet him. Their lips are just about to touch when ...)

ANDERSON (horrified): What?! Are you out of your mind?!

(He is standing and staring down at a dark-haired young woman sitting in his living room. She shrugs.)

LAURA: I don’t see why not. It’s just as plausible as some of your theories.

(Behind her, the walls of the room are absolutely covered with notes, photographs and Post It notes. Pieces of red string link some of the paperwork together, some of the strings even crossing the room. Laura is not the only person in the room with Anderson – six or seven others are squeezed onto the furniture. At least three of them are wearing deerstalker hats, and one is wearing a Sherlock-like coat and scarf.)

ANDERSON: Look, if you’re not going to take it seriously, Laura, you can ... (He makes a ‘get out’ gesture.)

LAURA (angrily): I do take it seriously. (She looks disapprovingly around at the others.) I don’t think we should wear hats.

ANDERSON: I founded 'The Empty Hearse' so like-minded people could meet, discuss theories ...

(He chokes on his words and steps closer to Laura, looking down at her angrily.)

ANDERSON: Sherlock's still out there.

(She rolls her eyes.)

ANDERSON: I'm convinced of it.

(Laura's eyes have drifted to the TV behind him and her eyes widen. Anderson turns to look. The sound is muted but a reporter talking live from somewhere in London is bringing some breaking news. The rolling headline at the bottom of the screen announces, "HAT DETECTIVE ALIVE". Underneath, a separate headline states, "Magnussen summoned before parliamentary ..." and presumably the next word is "commission" but nobody is paying attention to that news.)

LAURA: Oh my God.

(Instantly everyone's phones begin to signal text alerts. Everybody scrabbles in their pockets. Laura holds up her own phone to show the screen to Anderson, her face alight with excitement.)

LAURA: Oh. My. God!

(On the phones, Twitter is full of hashtags like #SherlockHolmesAlive! and #SherlockIsNotDead, and #SherlockLives, and more messages stream in by the second.)

Sitting up in bed, Mary is holding an iPad and reading aloud from one of John's old blog entries.

MARY (narrating dramatically): "His movements were so silent. So furtive, he reminded me of a trained bloodhound picking out a scent."

JOHN (offscreen a short distance away): You what?

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

(John comes out of the small ensuite bathroom, his lower face and upper lip covered with shaving foam.)

JOHN: Don't read that.

MARY (still looking at the screen): The famous blog, finally!

JOHN: Come on - that's ...

MARY: ... ancient history, yes, I know. But it's not, though, is it, because he's ...

(She raises her eyes from the iPad and stops when she sees John.)

MARY (smiling): What are you doing?!

JOHN: Having a wash.

MARY (grinning): You're shaving it off.

JOHN: Well, you hate it.

MARY: Sherlock hates it.

JOHN: Apparently everyone hates it.

(Mary giggles.)

MARY: Are you gonna see him again?

JOHN: No - I'm going to work.

MARY: Oh. And after work, are you gonna see him again?

(Rolling his eyes, John walks back into the bathroom.)

MARY: Cor, I dunno - six months of bristly kisses for me, and then His Nibs turns up ...

JOHN (looking into the mirror while he applies more shaving foam): I don't shave for Sherlock Holmes.

MARY: Oh! You should put that on a T-shirt!

JOHN: Shut up.

MARY (cheekily): Or what?

JOHN: Or I'll marry you.

(He turns to look at her. She grins. Rinsing off his hands, John picks up his razor, looks into the mirror, sighs, then lifts the razor towards his upper lip.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): London. It's like a great cesspool into which all kinds of criminals, agents and drifters are irresistibly drained.

(In the living room of 221B, Sherlock - wearing a red dressing gown over his clothes - has been peering at the wall behind the sofa, and now he steps onto the sofa and begins to stick up maps, notes and paperwork.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Sometimes it's not a question of 'Who?'; it's a question of 'Who Knows?'

(Somewhere in London a man in his twenties or thirties with a shaved head is sitting on a park bench eating a sandwich.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): If this man cancels his papers ...

(Near the bench, a scruffily dressed and rather grubby woman - presumably one of Sherlock's Homeless Network - takes photos of the man on her phone.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): ... I need to know.

(Keeping a wary eye on the man, the woman sends her photos to Sherlock, and he pins one of them onto the wall.

Elsewhere, a woman with a dog on a lead walks through a street market.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): If this woman leaves London without putting her dog into kennels, I need to know.

(Another homeless woman photographs the dog owner and texts it to Sherlock, who again pins the photo onto the wall. He continues sticking up pictures of people and adding crosses and other marks to the pictures and the map underneath.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): There are certain people - they are markers. If they start to move, I'll know something's up - like rats deserting a sinking ship.

John, now moustache-free, approaches and goes into the surgery in which he works.

221B. LIVING ROOM.

MYCROFT: All very interesting, Sherlock, but the terror alert has been raised to Critical.

(The brothers are sitting opposite each other in front of the unlit fire, Sherlock still in his dressing gown. We can see a chess set between them. Sherlock sits back from making a move, his eyes locked onto Mycroft's.)

SHERLOCK: Boring. Your move.

MYCROFT: We have solid information. An attack is coming.

(He glances down towards the table between them.)

SHERLOCK: "Solid information." A secret terrorist organisation's planning an attack - that's what secret terrorist organisations do, isn't it? It's their version of golf.

MYCROFT: An agent gave his life to tell us that.

SHERLOCK: Oh, well, perhaps he shouldn't have done. He was obviously just trying to show off.

(Mycroft appears to hold back a sigh.)

MYCROFT: None of these markers of yours is behaving in any way suspiciously? (He glances down again and we hear him makes a move.) Your move.

SHERLOCK: No, Mycroft, but you have to trust me. I'll find the answer. It'll be in an odd phrase in an online blog, or an unexpected trip to the countryside, or a misplaced Lonely Hearts ad.

(He had only glanced down briefly before speaking, but out of view there's a slight click as he moves his piece.)

SHERLOCK: Your move.

(Mycroft glances down briefly before raising his eyes to Sherlock's again.)

MYCROFT: I've given the Prime Minister my personal assurance you're on the case.

SHERLOCK: I am on the case. We're both on the case. Look at us right now.

(On the table in between them, there's a loud buzzing and a red light flashes.)

MYCROFT: Oh, bugger!

(He angrily drops the small tweezers he was using in their game of "Operation." We realise that a clever perspective shot had lured us into believing they were playing chess, but the chess set is actually on the coffee table in front of the sofa.)

[More details about "Operation" here if you need them; and then do check out Redscharlach's hilarious "Sherloperation"!]

SHERLOCK: Oopsie!

(Mycroft returns the piece to the board.)

SHERLOCK (looking at which piece Mycroft had failed to remove successfully): Can't handle a broken heart - how very telling.

(Looking smug, he sits back in his chair and crosses his legs.)

MYCROFT: Don't be smart.

SHERLOCK: That takes me back. (In a little boy's voice) "Don't be smart, Sherlock. I'm the smart one."

MYCROFT (glowering at him): I am the smart one.

(Sherlock looks off to the side reflectively.)

SHERLOCK: I used to think I was an idiot.

MYCROFT: Both of us thought you were an idiot, Sherlock. We had nothing else to go on 'til we met other children.

SHERLOCK: Oh, yes. That was a mistake.

MYCROFT: Ghastly. What were they thinking of?

SHERLOCK: Probably something about trying to make friends.

MYCROFT: Oh yes. Friends. Of course, you go in for that sort of thing now.

SHERLOCK (looking at him closely): And you don't? Ever?

MYCROFT: If you seem slow to me, Sherlock, can you imagine what real people are like? I'm living in a world of goldfish.

(Sherlock steeplest his fingers in front of him and looks at his brother.)

SHERLOCK: Yes, but I've been away for two years.

MYCROFT: So?

SHERLOCK (shrugging): Oh, I don't know. I thought perhaps you might have found yourself a ... goldfish.

MYCROFT (looking appalled): Change the subject - now!

(He stands up and walks over to the fireplace.)

SHERLOCK: Rest assured, Mycroft - whatever this underground network of yours is up to, the secret will reside in something seemingly insignificant or bizarre.

(Mrs Hudson, carrying a tray of tea things, walks into the room with her traditional "Ooh-ooh!")

MYCROFT: Speaking of which ...

(Sherlock smiles.)

MRS HUDSON (happily, putting the tray on the dining table): I can't believe it. I just can't believe it! Him - sitting in his chair again!

(She looks at Mycroft.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh, isn't it wonderful, Mr Holmes?

MYCROFT: I can barely contain myself(!)

SHERLOCK: Oh, he really can, you know.

MRS HUDSON: He's secretly pleased to see you underneath all that ... (she pulls a sour face).

MYCROFT: Sorry - which of us?

MRS HUDSON: Both of you.

(She leaves the room.)

SHERLOCK: Let's play something different.

MYCROFT (with an exasperated sigh): Why are we playing games?

SHERLOCK: Well, London's terror alert has been raised to Critical. (He flails his legs over the table in front of him and stands up.) I'm just passing the time. Let's do deductions.

(He walks over to the dining table and picks up a woollen bobble hat which has earflaps [It's an ear hat, John!] and a dangly woollen pom pom hanging from each flap.)

SHERLOCK: Client left this while I was out. What d'you reckon?

(He tosses it to his brother.)

MYCROFT (catching it): I'm busy.

SHERLOCK: Oh, go on. It's been an age.

(Mycroft lifts the hat to his nose and sniffs, then looks across to Sherlock.)

MYCROFT: I always win.

SHERLOCK: Which is why you can't resist.

MYCROFT (quick fire): I find nothing irresistible in the hat of a well-travelled anxious sentimental unfit creature of habit with appalling halitosis ...

(He stops when he notices Sherlock's widening smile.)

MYCROFT: Damn.

(He throws the hat back to Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK: Isolated, too, don't you think?

MYCROFT: Why would he be isolated?

SHERLOCK: "He"?

MYCROFT: Obviously.

SHERLOCK: Why? Size of the hat?

MYCROFT: Don't be silly. Some women have large heads too.

(Sherlock flinches slightly, possibly at Mycroft's insult to his intelligence.)

MYCROFT: No - he's recently had his hair cut. You can see the little hairs adhering to the perspiration stains on the inside.

(Sherlock looks down at the hat, pouting slightly.)

SHERLOCK: Some women have short hair, too.

MYCROFT: Balance of probability.

SHERLOCK: Not that you've ever spoken to a woman with short hair - or, you know, a woman.

MYCROFT: Stains show he's out of condition, and he's sentimental because the hat has been repaired three, four ...

SHERLOCK: Five times. (He throws the hat back to his brother.) Very neatly. (Quick fire) The cost of the repairs exceeds the cost of the hat, so he's mawkishly attached to it, but it's more than that. One, perhaps two, patches would indicate sentimentality, but five? Five's excessive behaviour. Obsessive compulsive.

MYCROFT: Hardly. Your client left it behind. What sort of an obsessive compulsive would do that? (He throws the hat back to Sherlock, who grabs it with an exasperated grimace.)

