

Sherlock S4 E3

The Final Problem

In tight close-up, an eye opens revealing its blue iris. We then see the face of the person. It's a young girl with brown curly hair, who looks no older than ten years old and possibly younger. As she looks up we see that she's on an aeroplane. The plane is shaking, the lights are flickering on and off and above her the emergency oxygen masks have dropped down and are swaying back and forth. The girl turns to the window and pushes up the blind and worriedly looks out. It's dark outside. She pulls the blind down and turns to the woman sitting beside her with her eyes closed.

GIRL: Mummy?

(The woman doesn't wake. Frowning, the girl stands up and looks along the plane. All the passengers have their eyes closed, and above them all the oxygen masks have dropped down. The plane jolts again. The girl turns to her mother and worriedly shakes her.)

GIRL: Mummy! Wake up! Wake up! Mummy!

(When her mother still doesn't respond the girl unclips her seatbelt, stands up and squeezes past her mum's knees to get to the aisle. Crockery rattles and she looks to the rear of the plane. A flight attendant is lying in the aisle unconscious, crockery and a coffee pot on the floor in front of her. The girl turns and looks to the front of the plane and gasps at what she sees. The door of the cockpit is open and the pilot can be seen slumped over the controls, his right arm dangling at his side. The co-pilot is lying on the floor behind his seat. The girl anxiously calls towards the cockpit.)

GIRL: Wake up!

(A mobile phone can be heard ringing some distance away. The girl starts to walk towards the cockpit, stopping to shake the arm of the person sitting in the aisle seat in front of her row. When she gets no response she continues forwards, her feet crushing sweets that have rolled into the aisle. Her look of distress increases when she sees another flight attendant unconscious on the floor at the front of the aisle. The ringing phone is closer and she sees it on a small shelf in front of a couple of passengers in the front seats. She reaches over and picks up the phone. She pushes the screen and holds the phone to her ear.)

GIRL *(anxiously, tearfully)*: Help me, please. I'm on a plane and everyone's asleep. Help me!

(A very familiar male voice speaks over the phone.)

VOICE: Hello. My name's Jim Moriarty. Welcome ... to the final problem.

OPENING CREDITS.

Flickering black and white film footage can be seen. It seems to be a bit of film noir made in the 1940s or 1950s and is set in the office of a private investigator. The investigator, Leonard, stands with his back to his desk and in front of him is a typical femme fatale, Velma, holding a cigarette. Both characters speak with American accents.

LEONARD: You know I could arrest you?

VELMA: What for?

LEONARD: Wearing a dress like that.

VELMA: Would you like me to take it off?

LEONARD: Then I'd *really* have to press charges.

VELMA: Press away.

(We now see that Mycroft is in a small room with a film projector behind him. Sitting in an armchair with his left elbow on the arm and his fingers propping his head up, he smiles and mouths Leonard's lines every time he speaks.)

VELMA *(offscreen)*: Isn't that how they got started?

LEONARD *(offscreen, with Mycroft mouthing along)*: Who?

VELMA *(offscreen)*: Adam and Eve.

LEONARD *(offscreen, with Mycroft mouthing along)*: Oh, them.

VELMA *(offscreen)*: And *that* turned out okay.

LEONARD *(offscreen)*: You think so?

(Mycroft was too busy smiling to mouth that line. Now he turns his head and picks up a glass as he mouths the next line.)

LEONARD *(offscreen, with Mycroft mouthing along)*: I thought it was supposed to be the beginning of all human misery.

(Mycroft drinks from his glass. The film footage can be seen again.)

VELMA: Now, what was all that about arresting me?

(She flicks the ash from her cigarette onto the floor beside her. Mycroft smiles.)

LEONARD *(offscreen)*: Well, maybe not arresting you.

VELMA *(offscreen)*: No?

LEONARD *(on the footage)*: I could just keep you under close watch.

(For a split second the footage glitches, showing a yellowed image of a family of two adults and two children sitting on what looks like a beach, then the footage returns to the film.)

VELMA: Very close?

(Mycroft frowns.)

LEONARD *(offscreen)*: Uh-huh.

(The footage glitches again, for a little longer this time and the yellowed image returns but then zooms in towards one of the children, a young overweight boy, about eleven years old. Clearly this is old cine footage. The screen briefly returns to Velma in the movie, then flicks over to a close-up of the fat boy smiling at the camera, then returns to the movie. Mycroft sits up and turns round to look at the film projector.)

VELMA *(offscreen)*: Shame. I was looking forward to putting myself into the hands of the authorities.

LEONARD: You were?

VELMA: Fingerprinting ...

(Turning back, Mycroft reaches over and stubs out a lit cigarette in an ashtray.)

VELMA *(offscreen)*: ... being searched ...

(Mycroft turns to the screen.)

VELMA: ... thoroughly.

(Again the footage glitches and the boy smiles quirkily into the camera. Now the footage jumps more quickly back and forth between the professional movie and the home movie. In the latter, a beach ball bounces across to a younger boy, about four years old, who has a mop of brown curly hair. The camera pulls up and the mother stands up and waves. Mycroft is obviously puzzled but can't help smiling at the sight. The father kneels down to the older son who is holding a plate piled high with sandwiches and an apple, and is taking a bite from a sandwich. Whatever the father says to him on the silent footage, the boy pulls the plate protectively closer to him. The footage cuts to the parents sitting in their deckchairs as the father beckons to the younger boy who trots towards them; then it cuts to the younger boy piling on top of the older one who is half-reclined on the sand with a book in his hands. The older boy grins.)

Again Mycroft can't help but smile. The footage cuts to a far shot of the parents and their two boys waving into the camera, then briefly the screen goes white and jagged writing appears reading

I'M BACK

before the family continues to wave at the camera. The footage seems to briefly return to the black and white movie and a tight close-up of the top half of Velma's face, except that those aren't the eyes of the actress; they're Eurus' eyes. Again the family waves to the camera, then the white screen and the "I'M BACK" message reappear before the footage dissolves. Mycroft stares at the screen in shock while, behind him, the last of the film tape spools off the end of the reel. Mycroft stands and stares at the now blank screen in front of him. After a moment he walks to a nearby door and takes hold of the handle and tries to open the door. It won't budge. He takes hold of the handle with both hands and struggles to open the door but to no avail. A female voice whispers echoingly in the room behind him.)

VOICE: Mycroft.

(He turns and walks back a few paces, looking up to the ceiling when he hears footsteps running across the room upstairs. The film continues to rattle loudly on the projector. There's a sound behind him and Mycroft turns to look as the door noisily creaks open. He slowly walks through the doorway and stops on the other side, and behind him the door rapidly and loudly slams shut. He turns to look at it, then turns back at the sound of electric fizzing noises. The lights in the hall in front of him flicker and then go out with a loud pop. He walks slowly forward to where his umbrella is in a stand at the side of the hall. Taking it from the stand he holds it in both hands and sharply pulls it apart, revealing a sword blade attached to the handle. Dropping the fabric to the floor, he switches on a torch on his mobile phone and walks slowly forwards, breathing

harshly. As he turns to look into an open door, shining the light into the room, a small figure runs across the hall further along. It appears to be a young girl wearing a dress and long white socks and with her dark hair tied in two long ponytails either side of her head. She disappears into the darkness. A clock starts to chime. Frowning, Mycroft turns towards the other end of the hall and when he turns around again the girl is back, standing facing him in the shadows beside the stairs. He walks slowly towards her and an adult female voice whispers in the darkness.)

VOICE: Mycroft.

(Mycroft gets closer to the child and shines his torch on her. It's not a child at all – it's a mannequin with a blank white face, wearing the same dress and socks and a dark wig with ponytails. He turns and calls out along the hall.)

MYCROFT: Why don't you come out and show yourself? I don't have time for this.

(A child's voice comes from the darkness.)

CHILD'S VOICE: We have time, brother dear. All the time in the world.

(Behind him, the 'real' little girl bursts out of the darkness and runs up the stairs. The mannequin can still be seen behind Mycroft. He turns and chases up the stairs after the girl. Slowing down on the half-landing, he turns and walks up the next flight. The upper floor is slightly better lit and he tucks his phone into his trouser pocket as the child's voice is heard again.)

CHILD'S VOICE (*sing-song*): Mycroft!

(Mycroft walks slowly along the hall.)

MYCROFT: Who are you?

VOICE (*now sounding more adult, but still sing-song*): You know who!

(He shakes his head.)

MYCROFT: Impossible.

VOICE (*more child-like and sounding petulant*): Nothing's impossible.

(The lights start to flicker on and off.)

CHILD'S VOICE: You of all people know that.

(On the left-hand wall of the hallway hang a row of paintings. Mycroft has passed a painting of a large country house and now reaches a portrait of a historical male figure. As he looks at it, illuminated by a light above the picture frame, blood starts to pour from the eyes and from one side of the mouth. He walks further along the hallway to the next portrait, this one of a historical woman, which also has blood coming from the eyes and mouth and running down the picture. He continues on and looks at the next picture, another historical man who bears a strong resemblance to Mycroft himself. This too has blood running from the eyes and one side of the mouth.)

CHILD'S VOICE (*sing-song*): Coming to get you!

(Behind him, the helmet from a suit of armour is tossed across the hall and crashes noisily to the floor. Mycroft turns around.)

CHILD'S VOICE (*sing-song*): There's an East Wind coming, Mycroft! Coming to get you!

MYCROFT (*Backing away, his eyes wide*): You can't have got out! You *can't*!

(From a side turning further along the hallway near a standing suit of armour, a clown in full costume and make-up leans out into view. Slowly leaning over sideways to an almost ninety-degree angle, he then straightens up and steps into the hallway. As Mycroft stares in disbelief, the clown reaches across to the suit of armour and pulls its sword from the sheath and holds it up beside himself, pointing the tip towards Mycroft and raising his other hand forward. Trying – and failing – to look determined, Mycroft raises his own sword in front of him, pointing the tip towards the ceiling, then lowers it and whips the blade in front of him a few times. Pointing it towards the clown, he starts to move forwards slowly while the clown makes 'bring it on' movements with his hand and sword. Mycroft takes another step forward, then takes a handkerchief from his trouser pocket and clamps it around the base of his blade, twists it off the handle and aims the small gun attached to the end of the handle at the clown. He pulls the trigger but the gun just clicks.)

CHILD's VOICE (*sing-song*): No use, Mycroft.

(Mycroft pulls the trigger again but the gun only clicks again.)

CHILD's VOICE: There's no defence ... (*the voice becomes more of a whisper*) ... and nowhere to hide.

(The clown roars and charges forward. Mycroft cringes back and then turns and pelts down a nearby flight of stairs. Running into the hall downstairs, he hurries to the two nearby doors and tries each one but they're locked. The clown stops on the upstairs landing and watches him over the bannisters. Mycroft turns and looks as a shadowy figure walks past the nearby upper windows. Upstairs someone pushes through heavy curtains over one of the entrances to the landing. It's Sherlock, complete with greatcoat and deerstalker. He stops on the landing and looks across to the clown.)

MYCROFT: Sherlock? Help me!

(Sherlock raises his right thumb and forefinger to his mouth and lets out a piercing whistle. All the lights come on. The clown looks down at Mycroft, who stares in shock as a short man walks out of another hall on the ground floor, wearing a dress and a dark wig with long ponytails.)

SHERLOCK: Experiment complete. Conclusion: I have a sister.

MYCROFT (*raising his head to him and speaking angrily*): This was you? All of this was *you*?

SHERLOCK: Conclusion two: my sister – Eurus, apparently – has been incarcerated from an early age in a secure institution controlled by my brother.

(Mycroft raises his hands and presses the palms against his eyes. Unseen by him, Sherlock waves cheerfully at him.)

SHERLOCK: Hey, bro!

MYCROFT (*tiredly*): Why would you do this ... (*he lowers his hands and speaks through gritted teeth*) ... this pantomime? Why?

SHERLOCK: Conclusion three: you are *terrified* of her!

MYCROFT (*sternly*): You have no idea what you're dealing with. (*Angrily*) None at all.

JOHN (*coming out of a corridor on the ground floor*): New information: she's out.

MYCROFT: That's not possible.

SHERLOCK: It's more than possible. She was John's therapist.

JOHN: Shot me during a session.

SHERLOCK: Only with a tranquilliser.

JOHN: Mm. We still had ten minutes to go.

SHERLOCK: Well, we'll see about a refund.

(John smiles. Sherlock starts coming down the stairs and addresses his actors.)

SHERLOCK: Right, you two. Wiggins has got your money by the gate.

(The man in the child's clothes gives him a double thumbs-up and turns and scampers away.)

SHERLOCK: Don't spend it all in one crack den.

(The clown on the landing reaches up and squeezes his big red nose which makes a squeaking sound, and then walks away. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, Sherlock walks across to Mycroft, smiling.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, I hope we didn't spoil your enjoyment of the movie.

(He heads for one of the nearby doors.)

MYCROFT: You're just leaving?

SHERLOCK: Well, we're not staying *here*. Eurus is coming and, uh, someone's disabled all your security.

(He turns and opens the previously locked door and walks away, calling out over his shoulder.)

SHERLOCK: Sleep well!

(John follows Sherlock but turns when Mycroft speaks.)

MYCROFT: Doctor Watson. Why would he do that to me? That was insane!

JOHN: Uh, yes. Well, *someone* convinced him that you wouldn't tell the truth unless you were actually wetting yourself.

MYCROFT: "Someone"?

(John looks away thoughtfully, licking his lips before turning back to him.)

JOHN: Probably me.

MYCROFT: So that's it, is it? You're just going?

JOHN (*innocently*): Well, don't worry. There's a place for people like you – the desperate, the terrified, the ones with nowhere else to run.

MYCROFT (*grimly*): What place?

(John frowns momentarily and then looks at him as if he's an idiot.)

JOHN: Two two one B Baker Street.

(Mycroft closes his eyes in resignation and sighs silently.)

JOHN (*turning and walking towards the door*): See you in the morning. If there's a queue, join it!

MYCROFT (*angrily*): For God's sake! This is not one of your idiot cases.

(As he speaks, John lifts a finger as if he's forgotten something, then turns and walks back into the hall, pointing upstairs.)

JOHN: You might wanna close that window. (He looks at Mycroft.) There *is* an East Wind coming.

(Quirking a small smile at him, he turns and walks away again. Mycroft turns around and nervously looks upstairs.)

221B BAKER STREET. DAY TIME. The client chair sits in the middle of the room facing the fireplace. A man stands beside it but so far we can only see his legs. Sherlock sits in his armchair with his fingers steepled against his chin, staring downwards. Opposite him, John sits and watches him, twirling a pen in the fingers of his left hand. We now see that it's Mycroft who is standing beside the client chair, his arms folded and a stubborn look on his face. John glances over to him for a moment before looking away again. Mrs Hudson is standing in the doorway with her arms folded, looking at Mycroft and smiling slightly as he lowers his head and bites his lip.

MRS HUDSON: You have to sit in the chair.

(He turns and looks at her.)

MRS HUDSON: They won't talk to you unless you sit in the chair. It's the rules.

MYCROFT *(tetchily)*: I'm not a client.

SHERLOCK *(not looking round to him)*: Then get out.

(Mycroft turns to look at the boys. John looks up towards him, tapping the tip of his pen against the arm of his chair. Unfolding his arms and holding them out in surrender, Mycroft walks around and sits in the chair. As Sherlock lowers his hands, Mycroft gestures towards Mrs H. while looking at his brother.)

MYCROFT: She's not going to stay there, is she?

(Sherlock looks towards his landlady, then tilts his head to her.)

MRS HUDSON *(looking at Mycroft)*: Would you like a cup of tea?

MYCROFT: Thank you.

MRS HUDSON *(pointing towards the kitchen)*: The kettle's over there.

(She turns and heads down the stairs. John and Sherlock smile.)

MYCROFT *(to Sherlock)*: So what happens now? Are you going to make deductions?

SHERLOCK: You're going to tell the truth, Mycroft, pure and simple.

MYCROFT: Who was it said, "Truth is rarely pure, and never simple"?

SHERLOCK *(shifting slightly to face his brother)*: I don't know and I don't care. So there were three of us. I know that now. You, me, and ... Eurus.

(Mycroft nods.)

