

SHERLOCK

A Study in Pink

A comparison between the broadcast episode and the pilot episode

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This is a side-by-side comparison of the two episodes of *A Study in Pink*, comparing the broadcast version against the pilot episode. Similar scenes are presented side-by-side; and where one scene replaces another they are presented side-by-side. Wherever possible I have kept identical or similar moments lined up.

A full list of episode transcripts, DVD commentary summaries/transcripts, and transcripts of the DVD special features can be found at
<http://arianedever.livejournal.com/36505.html>

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Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>In a bedsit somewhere in London, John Watson is having a nightmare. He is reliving his Army days and his team is under fire somewhere abroad. A colleague cries out his name as the gunfire continues. Finally he jolts awake, distressed and panic-stricken. He sits up in bed wide-eyed and breathing heavily until he realises that he is safe and a long way from the war. Flopping back onto his pillow, he tries to calm his breathing as he continues to be haunted by his memories. Eventually, unable to stop himself, he begins to weep.</i></p> <p><i>Some time later he has sat up on the side of the bed and switched on the bedside lamp. It's still dark outside. John sits quietly, wrapped up in his thoughts, and looks across to the desk on the other side of the room. A metal walking cane is leaning against the desk. He looks at it unhappily, then continues to gaze into the distance. He will not be sleeping again tonight.</i></p>	<p><i>In a bedsit somewhere in London, John Watson sits up on the side of his bed in the middle of the night, sweating and distressed by the nightmare which has awoken him. Later he is sitting at the desk in his room, wrapped up in his thoughts, a glass of water in front of him. His gaze is drawn to the metal walking cane leaning against the desk. He looks at it unhappily.</i></p>
<p><i>DAY TIME. The sun has finally risen and John, now wearing a dressing gown over his night wear, hobbles across the room leaning heavily on his cane. In his other hand he has a mug of tea and an apple, both of which he puts down onto the desk. The mug bears the arms of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Sitting down, he opens the</i></p>	<p><i>DAY TIME. John, now dressed, opens the top drawer in the desk to get his laptop. As he lifts the computer out of the drawer, we see that there is a pistol underneath. He looks at the gun for a long moment before sliding the drawer closed. Putting the laptop onto the desk and opening the lid he hits a key to reactivate the screen and</i></p>

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<p><i>drawer in the desk to get his laptop. As he lifts the computer out of the drawer, we see that he also has a pistol in there. Putting the laptop onto the desk and opening the lid he looks at the webpage which has automatically loaded. It reads, "The personal blog of Dr. John H. Watson". The rest of the page is blank.</i></p>	<p><i>looks at the document page which appears. It reads, "The Personal Blog of Dr John H Watson". The rest of the page is blank.</i></p>
<p><i>Later he is at his psychotherapist's office and he sits in a chair opposite her.</i> ELLA: How's your blog going? JOHN: Yeah, good. <i>(He clears his throat awkwardly.)</i> Very good. ELLA: You haven't written a word, have you? JOHN <i>(pointing to Ella's notepad on her lap)</i>: You just wrote "Still has trust issues". ELLA: And you read my writing upside down. D'you see what I mean? <i>(John smiles awkwardly.)</i> ELLA: John, you're a soldier, and it's gonna take you a while to adjust to civilian life; and writing a blog about everything that happens to you will honestly help you.</p> <p><i>(John gazes back at her, his face full of despair.)</i> JOHN: <i>Nothing</i> happens to me.</p> <p><i>Opening credits.</i></p>	<p><i>Later he is at his psychotherapist's office and is sitting in a chair opposite her.</i> ELLA: How's your blog going? JOHN: Mmm, fine! Good. Very good. ELLA: Written much? JOHN <i>(instantly)</i>: Not a word. <i>(They both nod.)</i></p> <p>ELLA: John, it's going to take you a while to adjust to civilian life ... <i>(John grimaces.)</i> JOHN: Sure. ELLA: ... and it will help so much to write about everything that's happening to you. <i>(John gazes back at her, his face full of despair.)</i> JOHN: <i>Nothing</i> happens to me.</p> <p><i>Opening credits.</i></p>
<p><i>OCTOBER 12TH. A well-dressed middle-aged business man walks across the concourse of a busy London railway station talking into his mobile phone.</i> SIR JEFFREY: What d'you mean, there's no ruddy car? <i>(His secretary is at his office talking into her phone as she walks across the room.)</i> HELEN: He went to Waterloo. I'm sorry. Get a cab. SIR JEFFREY: I never get cabs. <i>(Helen looks around furtively to make sure that nobody is within earshot, then speaks quietly into the phone.)</i> HELEN: I love you. SIR JEFFREY <i>(suggestively)</i>: When? HELEN <i>(giggling)</i>: Get a cab! <i>(Smiling as he hangs up, Sir Jeffrey looks around for the cab rank.)</i></p> <p><i>Some unspecified time later, sitting on the floor by the window of what appears to be an office many storeys above ground, Sir</i></p>	<p><i>BRIXTON. Detective Inspector Lestrade makes his way along a corridor in a building and stands at the doorway to a room. Doctor Anderson comes out of the room, dressed in blue coveralls.</i> ANDERSON: As far as we can see, no marks on the body, no identification. LESTRADE: Same as the others? ANDERSON <i>(nodding)</i>: Exactly the same. <i>(He walks a few paces away to collect some evidence bags from a colleague. Lestrade takes out his phone and begins scrolling through its menu. Seeing what he's doing, Anderson looks awkward.)</i> ANDERSON: Um, you're not phoning ... <i>him</i>, are you? 'Cause we can handle this. We can absolutely handle it. <i>(Not looking up, Lestrade begins to dial.)</i> LESTRADE: You've got work to do. <i>(Sighing silently, Anderson goes back into the room. Lestrade raises the phone to his ear as it begins to ring out. He apparently immediately gets the voicemail of the</i></p>

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<p><i>Jeffrey unscrews the lid of a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules. Tipping one out, he stares ahead of himself wide-eyed and afraid as he puts the capsule into his mouth. Later, he is writhing on the floor in agony. We can now see that the office in which his dying body is lying is empty of furniture.</i></p> <p><i>POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE. Flanked by a police officer and another man who may be her solicitor or a family member, Sir Jeffrey's wife is sitting at a table making a statement to the press.</i></p> <p><i>MARGARET PATTERSON (tearfully as she reads from her statement): My husband was a happy man who lived life to the full. He loved his family and his work – and that he should have taken his own life in this way is a mystery and a shock to all who knew him.</i></p> <p><i>(Standing at one side of the room, Helen tries to keep control of her feelings but eventually closes her eyes and lets the tears roll down her face.)</i></p> <p><i>NOVEMBER 26TH. Two boys in their late teens are running down a street at night in the pouring rain. Gary has opened a fold-up umbrella and is trying to keep it under control in the wind, while Jimmy has his jacket pulled up over his head. He calls out in triumph as a black cab approaches with its yellow sign lit to show that it is available for hire.</i></p> <p><i>JIMMY: Yes, yes, taxi, yes!</i></p> <p><i>(He whistles and waves to the taxi but it drives past. He makes an exasperated sound, then starts to head back in the direction he just came, looking round at his friend.)</i></p> <p><i>JIMMY: I'll be back in two minutes, mate.</i></p> <p><i>GARY: What?</i></p> <p><i>JIMMY: I'm just going home; get my mum's umbrella.</i></p> <p><i>GARY: You can share mine!</i></p> <p><i>JIMMY: Two minutes, all right?</i></p> <p><i>(He walks away. Some time later Gary looks at his watch, apparently worried because Jimmy has been gone for too long. He turns around and heads back in pursuit of his friend.)</i></p> <p><i>Some unspecified time later, Jimmy sits crying and clutching a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules. He</i></p>	<p><i>person he's calling.)</i></p> <p><i>LESTRADE (into phone): This is Inspector Lestrade. Please call me as soon as you get this. I think we're gonna need you.</i></p> <p><i>(He hangs up and sighs as he looks at the crime scene.)</i></p>

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<p><i>unscrews the lid, his hands shaking, and sobs. We see that he is sitting on a window ledge inside a sports centre overlooking a sports court.</i></p> <p><i>The following day, an article in The Daily Express runs the headline "Boy, 18, kills himself inside sports centre".</i></p> <p><i>JANUARY 27TH. At a public venue, a party is being held. A large poster showing a photograph of the guest of honour is labelled "Your local MP, Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport". As pounding dance music comes from inside the room, one of Beth's aides walks out of the room and goes over to her male colleague who is standing at the bar. He looks at her in exasperation.</i></p> <p><i>AIDE 1: Is she still dancing?</i> <i>AIDE 2: Yeah, if you can call it that.</i> <i>AIDE 1: Did you get the car keys off her?</i> <i>AIDE 2 (showing him the keys): Got 'em out of her bag.</i> <i>(The man smiles in satisfaction, then looks into the dance hall and frowns.)</i> <i>AIDE 1: Where is she?</i></p> <p><i>Beth has slipped out of the venue and is standing at the side of her car searching through her handbag for her keys. She sighs when she can't find them and looks around helplessly.</i></p> <p><i>Some unspecified time later, Beth sobs hysterically as she stands inside a portacabin on a building site. As she continues to cry, she reaches out a trembling hand towards a small glass bottle which contains three large capsules.</i></p> <p><i>POLICE PRESS CONFERENCE. Detective Inspector Lestrade sits at the table looking uncomfortable as his colleague sitting beside him, Detective Sergeant Sally Donovan, addresses the gathered press reporters.</i></p> <p><i>DONOVAN: The body of Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport, was found late last night on a building site in Greater London. Preliminary investigations suggest that this was suicide. We can confirm that this apparent suicide closely resembles those of Sir Jeffrey Patterson and James Phillimore. In the light of this, these incidents are now being treated as linked.</i></p>	

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<p>The investigation is ongoing but Detective Inspector Lestrade will take questions now.</p> <p>REPORTER 1: Detective Inspector, how can suicides be linked?</p> <p>LESTRADE: Well, they all took the same poison; um, they were all found in places they had no reason to be; none of them had shown any prior indication of ...</p> <p>REPORTER 1 (<i>interrupting</i>): But you can't have serial suicides.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Well, apparently you <i>can</i>.</p> <p>REPORTER 2: These three people: there's nothing that links them?</p> <p>LESTRADE: There's no link been found <i>yet</i>, but we're looking for it. There has to <i>be</i> one.</p> <p><i>(Everybody's mobile phone trills a text alert simultaneously. As they look at their phones, each message reads:</i></p> <p>Wrong!</p> <p><i>Donovan looks at the same message on her own phone.)</i></p> <p>DONOVAN: If you've all got texts, please ignore them.</p> <p>REPORTER 1: Just says, 'Wrong'.</p> <p>DONOVAN: Yeah, well, just ignore that. Okay, if there are no more questions for Detective Inspector Lestrade, I'm going to bring this session to an end.</p> <p>REPORTER 2: But if they're suicides, what are you investigating?</p> <p>LESTRADE: As I say, these ... these suicides are <i>clearly</i> linked. Um, it's an ... it's an unusual situation. We've got our best people investigating ...</p> <p><i>(Everybody's mobile trills another text alert and again each message reads "Wrong!")</i></p> <p>REPORTER 1: Says, 'Wrong' again.</p> <p><i>(Lestrade looks despairingly at Sally.)</i></p> <p>DONOVAN (<i>to the reporters</i>): One more question.</p> <p>REPORTER 3: Is there any chance that these are murders, and if they are, is this the work of a serial killer?</p> <p>LESTRADE: I ... I know that you like writing about these, but these do appear to be suicides. We know the difference. The, um, the poison was <i>clearly</i> self-administered.</p> <p>REPORTER 3: Yes, but if they <i>are</i> murders, how do people keep themselves safe?</p> <p>LESTRADE: Well, don't commit suicide.</p> <p><i>(The reporter looks at him in shock. Donovan covers her mouth and murmurs a</i></p>	

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<p><i>warning.)</i> DONOVAN: "Daily Mail." <i>(Lestrade grimaces and looks at the reporters again.)</i> LESTRADE: Obviously this is a frightening time for people, but all anyone has to do is exercise reasonable precautions. We are all as safe as we want to be. <i>(Again the mobiles trill their text alerts, and once more each message reads "Wrong!" But Lestrade's phone takes a moment longer to alert him to a text and when he looks at it, the message reads:</i></p> <p>You know where to find me. SH</p> <p><i>Looking exasperated, he puts the phone into his pocket and looks at the reporters as he stands up.)</i> LESTRADE: Thank you.</p> <p><i>Shortly afterwards, he and Donovan are walking through the offices of New Scotland Yard.</i> DONOVAN: You've got to stop him doing that. He's making us look like idiots. LESTRADE: Well, if you can tell me <i>how</i> he does it, I'll stop him.</p>	
<p><i>RUSSELL SQUARE PARK. John is limping briskly through the park, leaning heavily on his cane. As he walks past a man sitting on the bench, the man stares after him, clearly recognising him. He calls out.</i></p> <p>MIKE: John! John Watson! <i>(John turns back to Mike as he stands up and hurries towards him, smiling.)</i> MIKE: Stamford. Mike Stamford. We were at Bart's together. JOHN: Yes, sorry, yes, Mike. <i>(He takes Mike's offered hand and shakes it.)</i> Hello, hi. MIKE <i>(grinning and gesturing to himself)</i>: Yeah, I know. I got fat! JOHN <i>(trying to sound convincing)</i>: No. MIKE: I heard you were abroad somewhere, getting shot at. What happened? JOHN <i>(awkwardly)</i>: I got shot. <i>(They both look embarrassed.)</i></p>	<p><i>TUESDAY 13 JANUARY [as indicated by the date on John's phone later in the episode]. PICCADILLY CIRCUS. A newspaper stand carries the headline "4th SUICIDE MURDER VICTIM". John is walking down the road, leaning heavily on his cane. A man in a raincoat and carrying a briefcase walks past him, then turns and stares at him, clearly recognising him. He calls out.</i> MIKE: John! John Watson! <i>(John stops and turns around. Mike hurries towards him, smiling.)</i> MIKE: Stamford. Mike Stamford. We were at Bart's together. JOHN: Yes, sorry, yes, Mike. <i>(He takes Mike's offered hand and shakes it.)</i> Hello.</p> <p>MIKE <i>(grinning and gesturing to himself)</i>: Yeah, I know. I got fat! JOHN <i>(trying to sound convincing)</i>: No. MIKE: I heard you were abroad somewhere, getting shot at. What happened? JOHN <i>(awkwardly)</i>: I got shot.</p>

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<p><i>A little later they have bought take-away coffees and are sitting side by side on a bench in the park. Mike looks at John worriedly. Oblivious, John takes a sip from his coffee then looks across to his old friend.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Are you still at Bart's, then?</p> <p>MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them! <i>(They both laugh.)</i></p> <p>MIKE: What about you? Just staying in town 'til you get yourself sorted?</p> <p>JOHN: I can't afford London on an Army pension.</p> <p>MIKE: Ah, and you couldn't bear to be anywhere else. That's not the John Watson I know.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(uncomfortably)</i>: Yeah, I'm not the John Watson ...</p> <p><i>(He stops. Mike awkwardly looks away and drinks his coffee. John switches his own cup to his right hand and looks down at his left hand, clenching it into a fist as he tries to control the tremor that has started. Mike looks round at him again.)</i></p> <p>MIKE: Couldn't Harry help?</p> <p>JOHN <i>(sarcastically)</i>: Yeah, like <i>that's</i> gonna happen!</p> <p>MIKE <i>(shrugging)</i>: I dunno – get a flatshare or something?</p> <p>JOHN: Come on – who'd want <i>me</i> for a flatmate?</p> <p><i>(Mike chuckles thoughtfully.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: What?</p> <p>MIKE: Well, you're the second person to say that to me today.</p> <p>JOHN: Who was the first?</p>	<p><i>A little later they are sitting opposite each other at a table in the bar of the Criterion restaurant. They each have a glass of wine – John's wine is red and Mike's white. A waiter brings them a basket of bread rolls and collects their menus as they talk.</i></p> <p>JOHN: So you're still at Bart's, then?</p> <p>MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them! <i>(John smiles.)</i></p> <p>MIKE: What about you? Staying in town 'til you get yourself sorted?</p> <p>JOHN: Can't afford London on an Army pension.</p> <p>MIKE <i>(shrugging)</i>: I dunno – get yourself a flatshare or something?</p> <p>JOHN: Who'd want me for a flatmate?</p> <p><i>(Mike chuckles thoughtfully.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: What?</p> <p>MIKE: Well, you're the second person to say that to me today.</p> <p>JOHN: Who was the first?</p>
<p><i>ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MORGUE. Sherlock Holmes unzips the body bag lying on the table and peers at the corpse inside. He sniffs.</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: How fresh?</p> <p><i>(Morgue assistant Molly Hooper walks over.)</i></p> <p>MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here. I knew him. He was nice.</p> <p><i>(Zipping the bag up again, Sherlock straightens up, turns to her and smiles falsely.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Fine. We'll start with the riding crop.</p>	<p><i>ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MORGUE. Sherlock Holmes unzips the body bag lying on the table and peers at the corpse inside. He sniffs.</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: How fresh?</p> <p><i>(Morgue assistant Molly Hooper walks over.)</i></p> <p>MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here – donated his body. I knew him. He was nice.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock straightens up and turns to her.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Fine. We'll start with the riding crop.</p>
<p><i>Shortly afterwards the body has been removed from the bag and is lying on its</i></p>	<p><i>Shortly afterwards the body has been removed from the bag and is lying on its</i></p>

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<p><i>back on the table. In the observation room next door, Molly watches and flinches while Sherlock flogs the body repeatedly and violently with a riding crop, but her face is also full of admiration. She walks back into the room and as he finishes and straightens up, breathless, she goes over to him.</i></p> <p>MOLLY (<i>jokingly</i>): So, bad day, was it?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>ignoring her banter as he gets out a notebook and starts writing in it</i>): I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man's alibi depends on it. Text me.</p> <p>MOLLY: Listen, I was wondering: maybe later, when you're finished ... (<i>Sherlock glances across to her as he is writing, then does a double-take and frowns at her.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren't wearing lipstick before.</p> <p>MOLLY (<i>nervously</i>): I, er, I refreshed it a bit. (<i>She smiles at him flirtatiously. He gives her a long oblivious look, then goes back to writing in his notebook.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?</p> <p>MOLLY (<i>gazing at him intently</i>): I was wondering if you'd like to have coffee. (<i>Sherlock puts his notebook away.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I'll be upstairs. (<i>He walks away.</i>)</p> <p>MOLLY: ... Okay.</p>	<p><i>front on the table. In the observation room next door, Molly watches while Sherlock flogs the body repeatedly and violently with a riding crop, grunting with the effort. She walks back into the room.</i></p> <p>MOLLY (<i>jokingly</i>): So, bad day, was it? (<i>Sherlock turns and puts the crop down on a nearby shelf.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man's alibi depends on it. Text me. (<i>Picking up his coat, he starts to walk past her on his way out of the room.</i>)</p> <p>MOLLY (<i>a little nervously</i>): Listen, I was wondering: maybe later ... (<i>Sherlock stops and frowns at her.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren't wearing lipstick before.</p> <p>MOLLY: I just refreshed it a bit. (<i>She smiles at him nervously.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?</p> <p>MOLLY (<i>gazing at him intently</i>): I was wondering if you'd like to have coffee.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I'll be upstairs. (<i>He smiles falsely at her and walks away.</i>)</p> <p>MOLLY: ... Okay.</p>
<p><i>BART'S LAB. Sherlock is standing at the far end of the lab using a pipette to squeeze a few drops of liquid onto a Petri dish.</i></p>	<p><i>BART'S COMPUTER LAB. In a room full of computers, Sherlock is currently the only person there, typing on one of the computers as he works his way through his emails. He is typing an email to "mycroft@dsux.org" and the subject line reads: "Re: An impossible situation". He types into the message box:</i></p> <p>When you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains must be the truth.</p> <p><i>[And can your transcriber point out that he must be on a really cheap and rubbish email system because it has items on the menu called "Attac" and "Signiture"?!] It's not clear whether he then sends that email or just shifts windows to his Inbox, which consists of the following emails</i></p>

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	<p><i>[address, followed by the Subject]:</i></p> <p>lestrade@strade.org.uk : Please call me mycroft@dsux.org : An impossible situation gregson@ftnu.co.uk : RE: Church bell theft smith@smithson.org : The curious cow jones@jkjoes.com : Samson and Del drhopp@drdoc.net : Strange substance in pocket</p> <p><i>He begins to type a new email to "gregson@ftnu.co.uk" [although, for some odd reason he types the address manually instead of just clicking on 'Reply'] with the Subject line of, "re: RE: Church bell theft". In the message box he types:</i></p> <p>If you can see the church from the bedroom window, Davies is your man.</p> <p><i>He goes back to the Inbox and opens the email from "lestrade@strade.org.uk" headed 'Please call me'. The message reads simply:</i></p> <p>Please call me. Lestrade</p> <p><i>Smirking, Sherlock deletes the email.</i></p>
<p><i>Mike knocks on the door and brings John in with him. Sherlock glances across at them briefly before looking at his work again. John limps into the room, looking around at all the equipment.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Well, bit different from my day.</p> <p>MIKE (<i>chuckling</i>): You've no idea! SHERLOCK (<i>sitting down</i>): Mike, can I borrow your phone? There's no signal on mine. MIKE: And what's wrong with the landline?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I prefer to text.</p> <p>MIKE: Sorry. It's in my coat. <i>(John fishes in his back pocket and takes out his own phone.)</i> JOHN: Er, here. Use mine. SHERLOCK: Oh. Thank you. <i>(Glancing briefly at Mike, he stands up and walks towards John. Mike introduces him.)</i> MIKE: It's an old friend of mine, John Watson. <i>(Sherlock reaches John and takes his</i></p>	<p><i>As he begins to type a new email to "jones@" ... [before the camera cuts away], Mike – who has taken off his outdoor coat and replaced it with a white lab coat – leads John into the room. As Sherlock looks round at them, Mike stops and looks expectantly at John.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Well, it's a bit different from my day.</p> <p>MIKE (<i>chuckling</i>): You've no idea! SHERLOCK (<i>looking back at his computer</i>): Mike, can I borrow your phone? No signal on mine. MIKE (<i>sighing</i>): And what's wrong with the landline? SHERLOCK: I'd rather text. <i>(Mike searches in his coat pockets but only comes up with a notebook.)</i> MIKE: Sorry. Other coat. <i>(John fishes in his jacket pocket and takes out his own phone.)</i> JOHN: Oh, here. Use mine. SHERLOCK (<i>standing up and turning to John as he brings the phone across the room to him</i>): Oh. Thank you. MIKE: It's an old mate of mine, John Watson. <i>(Taking the phone, Sherlock sits down</i></p>

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<p><i>phone from him. Turning partially away from him, he flips open the keypad and starts to type on it.)</i> SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq? <i>(John frowns. Nearby, Mike smiles knowingly. John looks at Sherlock as he continues to type.)</i> JOHN: Sorry? SHERLOCK: Which was it – Afghanistan or Iraq? <i>(He briefly raises his eyes to John's before looking back to the phone. John hesitates, then looks across to Mike, confused. Mike just smiles smugly.)</i> JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...? <i>(Sherlock looks up as Molly comes into the room holding a mug of coffee.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Ah, Molly, coffee. Thank you. <i>(He shuts down John's phone and hands it back as Molly brings the mug over to him. He looks closely at her as he takes the mug. Her mouth is paler again.)</i> SHERLOCK: What happened to the lipstick? MOLLY <i>(smiling awkwardly at him)</i>: It wasn't working for me. SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Your mouth's too small now. <i>(He turns and walks back to his station, taking a sip from the mug and grimacing at the taste.)</i> MOLLY: ... Okay. <i>(She turns and heads back towards the door.)</i> SHERLOCK: How do you feel about the violin?</p> <p><i>(John looks round at Molly but she's on her way out the door. He glances at Mike who is still smiling smugly, and finally realises that Sherlock is talking to him.)</i> JOHN: I'm sorry, what? SHERLOCK <i>(typing on a laptop keyboard as he talks)</i>: I play the violin when I'm thinking. Sometimes I don't talk for days on end. <i>(He looks round at John.)</i> Would that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other. <i>(He throws a hideously false smile at John, who looks at him blankly for a moment then looks across to Mike.)</i> JOHN: Oh, you ... you told him about me? MIKE: Not a word. JOHN <i>(turning to Sherlock again)</i>: Then who said anything about flatmates?</p>	<p><i>again with his back to the others.)</i> SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq? <i>(John smiles awkwardly, bewildered by the question.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...? <i>(Already texting on John's phone, Sherlock looks round as Molly comes into the room holding a mug of coffee.)</i> SHERLOCK: Ah, coffee. Thank you, Molly. <i>(He hands John's phone back to him as Molly brings the mug over to him. He looks closely at her as she puts the mug down on the table. Her mouth is paler again.)</i> SHERLOCK: What happened to the lipstick? MOLLY <i>(smiling awkwardly at him)</i>: It wasn't working for me. SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Mouth's too small now. <i>(He picks up the mug and takes a sip.)</i></p> <p>MOLLY <i>(unhappily)</i>: Okay. <i>(She turns and heads back towards the door.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(putting the mug down and starting to type again)</i>: How d'you feel about the violin? <i>(John has been watching Molly but realises that Sherlock is talking to him.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: I'm sorry, what? SHERLOCK <i>(still typing)</i>: I play the violin when I'm thinking. Sometimes I don't talk for days on end. <i>(He half glances round towards John.)</i> Would that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other. <i>(John looks round at Mike.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Oh, you told him about me? MIKE <i>(smiling smugly)</i>: Not a word. JOHN <i>(turning to Sherlock again)</i>: Then who said anything about flatmates?</p>

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<p>SHERLOCK (<i>picking up his greatcoat and putting it on</i>): I did. Told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is just after lunch with an old friend, clearly just home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn't that difficult a leap.</p> <p>JOHN: How <i>did</i> you know about Afghanistan?</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock ignores the question, wraps his scarf around his neck, then picks up his mobile and checks it.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we ought to be able to afford it.</p> <p>(<i>He walks towards John.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: We'll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o'clock. Sorry – gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.</p> <p>(<i>Putting his phone into the inside pocket of his coat, he walks past John and heads for the door.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN (<i>turning to look at him</i>): Is that it?</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock turns back from the door and strolls closer to John again.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Is that what?</p> <p>JOHN: We've only just met and we're gonna go and look at a flat?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Problem?</p> <p>(<i>John smiles in disbelief, looking across to Mike for help, but his friend just continues to smile as he looks at Sherlock. John turns back to the younger man.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: We don't know a thing about each other; I don't know where we're meeting; I don't even know your name.</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock looks closely at him for a moment before speaking.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I know you're an Army doctor and you've been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you've got a brother who's worried about you but you won't go to him for help because you don't approve of him – possibly because he's an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that your therapist thinks your limp's psychosomatic – quite correctly, I'm afraid.</p> <p>(<i>John looks down at his leg and cane and shuffles his feet awkwardly.</i>)</p>	<p>SHERLOCK (<i>standing up and putting on his greatcoat</i>): I did. I told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is after lunch with an old friend clearly home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn't a difficult leap.</p> <p>JOHN: How did you know about Afghanistan?</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock ignores the question and leans forward to shut down the computer.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we could afford it. We'll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o'clock.</p> <p>(<i>He heads towards the door.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Sorry – I've gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.</p> <p>(<i>John throws a disbelieving grin at Mike and then turns towards the departing Sherlock.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: Is that it?</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock stops near the door.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Is that what?</p> <p>JOHN: We've just met and we're gonna go and look at a flat?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Problem?</p> <p>(<i>John throws another look at Mike but he says nothing. John turns back to the younger man.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: We don't know a <i>thing</i> about each other; I don't know your name; I don't even know where we're meeting.</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock lowers his gaze momentarily, then quirks a brief grin as he raises his eyes again.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I know you're an Army doctor and you've recently been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you've got a brother with a bit of money who's worried about you but you won't go to him for help because you don't approve of him – possibly because he's an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife.</p> <p>(<i>John stares at him in surprise. Behind him, Mike lowers his head with a smug smile on his face.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: And I know your therapist thinks your limp's psychosomatic – quite correctly, I'm afraid.</p> <p>(<i>He smiles very briefly.</i>)</p>