MYCROFT: The earlier patches are extensively sun-bleached, so he's worn it abroad - in Peru.

SHERLOCK: Peru?

MYCROFT: This is a chullo - the classic headgear of the Andes. It's made of alpaca.

SHERLOCK (smirking): No.

MYCROFT: No?

SHERLOCK: Icelandic sheep wool. Similar, but very distinctive if you know what you're looking for. I've written a blog on the varying tensile strengths of different natural fibres.

MRS HUDSON (coming back into the room with a teapot): I'm sure there's a crying need for that. (Sherlock pauses for a moment, then turns back to his brother.)

SHERLOCK: You said he was anxious.

MYCROFT: The bobble on the left side has been badly chewed, which shows he's a man of a nervous disposition but ...

SHERLOCK (talking over him): ... but also a creature of habit because he hasn't chewed the bobble on the right.

MYCROFT: Precisely.

(Sherlock lifts the hat and sniffs it before lowering it again, grimacing.)

SHERLOCK: Brief sniff of the offending bobble tells us everything we need to know about the state of his breath.

(He turns away.)

SHERLOCK (sarcastically): Brilliant(!)

MYCROFT: Elementary.

SHERLOCK: But you've missed his isolation.

MYCROFT: I don't see it.

SHERLOCK: Plain as day.

MYCROFT: Where?

SHERLOCK: There for all to see.

MYCROFT: Tell me.

SHERLOCK: Plain as the nose on your ...

MYCROFT: Tell me.

SHERLOCK (turning back to him): Well, anybody who wears a hat as stupid as this isn't in the habit of hanging around other people, is he?

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

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

(He looks down at the hat again. Mycroft blinks several times, apparently confused.)

MYCROFT: I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK (looking at him): He's different - so what? Why would he mind? You're quite right.

(He lifts the hat and perches it on the top of his head, then looks pointedly at his brother.)

SHERLOCK: Why would anyone mind?

(Mycroft opens his mouth but seems to struggle to speak for a moment.)

MYCROFT: ... I'm not lonely, Sherlock.

(Sherlock tilts his head down and looks closely at him, then steps nearer with an intense expression on his face.)

SHERLOCK: How would you know?

(Taking off the hat, he turns away. Mrs Hudson, who has been pottering in the kitchen, comes to the doorway and smiles.)

MYCROFT: Yes. Back to work if you don't mind. Good morning.

(Looking a little wide-eyed as a result of the recent conversation, he heads for the door. Behind him, Sherlock winks at Mrs Hudson, who giggles happily.)

SHERLOCK (turning to face the wall of information behind the sofa): Right. Back to work.

JOHN'S SURGERY. Mary knocks on the door and looks in.

MARY: Mr Summerson.

JOHN: Right.

MARY: Undescended testicle.

JOHN: ... Right.

(Mary leaves again. The clock shows 10 past 10.)

221B. Sherlock holds up his phone and looks at the latest photos of one of his 'markers.' Mrs Hudson comes to the door of the living room and watches while Sherlock draws a cross over the photo of the man which is pinned to the wall.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (absently): Mm?

MRS HUDSON: Talk to John.

SHERLOCK: I tried talking to him. He made his position quite clear.

In his surgery, John has his hand held up in front of him with the middle finger pointing upwards. With his other hand he pulls a medical glove tighter down onto his fingers. His patient is standing in front of him, naked from the waist down and looking awkward.

JOHN: Just relax, Mr Summerson.

(He walks towards him.)

MRS HUDSON: What did he say?

SHERLOCK: F...

JOHN: Cough.

(He is cradling Mr Summerson's testicles with his gloved hand.)

MRS HUDSON: Ooh dear!

(She turns away.)

Later, John sits looking at his computer in his surgery. The intercom beeps and he switches it on.

JOHN: Hi.

MARY (over intercom): Er, Mrs Reeves. Thrush.

(John lowers his head momentarily.)

JOHN: Right.

(The clock shows 4 minutes past 1.)

At 221B, Sherlock is standing at the window. He grimaces slightly as Molly walks into the room behind him.

MOLLY: You wanted to see me?

SHERLOCK (turning to face her): Yes.

(He starts to walk towards her.)

SHERLOCK: Molly?

MOLLY: Yes?

SHERLOCK: Would you ...

(He stops, looking down, then slowly starts to walk closer.)

SHERLOCK: Would you like to ...

MOLLY: ... have dinner?

SHERLOCK (simultaneously): ... solve crimes?

MOLLY (awkwardly): Ooh.

John writes out a prescription while talking to the patient sitting behind him.

JOHN: Absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, Mrs Reeves. It's very common ... (he turns and hands the prescription to her) ... but I'm recommending a course of ...

SHERLOCK: ... monkey glands.

(He is looking at the wall, while Molly sits on a dining chair beside Sherlock's armchair. She bites back a smile as Sherlock turns towards the two clients in the room. A woman is sitting in what was John's chair and a man stands beside her.)

SHERLOCK: But enough about Professor Presbury. Tell us more about your case, Mr Harcourt.

(Molly speaks quietly to him as he walks past her.)

MOLLY: Are you sure about this?

SHERLOCK: Absolutely.

MOLLY: Should I be making notes?

SHERLOCK: If it makes you feel better.

MOLLY: It's just that that's what John says he does, so if I'm being John ...

SHERLOCK (sitting down in his chair): You're not being John - you're being yourself.

(Molly smiles proudly.)

MR HARCOURT: Well, absolutely no one should have been able to empty that bank account other than myself and Helen.

(Sherlock looks closely at him, zooming in on his jacket, then his hairline and then the skin above his eyes. He stands and walks closer to him.)

SHERLOCK: Why didn't you assume it was your wife?

MR HARCOURT: Because I've always had total faith in her.

SHERLOCK: No - it's because you emptied it. (He points at the three areas on the man at which he had just looked and speaks rapidly.) Weight loss, hair dye, Botox; affair. (Whipping out a business card, he holds it out to Mrs Harcourt.) Lawyer. Next!

Mary shows the next patient into the room and looks at John.

MARY: This is Mr Blake. (Whispering) Piles.

(John nods politely. The clock shows half past 3. John turns and smiles at his patient.)

JOHN: Mr Blake, hi.

Sherlock is sitting on a stool close to a young woman who is sitting on the sofa. He is clasping her hands and patting them sympathetically while he talks softly to her.

SHERLOCK: And your pen pal's emails just stopped, did they?

(The woman nods, whimpering as she cries. Molly looks across to her but then continues writing notes at the dining table. An older man is sitting beside the woman.)

SHERLOCK (softly): And you really thought he was the one, didn't you? The love of your life?

(As the woman takes off her glasses and cries harder, Sherlock turns and looks at Molly for a moment, then stands and walks across to her. Keeping his back to the clients, he speaks quietly.)

SHERLOCK: Stepfather posing as online boyfriend.

MOLLY (shocked): What?!

SHERLOCK: Breaks it off, breaks her heart. She swears off relationships, stays at home - he still has her wage coming in.

(He turns to the man and addresses him sternly.)

SHERLOCK: Mr Windibank, you have been a complete and utter ...

JOHN: ... piss pot.

(He is holding up a small plastic cylinder used for collecting urine samples. He hands it to his latest patient who is sitting facing him.)

JOHN: It's nothing to worry about. Just a small infection by the sound of it. Er, Doctor Verner is your usual GP, yes?

(The man speaks in a rough voice with a thick accent.)

MR SZIKORA: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

(John looks startled. The man appears to be in his sixties, has long white hair and a white beard and is wearing very dark glasses and a black knitted hat.)

MR SZIKORA: He looked after me, man and boy.

(He beckons John closer and talks confidentially.)

MR SZIKORA: I run a little shop, just on the corner of Church Street.

JOHN: Oh, right.

MR SZIKORA (picking up a plastic bag from the floor): Er, magazines, DVDs. Brought along a few little beauties that might interest you.

(Taking a DVD from the bag, he shows it to John.)

MR SZIKORA: "Tree Worshippers." Oh, that's a corker. It's very saucy.

(John nods in a bemused way, looking closely at the man as if he is beginning to suspect something. The man gets out a magazine and holds it up.)

MR SZIKORA: "British Birds." Same sort of thing.

(The magazine cover shows two glamorous women in skimpy clothing, and some of the captions around the photograph read, "We're a real handful," "Hot British Birds! XXX" and "Knocker Glory.")

JOHN: I'm fine, thanks.

MR SZIKORA (holding up another DVD and translating its foreign title): "The Holy War." Sounds a bit dry, I know, but there's a nun with all these holes in her habit ...

JOHN: Jesus. Sherlock ...

MR SZIKORA: Huh?

JOHN: ... what do you want?

MR SZIKORA: Huh?

JOHN: Have you come to torment me?

MR SZIKORA: What are you talking about?

JOHN (impersonating his accent): "What are you talking ..." (He stands up and walks closer.) What, d'you think I'm gonna be fooled by this bloody beard?

(He tugs at it while the man flails in panic.)

MR SZIKORA: Are you crazy?!

(John straightens a little and imitates his flaily hands, mockingly saying, "No, no, no, no!" in the man's accent, then leans into his face.)

JOHN: It's not as good as your French. Not as good as your French. It's not even a good disguise, Sherlock!

(He rips off the man's hat and glasses. The man stares up at him with a terrified look on his face.)

JOHN: Where'd you get it from? A bloody joke ... sh-shop ...?

(Staring at the man with dawning horror, he reaches out and pulls his head forward to confirm that he genuinely is bald on top.)

JOHN: Oh my God.

(The man whimpers as John gently puts his glasses back onto his face.)

JOHN: I am so sorry. Oh my God.

(Mary comes in, having presumably heard the noise. John puts the man's hat back onto his head.)

JOHN: Please for... (He looks across to Mary, speaking a little plaintively.) It's fine.

(Clearing his throat, he sits down again. Mary goes out and closes the door.)

Greg Lestrade tears down the police tape sealing a door inside a building.

LESTRADE: This one's got us all baffled.

SHERLOCK: Mmm. I don't doubt it.

(Greg opens the door and leads Sherlock and Molly down the stairs into the basement. At the foot of the stairs, a large hole has been knocked through the brickwork of one wall. They go through the hole and Greg switches on the mobile lighting which has been set up in the room. As he switches on more lights, the "skeleton mystery" which Sherlock had been reading earlier is revealed. A white-painted wooden table is at the far end of the room and seated on a chair behind it is a skeleton dressed in an old-fashioned suit. There is a carafe and a glass and what looks like a writing set on the table in front of it. The corpse is holding a syringe in one skeletal hand. Frowning, Sherlock is already zooming in on details of the scene before he walks across the room, lays his pouch of tools on the table and gets to work, examining the corpse in minute detail. Molly stands nearby, her notebook open and pen poised. Sherlock sniffs at the body and tries to decide what he is picking up:

PINE?

SPRUCE?