SHERLOCK: A sister I can't remember. Interesting name, Eurus. It's Greek, isn't it?

JOHN *(looking at his notebook, clearly reading notes he has already made)*: Mm. Yeah, uh, literally 'the god of the East Wind.'

MYCROFT: Yes.

SHERLOCK *(gazing towards the floor)*: "The East Wind is coming, Sherlock." *(He looks at his brother.)* You used that to scare me.

MYCROFT: No.

SHERLOCK: You turned my sister into a ghost story.

MYCROFT: Of course I didn't. I monitored you.

JOHN: You what?

MYCROFT (*looking at him*): Memories can resurface; wounds can re-open. The roads we walk have demons beneath ... (*he turns his gaze to Sherlock*) ... and yours have been waiting for a very long time. I never bullied you. I used – at discrete intervals – potential trigger words to update myself as to your mental condition. I was looking after you.

SHERLOCK (*softly, intensely*): Why can't I remember her?

(*Mycroft pauses for a moment, glancing in John's direction but not looking at him.*)

MYCROFT: This is a private matter.

SHERLOCK: John stays.

(*John had been about to get up but now looks across to Sherlock, surprised. Mycroft leans forward in his chair.*)

MYCROFT (*in a harsh whisper*): This is family.

SHERLOCK (*loudly, firmly*): That's why he stays.

(*The brothers lock eyes for a long moment. John smiles and lowers his head. Eventually Mycroft sits back. John clears his throat.*)

JOHN: So there were three Holmes kids.

(*He pulls the lid off his pen and re-opens his notebook.*)

JOHN: What was the age gap?

MYCROFT: Seven years between myself and Sherlock; one year between Sherlock and Eurus.

(*John nods and points his pen in Sherlock's direction.*)

JOHN: Middle child. Explains a lot.

(*Sherlock throws him a look. John raises his eyebrows at him and then turns his attention back to his notebook.*)

JOHN (*to Mycroft*): So did she have it too?

MYCROFT: Have what?

JOHN: The deduction thing.

MYCROFT (*sarcastically*): "The deduction thing"?

JOHN (*after a moment*): ... Yes.

MYCROFT (*looking reflectively towards the fireplace*): More than you can know.

(*He pauses while the boys look at him.*)

JOHN: Enlighten me.

MYCROFT (*gesturing between himself and his brother while looking at John*): You realise I'm the smart one?

SHERLOCK: As you never cease to announce.

MYCROFT: ... but Eurus, she was incandescent even then. Our abilities were professionally assessed more than once. I was remarkable, but Eurus was described as an era-defining genius, beyond Newton.

SHERLOCK (*softly, intensely*): Then why don't I remember her?

MYCROFT: You *do* remember her, in a way. Every choice you ever made; every path you've ever taken – the man you are today ... is your memory of Eurus.

(Sherlock slowly turns his head away. Mycroft looks down as if something has caught his attention. Without transition his feet are now on a pebble beach. He stands, outdoors somewhere, and straightens up as a dog barks nearby.)

MYCROFT: She was different from the beginning.

(Some distance away a young girl, maybe six years old, wearing a blue and white dress and a knitted oatmeal-coloured cardigan and with her hair tied into bunches either side of her head, stands watching an Irish setter trotting through the shallows of the river.)

MYCROFT: She knew things she should never have known ...

(Nearby, an overweight boy stands on one of a row of stepping stones across a stream. Wearing yellow boots, jeans and an olive-coloured jumper, he tosses a pebble into the water, perhaps attempting and failing to skim it. He looks across towards adult Mycroft, who turns away from him. Beyond him, little Eurus has her back to him and is watching as seven year old Sherlock, wearing red trousers, wellington boots and a dark yellow patterned jumper and with a pirate hat on his head, slashes at the water with his plastic sword. Adult Mycroft bends down and picks up a large pebble from the water's edge.)

MYCROFT *(in 211B)*: ... as if she was somehow aware of truths beyond the normal scope.

(He opens his hand in front of him. His fingers are wet and a large pebble lies in his palm.)

In his mind, young Eurus turns around on the beach and looks directly at him. Mycroft looks startled.)

EURUS: You look funny grown up.

(In 221B, Mycroft straightens up in his chair a little, staring towards the fireplace.)

JOHN: What's wrong?

MYCROFT: Sorry.

(He looks down at his open hand, which is dry and empty. In his head he hears the sound of a pebble splashing into the water. In the flat he closes his hand.)

MYCROFT: The memories are disturbing.

SHERLOCK: What do you mean? Examples.

MYCROFT: They found her with a knife once. She seemed to be cutting herself. Mother and Father were terrified. They thought it was a suicide attempt. But when I asked Eurus what she was doing, she said ...

(It's as if little Eurus is standing facing Mycroft in front of the fire.)

EURUS: I wanted to see how my muscles worked.

JOHN *(looking towards Mycroft)*: Jesus!

MYCROFT: So I asked her if she felt pain, and she said ...

EURUS: Which one's pain?

SHERLOCK *(to Mycroft)*: What happened?

(Mycroft puts his hands on his knees and stands up. Suddenly he's outdoors again, standing a

short distance away from a large, very old country house in the middle of nowhere.)

MYCROFT: Musgrave.

(Sherlock and John stand either side of him a few paces behind him.)

MYCROFT: The ancestral home, where there was always honey for tea.

(The picture cuts to young Sherlock, still wearing his pirate hat, sitting cross-legged on the grass in front of one of many gravestones not far from the country house. He is reading a book on his lap.)

MYCROFT: ... and Sherlock played among the funny gravestones.

JOHN *(in 221B, while Sherlock looks reflective)*: Funny how?

(In the graveyard, a woman's voice calls out.)

WOMAN *(offscreen)*: Come on, you lot!

(The dog races past the adult men standing watching as young Sherlock scrambles up and runs towards the house.)

MYCROFT *(offscreen)*: They weren't real. The dates were all wrong.

(Behind the adults, the camera pans past one of the gravestones. Carved into the stone are the words:

NEMO

HOLMES

1617 - 1822

Aged 32 Years

MYCROFT *(offscreen)*: An architectural joke which fascinated Sherlock.

(Still in the graveyard, Mycroft and John look towards the house but Sherlock lowers his gaze and looks to the side as a child's voice starts to sing in his head.)

CHILD'S VOICE: ♪ ... who will find me / Deep down below the old beech tree? ♪

(The image shifts to the kitchen of the house. A table has plates of food, coloured glasses and cups and saucers in front of the three children, as well as a butter dish and other items in the middle. Sitting on one side of the table beside her oldest brother, young Eurus sings the song while looking across to young Sherlock who is still wearing his pirate hat. He looks back at her unhappily.)

In 221B, Sherlock stares into the distance and softly recites the next line while Eurus' voice echoes in his head.)

SHERLOCK *(whispering)*: Help succour me now ...

(Mycroft softly joins in while the girl's voice continues to sing along.)

SHERLOCK and MYCROFT *(simultaneously)*: ... the East winds blow.

SHERLOCK: Sixteen by six ...

(In flashback, young Eurus sings the same line across the table to young Sherlock, although she

adds the word "brother" at the end of the line, a taunting look on her face as he looks back at her.)

MYCROFT *(in 221B, his face haunted)*: ... and under we go.

(Sherlock turns to look at him.)

MYCROFT: You're starting to remember.

SHERLOCK: Fragments.

(In the flashback, young Sherlock gets down from the table and runs off. Eurus watches him go.)

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard!

(Young Mycroft looks round as his brother, holding his plastic sword, runs outside and chases across the graveyard.)

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard!

(He clammers up some steep steps towards the meadow beyond the graveyard where the adult John, Sherlock and Mycroft are standing.)

JOHN: Redbeard?

ADULT SHERLOCK: He was my dog.

(Young Sherlock runs across the meadow. We see his pirate hat in close detail for the first time: it's a very deep blue, almost the same colour as the Coat he will wear in the future, and it has dark red bands sewn down it.)

MYCROFT *(turning to watch the youngster)*: Eurus took Redbeard and locked him up somewhere no-one could find him.

YOUNG SHERLOCK *(calling out)*: Redbeard!

MYCROFT: ... and she refused to say where he was.

(Young Sherlock has run into woodland and heads for a wooden bridge across a stream, still calling Redbeard's name.)

MYCROFT: She'd only repeat that song; her little ritual.

(Young Sherlock leans over the bridge, still calling out.)

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard!

MYCROFT: We begged and begged her to tell us where he was.

(In 221B's living room, Sherlock looks away as if he is remembering.)

In the woods, young Sherlock trudges back the way he came, still calling out.)

MYCROFT: ... but she said ...

YOUNG EURUS' VOICE *(offscreen, in an intense whisper)*: The song is the answer.

MYCROFT: But the song made no sense.

(In flashback, young Eurus sits at the kitchen table and sings sarcastically across it to Sherlock.)

EURUS: ♫ ... brother, and under we go. ♫

SHERLOCK *(in 221B, turning to Mycroft)*: What happened to Redbeard?

MYCROFT: We never found him. But she started calling him "Drowned Redbeard," so we made our assumptions. *(To John)* Sherlock was traumatised. Natural, I suppose – he was, in the early days, an emotional child; but after that he was different, so changed. Never spoke of it again. In time,

he seemed to forget that Eurus had ever even existed.

JOHN: How could he forget? She was living in the same house.

MYCROFT (*shaking his head sadly*): No. They took her away.

(*Sherlock looks round to him.*)

JOHN: Why? You don't lock up a child because a dog goes missing.

MYCROFT: Quite so. It was what happened immediately afterwards.

(Flashback to young Eurus sitting cross-legged on the floor of – presumably – her bedroom with several crayon drawings in front of her. On her far left is a drawing of five people. She has written "family" above the people and underneath, above each head, are the names "daddy", "mummy", "mycroft", "sherlock" and "me". Across the person labelled "sherlock" she has scrawled a large red cross almost obliterating the figure beneath. Beside that are two separate drawings of her middle brother wearing a yellow and blue striped jumper. The lower one has an arrow pointing to the figure, identifying him as "SHERLOCK" and a burst of blood seems to be coming from his throat and pouring out beside him. The drawing above that one shows a noose around Sherlock's neck with the rope leading upwards to where it is attached to a wall. The drawing at the top of her collection shows her father on the left beside a beach ball and a sand castle, and water laps at the bottom of the picture. Beside her dad is her mother, then a chubby Mycroft and then herself. A few paces to the right of her is Sherlock. She has drawn grey clouds all around him and has drawn a large red cross across his neck and a larger red cross across his body. There are two more drawings of Sherlock under this picture, one with another large red 'X' across his neck while his mouth turns downwards unhappily, and the second with black crosses where his eyes should be and angry red crayon scrawls all around him. Yet another drawing, below an uncorrupted drawing of Mycroft with a very round body – which itself is below a partially obscured drawing of the family home – shows Sherlock lying flat on what looks like a stone table or a slab.

The camera pans across more distressing drawings of Sherlock, and one of a gravestone with "RIP SHERLOCK" [as in R.I.P. – Rest In Peace] written across it. In front of her, Eurus has another drawing of the house with Sherlock looking unhappily out of one window. As she draws a large cross over the entire window with a blue crayon, her parents' voices can be heard from a nearby room.)

MR HOLMES (*offscreen*): She knows where he is!

MRS HOLMES (*offscreen*): We can't make her tell us. We can't make her do *anything*.

(Eurus puts down her crayon and looks up. Then she looks down again to the matchbox she is now holding. It has a dark shadowy house on the cover and its brand name is "Maison de la Peur" ("House of Fear"). She shakes the box, then strikes a match on the side, holding it up to look at the flame. She gazes down at it, the flame reflecting in her eye.

Outside, adult Mycroft stands looking at the house. The entire upper storey is ablaze and parts of the roof have already fallen in. Large flakes of ash float down around him. He stares towards the house with a look of devastation on his face, and closes his eyes.

In 221B Mycroft's eyes are closed and it's as if the ash is still falling around him. He eventually opens his eyes and the ash gradually dissipates.)

MYCROFT: After that, our sister had to be taken away.

SHERLOCK: Where?

MYCROFT: Oh, some suitable place – or so everyone thought. Not suitable enough, however. She died there.

JOHN: How?

MYCROFT: She started another fire, one which she did not survive.

SHERLOCK (*firmly*): This is a lie.

(*John looks towards Mycroft, who hesitates only for a moment.*)

MYCROFT: Yes. It is also a kindness. This is the story I told our parents to spare them further pain, and to account for the absence of an identifiable body.

SHERLOCK: And no doubt to prevent their further interference.

MYCROFT: Well, that too, of course. The depth of Eurus' psychosis and the extent of her abilities couldn't hope to be contained in any ordinary institution. Uncle Rudi took care of things.

SHERLOCK (*softly, intensely*): Where is she, Mycroft? Where's our sister?

MYCROFT: There's a place called Sherrinford; an island. It's a secure and very secretive installation whose sole purpose is to contain what we call 'the uncontainables.'

(*On the wall behind him appears an image of an Alcatraz-like castle on top of a cliff. Guards armed with rifles patrol across the roof. The perspective changes to show that the prison is at the top of steep granite cliffs on a small island. As Mycroft continues to speak, a schematic overlays a side view of the island showing that much of the facility is underground.*)

MYCROFT: The demons beneath the road – this is where we trap them. Sherrinford is more than a prison or an asylum; it is a fortress built to keep the rest of the world safe from what is inside it.

(*An overhead view of the facility wipes out the schematic and pulls back to show the entire tiny island.*)

MYCROFT: Heaven may be a fantasy for the credulous and the afraid, but I can give you a map reference for Hell.

(*Sherlock looks at him sharply. Mycroft draws in a breath.*)

MYCROFT: That's where our sister has been since early childhood. She hasn't left – not for a single day.

(*Sherlock looks across to John, who returns his gaze.*)

MYCROFT: Whoever you both met, it *can't* have been her.

(*There's a loud crash of breaking glass from the direction of the kitchen, followed by the thump of something falling to the floor. John turns in his chair to look, then all three of them stand up and look towards the kitchen. Beyond all the equipment on the table and a clothes airer with various bits of paperwork clipped to it, the top part of the window has been smashed in. From the floor behind the table, an adult woman's voice can be heard softly singing. It's slightly tinny and so presumably coming from a small speaker.*)

VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below / The old beech tree? ♪

(*As Mycroft's face fills with horror, a small drone rises up from the floor and hovers sideways*)

across the room.)

VOICE: ♪ Help succour me now / The East Wind's blowing / Sixteen by six, brother / And under we go. ♪

(The drone begins to fly forward across the kitchen table, the wind from its four rotors blowing papers and other stuff off the table. As it heads towards the living room, Mycroft speaks urgently.)

MYCROFT: Keep back! Keep as still as you can!

JOHN *(backing towards the dining table)*: What is it?

VOICE: ♪ My soul seeks / The shade of my willow's bloom ... ♪

SHERLOCK: It's a drone.

JOHN: Yeah, I can see that.

(He glances towards Mycroft as the drone continues into the room, the singing voice still coming from it, though the words can't be heard over the concerned conversation. There's a large silver-green grenade-shaped object on top of the drone.)

JOHN: What's it carrying?

SHERLOCK *(standing near the fireplace, seen from a camera on the drone)*: What's that silver thing on top of it, Mycroft?

MYCROFT *(standing near the living room door)*: It's a DX-707.

(The drone hovers in mid-air between the three men.)

MYCROFT: I've authorised the purchase of quite a number of these.

(The drone begins to lower towards the floor.)

MYCROFT: Colloquially it is known as "the patience grenade."

(The drone lands on the floor and its rotors shut down.)

JOHN: "Patience"?

(The grenade buzzes and the top pops up a little, showing a bright red light emanating from inside the device. It repeatedly beeps quietly.)

MYCROFT: The motion sensor has activated. If any of us move, the grenade will detonate.

(From now on, everyone speaks quietly, Sherlock in particular barely moving his lips.)

SHERLOCK: How powerful?

MYCROFT: It will certainly destroy this flat and kill anyone in it. Assuming walls of reasonable strength, your neighbours should be safe, but as it's landed on the floor, I am moved to wonder if the café below is open.

SHERLOCK: It's Sunday morning, so it's closed.

JOHN: What about Mrs Hudson?