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<p>SHERLOCK (<i>smugly</i>): That's enough to be going on with, don't you think? (<i>He turns and walks to the door again, opening it and going through, but then leans back into the room again.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: The name's Sherlock Holmes and the address is two two one B Baker Street. (<i>He click-winks at John, then looks round at Mike.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Afternoon. (<i>Mike raises a finger in farewell as Sherlock disappears from the room. As the door slams shut behind him, John turns and looks at Mike in disbelief. Mike smiles and nods to him.</i>)</p> <p>MIKE: Yeah. He's always like that.</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: That's enough to be going on with, don't you think? (<i>He turns and walks towards the door again, but then comes back and leans around the wall which blocks the door from view.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: The name's Sherlock Holmes and the address is two two one B Baker Street. (<i>He click-winks at John.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Afternoon. (<i>He turns and leaves the room. As the door slams shut behind him, John turns and looks at Mike in disbelief. Mike smiles and nods to him.</i>)</p> <p>MIKE: Yeah. He's always like that. (<i>He turns and walks away. John looks back towards the door, still looking confused.</i>)</p>
<p>LATER. John has returned to his bedsit. Sitting down on the bed, he takes out his mobile phone and flicks through the menu to find Messages Sent. The last message reads:</p> <p>If brother has green ladder arrest brother. SH</p> <p>(<i>Puzzled, John looks at the message for a long moment, then looks across to the table where his laptop is lying. He pushes himself to his feet and walks over to the table. Shortly afterwards, he has called up a search website called Quest and types "Sherlock Holmes" into the search box.</i>)</p> <p><i>In an unknown location, a woman wearing a pink overcoat and pink high-heeled shoes slowly reaches down with a trembling hand towards a clear glass bottle which is standing on the bare floorboards and which contains three large capsules. Her fingers close around the bottle and she slowly lifts it off the floor, her hand still shaking.</i></p>	
<p>THE NEXT DAY. BAKER STREET, LONDON W1. John limps along the road and reaches the door marked 221B just as a black cab pulls up at the kerb. John knocks on the door as Sherlock gets out of the cab. SHERLOCK: Hello. (<i>He reaches in through the window of the cab and hands some money to the cab</i></p>	<p>THE NEXT DAY. BAKER STREET, LONDON W1. John limps along the road and reaches the door marked 221B. Next door is a café restaurant which has a sign above the window reading "Mrs Hudson's Snax 'n' Sarnies" which is not only appalling spelling but commits the ultimate sin of being</p>

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<p>driver.) SHERLOCK: Thank you.</p> <p><i>(John turns towards him as he walks over.)</i> JOHN: Ah, Mr. Holmes. SHERLOCK: Sherlock, please. <i>(They shake hands.)</i> JOHN: Well, this is a prime spot. Must be expensive. SHERLOCK: Oh, Mrs Hudson, the landlady, she's giving me a special deal. Owes me a favour. A few years back, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out. JOHN: Sorry, you stopped her husband being executed? SHERLOCK: Oh no. I ensured it. <i>(He smiles at John as the front door is opened by Mrs Hudson, who opens her arms to the younger man.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, hello. <i>(Sherlock turns and walks into her arms, hugging her briefly, then steps back and presents John to her.)</i> SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, Doctor John Watson. MRS HUDSON: Hello. JOHN: How do? MRS HUDSON <i>(gesturing John inside)</i>: Come in. JOHN: Thank you. SHERLOCK: Shall we? MRS HUDSON: Yeah.</p>	<p><i>written in Comic Sans font. As John stands and looks at the sign a black cab pulls up at the kerb and Sherlock gets out and walks over to him.</i> SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, our landlady. <i>(He smiles as John turns to him.)</i> JOHN: Ah, Mr. Holmes. SHERLOCK: Sherlock, please. <i>(They shake hands, then walk towards the door of 221B.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Getting a special rate. Owes me a favour. A few years ago, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out. <i>(He knocks on the door.)</i> JOHN: You stopped her husband being executed? SHERLOCK: Oh no. I ensured it. <i>(The door is opened by Mrs Hudson, who opens her arms to the younger man.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, hello. <i>(Sherlock turns and walks into her arms, hugging her briefly. As he steps back she gestures the boys inside.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Come in, come in! <i>(Sherlock leads the way inside.)</i> JOHN <i>(as he passes Mrs Hudson)</i>: Thank you.</p>
<p><i>(The men go inside and Mrs Hudson closes the door. Sherlock trots up the stairs to the first floor, then pauses and waits for John to hobble upstairs. As John reaches the top of the stairs, Sherlock opens the door ahead of him and walks in, revealing the living room of the flat. John follows him in and looks around the room and at all the possessions and boxes scattered around it.)</i> JOHN: Well, this could be very nice. Very nice indeed. SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes, I think so. My thoughts precisely. <i>(He looks around the flat happily.)</i> SHERLOCK: So I went straight ahead and moved in. JOHN <i>(simultaneously)</i>: Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out ... Oh. <i>(He pauses, embarrassed, as he realises</i></p>	<p><i>(Mrs Hudson closes the door. Sherlock trots up the stairs to the first floor, then pauses and waits for John to hobble upstairs. As John reaches the top of the stairs, Sherlock opens the door ahead of him and walks in, revealing the living room of the flat. John follows him in and looks around the room and at all the possessions scattered around it.)</i> JOHN: Well, this could be very nice. Very nice indeed. SHERLOCK: Yes, I think so. My thoughts exactly. <i>(He walks across the room.)</i> SHERLOCK: So I went ahead and moved in. JOHN <i>(simultaneously)</i>: Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out ... <i>(He pauses, embarrassed, as he realises</i></p>

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<p><i>what Sherlock was saying.)</i> JOHN: So this is all ... SHERLOCK: Well, obviously I can, um, straighten things up a bit. <i>(He walks across the room and makes a half-hearted attempt to tidy up a little, throwing a couple of folders into a box and then taking some apparently unopened envelopes across to the fireplace where he puts them onto the mantelpiece and then stabs a multi tool knife into them. John has noticed something else on the mantelpiece and lifts his cane to point at it.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: That's a skull. SHERLOCK: Friend of mine. When I say 'friend' ... <i>(Mrs Hudson has followed them into the room. She picks up a cup and saucer as Sherlock takes off his greatcoat and scarf.)</i> MRS HUDSON: What do you think, then, Doctor Watson? There's another bedroom upstairs if you'll be <i>needing</i> two bedrooms.</p> <p>JOHN: Of <i>course</i> we'll be needing two.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Oh, don't worry; there's all sorts round here. <i>(Confidentially, dropping her voice to a whisper by the end of the sentence)</i> Mrs Turner next door's got married ones. <i>(John looks across to Sherlock, expecting him to confirm that he and John are not involved in that way but Sherlock appears oblivious to what's being insinuated. Mrs Hudson walks across to the kitchen, then turns back and frowns at Sherlock.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock. The mess you've made. <i>(As she goes into the kitchen and starts tidying up, John walks over to one of the two armchairs, plumps up a cushion on the chair and then drops heavily down into it. He looks across to Sherlock who is still tidying up a little.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: I looked you up on the internet last night. SHERLOCK <i>(turning around to him)</i>: Anything interesting? JOHN: Found your website, The Science of Deduction. SHERLOCK <i>(smiling proudly)</i>: What did you</p>	<p><i>what Sherlock was saying.)</i> JOHN: So ... this is all <i>your</i> stuff. SHERLOCK: Obviously I can straighten things up ... a bit. <i>(He walks across the room and picks up some newspapers from one of the two armchairs, tossing them straight onto a nearby dining chair. John has noticed something on the mantelpiece and peers closely at it as Sherlock takes some apparently unopened envelopes across to the fireplace where he puts them onto the mantelpiece and then stabs a multi tool knife into them.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: That's a real skull. SHERLOCK: Friend of mine. Well, I say 'friend' ... <i>(He grins. Mrs Hudson has followed them into the room.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: What d'you think, Doctor Watson? JOHN <i>(turning to her)</i>: Hmm? MRS HUDSON <i>(pointing upwards)</i>: There's another bedroom upstairs ... <i>(she winks)</i> ... if you'll be <i>needing</i> two bedrooms. JOHN: Well, of <i>course</i> we'll be needing two. MRS HUDSON: Oh, don't worry; there's all sorts round here. Mrs Turner next door's got married ones. <i>(John looks at her, startled. Unperturbed, she picks up a waste paper bin and walks across the room.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Sherlock. The mess you've made. <i>(As she starts tidying up and then goes into the kitchen, humming to herself, John looks around the room again. Sherlock has taken his greatcoat off and is rummaging through papers on the bureau by the windows. John walks over to one of the two armchairs and drops heavily down into it.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Oh, I, um, looked you up on the internet last night. SHERLOCK <i>(looking round at him)</i>: Anything interesting? JOHN: Found your website, The Science of Deduction. SHERLOCK: What did you think?</p>

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<p>think? <i>(John throws him a "you have got to be kidding me" type of look. Sherlock looks hurt.)</i> JOHN: You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and an airline pilot by his left thumb.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Yes; and I can read your military career in your face and your leg, and your brother's drinking habits in your mobile phone.</p> <p>JOHN: How?</p> <p><i>(Sherlock smiles and turns away. Mrs Hudson comes out of the kitchen reading the newspaper.)</i> MRS HUDSON: What about these suicides then, Sherlock? I thought that'd be right up your street. Three exactly the same. <i>(Sherlock walks over to the window of the living room as a car pulls up outside.)</i> SHERLOCK: Four. <i>(He looks down at the car as someone gets out of it. The vehicle is a police car with its lights flashing on the roof.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: There's been a fourth. And there's something different this time. MRS HUDSON: A fourth? <i>(Sherlock turns as D.I. Lestrade [who apparently must have picked the lock on the front door ... like you do ...] trots up the stairs and comes into the living room.)</i> SHERLOCK: Where? LESTRADE: Brixton, Lauriston Gardens. SHERLOCK: What's new about this one? You wouldn't have come to get me if there wasn't something different. LESTRADE: You know how they never leave notes? SHERLOCK: Yeah. LESTRADE: This one did. Will you come? SHERLOCK: Who's on forensics? LESTRADE: It's Anderson. SHERLOCK <i>(grimacing)</i>: Anderson won't work with me.</p>	<p>JOHN: Quite amusing, I suppose. <i>(Sherlock looks at him indignantly.)</i> SHERLOCK: "Amusing"?</p> <p>JOHN: You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and – what was it? – a retired plumber by his left hand. SHERLOCK: Yes; and I can read your military career by your face and your leg, and your brother's drinking habits by your mobile phone. MRS HUDSON <i>(to herself as she comes out of the kitchen and continues to tidy up)</i>: The state of the place already. JOHN <i>(to Sherlock)</i>: How? SHERLOCK: You read the article. JOHN: The article was absurd. SHERLOCK <i>(turning round to face him again)</i>: But I know about his drinking habits. I even know that he left his wife. <i>(Mrs Hudson has picked up a copy of The Times newspaper and is looking at the front page.)</i> MRS HUDSON: What about these suicides then, Sherlock? Thought that'd be right up your street. Been a fourth one now. <i>(Outside the windows, the lights of a police car flash as it approaches with its siren going. Sherlock walks over to the window as the car pulls up outside.)</i> SHERLOCK: Yes, actually. Very much up my street. JOHN <i>(leaning forward in the chair)</i>: Can I just ask: what is your street? SHERLOCK <i>(looking down at the police car)</i>: There's been a fifth.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock turns as D.I. Lestrade [who apparently must have picked the lock on the front door ... like you do ...] trots up the stairs and comes into the living room.)</i> SHERLOCK: Where this time? LESTRADE: Brixton, Lauriston Gardens. Will you come?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Who's on forensics? LESTRADE: It's Anderson. SHERLOCK: Anderson won't work with me.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>LESTRADE: Well, he won't be your assistant. SHERLOCK: I <i>need</i> an assistant. LESTRADE: Will you come? SHERLOCK: Not in a police car. I'll be right behind. LESTRADE: Thank you. <i>(Looking round at John and Mrs Hudson for a moment, he turns and hurries off down the stairs. Sherlock waits until he has reached the front door, then leaps into the air and clenches his fists triumphantly before twirling around the room happily.)</i> SHERLOCK: Brilliant! Yes! Ah, four serial suicides, and now a note! Oh, it's Christmas! <i>(Picking up his scarf and coat he starts to put them on as he heads for the kitchen.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, I'll be late. Might need some food. MRS HUDSON: I'm your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Something cold will do. John, have a cup of tea, make yourself at home. Don't wait up! <i>(Grabbing a small leather pouch from the kitchen table, he opens the kitchen door and disappears from view. Mrs Hudson turns back to John.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Look at him, dashing about! My husband was just the same. <i>(John grimaces at her repeated implication that he and Sherlock are an item.)</i> MRS HUDSON: But you're more the sitting-down type, I can tell. <i>(John looks uncomfortable.)</i> MRS HUDSON <i>(turning towards the door)</i>: I'll make you that cuppa. You rest your leg. JOHN <i>(loudly)</i>: Damn my leg! <i>(His response was instinctive and he is immediately apologetic as Mrs Hudson turns back to him in shock.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Sorry, I'm so sorry. It's just sometimes this bloody thing ... <i>(He bashes his leg with his cane.)</i> MRS HUDSON: I understand, dear; I've got a hip.</p>	<p>LESTRADE: He won't be your assistant. SHERLOCK: But I <i>need</i> an assistant. LESTRADE: Will you come? SHERLOCK: Not in a police car. I'll be right behind. LESTRADE: Thank you. <i>(Looking round at John and Mrs Hudson for a moment, he turns and leaves the room. Biting his lip to hold back his delighted smile, Sherlock waits until the inspector is trotting down the stairs, then clenches his fists triumphantly and leaps into the air.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh! Brilliant! <i>(Mrs Hudson giggles happily for him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Thought it was gonna be a dull evening. <i>(He starts putting his coat on.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(to John)</i>: Honestly, can't beat a really imaginative serial killer when there's nothing on the telly. <i>(Leaping across the room as he puts his scarf on, he goes across to the bureau.)</i> SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, I may be out late. Might need some food. MRS HUDSON: I'm your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper. <i>(Sherlock picks up a small pouch of equipment and checks the implements inside it.)</i> SHERLOCK: Something cold will do. John, make yourself at home. Er, have a cup of tea. Don't wait up. <i>(He races out of the door and disappears from view. Mrs Hudson giggles.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Look at him, dashing about! My husband was just the same. <i>(John sits back in his chair, looking tired.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: But you're more the sitting-down type, I can tell. <i>(John looks uncomfortable.)</i> MRS HUDSON <i>(heading for the kitchen)</i>: I'll make you that cuppa. You rest your leg. JOHN <i>(loudly)</i>: Damn my leg! <i>(His response was instinctive and he is immediately apologetic as Mrs Hudson gasps and comes back to him as she makes an indignant sound.)</i> JOHN: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's just that sometimes this bloody thing ... <i>(He bashes his leg with his cane.)</i> MRS HUDSON: I understand, dear; I've got a hip.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>(She turns towards the door again.)</i> JOHN: Cup of tea'd be lovely, thank you.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Just this once, dear. I'm not your housekeeper.</p> <p>JOHN: Couple of biscuits too, if you've got 'em.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Not your housekeeper!</p> <p><i>(John has picked up the newspaper which Mrs Hudson put down and now he looks at the article reporting Beth Davenport's apparent suicide. Next to a large photograph of Beth is a smaller one showing the man who just visited the flat and identifying him as D.I. Lestrade. Before he can read on, Sherlock's voice interrupts him and John looks up and sees him standing at the living room door.)</i> SHERLOCK: You're a doctor. In fact you're an Army doctor.</p> <p>JOHN: Yes. <i>(He gets to his feet and turns towards Sherlock as he comes back into the room again.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Any good? JOHN: Very good. SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then; violent deaths. JOHN: Mmm, yes. SHERLOCK: Bit of trouble too, I bet. JOHN <i>(quietly)</i>: Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much. SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more? JOHN <i>(fervently)</i>: Oh God, yes. <i>(Sherlock spins on his heel and leads John out of the room and down the stairs. John calls out as he follows him down.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Sorry, Mrs Hudson, I'll skip the tea. Off out. MRS HUDSON <i>(standing near the bottom of the stairs)</i>: Both of you? <i>(Sherlock has almost reached the front door but now turns and walks back towards her.)</i> SHERLOCK: Impossible suicides? Four of them? There's no point sitting at home when there's finally something <i>fun</i> going on! <i>(He takes her by the shoulders and kisses her noisily on the cheek.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Look at you, all happy. It's</p>	<p><i>(She turns towards the kitchen again.)</i> JOHN: A cup of tea would be lovely, thank you.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Just this once, dear. I'm not your housekeeper.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(grabbing the nearby copy of The Times)</i>: Couple of biscuits too, if you've got 'em.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON <i>(heading out of the kitchen door)</i>: I'm not your housekeeper! <i>(John looks at the front page of the newspaper which bears the headline 'Fourth "suicide" Found' and shows a photograph of the man who just visited the flat, identifying him as Inspector Lestrade, the lead detective in charge of the investigation. As he reads on, Sherlock stands in the doorway of the lounge and watches him for a moment before coming back into the room.)</i> SHERLOCK: You're a doctor. <i>(John looks round at him.)</i> SHERLOCK: In fact you're an Army doctor. JOHN <i>(putting the paper down and standing up)</i>: Yes.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Any good? JOHN: Very good. SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then; violent deaths. JOHN: Well, yes. SHERLOCK: Bit of trouble too, I bet. JOHN <i>(quietly)</i>: Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much. SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more? JOHN <i>(fervently)</i>: God, yes! <i>(Smiling, Sherlock spins on his heel.)</i> SHERLOCK: Come on, then. <i>(He leads John out of the room and down the stairs. John calls out as he follows him down.)</i> JOHN: Sorry, Mrs Hudson, I'll skip the cuppa. Off out. MRS HUDSON <i>(coming out of a downstairs room)</i>: What, both of you? <i>(Sherlock has almost reached the front door but now turns back towards her.)</i> SHERLOCK: No point sitting at home when there's finally some halfway interesting murders! <i>(He turns towards the door again.)</i></p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Look at you, all happy. It's</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN (<i>looking around the lab</i>): Bit different from my day.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: ... said trained at Bart's, so Army doctor – obvious. Your face is tanned but no tan above the wrists. You've been abroad, but not sunbathing. Your limp's really bad when you walk but you don't ask for a chair when you stand, like you've forgotten about it, so it's at least partly psychosomatic. That says the original circumstances of the injury were traumatic. Wounded in action, then. Wounded in action, suntan – Afghanistan or Iraq. (<i>He loudly clicks the 'k' sound at the end of the final word. Your humble transcriber, for whom this is her favourite vocal idiosyncrasy from Sherlock, giggles quietly.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: You said I had a therapist.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You've got a psychosomatic limp – of <i>course</i> you've got a therapist. Then there's your brother.</p> <p>JOHN: Hmm?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>holding his hand out</i>): Your phone. It's expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player, but you're looking for a flatshare – you wouldn't waste money on this. It's a gift, then. (<i>By now John has given him the phone and he turns it over and looks at it again as he talks.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Scratches. Not one, many over time. It's been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting next to me wouldn't treat his one luxury item like this, so it's had a previous owner. Next bit's easy. You know it already.</p> <p>JOHN: The engraving. (<i>We see that engraved on the back of the phone are the words</i></p> <p>Harry Watson From Clara xxx</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Harry Watson: clearly a family</p>	<p><i>lab.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN (<i>in flashback</i>): Ah. Bit different from my day. [<i>Yes, that isn't what he said at the time.</i>]</p> <p>SHERLOCK: ... says trained at Bart's, so Army doctor, obvious. (<i>John stares at him, startled.</i>)</p> <p>(<i>Flashback to Sherlock noticing John's cane in the lab.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Your limp's <i>really</i> bad when you walk but you don't ask for a chair when you stand, like you've forgotten about it. That means the limp is at least partly psychosomatic. That says the original circumstances of the injury were traumatising. Wounded in action, then. So: where does an Army doctor get himself a suntan and wounded in action these days? Afghanistan or Iraq.</p> <p>JOHN: You said I had a therapist.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You've got a psychosomatic limp – of <i>course</i> you've got a therapist. (<i>Both of them are gazing out of their respective side windows. Sherlock takes a sharp breath and turns to John again.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Then there's your brother. (<i>Flashback to John offering Sherlock his phone.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN (<i>in flashback</i>): Here, use mine.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>in flashback</i>): Thank you. (<i>In the flashback he takes the phone.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>now holding John's phone in the taxi</i>): Your phone. It's expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player. You're looking for a flatshare – you wouldn't waste money on this. It's a gift, then. (<i>He turns it over and looks at it again as he talks.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Scratches. Not just one, but many over time. It's been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting beside me wouldn't treat his one luxury item like this. It's had a previous owner, then. The next bit's easy. You know it already.</p> <p>JOHN: The engraving. (<i>We see that engraved on the back of the phone are the words</i></p> <p>Harry Watson From Clara xxx</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Harry Watson: clearly a family</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>member who's given you his old phone. Not your father; this is a young man's gadget. <i>Could</i> be a cousin, but you're a war hero who can't find a place to live. Unlikely you've got an extended family, certainly not one you're close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who's Clara? Three kisses says it's a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She must have given it to him recently – this model's only six months old. Marriage in trouble then – six months on he's just given it away. If she'd left <i>him</i>, he would have kept it. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted rid of it. He left <i>her</i>. He gave the phone to <i>you</i>: that says he wants you to stay in touch. You're looking for cheap accommodation, but you're not going to your brother for help: that says you've got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you <i>don't</i> like his drinking.</p> <p>JOHN: How can you <i>possibly</i> know about the drinking? SHERLOCK (<i>smiling</i>): Shot in the dark. Good one, though. Power connection: tiny little scuff marks around the edge of it. Every night he goes to plug it in to charge but his hands are shaking. You never see those marks on a sober man's phone; never see a drunk's without them.</p> <p>(<i>He hands the phone back.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: There you go, you see – you were right. JOHN: <i>I</i> was right? Right about what? SHERLOCK: The police don't consult amateurs. (<i>He looks out of the side window, biting his lip nervously as he awaits John's reaction.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: That ... was amazing. (<i>Sherlock looks round, apparently so surprised that he can't even reply for the next four seconds.</i>) SHERLOCK: Do you think so?</p>	<p>member who's given you his old phone. Not your father; this is a young man's gadget. Could be a cousin, but then you're a war hero returning home who can't find a place to live. Unlikely you've got an extended family, certainly not one you're close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who's Clara? Three kisses says it's a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She's given this to him recently – the model's only six months old. So, it's a marriage in trouble, then – six months on he's just given it away. If she'd left <i>him</i>, he'd have kept the phone, probably. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted rid of it. <i>He</i> left <i>her</i>. He gave the phone to <i>you</i>: that says he wants you to stay in touch. He's worried about you. (<i>He gives the phone back to John.</i>) SHERLOCK: You're looking for cheap accommodation, but you won't go to your brother for help. That says you've got problems with him. (<i>John shakes his head in disbelief.</i>) SHERLOCK: Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you don't like his drinking. JOHN: How can you <i>possibly</i> know about the drinking? SHERLOCK: Shot in the dark. Good one, though. (<i>Yet another flashback of Sherlock standing and taking John's phone.</i>) SHERLOCK (<i>in flashback</i>): Thank you. SHERLOCK (<i>in the taxi</i>): Power connection: tiny scuff marks around the edge of it. (<i>John peers at the edge of the phone.</i>) SHERLOCK: Every night he plugs it in to recharge but his hands are shaking. You never see those marks on a sober man's phone; never see a drunk's without them. (<i>John shakes his head and puts the phone back in his pocket.</i>) SHERLOCK: There you go, you see – you were right. JOHN: <i>I</i> was right? Right about what? SHERLOCK: The police don't consult amateurs. (<i>He looks out of the side window as he awaits John's reaction. It takes John several seconds before he can formulate a response.</i>) JOHN: That was ... amazing. (<i>Sherlock looks round, apparently surprised by his comment.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Do you think so?</p>