CEDAR

NEW MOTHBALLS

The writing in his mind turns into mothballs and bounces away. Moving on, he sniffs again:

Carbon particulate

He sniffs more deeply:

Fire Damage

The writing burns away. He straightens up and shuts his magnifier.)

MOLLY: What is it?

(Sherlock gets out his phone and holds it up high to try and get a signal.)

MOLLY: You're on to something, aren't you?

SHERLOCK: Mm, maybe.

(John's voice sounds in his head and the words he speaks appear in Sherlock's mind.)

SHOW OFF

SHERLOCK (in a whisper): Shut up, John.

(Greg's eyes flicker across to him.)

MOLLY: What?

SHERLOCK: Hmm? Nothing.

(He walks around to the other side of the table and continues his investigations.)

At the surgery, Mary walks into John's office wearing her coat and scarf. She goes across to where he is sitting at his desk.

MARY (smiling): Hello.

JOHN: Mmm.

MARY: You sure?

JOHN: I'm sure.

MARY: Okay. I'm late for Cath. I'll see you later.

(She bends down and kisses him, then turns and leaves.)

JOHN: 'Bye.

MARY: 'Bye.

CRIME SCENE. Sherlock carefully uses tweezers to lift the lapel of the skeleton's jacket. Molly still stands some distance away waiting to write anything down. Greg leans close to Sherlock and speaks softly.

LESTRADE (glancing towards Molly): This gonna be your new arrangement, is it?

SHERLOCK: Just giving it a go.

LESTRADE: Right. So, John?

SHERLOCK: Not really in the picture any more.

(He moves away from the table and turns back to look at the whole picture. Cement dust drifts down from the ceiling as a distant rumbling can be heard.)

MOLLY: Trains?

SHERLOCK: Trains.

(He drops into a squat and calls up a mental compass showing the orientation of the room. Steepling his fingers in front of his mouth he zooms in on the corpse. Molly walks across to the body and starts to look closely at the bones in its neck. Sherlock stands up and walks over to join her.)

MOLLY: Male, forty to fifty.

(She looks round at Sherlock.)

MOLLY: Ooh, sorry, did you want to be ...?

SHERLOCK: Er, no, please. Be my guest.

(John's voice sounds in his mind again.)

JOHN (voiceover): You jealous?

(His second word appears simultaneously in front of Sherlock's mind's eye.)

JEALOUS?

SHERLOCK (angrily, through gritted teeth): Shut up!

(Molly glances nervously at Greg. Sherlock takes out his magnifier to look more closely at the hand holding the syringe while Molly continues investigating the skeleton.)

MOLLY: Doesn't make sense.

LESTRADE: What doesn't?

(Sherlock gently blows away the dust around the hand and continues blowing towards the edge of the table.)

MOLLY: This skeleton - it's ... it can't be any more than ...

SHERLOCK and MOLLY (simultaneously): ... six months old.

(Sherlock has found a hidden compartment in the side of the table and he opens it and slides out a book from inside it. He blows the dust from the cover, gives it a sarcastic glance and shows it to Molly. Scrawled across the cover are the words:

How I Did It

By

Jack the Ripper

MOLLY: Wow!

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

(He flamboyantly drops the book onto the table. Greg leans forward to peer at the cover.)

LESTRADE: "How I Did It" by Jack the Ripper?!

SHERLOCK: Mm-hm.

MOLLY: It's impossible!

SHERLOCK: Welcome to my world.

(Greg grins with delight. As Sherlock leans down to repack his pouch of tools, John's voice sounds in his head.)

SMART ARSE

Sherlock grimaces, flailing towards his own head.)

SHERLOCK (quietly, through clenched teeth): Get out.

(Continuing to repack his pouch, he talks more loudly to Molly and a grinning Greg.)

SHERLOCK: I won't insult your intelligence by explaining it to you.

LESTRADE: No, please - insult away!

(Sherlock has already picked up his pouch and is heading for the door but he stops when his internal John throws in another comment:

You forgot to put your collar up

Appearing confused and disoriented by this internal commentary, Sherlock turns back to the others.)

SHERLOCK: The-the-the corpse is-is six months old; it's dressed in a shoddy Victorian outfit from a museum. It's been displayed on a dummy for many years in a case facing south-east judging from the fading of the fabric. It was sold off in a fire-damage sale ... (he gets out his phone and shows the screen to Greg) ... a week ago.

LESTRADE: So the whole thing was a fake.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

(He turns and heads out of the room.)

LESTRADE: Looked so promising.

SHERLOCK (already out of sight): Facile.

MOLLY: Why would someone go to all that trouble?

SHERLOCK (offscreen): Why indeed, John?

(Molly looks awkwardly at Greg.)

LATER. Sherlock - with Molly at his side - pushes the doorbell to a flat. Instead of the bell ringing or buzzing, it plays a recording of a London Underground announcement of a male voice saying, "Mind the gap. Mind the gap." Molly giggles quietly. A young man answers the door and Sherlock immediately holds out the bobble hat towards him.

HOWARD: Oh. Thanks for hanging on to it.

SHERLOCK: No problem.

(Taking the hat, Howard leads them inside.)

SHERLOCK: So, what's this all about, Mr Shilcott?

(They go into a room which is mostly taken up by a train set with model Tube trains running round it. On the wall is a photo of Howard, wearing his bobble hat, grinning happily and doing a thumbs-up to the camera while he stands in front of a train which doesn't seem to be in Britain. The rest of the room is full of all sorts of different train memorabilia.)

HOWARD: My girlfriend's a big fan of yours.

SHERLOCK (chuckling sarcastically): Girlfriend?!

(Howard looks round indignantly and Molly throws Sherlock a look.)

SHERLOCK: Sorry. Do go on.

HOWARD: I like trains.

SHERLOCK: Yyees.

HOWARD: I work on the Tube, on the District Line, and part of my job is to wipe the security footage after it's been cleared.

(He sits down at his computer.)

HOWARD: I was just whizzing through and, er, I found something a bit bizarre.

(He turns towards the computer and Sherlock throws a silent and quirky “Ooh!” at Molly, who smiles. Howard pulls up the relevant footage and the others walk to either side of him to look at the screen, which shows the platform of a Tube station. A train is stationary and its doors are open. There is only one man on the platform. He looks like a business man and is carrying a briefcase.)

HOWARD: Now, this was a week ago. The last train on the Friday night, Westminster station, and this man gets into the last car.

MOLLY: “Car”?

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

(Molly turns and throws a look at Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK: He said he liked trains.

MOLLY: Hmm!

HOWARD: And the next stop ... (he shows the appropriate footage) ... St James’s Park station ... and ...

(The footage shows the doors of the last car opening - and nobody gets out. Suddenly Sherlock is more interested. The doors close again.)

HOWARD: I thought you’d like it.

(He replays the earlier footage.)

HOWARD: He gets into the last car at Westminster, the only passenger ...

(He switches to the later footage.)

HOWARD: ... and the car is empty at St James’s Park station. Explain that, Mr Holmes.

MOLLY: Couldn’t he have just jumped off?

(Sherlock shakes his head. Molly looks away from the video footage and watches him.)

HOWARD: There’s a safety mechanism that prevents the doors from opening in transit. But there’s something else. The driver of that train hasn’t been to work since. According to his flatmate, he’s on holiday. Came into some money.

SHERLOCK (turning to look at Molly): Bought off?

(Molly has been gazing at him for the last few seconds and now looks startled by his question.)

MOLLY (blankly): Hmm?

(Sherlock looks disapprovingly at her for a moment, then turns to Howard. Molly looks embarrassed.)

SHERLOCK: So if the driver of the train was in on it, then the passenger did get off.

HOWARD: There’s nowhere he could go. It’s a straight run on the District Line between the two stations. There’s no side tunnels, no maintenance tunnels - nothing on any map. Nothing. The train never stops, and the man vanishes. Good, innit? !

(Sherlock closes his eyes, replaying a close-up of the passenger on the platform as his head turned towards the camera.)

SHERLOCK: I know that face.

(His eyes snap open, but now he’s in his Mind Palace, calling up footage of trains travelling along Tube lines, racing along the various lines on the Tube map, and generally recalling everything he can about the London Underground. Some time during the process he physically relocates to the stairs outside the flat, presumably so that he can concentrate better, but he frowns when he realises where he is, as if he doesn’t remember moving. Shutting his eyes to get back into the zone, he continues his search, mentally walking down a long flight of stairs beside escalators in an Underground station. Briefly the face of the disappearing man appears in his mind before more

images from the Tube network and maps flash through his brain, and then the man's face appears again.)

BAKER STREET. John walks towards the front door of 221 and stops a couple of feet away from the doorstep, looking thoughtfully at the door. A man comes around the corner and walks along the road, barging past him and bumping roughly into his shoulder. John turns to look at him as he continues onwards without speaking.

JOHN (sarcastically): 'Scuse you.

(The man glances over his shoulder at him but doesn't stop. Behind John, another man walks up to him, grabs his left wrist and instantly jabs the needle of a syringe into the right side of his neck. John tries to grab at him but the drug is already starting to take effect and his weakening struggles are in vain. The first man comes back and they both hold him as he starts to fall. They carefully lower him to the ground and he lies there, still vaguely conscious but unable to move.)

HOWARD'S BUILDING. Molly looks up the stairs and slowly walks up them towards Sherlock as he stands there with his eyes closed. After a moment he opens his eyes but can see only a ticking clock, followed by a journey through a Tube tunnel.

SHERLOCK (quick fire, his eyes rapidly flickering back and forth): The journey between those stations usually takes five minutes. That journey took ten minutes - ten minutes to get from Westminster to St James's Park. (He looks down at Molly.) So I'm going to need maps - lots of maps, older maps, all the maps.

MOLLY: Right.

SHERLOCK (walking past her and continuing down the stairs): Fancy some chips?

MOLLY: What?

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

MOLLY (following him): Did you get him off a murder charge?

SHERLOCK: No - I helped him put up some shelves.

(She giggles and he smiles briefly.)

MOLLY: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

(He stops at the bottom of the stairs and turns back to her.)

MOLLY: What was today about?

SHERLOCK: Saying thank you.

MOLLY: For what?

SHERLOCK: Everything you did for me.

MOLLY: It's okay. It was my pleasure.

(She reaches the bottom of the stairs and starts towards the door but turns back as he speaks.)

SHERLOCK: No, I mean it.

MOLLY: I don't mean 'pleasure.' I mean, I didn't mind. I wanted to.

SHERLOCK (stepping closer and speaking intensely but softly): Moriarty slipped up. He made a mistake. Because the one person he thought didn't matter at all to me was the one person that mattered the most. You made it all possible.

(He draws in a breath.)

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

(She smiles, and when she speaks her voice is a little choked.)

MOLLY: I had a lovely day. I'd love to - I just ... um ... (She looks down.)

SHERLOCK (following her gaze): Oh, congratulations, by the way.

(Molly is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring.)

MOLLY: He's not from work.

(Sherlock smiles.)

MOLLY: We met through friends, the old-fashioned way. He's nice. We ... he's got a dog ... we-we go to the pub on weekends and he ... I've met his mum and dad and his friends and all his family. I've no idea why I'm telling you this.