(The camera sinks down through the floor to the ground floor kitchen. In the middle of the room, Mrs Hudson has an apron over her clothes. She is rocking around the room to the sound of Iron Maiden's "The Number of the Beast" blaring from the earbuds she's wearing while she vacuums the lino.)

Back upstairs the sound of the vacuum cleaner can faintly be heard.)

SHERLOCK: Going by her usual routine, I estimate she has another two minutes left.

JOHN: She keeps the vacuum cleaner at the back of the flat.

MYCROFT: So?

JOHN: So, safer there when she's putting it away?

(Mycroft turns his head towards him. It's a miracle that the bomb doesn't promptly go off.)

JOHN: Look, we have to move eventually. We should do it when she's safest.

SHERLOCK: When the vacuum stops, we give her eight seconds to get to the back of the flat.

She's fast when she's cleaning. Then we move.

(He looks at Mycroft.)

SHERLOCK: What's the trigger response time?

(Mycroft looks at him blankly.)

SHERLOCK: Once we're mobile, how long before detonation?

MYCROFT: We have a maximum of three seconds to vacate the blast radius.

(John closes his eyes and sags slightly.)

SHERLOCK: John and I will take the windows; you take the stairs. Help get Mrs Hudson out too.

MYCROFT: Me?

SHERLOCK: You're closer.

MYCROFT: You're faster.

SHERLOCK: Speed differential won't be as critical as the distance.

MYCROFT *(unhappily)*: Yes, agreed.

JOHN *(referring to the humming sound of the vacuum cleaner downstairs)*: She's further away.

She's moving to the back.

SHERLOCK: I estimate we have a minute left. Is a phone call possible?

MYCROFT: Phone call?

SHERLOCK: John has a daughter. *(He glances towards him without moving his head.)* He may wish to say goodbye.

MYCROFT: I'm sorry, Doctor Watson. Any movement will set off the grenade.

(John bares his teeth, sighing silently.)

MYCROFT: I hope you understand.

JOHN: Oscar Wilde.

MYCROFT: What?

JOHN: *He* said, "The truth is rarely pure, and never simple." It's from 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' We did it in school.

(Sherlock quirks a lopsided grin.)

MYCROFT *(nodding very slightly)*: So did we. Now I recall. I was Lady Bracknell.

(John smiles a little.)

SHERLOCK: Yeah. You were great.

MYCROFT: You really think so?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I really do.

MYCROFT: Well, that's good to know. I've always wondered.

(The vacuum cleaner shuts down. Sherlock gives it a few seconds, then glances to John and then to Mycroft.)

SHERLOCK: Good luck, boys.

(He pauses for another moment, then starts to count more loudly.)

SHERLOCK: Three, two, one, go!

(The three men turn and in slow motion they race for their exit points, Mycroft heading out of the door, John running for the right-hand window and Sherlock leaping up onto the back of his chair on his way to the left-hand window. Behind them the device explodes and flames sweep across the room in all directions, enveloping everything in their path. John and Sherlock hurl themselves through the glass and plummet towards the road below and a massive fireball roars out of the windows behind them. Black smoke rises towards the camera high above the road and blanks it out.)

The smoke slowly starts to clear and turns more grey in colour as the camera descends through clouds towards a small fishing boat out on the ocean. A radio broadcast can be heard.

RADIO: And now the shipping forecast, issued by the Met Office on behalf of the Maritime Coastguard Agency at 05:05. Thames, Dover ...

(As the broadcast continues a young man, Ben, wearing a yellow oilskin coat and matching hat, opens the door to the wheelhouse and stumbles inside wiping his mouth and breathing heavily. An older man, Vince, looks round to him.)

VINCE: Go on, son, get it up. *(He smiles cheerfully at him.)* Better out than in.

BEN: Is it always like this?

(The camera pans around the small wheelhouse, showing that it's very foggy outside.)

VINCE: Nah.

BEN: Thank God.

VINCE: Usually it's much worse!

BEN *(plaintively)*: Might go and work in a bank!

(Still breathing heavily, he looks up at the sound of rotors.)

BEN: Is that an 'elicopter?

VINCE: Nah, not in this weather.

(The radio broadcast is still continuing.)

RADIO: ... Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea, Shannon, Malin, Sherrinford. Sherrinford. Sherrinford.

BEN: You hear that?

(Vince glances round to him.)

RADIO: Sherrinford.

BEN: I never 'eard that one before.

(The radio continues its normal shipping forecast.)

BEN: Sherrinford?

VINCE *(turning to him)*: Forget you ever 'eard it.

BEN: What?

VINCE: Sometimes when we're out in these waters, we get that message. Just forget about it.

BEN: Yeah, but we've never ...

(Vince raises a warning finger to him.)

VINCE: Just ...

(He raises a hand and mimes zipping his lips shut, then points warningly at the young man. He starts to turn back to the wheel when there's a loud thump on the roof of the wheelhouse, followed by a couple of less loud thumps. The men look up, then Vince goes to the door and heads outside, stepping a few paces away from the wheelhouse and then turning to look up. Ben comes out beside him. Sherlock is standing on the roof holding onto the ship's antennae with one hand, his coat whipping dramatically around him.)

VINCE: Who the 'ell are you?

SHERLOCK: My name's Sherlock Holmes.

BEN: The detective!

SHERLOCK: The pirate.

(John steps into view at the other side of the antennae and points a pistol at the men below. Ben raises his hands, his mouth wide in fear, and Sherlock dramatically leaps off the roof towards them.)

SHERRINFORD ISLAND. A distant shot of the island shows a large storm front close by it. Rain is pouring from the clouds and lightning flashes inside them. The rain hasn't yet reached the island. Above the island the camera rotates over the top of the castle-like structure and shows several guards, all dressed warmly against the weather and with blue beanie hats on their heads, patrolling the rooftops and carrying rifles.

We cut inside to what must be the Control Room of the facility. On the lower level and on the stairs to either side more rifle-carrying guards, without the coats or hats and all wearing white shirts, stand in various places around the area. Yellow-jumpsuited auxiliary staff walk around, going about their daily business. Above the area is a small glass-walled room with many computer screens.

We switch to a view inside the glass room. Across the area outside, a natural-looking opening in the rock looks out towards the ocean. Inside the glass room, a technician speaks into a radio.

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray, this is a restricted area, repeat, restricted area. You are off course.

(As he speaks, he reaches across to a rotary fan on the desk beside him and switches it off. Perhaps he has had a gut feeling about what's soon going to hit it.)

TECHNICIAN (into radio): Are you receiving?

(There's no immediate reply and he activates his radio again.)

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray, you are off course. Are you receiving?

(The radio from the other end activates.)

JOHN's VOICE: Yeah, receiving you. This is a distress call, repeat, distress call. We're in trouble here.
(A radar image on the screen in front of the technician shows a bright red dot close to the centre of the screen.)

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray, what is your situation?

(There's no response.)

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray? Where are you now?

JOHN's VOICE *(over radio)*: We're headed for the rocks. We're going to hit.

(The technician sits back in his chair, then types rapidly on a keypad on his desk. A message comes up on his screen reading

SYSTEM LOCKDOWN

RED 5 PROCESS INITIATED

A stream of numbers and letters scrolls underneath. The technician moves his headset microphone closer to his mouth).

TECHNICIAN: Governor to the Control Room.

(Red warning lights start to flash around the facility, a siren begins to blare and an automated voice starts making announcements from loudspeakers.)

AUTOMATED VOICE: Lockdown in progress. Lockdown in progress.

(All around the complex the external guards – the ones with the coats and hats – run along the corridors and head outside.)

AUTOMATED VOICE: Please proceed to designated Red stations. Please proceed to designated Red stations.

(Two of the guards run round a headland and see Vince and Ben sitting on the sand back to back. Rope is lashed around them, tying them together, and their wrists are bound. Vince looks towards the approaching men and rolls his eyes, sinking his head back. On a metal bridge above them, more guards run into position and aim their rifles down at the seamen. As more men run onto the sand and aim their rifles at the two of them, Ben raises his bound hands in front of him.)

BEN: No, hold it! Wait, wait, wait!

(One of the guards on the bridge calls out to those below him.)

GUARD: Oi! In the sand!

(One of the guards on the beach looks up at him as he gestures beyond the bound sailors.)

GUARD: In the sand!

(The guards turn to look and we see what the men on the bridge can see. A small inflatable boat has been dragged up and left nearer the water. In between the boat and the men, drawn in the sand in large letters are the words

TELL MY

SISTER

I'M HERE

Inside the facility the governor of the place hurries out of a lift and into the Control Room, a phone raised to his ear. Around him the auxiliary staff are rushing around the room while the siren continues to blare.)

GOVERNOR (*into phone*): I need to speak to Mycroft.

(In London, Sir Edwin, now sporting a full beard, is in the back seat of a car.)

SIR EDWIN (*into his phone*): He's in hospital. There was an explosion.

GOVERNOR (*into phone*): Put me through to the hospital.

SIR EDWIN: He's not conscious. He's severely injured. No-one is even confident he's going to pull through.

GOVERNOR (*into phone as he trots upstairs to the glass room*): Where's his brother? Where's Sherlock Holmes?

SIR EDWIN: Missing.

GOVERNOR: No, he's not. He's here.

(He terminates the call and tucks his phone into the inside breast pocket of his jacket as he walks over to the technician, who points at live footage from the beach on one of the screens.)

TECHNICIAN: Sir, we found two more from the boat.

(The governor looks at the screen. John, who is being filmed by a body camera attached to the jacket of one of the guards, is standing with his hands raised while guards aim their rifles at him. Beside him, also with his hands raised, is an elderly man wearing oilskin overalls. He has a large white bushy beard and matching eyebrows and a woolly hat. The camera-wearing guard moves closer and the man speaks in an indignant south-west England accent.)

FISHERMAN: He stole our boat! Him an' another fella, with guns!

GOVERNOR: Where'd you find them?

GUARD (*northern Irish accent, offscreen*): North side of the island, sir.

(The governor peers at the shaky footage, then smiles.)

GOVERNOR: Holding cell, now.

IRISH GUARD: Right, sir.

(John and the fisherman are ushered away as the automated announcement pitches in again.)

AUTOMATED VOICE: Lockdown in progress.

Not long afterwards, the alarms have stopped. John and the fisherman sit side by side at a table in a small room. The governor walks to the mesh door in front of them and stops. Someone offscreen deactivates the lock and the door opens. The governor walks inside. One of the beanie-hatted guards is standing inside the room beside the door, holding his rifle pointed down to the floor in front of him. The fisherman immediately starts talking.

FISHERMAN: This is a mistake. I'm the victim 'ere. *(He stands up and jerks a finger down to John.)* This man stole my boat. 'e's a pirate.

JOHN: Yeah, I really am.

GOVERNOR: Please, sit down.

FISHERMAN (*angrily*): I-I don't even know who 'e is! (*He sits.*)

GOVERNOR: He's Doctor John Watson, formerly of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. (*He looks down at him.*) What are you doing here?

JOHN: It's a hospital. Any work?

GOVERNOR: It's not a hospital.

(*Still looking at the people opposite him, he holds out a pass towards the guard.*)

GOVERNOR: I want eyes on Eurus Holmes. Go straight to the Special Unit, deploy Green and Yellow Shift on my authority.

GUARD (*northern Irish accent*): Sir.

(*Turning around, the guard raises the pass to a camera above the door. The door buzzes and unlocks and the guard goes out and walks away. The governor sits down on a chair opposite the other two men.*)

GOVERNOR: I'm sparing your blushes because we're supposed to be on the same side; and frankly, this is embarrassing.

JOHN (*nonchalantly*): Ooh, doing a cavity search?

GOVERNOR: The true art of disguise, according to your famous friend, is not being looked at.

(*He turns to the fisherman.*)

GOVERNOR: But I *am* looking at you, aren't I, Mr Holmes?

(*The fisherman looks across the table to him.*)

FISHERMAN (*in his south-west accent*): Yes, you are.

(*The governor smiles.*)

JOHN: But that is sort of the point ... (*he looks across to the man beside him*) ... isn't it?

(*The fisherman stands up while John turns to the governor.*)

JOHN: See, you *should* have been looking at the guy you just gave your pass to.

(*Beside him, the 'fisherman' pulls off his hat with one hand, pulling off the white hair at the same time. With his other hand he pulls off his false nose and moustache, leaving just the white beard in place. Sighing with relief, he lowers his hands to reveal the face of Mycroft. The governor's smile drops as Mycroft grins down at him through his grubby false teeth and raises his eyebrows at him.*)

Elsewhere in the facility, the guard trots down some stairs and swipes the governor's card through a reader. The nearby doors open and he gets into the lift which they have revealed. Turning to face the front we see that this is indeed Sherlock, his hair hidden under the beanie hat. The doors close.

Back in the holding cell, Mycroft has now removed all traces of his disguise and the outer clothing he was wearing, revealing that he kept on his blue trousers, a white shirt and blue waistcoat. He stands in front of a large mirror on the side wall, smoothing down his hair.)

MYCROFT: That's the trouble with uniforms and name badges. People stop looking at faces. You'd

be better off with clown outfits. (*He turns around.*) At least they'd be satirically relevant.

JOHN: Oh, you'll find the real Landers on the north shore, tied up with two others.

GOVERNOR: *Two others?*

JOHN: Mm. Well, it was trial and error. (*He gestures to his own waist as he speaks.*) We had to find the right waistband.

GOVERNOR: This is insane! This is unnecessary!

JOHN: No; your security is compromised and we don't know who to trust.

GOVERNOR: And that justifies dressing up?

MYCROFT (*loudly, angrily*): Yes it does!

(*He turns to face the governor.*)

MYCROFT (*angrily*): It justifies dressing up or any damned thing I say it does. Now, listen to me: for your own physical safety do not speak, do not indulge in any non-verbal signals suggestive of internal thought. If the safety of my sister is compromised; if the *security* of my sister is compromised; if the *incarceration* of my sister is compromised – in short, if I find any indication my sister has left this island at any time, I swear to you, you will *not*.

(*He glares at the man, who is standing with his hands behind his back and not moving as instructed. Mycroft tilts his head towards John.*)

MYCROFT (*more calmly*): Say thank you to Doctor Watson.

GOVERNOR: Why?

MYCROFT: He talked me out of Lady Bracknell. This could have been very different.

(*He turns away and puts his right hand to his ear.*)

MYCROFT: Are you in?

(*In the lift, Sherlock puts his own right hand to his ear.*)

SHERLOCK: Just arriving at the Secure Unit. Explain.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Door opening.

(*Sherlock turns to the doors opening behind him and walks along a long corridor, slouching and rocking his body from side to side as he disguises his normal stride.*)

MYCROFT (*over earpiece*): A prison within a prison. Eurus must be allowed the strict minimum of human interaction.

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): Why?

MYCROFT: Since you're determined to meet her, you're about to find out.

(*Sherlock reaches the far end of the corridor and stops between two white-shirted guards. The sound of music being played on a violin is coming tinnily from a short distance away. The tune is that of the song that Eurus used to sing to him. Whether he recognises this or not is unclear but he maintains his false character.*)

SHERLOCK (*northern Irish accent*): Eyes on Eurus Holmes. (*He unslings his rifle from his shoulder and hands it to one of the guards.*) Governor's orders.

Back in the holding cell Mycroft has now put on his suit jacket and has walked closer to the governor.

MYCROFT: Answer yes or no. Has there ever been – against my express instructions – any attempt at a psychiatric evaluation of Eurus Holmes?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

MYCROFT: I presume the tapes are in my office?

(He walks towards the open door.)

GOVERNOR: Your office?

MYCROFT *(leaving the cell, with John following)*: Cast your mind back. It *used* to be yours.

At the Special Unit Sherlock steps onto a marked area on the floor a few feet in front of a door. The white lighting above his head begins to oscillate back and forth, so presumably he is being scanned. The violin music continues faintly from where a man is sitting at a nearby set of computer screens but it no longer sounds like Eurus' song. Another white-shirted guard stands beside the door.

GUARD: You 'aven't been down 'ere before, 'ave you? "Silence of the Lambs," basically.

SHERLOCK *(still in the Irish accent)*: You what?

GUARD: Keep your distance; stay at least three feet away from the glass an' all that.