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<p>JOHN: Of <i>course</i> it was. It was extraordinary; it was quite extraordinary. SHERLOCK: That's not what people normally say. JOHN: What do people normally say? SHERLOCK: 'Piss off!' <i>(He smiles briefly at John, who grins and turns away to look out of the window as the journey continues.)</i></p>	<p>JOHN: Of <i>course</i> it was! It was extraordinary! It was quite extraordinary! SHERLOCK (<i>startled</i>): That's not what people usually say. JOHN: What do they usually say? SHERLOCK: 'Piss off!' <i>(John laughs and turns away to look out of the window as the journey continues.)</i></p>
<p><i>BRIXTON. The cab has arrived at Lauriston Gardens and Sherlock and John get out and walk towards the police tape strung across the road.</i> SHERLOCK: Did I get anything wrong? JOHN: Harry and me <i>don't</i> get on, never have. Clara and Harry split up three months ago and they're getting a divorce; and Harry is a drinker. SHERLOCK (<i>looking impressed with himself</i>): Spot on, then. I didn't expect to be right about everything. JOHN: And Harry's short for Harriet. <i>(Sherlock stops dead in his tracks.)</i> SHERLOCK: Harry's your sister. JOHN (<i>continuing onwards</i>): Look, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here? SHERLOCK (<i>furiously, through gritted teeth</i>): <i>Sister!</i> JOHN: No, seriously, what am I doing here? SHERLOCK (<i>exasperated, starting to walk again</i>): There's always something. <i>(They approach the police tape where they are met by Sergeant Donovan.)</i> DONOVAN: Hello, freak. SHERLOCK: I'm here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade. DONOVAN: Why? SHERLOCK: I was invited. DONOVAN: <i>Why?</i> SHERLOCK (<i>sarcastically</i>): I think he wants me to take a look. DONOVAN: Well, you know what I think, don't you? SHERLOCK (<i>lifting the tape and ducking underneath it</i>): Always, Sally. <i>(He breathes in through his nose.)</i> I even know you didn't make it home last night. DONOVAN: I don't ... <i>(She looks at John.)</i> Er, who's this? SHERLOCK: Colleague of mine, Doctor Watson. <i>(He turns to John.)</i> SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson, Sergeant Sally Donovan. <i>(His voice drips with sarcasm.)</i></p>	<p><i>BRIXTON. The cab arrives at Lauriston Gardens and Sherlock and John get out and walk through the pouring rain towards the police tape strung across the road.</i> SHERLOCK: Did I get anything wrong? JOHN: Harry and me <i>don't</i> get on, never have. Harry and Clara are getting a divorce – split up three months ago; Harry's a drinker. SHERLOCK (<i>looking impressed with himself</i>): Spot on, then. I didn't expect to be right about everything. JOHN: Harry's short for Harriet. <i>(Sherlock turns and stares at him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Harry's your <i>sister</i>? JOHN: Now, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here? SHERLOCK (<i>still surprised</i>): <i>Your sister!</i> JOHN: No, seriously, why am I here? SHERLOCK (<i>exasperated</i>): Oh! There's always something! <i>(They approach the police tape where they are met by Sergeant Sally Donovan.)</i> DONOVAN: Hello, freak. SHERLOCK: I'm here to see Inspector Lestrade. DONOVAN: Why? SHERLOCK: I was invited. DONOVAN: <i>Why?</i> SHERLOCK (<i>sarcastically</i>): I think he wants me to take a look. DONOVAN (<i>unwillingly lifting the tape</i>): Well, you know what <i>I</i> think, don't you? SHERLOCK (<i>ducking under the tape</i>): Always, Sally. <i>(He turns back towards her.)</i> Even know you didn't make it home last night. DONOVAN (<i>dropping the tape in front of John as she looks at him</i>): Who's this? SHERLOCK: Colleague of mine, Doctor Watson. Doctor Watson, Sergeant Sally Donovan. <i>(His voice drips with sarcasm.)</i> Old friend.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>Old friend. DONOVAN: A colleague? How do <i>you</i> get a colleague?! <i>(She turns to John.)</i> DONOVAN: What, did he follow you home? JOHN: Would it be better if I just waited and ... SHERLOCK <i>(lifting the tape for him)</i>: No.</p> <p><i>(As John walks under the tape, Donovan lifts a radio to her mouth.)</i> DONOVAN <i>(into radio)</i>: Freak's here. Bringing him in. <i>(She leads the boys towards the house. Sherlock looks all around the area and at the ground as they approach. As they reach the pavement, a man dressed in a coverall comes out of the house.)</i> SHERLOCK: Ah, Anderson. Here we are again. <i>(Anderson looks at him with distaste.)</i> ANDERSON: It's a crime scene. I don't want it contaminated. Are we clear on that? SHERLOCK <i>(taking in another deep breath through his nose)</i>: Quite clear. And is your wife away for long?</p> <p>ANDERSON: Oh, don't pretend you worked that out. Somebody told you that. SHERLOCK: Your deodorant told me that. ANDERSON: My deodorant? SHERLOCK <i>(with a quirky expression on his face)</i>: It's for men. ANDERSON: Well, of <i>course</i> it's for men! <i>I'm</i> wearing it! SHERLOCK: So's Sergeant Donovan. <i>(Anderson looks round in shock at Donovan. Sherlock sniffs pointedly.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Ooh, and I think it just vaporised. May I go in?</p> <p>ANDERSON <i>(turning back and pointing at him angrily)</i>: Now look: whatever you're trying to imply ... SHERLOCK: I'm not implying <i>anything</i>. <i>(He heads past Donovan towards the front door.)</i> SHERLOCK: I'm sure Sally came round for a nice little chat, and just happened to stay</p>	<p>DONOVAN: A colleague? How did <i>you</i> get a colleague?! <i>(She turns to John.)</i> DONOVAN: Did he follow you home? JOHN: Would it be better if I just go ...</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(walking back and lifting the tape for him)</i>: No. <i>(As John walks under the tape, Donovan lifts a radio to her mouth.)</i> DONOVAN <i>(into radio)</i>: Yeah, freak's here. Bringing him in. <i>(She leads the boys towards the house. Sherlock loudly greets Doctor Anderson as he comes out of the house dressed in a coverall.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Ah, Anderson. Here we are again.</p> <p>ANDERSON: It's a crime scene. I don't want it contaminated. Are we clear on that? SHERLOCK: <i>Quite</i> clear. ANDERSON: Your magic tricks might impress Inspector Lestrade – they don't work on me. SHERLOCK: And is your wife away for long? ANDERSON: Oh, don't pretend you worked that out. Someone told you that. SHERLOCK: Your deodorant told me that. ANDERSON: My deodorant? SHERLOCK: It's for men.</p> <p>ANDERSON: Well, of <i>course</i> it's for men! <i>I'm</i> wearing it! SHERLOCK: So's Sergeant Donovan. <i>(Standing nearby, Donovan looks shocked. As Anderson looks across to her with wide eyes, Sherlock sniffs pointedly.)</i> SHERLOCK: Ooh, and I think it just vaporised. May I go in? ANDERSON <i>(pointing at him angrily)</i>: You – you listen to me, okay? <i>(Sherlock leads John towards the front door. Anderson hurries after him.)</i> ANDERSON: Whatever it is you're trying to imply ...</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(stopping and turning back to him)</i>: I'm not implying anything! I'm sure Sally came round for a nice little chat, and happened to stay over.</p>

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<p>over. (<i>He turns back.</i>) SHERLOCK: And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees. (<i>Anderson and Donovan stare at him in horror. He smiles smugly, then turns and goes into the house. John walks past Donovan, briefly but pointedly looking down to her knees, then follows Sherlock inside. Sherlock leads him into a room on the ground floor where Lestrade is putting on a coverall. Sherlock points to a pile of similar items.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK (to John): You need to wear one of these. LESTRADE: Who's this? SHERLOCK (taking his gloves off): He's with me. LESTRADE: But who <i>is</i> he? SHERLOCK: I <i>said</i> he's with me. (<i>John has taken his jacket off and picks up a coverall. He looks at Sherlock who has picked up a pair of latex gloves.</i>) JOHN (referring to the coverall): Aren't you gonna put one on? (<i>Sherlock just looks at him sternly. John shakes his head as if to say, 'Silly me. What was I thinking?!'</i>) SHERLOCK (to Lestrade): So where are we? LESTRADE (picking up another pair of latex gloves): Upstairs.</p>	<p>(<i>He pauses for a moment.</i>) SHERLOCK: And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees. ANDERSON (<i>frustrated and angry</i>): Right – just, just go in. Just, just go. (<i>As the boys head into the house, Anderson turns and looks at Donovan, sighing. She shakes her head in exasperation.</i>) (<i>In a room inside the house, Lestrade is wearing a coverall and is about to put on a pair of latex gloves. He calls out to Sherlock as he comes into the room.</i>) LESTRADE: You have two minutes. SHERLOCK: May need longer. (<i>Lestrade looks in puzzlement at John as he walks in and takes the coverall that Sherlock hands to him.</i>) SHERLOCK: Put this on.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Who's this? SHERLOCK (picking up another coverall): He's with me. LESTRADE: Yeah, but who <i>is</i> he? SHERLOCK: I <i>told</i> you; he's with me. (<i>He starts to step into the coverall.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: So, where are we?</p> <p>LESTRADE (putting his gloves on): It's upstairs.</p>
<p><i>Lestrade leads the boys up a circular staircase. He and John are wearing coveralls together with white cotton coverings over their shoes, and latex gloves. Sherlock is putting latex gloves on as they go up the stairs.</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: I can give you two minutes. SHERLOCK (<i>casually</i>): May need longer. LESTRADE: Her name's Jennifer Wilson according to her credit cards. We're running them now for contact details. Hasn't been here long. Some kids found her.</p> <p>(<i>He leads them into a room two storeys above the ground floor. The room is empty</i></p>	<p>(<i>Shortly afterwards Lestrade leads them up the stairs, illuminating the way with a flashlight.</i>)</p> <p>LESTRADE: Footprint analysis says that the only other person in this room in the last twelve hours was a man of about five foot seven. It seemed that he and the victim arrived together by car. All identification's missing from the body, just like the others. Have <i>no</i> idea who she is or where she's from. (<i>Pushing open a bedroom door, he leads the boys inside. John stops in the doorway</i></p>

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<p><i>of furniture except for a rocking horse in the far corner. Emergency portable lighting has been set up, presumably by the police. Scaffolding poles hold up part of the ceiling near where a couple of large holes have been knocked through one of the walls. A woman's body is lying face down on the bare floorboards in the middle of the room. She is wearing a bright pink overcoat and high-heeled pink shoes. Her hands are flat on the floor either side of her head. Sherlock walks a few steps into the room and then stops, holding one hand out in front of himself as he focuses on the corpse. Behind him, John looks at the woman's body and his face fills with pain and sadness. The three of them stand there silently for several long seconds, then Sherlock looks across to Lestrade.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Shut up. LESTRADE (<i>startled</i>): I didn't say anything. SHERLOCK: You were thinking. It's annoying. <i>(Lestrade and John exchange a surprised look as Sherlock steps slowly forward until he reaches the side of the corpse. His attention is immediately drawn to the fact that scratched into the floorboards by the woman's left hand is the word "Rache". His eyes flick to her fingernails where the index and middle nails are broken and ragged at the ends with the nail polish chipped, in stark comparison to her other nails which are still immaculate. The woman's index finger rests at the bottom of the 'e' as if she was still trying to carve into the floor when she died. Sherlock makes an instant deduction:</i></p> <p>left handed</p> <p><i>He looks back to the word carved into the floorboards and an immediate suggestion springs into his mind:</i></p> <p>RACHE <i>German (n.) revenge</i></p> <p><i>Instantly he shakes his head in a tiny dismissive movement and the suggestion disappears. He looks at the carved word again and overlays the five letters with a clearer type. Next to the 'e' a rapid progression of letters appear and disappear as he tries to complete the word, then the correct letter settles into place to form the word:</i></p> <p>Rachel</p>	<p><i>at the sight that greets him. A woman's body is lying face down on the bare floorboards in the middle of the room. She is wearing a bright pink overcoat and high-heeled pink shoes. Her left hand is flat on the floor beside of her head; her right arm is at her side. John's face fills with pain and sadness.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Well, she's from out of town, clearly. Planned to spend a single night in London before returning home. So far, so obvious. LESTRADE: Obvious? SHERLOCK: Yes, obvious. Back of the right leg. <i>(He points in the direction of the woman's legs before turning towards John.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>He squats down beside the body and runs his gloved hand along the back of her coat, then lifts his hand again to look at his fingers:</i> wet</p> <p><i>He reaches into her coat pockets and finds a white folding umbrella in one of them. Running his fingers along the folds of the material, he then inspects his glove again:</i> dry</p> <p><i>Putting the umbrella back into her pocket, he moves up to the collar of her coat and runs his fingers underneath it before once again looking at his fingers:</i> wet</p> <p><i>Reaching into his pocket he takes out a small magnifier, clicks it open and closely inspects the delicate gold bracelet on her left wrist ...</i> clean</p> <p><i>... then the gold earring attached to her left ear ...</i> clean</p> <p><i>... and then the gold chain around her neck ...</i> clean</p> <p><i>... before moving on to look at the rings on her left ring finger. The wedding ring and engagement ring flag a different message to him:</i> dirty</p> <p><i>Sherlock blinks as a rapid succession of conclusions appear in front of his eyes:</i> married unhappily married unhappily married 10+ years</p> <p><i>Carefully Sherlock works the wedding ring off the woman's finger and holds it up to look at the inside of the ring. While the outside of the ring is still showing dirty the inside registers as</i> clean</p> <p><i>As Sherlock lowers the ring and slides it back onto the woman's finger, he has already reached a conclusion about the</i></p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>ring:</i> regularly removed</p> <p><i>Lifting his hands away from the woman, he looks down at her and makes his final deduction about her:</i> serial adulterer</p> <p><i>He smiles slightly in satisfaction.)</i> LESTRADE: Got anything? SHERLOCK (<i>nonchalantly</i>): Not much. <i>(Standing up, he takes the gloves off and then gets his mobile phone from his pocket and begins typing on it.)</i> ANDERSON (<i>from where he is leaning casually against the doorway</i>): She's German. 'Rache': it's German for 'revenge'. She could be trying to tell us something ... <i>(As he has been speaking, Sherlock has walked quickly towards the door and now begins to close it in Anderson's face.)</i> SHERLOCK (<i>sarcastically</i>): Yes, thank you for your input. <i>(Slamming the door shut, he turns and walks back into the room. On his phone, he has called up a menu for "UK Weather". The menu offers five options:</i> Maps Local Warnings Next 24 hrs 7 day forecast <i>He selects the Maps option.)</i> LESTRADE: So she's German? SHERLOCK (<i>still looking at his phone</i>): Of course she's not. She's from out of town, though. Intended to stay in London for one night ... <i>(he smiles smugly as he apparently finds the information he needed)</i> ... before returning home to Cardiff. <i>(He pockets his phone.)</i> SHERLOCK: So far, so obvious. JOHN: Sorry – obvious? LESTRADE: What about the message, though? SHERLOCK (<i>ignoring him and looking at John</i>): Doctor Watson, what do you think? JOHN: Of the message? SHERLOCK: Of the body. You're a medical man. LESTRADE: Wait, no, we have a whole team right outside. SHERLOCK: They won't work with me.</p> <p>LESTRADE: I'm breaking every rule letting</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson, what do you think? JOHN: What do <i>I</i> think? SHERLOCK: You're the medical man. LESTRADE: We have a whole team right outside. SHERLOCK (<i>irritably</i>): They won't work with me. LESTRADE: Look, I'm breaking every rule</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>you in here.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Yes ... because you need me.</p> <p><i>(Lestrade stares at him for a moment, then lowers his eyes helplessly.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Yes, I do. God help me.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson.</p> <p>JOHN: Hm?</p> <p><i>(He looks up from the body to Sherlock and then turns his head towards Lestrade, silently seeking his permission.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE <i>(a little tetchily)</i>: Oh, do as he says. Help yourself.</p> <p><i>(He turns and opens the door, going outside.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Anderson, keep everyone out for a couple of minutes.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock and John walk over to the body. Sherlock squats down on one side of it and John painfully lowers himself to one knee on the other side, leaning heavily on his cane to support himself.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Well?</p> <p>JOHN <i>(softly)</i>: What am I doing here?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Helping me make a point.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(softly)</i>: I'm supposed to be helping you pay the rent.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Yeah, well, this is more fun.</p> <p>JOHN: Fun? There's a woman lying dead.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Perfectly sound analysis, but I was hoping you'd go deeper.</p> <p><i>(As Lestrade comes back into the room and stands just inside the doorway, John drags his other leg down into a kneeling position and then leans forward to look more closely at the woman's body. He puts his head close to hers and sniffs, then straightens a little before lifting her right hand and looking at the skin. He kneels up and looks across to Sherlock.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Yeah ... Asphyxiation, probably. Passed out, choked on her own vomit. Can't smell any alcohol on her. It could have been a seizure; possibly drugs.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You know what it was. You've read the papers.</p> <p>JOHN: What, she's one of the suicides? The fourth ...?</p>	<p>letting you in here.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(a little aggressively)</i>: Yeah ... 'cause you need me.</p> <p><i>(Lestrade stares at him for a moment, then lowers his eyes in reluctant despair.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Yes, I do, God help me.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: John.</p> <p><i>(He nods towards the body. John turns his gaze towards Lestrade, silently seeking his permission.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE <i>(a little tetchily)</i>: Oh, just do as he says. Help yourself.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock and John walk over to the body. Sherlock drops to one knee on the right-hand side of it and John painfully lowers himself to one knee on the other side, leaning heavily on his cane to support himself. Putting his cane down, he leans forward on one hand to look more closely at the body.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Well?</p> <p><i>(John straightens up a little.)</i></p> <p>JOHN <i>(softly)</i>: What am I doing here?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Helping me make a point.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(softly)</i>: I'm supposed to be helping you pay the rent.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Yeah; this is more fun.</p> <p>JOHN: Fun? There's a woman lying dead.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: No, there are <i>two</i> women and three men lying dead. Keep talking and there'll be more. <i>(Louder, so that Lestrade can hear him)</i> Now, cause of death.</p> <p><i>(Staring at his new acquaintance for a long moment, John eventually leans forward, puts his head close to the victim's and sniffs, then straightens up and looks across to Sherlock.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Asphyxiation, probably. She passed out and choked on her own vomit. I can't smell any alcohol on her. Could be a seizure; possibly drugs.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: It was poison.</p> <p>JOHN: How do you know?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Because they were <i>all</i> poisoned.</p> <p>JOHN: By who?</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>LESTRADE: Sherlock – two minutes, I said. I need anything you’ve got.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>standing up as John struggles to get to his feet</i>): Victim is in her late thirties. Professional person, going by her</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: By themselves. JOHN: Themselves? LESTRADE: We’ve identified the drug ... SHERLOCK (<i>holding his hand out to stop him</i>): Doesn’t matter; it was poison. (<i>Lestrade rolls his eyes.</i>) SHERLOCK: Same pattern each time. (<i>He picks up the woman’s right hand and looks closely at it.</i>) SHERLOCK: Each one of them disappears from their normal lives ... (<i>he bends closer and sniffs at her palm and nails</i>) ... from the theatre, from their home, from the office, from the pub ... (<i>Standing up, he moves around to the other side of the body. John stands and gets out of his way and Sherlock kneels down again.</i>) SHERLOCK: ... then turn up a few hours later somewhere they’ve no reason to be ... (<i>He picks up the woman’s left hand, looks closely at the rings on her ring finger, then sniffs her hand.</i>) SHERLOCK (<i>softly</i>): ... dead. (<i>He pulls back her coat sleeve to look at her wrist, then shifts position slightly and pulls her coat collar back to look at her necklace.</i>) SHERLOCK: No marks of violence on the body, no suggestion of compulsion. (<i>He lifts her hair away from the side of her face to look at her earring, then drops the hair gently back into position again. Reaching into the left pocket of her overcoat, he pulls out a pink folding umbrella.</i>) SHERLOCK: Each of them has taken the same poison – and, as far as we can tell, taken it voluntarily. LESTRADE: Sherlock – two minutes, I said. I need anything you’ve got. (<i>Sherlock has stood up, taken out his phone and is typing on it. Grinning at what he sees on the screen, he puts the phone away again.</i>) SHERLOCK: Okay, take this down. LESTRADE (<i>tetchily</i>): Just tell me what you’ve got. SHERLOCK: I’m not gonna write it down. LESTRADE (<i>angrily</i>): Sherlock! JOHN (<i>taking out a notebook and pen</i>): It’s all right. I’ll do it. SHERLOCK: Thank you. The victim is in her early thirties. A professional person, going by her clothes; I’d guess something in the</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>clothes; I'm guessing something in the media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. Travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. It's obvious from the size of her suitcase. LESTRADE: Suitcase?</p> <p><i>(John looks around the room but can't see a suitcase anywhere.)</i> SHERLOCK: Suitcase, yes. She's been married at least ten years, but not happily. She's had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married. LESTRADE: Oh, for God's sake, if you're just making this up ... SHERLOCK <i>(pointing down to her left hand)</i>: Her wedding ring. Ten years old at least. The rest of her jewellery has been regularly cleaned, but not her wedding ring. State of her marriage right there. The inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it's regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger. It's not for work; look at her nails. She doesn't work with her hands, so what or rather who <i>does</i> she remove her rings for? Clearly not <i>one</i> lover; she'd never sustain the fiction of being single over that amount of time, so more likely a string of them. Simple.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(admiringly)</i>: That's brilliant. <i>(Sherlock looks round at him.)</i> JOHN <i>(apologetically)</i>: Sorry.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Cardiff? SHERLOCK: It's obvious, isn't it?</p> <p>JOHN: It's not obvious to me. SHERLOCK <i>(pausing as he looks at the other two)</i>: Dear God, what is it like in your funny little brains? It must be so boring. <i>(He turns back to the body.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Her coat: it's slightly damp. She's been in heavy rain in the last few</p>	<p>media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. She's travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. That's obvious from the size of her suitcase. LESTRADE: Suitcase? SHERLOCK: Her suitcase, yes. <i>(John looks around the room and frowns when he can't see a suitcase anywhere.)</i> SHERLOCK: She's been married several years, but not happily. She's had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married. LESTRADE: For God's sake, if you're just making this up ... SHERLOCK <i>(pointing down to her left hand)</i>: Her wedding ring – <i>look</i> at it. It's too tight. She was thinner when she first wore it; that says married for a while. Also, there's grime in the gem setting. The rest of her jewellery's recently been cleaned; that tells you everything you need to know about the state of her marriage. <i>(Writing in his notebook, John shakes his head with an admiring smile.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(down on his knees again, moving the woman's fingers to show the rings to John)</i>: Inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it's regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger but it can't be easy, so she must have a reason. Can't be for work; her nails are too long. Doesn't work with her hands, so what or rather <i>who</i> does she remove her ring for? Clearly not one lover; she'd never sustain the fiction of being single over time, so more likely a string of them. Simple. JOHN <i>(admiringly)</i>: Brilliant. <i>(Sherlock looks at him in surprise.)</i> JOHN <i>(apologetically)</i>: Sorry. <i>(As he looks back to his notebook, Sherlock looks round almost sheepishly at Lestrade.)</i> LESTRADE: Cardiff? SHERLOCK <i>(standing up again)</i>: Obvious, isn't it? JOHN: It's not obvious to me. SHERLOCK: Dear God. What's it like inside your funny little brains? It must be so boring.</p> <p><i>(Squatting once more, he points down at the body.)</i> SHERLOCK: Her coat: slightly damp. She's been in heavy rain in the last few hours.</p>

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<p>hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She's turned it up against the wind. She's got an umbrella in her left-hand pocket but it's dry and unused: not just wind, <i>strong</i> wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from her suitcase that she was intending to stay overnight, so she must have come a decent distance but she can't have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn't dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within the radius of that travel time?</p> <p><i>(He gets his phone from his pocket and shows to the other two the webpage he was looking at earlier, displaying today's weather for the southern part of Britain.)</i> SHERLOCK: Cardiff. JOHN: That's fantastic!</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(turning to him and speaking in a low voice)</i>: D'you know you do that out loud? JOHN: Sorry. I'll shut up.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: No, it's ... fine.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Why d'you keep saying suitcase? SHERLOCK <i>(spinning around in a circle to look around the room)</i>: Yes, where is it? She must have had a phone or an organiser. Find out who Rachel is. LESTRADE: She was writing 'Rachel'? SHERLOCK <i>(sarcastically)</i>: No, she was leaving an angry note in German(!) Of course she was writing Rachel; no other word it can be. Question is: why did she wait until she was dying to write it?</p> <p>LESTRADE: How d'you know she had a suitcase? SHERLOCK <i>(pointing down to the body, where her tights have small black splotches on the lower part of her right leg)</i>: Back of the right leg: tiny splash marks on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don't get that splash pattern any other</p>	<p>No rain anywhere in London until the last few minutes. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She's turned it up against the wind. <i>(Again John shakes his head in amazement as he continues writing.)</i> SHERLOCK: There's an umbrella in her left pocket but it's dry and unused: not just wind, <i>strong</i> wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from the suitcase that she intended to stay a night, so she must have come a decent distance but she can't have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn't dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong winds within the radius of that travel time? <i>(Standing up, he gets his phone from his pocket and shows to Lestrade the webpage he was looking at earlier, displaying today's weather for south Wales.)</i> SHERLOCK: Cardiff. JOHN <i>(grinning as he continues to make notes)</i>: Fantastic! SHERLOCK: D'you know you do that out loud?</p> <p>JOHN <i>(looking up at him)</i>: Sorry. I'll shut up. SHERLOCK <i>(putting his phone away)</i>: No, it's ... it's fine. LESTRADE: There was no suitcase. SHERLOCK: I'm sorry? LESTRADE <i>(looking a little smug)</i>: You keep saying 'suitcase'. There wasn't one. SHERLOCK <i>(looking round in surprise)</i>: Oh. I was assuming you'd taken it away. LESTRADE: She had a <i>handbag</i>. Why'd you say she had a case? SHERLOCK: Because she <i>did</i>. Her handbag – was there a mobile phone in it? LESTRADE: No. SHERLOCK: That's odd. That's <i>very</i> odd. LESTRADE: Why? SHERLOCK: Never mind. We need to find her case. JOHN: How do you know she had a case?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(pointing down to the body, where her tights have small black splotches on the lower part of her right leg)</i>: Back of the right leg: tiny splash marks above the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don't get that splash pattern any other</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>way. Smallish case, going by the spread. Case that size, woman this clothes-conscious: could only be an overnight bag, so we know she was staying one night. <i>(He squats down by the woman's body and examines the backs of her legs more closely.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Now, where is it? What have you done with it?</p> <p>LESTRADE: There wasn't a case. <i>(Slowly Sherlock raises his head and frowns up at Lestrade.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Say that again.</p> <p>LESTRADE: There wasn't a case. There was never any suitcase. <i>(Immediately Sherlock straightens up and heads for the door, calling out to all the police officers in the house as he begins to hurry down the stairs.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase? Was there a suitcase in this house? <i>(Lestrade and John follow him out and stop on the landing. Lestrade calls down the stairs.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Sherlock, there was no case!</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(slowing down, but still making his way down the stairs)</i>: But they take the poison themselves; they chew, swallow the pills themselves. There are clear signs, even you lot couldn't miss them.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Right, yeah, thanks(!) <i>And ...?</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: It's murder, all of them. I don't know how, but they're not suicides, they're killings – <i>serial</i> killings. <i>(He holds his hands up in front of his face in delight.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: We've got ourselves a serial killer. I <i>love</i> those. There's always something to look forward to.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Why are you saying that?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(stopping and calling up to the others)</i>: Her case! Come on, where is her case? Did she eat it?(!) Someone else was here, and they took her case. <i>(More quietly, as if talking to himself)</i> So the killer must have driven her here; forgot the case was in the car.</p> <p>JOHN: She could have checked into a hotel, left her case there.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(looking up the stairs again)</i>: No, she never got to the hotel. Look at her hair. She colour-coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. She'd never have left any hotel with her hair still looking ... <i>(He stops talking as he makes a</i></p>	<p>way. Smallish case, judging by the spread. A case that size, woman this clothes-conscious: could only be an overnight bag, so we know she was staying the night.</p> <p>JOHN: Maybe she checked into a hotel, left her case there.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: She never made it to a hotel. Look at her hair. Colour-coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. A woman like that would <i>never</i> leave the hotel with her hair still looking that ... <i>(He stops talking as he makes a</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>realisation.</i>) SHERLOCK: Oh. <i>(His eyes widen and his face lights up.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh! <i>(He claps his hands in delight.)</i> JOHN: Sherlock? LESTRADE <i>(leaning over the railings)</i>: What is it, what?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(smiling cheerfully to himself)</i>: Serial killers are always hard. You have to wait for them to make a mistake.</p> <p>LESTRADE: We can't just wait! SHERLOCK: Oh, we're <i>done</i> waiting! <i>(He starts to hurry down the stairs again.)</i> SHERLOCK: Look at her, really <i>look!</i> Houston, we <i>have</i> a mistake. Get on to Cardiff: find out who Jennifer Wilson's family and friends were. Find Rachel! <i>(He reaches the bottom of the stairs and disappears from view.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE <i>(calling after him)</i>: Of course, yeah – but what mistake?! <i>(Sherlock comes back into view and runs up a couple of stairs so that he can be seen before he yells up to Lestrade.)</i> SHERLOCK: PINK! <i>(He hurries off again. Lestrade, baffled, turns and goes back into the room while Anderson and his team, who had been waiting on the next landing down, hurry up the stairs and follow him into the room.)</i></p>	<p><i>realisation.</i>) SHERLOCK: Oh. <i>(His eyes widen and his face lights up.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh! <i>(He turns and hurries out of the room.)</i> JOHN: Sherlock? LESTRADE <i>(hurrying out after Sherlock and stopping at the top of the stairs)</i>: What? What is it? What, what, what? SHERLOCK <i>(turning back as he strips off his gloves and coverall)</i>: Serial killers – always hard. Have to wait for them to make a mistake. LESTRADE: Well, we can't just wait! SHERLOCK: Oh, we're done waiting! When she was found, she couldn't have been here long, is that right? LESTRADE: No, not long at all – um, less than an hour. SHERLOCK <i>(thoughtfully)</i>: Less than an hour. <i>(His eyes widen.)</i> An hour! <i>(He looks up at Lestrade.)</i> SHERLOCK: News blackout: can you do that? Don't say that you've found her; nothing for a day. LESTRADE: Why? SHERLOCK: Look at her, really <i>look!</i> Houston, we have a mistake. <i>(As Lestrade and John automatically turn and look back towards the victim, Sherlock trots off down the stairs.)</i> SHERLOCK: Back in a moment! LESTRADE <i>(turning and calling after him)</i>: But what mistake?!</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(turning back and yelling up the stairs)</i>: PINK! <i>(He hurries off. Lestrade sighs in exasperation and calls out.)</i> LESTRADE: Anderson! <i>(Anderson and his team are already on their way out of a downstairs room and now head up the stairs.)</i> ANDERSON: I'm here. <i>(He stops at the top of the stairs.)</i> ANDERSON: So? What was the point in all that? LESTRADE: We're after a psychopath. ANDERSON: So we're bringing in another psychopath to help?! LESTRADE: If that's what it takes. <i>(He gestures towards the room.)</i> LESTRADE: All yours. <i>(John comes out of the doorway and steps aside as Anderson gestures to his team.)</i></p>