SHERLOCK: I hope you'll be very happy, Molly Hooper. You deserve it. After all, not all the men you fall for can turn out to be sociopaths(!)

MOLLY: No?

SHERLOCK: No.

(Stepping closer to her, he gives her a beautiful smile, then leans in and kisses her on the cheek. She closes her eyes and keeps them closed as he turns and walks out of the front door. After a moment she turns and looks at his disappearing back.)

MOLLY: Maybe it's just my type.

(Outside it's snowing. Sherlock walks down the path, sighing a little and pulling his coat around him. He turns to the right and walks off down the road. Molly follows down the path, pulling out her gloves and putting them on. She stops at the pavement and watches Sherlock walk away, then turns and walks off in the opposite direction.)

NIGHT TIME. There's a full moon in the sky. John slowly starts to regain consciousness. He seems to be surrounded by foliage, and the flickers of moonlight coming through the greenery seem like a flashlight being shone on him. Choking, he tries to move his hands but finds that he can't. He opens his mouth to cry out but no sound will come. He tries to raise his head but eventually sinks back down again. There is a bleeding wound on the right side of his head just at his hairline.

Elsewhere, Mary is walking along a street but stops to take out her phone when it beeps a text alert. Taking off her glove to activate the phone, she sees the message:

Save souls now!

John or James Watson?

She flicks to the next screen:

Saint or Sinner?

James or John?

The more is Less?

Frowning, she lowers the phone and hurries on.

Some time later she is at the door of 221. Mrs Hudson opens the door to her knock.

MARY: Oh, Mrs Hudson.

(Mrs H frowns as Mary gently pushes her way in.)

MARY: Sorry - I-I think someone's got John - John Watson.

(Upstairs in 221B's living room, Sherlock - still in his coat and holding a bag of chips just inside the door - turns at the sound of her voice. Mrs H follows her.)

MRS HUDSON: Hang on! Who are you?

MARY (stopping partway up the stairs and turning back to her): Oh, I'm his fiancée.

MRS HUDSON (smiling): Ah!

(Sherlock is already coming onto the landing as Mary hurries up the stairs.)

SHERLOCK: Mary? What's wrong?

MARY (taking her phone from her pocket): Someone sent me this. At first I thought it was just a Bible thing, you know, spam, but it's not. It's a skip-code.

(Sherlock looks at her closely, then turns his attention to her phone as she shows him the first part of the message:

Save souls now!

John or James Watson?

SHERLOCK: First word, then every third. Save ... John ... Watson.

(Mary pulls up the next message:

Saint or Sinner?

James or John?

The more is Less?

The unimportant words seem to fade, leaving just the vital ones:

Saint

James

The Less

SHERLOCK (urgently): Now!

(Dropping his chips to the floor, he races down the stairs with Mary following.)

MARY: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: St James the Less. It's a church. Twenty minutes by car.

(He pelts out into the street.)

SHERLOCK: Did you drive here?

MARY: Er, yes.

SHERLOCK (pacing about in the middle of the road): It's too slow. It's too slow.

(He is oblivious to the approach of a car, which swerves around him, the driver blaring his horn.)

MARY (frantically): Sherlock, what are we waiting for?

(Sherlock turns towards a single oncoming headlight.)

SHERLOCK: This.

(He steps directly into the path of the approaching motorcycle and holds up an imperious hand.

The driver slams on the brakes and the bike skids to a halt just in time.)

Shortly afterwards Sherlock and Mary - wearing the helmets of the driver and his pillion passenger - are racing through the streets on the bike. In Sherlock's mind, he is calculating how

long it will take to get to St James the Less Church. Currently the journey will take 10 minutes. Mary's phone sounds a text alert and she checks it. It reads:

Getting warmer Mr Holmes
You have about ten minutes

They drive on.

MARY: What does it mean? What are they going to do to him?

SHERLOCK: I don't know.

Wherever John is, he is struggling to move. The sound of children's voices can be heard some distance away. He grunts as he frantically strains to escape but he can make no louder noise.

On the motorcycle, Mary holds her phone over Sherlock's shoulder so that he can see the latest message:

8 minutes
and counting...

Sherlock turns his attention back to the road and accelerates, but shortly afterwards they approach a roadblock. The road ahead is cordoned off with police tape, and two police officers are explaining the situation to stopped cars.

SHERLOCK (slamming on the brakes and halting the bike): Damn!

(He looks to his left and rapidly works out an alternative route which he overlays onto the original route. The original one has an ETA of 8 minutes; the new, more direct route shows an ETA of 5 minutes. Sherlock turns the bike and heads up onto the pavement and into a walkway between two buildings. One of the police officers uselessly chases after him.)

POLICE OFFICER: Oi! Oi! You can't go down there!

(On the other side of the buildings, the path descends down a long flight of steps but Sherlock heads straight down them and turns onto the road at the bottom, which happens to be The Mall. They race onwards towards Buckingham Palace.)

Elsewhere, a fireworks party is starting in a small park in a square near a church. Children wave their sparklers around, and some people are playing small drums. One little girl, Zoe, gazes at the gigantic bonfire which has been piled up in the middle of the park, made up of broken wooden pallets, furniture and anything else which has been scavenged. She looks up at the Guy Fawkes guy which has been perched on the top, completely unaware that John is lying on the ground in the middle of the bonfire, out of sight of all the people nearby. The children gather near, perhaps knowing that it is not long until the fire will be lit. John opens his mouth and tries again to cry out but all he can manage is a faint moan. He thrashes, trying to push himself up and continuing to moan quietly. And now a man approaches the bonfire carrying a flaming brand of wood. The children watch him delightedly. John manages to produce some slightly louder croaks but they cannot be heard above the excited chatter of the children and the drumming. Smiling cheerfully, the man lowers the brand to the foot of the fire.

On the motorcycle, Mary receives a new message:

Better hurry
things are
hotting up here...

They continue onwards but their speed is impeded when they cross a bridge and are blocked by a slow-moving lorry.

At the park the man with the brand, trying to light the bonfire without any success, looks round and shakes his head.

MAN: No. It's not gonna work. Bit damp. I'll get something to help it along, yeah?

(He walks away. Part of the bonfire is smouldering and the smoke drifts across John, who continues to try and cry out. His voice is getting a little stronger and he manages to let out a couple of louder but wordless cries. Standing nearby, Zoe frowns at the sound, looking in concern at the guy on top of the fire as the noises continue.)

On the motorcycle, Mary shows Sherlock the newest message:

Stay of execution.
you've got two
more minutes

Sherlock checks his mental map, which shows that if he continues by road, their ETA is 3 minutes. However, if he goes in a straight line it will only take 1 minute. He swerves the bike off the road and heads straight down into a pedestrian underpass.

At the bonfire, Zoe's father - the one who tried to light the fire - comes back with a small can of petrol. Zoe turns to him.

ZOE (plaintively): He doesn't like it, Daddy.

DAD: Eh?

ZOE (pointing up at the guy): Guy Fawkes - he doesn't like it!

DAD (unscrewing the lid of the can): Stay back, Zoe. Back. Now.

(She stares at him as he starts to splash fuel over the wood of the bonfire. Inside, John's cries are getting louder.)

The motorcycle charges on through the underpass.

Zoe's dad continues pouring petrol over the fire.

Sherlock forces the bike up a steep flight of steps and out onto the street again. They are finally driving along beside the fence surrounding the park. Mary receives one more text:

What a shame
Mr Holmes.
John is quite a Guy!

She holds the phone over Sherlock's shoulder to show him.

MARY: What does it mean?

(Smiling, Zoe's dad takes his flaming brand to the fire and tosses it onto the petrol-soaked wood. Sherlock's head whips round as the bonfire begins to blaze and all the onlookers cheer.)

SHERLOCK: Oh my God.

(He accelerates around the square towards the only gap in the fence surrounding the park. The onlookers continue to celebrate the ignition of the fire. John's voice finally comes to him and he yells as loudly as he can.)

JOHN: Help!

(Zoe screams, and now others can hear John's voice and react with horror. Her father runs to hold her back and to comfort her.)

Sherlock races the bike into the park and hurls himself off.)

SHERLOCK (to Mary): Jump off!

(She quickly steps off as he drops the bike onto its side. The fire is really taking hold now, and John wails as the heat increases. Throwing off his helmet, Sherlock runs towards the fire, shoving people out of his way.)

SHERLOCK: Move! Move! Move! Move! Move!

(He reaches the front of the crowd and races on towards the bonfire.)

SHERLOCK: John!

MARY (running behind him): John! Get out, John!

(Sherlock crouches down, peering through the flames and trying to see where John is while throwing some of the wood aside. He and Mary continue to cry John's name and he hears them.)

JOHN: Help!

(Now Sherlock has a location and he plunges his arms into the inferno, throwing pieces of the bonfire aside and creating a path into it. At last he is able to reach in and he grabs John's arms and hauls him out, pulling him across the ground to safety before rolling him over onto his back. John lies there, looking extremely dazed as Sherlock looms over him.)

SHERLOCK: John? John!

(He gently pats John's face.)

MARY (covering her mouth and crying): John.

SHERLOCK (softly): Hey, John.

(John gazes up at them blankly and their faces fade out for a moment. He blinks as if trying to force his vision to work.)

221B. DAY TIME. Wearing a suit but without the usual dressing gown over it, Sherlock sits in his armchair with his eyes closed, sighing quietly and occasionally drumming his fingers on the arms of the chair. A grey-haired couple are sitting on the sofa and the woman appears to have been talking for some time.

WOMAN: ... which wasn't the way I'd put it at all. Silly woman. Anyway, it was then that I first noticed it was missing. I said, "Have you checked down the back of the sofa?"

(Sherlock screws his face up, then tilts his head forward a little, almost nodding off to sleep until his head jerks back up again. He steeplest his fingers in front of his face as the woman looks round at her husband.)

WOMAN: He's always losing things down the back of the sofa, aren't you, dear?

MAN: 'Fraid so.

(Sherlock glares towards the kitchen.)

WOMAN: Keys, small change, sweeties. Especially his glasses.

MAN: Glasses.

WOMAN: Blooming things. I said, "Why don't you get a chain - wear 'em round your neck?" And he says, "What - like Larry Grayson?"

MAN (almost simultaneously): Larry Grayson.

(Sherlock rises quickly to his feet, buttoning his jacket as he walks towards the couple.)

SHERLOCK: So did you find it eventually, your lottery ticket?

(He steps onto the coffee table and then onto the sofa between the couple. The woman leans to the side to get out of his way, and the man stares up at him as he starts idly flicking through the paperwork stuck to the wall.)

WOMAN: Well, yes, thank goodness. We caught the coach on time after all. We managed to see, er, St Paul's, the Tower ... but they weren't letting anyone in to Parliament.

(Sherlock frowns and looks down at her.)

WOMAN: Some big debate going on.

(The living room door opens and John walks in. Sherlock looks round in surprise.)

SHERLOCK: John!