(The lights above Sherlock's head turn green and then back to white. He looks across to the man at the screens. He has headphones in his ears. Sherlock jerks his head toward him.)

SHERLOCK: Why the headphones?

GUARD: She doesn't stop playin', sometimes for weeks.

(Over the seated man's shoulder we see several camera angles of Eurus. She has long, slightly curly dark hair and is wearing loose white slacks and a loose long-sleeved white top, and she is standing in the middle of a large room which has a white illuminated floor. She is facing a bed and is playing a violin.)

SHERLOCK *(in reference to the music)*: Beautiful.

GUARD: Kills you in the end.

SHERLOCK: Aye. Still beautiful, though.

(The door in front of him has slid open to reveal a small lift inside. He walks in.)

AUTOMATED VOICE: Door closing.

(The door closes behind him and Sherlock instantly straightens up from his slouch. He takes off his jacket and drops it to the floor.

[Transcriber's note: I'm told by several people that the accent which Sherlock used is Scottish, not northern Irish. Even after listening to a video explaining the tendencies of Irish accents, I still hear Irish, so I'm leaving it here but bear in mind I could well be wrong.]

Downstairs a little later, the lift door slides open. Sherlock has now removed the rest of the guard's clothing and the hat and is in his normal suit with his hair fluffed into its usual style. Several feet in front of the lift is a wide wall made up of three floor-to-ceiling glass panels. On

each of the panels, about three feet from the floor, a notice has been stencilled onto the glass reading in white letters "MAINTAIN DISTANCE OF THREE FEET". On the other side of the glass is a large semi-circular room lined with bare grey panels. Soft white lighting comes from the tops of the panels and a large circular panel of lights in the middle of the ceiling sends green light down into the room. Running down the middle of the room, about eight feet wide, is a rectangular strip of white flooring and the rest of the floor is grey, matching the walls. There is a bed at the far end of the room and to the left near the end is a seat and table fastened to the wall. There is no other furniture. In the middle of the room Eurus stands with her back to the door, playing a Bach-like piece on her violin.

Sherlock steps forward and the lift door closes behind him. The overhead lighting turns from green to white. Eurus stops playing and stands there unmoving. After a couple of seconds she starts to play again, this time the familiar tune of her song. Sherlock stands silently, blinking frequently, and briefly flashes back to his young self running through the shallows of the river while Redbeard trots about in the water nearby. In the cell he presses his lips together uncomfortably but doesn't move while Eurus continues to play.)

We cut to a large screen on a wall which shows four different angles of Eurus in her cell. This is clearly a recording of a previous time because she is sitting on the floor cross-legged facing the glass, her head slightly lowered.

EURUS: Why am I here?

MAN's VOICE (*on the recording, very faint and offscreen*): Why do you think you're here?

EURUS: No-one ever tells me.

(We now see that Mycroft is sitting in a chair behind a desk in what must be the governor's office. John stands to the left of the chair and the governor is standing at the other side of the desk. Behind the chair is a glass wall leading to a small balcony which looks out over part of the island. All three men have turned to watch the footage on the screen attached to a wall at the side of the room.)

Down in the cell in the present, Eurus continues to play. Sherlock takes one step forward and immediately Eurus starts to play a frenetic and rapid string of notes. Sherlock lifts his foot from the floor and moves it back and Eurus resumes her previous tune.

In the governor's office, the men watch the earlier recording.

EURUS: Am I being punished?

MAN (*offscreen, faintly*): You've been bad.

EURUS (*almost sing-song*): There's no such thing as 'bad.'

MAN (*offscreen*): What about good?

EURUS: Good and bad are fairytales. We have evolved to attach an emotional significance to what is nothing more than the survival strategy of the pack animal. We are conditioned to invest

divinity in utility. Good isn't really good, evil isn't really wrong, and bottoms aren't really pretty. You are a prisoner of your own meat.

MAN (*offscreen*): Why aren't you?

EURUS (*raising her head and looking directly into the camera as she speaks the words slowly and clearly*): I'm too clever.

In the cell, still with her back to the glass, Eurus finishes her tune and lowers her bow but doesn't turn around. When she speaks, her voice comes through speakers.

EURUS: Did you bring it?

SHERLOCK: I'm sorry?

EURUS: My hairband. Did you bring it like I asked?

SHERLOCK (*hesitantly*): I'm not one of the ... I-I don't work here.

EURUS: My special hairband.

SHERLOCK (*more firmly*): I'm not one of your doctors.

EURUS (*sounding exasperated*): The one I made you steal, from Mummy.

(*She turns to face him.*)

EURUS: It was the last thing I said to you, remember, the day they took me away.

SHERLOCK (*shaking his head slightly*): No.

EURUS: No?

SHERLOCK: No, we've spoken since then. You came round to my flat a few weeks back; you pretended to be a woman called Faith Smith. We had chips.

EURUS: Does this mean you *didn't* bring my hairband?

SHERLOCK: How did you manage to get out of this place? How did you do that?

EURUS: Easy. Look at me.

SHERLOCK: I *am* looking at you.

EURUS: You can't see it, can you? You try and try but you just can't see; you can't look.

SHERLOCK: See what?

(*She holds out the violin towards him.*)

EURUS: What do you think?

SHERLOCK: Beautiful.

EURUS: You're not looking at it.

(*He swallows and closes his eyes briefly.*)

SHERLOCK: I meant your playing.

EURUS: Oh, the music. (*She lowers the violin and turns it round to look at the front.*) I never know if it's beautiful or not; only if it's right.

SHERLOCK: Often they're the same thing.

EURUS (*looking up at him*): If they're not always the same thing, what's the point in beauty?

(*She turns the instrument to face Sherlock.*)

EURUS: Look at the violin.

SHERLOCK: I need to know how you escaped.

EURUS (*firmly*): Look at the violin.

(*Sherlock focuses in on it.*)

SHERLOCK: It's a Stradivarius.

EURUS: It's a gift.

SHERLOCK: Who from?

EURUS: Me.

(*She walks to her right, where a hatch is set into the wall and floor at the edge of the glass. She puts the violin and bow into it and the opening revolves round to Sherlock's side of the glass. Eurus walks back into the middle of the room while Sherlock goes over to pick up the violin and bow. He walks back to the middle of the floor, looking down at the Strad.*)

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS (*half turned away from him*): You play, don't you?

SHERLOCK: How did *you* know?

(*She turns her head towards him.*)

EURUS: How did I know? I *taught* you, don't you remember? How can you not remember that?

SHERLOCK: Eurus, I don't remember you at all.

EURUS (*smiling slightly*): Interesting. Mycroft told me you'd rewritten your memories; he didn't tell me you'd written me out completely.

SHERLOCK: What do you mean, "rewritten"?

(*She looks at him intensely.*)

EURUS: You still don't know about Redbeard, do you?

(*Sherlock looks at her grimly.*)

EURUS: Oh. This is going to be such a good day.

In the governor's office, Mycroft has slumped back in the chair and is no longer looking at the screen as the recording playback continues. John, on the other hand, has walked closer to the screen and is watching intensely.

EURUS (*on the screen, still staring into the camera*): She smiles at you when you come home. (*She nods sharply.*) Like a reflex.

GOVERNOR: Everyone we sent in there; it-it's hard to describe.

(*John turns as the governor continues.*)

GOVERNOR: It's ... it's like she ...

MYCROFT: ... recruited them.

EURUS (*on the screen*): Smiling is advertising. (*She nods on the last word.*)

GOVERNOR: Enslaved them.

MYCROFT: She's been capable of that since she was five.

EURUS (*offscreen*): Smiling is happiness.

(*John turns to the screen again.*)

MYCROFT: She's an adult now. I warned you; I *ordered* you.

(*The governor sighs and smiles a little.*)

GOVERNOR: She's clinically unique. We had to try.

(*John looks at him for a moment then turns back to the screen.*)

MYCROFT: At what cost?

EURUS (*on the screen*): Happiness is a pop song. Sadness is a poem.

MYCROFT (*looking towards the screen, speaking more softly*): What cost? (*He turns back to the governor.*) Tell me the worst thing that has happened.

GOVERNOR (*as Eurus' voice continues to be heard quietly in the background*): She kept suggesting to Doctor Taylor that he should kill his family.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: He said it was like an earworm; couldn't get her out of his head.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: He left.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: Killed himself.

MYCROFT (*after a brief pause*): And?

GOVERNOR: ... his family.

(*John had been watching the governor but now turns to the screen again.*)

EURUS (*offscreen*): Are you going to cry?

(*Mycroft turns his head to the screen, where Eurus has turned her head a little but still has her eyes fixed on the camera. She straightens her head again.*)

EURUS: It's okay if you cry.

MAN (*offscreen*): I don't need to cry.

EURUS: I can *help* you cry.

In the cell.

EURUS: Play for me.

SHERLOCK: I need to know how you got out of here.

EURUS (*exasperated*): You know already. Look at me. Look and play.

(*Keeping his eyes on hers, he lifts the violin and starts to play Bach's Sonata No. 1 in G minor, the same tune he played in "Reichenbach" when Moriarty came to his flat after his trial fell apart. Sherlock has only played about a second's worth of the music when Eurus interrupts.*)

EURUS (*sternly*): No, not Bach; you clearly don't understand it. Play you.

SHERLOCK: Me?

EURUS: You.

(*Hesitating for a long moment, Sherlock then lifts the bow and begins to play Irene's lament. He has only played two notes before Eurus speaks again.*)

EURUS: Oh! Have you had sex?

SHERLOCK (*continuing to play the tune*): Why do you ask?

EURUS: The music. I've had sex.

SHERLOCK: How?

EURUS: One of the nurses got careless. I liked it. Messy, though. People are so breakable.

SHERLOCK (*still playing*): I take it he didn't consent.

EURUS: He?

SHERLOCK: She?

EURUS: Afraid I didn't notice in the heat of the moment and afterwards ... well, you couldn't really tell. Is that vibrato or is your hand shaking?

(*Sherlock finishes the long note he's playing, then stops and lowers the violin and bow. Eurus lifts one side of her mouth in a smile.*)

In the governor's office Mycroft has stood up and is leaning on the desk with both hands. John, his arms folded, has turned to look at the governor who has sat down at the other side. The footage of Eurus continues to play on the wallscreen.

MYCROFT (*angrily to the governor*): I warned you explicitly: no-one was to talk to her alone.

GOVERNOR: You spoke to her.

MYCROFT (*sternly*): I know what I'm doing!

GOVERNOR: You even brought her a visitor on Christmas Day.

(John frowns.)

MYCROFT (*quieter*): I took a calculated risk.

GOVERNOR: You gave her a Christmas present. Remember her Christmas present?

MYCROFT (*firmly*): I am aware of the dangers Eurus poses, and equipped to deal with them.

JOHN: What dangers?

MYCROFT (*straightening up*): Eurus doesn't just talk to people. She ... reprograms them.

(John turns back to look at the screen.)

MYCROFT: Anyone who spends time with her is automatically compromised.

EURUS (*offscreen from the wallscreen*): I'm only trying to help you. We can help each other.

(The angle switches to her on the screen.)

EURUS: Helping someone ... (*she nods*) ... is the best way you can help yourself.

MAN (*offscreen*): I don't trust you.

In the cell.

SHERLOCK: So clearly you remember *me*.

EURUS (*starting to walk slowly forward*): I remember everything; every single thing. You just need a big enough hard drive.

JOHN'S VOICE (*in Sherlock's earpiece*): Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): Not now.

JOHN'S VOICE: Vatican Cameos.

SHERLOCK: In a minute.

(He takes out the earpiece. In the governor's office, John takes his finger away from his own earpiece and closes his eyes. In the cell, Sherlock puts the earpiece into his trouser pocket.)

EURUS: Let's continue.

(She stops a few steps back from the glass wall. The camera focuses in on the warning stencilled on the glass.)

EURUS: Did they tell you to keep three feet from the glass?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

EURUS: Be naughty. Step closer.

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS: Do it. Step closer.

SHERLOCK: Tell me what you remember.

EURUS: You, me, and Mycroft. (She sighs a little.) Mycroft was quite clever. He could understand things if you went a bit slow but you ... you were my favourite.

(Sherlock takes one small step forward then brings his feet together again.)

SHERLOCK: Why was I your favourite?

(Eurus also takes one step forward.)

EURUS: 'Cause I could make you laugh. I *loved* it when you laughed. Once I made you laugh all night. I thought you were going to burst.

(Sherlock smiles very slightly.)

EURUS: I was so happy.

(Sherlock takes another step forward.)

EURUS: Then Mummy and Daddy had to stop me, of course.

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS (also taking another step forward): Well, turns out I got it wrong. Apparently, you were screaming.

SHERLOCK: Why was I screaming?

(Inside his head he hears a distant whimpering. His gaze lowers.)

SHERLOCK (in a whisper): Redbeard.

(Eurus' head lifts slightly. Sherlock raises his eyes again.)

SHERLOCK: I remember Redbeard.

EURUS (softly, stepping forward): Do you, now?

SHERLOCK (also stepping forward): Tell me what I don't know.

(She stares up at him, her gaze intense.)

EURUS: Touch the glass.

(Sherlock frowns at her.)

In the governor's office, Mycroft is angrily pacing back and forth behind the table, his hands in his pockets.

MYCROFT: I put my trust in you, my implicit trust.

(John has apparently temporarily had enough and goes out of the glass door onto the balcony.)

MYCROFT: As governor of this institute ...

(His voice is cut off as John closes the door and walks to the edge of the balcony and looks over to the sea crashing against the rocks below. He raises his head and his eyes widen and he looks around as if he is starting to realise something. The camera cuts away to a long shot of the island, where the storm front is getting closer, lightning still flashing in the clouds. John blows out a breath and turns around, going back into the room where Mycroft is still pacing.)

GOVERNOR: It's obvious when it all started. Well, she was never the same after that Christmas. It's as if you woke her up.

MYCROFT: That is entirely beside the point! You had your orders and failed to act on them.

JOHN (walking closer to him): Listen to the tape.

MYCROFT: Sorry?

JOHN: Do it now. Listen.

MYCROFT: My sister's methods of ...

JOHN (firmly): Just listen.

EURUS (offscreen): You have *no* idea how I could help.

(Looking exasperated, Mycroft walks to the desk and picks up a remote control.)

EURUS (offscreen): Bring me your wife. I want to meet her.

(Mycroft turns to the screen and increases the volume.)

MAN (offscreen): I don't need your help.

In the cell, Sherlock and Eurus are now only one step away from the glass wall between them.

SHERLOCK: Redbeard was my dog. I know what happened to Redbeard.

EURUS (in a condescending tone): Oh, Sherlock, you know nothing. Touch the glass, and I'll tell you the truth.

(She starts to lift her left arm.)

EURUS: I'll touch it too, if you're scared.

On the screen in the governor's office, Eurus stares into the camera.

EURUS: I can fix her for you, and then I'll give you her straight back, good as new.

(The footage fritzes momentarily.)

EURUS: I promise.

MAN (offscreen): That's all? What you're proposing is not ... it's not right.

(Now that the volume has been turned up, the man's voice is clearer. John turns to look at the governor.)

JOHN: Everyone who went in there got affected – "enslaved," you said.

GOVERNOR (shifting uncomfortably in his chair, looking towards the screen): Yes.

JOHN: One after the other.

GOVERNOR: Yes.

MYCROFT (*frowning*): Doctor Watson, I think we've ...

JOHN (*interrupting*): Shut up.

EURUS (*offscreen from the wallscreen*): Do you trust your wife?

JOHN (*turning to the governor*): One question. (*He points to the screen.*) That's *your* voice, isn't it?
(*The governor had turned to look at him but now his eyes go to the screen again.*)

EURUS (*looking into the camera*): Do you really? Do you trust her?

GOVERNOR'S VOICE (*from the screen*): You've got to stop saying these things.

JOHN: If Eurus has enslaved *you*, then who exactly is in charge of this prison?

(*Mycroft stares towards the screen in shock.*)

GOVERNOR'S VOICE (*from the screen*): It's *completely* inappropriate.

(*The governor quickly stands up and reaches into his inside breast pocket.*)

GOVERNOR (*upset*): I'm sorry.

(*He holds up a remote device in his hand.*)

JOHN: No.