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<p>ANDERSON: Let's get on with it. <i>(Forgotten by everyone else, John hesitates on the landing for a moment and then slowly starts making his way down the stairs. A couple more police officers hurry up and one of them bumps against him, throwing him off-balance and making him lurch heavily against the bannisters. The man hurries on without a word, although his colleague does at least look apologetically at John as he passes. John regains his balance and continues down the stairs.)</i></p> <p><i>(Shortly afterwards he has removed his coverall and put his jacket back on, and now walks out onto the street. Looking all around, he can see no sign of Sherlock. He walks towards the police tape, still looking around. Donovan, standing at the tape, sees him.)</i></p> <p>DONOVAN: He's gone. JOHN: Who, Sherlock Holmes? DONOVAN: Yeah, he just took off. He does that. JOHN: Is he coming back? DONOVAN: Didn't look like it. JOHN: Right. <i>(He looks around the area again thoughtfully, unsure what to do.)</i> JOHN: Right ... Yes. <i>(He turns to Donovan again.)</i> JOHN: Sorry, where am I? DONOVAN: Brixton.</p> <p>JOHN: Right. Er, d'you know where I could get a cab? It's just, er ... well ... <i>(he looks down awkwardly at his walking stick)</i> ... my leg. DONOVAN: Er ... <i>(she steps over to the tape and lifts it for him)</i> ... try the main road.</p>	<p>ANDERSON: Right, come on. <i>(The team goes into the room and Lestrade turns to follow them.)</i> JOHN: My notes – d'you want me to, er ... LESTRADE: Sorry, you're ...? JOHN: Doctor Watson. LESTRADE: Well, you're gonna have to go, Doctor Watson. Don't need your notes. <i>(He follows the forensic team into the room.)</i> LESTRADE: Okay, let's get on with it. <i>(John hesitates on the landing for a moment and then slowly starts making his way down the stairs.)</i></p> <p><i>(Shortly afterwards he has removed his coverall, and now walks out onto the street. It's still pouring with rain. Sergeant Donovan is nearby, leaning into the window of a police car and talking to the driver.)</i> DONOVAN: Okay, look, we're gonna need Jones and Adams at the top of the road. There's so many people around ... <i>(John looks around but he see no sign of Sherlock. Donovan straightens up and notices him.)</i> DONOVAN: He's gone. JOHN: What, Sherlock Holmes? DONOVAN: He just took off. He does that.</p> <p>JOHN: Is he coming back? DONOVAN: Didn't look like it. JOHN: Right. <i>(He lowers his head and shakes it angrily.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Right ... Yes. <i>(He limps towards Donovan.)</i> JOHN: Um, sorry, where am I? DONOVAN <i>(holding up the police tape to allow a colleague past)</i>: Brixton. JOHN: Right. D'you know where I'd, er, get a cab? It's just, my leg.</p> <p>DONOVAN <i>(still holding the tape up)</i>: Yeah, try the main road. <i>(John sighs and ducks under the tape)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN (<i>ducking under the tape</i>): Thanks.</p> <p>DONOVAN: But you're not his friend. (<i>John turns back towards her.</i>)</p> <p>DONOVAN: He doesn't <i>have</i> friends. So who are you?</p> <p>JOHN: I'm ... I'm nobody. I just met him.</p> <p>DONOVAN: Okay, bit of advice then: stay away from that guy.</p> <p>JOHN: Why?</p> <p>DONOVAN: You know why he's here? He's not paid or anything. He likes it. He gets off on it. The weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up won't be enough. One day we'll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes'll be the one that put it there.</p> <p>JOHN: Why would he do that?</p> <p>DONOVAN: Because he's a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.</p> <p>LESTRADE (<i>calling from the entrance to the house</i>): Donovan!</p> <p>DONOVAN (<i>turning and calling to him</i>): Coming. (<i>She turns back towards John as she walks towards the house.</i>)</p> <p>DONOVAN: Stay away from Sherlock Holmes. (<i>John watches her go for a moment, then turns and begins to limp off down the road. To his right, the phone in a public telephone box begins to ring. He stops and looks at it for a few seconds but then looks down at his watch, shakes his head and continues down the road. The phone stops ringing.</i>)</p>	<p><i>before starting to walk down the road.</i>)</p> <p>DONOVAN: Hey.</p> <p>JOHN: (<i>stopping and turning back to her</i>): Hmm.</p> <p>DONOVAN: You're not his friend – he doesn't <i>have</i> friends – so who are you?</p> <p>JOHN: Me? I'm ... I'm nobody. I just met him.</p> <p>DONOVAN: Right, bit of advice then: stay away from that guy.</p> <p>JOHN: Why?</p> <p>DONOVAN: You know why he's here? He's not paid or anything. He likes it. He gets off on it. The weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up isn't gonna be enough. One day we'll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes'll be the one who put it there.</p> <p>JOHN: Why would he do that?</p> <p>DONOVAN: Because he's a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.</p> <p>LESTRADE (<i>calling from the entrance to the house</i>): Donovan!</p> <p>DONOVAN (<i>turning and calling to him</i>): Yeah, coming. (<i>She turns back towards John.</i>)</p> <p>DONOVAN: Stay away from Sherlock Holmes. (<i>She walks away towards the house. John watches her go for a moment, then turns and looks down the road before turning back and calling out towards her.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: Thanks.</p> <p>DONOVAN: No worries. (<i>John turns again and begins to limp up the road, leaning heavily on his cane. He glances up towards the sky on his left, then looks up at the rooftops on the right. He stops and stares at the sight that greets him. Standing on the top of a nearby tall Victorian building which has many ornate chimneypots on its roof, Sherlock is lit by an almost full Moon. John gazes up at the sight admiringly before looking round furtively to see if any of the police are watching this but there's no-one around. He looks back up to the roof as Sherlock, possibly oblivious to being watched, is looking all around the area from his high vantage point. Eventually he turns and heads away.</i>)</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>Not long afterwards, John is walking down what may well be Brixton High Road. He tries to hail a passing taxi.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Taxi! Taxi ...</p> <p><i>(The taxi passes him by. In Chicken Cottage, the fast food restaurant outside which John is standing, the payphone on the wall begins to ring. John turns and looks as one of the serving staff walks over to it but as he reaches for the phone, it stops. John walks on down the road and shortly afterwards approaches another public telephone box. The phone inside starts to ring. Mystified by this, he pulls open the door, goes inside and lifts the phone.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Hello?</p> <p><i>(A man's voice speaks down the phone.)</i></p> <p>MAN's VOICE: There is a security camera on the building to your left. Do you see it?</p> <p>JOHN <i>(frowning)</i>: Who's this? Who's speaking?</p> <p>MAN's VOICE: Do you see the camera, Doctor Watson?</p> <p><i>(John looks through the window of the phone box at the CCTV camera high up on the wall of a nearby building.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Yeah, I see it.</p> <p>MAN's VOICE: Watch.</p> <p><i>(The camera, which was pointing directly at the phone box, now swivels away.)</i></p> <p>MAN's VOICE: There is another camera on the building opposite you. Do you see it?</p> <p><i>(John looks across to the second camera, which is also pointed towards the phone box.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Mmm-hmm.</p> <p><i>(The camera immediately swivels away.)</i></p> <p>MAN's VOICE: And finally, at the top of the building on your right.</p> <p><i>(John stares up into the third camera which is watching him but which now turns away.)</i></p> <p>JOHN <i>(into phone)</i>: How are you doing this?</p> <p>MAN's VOICE: Get into the car, Doctor Watson.</p> <p><i>(A black car pulls up at the kerbside near the phone. The male driver gets out and opens the rear door.)</i></p> <p>MAN's VOICE: I would make some sort of threat, but I'm sure your situation is quite clear to you.</p> <p><i>(The phone goes dead. John puts it down and looks thoughtful for a long moment, then apparently decides that there's not</i></p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>much else he can do and turns to leave the phone box.)</i></p> <p><i>A few moments later he is sitting in the back seat of the car as it pulls away and drives off. An attractive young woman is sitting beside him, her eyes fixed on her BlackBerry as she types on it. She is pretty much ignoring him.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Hello.</p> <p>WOMAN <i>(smiling brightly at him for a moment before returning her gaze to her phone)</i>: Hi.</p> <p>JOHN: What's your name, then?</p> <p>WOMAN: Er ... Anthea.</p> <p>JOHN: Is that your real name?</p> <p>WOMAN <i>(smiling)</i>: No.</p> <p><i>(John nods, then twists to look out of the rear window briefly before turning back again.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: I'm John.</p> <p>NOT-ANTHEA: Yes. I know.</p> <p>JOHN: Any point in asking where I'm going?</p> <p>NOT-ANTHEA: None at all ...</p> <p><i>(She turns and smiles briefly at him, then looks back at her phone again.)</i></p> <p>NOT-ANTHEA: ... John.</p> <p>JOHN: Okay.</p> <p><i>Some time later, the car pulls into an almost-empty warehouse. A man in a suit is standing in the centre of the area, leaning nonchalantly on an umbrella as he watches the car stop and John get out. [Transcriber's note: Now, I know that the vast majority of people who read this transcript will have already seen the episode, but for the benefit of the very few people who may be reading this having never watched the show, and because at this point in the episode we are not told who this man is, I'm going to refer to him as 'M', which is short for ... um, 'Man', okay? {transcriber inserts winky face here...}]</i></p> <p><i>In front of the man is a straight-backed armless chair facing him. He gestures to it with the point of his umbrella as John limps towards him leaning heavily on his cane.</i></p> <p>M: Have a seat, John.</p> <p><i>(John continues towards him, his voice calm.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: You know, I've got a phone.</p> <p><i>(He looks round the warehouse.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: I mean, very clever and all that, but</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>er ... you could just phone me. On my phone. <i>(He walks straight past the chair and stops a few paces away from the man.)</i> M: When one is avoiding the attention of Sherlock Holmes, one learns to be discreet, hence this place. <i>(His voice, which has had a pleasant smile in it so far, now becomes a little more stern towards the end of the next phrase.)</i> M: The leg must be hurting you. Sit down. JOHN: I don't wanna sit down. <i>(The man looks at him curiously.)</i> M: You don't seem very afraid. JOHN: You don't seem very frightening. <i>(The man chuckles.)</i> M: Ah, yes. The bravery of the soldier. Bravery is by far the kindest word for stupidity, don't you think? <i>(He looks at John sternly.)</i> M: What is your connection to Sherlock Holmes? JOHN: I don't have one. I barely know him. I met him ... <i>(He looks away thoughtfully, then appears surprised as if he hadn't realised until now how little time has passed.)</i> JOHN: ... yesterday. M: Mmm, and since yesterday you've moved in with him and now you're solving crimes together. Might we expect a happy announcement by the end of the week? JOHN: Who <i>are</i> you? M: An interested party. JOHN: Interested in Sherlock? Why? I'm guessing you're not friends. M: You've met him. How many 'friends' do you imagine he has? I am the closest thing to a friend that Sherlock Holmes is capable of having. JOHN: And what's that? M: An enemy. JOHN: An enemy? M: In <i>his</i> mind, certainly. If you were to ask him, he'd probably say his <i>arch</i>-enemy. He does love to be dramatic. <i>(John looks pointedly around the warehouse.)</i> JOHN <i>(sarcastically)</i>: Well, thank God you're above all that. <i>(The man frowns at him. Just then John's phone trills a text alert. He immediately digs into his jacket pocket, takes out the phone and activates it, looking at the message while ignoring the man in front of him. The message reads:</i></p>	<p><i>Some time later John limps tiredly into his bedsit. Switching the light on and sighing, he walks across to the bed and sits down on the side. Putting his cane down beside him, he briefly closes his eyes, sighing wearily, before reaching down to undo one of his shoes. Just then his phone sounds a text alert. Grimacing as he lowers his foot to the floor again, he takes the phone from his jacket pocket and looks at the message. It reads:</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>Baker Street. Come at once if convenient. SH</p> <p>M: I hope I'm not distracting you. JOHN (<i>casually</i>): Not distracting me at all. (<i>He takes his time looking up from the phone before he pockets it.</i>) M: Do you plan to continue your association with Sherlock Holmes? JOHN: I could be wrong ... but I think that's none of your business. M (<i>a little ominously</i>): It <i>could</i> be. JOHN: It <i>really</i> couldn't. (<i>The man takes a notebook from his inside pocket, then opens it and consults it as he speaks.</i>) M: If you <i>do</i> move into, um ... two hundred and twenty-one <i>B</i> Baker Street, I'd be happy to pay you a meaningful sum of money on a regular basis to ease your way. (<i>He closes the notebook and puts it away again.</i>) JOHN: Why? M: Because you're not a wealthy man. JOHN: In exchange for what? M: Information. Nothing indiscreet. Nothing you'd feel ... uncomfortable with. Just tell me what he's up to. JOHN: Why? M: I worry about him. Constantly. JOHN (<i>insincerely</i>): That's nice of you. M: But I would prefer for various reasons that my concern go unmentioned. We have what you might call a ... difficult relationship. (<i>John's phone sounds another text alert. Again he immediately fishes the phone out and looks at the message which reads:</i></p> <p>If inconvenient, come anyway. SH</p> <p>JOHN (<i>in response to the man's offer</i>): No. M: But I haven't mentioned a figure. JOHN (<i>putting his phone away again</i>): Don't bother. M (<i>laughing briefly</i>): You're very loyal, very quickly. JOHN: No, I'm not. I'm just not interested. (<i>The man looks at him closely for a moment, then takes out his notebook and opens it again.</i>)</p>	<p>Text from +44 7544680989 BAKER STREET. COME AT ONCE, IF CONVENIENT. SH.</p> <p><i>John looks up thoughtfully, then puts the phone away in his pocket again before once again bending to undo his shoe. Almost immediately the phone trills another text alert. John glares into the distance for a moment before again lowering his foot to the floor and rooting in his pocket for his phone. The new message reads:</i></p> <p>Text from +44 7544680989 IF INCONVENIENT COME ANY WAY.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>M (<i>gesturing slightly to make it clear that he is reading a note from the book</i>): "Trust issues," it says here. <i>(For the first time since their encounter began, John looks a little unnerved.)</i> JOHN: What's that? M (<i>still looking down at his book</i>): Could it be that you've decided to trust Sherlock Holmes of all people? JOHN: Who says I trust him? M: You don't seem the kind to make friends easily. JOHN: Are we done? <i>(The man raises his head and looks into John's eyes.)</i> M: You tell me. <i>(John looks at him for a long moment, then turns his back on him and starts to walk away.)</i> M: I imagine people have already warned you to stay away from him, but I can see from your left hand that's not going to happen. <i>(John stops dead. His shoulders tense and drop and he angrily shakes his head a little. He is clearly furious as he turns back around to face the man.)</i> JOHN (<i>savagely, through bared teeth</i>): My wot? M (<i>calmly</i>): Show me. <i>(He has nodded towards John's left hand as he speaks, and now he plants the tip of his umbrella on the floor and leans casually on it like a man who is used to having his orders obeyed. John, however, is not going to be intimidated and deliberately shifts his feet under him as if digging in. He raises his left hand, bending it at the elbow, and stands still. His message is clear: if the man wants to look at his hand, he'll have to come to <u>him</u>. Apparently unperturbed by this belligerence, the man strolls forward, hooking the handle of the umbrella over his arm as he reaches for John's hand. John instantly pulls his hand back a little.)</i> JOHN (<i>tensely</i>): Don't. <i>(The man lowers his head and raises his eyebrows at John, almost as if saying, 'Did I mention trust issues?!' John very reluctantly lowers his hand, holding it out flat with the palm down. The man takes it in both of his own hands and looks at it closely.)</i> M: Remarkable. JOHN (<i>snatching his hand away</i>): What is? M (<i>turning and walking a few paces away</i>):</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>Most people blunder round this city, and all they see are streets and shops and cars. When you walk with Sherlock Holmes, you see the battlefield. <i>(He turns towards John again.)</i> You've seen it already, haven't you?</p> <p>JOHN: What's wrong with my hand?</p> <p>M: You have an intermittent tremor in your left hand. <i>(Perhaps unintentionally, John nods his head.)</i></p> <p>M: Your therapist thinks it's post-traumatic stress disorder. She thinks you're haunted by memories of your military service. <i>(John almost flinches as the man accurately fires off these facts at him. His gaze is fixed ahead of him and a muscle in his cheek twitches repeatedly.)</i></p> <p>JOHN <i>(angry and distressed)</i>: Who the hell are you? How do you know that?</p> <p>M: Fire her. She's got it the wrong way round. You're under stress right now and your hand is perfectly steady. <i>(John's eyes flicker down towards his hand before returning to stare ahead of himself, his face set and struggling to hold back his anger.)</i></p> <p>M: You're not haunted by the war, Doctor Watson ... you miss it. <i>(He leans closer to him. Reluctantly John's eyes rise up to meet his.)</i></p> <p>M <i>(in a whisper)</i>: Welcome back. <i>(He turns and starts to walk away just as John's phone trills another text alert.)</i></p> <p>M <i>(casually twirling his umbrella as he goes)</i>: Time to choose a side, Doctor Watson. <i>(John stands fixed to the spot for a few seconds, then turns and glances towards the departing man as, behind John, the car door opens and not-Anthea gets out and walks a few paces towards him, her attention still riveted to the BlackBerry held in front of her in both hands.)</i></p> <p>NOT-ANTHEA: I'm to take you home. <i>(John half-turns towards her, then stops and takes out his phone to look at the new message. It reads:</i></p> <p>Could be dangerous. SH</p> <p><i>Putting the phone back into his pocket, John holds out his left hand in front of him and studies the lack of tremor coming from it. He smiles wryly.)</i></p>	<p><i>John lifts his head and looks towards the door thoughtfully as if considering leaving to answer the summons, but after a few seconds he puts the phone onto the bed beside him, then picks up his cane and leans on it as he stands up and walks across the room to the window. He stops and stares through the blinds. Behind him, the phone lights up and sounds another text alert. John stays facing the window, though he can't help turning his head slightly. For several seconds he tries to ignore the temptation but eventually he can't resist and angrily stomps across the room to pick up the phone. The latest message simply reads:</i></p> <p>Text from +44 7544680989 COULD BE DANGEROUS.</p> <p><i>John looks at the message for a moment, then lifts his head, his gaze alert.</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>NOT-ANTHEA: Address? JOHN (<i>turning and walking towards her</i>): Er, Baker Street. Two two one B Baker Street. But I need to stop off somewhere first.</p> <p><i>Later, John opens the door into his bedsit and switches on the light. Walking inside and closing the door behind him, he goes across to the desk and opens the drawer, taking out his pistol. Checking the clip, he tucks the gun into the back of the waistband of his jeans and turns to leave again.</i></p>	
<p><i>Later again, the car pulls up outside 221B Baker Street. Not-Anthea is still riveted by whatever she's typing on her phone [that must be one <u>heck</u> of a running blog that she's writing]. John looks across to her.</i> JOHN: Listen, your boss – any chance you could not tell him this is where I went? NOT-ANTHEA (<i>nonchalantly</i>): Sure. JOHN: You've told him already, haven't you? (<i>She smiles across to him briefly.</i>) NOT-ANTHEA: Yeah. (<i>John nods in resignation and turns to get out of the car but just as he has opened the door, he turns back to her.</i>) JOHN: Hey, um ... do you ever get any free time? (<i>She chuckles.</i>) NOT-ANTHEA (<i>sarcastically</i>) : Oh, yeah. Lots. (<i>John waits expectantly. She continues working her phone for a long moment, then turns and looks at him before allowing her gaze to drift past him to the door of 221B.</i>) NOT-ANTHEA: 'Bye. JOHN: Okay. (<i>He gets out and closes the door, then watches the car pull away before turning and walking across the pavement to the front door of 221B. He knocks on the door.</i>)</p>	<p><i>Not long afterwards he is in the back of a taxi, sitting upright and rocking backwards and forwards slightly as if urging the vehicle to go faster. He looks anxiously at his watch. The taxi driver sees what he's doing in the rear view mirror.</i> TAXI DRIVER: You late or something? JOHN (<i>leaning forward and looking anxiously out of the window</i>): No, not particularly. Why? TAXI DRIVER: Sorry. You just look a bit ... wired. JOHN (<i>snappily</i>): Wired? What d'you mean, wired? (<i>The taxi driver glances nervously in the mirror but doesn't reply. John continues to look urgently out of the side window as the cab continues.</i>)</p>
<p><i>Upstairs in the living room of the flat, Sherlock is lying stretched out on the sofa with his head towards the window and resting on a cushion. With his jacket off and his shirt sleeves unbuttoned and pushed up his arms, he has his eyes closed and he is pressing the palm of his right hand firmly onto the underside of his left</i></p>	<p><i>221B BAKER STREET. Upstairs in the living room of the flat, Sherlock is lying stretched out on the sofa with his feet towards the window. A laptop is open on top of the back of the sofa, showing the press report and photograph of Inspector Lestrade which John had been reading in the newspaper earlier. Sherlock has his jacket</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>arm just below the elbow. After some seconds his eyes snap open wide and he stares fixedly up towards the ceiling, then he sighs out a noisy breath and relaxes. John comes through the door, then stops and stares as Sherlock repeatedly clenches and unclenches his left fist.</i></p> <p>JOHN: What are you doing?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>calmly</i>): Nicotine patch. Helps me think. <i>(He lifts his right hand to show that he has three round nicotine patches stuck to his arm and it was these which he was pressing against his skin to release the substances more quickly.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Impossible to sustain a smoking habit in London these days. Bad news for brain work. <i>(He loudly clicks the 'k' on 'work'. Your transcriber dutifully wibbles.)</i></p> <p>JOHN (<i>walking further into the room</i>): It's good news for breathing.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>dismissively</i>): Oh, breathing. Breathing's boring.</p> <p><i>(John frowns as he looks more closely at Sherlock's arm.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Is that three patches?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>pressing his hands together in the prayer position under his chin</i>): It's a three-patch problem. <i>(He closes his eyes. John looks around the room for a moment, then looks down at Sherlock again.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Well? <i>(Sherlock doesn't respond.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: You asked me to come. I'm assuming it's important. <i>(Sherlock still doesn't respond instantly, but after a couple of seconds his eyes snap open. He doesn't bother turning his head to look at John.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh, yeah, of course. Can I borrow your phone?</p> <p>JOHN: My phone?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Don't wanna use mine. Always</p>	<p><i>off and his shirt sleeves unbuttoned and pushed up his arms, and he is pressing the palm of his right hand firmly onto the underside of his left arm just below the elbow. After a moment he drops his head back onto the arm of the sofa, then he sighs out a noisy breath and relaxes. John hobbles up the stairs and comes through the door, then stops and looks at the sight of Sherlock gazing blankly upwards towards the ceiling.</i></p> <p>JOHN: What are you doing? <i>(Sherlock turns his eyes in his direction briefly.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Nicotine patch. Helps me think. Impossible to sustain a smoking habit in London these days. Bad news for brain work.</p> <p>JOHN: Well, it's good news for breathing.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>dismissively</i>): Oh, breathing. <i>(He releases his left arm and lets it flop downwards, revealing three square nicotine patches stuck to the lower part of his arm.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Breathing's boring. <i>(John frowns and walks further into the room.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Is that three patches?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: It's a three-patch problem.</p> <p><i>(John nods, looks around the room for a moment, then looks down at Sherlock again.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Well? <i>(Sherlock doesn't respond, continuing to gaze up at the ceiling.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: You asked me to come. Took me an hour to get here. I assume it's important. <i>(Sherlock still doesn't respond instantly, but eventually he raises his head.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh, yeah. Can I borrow your phone? <i>(John stares at him in disbelief.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: My phone?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Don't wanna use mine. Always</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>a chance that the number will be recognised. It's on the website. JOHN: Mrs Hudson's got a phone. SHERLOCK: Yeah, she's downstairs. I tried shouting but she didn't hear. JOHN (<i>beginning to get angry</i>): I was the other side of London. SHERLOCK (<i>mildly</i>): There was no hurry. (<i>John glares at him as he gazes serenely at the ceiling before closing his eyes again. Eventually John digs his phone out of his jacket pocket and holds it towards him.</i>) JOHN: Here. (<i>Without opening his eyes, Sherlock holds out his right hand with the palm up. John glowers at him for a moment, then steps forward and slaps the phone into his hand. Sherlock slowly lifts his arm and puts his hands together again, this time with the phone in between his palms. John turns and walks a few paces away before turning around again.</i>) JOHN: So what's this about – the case? SHERLOCK (<i>softly</i>): Her case. JOHN: <i>Her case?</i> SHERLOCK (<i>opening his eyes</i>): Her suitcase, yes, obviously. The murderer took her suitcase. First big mistake. JOHN: Okay, he took her case. So?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>quietly, as if to himself</i>): It's no use, there's no other way. We'll have to risk it. (<i>Raising his voice a little, he imperiously holds the phone out towards John, still not looking at him.</i>) SHERLOCK: On my desk there's a number. I want you to send a text. (<i>John half-smiles in angry disbelief.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN (<i>tightly</i>): You brought me here ... to send a text. SHERLOCK (<i>oblivious to his anger</i>): Text, yes. The number on my desk. (<i>He continues to hold the phone out while John glowers at him, possibly wondering if he can get away with justifiable homicide. Eventually he stomps across the room and snatches the phone from Sherlock's hand. Sherlock refolds his hands under his chin and closes his eyes but instead of going to the table, John walks over to the window and looks out of it into the street below. Sherlock opens his eyes and tilts his head slightly towards him.</i>)</p>	<p>a chance the number will be recognised. It's on the website. JOHN: Mrs Hudson's got a phone. SHERLOCK: Yeah, but she's downstairs. I tried shouting but she didn't hear. JOHN (<i>beginning to get angry</i>): I was the other side of London! SHERLOCK (<i>mildly</i>): There was no hurry. (<i>John glares at him as he gazes serenely into the distance. Eventually John digs his phone out of his jacket pocket and holds it towards him.</i>) JOHN: Here. Here. (<i>Sherlock takes the phone from him. Shaking his head angrily, John turns and walks a few paces away before turning around again.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: So what's this about – the case? SHERLOCK: Her case. JOHN: <i>Her case?</i> SHERLOCK: Her suitcase, yes. The murderer took her suitcase. First big mistake. (<i>John frowns in confusion. Sherlock grimaces and gets to his feet and walks across to the window.</i>) SHERLOCK: It's no use, there's no other way. We'll have to risk it. JOHN: Risk what?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>turning towards him</i>): There's a number, over there on the table. (<i>He tosses the phone back to John.</i>) SHERLOCK: I want you to send a text. JOHN: Who am I texting?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Never mind. On the table, the number, now, please. (<i>He turns away to look out of the window. John again shakes his head in disbelief and walks to the small table near the chairs. There's a small address label on it and he starts to type the number into his phone.</i>) JOHN: Maybe Sergeant Donovan was right about you. SHERLOCK (<i>briefly glancing over his shoulder</i>): What did she say? JOHN: Said you were a psychopath. SHERLOCK: Oh! Didn't think she was that</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>(He flips his legs around and stands up, taking the shortest route towards the kitchen – which involves walking <u>over</u> the coffee table beside the sofa rather than around it.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Type and send it. Quickly. <i>(Going into the kitchen, he picks up a small pink suitcase from a chair and brings it back into the living room. Walking over to the dining table, he lifts one of the dining chairs and flips it around, setting it down in front of one of the two armchairs near the fireplace. He puts the suitcase onto the dining chair and sits down in the armchair. John is still typing.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Have you sent it? JOHN: What's the address? SHERLOCK <i>(impatiently)</i>: Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Hurry up! <i>(John finishes the message, then looks round as Sherlock unzips the case and flips open the lid, revealing the contents. There are a few items of clothing and underwear – all in varying shades of pink – a washbag, and a paperback novel by Paul Bunch entitled "Come To Bed Eyes". [Good grief – has Jennifer met Sherlock before?!]. As John turns towards the case he staggers slightly in shock as he realises what he's looking at.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: That's ... that's the pink lady's case. That's Jennifer Wilson's case. SHERLOCK <i>(studying the case closely)</i>: Yes, obviously. <i>(As John continues to stare, Sherlock looks up at him and then rolls his eyes.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(sarcastically)</i>: Oh, perhaps I should mention: I didn't kill her. JOHN: I never said you did. SHERLOCK: Why not? Given the text I just had you send and the fact I that have her case, it's a perfectly logical assumption. JOHN: Do people usually assume you're the murderer? SHERLOCK <i>(smirking)</i>: Now and then, yes. <i>(He puts his hands onto the arms of the armchair and lifts his feet up and under him so that he is perching on the seat with his backside braced against the back rest, then clasps his hands under his chin.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Okay ... <i>(He limps across the room and drops heavily into the armchair on the other side of the fireplace.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: How did you get this? SHERLOCK: By looking.</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: Well? Send it. <i>(As John stumbles backwards, Sherlock walks across the room and picks up the case.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Have you sent it? JOHN <i>(vaguely)</i>: Just a moment. <i>(He finishes typing the message as Sherlock brings the case across to the table, puts it on top and unzips it.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Take a look at the impossible. <i>(He flips the lid open.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: The contents of her case.</p> <p>JOHN: How did you get this? SHERLOCK: By looking.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN: Where? SHERLOCK: The killer must have driven her to Lauriston Gardens. He could only keep her case by accident if it was in the car. Nobody could be seen with this case without drawing attention – particularly a man, which is statistically more likely – so obviously he'd feel compelled to get rid of it the moment he noticed he still had it. Wouldn't have taken him more than five minutes to realise his mistake. I checked every back street wide enough for a car five minutes from Lauriston Gardens ... <i>(Cutaway shot of Sherlock standing on the edge of a rooftop looking down into the streets below as he searches for a glimpse of anywhere the case might have been hidden.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: ... and anywhere you could dispose of a bulky object without being observed. <i>(Cutaway shot of Sherlock back on the ground and rooting through a large skip in an alley before unearthing the case buried under some black plastic, then checking the luggage label attached to the handle.)</i> SHERLOCK: Took me less than an hour to find the right skip.</p> <p>JOHN: Pink. You got <i>all</i> that because you realised the case would be pink? SHERLOCK: Well, it <i>had</i> to be pink, obviously. JOHN <i>(to himself)</i>: Why didn't I think of that? SHERLOCK: Because you're an idiot. <i>(John looks across to him, startled. Sherlock makes a placatory gesture with one hand.)</i> SHERLOCK: No, no, no, don't look like that. Practically everyone is. <i>(He refolds his hands and then extends his index fingers to point at the case.)</i></p>	<p>JOHN: <i>Where?</i> SHERLOCK: We know the killer drove to Lauriston Gardens. We know the killer is a man. No man could be seen with this case without attracting attention to himself, so obviously he'd feel compelled to get rid of it the moment he knew it was still in his car. Wouldn't have taken him more than five minutes to realise his mistake.</p> <p><i>(Cutaway shot of Sherlock standing on the roof of a garage looking around as he searches for a glimpse of anywhere the case might have been hidden.)</i> SHERLOCK: I checked every back street wide enough for a car within five minutes of Lauriston Gardens ... <i>(Cutaway shot of Sherlock back on the ground. He has climbed inside a large skip and is throwing objects out of it haphazardly.)</i> SHERLOCK: ... and looked for anywhere you could easily dispose of a bulky object without being observed. <i>(In the cutaway shot Sherlock finds the pink suitcase amongst the rubbish.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Took me less than an hour to find the right skip. <i>(In the cutaway shot Sherlock grins with delight, then checks the name on the luggage tag before clapping his hands triumphantly and leaping out of the skip with the suitcase and running off into the night.)</i> <i>(In the flat, John has now sat down and is staring at the case in awe.)</i> JOHN: Pink. You got all that because you realised the case'd be pink? SHERLOCK <i>(who has sat down opposite him)</i>: Well, it had to be pink, obviously. JOHN <i>(to himself)</i>: Why didn't I think of that? SHERLOCK: Because you're stupid. <i>(John looks across to him, startled.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh no, don't look like that. Practically everyone is. <i>(He smiles at him briefly, then points towards John's phone.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>SHERLOCK: Now, look. Do you see what's missing? JOHN: From the case? How <i>could</i> I?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Her phone. Where's her mobile phone? There was no phone on the body, there's no phone in the case. We know she had one – that's her number there; you just texted it.</p> <p>JOHN: Maybe she left it at home. <i>(Sherlock puts his hands onto the arms of the chair and raises himself up so that he can lower his feet to the floor, then sits down properly on the chair.)</i> SHERLOCK: She has a string of lovers and she's careful about it. She <i>never</i> leaves her phone at home. <i>(He puts the slip of paper back into the luggage label on the case and looks at John expectantly.)</i> JOHN: Er ... <i>(He looks down at his mobile phone which he has put onto the arm of his chair.)</i> JOHN: Why did I just send that text? SHERLOCK: Well, the question is: where is her phone <i>now</i>? JOHN: She could have lost it. SHERLOCK: Yes, or ...? JOHN <i>(slowly)</i>: The murderer ... You think the murderer has the phone? SHERLOCK: Maybe she left it when she left her case. Maybe he took it from her for some reason. Either way, the balance of probability is the murderer has her phone. JOHN: Sorry, what are we doing? Did I just text a murderer?! What good will <i>that</i> do? <i>(As if on cue, his phone begins to ring. He</i></p>	<p>SHERLOCK: Sent? JOHN <i>(looking down at his phone)</i>: Sent, yes. What was that about? <i>(Sherlock slides the address label back into the luggage tag.)</i> SHERLOCK: The contents of her case – look at them. <i>(Sighing, John puts his phone into his jacket pocket and sits forward as he starts to rummage through the woman's unmentionables.)</i> JOHN: What am I looking for? SHERLOCK: The impossible. The <i>one</i> impossible thing. JOHN: There's a change of clothes, a make-up bag, a washbag and a novel. <i>(He sits back.)</i> What's impossible? SHERLOCK: Her mobile phone. JOHN: There <i>isn't</i> a mobile phone. <i>(Sherlock slams his hands onto the arms of the chair and pulls his feet up under him so that he's perched on the seat.)</i> SHERLOCK: That's what's impossible. No mobile in her case, no mobile in her coat pocket. JOHN: Well, maybe she doesn't have one. SHERLOCK: She has a string of lovers. Of <i>course</i> she has one. JOHN: She could have left it at home. SHERLOCK: Again, string of lovers. She <i>never</i> leaves her phone at home. JOHN: And so where is it? SHERLOCK: You <i>know</i> where it is. More importantly, you know who <i>has</i> it. JOHN: The murderer? SHERLOCK <i>(smiling)</i>: The murderer. <i>(Standing up on the chair, he steps off and onto the floor. John rummages frantically in his jacket pocket for his phone.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Who did I just text?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Maybe she just dropped it in the back of his car; maybe she planted it on purpose to lead us to him, but the murderer has her phone.</p> <p><i>(As if on cue, John's phone begins to ring.</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>picks it up and looks at the screen for the Caller I.D. It reads:</i></p> <p>(withheld) calling</p> <p><i>He looks across to Sherlock as the phone continues to ring.)</i> SHERLOCK: A few hours after his last victim, and now he receives a text that can only be from her. If somebody had just <i>found</i> that phone they'd ignore a text like that, but the murderer ... <i>(He pauses dramatically for a moment until the phone stops ringing.)</i> SHERLOCK: ... would panic. <i>(He flips the lid of the suitcase closed and stands up, walking across the room to pick up his jacket. As John continues to stare down at his phone, Sherlock puts his jacket on and walks towards the door.)</i> JOHN <i>(finally looking up)</i>: Have you talked to the police? SHERLOCK: Four people are dead. There isn't time to talk to the police. JOHN: So why are you talking to <i>me</i>? <i>(Sherlock reaches behind the door to take his greatcoat from the hook. As he looks across towards John he notices that something is missing from the mantelpiece.)</i> SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson took my skull. JOHN: So I'm basically filling in for your skull? SHERLOCK <i>(putting his coat on)</i>: Relax, you're doing fine. <i>(John doesn't move.)</i> SHERLOCK: Well? JOHN: Well what? SHERLOCK: Well, you could just sit there and watch telly. JOHN: What, you want me to come with you? SHERLOCK: I like company when I go out, and I think better when I talk aloud. The skull just attracts attention, so ... <i>(John smiles briefly.)</i> SHERLOCK: Problem? JOHN: Yeah, Sergeant Donovan. SHERLOCK <i>(looking away in exasperation)</i>: What about her? JOHN: She said ... You get off on this. You enjoy it. SHERLOCK <i>(nonchalantly)</i>: And I said "dangerous", and here you are.</p>	<p><i>He looks at the screen, which reads:</i></p> <p>077900955 mobile</p> <p><i>Sherlock stares intently at the phone as it continues to ring.)</i> SHERLOCK: A few hours since his last victim. Now he's received a text which can only be from her. An innocent man would ignore a text like that; assume it was a mistake. A guilty man ... <i>(The phone stops ringing and the screen goes blank.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(grinning)</i>: ... would panic. <i>(He turns to pick up his jacket and puts it on.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Have you spoken to the police?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Five people are dead. There isn't time to talk to the police. JOHN: Then why are you talking to me? SHERLOCK: You're <i>here</i>. <i>(John looks down at his phone again.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Well? JOHN: Well what? SHERLOCK: Well, you could sit there and watch telly.</p> <p><i>(John laughs and sits back in his chair.)</i> SHERLOCK: Problem? JOHN: Sergeant Donovan. SHERLOCK: What about her?</p> <p>JOHN: Said you get off on this. You enjoy it. SHERLOCK <i>(putting his greatcoat and scarf on)</i>: And I said "danger", and here you are.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>(Instantly he turns and walks out of the door. John sits there thoughtfully for a few seconds, then almost angrily leans onto his cane to push himself to his feet and head for the door.)</i> JOHN: Damn it!</p>	<p><i>(He walks out of the door. John grits his teeth, then angrily leans onto his cane to push himself to his feet and head for the door.)</i> JOHN: Damn it!</p>
<p><i>Not long afterwards, John catches up to Sherlock in the street and they continue down the road.</i></p> <p>JOHN: Where are we going? SHERLOCK: Northumberland Street's a five-minute walk from here. JOHN: You think he's stupid enough to go there? SHERLOCK <i>(smiling expectantly)</i>: No – I think he's <i>brilliant</i> enough. I love the brilliant ones. They're always so desperate to get caught. JOHN: Why? SHERLOCK: Appreciation! Applause! At long last the spotlight. That's the frailty of genius, John: it needs an audience.</p> <p>JOHN <i>(looking pointedly at him)</i>: Yeah. <i>(Oblivious to the implication, Sherlock spins around to indicate the entire area as he continues down the road.)</i> SHERLOCK: This is his hunting ground, right here in the heart of the city. Now that we know his victims were abducted, that changes everything. Because all of his victims disappeared from busy streets, crowded places, but nobody saw them go. <i>(He holds his hands up on either side of his head as if to focus his thoughts.)</i> SHERLOCK: Think! Who do we trust, even though we don't know them? Who passes unnoticed wherever they go? Who hunts in the middle of a crowd? JOHN: Dunno. Who? SHERLOCK <i>(shrugging)</i>: Haven't the faintest. Hungry?</p>	<p><i>Downstairs, John catches up to Sherlock and follows him into the street. Sherlock turns and pulls the front door closed and they head off down the road.</i> JOHN: Where are we going? SHERLOCK: Northumberland Terrace is a five-minute walk from here. JOHN: What, you think he's stupid enough to go there? SHERLOCK: No – I think he's <i>brilliant</i> enough. I <i>love</i> the brilliant ones – so desperate to get caught.</p> <p>JOHN: Why? SHERLOCK: Appreciation. At long last the spotlight. To you it's an arrest; to them it's a coming-out party. That's the frailty of genius: it needs an audience. JOHN: Yeah. <i>(He looks pointedly at an oblivious Sherlock.)</i> JOHN: Yes. I suppose it does.</p>
<p><i>(Lowering his hands, he leads John onwards and into a small restaurant. The waiter near the door clearly knows him and gestures to a reserved table at the front window.)</i> SHERLOCK: Thank you, Billy. <i>(Taking his coat off, he sits down on the bench seat at the side of the table and immediately turns sideways so that he can see clearly out of the window. As Billy takes the 'Reserved' sign off the table,</i></p>	<p><i>RESTAURANT. Sherlock leads John into a restaurant and sees an empty table at the front by one of the windows. He takes his coat off by the seat which has its back to the window as John sits down in the chair opposite. Outside, the street sign on the other side of the road shows that this is Northumberland Terrace, W1. Sherlock looks round at John.</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>John sits down on the other bench seat with his back to the window, and takes off his jacket.)</i> SHERLOCK (<i>nodding to a building over the road</i>): Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Keep your eyes on it.</p> <p>JOHN: He isn't just gonna ring the doorbell, though, is he? He'd need to be mad. SHERLOCK: He <i>has</i> killed four people. JOHN: ... Okay.</p> <p><i>(The manager and/or owner of the restaurant comes over, clearly pleased to see Sherlock.)</i> ANGELO: Sherlock. <i>(They shake hands.)</i> ANGELO: Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. <i>(He lays a couple of menus on the table.)</i> ANGELO: On the house, for you <i>and</i> for your date. SHERLOCK (<i>to John</i>): Do you want to eat? JOHN (<i>to Angelo</i>): I'm not his date.</p> <p>ANGELO: This man got me off a murder charge. SHERLOCK: This is Angelo. <i>(Angelo offers his hand to John, who shakes it.)</i> SHERLOCK: Three years ago I successfully proved to Lestrade at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder that Angelo was in a completely different part of town, house-breaking. ANGELO (<i>to John</i>): He cleared my name. SHERLOCK: I cleared it a <i>bit</i>. Anything happening opposite?</p> <p>ANGELO: Nothing. <i>(He looks at John</i></p>	<p>SHERLOCK: Twenty-two Northumberland Terrace. Keep your eyes on it. <i>(He sits down.)</i> JOHN (<i>hanging his cane on the back of his chair</i>): Don't you wanna keep <i>your</i> eyes on it? SHERLOCK: I <i>am</i>. <i>(He nods over John's shoulder. John turns and sees that a mirror is hanging on the wall behind him, allowing Sherlock to see the road behind him.)</i> JOHN: But he's not just gonna ring the doorbell, though, is he? SHERLOCK: No, of course not. But he'll pass by; might even loiter. JOHN: Half of London's passing by. SHERLOCK: I'll recognise him. JOHN: You know who he is? SHERLOCK: I know <i>what</i> he is. <i>(The manager and/or owner of the restaurant has spotted them and comes over, clearly pleased to see Sherlock.)</i> ANGELO (<i>in an Italian accent</i>): Sherlock! <i>(He leans closer and talks quietly.)</i> ANGELO: Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. <i>(He puts a finger to his lips secretively.)</i> ANGELO: All on the house, you and your date. SHERLOCK (<i>to John</i>): Do you want to eat? JOHN (<i>to Angelo</i>): I'm not his date. ANGELO (<i>wrapping an arm around Sherlock and hugging both of his shoulders</i>): Ohhh! Ooh, this man! <i>(He looks around to make sure nobody can hear before looking at John.)</i> ANGELO: He got me off a murder charge.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: This is Angelo. Three years ago I successfully proved to Inspector Lestrade that at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder, Angelo was in a completely different part of town, car-jacking.</p> <p>ANGELO (<i>to John</i>): He cleared my name. SHERLOCK: I cleared it a bit. ANGELO (<i>releasing Sherlock and straightening up</i>): Anything on the menu, I cook it for you myself. SHERLOCK: Thank you, Angelo. ANGELO: If not for you, I'd have gone to</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>again.</i>) But for this man, I'd have gone to prison. SHERLOCK: You <i>did</i> go to prison. ANGELO (<i>to John</i>): I'll get a candle for the table. It's more romantic.</p> <p>JOHN (<i>indignantly, as Angelo walks away</i>): I'm not his date! (<i>Sherlock puts his own menu down onto the table.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You may as well eat. We might have a long wait.</p> <p>(<i>Angelo comes back with a small glass bowl containing a lit tea-light. He puts it onto the table and gives John a thumbs-up before turning and walking away again.</i>) JOHN (<i>a little tetchily</i>): Thanks(!)</p> <p><i>Later, John has a plate of food in front of him and is eating from it. Sherlock's attention is fixed out of the window and he is quietly drumming his fingers on the table.</i> JOHN: People don't <i>have</i> arch-enemies. (<i>It takes a moment but Sherlock finally looks round.</i>) SHERLOCK: I'm sorry? JOHN: In real life. There <i>are</i> no arch-enemies in real life. Doesn't happen. SHERLOCK (<i>disinterestedly, looking out of the window again</i>): Doesn't it? Sounds a bit dull. JOHN: So who did I meet? SHERLOCK: What do real people have, then, in their 'real lives'? JOHN: Friends; people they know; people they like; people they don't like ... Girlfriends, boyfriends ... SHERLOCK: Yes, well, as I was saying – dull. JOHN: You don't have a girlfriend, then? SHERLOCK (<i>still looking out of the window</i>): Girlfriend? No, not really my area.</p>	<p>prison.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You <i>did</i> go to prison. ANGELO (<i>looking a little awkward before recovering</i>): I'll get you a candle for the table. (<i>He grins at John.</i>) It's more romantic, huh? JOHN (<i>indignantly, as Angelo turns away</i>): I'm not his date! (<i>Angelo puts two menus down on the table, smiling widely before walking away. Sherlock sets his menu aside, watching the mirror.</i>) SHERLOCK: You may as well eat. We might be waiting a long time. JOHN: Hmm. Are you going to? SHERLOCK: What day is it? JOHN: It's Wednesday. SHERLOCK: I'm okay for a bit. JOHN: You haven't eaten today? For God's sake, you need to eat. SHERLOCK: No, <i>you</i> need to eat. I need to think. The brain's what counts. Everything else is transport. (<i>John frowns at him. Angelo comes back with a red candle in a holder and sets it on the table before lighting it.</i>) JOHN: You might consider refuelling. (<i>He looks at the candle in startlement, then sighs in resignation as he looks back at his menu.</i>) SHERLOCK (<i>absently</i>): Hmm. JOHN: So – d'you have a girlfriend who feeds you up sometimes? SHERLOCK: Is that what girlfriends do: feed you up?</p> <p>JOHN: You don't have a girlfriend, then? SHERLOCK (<i>still watching the mirror</i>): It's not really my area.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN: Mm. <i>(A moment passes before he realises the possible significance of this statement.)</i> JOHN: Oh, right. D'you have a boyfriend? <i>(Sherlock looks round at him sharply.)</i> JOHN: Which is fine, by the way. SHERLOCK: I know it's fine. <i>(John smiles to indicate that he wasn't signifying anything negative by what he said.)</i> JOHN: So you've got a boyfriend then? SHERLOCK: No. JOHN <i>(still smiling, though his smile is becoming a little fixed and awkward)</i>: Right. Okay. You're unattached. Like me. <i>(He looks down at his plate, apparently rapidly running out of things to say.)</i> Fine. <i>(He clears his throat.)</i> Good. <i>(He continues eating. Sherlock looks at him suspiciously for a moment but then turns his attention out of the window again. However, he then appears to replay John's statement in his head and looks a little startled. Turning his head towards John again, he starts speaking rather awkwardly but rapidly speeds up and is almost babbling by the time John interrupts him.)</i> SHERLOCK: John, um ... I think you should know that I consider myself married to my work, and while I'm flattered by your interest, I'm really not looking for any ... JOHN <i>(interrupting)</i>: No. <i>(He turns his head briefly to clear his throat.)</i> No, I'm not asking. No. <i>(He fixes his gaze onto Sherlock's, apparently trying to convey his sincerity.)</i> JOHN: I'm just saying, it's all fine. <i>(Sherlock looks at him for a moment, then nods.)</i> SHERLOCK: Good. Thank you. <i>(He turns his attention back to the street. John looks away with an bemused expression on his face as if asking himself, 'What the heck was all that about?!' Just then, Sherlock nods out of the window.)</i> SHERLOCK: Look across the street. Taxi. <i>(John twists in his seat to look out of the window where a taxi has parked at the side of the road with its back end towards the restaurant.)</i> SHERLOCK: Stopped. Nobody getting in, and nobody getting out. <i>(In the rear seat of the taxi the male passenger is looking through the side windows as if trying to see somebody particular.)</i></p>	<p>JOHN: Mm. <i>(A moment passes before he realises the possible significance of this statement.)</i> JOHN: Oh. Right. D'you have a boyfriend? <i>(Sherlock looks at him sharply.)</i> JOHN: Which is fine, by the way. SHERLOCK: I know it's fine.</p> <p>JOHN: So you don't have a boyfriend then? SHERLOCK: No. JOHN: Fine. Okay. So unattached, like me.</p> <p><i>(He looks down at his menu, apparently rapidly running out of things to say.)</i> Good.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock looks at him suspiciously for a moment, appearing to replay John's statement in his head.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: John, you should know that I consider myself married to my work, and while I'm flattered by your interest, I'm really not looking for any <i>kind</i> of ... JOHN <i>(interrupting)</i>: No. No. <i>(He looks around awkwardly before looking back to Sherlock.)</i> I wasn't asking you out. No. <i>(Sherlock looks at him for a moment, then nods.)</i> JOHN: I'm just saying, it's all fine. Whatever ... shakes your ... <i>(he looks up in confusion as he searches for the right word)</i> ... boat. I'm gonna shut up now. SHERLOCK: I think that's for the best. <i>(He continues to watch the street behind him through the mirror as John looks at his menu again. John manages to stay shut up for all of about seven seconds.)</i> JOHN: So ... <i>(Sherlock briefly closes his eyes in exasperation.)</i> JOHN: ... you don't ... <i>do</i> ... anything. SHERLOCK <i>(slowly, as if trying to get it through John's skull)</i>: Everything else is transport.</p> <p><i>Time passes. John is partway through his meal and Sherlock is drumming the fingers of one hand impatiently on the table as he</i></p>