JOHN: Sorry - you're busy.

SHERLOCK (stepping off the sofa and reaching down to pull the woman to her feet): Er, no-no-no, they were just leaving.

WOMAN: Oh, were we?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: No, no, if you've got a case ...

SHERLOCK: No, not a case, no-no-no. (To the woman) Go. 'Bye.

WOMAN: Yeah, well, we're here 'til Saturday, remember.

SHERLOCK: Yes, great, wonderful. Just get out.

(He herds the couple towards the door.)

WOMAN: Well, give us a ring.

SHERLOCK: Very nice, yes, good. Get out.

(Bundling them onto the landing, he tries to close the door but the woman turns and sticks her heavy shoe into the doorway to stop the door from shutting. Sherlock pulls the door open a little, staring down at her foot.)

WOMAN (quietly): I can't tell you how glad we are, Sherlock. All that time people thinking the worst of you.

(Sherlock glances round at John, who has walked over to the window and is deliberately keeping his back to the others.)

WOMAN: We're just so pleased it's all over.

(Grimacing, Sherlock tries to slam the door on her foot to make her remove it. She doesn't budge.)

MAN: Ring up more often, won't you?

SHERLOCK (hurriedly): Mm-hm.

MAN: She worries.

WOMAN: Promise?

(Again Sherlock glances round towards John as if to ascertain that he can't hear him, then he leans close to the woman.)

SHERLOCK (quietly): Promise.

(Smiling, she reaches up to stroke his cheek.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God...

(He shoves the door closed and lets out a deep sigh before turning to John.)

SHERLOCK: Sorry about that.

JOHN: No, it's fine. Clients?

SHERLOCK (hesitating briefly): ... Just my parents.

JOHN: Your parents?

SHERLOCK: In town for a few days.

JOHN: Your parents?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft promised to take them to a matinee of "Les Mis." Tried to talk me into doing it.

JOHN: Those were your parents?

(He goes to the window to look out.)

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Well ... (He chuckles briefly.) That is not what I ...

(He turns to look at Sherlock, then looks out of the window again.)

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: I-I mean they're just ... so ...

(He looks at Sherlock who directs a hard gaze at him, narrowing his eyes.)

JOHN: ... ordinary.

(He smiles. Sherlock tutts disparagingly.)

SHERLOCK: It's a cross I have to bear.

(John chuckles, then slowly takes a few steps across the room before turning back.)

JOHN: Did they know, too?

(Sherlock won't meet his eyes.)

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: That you spent the last two years playing hide and seek.

(Sherlock picks an imaginary piece of fluff off the keyboard of his laptop which is open on the dining table.)

SHERLOCK: Maybe.

JOHN: Ah! So that's why they weren't at the funeral.

SHERLOCK (defensively): Sorry. Sorry again.

JOHN (cynically): Mm.

(He slowly steps towards the door. Sherlock watches him for a moment, then lowers his head.)

SHERLOCK (softly): Sorry.

(Drawing in a deep breath, John meets his eyes for a second and then looks down, breathing out slowly.)

SHERLOCK: See you've shaved it off, then.

JOHN: Yeah. Wasn't working for me.

SHERLOCK: Mm, I'm glad.

JOHN: What, you didn't like it?

SHERLOCK (smiling): No. I prefer my doctors clean-shaven.

JOHN: That's not a sentence you hear every day!

(He has been slowly walking across the room again and is now in front of his old chair. He sits down in it, grunting a little. There are healing cuts and gashes on the side of his head where it was scratched by the foliage while he was thrashing about under the bonfire.)

SHERLOCK: How are you feeling?

JOHN: Yeah, not bad. Bit ... smoked.

SHERLOCK: Right.

(John looks at him seriously.)

JOHN: Last night - who did that? And why did they target me?

SHERLOCK: I don't know.

JOHN: Is it someone trying to get to you through me? Is it something to do with this terrorist thing you talked about?

SHERLOCK: I don't know. I can't see the pattern. It's too nebulous.

(He walks towards his wall of information.)

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

JOHN: "Give his life"?

SHERLOCK: According to Mycroft. There's an underground network planning an attack on London - that's all we know.

(He looks down and frowns as an apparently random memory comes to him of the dust trickling down from the ceiling in the 'Jack the Ripper' room. He turns and gestures to the paperwork on the wall.)

SHERLOCK: These are my rats, John.

JOHN: Rats?

SHERLOCK: My markers: agents, low-lifes, people who might find themselves arrested or their diplomatic immunity suddenly rescinded. If one of them starts acting suspiciously, we know something's up. Five of them are behaving perfectly normally, but the sixth ...

(He points to the relevant photograph.)

JOHN (pointing to that photo): I know him, don't I?

(If we hadn't already realised it, the photograph is of the man who got into the disappearing Tube car.)

SHERLOCK: Lord Moran, peer of the realm, Minister for Overseas Development. Pillar of the establishment.

JOHN: Yes!

SHERLOCK: He's been working for North Korea since 1996.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: He's the Big Rat. Rat Number One. And he's just done something very suspicious indeed.

Later, Sherlock is showing Howard's footage of the mysterious Tube train disappearance to John, who has taken off his coat and is sitting at the dining table.

JOHN (looking at the screen): Yeah, that's ... odd. There's nowhere he could have got off?

SHERLOCK: Not according to the maps.

JOHN: Mm.

SHERLOCK: There's something - something, something I'm missing, something staring me in the face.

(He turns to the wall again but then his phone beeps. He takes it out of his pocket.)

JOHN (sitting down in front of the computer): Any idea who they are - this underground network?

(Sherlock looks at a sequence of photos taken of Lord Moran walking along a road next to the Houses of Parliament. The sequence seems to indicate that he has just come up from Westminster Tube station.)

JOHN (looking at the computer screen): Intelligence must have a-a list of the most obvious ones.

SHERLOCK: Our rat's just come out of his den.

JOHN: Al-Qaeda; the IRA have been getting restless again - maybe they're gonna make an appearance ...

SHERLOCK (triumphantly): Yes, yes, yes, yes, YES! I've been an idiot - a blind idiot!

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK (pacing across the room): Oh, that's good. That could be brilliant.

JOHN: What are you on about?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft's intelligence - it's not nebulous at all. It's specific - incredibly specific.

JOHN (firmly): What do you mean?

SHERLOCK: Not an underground network, John. It's an Underground network.

JOHN: Right. ... What?

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

(He leans over John's shoulder to replay the Tube footage of the lone passenger - Lord Moran - getting into the train at Westminster.)

SHERLOCK: Look - seven carriages leave Westminster ... (the footage switches to show the next station) ... but only six carriages arrive at St James's Park.

JOHN: But that's ... I ... it's-it's impossible.

SHERLOCK: Moran didn't disappear - the entire Tube compartment did. The driver must have diverted the train and then detached the last carriage.

JOHN: Detached it where?! You said there was nothing between those stations.

SHERLOCK: Not on the maps, but once you eliminate all the other factors, the only thing remaining must be the truth. (He points at the screen.) That carriage vanished, so it must be somewhere.

JOHN: But why, though? Why detach it in the first place?

SHERLOCK (pacing): It vanishes between St James's Park and Westminster. Lord Moran vanishes. You're kidnapped and nearly burned to death at a fireworks par...

(He stops. He's got it.)

SHERLOCK (turning to John): What's the date, John - today's date?

JOHN: Hmm? November the ... My God.

(Sherlock looks at the information wall and walks slowly towards it.)

SHERLOCK: Lord Moran - he's a peer of the realm. Normally he'd sit in the House. Tonight there's an all-night sitting to vote on the new anti-terrorism Bill.

(He stops in front of the sofa and smiles.)

SHERLOCK: But he won't be there. Not tonight. (He turns to look down at John.) Not the fifth of November.

JOHN: "Remember, remember."

SHERLOCK: "Gunpowder treason and plot."

Shortly afterwards Howard Shilcott - sitting in his living room and wearing his bobble hat - is Skypeing with the boys on the laptop while Sherlock and John frantically search through maps and papers on the kitchen table at 221B.

HOWARD: There's nothing down there, Mr Holmes, I told you. No sidings, no ghost stations.

SHERLOCK (turning the laptop around so that John can see the screen): There has to be. Check again.

(Howard leans offscreen. John is looking through a book.)

JOHN: Look - this whole area is a big mess of old and new stuff. Charing Cross is made up of bits of older stations like Trafalgar Square, Strand ...

SHERLOCK: No, it's none of those. We've accounted for those.

(He looks closer at an old map.)

SHERLOCK: St Margaret's Street, Bridge Street, Sumatra Road, Parliament Street ...

HOWARD (taking the pom pom that he's been chewing out of his mouth): Hang on, hang on. Sumatra Road. You mentioned Sumatra Road, Mr Holmes. (He leans offscreen.) There is something. I knew it rang a bell. (Muttering) Where is it? (He comes back into view.) There was a station down there.

JOHN: Well, why isn't it on the maps?

HOWARD: 'Cause it was closed before it ever opened.

JOHN: What?

HOWARD (holding up a book to the camera to show the relevant page): They built the platforms, even the staircases, but it all got tied up in legal disputes, so they never built the station on the surface.

(Grinning, he points to the appropriate spot on the page. Sherlock has been slowly straightening up while Howard spoke.)

SHERLOCK: It's right underneath the Palace of Westminster.

JOHN: And so what's down there? A bomb?

(Sherlock walks away.)

JOHN: Oh ...

(He hurries after him, grabbing his coat as he goes.)

NEWSREADER (on the television): With many commentators saying the vote on the terrorism Bill will be too close to call, MPs are now making their way into the Chamber for what the government is calling the most important vote of this parliament. Over now to our ...

(In a hotel room, Lord Moran is lying fully dressed on the bed watching the TV. He points the remote control at the television and changes to a different channel.)

MALE VOICE (on the TV): What freedoms exactly are we protecting if we start spying on our own people? This is an Orwellian measure on a scale unprecedented ...

Sherlock and John walk briskly along the road near the Houses of Parliament and head to the stairs leading down into Westminster station. They walk across the concourse, past the fangirls, through the ticket barriers and along the corridors.

JOHN: So it's a bomb, then? A Tube carriage is carrying a bomb.

SHERLOCK: Must be.

JOHN: Right.

(Taking off his glove, he gets his phone from his pocket.)

SHERLOCK: What are you doing?

JOHN: Calling the police.

SHERLOCK: What? No!

JOHN: Sherlock, this isn't a game. They need to evacuate Parliament.

SHERLOCK: They'll get in the way. They always do. This is cleaner, more efficient.

(Stopping at a locked maintenance entrance, he reaches into his coat, takes out a crowbar and starts to force the gate open.)

JOHN: And illegal.

SHERLOCK: A bit.

(The gate opens and the boys go inside. Sherlock pulls the gate closed behind them and they take out flashlights and start to walk down into the maintenance tunnels. A couple of paces behind Sherlock, John checks his phone, which reads, "NO SERVICE". Sherlock raises his head as if sensing what John's doing.)