GOVERNOR (*upset*): Very, very sorry.

JOHN: No.

(*The governor presses a button on the remote. Immediately the siren starts to sound and armed guards run into the room, aiming their guns at Mycroft and John, who raise their hands. The governor looks more composed as he buttons his jacket.*)

In the cell, Sherlock looks towards Eurus' raised left hand, the fingers curled slightly.

EURUS (*softly*): You think it's a trick. You look so ... unsure. You're not used to being unsure, are you?

SHERLOCK: It's more common than you'd think.

EURUS (*softly*): Look at you.

(*Sherlock slowly raises his right hand to match hers.*)

EURUS (*softly*): The man who sees through everything ... is exactly the man who doesn't notice ...

(*Straightening their fingers, the two of them slowly move their hands towards each other. At the moment when their hands should touch the glass, Eurus reaches forward a little further and their fingertips touch, then she links her fingers into Sherlock's. She gasps in mock-surprise.*)

EURUS (*softly*): ... when there's nothing to see through.

(*Sherlock breathes shakily and raises his eyes to hers. She smiles.*)

EURUS: Do you see how it was done? I know you like explanations.

(*Sherlock blinks rapidly and looks towards their linked hands, then he focuses down to the warnings which he had always assumed were on the glass and sees that the signs are attached and projecting sideways from the uprights that should be holding the glass. At the top of each upright is a smaller sign, similarly attached and projecting sideways, reading ELEPHANT GLASS and underneath that in smaller letters, SHOCK PROOF. The open end of the sign is shaped*

into an elephant. Your transcriber shakes an affectionate fist at Arwel wyn Jones, the show's Production Designer, who has an obsession with putting elephants in the room.)

SHERLOCK *(breathlessly)*: Signs. You suspended the signs.

EURUS: And my voice? Throat mic. Puts me through the speakers.

(There's a click and now her voice is clear. Presumably someone outside has been listening and has turned off the microphone for her.)

EURUS: Don't you think it's clever? Simple but clever?

SHERLOCK *(shakily)*: Transparent.

EURUS: Well, you do keep asking me how I got out of here.

(She unfolds her fingers and slowly pulls her hand away.)

EURUS *(softly)*: Like this.

(She stands and looks at him for a moment, then quickly sucks in a harsh breath and brings up both arms to slam her wrists against either side of Sherlock's head. He falls backwards to the floor and she hurls herself on top of him, shrieking savagely into his face as she presses her right arm down onto his throat. As he struggles under her she screams out loudly.)

EURUS: Get in here, all of you! Stop me killing him!

(The lift door opens and two guards, who presumably have been waiting in there since after Sherlock's arrival, run towards her. She is holding Sherlock's arms down with her left hand and right foot. She raises her head to the guards and speaks calmly while Sherlock chokes under her.)

EURUS: No, no. Stop me in a minute.

(Lowering her head to her brother, she pulls in a breath and then screams into his face as she continues to strangle him.)

Outside the governor's office, two yellow jumpsuited auxiliaries are marching John away, holding his arms. John kicks out at the ankle of the man to his right and as he cries out in pain and lets go of his arm, John turns to the other man and headbutts him. While Mycroft starts to struggle against his own captors, John races for the nearby stairs up to the glass Control Room. A male American-accented voice calls loudly from the speaker system. It sounds more than a little familiar.

VOICE: Red alert! Red alert! Big bad bouncy red alert!

GOVERNOR *(calling up the stairs)*: Doctor Watson!

VOICE *(over the speakers)*: Klingons attacking lower decks! Also, cowboys in black hats, and Darth Vader!

(As John continues rapidly up the stairs, Mycroft stops struggling and stares up at the nearest speaker as it becomes obvious who the voice belongs to. It's the voice of James Moriarty.)

JIM's VOICE *(over the speakers, still in the American accent)*: Don't be alarmed! I'm here now! I'm here now!

(John slows down on the landing outside the glass room and points warningly to someone offscreen in front of him.)

JIM'S VOICE (*over the speakers*): Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

(*In the glass room, while the technician slowly backs away from John, the screens are showing a heavy flow of water pouring down them but then they clear to each reveal Jim staring into the camera.*)

JIM: Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me?

(*As John stops and stares at the screens in disbelief, behind him lift doors open and two guards quietly hurry out. While Jim continues to repeat his refrain, one of them turns his rifle sideways and strikes John firmly in the back of the head with the butt. John's eyes glaze and he falls, Jim's repeated "Miss me?" chant echoing as he goes.*)

The instrumental opening to Queen's song "I Want To Break Free" plays as a helicopter flies towards the island and swoops up over the cliffs and the top of the building to the other side. In his office, the governor stands near his desk and watches out of the window while the chopper heads out over the sea and then turns back towards the island again.

Not long afterwards, as the lyrics to the song begin, the helicopter has landed on the beach. Jim Moriarty, suited and booted, wearing sunglasses and with his hair slicked back, climbs out of the back door with white earbuds in his ears. He stands on the side runners for a moment, looking towards the cliffs, then steps down onto the sand and takes a couple of steps forward before whirling his arms and rolling his hips and then spreading his arms wide either side of him with his head thrown back. Either on the soundtrack or in his own imagination, a large crowd roars its approval and applauds. He lowers one arm and raises the other to the skies, looking upwards while two black-suited goons wearing earpieces walk to stand either side of him. Jim lowers his arm and jumps round to face the helicopter before raising his arm and head skywards again. Again the invisible crowd roars and whistles approvingly. He changes arms, pointing the other one upwards, then lowers it and turns around again, standing there for a moment before raising his hands and pulling the earbuds from his ears. The music stops and the helicopter's rotors can be heard whirling behind him. Several yards in front of him stand the governor and three armed beanie-hatted guards. Jim tucks his earphones into his inside jacket pocket and then strolls forwards, his goons following. He stops a few feet away from the governor; his bodyguards halt one pace in front of him with their shoulders slightly overlapping his.

GOVERNOR: Mr Moriarty.

JIM: Big G.

(*He holds up his right hand with the index and little finger raised. As he lowers his hand again, the governor frowns.*)

JIM: "Big G." Means "governor." Street speak. I'm a bit down with the kids, you know? I'm relatable that way. D'you like my boys?

(*He points towards the man standing to his left and steps behind him.*)

JIM: This one's got more stamina, but he's less caring in the afterglow.

(*He pulls his sunglasses a little way down his nose with one hand and looks over the top of them*

at the back of the man's head. The man doesn't react.)

GOVERNOR: This way, please.

(He turns and walks away.)

Shortly afterwards, the doors to a lift open. The governor steps out from one side of the cabin. The bodyguard who Jim just talked about is standing at the other side and the other bodyguard is in the centre but now steps aside to allow Jim – who had been standing behind him – to exit the lift. Jim slowly strolls out followed by his boys and the governor leads them all away. They're on the same walkway where John was taken down. The governor reaches the staircase at the side of the glass Control Room and turns towards it but Jim slows down and stops facing a narrower corridor which leads straight on. A white-shirted guard holding a rifle stands at the side of the entrance. Jim gestures around the place.)

JIM: Smell all that insane criminality.

(He starts to walk towards the corridor but the guard holds out a hand in front of him and presses it against his chest. Stopping again, Jim doesn't react to the guard but leans into the hand, bending his head further into the corridor and breathing in.)

JIM: Do you have cannibals here?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

JIM: How many?

GOVERNOR: Three.

JIM *(nodding)*: That's good. People leave their bodies to science; I think cannibals would be so much more grateful.

(He raises his head a little and whistles in a beckoning sort of way. In the distance, a few voices yell or scream in response. Jim smiles.)

JIM *(quietly, in satisfaction)*: Ah.

(Chuckling quietly he turns to follow the governor down the stairs, throwing a brief look to the guard as he lowers his hand. They walk downstairs towards the office. Mycroft is waiting inside at the far side of the room looking out of the window with his hands behind his back. Jim strolls into the room through the door which the governor has held open for him. The governor then walks away and Jim's goons stop outside. Jim takes off his sunshades and tilts his head to one side.)

Mycroft turns around to face him and at the bottom of the screen the words "Christmas Day" appear. Mycroft's hair appears darker and a little thicker than usual and this is explained moments later when, as the camera angle switches to look at Jim, at the bottom of the screen new words appear reading "Five years ago". A large part of the fandom boos and throws popcorn at the screen in disappointment that Jim isn't alive in the present and so we haven't just had the biggest surprise of the entire series. Jim looks at Mycroft, who breathes out a long breath through his nose.

At the side of the room, a nativity scene has been set up on a table.)

JIM *(offscreen)*: Ahh.

(He reaches out and picks up the baby Jesus lying in a manger.)

JIM *(offscreen)*: Isn't that sweet?

(Mycroft has sat down in the chair behind the desk and tilts his head to the chair on the other side.)

MYCROFT: Won't you sit down?

JIM *(looking down at the figure he is holding)*: I wrote my own version of the nativity when I was a child. *(He looks up to Mycroft.)* "The Hungry Donkey." It was a bit gory but, if you're gonna put a baby in a manger, you're asking for trouble.

(Without looking, he holds out his hand and drops the figure back onto the table.)

MYCROFT: You know what this place is, of course?

JIM *(quietly)*: Of course. *(He fiddles with some of the animals on the table as he speaks.)* So am I under arrest again?

MYCROFT: You remain a person of interest, but until you commit a verifiable crime you are – I regret – at liberty.

(Jim has moved the donkey, a cow and two sheep on the table so that they now closely surround the baby in the manger.)

JIM: Then why am I here?

MYCROFT: You're a Christmas present.

JIM: Ah. *(He walks across the room to Mycroft's side of the table and holds out his arms as he walks past him.)* How'd you want me?

MYCROFT *(turning in his chair as Jim walks behind him)*: There is, in this facility, a prisoner whose intellectual abilities are of occasional use to the British government.

JIM *(stopping and looking out of the window)*: What, for, like, really difficult sums, long division, that sort of thing?

MYCROFT: She predicted the exact dates of the last three terrorist attacks on the British mainland after an hour on Twitter. *That* sort of thing. In return, however, she requires treats. Last year it was a violin.

JIM: This year?

MYCROFT: Five minutes' unsupervised conversation ... with you.

(Jim blinks and turns his head a little.)

JIM: Me?! *(Smiling, he turns towards Mycroft and blinks mock-bashfully before lifting one hand to his chest, pretending to look amazed.)* With me?!

MYCROFT: She has noted your interest in the activities of my little brother.

JIM *(walking slowly towards the other side of the table)*: So ... what's she got to do ... with Sherlock Holmes?

(He puts his hands on the table opposite Mycroft.)

JIM: Whatever you're about to tell me...

(He slowly sits down. Mycroft looks rather tired and defeated.)

JIM *(looking at him with fascinated excitement)*: ... I already know it's gonna be ...

(He opens his mouth wide and props his left elbow on the table, resting his head on his hand.)

JIM: ... awesome!

Later, the lift door to Eurus' cell slides open. Eurus is kneeling in the middle of the floor facing the glass. The lights above her head are green. She lifts her head and slowly stands up as Jim walks forward and after a couple of paces the lights turn white. They walk towards each other. In the governor's office, Mycroft watches the footage grimly. The other two stop a couple of paces either side of the glass and Jim holds his hands out to either side, shrugging.

JIM: I'm your Christmas present.

(He strolls forward again, Eurus also approaching the glass from her side. They stop again, Jim looking down at her appraisingly.)

JIM *(in a whisper)*: So what's mine?

(Eurus' eyes turn towards the camera on the wall outside the cell. She focuses in on the red light showing that the camera is active. In the governor's office, Mycroft watches as the footage is replaced by an image of a heavy flow of water pouring down the screens. In the cell, Eurus looks at Jim.)

EURUS *(softly)*: Redbeard.

(Jim frowns a little. Staring intently at him, Eurus steps even closer to the glass. Now smiling, Jim does likewise. With their noses almost touching the glass opposite each other, they start to sway slowly from side to side and they match each other's head movements, practically making love through the glass.)

John's eyes open and he blinks several times, then grimaces and makes a pained noise. Lifting his head from the bed he's lying on, he puts his hand to the back of his head. Nearby, Mycroft is leaning back against a grey-panelled wall, the top button of his shirt undone above his slightly loosened tie. Sherlock is pacing but now turns to face John.

SHERLOCK: How are you?

(He starts to pace again as John takes his hand from his head.)

JOHN: Bit of a lump.

SHERLOCK: True dat, but you have your uses.

(We see the entire room. They're in an identical cell to the one which Eurus was in. Presumably it's not the same one because this time there's really glass in the front wall. The large light in the ceiling is white, not green. On the left of the room, about halfway back, the governor is sitting on the floor with his back against the wall. Mycroft is at the right-hand side. As Sherlock continues to pace back and forth in front of the glass, John sits up on the side of the bed.)

JOHN: Did you see your sister?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN *(putting his hand to the back of his head again)*: How was that?

(Sherlock pulls in a long breath before replying.)

SHERLOCK: Family's always difficult.

MYCROFT (*exasperated*): Is this an occasion for banter?

SHERLOCK (*gesturing towards his brother*): Mm, case in point.

(*The sound of a phone ringing out can be heard. John stands up.*)

JOHN: Are we phoning someone?

SHERLOCK: Apparently.

(*John looks across the room to the governor.*)

JOHN: What's *he* doing here?

SHERLOCK: As he is told. (*He stops and turns to John.*) Eurus is in control.

(*The phone connects and a young girl's distressed voice can be heard over the speakers.*)

GIRL (*anxiously, tearfully*): Help me. Please, I'm on a plane and everyone's asleep.

(*We cut to the first scene we saw in the episode. The young girl is standing in the middle of the aeroplane's aisle not far from the cabin door, holding the phone to her ear.*)

GIRL: Help me!

(*The lights in the cell go red and Jim's voice can be heard over the speakers.*)

JIM'S VOICE: Hello. My name's Jim Moriarty.

(*Mycroft sighs heavily.*)

JIM'S VOICE: Welcome ... to the final problem.

(*Still holding the back of his head, John looks across to Sherlock. The lights turn white again.*)

SHERLOCK: It's okay. He's dead.

JOHN: He doesn't *sound* dead.

(*The lights turn red.*)

JIM'S VOICE: This is a recorded announcement.

(*On the plane, the tearful girl can also hear his voice.*)

JIM'S VOICE: Please say hullo to some very old friends of mine.

GIRL: Hello? I can hear you talking. Please help me! I'm on a plane and it's going to crash!

(*The lights in the cell turn white.*)

MYCROFT (*irritatedly*): What is this? We can't do this!

SHERLOCK (*glancing towards him*): Do shut up, dear.

GIRL (*over speakers*): Is someone there?

MYCROFT: Is this supposed to be a game?

SHERLOCK (*looking at him again*): Be quiet.

GIRL (*over speakers*): Please help me!

SHERLOCK (*lifting his head*): Oh, hello. Um, try-try to stay calm. Just te-tell me what your name is.

GIRL: I'm not supposed to tell my name to strangers.

SHERLOCK: Of course not. Very good. But, um, I'll tell you mine. My name is ...

(*There's a click and then static from the speakers.*)

SHERLOCK: Hello?

(*On a large TV screen, the image of pouring water briefly appears and then resolves to live*

footage of Eurus smiling into the camera.)

EURUS: Oh dear. We seem to have lost the connection.

(Everyone turns towards the sound. The screen is on a stand just in front of the lift on the other side of the glass. Mycroft walks towards the glass.)

MYCROFT: How have you done this? How is *any* of this possible?

EURUS *(no longer smiling)*: You put me in here, Mycroft. You brought me my treats.

JOHN *(walking closer to Mycroft)*: What treats?

(Mycroft turns his head towards him and presses his lips together a little. Sherlock frowns, then looks round at his brother, who turns and returns his gaze.)

Sitting in the chair behind the desk in the governor's office, Eurus raises a remote control and aims it towards the screens at the side of the room. She clicks a button and the lights in the cell turn red. Jim's face, in close-up, appears on the cell screen. The entire image is coloured red.)

JIM *(in his phoney American accent)*: Clever Eurus! You go, girl!

(As the lights turn white again John turns to Sherlock.)

JOHN: How can that be Moriarty?

(Before Sherlock can reply, Eurus' image appears on the screen again.)