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<p>SHERLOCK (to himself): Why a taxi? Oh, that's clever. <i>Is it clever? Why is it clever?</i></p> <p>JOHN: That's him?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Don't stare.</p> <p>JOHN (looking round at him): You're staring.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: We can't both stare.</p> <p><i>(Getting to his feet, he grabs his coat and scarf and heads for the door. John picks up his own jacket and follows ... completely forgetting to take his walking cane with him. Outside the door, Sherlock shrugs himself into his coat while keeping his eyes fixed on the taxi. The passenger continues to look around him, then turns and looks out the back window. His gaze falls on the restaurant and he looks at it for a few moments while Sherlock stares back at him, then the man turns towards the front of the vehicle and the taxi begins to pull away from the kerb. Sherlock immediately heads towards it without bothering to check the road that he's running into and is almost run over by a car coming from his left. The driver slams on the brakes and stops the car but Sherlock, always keen to take the quickest route, allows his forward impetus to carry him onto the top of the bonnet. He rolls over the bonnet, lands on his feet on the other side and then runs after the taxi. As the driver of the car angrily sounds his horn, John puts one hand on the bonnet and vaults over the front of the car, apologising to the driver as he goes.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Sorry.</p> <p><i>(He chases after Sherlock, who runs a few yards up the road before realising that he's not going to catch the taxi and slows to a halt. John catches up and stops beside him.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: I've got the cab number.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Good for you.</p> <p><i>(He brings his hands up to either side of his head and concentrates, calling up a mental map of the local area and overlaying it with images of the streets along the route which he calculates that the taxi must take.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK (quick fire): Right turn, one way, roadworks, traffic lights, bus lane, pedestrian crossing, left turn only, traffic lights.</p> <p><i>(Having worked out the route, he lifts his head and sees a man unlocking the door to a nearby building. Instantly his mind</i></p>	<p><i>continues watching the mirror. John looks up at him.</i></p> <p>JOHN: No sign yet, then?</p> <p><i>(Sherlock forces himself to stop drumming.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: I suppose it is a long shot. We have to be realistic.</p> <p>JOHN: You said before you didn't know who the killer was but you knew <i>what</i>.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: So do you if you think about it. <i>(He screws up his eyes in exasperation.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Why don't people just <i>think</i>?</p> <p>JOHN: Oh, because we're stupid.</p> <p><i>(He puts a forkful of food in his mouth as he looks at Sherlock. Sherlock bites his lip.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: We know the killer drove his victims, but there were no marks of coercion or violence on the bodies. Each one of those five people climbed into a stranger's car voluntarily. The killer was someone they trusted.</p> <p>JOHN: But not someone they knew?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Five completely different people. They had no friends in common. And another thing: Lauriston Gardens, did you see it? Twitching curtains, little old ladies ... Little old ladies, they're my favourite. Better than any security cameras. But according to the police, no-one remembers a strange car parked outside an empty house. Not <i>one</i> person remembered.</p> <p>JOHN: I see what you're saying.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock fidgets in his seat expectantly.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: ... No I don't. What are you saying: that the killer's got an invisible car?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes! Exactly!</p> <p>JOHN: Then I <i>definitely</i> don't see what you're saying.</p> <p><i>(Sherlock sighs, then looks intensely at John.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: There are cars that pass like ghosts, unseen, unremembered. There are people we trust, always, when we're alone, when we're lost, when we're drunk. We never see their faces, but every day we disappear into their cars and let the trap close around us.</p> <p><i>(He turns his head and glances out of the window, then his gaze sharpens as a black cab pulls up on the other side of the road, its light on to indicate that it's available for hire. Sherlock turns his head and calls out towards the rear of the restaurant.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Angelo, glass of white wine,</p>