SHERLOCK (not even looking round): What are you doing?

JOHN (sighing): Coming.

(He puts his phone away. They continue onwards for a long time, walking along narrow tunnels and walkways and climbing down steep metal ladders. Your transcriber sits back and flexes her aching fingers for a few blissful moments, secure in the knowledge that there's no need to transcribe this bit in detail. At long last they walk onto the platform of Sumatra Road station. Sherlock shines his torch along the length of the track but there is no sign of a train.)

SHERLOCK: I don't understand.

JOHN: Well, that's a first!

SHERLOCK: There's nowhere else it could be.

(He turns to face the track and brings his hands up to either side of his head, screwing his eyes shut and concentrating. In his mind, he finds himself sitting on a seat inside the missing Tube car/carriage. He is the only passenger. At the far end, smoke comes under the bottom of the cab door and pours towards him. He turns his head to look and a fireball ignites behind the smoke and then races along the carriage, engulfing Sherlock's position and continuing onwards.

Sherlock's mental image of himself relocates to the tunnel about a hundred yards away from the front of the carriage. The inferno billows out of the carriage towards him but just before it reaches him it is sucked up a large open vent in the tunnel's roof.

At ground level above the Tube line, heated gas shimmers as it is forced through various air vents inside the Houses of Parliament. Outside, the perspective shifts to the opposite side of the River Thames ... and the entire Palace of Westminster goes up in a massive explosion.

Sherlock's eyes snap open.)

SHERLOCK: Oh!

(Turning to the left, he runs towards the end of the platform.)

JOHN (chasing after him): What?

(Sherlock carefully jumps off the end of the platform onto the tracks.)

JOHN: Hang on. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK (turning back): What?

JOHN: That's ... Isn't it live?

SHERLOCK (setting off along the tracks): Perfectly safe as long as we avoid touching the rails.

JOHN: 'Course, yeah (!) Avoid the rails. Great(!)

(He jumps down onto the tracks.)

SHERLOCK: This way.

JOHN: You sure?

SHERLOCK: Sure.

(They don't have to walk far before the missing carriage is revealed partway round a gentle bend.)

JOHN: Ah. Look at that.

(They continue on, then Sherlock looks up and sees the large open vent which he just saw in his mind. He shines his flashlight into it.)

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Hmm?

(They both stop and shine their torches upwards, realising that there are several small explosive devices attached to the sides of the vent.)

JOHN: Demolition charges.

(They continue towards the carriage, John ducking down and shining his light underneath and around it as they approach. He blows out a long breath as they get close and again he squats down to check the underside while Sherlock looks along the side. Sherlock opens the door to the driver's cab and they climb in and then go carefully through the opposite door into the carriage itself. Slowly they work their way along it, looking at every seat, every corner, shining their torches along the ceiling and the floor. At the second set of side doors, Sherlock slows down, paying particular attention to something. John progresses on to the very end.)

JOHN: It's empty. There's nothing.

(Unfortunately, he's wrong. Sherlock has already spotted a pair of intertwined black and red cables strung along the wall and down to one of the seat backs.)

SHERLOCK: Isn't there?

(John turns back and points his torch where Sherlock is gently lifting the cushion, bending low to shine his light underneath. Sherlock lifts his head and looks round at him.)

SHERLOCK: This is the bomb.

JOHN: What?

(Sherlock stands up and lifts the cushion all the way up. The cavity underneath is full of wired-up explosives.)

SHERLOCK: It's not carrying explosives. The whole compartment is the bomb.

(He and John work their way along the carriage, lifting other cushions at random. Each one has an identical explosive device under it.)

In his hotel room, Moran opens a briefcase and lifts the lid. Inside is what is clearly a detonator - it has a small screen, a number pad, a slot for a key, and a Let'sSendTheWorldToHell button which almost disappointingly is neither very big nor painted red. A couple of keys lie beside the device.

While John continues lifting seat cushions, Sherlock looks around the carriage and then takes a few steps along the aisle before realising that a floor panel is loose. As John looks down at the latest batch of explosives, Sherlock takes off his gloves and bends to the panel, forcing his fingers into the gap and lifting it. Underneath is what can only be described as the 'mother bomb' - a device massively larger than the ones under the cushions. While John takes several deep nervous breaths, Sherlock props the panel up against the wall of the train. They both look down at the massive device, then John looks up at Sherlock.

JOHN: We need bomb disposal.

SHERLOCK: There may not be time for that now.

JOHN: So what do we do?

SHERLOCK (after a brief pause): I have no idea.

JOHN (sternly): Well, think of something.

SHERLOCK: Why d'you think I know what to do?
JOHN: Because you're Sherlock Holmes. You're as clever as it gets.
SHERLOCK: Doesn't mean I know how to defuse a giant bomb. What about you?
JOHN: I wasn't in bomb disposal. I'm a bloody doctor.
SHERLOCK (angrily pointing his torch at him): And a soldier, as you keep reminding us all.
(John looks down at the countdown clock currently frozen at 2:30.)
JOHN: Can't-can't we rip the timer off, or something?
SHERLOCK: That would set it off.
JOHN: You see? You know things.
(Sherlock turns away, sighing.)

In his room, Moran types the code 051113 onto the number pad. He inserts one of the keys into its slot and turns it. The device beeps. He releases the key, then reaches to the Not Big Red Button and presses it.

In the Tube carriage, all the lights come on and the countdown clock on the mother bomb begins to tick down. The boys look around in shock, and John groans.
SHERLOCK: Er ...
JOHN (breathing fast): My God!
(Sherlock paces away from him.)
SHERLOCK: Er ...
JOHN: Why didn't you call the police?
SHERLOCK: Please just ...
JOHN (furiously): Why do you never call the police?
SHERLOCK: Well, it's no use now.

2:15

JOHN (angrily): So you can't switch the bomb off. You can't switch the bomb off and you didn't call the police.
(He turns away for a moment, then turns back again. Sherlock looks at him.)
SHERLOCK: Go, John. (He points towards the driver's cab.) Go now.
JOHN: There's no point now, is there, because there's not enough time to get away; and if we don't do this ... (he gestures down to the mother bomb) ... other people will die!

1:57

(He looks down at the clock for a moment, then points at Sherlock.)
JOHN: Mind Palace.
SHERLOCK: Hmm?
JOHN: Use your Mind Palace.
SHERLOCK: How will that help?
JOHN: You've salted away every fact under the sun!
SHERLOCK: Oh, and you think I've just got "How To Defuse A Bomb" tucked away in there somewhere?

JOHN: Yes!

(Sherlock thinks about it for a second.)

SHERLOCK: Maybe.

(He brings his fingers up to the sides of his face and screws his eyes shut.)

JOHN (intensely): Think.

(Sherlock lifts his head a little, still concentrating.)

JOHN (softly): Think. Please think.

(Sherlock groans.)

JOHN: Think!

(Sherlock's hands come away from his face and flail, while his eyes remain closed and he continues to make groaning noises. John closes his eyes, shaking his head as the noises get louder and finally Sherlock lets out a cry and opens his eyes. He breathes heavily for a moment, then he lowers his hands and looks at John with a blank but apologetic look on his face. John stares at him in disbelief.)

JOHN: Oh my God.

(He turns away. Sherlock tears his scarf from around his neck and doubles over, burying his head in his hands, still making incoherent groaning noises. He drops to his knees next to the bomb while John wanders a little way down the carriage.)

JOHN: This is it.

(Behind him, Sherlock is flailing uselessly over the bomb.)

SHERLOCK: Um, er ...

(John stops and stares into space.)

JOHN (softly): Oh my God.

SHERLOCK (still patting around the device and mumbling vaguely): Turn that off. Oh God! Er, um, er ...

1:29

(John turns back towards him, and Sherlock raises his head.)

SHERLOCK (softly): I'm sorry.

(John screws his eyes closed for a moment, then looks at him again.)

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK (softly, his eyes starting to fill with tears): I can't ... I can't do it, John. I don't know how.

(He straightens up on his knees.)

SHERLOCK: Forgive me?

JOHN (tightly, furiously): What?

SHERLOCK (bringing his hands up into a praying position): Please, John, forgive me ... for all the hurt that I caused you.

JOHN (waving a finger at him): No, no, no, no, no, no. This is a trick.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Another one of your bloody tricks.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: You're just trying to make me say something nice.

(Sherlock chuckles briefly.)

SHERLOCK: Not this time.

JOHN: It's just to make you look good even though you behaved like ...

(He grimaces, fighting back tears, and turns away as he tries to steady his breathing. Sherlock moves away from the bomb and sits on the edge of one of the nearby seats. John grips one of the handrails, looking down at the floor, then stamps his foot furiously. His voice is low but savage when he speaks.)

JOHN: I wanted you not to be dead.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, be careful what you wish for.

(John sighs.)

SHERLOCK: If I hadn't come back, you wouldn't be standing there and ...

(Baring his teeth, John turns away, shaking his head.)

SHERLOCK: ... you'd still have a future ... with Mary.

JOHN (turning and pointing at him): Yeah. I know.

(He grimaces and turns away again. Sherlock clenches his fist against his mouth, then wipes his nose, his face full of despair. Finally John turns back.)

JOHN (his voice low and tight): Look, I find it difficult.

(Sherlock nods, his head lowered.)

JOHN: I find it difficult, this sort of stuff.

SHERLOCK (looking up at him): I know.

(John blows out a breath, lowering his head, then he straightens up and looks at Sherlock.)

JOHN (his voice not much more than a whisper): You were the best and the wisest man ... (he sniffs) ... that I have ever known.

(Sherlock looks at him, his eyes wide and tear-filled. John sighs, lowering his head again before raising it once more.)

JOHN: Yes, of course I forgive you.

(Sherlock gazes at him. John meets his eyes for a moment, then he takes in a deep breath through his nose, closes his eyes, raises his head and braces himself for death.)

The scene whites out.

From the point of view of a video camera, Sherlock is sitting on a sofa in front of a window and looking directly into the camera.

SHERLOCK: The criminal network Moriarty headed was vast.

(Cutaway shot of Sherlock standing beside Mycroft as he sits in his office in the Diogenes Club. Mycroft appears to be reading a report; Sherlock is looking at his phone.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Its roots were everywhere like a cancer, so we came up with a plan.

(Mycroft starts to type on his laptop. Sherlock leans down to look at the screen.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Mycroft fed Moriarty information about me.

(Flashback to Mycroft walking into Jim's cell, and Jim closing his eyes delightedly.)

SHERLOCK (part voiceover, part into the camera): Moriarty in turn gave us hints - just hints - as to the extent of his web. We let him go ...

(Flashback to Jim being taken into court for his trial.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): ... because it was important to let him believe he had the upper hand. (Into camera) And then I sat back and watched Moriarty destroy my reputation bit by bit.

(Flashback to Sherlock sitting on the floor in the lab at Bart's, repeatedly bouncing a small ball off the cupboard in front of him.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): I had to make him believe he'd beaten me, utterly defeated me, and then he'd show his hand.