EURUS: Oh, he recorded lots of little messages for me before he died.

(Still sitting on the floor, the governor sinks his head back against the wall behind him.)

EURUS: Loved it. Did you know his brother was a station master? I think he was always jealous.

SHERLOCK: The girl – where is she? Can I talk to her again?

EURUS: Poor little thing. Alone in the sky in a great big plane with nowhere to land. But where in the world is she? It's a clever little puzzle. If you want to apply yourself to it, I can reconnect you; but first ...

(She sits back in her chair and swings it around to face the side. Behind her, out on the balcony beyond the windows, a woman is sitting on a chair facing the room. Large solid handcuffs are attached either side of the seat and the woman's wrists are manacled at the other end of the cuffs. Wide dark grey gaffer tape is wrapped around her mouth and possibly her nose. She struggles against her restraints.)

GOVERNOR *(his eyes wide)*: That's my wife.

(He scrambles to his feet and walks closer to the glass.)

GOVERNOR: That's my wife! *(He stares at the screen as Eurus turns her head to look into the camera.)* Oh, God, that's my wife!

EURUS: I'm going to shoot the governor's wife.

(Mycroft turns away, putting his hand up to his mouth.)

GOVERNOR: Please, no. *(He gestures vaguely towards Sherlock as if begging him, though he keeps his eyes on the screen.)* Please. Help her!

EURUS *(now looking to the side of the room)*: ... in about a minute. *(She turns to the camera again while the woman struggles behind her.)* Bang. Dead!

SHERLOCK: Please don't do that.

EURUS: Well, you *can* stop me.

SHERLOCK: How?

EURUS: There's a gun in the hatch. Take it.

(Sherlock walks over to the hatch at the side of the glass. It slides open as he approaches and he bends down and picks up the pistol from inside.)

EURUS: You want to save the governor's wife? Choose either Doctor Watson or Mycroft to kill the governor.

(John turns away, a bitter smile on his face, while Mycroft lifts his head from where it had been resting on his hand. The governor half-cries, half-gasps.)

GOVERNOR: Oh ... oh God!

(John turns back towards the screen, his face grim. Mycroft stares at Sherlock wide-eyed. Sherlock looks at the governor and takes a step towards him from behind.)

EURUS: You can't do it, Sherlock. If you do it, it won't count. I'll kill her anyway. It has to be your brother or your friend.

(The governor turns round to look at Mycroft.)

GOVERNOR: You have to do this.

(Still wide-eyed, Mycroft shakes his head. The governor turns to Sherlock.)

GOVERNOR: Eurus will kill her.

(Sherlock looks down for a long moment, then releases the grip and tosses the gun a little into the air before catching it by the muzzle.)

SHERLOCK: Doesn't appear we have a choice.

(He starts to walk across the cell.)

EURUS *(smiling)*: Right, then.

(Sherlock walks towards his brother, holding out the gun's grip towards him.)

EURUS: Countdown starting.

(Sherlock stops a few steps in front of Mycroft and gestures with the gun, urging him to take it.)

MYCROFT: How long?

EURUS: No, no, no. The countdown is for me.

(The governor stares at Mycroft. The brothers' eyes are fixed on each other as Sherlock continues to hold the gun out. Nearby, John has his head lowered and his eyes screwed shut. As Eurus continues he unscrews his eyes and shakes his head.)

EURUS: Withholding the precise deadline will apply the emotional pressure more evenly. Where possible, please give me an explicit verbal indication of your anxiety levels.

(Sherlock turns his head towards the glass but doesn't look directly at the screen.)

EURUS: I can't always read them from your behaviour.

(In front of him, Mycroft shakes his head.)

MYCROFT *(breathily)*: I can't do this.

(Sherlock turns to look at him.)

MYCROFT *(in the same tone)*: Can't. It's murder.

GOVERNOR (*anxiously*): This is not murder. This is saving my wife.

(*Mycroft looks across to him nervously, running his tongue along the inside of his lips.*)

EURUS: I'm particularly focussed on internal conflicts, where strategising around a largely intuitive moral code appears to create a counter-intuitive result.

(*Mycroft stares down at the grip of the gun which Sherlock is still holding towards him.*)

MYCROFT: I will not kill. I will not have blood on my hands.

EURUS: Yes, very good. (*She turns away from the camera and looks across the office.*) Thank you.

GOVERNOR (*to Mycroft*): Killing my wife is what you're doing.

(*Mycroft looks at Sherlock and then down to the gun one more time, then backs away, shaking his head.*)

MYCROFT (*his voice trembling*): No.

(*Sherlock holds his gaze for a moment more, then lowers his eyes and turns away.*)

SHERLOCK: Okay, fine.

(*He turns around and offers the gun to John.*)

SHERLOCK (*firmly*): John.

(*John is looking towards the governor or the screen beyond him, but then opens his mouth a little, takes in a breath and turns his head to Sherlock. The governor stares at him, his eyes full of tears, and takes a step towards him.*)

GOVERNOR: Doctor Watson. Are you married?

JOHN (*still holding Sherlock's gaze*): I was.

GOVERNOR: What happened?

JOHN: She died.

(*Sherlock lowers his eyes and presses his lips together. The governor walks towards John.*)

GOVERNOR (*tearfully*): What would you give to get her back? I mean, if you could, if it was possible?

(*Both John and Sherlock look at him.*)

GOVERNOR: What would you do to save her?

(*He gestures towards the screen.*)

GOVERNOR: Eurus will kill me. Please save my wife.

(*Eurus reaches to the desk and picks up the remote control.*)

EURUS: There will, I'm afraid, be regular prompts to create an atmosphere of urgency.

(*While she speaks, the lights in the cell turn red and a close-up of Jim's red-lit face replaces hers on the screen. Manipulating his mouth over-exaggeratedly, he whispers loudly.*)

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick ...

(*The lights turn white and Eurus is back on the screen. After a couple of seconds the red lights are back and so is Jim.*)

JIM: Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tock, tick-tock ...

(*White lights and Eurus return. Sherlock and the governor look towards John, the latter's expression desperate and pleading. John takes his hands from where he's been holding them*)

behind his back and he shuffles on the spot, moving as if to put his hands into his jeans pockets. Not meeting his gaze, Sherlock lifts the gun higher towards him. Lowering his hands for a moment, John then reaches out and takes the pistol in his right hand. Mycroft turns away, covering his face with one hand. Sherlock steps to one side, his eyes fixed on John, who looks at the governor standing in front of him.)

JOHN (*flexing the fingers on his left hand*): What's your name?

GOVERNOR: David.

JOHN: And you're sure about this, David?

GOVERNOR (*tense and trembling*): 'Course I'm bloody sure.

EURUS: Nearly there.

(*John hesitates for a moment.*)

JOHN: Right. D'you want to ... pray, or anything?

GOVERNOR: With Eurus Holmes in the world, who the hell would I pray to?

(*On the balcony behind Eurus, the man's wife continues to struggle against her bonds.*)

JOHN: You are a good man, and you are doing a good thing.

GOVERNOR (*softly*): So are you.

JOHN: I'll spend the rest of my life telling myself that.

(*David smiles anxiously, closing his eyes and pulling in a deep breath. John turns his head to look at Sherlock, who meets his gaze and lowers his chin slightly in affirmation that there is no other choice. John turns back and raises the pistol in front of him to point it at David. Sherlock steps back a little, putting his hands behind his back and Mycroft again turns away with his hand over his face. David can't help but jump and gasp, shutting his eyes for a moment. John looks at him, his face set, and his finger settles more firmly against the trigger. Mycroft has turned back a little and watches with his hand clamped against his mouth.*)

GOVERNOR (*in a tearful anguished whisper*): Please!

(*John's gun hand lowers a little, then his face becomes more determined and he raises the gun to its former position. Crying, David raises one hand to stop him and then turns around, presenting his back to John. He backs towards him a little. John bends his arm and lifts the pistol upwards, clearly unhappy about shooting anyone in the back. He looks across to Sherlock who looks back at him silently, leaving him to make the choice. John turns back to David, hesitates for a moment and then steps forward and puts his left hand on his shoulder. David jumps, gasping. John pats his shoulder twice and David understands the message and gets down onto his knees, still facing away from him. As Mycroft turns away and covers his face again, John makes a decisive move and steps forward and presses the muzzle against the back of David's head. Again David jumps and then sobs quietly.*)

GOVERNOR (*breathily, tearfully*): Oh, God!

(*John lifts the gun away, steps forward and leans down to put his hand on David's shoulder and his head close to his left ear.*)

JOHN (*quietly*): I know that you're scared, but you should also be very proud.

GOVERNOR (*staring ahead of himself, crying*): Just do it.

(*John pats his shoulder and straightens up, stepping back and aiming the pistol down at him again.*)

GOVERNOR: Be quick!

(*John adjusts his footing and lifts his left hand to hold the gun with both hands. The lights turn red and Jim appears on the screen.*)

JIM (*whispering, and tilting his head from side to side on the last three words*): Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

(*The white lighting returns. John breathes out sharply through his nose.*)

EURUS: This is very good, Doctor Watson.

(*David has his eyes squeezed shut and is crying quietly. Behind him, John's hands start to tremble on the gun.*)

EURUS: I should have fitted you with a cardiograph.

JOHN (*quietly, tensely*): Goodbye, David.

(*David whimpers and the lights turn red. Jim whispers harshly on the screen.*)

JIM: Tock-tock-tock-tock-tock-tock tick-tick-tick.

(*The white lights return and David whines quietly. John screws his eyes shut for a moment, and his finger wavers as he tries to apply pressure to the trigger.*)

GOVERNOR (*desperately*): Please!

(*John's finger begins to tighten on the trigger. David closes his eyes again.*)

JOHN: I can't. (*He lowers the gun and turns to Sherlock.*) I'm sorry. I can't do it.

(*Weeping in anguish, David falls forward onto his hands. Sherlock steps towards John.*)

SHERLOCK: I know. It's all right.

(*David scrambles to his feet and runs to John, snatching the pistol from his hand and raising it in front of himself with both shaking hands as he stumbles backwards, crying.*)

JOHN: Stop! No, no, stop.

(*John and the Holmes brothers back away towards the wall, Sherlock and John holding out placatory hands towards David.*)

GOVERNOR (*tearfully*): I'm sorry.

SHERLOCK: It's all right.

GOVERNOR: I'm so sorry.

(*He turns the pistol and pushes the tip of the muzzle under his chin.*)

GOVERNOR (*sobbing*): Remember me.

SHERLOCK: No!

JOHN: No!

(*All three of them rush towards him but he pulls the trigger. They slow down and stop, John sighing out an anguished breath. As the bullet's shell clinks noisily to the floor, in the corner of the room rivulets of blood trickle down the glass wall. Mycroft turns away choking, bracing one hand against the wall and coughing against the other hand as he tries not to vomit. Sherlock*

looks briefly towards him and then turns to John.)

SHERLOCK: Are you all right?

(John has his head down and is clenching and unclenching both hands but he raises his head to look at Sherlock.)

EURUS: Interesting.

(Sherlock turns and walks towards the glass. David's body is slumped in the left corner near the hatch, the pistol lying near his right hand.)

SHERLOCK: All right, there you go. You got what you wanted ... *(he breathes sharply for a moment)* ... and he's dead.

EURUS: Dead or alive ... *(she spins on her chair to face the screen)* ... he really wasn't very interesting, but you three ... *(she leans closer to the camera)* ... you three were wonderful. Thank you. *(She leans even closer.)* You see what you did, Doctor Watson ...

(John raises his head to look at her.)

EURUS: ... specifically because of your moral code ...

(He steps forward a couple of paces.)

EURUS: ... because you don't want blood on your hands, two people are dead instead of one.

JOHN: Two people?

EURUS: Yes. Sorry, hang on.

(She rotates the chair round so that she's facing the window. The woman on the balcony is obscured from the men's view. Eurus lifts a pistol high so that they can see the muzzle above the back of the chair, then lowers it and there's a gunshot. John raises both hands to his head and backs away in frustration.)

JOHN: Oh!

(Mycroft gasps and also turns away, sighing.

From a close-up view on the balcony, there's now a small round hole in the window. The focus moves to Eurus inside the room, looking towards the hole. After a moment she rotates the chair round to face the side of the room. From the cell, David's wife can be seen slumped in the chair on the balcony, her head thrown back.)

EURUS: What advantage did your moral code grant you?

(Sherlock looks dispassionate as he watches the screen. Behind him, John has both hands clasped behind his head and is breathing heavily. As Eurus starts to speak again, Sherlock briefly presses his lips together.)

EURUS: Is it not, in the end, selfish to keep one's hands clean at the expense of another's life?

(John lowers his hands and takes a few paces towards the screen, shouting angrily towards it.)

JOHN: You didn't have to kill her!

(Eurus chuckles and turns more towards the camera.)

EURUS: The condition of her survival was that you or Mycroft had to kill her husband.

(John sighs heavily, lowering his head.)

EURUS: This is an experiment. There *will* be rigour. Sherlock, pick up the gun. It's your turn next.

(Sherlock turns to look at the pistol on the floor, lying near David's hand and a large pool of blood.)

EURUS: When I tell you to use it – and I will – remember what happened this time.

SHERLOCK *(still looking down at the pistol)*: What if I don't want a gun?

EURUS: Oh, the gun is intended as a mercy.

SHERLOCK: For whom?

EURUS: You.

SHERLOCK *(raising his head)*: How so?

EURUS: If someone else had to die, would you really want to do it with your bare hands? It would waste valuable time.

(Sherlock turns to face and look at John. Mycroft stares at him, still wide-eyed. John gazes beyond Sherlock towards the screen.)

JOHN: Probably just take it.

(He looks down. Sherlock steps across the cell, bends down and picks up the gun. He takes out the clip and checks it, then slots it back into the grip and looks up to the screen.)

SHERLOCK: There's only one bullet left.

EURUS: You will only need one. But you will need it.

(On the left wall, the second panel away from the glass slides to one side, revealing a narrow passageway.)

EURUS: Please, go through. There's a few tasks for you, and a girl on a plane is getting very, very scared.

(Sherlock turns and walks towards the opening, then stops in the entrance and turns back to face his brother.)

SHERLOCK: Treats?

MYCROFT: Yes. You know, a violin.

SHERLOCK: In exchange for ...?

MYCROFT: She's very clever.

SHERLOCK *(precisely)*: I'm beginning to think you're not.

(The lights turn red as Mycroft lowers his eyes, and Jim's voice sounds cheerfully over the speakers.)

JIM'S VOICE: Come on now! Aaaaaall aboard! *(High-pitched)* Choo-choo! Choo-choo!

(Sherlock turns and walks into the corridor, John following him. On the screen, Jim pulls the imaginary cord of a steam train as he continues to make choo-choo noises. Looking unhappily down to David's body, Mycroft follows the other two.)

Sherlock walks along a narrow grey-walled corridor and turns into a room which is much smaller than the cell. Although also grey in colour, the walls have been messily daubed with red paint so that it looks like they're heavily covered with blood. He looks around as he walks deeper into the room, John and Mycroft following him.

SHERLOCK: Someone's been redecorating.

JOHN: Is that allowed?

SHERLOCK: She's literally taken over the asylum. We have more to worry about than her choice of colour scheme.

(The room is about twenty feet wide. At the far end is a large window, made up of three panes of glass, looking out over the sea. A small glass table is a few feet from the window and there is an envelope on it. Mycroft runs his fingers over the paint on part of the wall.)

MYCROFT: Barely dry. Recent.

SHERLOCK: It's for our benefit.

(Behind them, the door through which they just came has slid shut. That door is at the left of the back of the room and there is another one at the right-hand side. On the wall between the doors, a large screen now activates and Eurus appears on it.)

EURUS: As a motivator to your continued co-operation, I'm now reconnecting you.

(She lifts the remote control and clicks it. Jim's voice comes over the speaker and his red-hued image appears on the screen.)

JIM *(in his phoney American accent)*: Fasten your seatbelts! It's gonna be a bumpy night.

(There's a brief screech of static and then the little girl's voice can be heard.)

GIRL's VOICE: Are-are you still there?

SHERLOCK: Yes, hello?

(She doesn't respond immediately.)

SHERLOCK: Hello. We're still here. Can you hear us?