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<p><i>flashes up a signpost saying, "ALTERNATIVE ROUTE" [we won't mention the fact that the man is on the right-hand side of the street but the sign is pointing to the left ...]. Sherlock races towards the man and grabs him, shoving him out of the way before charging into the building.)</i> MAN: Oy! <i>(John hurries after Sherlock, raising an apologetic hand to the man as he goes.)</i> JOHN: Sorry. <i>(The two of them race up the stairs and out onto a metal spiral fire escape staircase leading to the roof. Sherlock, the lanky git, takes the steps two or even three at a time and John struggles to keep up with him as he scurries up behind him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Come on, John. <i>(Reaching the top of the stairs, Sherlock runs to the edge and looks over before seeing a shorter metal spiral staircase leading down the side of the building to another door one floor lower. He gallops down the stairs and climbs onto the railing before leaping across the gap to the next building. John scrambles onto the railing and follows. Sherlock runs across to the other side of the roof and again leaps across to the next building. John races after him, but then skids to a halt as he realises that the gap may be too big for him to jump across. As if in sympathy, pedestrian traffic lights on the ground change from the green "It is safe to cross" sign to the red "Stop and wait" sign. John hesitates, looking down at the drop beneath him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Come on, John. We're losing him! <i>(John backs up a few paces and braces himself. As the traffic lights change to "Safe to cross" again, he takes a run-up and leaps the gap. Dropping down onto a walkway along the side of the building, the boys run onwards. As the taxi continues its journey on the ground, the boys gallop down another metal staircase, then run to a ledge and drop down into an alleyway before running onwards again. Sherlock leads John down the alleyway as, in his head, a map shows their location in comparison to where the taxi must be. Their paths are beginning to get closer and they are heading towards a point where Sherlock and John will exit the alleyway onto D'Arblay Street, which the taxi is just</i></p>	<p>quickly. <i>(He looks at John.)</i> SHERLOCK: I give you the perfect murder weapon of the modern age, the invisible car. <i>(The cab begins to pull away from the kerb. Sherlock watches it intently in the mirror.)</i> SHERLOCK: The London cab. <i>(The cab turns right into the narrow street opposite the restaurant. John looks over Sherlock's shoulder as the cab stops again a few yards down the road.)</i> JOHN: There's been cabs up and down this street all night. SHERLOCK <i>(nodding towards the mirror)</i>: This one's stopped. JOHN: He's looking for a fare. <i>(They both watch as a woman walks towards the cab and leans down to the left-hand front window to talk to the driver. Angelo walks towards their table carrying a glass of white wine. Out in the street the woman straightens up again and walks away. Sherlock grins.)</i> JOHN: We don't know it's him. SHERLOCK: We don't know it <i>isn't</i>. <i>(Angelo puts the glass down in front of Sherlock.)</i> SHERLOCK: Thank you. <i>(He picks up the glass, closes his eyes and throws the wine into his own face. John and Angelo jerk back in surprise. Sherlock picks up a paper napkin and pats the worst of the liquid off his face before putting the napkin down again and reaching for his coat.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(to John)</i>: Watch. Don't interfere. <i>(He looks up at Angelo.)</i> SHERLOCK: Angelo, headless nun. ANGELO: Ah, now <i>that</i> was a case! <i>(He begins to roll up his shirtsleeves as Sherlock puts his coat on.)</i> ANGELO: Same again? SHERLOCK: If you wouldn't mind. <i>(Instantly Angelo leans forward, seizes Sherlock's coat and drags him out of his chair.)</i> ANGELO: Out of my restaurant! Cretino! You're drunk! <i>(Sherlock stumbles clumsily across the floor as Angelo bundles him toward the door, continuing to insult him in Italian. At the door, Angelo shoves Sherlock out into the street.)</i></p>

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<p><i>turning into. Sherlock turns the corner and races down the last part of the alley, only to see the taxi drive past the end, heading to the left.)</i> SHERLOCK (<i>angrily</i>): Ah, no! <i>(Without breaking stride, he races out of the end of the alley and turns right.)</i> SHERLOCK: This way. <i>(Instinctively John turns left in pursuit of the taxi.)</i> SHERLOCK: No, <i>this way!</i> JOHN: Sorry. <i>(He turns and heads back in the opposite direction, following Sherlock. In Sherlock's mind-map, he picks a new point where he and John can intercept the cab. The boys run down the street, taking a shorter route than the taxi which is being diverted by various road signs taking it the long way around. They head down more alleyways and side streets towards the interception point in Wardour Street and finally, at the precise point which his mental map predicted, Sherlock races out of a side street and hurls himself into the path of the approaching cab, which screeches to a halt as he crashes hard into the bonnet. Scrabbling in his left coat pocket, Sherlock pulls out an I.D. badge and flashes it at the driver as he runs to the right hand side of the cab.)</i> SHERLOCK: Police! Open her up! <i>(Panting heavily, he tugs open the rear door and stares in at the passenger, who looks back at him anxiously. Instantly Sherlock straightens up in exasperation just as John joins him.)</i> SHERLOCK: No. <i>(He leans down again to look at the passenger a second time.)</i> SHERLOCK: Teeth, tan: what – Californian? <i>(He looks at something on the floor in front of the passenger.)</i> SHERLOCK: L.A., Santa Monica. Just arrived. <i>(He straightens up again, grimacing.)</i> JOHN: How can you <i>possibly</i> know that? SHERLOCK: The luggage. <i>(He looks down at the suitcase on the floor of the cab and its luggage label showing that the man has flown from LAX [Los Angeles International Airport] to LHR [London Heathrow Airport].)</i> SHERLOCK (<i>to the passenger</i>): It's probably your first trip to London, right, going by your final destination and the</p>	<p>ANGELO: And stay away!</p>

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<p>route the cabbie was taking you? PASSENGER: Sorry – are you guys the police? SHERLOCK: Yeah. <i>(He flashes the I.D. badge briefly at the man.)</i> Everything all right? PASSENGER <i>(smiling)</i>: Yeah. <i>(Sherlock pauses for a moment as if wondering how to finish this conversation, then smiles falsely at the man.)</i> SHERLOCK: Welcome to London. <i>(He immediately walks away, leaving John staring blankly for a moment before he steps closer to the taxi door and looks in at the passenger.)</i> JOHN: Er, any problems, just let us know. <i>(As the man nods, John smiles politely and slams the cab door shut. The man looks round to the taxi driver in bewilderment. John walks to where Sherlock has stopped a few yards behind the vehicle.)</i> JOHN: Basically just a cab that happened to slow down. SHERLOCK: Basically. JOHN: Not the murderer. SHERLOCK <i>(exasperated)</i>: Not the murderer, no. JOHN: Wrong country, good alibi. SHERLOCK: As they go. <i>(John notices as Sherlock switches the I.D. card from one hand to another.)</i> JOHN: Hey, where-where did you get this? Here. <i>(He reaches for the card and Sherlock releases it.)</i> JOHN: Right. <i>(He looks at the name on the card.)</i> Detective Inspector Lestrade? SHERLOCK: Yeah. I pickpocket him when he’s annoying. You can keep that one, I’ve got plenty at the flat. <i>(John nods, then looks down at the card again before lifting his head and giggling silently.)</i> SHERLOCK: What? JOHN: Nothing, just: “Welcome to London”. <i>(Sherlock chuckles, then looks down the road to where a police officer has apparently gone to investigate why the cab has stopped in the middle of the road. The passenger has got out and is pointing down the road towards the boys.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(to John)</i>: Got your breath back? JOHN: Ready when you are. <i>(They turn and run off down the road.)</i></p>	

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<p>221B. The boys have arrived back and walk along the hallway, breathing heavily. John hangs his jacket on a hook on the wall while Sherlock drapes his coat over the bottom of the bannisters.</p> <p>JOHN: Okay, that was ridiculous. (They lean side by side against the wall, still trying to catch their breath.)</p> <p>JOHN: That was the most ridiculous thing I've ever done.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: And you invaded Afghanistan. (John giggles adorably and after a moment Sherlock also begins to laugh.)</p> <p>JOHN: That wasn't just me. (Sherlock chuckles.)</p> <p>JOHN: Why aren't we back at the restaurant?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (becoming more serious and waving his hand dismissively): Oh, they can keep an eye out. It was a long shot anyway.</p> <p>JOHN: So what were we doing there? (Sherlock clears his throat.)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh, just passing the time. (He looks at John.)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: And proving a point.</p> <p>JOHN: What point?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You. (He turns and calls loudly towards the door to Mrs Hudson's flat.)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson! Doctor Watson will take the room upstairs.</p> <p>JOHN: Says who?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (looking towards the front door): Says the man at the door. (John turns his head towards the door just as someone knocks on it three times. He turns back to look at Sherlock in surprise. Sherlock smiles. John stares at him for a moment, then walks along the hall to answer the door. Sherlock leans his head against the wall and blows out a breath. John opens the door and finds Angelo standing outside.)</p> <p>ANGELO: Sherlock texted me. (Smiling, he holds up John's walking cane.)</p> <p>ANGELO: He said you forgot this. (John stares at the cane in surprise, then takes it.)</p> <p>JOHN: Ah. (He turns and looks down the hall to Sherlock, who grins at him.)</p> <p>JOHN (turning back to Angelo): Er, thank you. Thank you. (As he comes back in and closes the door, Mrs Hudson comes out of her flat and</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>hurries over to the boys. She sounds upset and tearful as she speaks.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, what have you done? SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson? MRS HUDSON: Upstairs. <i>(Sherlock turns and hurries up the stairs, John following him. Sherlock opens the living room door and goes inside, where he finds D.I. Lestrade sitting casually in the armchair facing the door. Other police officers are going through Sherlock's possessions. Sherlock storms over to Lestrade.)</i> SHERLOCK: What are you doing? LESTRADE: Well, I knew you'd find the case. I'm not stupid. SHERLOCK: You can't just break into my flat. LESTRADE: And you can't withhold evidence. And I didn't <i>break</i> into your flat. SHERLOCK: Well, what do you call this then? LESTRADE <i>(looking round at his officers before looking back to Sherlock innocently)</i>: It's a drugs bust. JOHN: Seriously?! <i>This</i> guy, a junkie?! Have you met him?! <i>(Sherlock turns and walks closer to John, biting his lip nervously.)</i> SHERLOCK: John ... JOHN <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: I'm pretty sure you could search this flat all day, you wouldn't find anything you could call recreational. SHERLOCK: John, you probably want to shut up <i>now</i>. JOHN: Yeah, but come on ... <i>(He looks into Sherlock's eyes. Sherlock holds his gaze for a long moment and John falls deeply and instantly in love realises how serious he's looking.)</i> JOHN: No. SHERLOCK: What? JOHN: <i>You</i>? SHERLOCK <i>(angrily)</i>: Shut up! <i>(He turns back to Lestrade.)</i> SHERLOCK: I'm not your sniffer dog. LESTRADE: No, <i>Anderson's</i> my sniffer dog. <i>(He nods towards the kitchen.)</i> SHERLOCK: What, An... <i>(The closed doors to the kitchen slide open and reveal several more officers in there searching through the room. Anderson turns towards the living room and raises his hand in sarcastic greeting.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(angrily)</i>: Anderson, what are</p>	

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<p>you doing here on a drugs bust? ANDERSON (<i>venomously</i>): Oh, I volunteered. (<i>Sherlock turns away, biting his lip angrily.</i>) LESTRADE: They <i>all</i> did. They're not strictly speaking on the drugs squad, but they're very keen. (<i>Donovan comes into view from the kitchen, holding a small glass jar with some white round objects in it.</i>) DONOVAN: Are these <i>human</i> eyes? SHERLOCK: Put those back! DONOVAN: They were in the microwave! SHERLOCK: It's an experiment. LESTRADE: Keep looking, guys. (<i>He stands up and turns to Sherlock.</i>) LESTRADE: Or you could help us properly and I'll stand them down. SHERLOCK (<i>pacing angrily</i>): This is childish. LESTRADE: Well, I'm <i>dealing</i> with a child. Sherlock, this is <i>our</i> case. I'm letting you in, but you do <i>not</i> go off on your own. Clear? SHERLOCK (<i>stopping and glaring at him</i>): Oh, what, so-so-so you set up a pretend drugs bust to bully me? LESTRADE: It stops being pretend if they find anything. SHERLOCK (<i>loudly</i>): I am clean! LESTRADE: Is your flat? All of it? SHERLOCK: I don't even smoke. (<i>He unbuttons the cuff of his left shirt and pulls it up to show the nicotine patch on his lower arm.</i>) LESTRADE: Neither do I. (<i>He pulls up the right sleeve of his own shirt to show a similar patch on his arm. Sherlock rolls his eyes and turns away and they both pull their sleeves back down again.</i>) LESTRADE: So let's work together. We've found Rachel. SHERLOCK (<i>turning back to him</i>): Who is she? LESTRADE: Jennifer Wilson's only daughter. SHERLOCK (<i>frowning</i>): Her daughter? Why would she write her daughter's name? Why? ANDERSON: Never mind <i>that</i>. We found the case. (<i>He points to the pink suitcase in the living room.</i>) ANDERSON: According to <i>someone</i>, the</p>	

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<p>murderer has the case, and we found it in the hands of our favourite psychopath. SHERLOCK (<i>looking at him disparagingly</i>): I'm not a psychopath, Anderson. I'm a high-functioning sociopath. Do your research. (<i>He turns back to Lestrade.</i>) SHERLOCK: You need to bring Rachel in. You need to question her. <i>I</i> need to question her. LESTRADE: She's dead. SHERLOCK: Excellent! (<i>John looks startled at this.</i>) SHERLOCK (<i>to Lestrade</i>): How, when and why? Is there a connection? There <i>has</i> to be. LESTRADE: Well, I doubt it, since she's been dead for fourteen years. Technically she was never alive. Rachel was Jennifer Wilson's stillborn daughter, fourteen years ago. (<i>John grimaces sadly and turns away. Sherlock, on the other hand, just looks confused.</i>) SHERLOCK: No, that's ... that's not right. How ... Why would she do that? <i>Why?</i> ANDERSON: Why would she think of her daughter in her last moments?(!) Yup – sociopath; I'm seeing it now. SHERLOCK (<i>turning to him with an exasperated look on his face</i>): She didn't <i>think</i> about her daughter. She scratched her name on the floor with her fingernails. She was dying. It took effort. It would have hurt. (<i>He begins to pace back and forth across the room again.</i>) JOHN: You said that the victims all took the poison themselves, that he <i>makes</i> them take it. Well, maybe he ... I don't know, talks to them? Maybe he used the death of her daughter somehow. SHERLOCK (<i>stopping and turning to him</i>): Yeah, but that was <i>ages</i> ago. Why would she still be upset? (<i>John stares at him. Sherlock hesitates as he realises that everyone in the flat has stopped what they're doing and has fallen silent. He glances around the room and then looks awkwardly at John.</i>) SHERLOCK: Not good? JOHN (<i>also glancing around at the others before turning back to Sherlock</i>): <i>Bit</i> not good, yeah. (<i>Sherlock shakes it off and steps closer to John, looking at him intently.</i>)</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>SHERLOCK: Yeah, but if you were dying ... if you'd been murdered: in your very last few seconds what would you say?</p> <p>JOHN: "Please, God, let me live."</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>exasperated</i>): Oh, use your imagination!</p> <p>JOHN: I don't <i>have</i> to.</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock seems to recognise the look of pain in John's face. He pauses momentarily and blinks a couple of times, shifting his feet apologetically before continuing.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Yeah, but if you were clever, <i>really</i> clever ... Jennifer Wilson running all those lovers: she <i>was</i> clever.</p> <p>(<i>He starts to pace again.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: She's trying to <i>tell</i> us something.</p> <p>(<i>Mrs Hudson comes to the door of the living room.</i>)</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Isn't the doorbell working? Your taxi's here, Sherlock.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I didn't order a taxi. Go away. (<i>He continues pacing as Mrs Hudson looks around the room.</i>)</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: Oh, dear. They're making such a mess. What are they looking for?</p> <p>JOHN: It's a drugs bust, Mrs Hudson.</p> <p>MRS HUDSON (<i>anxiously</i>): But they're just for my hip. They're herbal soothers.</p> <p>(<i>With his back to the door, Sherlock stops and shouts out.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Shut up, everybody, shut up! Don't move, don't speak, don't breathe. I'm trying to think. Anderson, face the other way. You're putting me off.</p> <p>ANDERSON: What? My <i>face</i> is?!</p> <p>LESTRADE: Everybody quiet and still. Anderson, turn your back.</p> <p>ANDERSON: Oh, for God's sake!</p> <p>LESTRADE: Your <i>back</i>, now, please!</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>to himself</i>): Come on, think. Quick!</p> <p>MRS HUDSON: What about your taxi?</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>turning to her and shouting furiously</i>): MRS HUDSON!</p> <p>(<i>She turns and hurries away down the stairs. Sherlock stops and looks around as he finally realises something.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh.</p> <p>(<i>He smiles in delight.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Ah! She was clever, clever, yes!</p> <p>(<i>He walks across the room and then turns back to the others.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: She's cleverer than you lot and she's dead. Do you see, do you get it? She</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>didn't lose her phone, she never lost it. She <i>planted</i> it on him. <i>(He starts pacing again.)</i> SHERLOCK: When she got out of the car, she knew that she was going to her death. She left the phone in order to lead us to her killer. LESTRADE: But how? SHERLOCK <i>(stopping and staring at him)</i>: Wha...? What do you mean, how? <i>(Lestrade shrugs.)</i> SHERLOCK: Rachel! <i>(He looks at everyone triumphantly. They all look back at him blankly.)</i> SHERLOCK: Don't you see? <i>Rachel!</i> <i>(Still everyone looks blank. Sherlock laughs in disbelief.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh, look at you lot. You're all so vacant. Is it nice not being me? It must be so relaxing. <i>(More sternly)</i> Rachel is not a name. JOHN <i>(equally sternly)</i>: Then what is it? SHERLOCK: John, on the luggage, there's a label. E-mail address. <i>(John looks at the label on the suitcase and reads out the address.)</i> JOHN: Er, jennie dot pink at mephone dot org dot uk. <i>(Sherlock has sat down at the dining table and is looking at his computer notebook.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh, I've been too slow. She didn't have a laptop, which means she did her business on her phone, so it's a smartphone, it's e-mail enabled. <i>(He has pulled up Mephone's website and types the email address into the 'User name' box.)</i> SHERLOCK: So there was a website for her account. The username is her e-mail address ... <i>(He begins to type into the 'Password' box.)</i> SHERLOCK: ... and all together now, the password is? JOHN <i>(walking over to stand behind him)</i>: Rachel. ANDERSON: So we can read her e-mails. So what? SHERLOCK: Anderson, don't talk out loud. You lower the I.Q. of the whole street. We can do much more than just read her e-mails. It's a smartphone, it's got GPS, which means if you lose it you can locate it online. She's leading us directly to the man who killed her. LESTRADE: Unless he got rid of it.</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN: We know he didn't. <i>(Sherlock looks at the screen impatiently.)</i> SHERLOCK: Come on, come on. Quickly! <i>(Mrs Hudson trots up the stairs and comes to the door again.)</i> MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, dear. This taxi driver ... <i>(Sherlock gets to his feet and walks over towards her.)</i> SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, isn't it time for your evening soother? <i>(John sits down on the chair which Sherlock vacated and watches a clock spinning round on the website as it claims that the phone will be located in under three minutes. Sherlock turns to Lestrade.)</i> SHERLOCK: We need to get vehicles, get a helicopter. <i>(Mrs Hudson looks around anxiously as a man walks slowly up the stairs behind her.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: We're gonna have to move fast. This phone battery won't last for ever. LESTRAD: We'll just have a map reference, not a name. SHERLOCK: It's a start! <i>(On the computer, a map has appeared and is now zooming in on the location of the phone.)</i> JOHN: Sherlock ... SHERLOCK <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: It narrows it down from just anyone in London. It's the first proper lead that we've had. JOHN: Sherlock ... SHERLOCK <i>(hurrying across the room to look over John's shoulder)</i>: What is it? Quickly, where? <i>(The map is now indicating the precise location of the phone.)</i> JOHN: It's here. It's in two two one Baker Street. SHERLOCK <i>(straightening up)</i>: How can it be here? <i>How?</i> LESTRAD: Well, maybe it was in the case when you brought it back and it fell out somewhere. SHERLOCK: What, and I didn't notice it? <i>Me?</i> I didn't notice? JOHN <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: Anyway, we texted him and he called back. <i>(Lestrade turns to call out to his colleagues.)</i> LESTRAD: Guys, we're also looking for a mobile somewhere here, belonged to the victim ...</p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>(Sherlock tunes him out as he begins to remember questions he asked to John earlier.)</i> SHERLOCK (voiceover): 'Who do we trust, even if we don't know them?' <i>(Behind Mrs Hudson, the man has reached the top of the stairs. He is wearing a badge in a leather holder on a cord around his neck. The badge is for a licenced London cab driver.)</i> SHERLOCK (voiceover): 'Who passes unnoticed wherever they go?' <i>(In a cutaway, a black taxi drives down a rainy street with its sign lit indicating that it's for hire.)</i> <i>(In flashback, at the railway station Sir Jeffrey Patterson walks to the cab rank and raises his hand to a taxi.)</i> SHERLOCK (voiceover): 'Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?' <i>(Sherlock stands lost in thought in the flat.)</i> <i>(In flashback, James Phillimore walks across the road, huddled against the pouring rain as a vacant taxi drives along the road behind him.)</i> <i>(In flashback, Beth Davenport looks around despairingly as she realises that she doesn't have her car keys. Nearby, a vacant cab pulls up.)</i> <i>(In the flat, Sherlock turns, his mind racing as he puts all the clues together.)</i> <i>(In flashback, Jennifer Wilson arrives at a London terminus and gets into the back of a taxi.)</i> <i>(Sherlock turns his head, still putting it all together. On the landing, the taxi driver takes a pink smartphone from his pocket and presses the screen to send a text. A moment later, Sherlock's own phone trills a text alert. Taking his phone from his jacket pocket he looks at the message which simply reads: COME WITH ME. As he turns his head towards the door, the taxi driver turns around and calmly heads off down the stairs.)</i> JOHN: Sherlock, you okay? SHERLOCK (vaguely, watching the man go): What? Yeah, yeah, I-I'm fine. JOHN: So, how can the phone be here? SHERLOCK (still watching the taxi driver): Dunno. JOHN (getting up to get his own phone out of his jeans pocket): I'll try it again. SHERLOCK: Good idea. <i>(He heads towards the door.)</i></p>	