(Various flashbacks of Sherlock and Jim on the rooftop, interspersed with Sherlock continuing to bounce the ball in the lab, and shots of Sherlock on the roof looking around the area surrounding Bart's as if calculating escape routes.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): There were thirteen likely scenarios once we were up on that roof. Each of them were rigorously worked out and given a code name. It wasn't just my reputation that Moriarty needed to bury - I had to die.

(Brief shot of Sherlock falling from the roof and John's anguished cry of his name.)

(Flashback to the roof.)

JIM: You can have me arrested ...

(Flashback to Mrs Hudson in the hallway of 221, bringing a mug of tea to the workman which he gratefully accepts, then - out of her sight - puts one of his tools into his toolbox, revealing the pistol and silencer lying inside.)

JIM: ... you can torture me; you can do anything you like with me ...

(Flashback to the plain clothes police officer looking ominously round to Greg in his office.)

JIM: ... but nothing's gonna prevent them from pulling the trigger.

(Flashback to the sniper assembling his rifle in a building overlooking the pavement outside Bart's, while John is in a taxi on his way back to the hospital.)

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

SHERLOCK: ... unless I kill myself - complete your story.

(Jim nods and smiles ecstatically.)

JIM: You've gotta admit that's sexier.

(Flashback to Sherlock shaking Jim's hand.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): But the one thing I didn't anticipate was just how far Moriarty was prepared to go. I suppose that was obvious, given our first meeting at the swimming pool - his death wish.

(Flashback to Moriarty shoving the pistol into his mouth and pulling the trigger, and Sherlock's cry of alarm as he recoils in shock, then looks around and slowly goes to the edge of the roof.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): I knew I didn't have long. I contacted my brother; set the wheels in motion.

(On the roof, Sherlock types a single word - LAZARUS - into his phone and sends the message.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): And then everyone got to work.

(On the ground, a group of men carry a giant airbag - currently deflated - out into the street. Molly looks out of the window. Sherlock steps up onto the ledge. Beside the ambulance station, on the other side to where John will later stand, the team is rolling out the airbag. Molly closes her eyes briefly, then looks upwards. Standing a short distance away from the hospital, a woman looks up towards the roof as if awaiting a signal. John's taxi continues on its way to the hospital. As the airbag team continue their work, other people are standing and waiting. One of them has a stethoscope around his neck. The first woman looks around and sees the man on the cycle waiting nearby, one foot on a pedal and ready to go. A few feet away a second cyclist pushes his bike into position. The first cyclist has an earpiece in his ear, and many of the others - possibly all of them - do too. A faint male voice can be heard, presumably relaying instructions through the earpieces. John's taxi turns into the road near the ambulance station, and a large group of men comes around the corner behind it. The taxi pulls up. Sherlock takes his phone from his pocket and sees a reply to his earlier text:

LAZARUS IS GO

John gets out of the taxi and heads towards the hospital, taking Sherlock's phone call as he goes. Unseen by John - whose view is blocked by the ambulance station - the truck full of rubbish bags is in position by the bus stop, several people are waiting by the wall of the ambulance station, and the airbag is inflating at the other side of the station.)

SHERLOCK (over phone): It's a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN (into phone): All right, stop it now.

SHERLOCK: No, stay exactly where you are. Don't move.

(On the far side of the station, the team is carrying the airbag forward with blowers still attached to it as it continues to inflate.

John's attention is fully focussed on Sherlock.)

JOHN (into phone): All right.

(The team puts the airbag down on the road just behind the truck.)

SHERLOCK: Keep your eyes fixed on me. (His voice becomes frantic.) Please, will you do this for me?

(The woman takes a phone call, and the second cyclist gets onto his bike.

Sherlock lowers his phone to his side, then drops it onto the roof.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): It was vital that John stayed just where I put him. That way, his view was blocked by the ambulance station.

(John lowers his own phone and screams upwards.)

JOHN: SHERLOCK!

(Sherlock spreads his arms to either side and falls forward, plummeting towards the ground. Inside the building, Molly gasps as he falls past her window. We see from John's point of view that the last thirty feet or so of the fall are blocked from his view by the station.

Unseen by him, Sherlock is plunging towards the airbag, twisting as he goes.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): I needed to hit the airbag - which I did.

(He has turned himself onto his back in mid-air and makes a perfect landing in the centre of the airbag. Immediately everyone else springs into action, starting to run into position.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Speed was paramount.

(He scrambles towards the edge, the team pushing the bag down to help him get off quickly.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): The airbag needed to be got out of the way just as John cleared the station.

(The moment Sherlock is on the ground, the team picks up the airbag and starts to run towards the left-hand side of the station. John starts to run along the right-hand side of the station. More extras are running into position.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): But we needed him to see a body.

(Inside the hospital, a body is lying on a stretcher dressed in a Belstaff coat and a blue scarf. Molly and two male team members haul the body up and shove it out of the open window. The body impacts the ground directly below where Sherlock fell.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): That's where Molly came in.

(He runs with the airbag team as they head around the left side of the station. On the other side of the station, the cyclist is pedalling after John.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Like figures on a weather clock, we went one way, John went the other.

(John runs to the corner of the station, then slows down and stops in the middle of the road as he gets his first glimpse of the still figure lying on the pavement. The extras are already starting to gather around it, and the truck drives away.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Then our well-timed cyclist ...

(The cyclist slams into John and sends him crashing to the ground.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): ... put John briefly out of action ...

(At the other side of the station, a man is applying fake blood to Sherlock's head. Two men come out of the hospital gates and race towards the body.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): ... giving me time to switch places with the corpse on the pavement.

(The two men pick up the body and drag it away. While John lies on the ground struggling to remain conscious, Sherlock races in and lies on the pavement, while the extras run in to surround him. The body is dragged back into the hospital grounds and the gates are closed.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): The rest was just window dressing.

(A woman kneels down and pours a bag of blood onto the pavement around Sherlock's head, and the man with the stethoscope applies more blood to Sherlock's face. Grimacing with pain, John rolls onto his side and looks across to the pavement.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): And one final touch ...

(While the extras finish applying blood to him, Sherlock reaches into his coat pocket and takes out the rubber ball he was playing with earlier.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): ... a squash ball under the armpit.

(He reaches inside his shirt and pushes the ball under his right arm.)

SHERLOCK (voiceover): Apply enough pressure and it momentarily cuts off the pulse.

(Slowly John hauls himself to his feet and stumbles across the road, while one of the extras checks Sherlock's right wrist to make sure there's no pulse. John finally reaches the crowd.)

JOHN: Let me come through, please.

(The bystanders try to hold him back.)

WOMAN: It's all right ...

JOHN: No, he's my friend.

WOMAN: It's all right, it's all right.

JOHN: No, he's my friend.

(The woman continues trying to reassure him as John pushes forward to take hold of Sherlock's wrist.)

JOHN: He's my friend. Please, let me just check ...

(The bystanders pull him away. A stretcher is wheeled over and, while John watches in anguish, the body is lifted onto it.)

In front of the video camera, Sherlock looks dispassionately into the lens. Anderson is sitting on a chair on the other side of the camera. They are in Anderson's living room.

SHERLOCK: Everything was anticipated; every eventuality allowed for. It worked ... (he smiles slightly) ... perfectly.

ANDERSON: Molly? Molly Hooper? She was in on it?

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

(Flashback to Claudette Bruhl screaming at the sight of Sherlock and pointing at him, and Lestrade dragging him out of the room.)

LESTRADE: Get out!

(Brief flashback of Anderson and Sally Donovan standing in front of Lestrade while they made him consider Sherlock's guilt.)

SHERLOCK: You assumed she reacted like that because I was her kidnapper. But I deduced Moriarty must have found someone who looked very like me to plant suspicion, and that that man - whoever he was - had to be got out of the way as soon as his usefulness ended. That meant there was a corpse in a morgue somewhere that looked just like me.

(Anderson nods.)

ANDERSON: Clever.

SHERLOCK: Molly found the body, faked the records, and I provided the other coat. I've got lots of coats.

ANDERSON: And what about the sniper aiming at John?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft's men intervened before he could take the shot. He was invited to reconsider.

(Cutaway shot to Mycroft answering his ringing phone.)

MYCROFT: Is it done?

(He listens for a moment.)

MYCROFT: Good.

(He hangs up.)

ANDERSON: And your homeless network?

SHERLOCK: As I explained, the whole street was closed off ... (he smiles) ... like a scene from a play.

(Anderson looks at him thoughtfully.)

SHERLOCK: Neat, don't you think?

(Anderson looks off to the side.)

ANDERSON: Hmm.

SHERLOCK: What?

(Anderson shrugs.)

ANDERSON: Not the way I'd have done it.

SHERLOCK (folding his arms): Oh really?

ANDERSON: No, I'm not saying it's not clever, but ...

SHERLOCK (sternly): What?

(Anderson shrugs again and waves his arm about as if he's searching for the right words.)

ANDERSON: ... Bit ... disappointed.

(Sherlock sighs.)

SHERLOCK: Everyone's a critic. Anyway, that's not why I came.

ANDERSON: No?

SHERLOCK: No. I think you know why I'm here, Phillip. "How I Did It" by Jack the Ripper?

(Anderson looks at him wide-eyed, his mouth opening but no words coming out for a moment. He lowers his head.)

ANDERSON: Didn't you think it was intriguing? (He looks up hopefully.)

SHERLOCK (standing up): Lurid. A case so sensational, you hoped I'd be interested. But you overdid it, Phillip - you and your little 'fan club.'

(He starts to pace around him.)

ANDERSON: I just couldn't live with myself, knowing that I'd driven you to ... (He stops.)

SHERLOCK: But you didn't. You were always right. I wasn't dead.

ANDERSON (staring up at him while he continues to pace): No. No, and everything's okay now, isn't it?

SHERLOCK: Yeah.

(Anderson laughs in a relieved way.)

SHERLOCK (stopping and looking down at him): Of course you've wasted police time, perverted the course of justice, risked distracting me from a massive terrorist assault that could have both destroyed Parliament and caused the death of hundreds of people.

ANDERSON (tearfully): Oh, God.

(He breaks down in tears, grabbing Sherlock and pulling him close.)

ANDERSON: Oh, God, I'm sorry, Sherlock. I'm so sorry.

(He hangs on to him and weeps against his coat. Looking uncomfortable, Sherlock tentatively pats him on the shoulder a couple of times.)

ANDERSON (abruptly stopping crying and looking round): Hang on.

(He stands up and walks over to his wall of papers.)

ANDERSON: That doesn't make sense.

(Behind him Sherlock rolls his eyes and quietly sighs with an exasperated sound.)

ANDERSON: How could you be sure John would stand on that exact spot? I mean, what if he'd moved?

(Sherlock turns and quietly leaves the room.)

ANDERSON (oblivious to his departure): Hey - how did you do it all so quickly? What if the bike hadn't hit him? (Suspiciously) And anyway, why are you telling me all this? (He chuckles.) If you'd pulled that off, I'm the last person you'd tell the truth ...