(The girl is sitting on the floor in the aisle of the plane. The plane jolts constantly, either suffering turbulence or fighting against the automatic pilot. She continues to sound scared and tearful whenever she speaks.)

GIRL: Yes.

(She has found a carton of juice somewhere and sips from the straw while she talks.)

SHERLOCK *(over phone)*: Everything's gonna be all right. I just need you to tell me where you are. Outside, is it day or night?

(She sits up taller and looks towards the windows.)

GIRL: Night.

MYCROFT *(tetchily, folding his arms)*: That certainly narrows it down to half the planet.

SHERLOCK *(glaring towards him while he speaks to the girl)*: What kind of a plane are you on?

GIRL: Um, I don't know.

JOHN: Is it big or small?

GIRL: Big.

JOHN: Lots of people on it?

(She looks along the aisle. Since we last saw her she has moved to the rear end of the front section of the plane. In front of her, the majority of the seats contain unconscious adults.)

GIRL: Lots and lots, but they're all asleep. I can't wake them up.

SHERLOCK: Where did you take off from?

GIRL: Even the driver's asleep.

SHERLOCK: No, I understand; but where did you come from? Where did the plane take off?

GIRL: My nan's.

SHERLOCK: And where are you going?

GIRL: Home.

SHERLOCK: No, I mean what airport are you ...

(There's a click as he speaks, and Eurus' image reappears on the screen at the end of the room.)

EURUS *(sing-song)*: Enough for now. *(She leans close to the camera, her eyes wide.)* Time to play a new game.

(Sherlock turns away in frustration.)

EURUS *(sitting back in her chair)*: Look on the table in front of you.

(Sherlock and John are standing either side of the glass table. Mycroft stands a few feet away with his arms still folded.)

EURUS *(more sternly)*: Open the envelope! If you want to speak to the girl again, earn yourself some phone time!

(Putting the pistol on the table, Sherlock picks up the envelope.)

MYCROFT: This is inhuman; this is insane!

JOHN *(firmly, looking at him)*: Mycroft, we know.

(Mycroft lowers his eyes, looking exasperated. Sherlock has opened the envelope and taken out the contents.)

EURUS: Six months ago, a man called Evans was murdered; unsolved except by me.

(Sherlock starts laying three glossy photographs side by side on the table. As Eurus continues to speak, a bright light comes on at the end of the beam above Sherlock's head. He looks up and sees a hunting rifle resting in a rack which has been attached to the side of the beam.)

EURUS: He was shot from a distance of three hundred metres with this rifle.

(Sherlock stretches up and takes down the gun.)

EURUS: Now, if the police had any brains they'd realise there are three suspects, all brothers. Nathan Garrideb, Alex Garrideb and Howard Garrideb.

(Sherlock has been looking towards the screen while she spoke but now looks down at the photos spread out on the table. Each one is of a different man. The first, wearing grey trousers, a blue shirt, a brown corduroy jacket and glasses, is in an outdoor car park and the word "NATHAN" has been written on the picture; the second man, wearing a dark blue suit, is standing talking on his phone, perhaps in an office environment, and the photo is labelled "ALEX"; and the third man, wearing a white T-shirt and black jumper with a dark jacket and trousers, is walking near rocky cliffs and his picture is labelled "HOWARD". Above the three photos the envelope, laid face-up, has the word "EVANS" written on it.)

EURUS: All these photos are up-to-date, but which one pulled the trigger, Sherlock? Which one?

JOHN *(looking towards the screen)*: What's this? W-we're supposed to solve this based on what?

SHERLOCK *(looking at the photos)*: This. This is all we get.

EURUS: Please, make use of your friends, Sherlock. I want to see you interact with people that you're close to. Also, you may have to choose which one to keep.

(John frowns and glances towards Mycroft. Sherlock turns and holds out the rifle in both hands, looking at his brother. We see that it's not a modern rifle and much of it is made of dark wood. A telescopic sight is attached to the top.)

SHERLOCK: What do you make of it?

MYCROFT: Am I being asked to prove my usefulness?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I should think you are.

MYCROFT: I will not be manipulated like this.

SHERLOCK: Fine. John?

(He turns to him, offering him the rifle. Mycroft bites his lip and turns his head away.)

SHERLOCK (more firmly): John?

(John has been looking at Mycroft but now turns and takes the rifle.)

JOHN: Yeah, I think I've seen one of these. It's a buffalo gun. (He raises the rifle and aims it towards the floor at the other end of the room, looking into the telescopic sight.) I'd say nineteen forties, old-fashioned sight, no crosshairs.

(Sherlock takes back the rifle and looks down at the photos.)

SHERLOCK: Glasses, glasses. (He points to the first photograph.) Nathan wears glasses. Evans was shot from three hundred metres.

(Brief cut-away to Nathan's hands – as evidenced by the corduroy jacket – raising the rifle in front of him and moving his finger towards the trigger.)

In the small room Sherlock raises the rifle and aims it towards the opposite wall as if he's about to fire it.)

SHERLOCK: Kickback from a gun with this calibre ...

(Cut-away to Nathan holding the rifle to the firing position and pulling the trigger. As it fires, the gun jolts backwards towards his face and the sight smashes into the right lens of his glasses and shatters it.)

SHERLOCK (lowering the gun): ... would be massive.

(He bends down and puts his finger onto the photo of Nathan, tapping it a couple of times.)

SHERLOCK: No cuts, no scarring. Not Nathan, then. (He turns the photo over.) Who's next?

(He moves his fingers across to the next picture.)

MYCROFT (sarcastically): Well done, Doctor Watson. How useful you are.

(John looks up at him.)

MYCROFT: Do you have a suspicion we're being made to compete?

JOHN (stepping towards him): No, we're not competing. There's a plane in the air that's gonna crash, so what we're doing is actually trying to save a little girl. Today we have to be soldiers, Mycroft, soldiers ...

(Sherlock, who had been looking at the remaining photographs, lifts his head to watch John. John's voice, while still fairly low, becomes more firm.)

JOHN: ... and that means to *hell* with what happens to us.

(*Sherlock lowers his head again while John walks away towards the other end of the table. Mycroft raises his eyebrows briefly.*)

MYCROFT (*sounding genuine*): Your priorities do you credit.

JOHN (*angrily, turning back to face him*): No, my priorities just got a woman killed.

EURUS (*from the screen*): Now, as I understand it, Sherlock, you try to repress your emotions to refine your reasoning. I'd like to see how that works, so, if you don't mind, I'm going to apply some context to your deductions.

(*There's a noise from behind the boys and they turn to look. Outside the window three men drop into view, each suspended from a rope attached to a harness. The ropes tighten and the men are left dangling in mid-air, each behind one of the three panes of glass. Their hands are bound in front of them with rope and white scarves are tied around their mouths. Each man has a large card hung around his neck with string. The cards flutter in the wind as the men struggle against their bonds.*)

MYCROFT: Oh, dear God.

EURUS: Two of the Garridebs work here as orderlies, so getting the third along really wasn't too difficult.

(*Our boys walk towards the window, staring out of it.*)

EURUS: Once you bring in your verdict, let me know and justice will be done.

(*We now see that the signs around the struggling men's necks have their names on them.*)

SHERLOCK: Justice?

JOHN: What will you do with them?

EURUS: Early release.

(*Sherlock's eyes lower towards the water below the men. He turns away from the window.*)

SHERLOCK: You'll drop them into the sea.

EURUS: Sink, or swim.

JOHN (*angrily, turning to look at the screen*): They're tied up!

EURUS: Exactly! Now there is context.

(*Sherlock lays the rifle on the table and bends to the photos, resting his hands on the glass at either side.*)

EURUS: Please, continue with your deductions. I'm now focussing on the difference to your mental capacity a specified consequence can make.

[*She's a Holmes, all right, because she loudly clicks the 'k' on the last word. Your transcriber, who usually giggles and squees at a k-click, grimaces this time.*]

MYCROFT (*angrily*): Why should we bother?

(*John glances back to the men outside the window.*)

MYCROFT: What if we're disinclined to play your games, little sister?

(*Eurus chuckles, not very humorously.*)

EURUS: I have – *if* you remember – provided you with some motivation.

(There's a click on the speaker.)

GIRL's VOICE (*frightened*): We're going through the clouds, like cotton wool.

(Mycroft clasps his hands behind his head, lowering it in frustration. Sherlock, who had been bent over the table looking closely at the photographs, straightens up and closes his eyes as he speaks.)

SHERLOCK: Oh. That's nice. Try to tell me more about the plane.

GIRL: Why won't my mummy wake up?

(The speaker clicks again. The image of water has been pouring down the screen at the end of the room but now Eurus reappears. Sherlock lowers his head and moves his fingers across the photographs on the table.)

SHERLOCK (*softly, intensely*): So it's got to be one of the other two.

(He turns and looks at the men outside the window.)

SHERLOCK (*louder*): Now, Howard.

(He walks closer and stares at the man on the left who has that name card around his neck.)

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): Howard's a lifelong drunk. Pallor of his skin, terminal gin blossoms on his red nose ... *(he zooms in on the man's face and then lowers his gaze to his hands)* ... and – terror notwithstanding – a bad case of the DTs.

[Delirium tremens.]

(Cut-away of Howard raising the rifle in front of him and cocking it with his thumb. As he moves his finger towards the trigger, his hand is shaking. The camera closes in on his face which twitches as he tries to squint into the telescopic sight. He fires the rifle and the bullet flies in slow motion towards a man in a white T-shirt – presumably Evans – but misses and goes past his head by quite a distance.)

SHERLOCK: There's no way *he* could have taken that shot from three hundred metres away.

(He walks across the window to face the man dangling between the other two.)

SHERLOCK: So that leaves us with Alex.

(He squints at him.)

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): Indentations on the temples suggest he habitually wears glasses. Frown lines suggest a lifetime of peering.

MYCROFT: He's shortsighted, or he *was*. His recent laser surgery has done the trick.

SHERLOCK (*briefly glancing round to him*): Laser surgery?

MYCROFT: Look at his clothes. He's made an effort.

(Sherlock looks at Alex's suit.)

JOHN (*softly*): That's very good.

SHERLOCK (*softly, intensely*): Excellent. Suddenly he sees himself in quite a different light now that he's dumped the specs. Even has a spray tan. But he's clearly not used to his new personal grooming ritual.

(He zooms in on the man's dirty fingernails.)

SHERLOCK (*quick fire*): That can be told by the state of his fingernails and the fact that there's hair

growing in his ears. (*He has focussed on the left side of the man's head and the tufts of hair coming from his ear.*) So it's a superficial job, then.

(*His tone becomes firmer.*)

SHERLOCK: But he got his eyes fixed. His hands were steady. *He pulled the trigger.*

(*He turns to the screen, pointing back towards Alex.*)

SHERLOCK: *He killed Evans.*

EURUS: Are you ready to condemn the prisoner?

MYCROFT: Sherlock, we can't do this.

SHERLOCK (*lowering his hand and turning back towards the window*): The *plane*, remember?

EURUS (*more firmly*): Sherlock? Are you ready?

(*Sherlock turns his head a little. John turns to look at him. Sherlock bites his lip for a moment, then speaks softly.*)

SHERLOCK: Alex.

EURUS: *Say it. Condemn him.*

(*Looking grim, John turns to look at the man outside the window.*)

EURUS: Condemn him in the knowledge of what will happen to the man you name.

(*Sherlock turns to face the window, looking into Alex's face. He pauses for a long moment.*)

SHERLOCK (*quietly but determinedly*): I condemn Alex Garrideb.

(*Instantly the ropes holding the other two men release and they plunge downwards out of sight.*

The men inside the room look shocked.)

JIM's VOICE (*softly, from the speakers*): Mind the gap.

EURUS: Congratulations.

(*Sherlock closes his eyes briefly, and all three of them turn towards the screen.*)

EURUS: You got the right one.

(*As Sherlock walks slowly towards the screen, Eurus tilts her head towards the door to the right of the screen, which starts to slide open.*)

EURUS: Now, go through the door.

JOHN (*walking towards the screen, his voice quiet but angry*): You dropped the other two. Why?

EURUS (*looking curiously towards the camera*): Interesting.

JOHN (*furiously, loudly*): WHY?

EURUS: Does it really make a difference, killing the innocent instead of the guilty? (*She looks down thoughtfully.*) Let's see.

(*She stabs a finger down onto the remote control lying on the desk. John turns to look out of the window just as Alex's rope releases and he plunges downwards. Jim's voice can be heard and his red-lit face appears on the screen briefly.*)

JIM: The train has left the station!

EURUS (*thoughtfully*): No. That felt pretty much the same.

(*Sherlock had been walking towards the open doorway but has turned back and walks to stand behind John who is staring towards the window, his teeth bared, breathing heavily.*)

SHERLOCK (*softly*): John.

(*John turns to him, breathing harshly through his nose.*)

SHERLOCK: Don't let her distract you.

JOHN (*tightly*): Distract me?

SHERLOCK (*firmly*): Soldiers today.

(*John looks at him for a couple of seconds, then straightens to his full height. Captain Watson is back in the room. Sherlock glances across to his brother who still looks disturbed by the whole business, then Sherlock turns and leads the others to the door. Mycroft walks slowly, sighing and rubbing one hand tiredly over his forehead.*)

Further along a narrow corridor another door slides open and Sherlock walks through the doorway, holding the pistol in both hands lowered towards the floor while the other two follow him. They're in a small room with black walls and floor and no window and the room is only dimly lit. Unlike the previous one, there's no red paint on the walls. A wall screen is currently showing only pouring water. In the middle of the room resting on two trestles is a light brown wooden coffin with brass handles and no lid. Light shines down onto it. Sherlock walks across and looks down into the coffin, then raises his head to look for the light source. There's a narrow open chimney in the middle of the ceiling from which daylight is coming. As the camera pans around and shows that the lid of the coffin is propped up against the far wall, its underside facing the room, the speakers click and Eurus' voice is heard.

EURUS: One more minute on the phone.

(*The speakers squeal momentarily and then the little girl's voice comes from them.*)

GIRL: Frightened. I'm really frightened.

(*Sherlock closes his eyes.*)

SHERLOCK: It's okay, don't worry.

(*On the plane the girl is making her way towards the rear of the section, stepping over the prone flight attendant lying in the aisle.*)

SHERLOCK (*over phone*): I don't have very long with you, so I just need you to tell me what you can see outside the plane.

(*She turns and looks out of the nearest window. It's still quite dark outside but the view of the ocean suggests that the plane is flying quite low.*)

GIRL: Just the sea. I can see the sea.

SHERLOCK: Are there ships on it?

GIRL: No ships. I can see lights in the distance.

SHERLOCK: Is it a city?

GIRL: I think so.

(*Sherlock turns and looks at John who is standing beside him at the side of the coffin. Mycroft, standing at the other side, speaks quietly.*)

MYCROFT: She's about to fly over a city in a pilotless plane. We'll have to talk her through it.

JOHN (*quietly*): Through what?

GIRL (*over speakers*): Hello? Are you still there?

SHERLOCK: Still here. Just give us a minute.

MYCROFT (*quietly*): Getting the plane away from any mainland, any populated areas. It *has* to crash in the sea.

(*John looks at him as if he can't believe what he's saying.*)

JOHN (*quietly*): What about the girl?

MYCROFT (*firmly, but barely above a whisper*): Well, obviously, Doctor Watson, she's the one who's going to crash it.

JOHN: No. W-we could help her land it.

MYCROFT: And if we fail, and she crashes into a city? How many will die then?

JOHN: How are we gonna get her to do that?

MYCROFT (*looking down towards the coffin for a moment*): I'm afraid we're going to have to give her hope.

SHERLOCK (*loudly so that the girl can hear*): Is there really no-one there that can help you? Have you really, *really* checked?

GIRL: Everyone's asleep. Will you help me?

SHERLOCK: We're going to do everything that we can.

GIRL: I'm scared. I'm really scared.

SHERLOCK: It's all right. I ...

(*He stops when there's a click on the speakers. In the governor's office, Eurus can see the room which the boys are in on the screen in front of her and so is presumably now visible on the screen in that room.*)

EURUS (*over speakers*): Now, back to the matter in hand.

(*In the office, she leans closer to the camera.*)

EURUS: Coffin. Problem: someone is about to die. It will be – as I understand it – a tragedy.