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN: Where are you going? SHERLOCK: Fresh air. Just popping outside for a moment. Won't be long. <i>(John frowns as Sherlock leaves the room, and calls after him.)</i> JOHN: You sure you're all right? SHERLOCK <i>(hurrying down the stairs)</i>: I'm fine.</p>	
<p><i>Downstairs, Sherlock opens the front door and stands on the doorstep for a moment as he shrugs himself into his coat. A taxi is parked at the kerb and the driver, Jeff Hope, is leaning casually against the side of the cab.</i> JEFF: Taxi for Sherlock 'olmes. <i>(Sherlock steps forward, closing the door behind him.)</i> SHERLOCK: I didn't order a taxi. JEFF: Doesn't mean you don't need one. SHERLOCK: You're the cabbie. The one who stopped outside Northumberland Street. <i>(In flashback, the American man sits in the back of the cab outside the restaurant and turns his head to the front. In the driver's seat, Jeff looks over his shoulder and through the rear window of the cab before turning around again and starting to drive away.)</i> SHERLOCK: It was you, not your passenger. JEFF: See? No-one ever thinks about the cabbie. It's like you're invisible. Just the back of an 'ead. Proper advantage for a serial killer. <i>(Sherlock takes a few more steps forward and looks up towards the windows of his flat.)</i> SHERLOCK: Is this a confession? JEFF: Oh, yeah. An' I'll tell you what else: if you call the coppers now, I won't run. I'll sit quiet and they can take me down, I promise. SHERLOCK: Why? JEFF: 'Cause you're not gonna do that. SHERLOCK: Am I not? JEFF: I didn't kill those four people, Mr. 'olmes. I spoke to 'em ... and they killed themselves. An' if you get the coppers now, I promise you one thing. <i>(He leans forward.)</i> JEFF: I will never tell you what I said. <i>(Sherlock stares at him. After a moment, Jeff straightens up and starts to walk around the front of the cab.)</i> SHERLOCK: No-one else will die, though,</p>	<p><i>(Sherlock staggers around on the pavement as if he is drunk and trying to get his balance. He totters to the kerb and almost falls down it before stumbling out into the road, causing a car to slam on its brakes to avoid hitting him. The driver blares his horn as Sherlock holds out his hands apologetically. Back inside the restaurant, Angelo walks over to John's side and they watch as Sherlock reels down the side street towards the taxi.)</i> JOHN: What's he doing? ANGELO: Sherlock's on the case. Bad news for bad people. <i>(Holding his fist to his mouth as if stifling a burp – or trying not to vomit – Sherlock continues his drunken walk down the street. Reaching the driver's window, he raps on the glass with both hands. The driver inside shakes his head.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(in a slurred drunken voice)</i>: Hey, hey! Come on! <i>(The cabbie rolls down his window.)</i> CABBIE: Sorry, mate, off duty. SHERLOCK: Two two one ... <i>(he stifles a burp)</i> ... B Baker Street. CABBIE: I'm not on duty, mate. You see the light? <i>(He points up to the roof where the sign is no longer illuminated.)</i> SHERLOCK: Jus' round the corner! It's Baker Street! CABBIE: There's plenty of other cabs round 'ere. Get another cab. <i>(Sherlock lurches against the side of the taxi as if unable to keep his balance.)</i> SHERLOCK: Two two one B! CABBIE: I'm not on duty, an' I don't do drunks. <i>(Sherlock rolls along the side of the taxi until he is facing the rear of the vehicle. Reaching into his coat pocket, he takes out his phone and hits a speed-dial. He holds the phone to his ear as, inside the cab, another phone starts to ring. The cabbie fishes a pink phone from his jacket pocket and cautiously answers it.)</i> CABBIE: 'ello?</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>and I believe they call that a result. <i>(Jeff stops and turns back towards him.)</i> JEFF: An' you won't ever understand how those people died. What kind of result do you care about? <i>(He turns again and continues around to the driver's door. Getting in, he sits down and closes the door, settling into his seat and ignoring Sherlock. Biting his lip, Sherlock walks closer to the cab, looking up again at the flat windows, then he bends and looks into the open side window of the cab.)</i> SHERLOCK: If I wanted to understand, what would I do? JEFF <i>(turning to look at him)</i>: Let me take you for a ride. SHERLOCK: So you can kill me too? JEFF: I don't wanna kill you, Mr. 'olmes. I'm gonna talk to yer ... and then you're gonna kill yourself. <i>(He turns to face the front again. Sherlock straightens up, his eyes lost in thought as he considers the situation. Jeff calmly sits gazing out of the front window, then smiles in satisfaction as the rear door opens. The cab dips as Sherlock gets in and then the door slams shut. Jeff starts the engine.)</i> <i>(Upstairs, John has his phone held to his ear as he looks out of the window. The cab can be heard as it pulls away.)</i> JOHN: He just got in a cab. <i>(He turns to Lestrade.)</i> JOHN: It's Sherlock. He just drove off in a cab. <i>(Donovan, standing beside Lestrade, tuts in irritation.)</i> DONOVAN: I told you, he does that. <i>(She turns to Lestrade.)</i> DONOVAN: He bloody left again. <i>(She walks back into the kitchen, talking loudly.)</i> DONOVAN: We're wasting our time! JOHN <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: I'm calling the phone. It's ringing out. <i>(In the cab, a phone is ringing. Sherlock watches Jeff as the pink phone – which Jeff has put in the well beside his seat – continues to ring. Back in the flat, Lestrade watches John as he continues to hold his phone to his ear.)</i> LESTRADE: If it's ringing, it's not here. <i>(John lowers his phone and reaches for the computer notebook.)</i> JOHN: I'll try the search again. <i>(Donovan comes back to confront</i></p>	<p>SHERLOCK <i>(intensely into his own phone, all trace of drunkenness gone)</i>: How do you make them take the poison? CABBIE: What? What did ... what did you say? <i>(Spinning around, Sherlock hurries to the open window and grabs the cabbie's jacket with both hands.)</i> SHERLOCK: I said, how do you make them take the poison? CABBIE <i>(grappling with him)</i>: Oy! Who are you? SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes. CABBIE: Do a lot of drugs, Sherlock 'olmes? SHERLOCK: Not in a while. CABBIE: I ask 'cause you're very resilient. <i>(Sherlock frowns in confusion.)</i> CABBIE: Most people would have passed out by now. <i>(Sherlock blinks, looks down, then reels away from the cab as he sees a hypodermic needle hanging from the underside of his left upper arm. He cries out, flailing as he tries to reach towards it to take it out. In the restaurant John looks with alarm as he sees Sherlock waving his arms around.)</i> ANGELO: It's okay. All part of the plan. <i>(Sherlock falls against the side of the cab as the drug begins to take effect. The cabbie gets out and reassures nearby passers-by who have stopped to watch what's going on.)</i> CABBIE: It's okay. He's just had a few. <i>(He grabs Sherlock, who groans incoherently and tries to wave his arm towards the restaurant.)</i> CABBIE: Look at the state of 'im! SHERLOCK <i>(slurring)</i>: John! <i>(In the restaurant, John watches with concern as Sherlock continues to call his name while the cabbie opens the back door and starts shoving Sherlock inside. Sherlock falls to the floor of the cab. The cabbie looks down at him.)</i> CABBIE: Trouble is, your friends all think you're acting. <i>(Groaning, Sherlock tries to sit up.)</i> CABBIE: That's the thing about people. <i>(He slams the door and walks to the front of the cab, chuckling.)</i> CABBIE: They're all stupid. <i>(Sherlock groans as he makes another attempt to sit up but then slumps back onto the floor unconscious. In the</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>Lestrade.</i>) DONOVAN: Does it matter? Does <i>any</i> of it? You know, he's just a lunatic, and he'll <i>always</i> let you down, and you're wasting your time. <i>All</i> our time. <i>(Lestrade stares at her for a long moment as she holds his gaze, then he sighs.)</i> LESTRADE <i>(loudly)</i>: Okay, everybody. Done 'ere. <i>(In the cab, Sherlock is watching the London scenery pass by.)</i> SHERLOCK: How did you find me? JEFF: Oh, I recognised yer, soon as I saw you chasing my cab. Sherlock 'olmes! I was warned about you. I've been on your website, too. Brilliant stuff! Loved it! SHERLOCK: Who warned you about me? JEFF: Just someone out there who's noticed you. SHERLOCK: Who? <i>(He leans forward, looking closely at the side of Jeff's neck, then noticing a photograph of a young boy and girl attached to the dashboard of the cab.)</i> SHERLOCK: Who would notice <i>me</i>? JEFF <i>(meeting his eyes briefly in the rear view mirror)</i>: You're too modest, Mr. 'olmes. SHERLOCK: I'm really not. JEFF: You've got yourself a fan. SHERLOCK <i>(nonchalantly, sitting back in his seat)</i>: Tell me more. JEFF: That's all you're gonna know ... <i>(He pauses dramatically for a moment.)</i> JEFF <i>(quietly)</i>: ... in <i>this</i> lifetime. <i>(Back at the flat, as the other police officers leave, Lestrade picks up his coat and turns to John.)</i> LESTRADE: Why did he do that? Why did he have to leave? JOHN <i>(shrugging)</i>: You know him better than I do. LESTRADE: I've known him for five years and no, I don't. JOHN: So why do you put up with him? LESTRADE: Because I'm desperate, that's why. <i>(He walks to the door, then turns back.)</i> LESTRADE: And because Sherlock Holmes is a great man. And I think one day, if we're very, very <i>lucky</i>, he might even be a <i>good</i> one. <i>(He turns and leaves. Some distance away, the cab drives on and finally stops at the front of two identical buildings side by side. Jeff turns off the engine and gets out,</i></p>	<p><i>restaurant, John shakes his head.)</i> JOHN: Something's gone wrong. ANGELO: No, no, no. All part of the plan. <i>(The cab starts to drive away down the street.)</i> ANGELO: Sherlock always has a plan. JOHN: Yes, and it's gone wrong. <i>(Jumping to his feet, he races out of the restaurant, hurries across the road and then runs down the street after the cab. Angelo shakes his head, obviously thinking that John is over-reacting, then picks up John's plate and walks away. On the back of John's chair, his walking cane hangs forgotten.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>coming to the passenger door and opening it. He looks in at Sherlock.)</i> SHERLOCK: Where are we? JEFF: You know every street in London. You know <i>exactly</i> where we are. SHERLOCK: Roland-Kerr Further Education College. Why here? JEFF: It's open; cleaners are in. One thing about being a cabbie: you always know a nice quiet spot for a murder. I'm surprised more of us don't branch out. SHERLOCK: And you just walk your victims in? How? <i>(Jeff raises a pistol and points it at Sherlock. Sherlock rolls his eyes and turns his head away.)</i> SHERLOCK: Oh, dull. JEFF: Don't worry. It gets better. SHERLOCK: You can't make people take their own lives at gunpoint. JEFF: I don't. It's much better than that. <i>(He lowers the gun.)</i> JEFF: Don't need this with you, 'cause you'll follow me. <i>(He confidently walks away. Sherlock sits for a moment, then grimaces in exasperation at himself as he does just what Jeff predicted and gets out of the cab to follow the man.)</i></p> <p><i>Back at 221B, John is alone in the flat. He appears to have decided to go home and walks towards the living room door, then looks down and clenches his right hand as if realising that he doesn't have his walking cane. He looks round and sees the cane lying on top of a box of papers next to the dining table and goes over to collect it. With its back to him, Sherlock's notebook is still on Mephone's website and the clock is spinning on the screen as the site searches for Jennifer Wilson's phone. As John picks up the cane and heads for the door again, the computer beeps triumphantly and a map appears on the screen and starts to zoom in on the location of the phone. John turns back as the computer beeps repeatedly. Going back to the table and propping his cane against it, he picks up the notebook and looks at the screen, then he turns and takes the notebook with him as he hurries out of the door and down the stairs, once again forgetting to take his cane.</i></p>	
At Roland-Kerr College, Jeff opens the door	Sherlock begins to regain consciousness

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>of a room and stands aside so that Sherlock can go in. Sherlock looks at him closely but steps inside the room, then Jeff releases the door and lets it swing closed as he walks over to some switches on the wall and turns on the lights. The men are in a large classroom which has long fixed wooden benches and plastic chairs. Sherlock walks deeper into the room, looking around.</i></p> <p>JEFF: Well, what do you think? <i>(Sherlock raises his hands and shrugs as if to ask, 'What do I think about what?')</i></p> <p>JEFF: It's up to you. You're the one who's gonna die 'ere. <i>(Sherlock turns back to him.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: No, I'm not.</p> <p>JEFF: That's what they all say. <i>(He gestures to one of the benches.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Shall we talk? <i>(Without waiting for a reply, he pulls out one of the chairs and sits down. Sherlock takes a chair from the bench in front, flips it around and sits down opposite. He sighs dramatically.)</i></p>	<p><i>some time later. He opens his eyes but his vision won't come into focus at first and he can see nothing more than fuzzy shapes in front of him. He is indoors and slumped in a chair. He blinks, still trying to focus and eventually can just about make out a skull on a mantelpiece and a fire burning in the grate underneath. As he tries to move, the cabbie's voice comes from nearby.</i></p> <p>CABBIE: I 'ope you don't mind. Well, you gave me your address. <i>(Sherlock rolls his head and sees the man standing a few feet away.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: You've only been out for about ten minutes. <i>(Sherlock struggles to his feet but can't keep his balance. He falls forward, grabbing hold of the mantelpiece in the living room of 221B and grunting as he tries to pull himself upright.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: You're strong. I'm impressed. <i>(Hauling himself up so that his legs are almost straight, Sherlock rests his head on his hands as he looks blearily at the skull beside him.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: That's right – you warm yourself up. I made everything nice and cosy for you.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(weakly)</i>: This is my flat.</p> <p>CABBIE: Course it is, yeah. <i>(He takes a set of keys from his trouser pocket and holds them up.)</i> Found your keys in your jacket. I thought, well, why not? People like to die at 'ome. <i>(Sherlock turns and tries to stand up straight but immediately loses his balance and crashes to the floor face down.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Now, now. The drug's still in your system. <i>(He walks closer and looks down at Sherlock.)</i> You'll be weak as a kitten for at least an hour. <i>(He smiles down at him.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: I could do anything I wanted to you right now, Mr. 'olmes. <i>(Groaning, Sherlock continues to struggle to stand.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Anything at all. <i>(Whimpering, Sherlock manages to get up onto his knees and elbows.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: But don't worry. I'm only gonna kill yer. <i>(Bending down, he grabs Sherlock around the waist and hauls him to his feet before dragging him a few paces across the room and dumping him onto a nearby wooden chair. The chair is in front of a small square</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>SHERLOCK: Bit risky, wasn't it? Took me away under the eye of about half a dozen policemen. They're not <i>that</i> stupid. And Mrs Hudson will remember you.</p> <p>JEFF: You call that a risk? Nah. <i>(He reaches into the left pocket of his cardigan.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: <i>This is a risk.</i> <i>(He takes out a small glass bottle with a screw top on it and puts it onto the table in front of him. There is a single large capsule inside. Sherlock looks at it but doesn't react in any way.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Ooh, I like this bit. 'Cause you don't get it yet, do yer? But you're about to. I just have to do this. <i>(Reaching into his right pocket, he takes out an identical bottle containing an identical capsule and puts it onto the table beside the first bottle.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: You weren't expecting that, were yer? <i>(He leans forward.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Ooh, you're going to love this.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Love what?</p> <p>JEFF <i>(sitting back again)</i>: Sherlock 'olmes. Look at you! 'Ere in the flesh. That website of yours: your fan told me about it.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: My <i>fan</i>?</p>	<p><i>wooden table which has another chair on the other side of it. Sherlock slumps forward onto the table but then he manages to sit up and turns and reaches vaguely towards the door behind him. The cabbie walks around the table towards the other chair.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: The whole 'ouse is empty. Even your landlady's away, so there's no point in raising your voice. We're all locked in, nice and snug. <i>(Sherlock, slumped over the back of the chair, turns his head weakly towards the other man.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Still, bit of a risk, isn't it? Here?</p> <p>CABBIE: You call that a risk? <i>(He reaches into both of his trouser pockets and takes out a small brown bottle from each of them.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: <i>This is a risk.</i> <i>(Sherlock looks at him blankly. The cabbie puts the identical bottles onto the table in front of him, then unscrews the lid of the right-hand one and tips out one of several small capsules from inside it. Putting it onto the table in front of the bottle, he then picks up the left-hand bottle and takes out another identical capsule and puts it in front of that bottle.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: You wanted to know 'ow I made 'em take the poison. <i>(He looks down at the capsules and chuckles before looking across to Sherlock.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: You're gonna love this!</p> <p>SHERLOCK: How?</p> <p>CABBIE: Take a moment. <i>(Still slumped in his chair, Sherlock sighs tiredly.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Get yourself together. I want your best game. <i>(Screwing his eyes up in concentration, Sherlock tries to straighten up.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: My ... my best <i>what</i>? <i>(He leans forward and lays his head down on one hand on the table. The cabbie points at him even though he can't see.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: I know who you are, Mr. 'olmes. <i>(He starts to wander around the living room.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: The moment you said your name, I knew. Sherlock 'olmes.</p>

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<p>JEFF: You are brilliant. You <i>are</i>. A proper genius. "The Science of Deduction." Now that is <i>proper</i> thinking. Between you and me sitting 'ere, why can't people think? <i>(He looks down angrily.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Don't it make you mad? Why can't people just <i>think</i>? <i>(He looks up again into Sherlock's eyes. Sherlock looks back at him for a long moment, narrowing his eyes, then makes a realisation.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(his voice dripping with sarcasm)</i>: Oh, <i>I</i> see. So you're a proper genius <i>too</i>.</p> <p>JEFF: Don't look it, do I? Funny little man drivin' a cab. But you'll know better in a minute. Chances are it'll be the last thing you ever know. <i>(Sherlock holds his gaze for a second or two, then looks down to the table.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Okay, two bottles. Explain.</p> <p>JEFF: There's a good bottle and a bad bottle. You take the pill from the good bottle, you live; take the pill from the bad bottle, you die.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Both bottles are of course identical.</p> <p>JEFF: In every way.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: And you know which is which.</p> <p>JEFF: Course <i>I</i> know.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: But I don't.</p> <p>JEFF: Wouldn't be a game if <i>you</i> knew. You're the one who chooses.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Why should I? I've got nothing</p>	<p><i>(He picks up a magnifying glass from the bureau and lifts it to look through it at Sherlock before continuing around the room looking at various things.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: I've been on your website loads of times. You are brilliant.</p> <p><i>(Tiredly, Sherlock lifts his head to look at him.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: You <i>are</i>. Proper genius. <i>(Sherlock's head slumps down onto his hand again. The cabbie turns and walks back to the table.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: "The Science of Deduction." Now <i>that</i> is proper thinking. Between you and me, why can't people think? <i>(He looks down angrily.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Don't it drive you mad? Why can't people just think?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(slurred, not lifting his head)</i>: Oh, <i>I</i> see. <i>(He points a finger towards the cabbie.)</i> So you're a proper genius too.</p> <p>CABBIE <i>(smiling smugly)</i>: Don't look it, do I? Funny little man, drives a cab. But you'll know better in a minute. Chances are it'll be the last thing you ever know. <i>(Sherlock finally gets his head up and glares up at the man.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Who <i>are</i> you?</p> <p>CABBIE: Nobody. <i>(He looks down at Sherlock.)</i> For now. <i>(He pulls out the chair and sits down.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: But I won't die a nobody, now will I? <i>(Sherlock tiredly leans back in his seat and blows out a long breath through his nose, trying to concentrate. He points to the capsules on the table.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Two pills.</p> <p>CABBIE: There's a good pill and a bad pill. You take the good pill, you live; take the bad pill, you die.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: And you know which is which.</p> <p>CABBIE: Course <i>I</i> know.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: But I don't.</p> <p>CABBIE: Wouldn't be a game if <i>you</i> knew. You're the one who chooses.</p>

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<p>to go on. What's in it for me? JEFF: I 'aven't told you the best bit yet. Whatever bottle you choose, I take the pill from the other one – and then, together, we take our medicine. <i>(Sherlock starts to grin. Now he's interested.)</i> JEFF: I won't cheat. It's your choice. I'll take whatever pill you don't. <i>(Sherlock looks down at the bottles, concentrating properly now.)</i> JEFF: Didn't expect <i>that</i>, did you, Mr. 'olmes? SHERLOCK: This is what you did to the rest of them: you gave them a choice. JEFF: And now I'm givin' <i>you</i> one. <i>(Sherlock looks up at him.)</i> JEFF: You take your time. Get yourself together. <i>(He licks his lips in anticipation.)</i> JEFF: I want your best game. SHERLOCK: It's not a <i>game</i>. It's <i>chance</i>. JEFF: I've played four times. I'm alive. It's not chance, Mr. 'olmes, it's chess. It's a game of chess, with one move, and one survivor. And this ... <i>this</i> ... is the move. <i>(With his left hand he slides the left-hand bottle across the table towards Sherlock. He licks his top lip as he pulls his hand back and leaves the bottle where it is.)</i> JEFF: Did I just give you the good bottle or the bad bottle? You can choose either one.</p> <p><i>John is in the back of a taxi. He has the computer notebook open on his lap and is holding his phone to his ear.</i> JOHN <i>(into phone)</i>: No, Detective Inspector Lestrade. I <i>need</i> to speak to him. It's important. It's an emergency! <i>(The map on the laptop shows the location of Jennifer's phone again.)</i> JOHN <i>(to the cab driver)</i>: Er, left here, please. Left here.</p> <p><i>ROLAND-KERR COLLEGE. Jeff looks down at the bottles briefly then meets Sherlock's eyes.</i> JEFF: You ready yet, Mr. 'olmes? Ready to play? SHERLOCK: Play <i>what</i>? It's a fifty-fifty chance. JEFF: You're not playin' the numbers, you're playin' <i>me</i>. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? Is it a bluff? Or a double-bluff? Or a <i>triple</i>-bluff?</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: It's not a game. It's chance. CABBIE: I've played five times. I'm alive. It's not chance, Mr. 'olmes, it's chess. It's a game of chess, with one move, and one survivor. And this ... <i>this</i> is the move. <i>(With his right hand he slides the right-hand pill across the table towards Sherlock, then pulls his hand back and leaves the pill where it is.)</i> CABBIE: Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? You can choose either one. <i>(Sherlock looks at him for a long moment.)</i> SHERLOCK: That's what you did, to all of them. You gave them a choice. CABBIE: You've gotta admit: as serial killers go, I'm verging on nice! Anyway, time's up. Choose. SHERLOCK: And then? CABBIE: And then, together, we take our medicine. <i>(He smiles and licks his lips expectantly.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Let's play.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(leaning forward a little)</i>: Play <i>what</i>? It's a fifty-fifty chance. CABBIE: You're not playin' the numbers, you're playin' <i>me</i>. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? <i>(Sherlock blinks slowly, his mind clearly still befuddled.)</i></p>

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<p>SHERLOCK: Still just chance.</p> <p>JEFF: Four people in a row? It's not just chance.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Luck.</p> <p>JEFF: It's genius. I know 'ow people think. <i>(Sherlock rolls his eyes.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: I know 'ow people think I think. I can see it all, like a map inside my 'ead. <i>(Sherlock looks exasperated.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Everyone's so stupid – even you. <i>(Sherlock's gaze sharpens.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Or maybe God just loves me. <i>(Sherlock straightens up and leans forward, folding his hands in front of him on the table.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Either way, you're wasted as a cabbie.</p> <p><i>John has arrived at Roland-Kerr College. As the taxi pulls away, John tucks the notebook into his jacket and looks at the two identical buildings in front of him. Clearly the map isn't precise enough to indicate exactly where the phone is. After a moment, he makes his choice and heads towards the buildings.</i></p> <p><i>In the classroom, Sherlock lifts his folded hands in front of his mouth and gazes at Jeff intently.</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: So, you risked your life four times just to kill strangers. Why? <i>(Jeff nods down to the bottles.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Time to play.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(unfolding his fingers and adopting the prayer position in front of his mouth)</i>: Oh, I am playing. This is my turn. There's shaving foam behind your left ear. Nobody's pointed it out to you. <i>(Flashback to Jeff sitting in the driver's seat of the cab, which is when Sherlock noticed this.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Traces of where it's happened before, so obviously you live on your own; there's no-one to tell you. <i>(Jeff tries not to fidget under Sherlock's gaze.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: But there's a photograph of children. The children's mother has been cut out of the picture. If she'd died, she'd</p>	<p>CABBIE: Is it a bluff? Or a double-bluff? Or a triple-bluff?</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(shaking his head in an attempt to clear it)</i>: It's still chance.</p> <p>CABBIE: Five people in a row? It's not chance.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: It's luck.</p> <p>CABBIE: It's genius. I know 'ow people think. I know 'ow people think I think. I can see it all, like a map in my 'ead. <i>(Sherlock turns his head away, looking exasperated.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Everyone's so stupid – even you. <i>(Sherlock's gaze sharpens a little as he looks back at the man. He can't hold his gaze for long, however, and he looks away again.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Course, maybe God just loves me. <i>(Sherlock props his head up on his hand and looks at the man again.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Either way, you're wasted as a cabbie. <i>(Rubbing his fingers across his chin, he drops his hand but is now strong enough to keep his head up. He looks at the cabbie.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: How did you choose which ones?</p> <p>CABBIE: Anyone who didn't know where they were going, 'cause they were drunk or lost or new in town. <i>(He chuckles.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Anyone I could walk through the wrong door. <i>(Sherlock frowns thoughtfully.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: You risked your life five times just to kill strangers.</p>

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<p>still be there. <i>(Flashback to the photograph attached to the dashboard of the cab. There is indeed a third person at the left of the photograph but the photo has been cut along that side to remove her.)</i> SHERLOCK: The photograph's old but the frame's new. You think of your children but you don't get to see them. <i>(Jeff's gaze slides away from Sherlock and for the first time there's a hint of pain in his eyes.)</i> SHERLOCK: Estranged father. She took the kids, but you still love them and it <i>still</i> hurts. <i>(He extends his index fingers.)</i> SHERLOCK: Ah, but there's more. <i>(Jeff lifts his gaze back to Sherlock as he points his index fingers towards him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Your clothes: recently laundered but everything you're wearing's at least ... three years old? Keeping up appearances but not planning ahead. And here you are on a kamikaze murder spree. What's <i>that</i> about? <i>(Jeff has got control of himself again and his expression says nothing as he gazes back at Sherlock. The detective's eyes widen slightly as he makes his most important deduction.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Aah. Three years ago – is that when they told you? JEFF <i>(flatly)</i>: Told me what? <i>(Sherlock's deduction seems to appear beside Jeff's head:</i></p> <p>DYING</p> <p>SHERLOCK: That you're a dead man walking.</p> <p>JEFF: So are you. SHERLOCK: You don't have long, though. Am I right? <i>(Jeff smiles.)</i> JEFF: Aneurism. <i>(He lifts his right hand and taps the side of his head.)</i> JEFF: Right in 'ere. <i>(Sherlock smiles in satisfaction.)</i> JEFF: Any breath could be my last.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(frowning again)</i>: And because</p>	<p><i>(He pauses as he finally realises the truth.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: You're dying, aren't you? <i>(The cabbie's eyes flicker but he manages to hold Sherlock's gaze.)</i> CABBIE: So are you. SHERLOCK: You don't have long, though. Am I right? <i>(The cabbie smiles.)</i> CABBIE: Aneurism. <i>(He lifts his right hand and taps the side of his head.)</i> CABBIE: Right in 'ere. <i>(Sherlock smiles in satisfaction.)</i> CABBIE: Any breath could be my last. It's your own 'ope, Mr. 'olmes. Bet on the aneurism. SHERLOCK: I'm not a betting man. CABBIE: D'you think I'm bitter? SHERLOCK <i>(sarcastically)</i>: Well, you have</p>

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<p>you're dying, you've just murdered four people.</p> <p>JEFF: I've <i>outlived</i> four people. That's the most fun you can 'ave on an aneurism.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>thoughtfully</i>): No. No, there's something else. You didn't just kill four people because you're bitter. Bitterness is a paralytic. Love is a much more vicious motivator. Somehow this is about your children.</p> <p>JEFF (<i>looking away and sighing</i>): Ohh. (<i>He looks at Sherlock again.</i>)</p> <p>JEFF: You <i>are</i> good, ain't you?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: But <i>how</i>?</p> <p>JEFF: When I die, they won't get much, my kids. Not a lot of money in driving cabs.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Or serial killing.</p> <p>JEFF: You'd be surprised.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Surprise me.</p> <p>(<i>Jeff leans forward.</i>)</p> <p>JEFF: I 'ave a sponsor.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: You have a what?</p> <p>JEFF: For every life I take, money goes to my kids. The more I kill, the better off they'll be. You see? It's nicer than you think.</p> <p>SHERLOCK (<i>frowning</i>): Who'd sponsor a serial killer?</p> <p>JEFF (<i>instantly</i>): Who'd be a fan of Sherlock 'olmes?</p> <p>(<i>They stare at each other for a moment.</i>)</p> <p>JEFF: You're not the only one to enjoy a good murder. There's others out there just like you, except you're just a man ... and they're so much more than that.</p> <p>(<i>The side of Sherlock's nose twitches in distaste.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: What d'you mean, <i>more</i> than a man? An organisation? What?</p> <p>JEFF: There's a name no-one says, an' I'm not gonna say it either. Now, enough chatter.</p> <p>(<i>He nods down to the bottles.</i>)</p> <p>JEFF: Time to choose.</p> <p>(<i>Sherlock looks down to the bottles, his eyes moving from one to the other.</i>)</p> <p><i>Elsewhere in the college, John is running through the corridors.</i></p> <p>JOHN (<i>calling out</i>): Sherlock?</p> <p>(<i>He runs from door to door, trying them and peering in through windows.</i>)</p> <p>JOHN: Sherlock!</p> <p>CLASSROOM.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: What if I don't choose either? I</p>	<p>just murdered five people.</p> <p>CABBIE (<i>leaning forward</i>): I've <i>outlived</i> five people. That's the most fun you can 'ave with an aneurism.</p> <p>(<i>Outside in the street, a vehicle can be heard coming to a halt with a screech of brakes. The flashing lights of a police car come through the window. Sherlock's gaze flickers briefly to the window but then he turns his attention back to the cabbie.</i>)</p> <p>SHERLOCK: What if I don't take either?</p>