(Turning around, he trails off when he realises that he's alone in the room. He stares for a moment, then chuckles. He switches between looking at all his paperwork and looking to where Sherlock had been standing.)

ANDERSON (quietly, sounding amused): Sherlock Holmes!

(He chuckles again, pointing to the spot where Sherlock had just been standing.)

ANDERSON (even softer, with a combination of amusement and exasperation): Sherlock!

(His chuckle slowly develops into laughter, and then into hysterical laughter as he starts tearing at the papers on the wall, ripping them off and whooping and giggling. Eventually he collapses in the corner, rising up onto his knees to continue clawing at the papers and still laughing hysterically until he slumps back down again.)

The whited-out scene fades back in again and John is standing in the Tube carriage with his eyes closed and his head raised. He grips the handrail and lowers his head, blowing out a long breath. Nearby it sounds as if Sherlock is crying. His head is lowered and the back of his hand is across his mouth while his body shakes with what seem to be sobs. John screws his eyes even more tightly closed. Sherlock lowers his hand and turns his head away, then turns back, hooting with laughter. John opens his eyes and looks across to him as Sherlock giggles in high-pitched hilarity. Staring at him, John steps forward and looks down at the countdown clock on the mother bomb. It is repeatedly flicking back and forth between 1:28 and 1:29. John turns away as if he can't believe it. Flashback to Sherlock frantically staring down at the bomb while John turns away. Sherlock's gaze immediately falls on a small switch on the side of the bomb. He grins, then squeezes his fingers down the side of the device to flick the switch.

In the present, John turns back to look at the clock again and then stares upwards in disbelief.

JOHN: You ...

(Sherlock stands up, tears of mirth streaming down his cheeks.)

SHERLOCK (laughing hysterically): Oh, your face!

JOHN: ... utter ...

SHERLOCK: Your face!

JOHN: You ...

(Sherlock grins.)

SHERLOCK: I totally had you.

JOHN: You cock! I knew it! I knew it! You f...

SHERLOCK (simultaneously): Oh, those things you said - such sweet things! I-I never knew you cared(!)

JOHN (glaring at him): I will kill you if you ever breathe a word of this ...

SHERLOCK (grinning while holding up two fingers in a Boy Scout's salute): Scout's honour.

JOHN: ... to anyone. You KNEW!

SHERLOCK: Ahh. (He squats down to the bomb.)

JOHN (furiously): You knew how to turn it off!

SHERLOCK: There's an Off switch.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: There's always an Off switch.

(John bends down to look at the switch.)

SHERLOCK (standing up again): Terrorists can get into all sorts of problems unless there's an Off switch.

JOHN (tightly): So why did you let me go through all that?

SHERLOCK: I didn't lie altogether. I've absolutely no idea how to turn any of these silly little lights off.

(He chuckles and wipes the tears off his cheeks.)

SHERLOCK: Oh!

(Through the open door of the driver's cab, a voice over a walkie-talkie radio can be heard, and flashlight beams are approaching along the tunnel. John stares, then points towards them.)

JOHN: And you did call the police.

SHERLOCK: 'Course I called the police.

(Three armed officers are approaching, flashlights shining from their raised rifles.)

JOHN: I'm definitely gonna kill you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, please(!) Killing me - that's so two years ago.

(Quirking a smile at John, he turns and heads towards the driver's cab. Despite himself, John lets out a silent laugh. Sherlock chuckles as he continues on, and John lets out an exasperated sigh.)

HOTEL. A uniformed female member of staff wheels a trolley along the corridor, presumably on her way to deliver a meal to one of the rooms. She passes Room 305 and the camera stops and focuses on the door. Your transcriber - exhausted and almost delirious by now - raises her eyebrows and hopes very much that this is the room in which Sherlock and John are celebrating their reunion. Sadly, it's Lord Moran who opens the door and looks cautiously up and down the corridor before picking up his briefcase and leaving the room. When he gets to the lift he presses the Down button repeatedly, clearly not understanding that, like traffic lights, pushing the button more than once will never make things happen more quickly. It doesn't matter anyway, because almost immediately a gun is cocked behind his head and the muzzle held to the back of his neck. The gun

is being held by the uniformed woman we just saw. As Moran raises his hands, two men run towards him from opposite directions, also aiming pistols at him.

BAKER STREET. DAY TIME. Outside the door to 221, reporters and photographers are milling around in the road. Over a phone can be heard the song "Do you hear the people sing?" from 'Les Misérables.' Mycroft's voice comes over the phone, his tone desperate.

MYCROFT's VOICE: Sherlock, please. I beg of you. You can take over at the interval.

(Sherlock is in his bedroom, walking over to the wardrobe mirror and one-handedly buttoning his jacket over the Purple Shirt of Sex™.)

SHERLOCK (into phone): Oh, I'm sorry, brother dear, but you made a promise. There's nothing I can do to help.

MYCROFT (over phone): But you don't understand the pain of it - the horror!

(Grinning, Sherlock ends the call and turns to John who is approaching along the corridor.)

JOHN: Come on. You'll have to go down. They want the story.

(Rolling his eyes, Sherlock walks past him.)

SHERLOCK: In a minute.

(They walk into the living room where Mary is sitting on the sofa holding a glass of champagne. Mrs Hudson sits in the nearby chair and Greg is sitting in John's chair, also holding a champagne glass. Sherlock pops the cork on a new bottle and walks across the room with the bottle and a glass, kneeling down beside the coffee table to pour.)

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I'm really pleased, Mary. Have you set a date?

MARY: Er, well we thought May.

MRS HUDSON: Oh! Spring wedding!

MARY: Yeah. Well, once we've actually got engaged.

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY (looking pointedly at Sherlock): We were interrupted last time.

JOHN: Yeah.

(Sherlock smiles at her.)

LESTRADE: Well, I can't wait.

(He raises his glass in a toast. John, who has just put his jacket on, smiles round at him. Putting down the glass he just poured, Sherlock stands up and walks towards the far window.)

MARY: You will be there, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Weddings - not really my thing.

(He looks across and winks at her. She smiles.

The door opens.)

MOLLY: Hello, everyone.

JOHN: Hey, Molly.

MOLLY (holding hands with the man accompanying her): This is Tom.

(John stares at her boyfriend, almost does a double-take and then looks across the room to where Sherlock is looking out of the window.)

MOLLY: Tom, this is everyone.

TOM: Hi.

(John continues to look at him in surprise. The man could practically cosplay Sherlock at any respectable fandom convention. He is tall and slender, has dark curly hair - a little shorter than

Sherlock's - and has large pale blue eyes and prominent cheekbones. He is wearing a dark coat with the collar turned up and the scarf around his neck is tied the same way that Sherlock ties his.)
LESTRADE: Hi.

TOM: It's really nice to meet you all. (He looks at John.) Hi.

(John looks him up and down, grinning, then finally pulls himself together.)

JOHN: Wow. Yeah, hi. I'm John. (He shakes his hand.) Good to meet you.

(He looks across to Sherlock, who turns round from the window.)

SHERLOCK: Ready?

JOHN: Ready.

(Tom turns to meet Sherlock, who smiles down at Greg as he walks past him, then catches sight of Tom for the first time. He stops dead and his eyes widen. Tom looks at him equally wide-eyed as Sherlock gives him the once-over from his feet upwards.)

LESTRADE (walking across the room behind them): Champagne?

MOLLY: Yes.

(Sherlock's jaw drops open a little and he turns his eyes towards John, who grins back at him expectantly. Finally Sherlock holds out his hand to Tom, and they shake hands. Glancing down at Molly, Sherlock walks in between the couple and out of the door. Tom turns to watch him go.

Greg hands Molly a glass of champagne.)

MOLLY: Thanks.

(John starts to follow Sherlock, but stops briefly to take another look at Tom, who is taking a glass from Greg.)

TOM: Thank you.

(Still apparently not quite able to take in the similarity, John heads out of the room and closes the door behind him. Mrs Hudson gestures Tom towards the sofa.)

MRS HUDSON: Sit down, love.

TOM: Oh, thanks.

(As he walks over there, Greg turns to Molly.)

LESTRADE: So, um, is it serious, you two?

MOLLY (smiling): Yeah! I've moved on!

(A little doubtfully, Greg looks across to Tom who is already being chatted to by Mary and Mrs H. Outside on the landing, John walks over to Sherlock, who is looping his scarf around his neck. John points back towards the door.)

JOHN (quietly): Did you, er ...?

SHERLOCK (quietly): I'm not saying a word.

JOHN: No, best not.

(Sherlock looks down at how he has just tied his scarf, then throws up his hands with an exasperated expression and sighs. John looks at the door again, then turns back to Sherlock.)

JOHN: I'm still waiting.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: Why did they try and kill me? If they knew you were on to them, why go after me - put me in the bonfire?

SHERLOCK (picking up his coat): I don't know. I don't like not knowing.

(He trots down the stairs, John following.)

SHERLOCK: Unlike the nicely embellished fictions on your blog, John, real life is rarely so neat.

(He stops at the bottom of the stairs to put on his coat. John stops a couple of steps from the bottom.)

SHERLOCK: I don't know who was behind all this, but I will find out, I promise you.

JOHN: Don't pretend you're not enjoying this.

SHERLOCK (not looking round): Hmm?

JOHN: Being back. Being a hero again.

SHERLOCK: Oh, don't be stupid.

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

SHERLOCK (turning to face him): Love what?

JOHN: Being Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: I don't even know what that's supposed to mean.

(He turns and walks down the hall, putting on his gloves.)

JOHN: Sherlock, you are gonna tell me how you did it? How you jumped off that building and survived?

SHERLOCK (stopping but not turning round): You know my methods, John. I am known to be indestructible.

JOHN: No, but seriously. When you were dead, I went to your grave.

SHERLOCK: I should hope so.

JOHN: I made a little speech. I actually spoke to you.

SHERLOCK (turning to look at him): I know. I was there.

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

SHERLOCK (softly): I heard you.

(They look at each other for a moment, then Sherlock draws in a sharp breath and turns round.)

SHERLOCK: Anyway, time to go and be Sherlock Holmes.

(He smiles and starts towards the door, then hesitates for a moment and grimaces slightly before reaching to the coat rack. Taking his deerstalker from its peg, he puts it onto his head and tugs it into position, then opens the front door and goes out to meet the reporters as they gather round him, taking photos and shouting questions. John closes the door and steps to his side.)

Somewhere in a creepy-looking storage room, or laboratory, or warehouse, many rows of shelves are filled with files and folders. Displayed around the room are grotesque dolls, stuffed animals and unpleasant-looking sculptures. At the end of the room, a man wearing thin-rimmed glasses is watching film or CCTV footage displayed on the wall. It shows several angles of John being rescued from the bonfire. Some of it is on a loop, and Mary's anguished cry of "John!" repeats several times while Sherlock drags John out from underneath the bonfire. The man watches intently as the footage repeats over and over again, and his gaze finally settles on a freeze-frame of Sherlock leaning down to the fire just before he pulls John free. The man looks fixedly at Sherlock's image ... and his pupils rapidly contract.