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<p>could just walk out of here. <i>(Sighing in a combination of exasperation and disappointment, Jeff lifts up the pistol and points it at Sherlock.)</i> JEFF: You can take your fifty-fifty chance, or I can shoot you in the head. <i>(Sherlock smiles calmly.)</i></p> <p>JEFF: Funnily enough, no-one's ever gone for that option. SHERLOCK: I'll have the gun, please. JEFF: Are you sure? SHERLOCK <i>(still smiling)</i>: Definitely. The gun. JEFF: You don't wanna phone a friend? <i>(Sherlock smiles confidently.)</i> SHERLOCK: The gun. <i>(Jeff's mouth tightens, and slowly he squeezes the trigger. A small flame bursts out of the end of the muzzle. Sherlock smiles smugly.)</i> SHERLOCK: I know a real gun when I see one. <i>(Calmly Jeff lifts the pistol/cigarette lighter and releases the trigger. The flame goes out.)</i> JEFF: None of the others did. SHERLOCK: Clearly. Well, this has been very interesting. I look forward to the court case. <i>(He stands up and walks towards the door. Jeff puts the gun onto the desk and calmly turns in his seat.)</i> JEFF: Just before you go, did you figure it out ... <i>(Sherlock stops at the door and half-turns towards him.)</i> JEFF: ... which one's the good bottle? SHERLOCK: Of course. Child's play. JEFF: Well, which one, then? <i>(Sherlock opens the door a little but shows no sign of leaving the room.)</i> JEFF: Which one would you 'ave picked, just so I know whether I could have beaten you? <i>(Sherlock closes the door again.)</i> JEFF <i>(chuckling)</i>: Come on. Play the game. <i>(Slowly Sherlock walks back towards him. When he gets to the table, he reaches out and sweeps up the bottle nearest to Jeff, then walks past him. Jeff looks down at the other bottle with interest but his voice gives nothing away as he speaks.)</i></p>	<p>CABBIE: Then I choose for you, and I force it down your throat. Right now there's nothing you could do to stop me. <i>(Sherlock blinks, aware that he is probably too weak to fend the man off. Just then the landline phone begins to ring.)</i> CABBIE <i>(ignoring it)</i>: Funnily enough, no-one's ever gone for that option. And I don't think you will either. <i>(Sherlock looks across to the phone.)</i> SHERLOCK: Especially as that's the police. CABBIE: I know. <i>(He turns his head to glance over his shoulder at the flashing lights reflecting on the window pane.)</i> I'm not blind. SHERLOCK <i>(smiling thoughtfully)</i>: Good old Doctor Watson. I underestimated him. <i>(He turns in his chair and prepares to stand up.)</i> CABBIE: You make the slightest move towards that phone, I'll kill yer. SHERLOCK <i>(slowly hauling himself to his feet, then looking down at the cabbie and smiling)</i>: Oh, I don't think so. Not your kind of murder. CABBIE: You wanna risk it? <i>(The phone stops ringing. The cabbie nods down to the pills.)</i> CABBIE: Wouldn't you rather risk this? <i>(The phone beeps as it goes to voicemail. Sherlock looks down at the pills thoughtfully.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Which one do you think? Which one's the good pill? <i>(Sherlock blinks, as if he's trying to drag his eyes away from the pills but is unable to, too tempted by the challenge.)</i> CABBIE: Come on. I know you've got a theory. <i>(Sherlock raises his gaze and the two men lock eyes. After a few seconds Sherlock looks down to the pills again and raises his hand, his fist clenched above the table for a moment before he extends his arm and points to the pill on the cabbie's left, the one which wasn't pushed across the table towards him. The cabbie looks at the pill with interest but his voice gives nothing away as he speaks.)</i></p>

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<p>JEFF: Oh. Interesting. <i>(He picks up the other bottle as Sherlock looks down at the bottle in his own hand.)</i> <i>(Out in the corridors, John is still running along and searching.)</i> <i>(In the classroom, Jeff has opened his bottle and tips the capsule out into his hand. He holds it up and looks at it closely as Sherlock examines his own bottle.)</i> JEFF: So what d'you think? <i>(He looks up at Sherlock.)</i> JEFF: Shall we? <i>(In the corridors, John pulls open yet another door and looks inside the room before hurrying onwards.)</i> JEFF: Really, what do you think? <i>(He has stood up and is facing Sherlock.)</i> JEFF: Can you beat me? <i>(John races up a flight of stairs and continues his search.)</i> JEFF: Are you clever enough to bet your life? <i>(John bursts through a door and stares ahead of him as he finally sees who he's looking for. His eyes fill with horror. Inside the classroom, Sherlock lifts his gaze from the bottle he's holding ... and the camera zooms over his shoulder and out of the window behind him, soaring across the courtyard outside and in through another window to reveal John standing in an identical classroom in the other building, too far away to be of help. John cries out in horror.)</i> JOHN: SHERLOCK! <i>(Unaware that they're being watched, Jeff continues to hold up his pill as he looks at Sherlock.)</i> JEFF: I bet you get bored, don't you? I know you do. A man like you ... <i>(Sherlock undoes the lid of the bottle.)</i> JEFF: ... so clever. But what's the point of being clever if you can't prove it? <i>(Sherlock takes out the capsule and holds it between his thumb and finger, raising it to the light to examine it more closely.)</i> JEFF: Still the addict. <i>(Slowly Sherlock lowers the pill again, holding it at eye level and gazing at it.)</i> JEFF: But this ... <i>this</i> is what you're really addicted to, innit? <i>(Sherlock holds the pill in his fingers and stares at it.)</i> JEFF: You'd do anything ... anything at all ... <i>(Sherlock's fingers begin to tremble with</i></p>	<p>CABBIE: Oh. Interesting. <i>(He reaches out and slides the left-hand pill across the table while pulling the right-hand one back towards himself. Releasing the left-hand one, he picks up the other pill and looks at Sherlock.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: So what d'you think? Shall we?</p> <p><i>(Still holding his gaze, Sherlock slowly sinks back down onto his chair.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: Really, what do you think? Can you beat me? <i>(Sherlock blinks several times, then lowers his gaze and picks up the pill in front of him. Both men prop their elbow on the table, holding their pill a few inches from their mouth.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: I bet you get bored, don't you? A man like you, so clever. I'll bet you're not bored now. <i>(Sherlock's gaze drops to the pill in his hand and he begins to breathe heavily in anticipation.)</i></p> <p>CABBIE: This ... <i>this</i> right now – this is what you live for, innit, not being bored? <i>(Sherlock continues to breathe heavily, his gaze locked on the pill. Slowly he begins to move the pill closer to his mouth. The cabbie matches the movement with his own pill, his eyes fixed on Sherlock who</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>excitement and anticipation.)</i> JEFF: ... to stop being bored. <i>(Slowly Sherlock begins to move the pill closer to his mouth. Jeff matches the movement with his own pill.)</i> JEFF: You're not bored now, are you? <i>(Each of their hands gets closer to their own mouth.)</i> JEFF: Innit good? <i>(A gunshot rings out and a bullet impacts Jeff's chest close to his heart, then goes through his body and smashes into the door behind him. As he falls to the floor, Sherlock drops his pill in surprise. In the opposite building, John has his pistol still raised and aimed out of the window. He lowers the gun to his side. In the other building, Sherlock turns, slides over the desk behind him and hurries to the window, bending down to stare through the bullet hole in the glass. The window of the opposite room is open but there is nobody in sight. As Sherlock straightens up, Jeff breathes heavily and coughs. Sherlock turns back, looking around the room and sees one of the pills lying on the desk as Jeff convulses on the floor and gasps and coughs in pain. Sherlock snatches up the pill, kneels down and brandishes it at Jeff, who has a large pool of blood underneath him and is staring up at him in shock.)</i> SHERLOCK: Was I right? <i>(Jeff turns his head away in disbelief.)</i> SHERLOCK: I was, wasn't I? Did I get it right? <i>(Jeff doesn't reply. Sherlock angrily hurls the pill across the room and stands up.)</i> SHERLOCK: Okay, tell me this: your sponsor. Who was it? The one who told you about me – my 'fan'. I want a name. JEFF <i>(weakly)</i>: No. SHERLOCK: You're dying, but there's still time to hurt you. Give me a name. <i>(Jeff shakes his head. Grimacing angrily, Sherlock lifts his foot and puts it onto Jeff's shoulder. Jeff gasps in pain.)</i> SHERLOCK: A name. <i>(Jeff cries out in pain.)</i> SHERLOCK: Now. <i>(Still Jeff can only whine in pain. His face intent and manic, Sherlock leans his weight onto his foot. Jeff whimpers.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(furiously)</i>: The NAME! JEFF <i>(agonised)</i>: MORIARTY! <i>(His eyes close and his head rolls to the</i></p>	<p><i>opens his mouth as the pill gets nearer.)</i></p> <p><i>(Just as the pill reaches Sherlock's mouth a gunshot rings out and the window behind the cabbie shatters as a bullet impacts his chest, then goes through his body and smashes into the wall behind Sherlock. As the cabbie slumps forward onto the table, dropping his pill, Sherlock drops his own pill and scrambles back onto his feet in shock. Staring down at the dead man for a moment, he then hurries over to the window as police sirens begin to sound outside. Down in the street another police car screeches to a halt and Inspector Lestrade jumps out of the passenger seat, calling out to the other police officers already gathered.)</i> LESTRADE: Did anyone see it? Where did it come from? Who is firing? Who is firing? <i>(Sherlock looks across the road to the buildings opposite. Most of them are in darkness but one room is lit and the sash window is slightly open.)</i> LESTRADE: Clear the area! Clear the area now! <i>(Sherlock turns back and looks again at the dead cabbie, then turns and looks across to the open window opposite as pandemonium continues down in the street below.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>side. Sherlock steps back, turning his head away and looking reflective. After a few seconds, he silently mouths the word 'Moriarty' to himself.)</i></p>	
<p><i>LATER. Outside the college, Sherlock is sitting on the back steps of an ambulance. A paramedic puts an orange blanket around his shoulders as Lestrade walks over. Sherlock gestures to the blanket.</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Why have I got this blanket? They keep putting this blanket on me.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Yeah, it's for shock. SHERLOCK: I'm not <i>in</i> shock.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Yeah, but some of the guys wanna take photographs. <i>(He grins. Sherlock rolls his eyes.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: So, the shooter. No sign?</p> <p>LESTRADE: Cleared off before we got 'ere. But a guy like that would have had enemies, I suppose. One of them could have been following him but ... <i>(he shrugs)</i> ... got nothing to go on. <i>(Sherlock looks at him pointedly.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh, I wouldn't say that. <i>(Now it's Lestrade's turn to roll his eyes.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Okay, gimme.</p> <p>SHERLOCK <i>(standing up)</i>: The bullet they just dug out of the wall's from a hand gun. Kill shot over that distance from that kind of a weapon – that's a crack shot you're looking for, but not just a marksman; a fighter. His hands couldn't have shaken at all, so clearly he's acclimatised to violence. He didn't fire until I was in immediate danger, though, so strong moral principle. You're looking for a man probably with a history of military service ... <i>(As he's talking, he turns his head to look</i></p>	<p><i>LATER. Outside the flat, Lestrade walks towards a nearby ambulance but stops as a police car whoops its siren briefly. He jerks his head to the car and it drives past him, then he continues towards the ambulance where Sherlock is sitting on the back steps drinking a cup of water. He has a red blanket draped around him and a paramedic is just finishing checking his stats with a monitor clipped to the finger of his other hand. Sherlock looks up indignantly at the paramedic as he unclips the monitor.</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Why have I got this blanket? <i>(He looks round at Lestrade as the paramedic ignores him and walks away.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: They keep putting this blanket on me.</p> <p>LESTRADE: It's for shock. SHERLOCK <i>(putting the cup down)</i>: I'm not <i>in</i> shock.</p> <p>LESTRADE: Yeah, but some of the guys wanna take photographs. <i>(He sniggers. Sherlock looks away tetchily.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: So, the shooter wasn't one of yours, then.</p> <p>LESTRADE: God, no. We didn't have time. But a guy like that would have had enemies, I suppose. One of them could have been following him. Whoever it was, he was gone by the time we got there and we've got nothing to go on.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Oh, I wouldn't say that. <i>(He looks up at Lestrade pointedly.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Okay, gimme. <i>(He reaches inside his coat and takes out a notebook.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: I'll write it down this time.</p> <p>SHERLOCK: The bullet they just dug out of my wall was from a hand gun. A shot clean through the heart over that distance with that kind of a weapon – that's a crack shot you're looking for, but not just a marksman; a fighter. His hand couldn't have shaken at all, so clearly he was acclimatised to violence. <i>(He stands up.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: He didn't fire until I was in immediate danger, though, so strong moral principles. You're looking for a man</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>around the area and sees John standing some distance away behind the police tape.)</i> SHERLOCK: ... and nerves of steel ... <i>(He trails off. As John looks back at him innocently and then turns his head away, Sherlock begins to realise the connection. Lestrade turns to follow Sherlock's gaze and Sherlock turns back to him before he can start to ask questions.)</i> SHERLOCK: Actually, do you know what? Ignore me. LESTRADE: Sorry? SHERLOCK: Ignore all of that. It's just the, er, the shock talking. <i>(He starts to walk towards John.)</i></p> <p>LESTRADE: Where're you going?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: I just need to talk about the the rent. LESTRADE: But I've still got questions for you. SHERLOCK <i>(turning back to him in irritation)</i>: Oh, what now? I'm in shock! Look, I've got a blanket! <i>(He brandishes the sides of the blanket at Lestrade as if to prove it.)</i> LESTRADE: Sherlock! SHERLOCK: <i>And</i> I just caught you a serial killer ... more or less. <i>(Lestrade looks at him thoughtfully for a moment.)</i> LESTRADE: Okay. We'll bring you in tomorrow. Off you go. <i>(Sherlock walks away. Lestrade smiles as he watches him go. Taking the blanket from around his shoulders, Sherlock bundles it up as he approaches John, who is standing at the side of a police car. Sherlock tosses the blanket through the open window of the car and ducks under the police tape.)</i> JOHN: Um, Sergeant Donovan's just been explaining everything, the two pills. Been a dreadful business, hasn't it? Dreadful. <i>(Sherlock looks at him for a moment.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(quietly)</i>: Good shot. JOHN <i>(trying and utterly failing to look innocent)</i>: Yes. Yes, must have been, through that window. SHERLOCK: Well, <i>you'd</i> know. <i>(John gazes up at him, still trying unsuccessfully not to let his expression</i></p>	<p>probably with a history of military service, nerves of steel ...</p> <p><i>(He trails off as he sees John standing on the kerb a short distance away and watching him. As Sherlock begins to realise the connection, he turns back to Lestrade.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Actually, do you know what? Um, ignore me. LESTRADE: I'm sorry? SHERLOCK: Ignore what I just said. It's the shock talking. <i>(He pulls the blanket tighter around his shoulders as he starts to walk towards John.)</i> SHERLOCK: Probably need this blanket. LESTRADE <i>(following him)</i>: Where're you going? SHERLOCK: I just need to discuss the rent. LESTRADE: Sherlock ... <i>(Sherlock stops and turns back to him.)</i> LESTRADE <i>(tucking his notebook back into his pocket)</i>: Were you right? SHERLOCK: I'm sorry? LESTRADE: Did you choose the right pill? SHERLOCK: I dunno. In all the confusion, I lost track. I don't know <i>which</i> I chose. <i>(He turns to walk away.)</i> LESTRADE: Maybe he beat you. SHERLOCK <i>(turning back to him again and sounding tetchy)</i>: Maybe. But he's dead.</p> <p><i>(He walks away. Lestrade sniggers quietly and turns away. Sherlock goes over to John.)</i></p> <p>JOHN: Sergeant Donovan's been explaining everything to me. It's ... the two pills? Dreadful business. Dreadful. SHERLOCK: Where is it? JOHN <i>(trying and utterly failing to look innocent)</i>: Where's what? SHERLOCK: Don't. Just <i>don't</i>. What did you do with the gun? JOHN: Oh, er, bottom of the Thames. <i>(Sherlock nods.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>give him away.)</i> SHERLOCK: Need to get the powder burns out of your fingers. I don't suppose you'd serve time for this, but let's avoid the court case. <i>(John clears his throat and looks around nervously.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Are you all right? JOHN: Yes, of course I'm all right. SHERLOCK: Well, you <i>have</i> just killed a man. JOHN: Yes, I ... <i>(He trails off. Sherlock looks at him closely.)</i> JOHN: That's true, innit? <i>(He smiles. Sherlock continues to watch him carefully.)</i> JOHN: But he wasn't a very <i>nice</i> man. <i>(Apparently reassured that John really is okay, Sherlock nods in agreement.)</i> SHERLOCK: No. No, he wasn't really, was he? JOHN: And frankly a bloody awful cabbie. <i>(Sherlock chuckles, then turns and starts to lead them away as he speaks.)</i> SHERLOCK: That's true. He <i>was</i> a bad cabbie. Should have seen the route he took us to get here! <i>(John giggles, and Sherlock smiles.)</i> JOHN: Stop! Stop, we can't giggle, it's a crime scene! Stop it! SHERLOCK: You're the one who shot him. Don't blame me. JOHN: Keep your voice down! <i>(They're walking past Sergeant Donovan.)</i> JOHN <i>(to Donovan)</i>: Sorry – it's just, um, nerves, I think. SHERLOCK <i>(to Donovan)</i>: Sorry. <i>(John clears his throat as they walk away from Donovan.)</i> JOHN: You were gonna take that damned pill, weren't you? <i>(Sherlock turns back to him.)</i> SHERLOCK: Course I wasn't. Biding my time. Knew you'd turn up. JOHN: No you didn't. It's how you get your kicks, isn't it? You risk your life to prove you're clever. SHERLOCK: Why would I do that? JOHN: Because you're an idiot. <i>(Sherlock smiles, apparently delighted that he has finally found someone who</i></p>	<p>SHERLOCK: We need to get rid of the powder burns in your finger. I don't suppose you'd serve time for this, but let's avoid the court case. <i>(He looks around to make sure that nobody's in earshot.)</i> JOHN: I ran after the cab, called the police, of course, and then I thought, better keep an eye on <i>you</i>. <i>(Sherlock looks at him closely.)</i> SHERLOCK: Are you all right? JOHN: Of <i>course</i> I'm all right. SHERLOCK: You have just <i>killed</i> a man. JOHN <i>(looking away thoughtfully)</i>: I've seen men die before – and good men, friends of mine. Thought I'd never sleep again. <i>(He meets Sherlock's eyes, his face calm.)</i> JOHN: I'll sleep fine tonight.</p> <p><i>(Apparently reassured that John really is okay, Sherlock smiles.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(softly)</i>: Quite right.</p> <p>JOHN: You were gonna take the damned pill, weren't you?</p> <p>SHERLOCK: Course not. Playing for time.</p> <p>JOHN: No, you weren't. It's how you get your kicks, isn't it? Risking your life to prove you're clever. SHERLOCK: Why would I do that? JOHN: 'Cause you're an idiot. <i>(Sherlock frowns at him for a moment but then smiles, apparently delighted that he</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>understands him. After a moment he forces the smile down.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Dinner? JOHN: Starving. <i>(They turn and start to walk again.)</i> SHERLOCK: End of Baker Street, there's a good Chinese stays open 'til two. You can always tell a good Chinese by examining the bottom third of the door handle. <i>(As he has been speaking, a few yards ahead of them a car has pulled up and the man who abducted John earlier gets out. John stares.)</i> JOHN: Sherlock. That's him. That's the man I was talking to you about. <i>(Sherlock looks across at the man.)</i> SHERLOCK: I know <i>exactly</i> who that is. <i>(He walks closer to the man and stops, looking at him angrily. John glances round to gauge where the police are in case he needs to summon their help. The man speaks pleasantly to Sherlock.)</i> M: So, another case cracked. How very public spirited ... though that's never really your motivation, is it? SHERLOCK: What are you doing here? M: As ever, I'm concerned about you. SHERLOCK: Yes, I've been hearing about your 'concern'. M: Always so aggressive. Did it never occur to you that you and I belong on the same side? SHERLOCK: Oddly enough, no! M: We have more in common than you like to believe. This petty feud between us is simply childish. People will suffer ... and you know how it always upset Mummy. <i>(John frowns as if unsure of what he just heard.)</i> SHERLOCK: <i>I</i> upset her? Me? <i>(The man glowers at him.)</i> SHERLOCK: It wasn't <i>me</i> that upset her, Mycroft. JOHN: No, no, wait. Mummy? Who's Mummy? SHERLOCK: Mother – our mother. This is my brother, Mycroft. <i>(John stares at the man in amazement.)</i> SHERLOCK <i>(to Mycroft)</i>: Putting on weight again? M/MYCROFT: Losing it, in fact. JOHN <i>(to Sherlock)</i>: He's your <i>brother</i>?! SHERLOCK: Of <i>course</i> he's my brother. JOHN: So he's not ... SHERLOCK: Not what?</p>	<p><i>has finally found someone who understands him. John smiles back at him.)</i></p> <p>SHERLOCK: Dinner? JOHN: Starving. <i>(They turn and start to walk away.)</i> SHERLOCK: There's a good Chinese at the end of the road, stays open 'til two. You can always tell a good Chinese by examining the bottom third of the door handle. LESTRADE: Oy! Sherlock! <i>(Rolling his eyes, Sherlock stops and turns to Lestrade as he walks over.)</i> LESTRADE: Still got questions for you. JOHN: Er, Inspector Lestrade, to my certain knowledge, this man hasn't eaten for several days. <i>(Sherlock stares at him in surprise.)</i> JOHN <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: Now, if you want him alive for your next case, what he's gonna do right now is have dinner. LESTRADE: And who the hell are you? JOHN <i>(glancing towards Sherlock)</i>: I'm his doctor. SHERLOCK <i>(to Lestrade)</i>: And only a fool argues with his doctor. LESTRADE: Okay, I'll pull you in tomorrow. Off you go. JOHN: Thank you. <i>(The boys turn and walk away, Sherlock smiling proudly at his new friend as John blows out a relieved breath. Sherlock takes the blanket from around his shoulders.)</i> SHERLOCK: So: <i>ran</i> after a cab. Told you that limp was psychosomatic. JOHN: I knew it was. <i>(They reach the police tape strung across the road and Sherlock lifts it so they can walk underneath it.)</i></p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p><i>(The brothers look at John as he shrugs in embarrassment.)</i> JOHN: I dunno – criminal mastermind? <i>(He grimaces at having even suggested it. Sherlock looks at Mycroft disparagingly.)</i> SHERLOCK: Close enough. MYCROFT: For goodness' sake. I occupy a minor position in the British government. SHERLOCK: He <i>is</i> the British government, when he's not too busy being the British Secret Service or the CIA on a freelance basis. <i>(Mycroft sighs.)</i> SHERLOCK: Good evening, Mycroft. Try not to start a war before I get home. You know what it does for the traffic. <i>(He walks away. John starts to follow him but then turns back to Mycroft, who has turned to watch his brother.)</i> JOHN: So, when-when you say you're concerned about him, you actually <i>are</i> concerned? MYCROFT: Yes, of course. JOHN: I mean, it actually <i>is</i> a childish feud? MYCROFT <i>(still watching his brother)</i>: He's always been so resentful. You can imagine the Christmas dinners. JOHN: Yeah ... no. God, no! <i>(He half-turns to follow Sherlock.)</i> JOHN: I-I'd better, um ... <i>(He turns back to not-Anthea, who has been standing nearby throughout the conversation with her eyes fixed on her BlackBerry.)</i> JOHN: Hello again. <i>(She looks up and smiles at him brightly.)</i> NOT-ANTHEA: Hello. JOHN: Yes, we-we met earlier on this evening. <i>(She stares at him as if she has never seen him before but reacts as if she is trying to pretend that she remembers him.)</i> NOT-ANTHEA: Oh! JOHN: Okay, good night. <i>(He includes Mycroft in his glance, then turns and follows after Sherlock.)</i> MYCROFT: Good night, Doctor Watson. <i>(John catches up to Sherlock and they walk away side by side.)</i> JOHN: So: dim sum. SHERLOCK: Mmm! I can always predict the fortune cookies. JOHN: No you can't. SHERLOCK: Almost can. You did get shot, though.</p>	<p>SHERLOCK: You did get shot, though.</p>

Broadcast episode	Pilot
<p>JOHN: Sorry? SHERLOCK: In Afghanistan. There was an actual wound. JOHN: Oh, yeah. Shoulder. SHERLOCK: Shoulder! I thought so. JOHN: No you didn't. SHERLOCK: The left one. JOHN: Lucky guess. SHERLOCK: I never guess. JOHN (<i>laughing</i>): Yes you do. (<i>He looks across to Sherlock, who is smiling.</i>) JOHN: What are you so happy about? SHERLOCK: Moriarty. JOHN: What's Moriarty? SHERLOCK (<i>cheerfully</i>): I've absolutely <i>no</i> idea. (<i>Back at the car, not-Anthea turns to Mycroft who is watching the boys as they walk away.</i>) NOT-ANTHEA: Sir, shall we go? MYCROFT: Interesting, that soldier fellow. (<i>Not-Anthea looks briefly at the departing boys, then turns her attention back to her BlackBerry.</i>) MYCROFT: He could be the making of my brother – or make him worse than ever. Either way, we'd better upgrade their surveillance status. Grade Three Active. (<i>Not-Anthea looks up from her phone.</i>)</p> <p>NOT-ANTHEA: Sorry, sir. Whose status? MYCROFT: Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. (<i>Hero!shot as our boys walk in slow motion towards the camera before turning and smiling at each other as they mentally plan where and how many times they're going to roger each other senseless once they get home.</i>)</p> <p>*****</p> <p>*blinks innocently* <i>What?</i> My transcript – my interpretation. If you don't like it, write your own!</p>	<p>JOHN: Oh, yeah. In the shoulder. SHERLOCK: Oh! (<i>Behind them, Lestrade watches them walk away, then looks down to his notebook which he has taken out again. He tears out the page he had been writing on and screws it up. Back at the boys, Mrs Hudson has apparently just arrived home and now hurries over to them angrily.</i>) MRS HUDSON: Sherlock! What have you done to my house? SHERLOCK: Nothing wrong with your house, Mrs Hudson, which is more than can be said for the dead serial killer on the first floor. MRS HUDSON: Dead what?! SHERLOCK: Good news for London; bad news for your carpet. (<i>He shoves the blanket into her arms and he and John start to walk away.</i>) SHERLOCK: Good night, Mrs Hudson. (<i>She looks down at the blanket, then turns and calls after them.</i>) MRS HUDSON: I'm not your housekeeper! (<i>Giggling, John calls over his shoulder.</i>) JOHN: Night, Mrs Hudson! (<i>Grinning, the boys continue down the road as Mrs Hudson turns to the police officer manning the tape.</i>) MRS HUDSON (<i>angrily</i>): I'm going in. (<i>Back near the ambulance, Donovan walks over to Lestrade.</i>) LESTRADE: Sergeant Donovan. DONOVAN: Sir? LESTRADE (<i>looking towards the departing boys</i>): We need those two in tomorrow. DONOVAN: What two, sir? LESTRADE (<i>looking down the road again</i>): Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. (<i>Hero!shot as our boys turn and smile at each other as they continue down the road. After a while, John takes his hand out of his jacket pocket and reaches down to take Sherlock's hand.</i>)</p> <p>*****</p> <p>What? He <i>does!</i> You look at the footage. He really <i>does!</i></p>