(*Sherlock walks around to the head of the coffin, rubbing the thumb of his gun hand over his brow as he turns to look at it.*)

EURUS (*looking away from the camera with a fake sad expression*): So many days not lived, so many words unsaid.

(*She looks back to the camera with a more genuine sarcastic look on her face.*)

EURUS: Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

SHERLOCK (*exasperated*): Yes, yes, yes, and this – I presume – will be their coffin.

EURUS: Whose coffin, Sherlock? Please, start your deductions. I will apply some context in a moment.

(*Sherlock has been pacing around but now he turns towards the head of the coffin again and blows out a noisy breath.*)

SHERLOCK: Well, allowing for the entirely pointless courtesy of headroom, I'd say this coffin is intended for someone of about five foot four. Makes it more likely to be a woman.

JOHN: Not a child?

SHERLOCK: A child's coffin would be more expensive. This is in the lower price range, although still best available in that bracket.

JOHN (*softly*): A lonely night on Google(!)

SHERLOCK: This is a practical and informed choice. Balance of probability suggests that this is for an unmarried woman distant from her close relatives. That much is suggested by the economy of choice.

(*While he's speaking, Mycroft has looked across the room, frowned in the direction of the coffin lid propped up against the wall and now walks across to pick it up and turn it to look at the top side.*)

SHERLOCK (*still concentrating on the coffin itself*): Acquainted with the process of death but unsentimental about the necessity of disposal. Also, the lining of the coffin ...

MYCROFT (*interrupting*): Yes, very good, Sherlock, or we could just look at the name on the lid.

(*He turns it towards the others. They walk closer to look at it. When he sees what it says, Sherlock sighs and closes his eyes. His face appears reflected in the brass plate which is attached to the lid.*)

MYCROFT: Only it isn't a name.

(*Sherlock turns away. The brass plate comes into focus and it reads*

I LOVE YOU

JOHN: So, it's for somebody who loves somebody.

MYCROFT: It's for somebody who loves Sherlock. (*Looking towards his brother*) This is all about you. Everything here.

(*Sherlock walks slowly back to the coffin and puts his hands on top of it at the head end.*)

MYCROFT: So who loves you? I'm assuming it's not a long list.

(*Sherlock gazes intensely into the coffin. John walks over to his side while Mycroft leans the lid against the wall.*)

JOHN: Irene Adler.

SHERLOCK: Don't be ridiculous. Look at the coffin. Unmarried, practical about death, alone.

(*John's eyes widen a little.*)

JOHN: Molly.

SHERLOCK: Molly Hooper.

(*On the screen, Eurus leans forward.*)

EURUS: She's perfectly safe, for the moment.

(*The screen switches to four images from camera footage of the interior of a home. In the top right-hand corner a countdown clock appears, currently fixed at 03:00.*)

EURUS (*offscreen*): Her flat is rigged to explode in approximately three minutes ...

(*Sherlock stares at the screen and walks towards it. Mycroft rolls his head back in frustration.*)

EURUS: ... unless I hear the release code from her lips. I'm calling her on your phone, Sherlock.

Make her say it.

JOHN: Say what?

(Sherlock presses his lips together and closes his eyes, lowering his head. Apparently he already knows.)

EURUS: Obvious, surely?

JOHN *(shaking his head)*: No.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

(He turns to look at the coffin lid, now leaning against the wall with the top facing them. The other two turn to follow his gaze and they all focus in on the words on the brass plaque.)

EURUS *(as Sherlock turns around again)*: Oh, one important restriction: you're not allowed to mention in any way at all that her life is in danger.

(Sherlock has pressed his lips together again.)

EURUS: You may not – at any point – suggest that there is any form of crisis. If you do, I will end this session and her life. Are we clear?

(Sherlock nods and the multiple tones of a speed dial ringing out can be heard. At the same time the clock on the screen begins its countdown. Jim's voice comes from the speakers.)

JIM'S VOICE *(in a loud whisper)*: Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tick.

(The phone connects and starts ringing out. In Molly's kitchen, she is standing with her elbows on the front of the sink and her head in her hands. Her phone begins to ring on the worktop behind her and she straightens up to turn and look at it. A close-up of the Caller I.D. on the phone shows that it reads "Sherlock".

In the coffin room, Sherlock shifts his footing and frowns at the screen. In her flat Molly walks slowly across to the work surface. It's clear that she has been crying. Glancing towards the phone lying nearby, she picks up an orange from the chopping board in front of her and starts to cut a slice from the end. There is a large tea cup beside the board. Sherlock frowns as the phone continues to ring.)

SHERLOCK: What's she doing?

MYCROFT: She's making tea.

(Sherlock looks round to him. The countdown reaches 02:39.)

SHERLOCK: Yes, but why isn't she answering her phone?

JOHN *(as Molly turns and opens a nearby cupboard door)*: You never answer your phone.

SHERLOCK *(looking at the screen again)*: Yes, but it's me calling.

(Taking a jar from the cupboard and closing the door again, Molly looks across to her ringing phone as she starts to take off the lid. The countdown clock reaches 02:27 as her phone goes to voicemail.)

MOLLY'S VOICE *(over speakers)*: Hi, this is Molly, at the dead centre of town.

(The boys all sigh in frustration and Sherlock turns away from the screen. Molly sounds like she's trying to laugh but it comes across more like a tearful gasp.)

MOLLY'S VOICE: Leave a message.

(The buzzing from a phone suggests that Eurus has terminated the call. Sherlock runs his hand over his mouth.)

EURUS *(over speakers)*: Okay, okay. Just one more time.

(The speed dial can be heard dialling out. Sherlock draws in a long breath through his nose as Molly's phone starts to ring again. The countdown is at 02:12. John shuffles on the spot, staring intensely at the screen.)

JOHN *(quietly, tightly)*: Come on, Molly, pick up. Just bloody pick up.

(Now squeezing the juice from the slice of orange into the tea cup, Molly looks across to her phone. After a moment, looking exasperated, she dumps the orange down onto the chopping board, picks up a tea towel and wipes her fingers on it and then, sniffing, walks over to the phone. Seeing that the caller is again identified as Sherlock, her hand hesitates momentarily as she reaches for the phone but then she picks it up. She holds it in front of her, looking at the screen. In the coffin room, Sherlock is holding the pistol in both hands and has lowered his forehead onto the top of it. He lifts his head when Molly finally answers.)

MOLLY *(over speakers)*: Hello, Sherlock. Is this urgent, 'cause I'm not having a good day.

SHERLOCK *(rapidly)*: Molly, I just want you to do something very easy for me, and not ask why.

MOLLY *(sighing in exasperation)*: Oh, God. Is this one of your stupid games?

SHERLOCK: No, it's not a game. I ... need you to help me.

MOLLY: Look, I'm not at the lab.

SHERLOCK: It's not about that.

MOLLY *(back at the other end of the worktop and fiddling with the stuff on the counter)*: Well, quickly, then.

(Sherlock blinks rapidly and bites his lips.)

MOLLY *(exasperated)*: Sherlock? What is it? What do you want?

(In her office, Eurus aims the remote control towards the side screens and presses it. The lights in the coffin room turn red and Jim's face appears on the screen, moving his mouth over-exaggeratedly as he whispers harshly.)

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

SHERLOCK *(as the lights turn white again and presumably the footage of the flat reappears on the screen)*: Molly, please, without asking why, just say these words.

MOLLY *(smiling a little, apparently intrigued)*: What words?

SHERLOCK *(clearly)*: I love you.

(Molly's smile drops and she takes the phone from her ear. Sniffing, she looks down at the screen and moves her thumb towards it ready to terminate the call.)

MOLLY: Leave me alone.

SHERLOCK *(loudly, gesturing frantically towards the screen)*: Molly, no, please, no, don't hang up! Do not hang up!

EURUS: Calmly, Sherlock, or I will finish her right now.

(The countdown clock ticks down to 01:08. Molly has raised the phone to her ear again.)

MOLLY: Why are you doing this to me? Why are you making fun of me?

SHERLOCK (*quieter*): Please, I swear, you just have to listen to me.

EURUS: Softer, Sherlock!

(*Sherlock glances towards the speaker, then looks at the screen again. He raises his tone to sound a little more friendly.*)

SHERLOCK: Molly, this is for a case. It's ... it's a sort of experiment.

MOLLY: I'm not an experiment, Sherlock.

(*Sherlock's eyes widen in panic.*)

SHERLOCK: No, I know you're not an experiment. You're my friend. We're friends. But ... please. Just ... say those words for me.

MOLLY (*her face full of pain*): Please don't do this. Just ... just ... don't do it.

SHERLOCK (*forcing a smile into his voice*): It's *very* important. I can't say why, but I promise you it is.

MOLLY: I can't say that. I can't ... I can't say that to you.

SHERLOCK (*still smiling to make his voice sound friendly*): Of course you can. *Why* can't you?

MOLLY: You *know* why.

SHERLOCK (*his smile dropping in his puzzlement*): No, I *don't* know why.

(*Molly sighs heavily, sniffs and wipes a hand across her nose.*)

MOLLY: Of course you do.

(*The lights in the coffin room turn red and the red-hued image of Jim appears on the screen. Sherlock screws up his eyes and lowers his head.*)

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tick-tick-tick ...

(*Eurus presses the remote in her office and the lights turn white again. Sherlock raises his head and closes his eyes again for a brief moment.*)

SHERLOCK: Please, just say it. (*He blinks rapidly.*)

MOLLY (*with a sigh in her voice*): I can't. Not to you.

SHERLOCK: Why?

MOLLY (*her voice breaking*): Because ... (*she looks down*) ... because it's true.

(*Her voice becomes an almost silent whisper.*)

MOLLY: Because ... it's ... (*she takes a breath and starts to cry*) ... true, Sherlock.

(*Behind him, John lowers his head and pinches the bridge of his nose with his fingers. Mycroft's head also drops. Sherlock stares at the screen wide-eyed.*)

MOLLY (*weeping, her voice dropping to a whisper by the end*): It's *always* been true.

(*Sherlock's face straightens and he looks at the screen emotionlessly.*)

SHERLOCK: Well, if it's true, just say it anyway.

(*Molly laughs in disbelief and heaves a heavy sigh.*)

MOLLY: You bastard.

SHERLOCK (*firmly*): Say it anyway.

(*He stares intensely at the screen but his face turns to shock when she speaks.*)

MOLLY: You say it. Go on. You say it first.

(He almost turns to look at John for an explanation, but turns back to the screen, frowning, blinking and squinting in confusion.)

SHERLOCK: What?

MOLLY (flatly): Say it. (More softly) Say it like you mean it.

(Startled, he looks up towards the nearby camera. Eurus leans forward in the office.)

EURUS: Final thirty seconds.

(The countdown on the screen drops from 00:31 and continues downwards. Mycroft, his head raised again, opens his mouth but can't find the words. He shakes his head and half steps forward, breathing out loudly. Sherlock faces the screen, his eyes closed. He takes a breath, summoning the strength to say the words.)

SHERLOCK (slowly, hesitantly): I-I ...

(Molly has her eyes closed against her tears. She brings up her free hand to the side of her face where she's holding the phone. Opening her eyes for a moment, she shuts them again and moves her free hand around to cup the one which is holding the phone to her ear. Sherlock has his head lowered but then raises it.)

SHERLOCK: I love you.

(He opens his eyes and looks towards the screen. Molly sighs softly and smiles a little, bringing the thumb of her top hand round to press it against her mouth. Sherlock stares at the screen.)

SHERLOCK (more softly): I love you.

(Molly closes her eyes again for a moment and then brings the phone round to look at its screen. Sherlock looks at the wallscreen anxiously, perhaps worried that she's going to hang up.)

SHERLOCK: Molly?

(The countdown reaches 00:13. Molly brings her hand round towards the screen. It looks as if she is about to hang up as she lifts the phone closer to her mouth. Sherlock steps closer to the screen, his expression frantic.)

SHERLOCK: Molly, please.

(Gazing into the distance and holding the phone in both hands, Molly rubs a finger across her mouth. John stares towards the screen in dread. He is trembling slightly. Mycroft takes another step towards the screen, his eyes wide and his mouth open as he breathes heavily. Molly takes her finger from her mouth and takes in a breath. With her mouth almost touching the phone, she speaks softly.)

MOLLY: I love you.

(Sherlock gasps and rears back from the screen as the countdown clock beeps several times to signify that it has stopped. Both John and Mycroft heave out noisy sighs of relief. Sherlock also sighs and buries his head in both hands, bending forward. In her kitchen, Molly closes her eyes. In the coffin room the countdown has stopped at 00:02. One of the cameras in the kitchen shows Molly putting the phone down and raising both hands to her mouth.)

Sherlock lifts his head and straightens up, sighing out loudly and looking exhausted. Mycroft

walks towards him.)

MYCROFT: Sherlock, however hard that was ...

SHERLOCK (*tiredly, looking towards the camera on the wall*): Eurus, I won. I won.

(She doesn't say anything.)

SHERLOCK (*more strongly*): Come on, play fair. The girl on the plane: I need to talk to her.

(In her office, Eurus looks a little emotional for the first time, though whether she's genuinely feeling any emotion is anyone's guess at this moment.)

SHERLOCK: I won. I saved Molly Hooper.

(Eurus makes a disparaging sound and reappears on the screen in front of him.)

EURUS: Saved her? From what? Oh, do be sensible. There were no explosives in her little house.

Why would I be so clumsy? You *didn't* win. You lost.

(Sherlock frowns a little.)

EURUS: Look what you did to her. Look what you did to yourself.

(Sherlock turns away.)

EURUS: All those complicated little emotions. I lost count. Emotional context, Sherlock. It destroys you *every* time.

(He walks past the coffin, noisily dropping the pistol down beside it and continuing on towards the lid propped up against the wall. Eurus sits back in her chair.)

EURUS: Now, please, pull yourself together. I need you at peak efficiency. The next one isn't going to be so easy.

(The door to the room slides open. Mycroft turns to look at it.)

EURUS: In your own time.

(The screen turns to the pouring water. Sherlock picks up the lid and turns and walks towards the coffin while Mycroft and John head for the open door. Sherlock puts the lid into place on top of the coffin while the others turn to watch him. He rests his hand on the top and slowly draws his hand across towards him, his eyes lowered as he breathes out what is almost a quiet sob.)

JOHN: Sherlock?

(Pulling his hand across the top of the lid, Sherlock turns towards the coffin, lifting his other hand to unbutton his jacket.)

SHERLOCK: No. No.

(His face starts to twist with rage and he pulls back his right arm and smashes it with all his strength down onto the lid, shattering it. He draws back his hand and then slams both fists down onto the lid again and again, then seizes the side of the coffin and lifts the whole thing before smashing it down repeatedly on top of the trestles, disintegrating the box into pieces while he cries out over and over again in rage, grief and frustration. Eventually he lets out a long anguished scream which echoes upwards into the chimney and up into the air above the prison. The rain has arrived and pours downwards, while lightning flashes and thunder rumbles.)

Later, John walks across the room, avoiding all the splintered wood lying around, and bends down

to pick up the pistol from the floor. Straightening up, he clears his throat softly and walks across to where Sherlock is sitting on the floor with his back against the wall. His legs are bent up in front of him and his wrists rest on the tops of his knees. His head is lowered and he is staring at the floor in front of him, breathing heavily with a distressed look on his face. Mycroft is standing and watching them from just outside the open door and the nearby screen is still showing pouring water. John stops a few paces in front of his friend.

JOHN (*quietly but firmly*): Look, I know this is difficult and I know you're being tortured, but you have got to keep it together.

SHERLOCK (*not lifting his head*): This isn't torture; this is vivisection. We're experiencing science from the perspective of lab rats.

(He breathes out loudly and raises his head to rest it against the wall behind him and gazes upwards. Mycroft watches nearby, looking concerned. Sherlock glances in his direction without turning his head, then swallows and looks up at John.)

SHERLOCK: Soldiers?

JOHN (*nodding*): Soldiers.

(He bends down and holds out his right hand to Sherlock, who takes it with his own right hand. John pulls him to his feet. Sherlock buttons his jacket and John blows out a breath as they walk side-by-side to the doorway, John holding out the pistol and Sherlock taking it as they go. Just as they reach the doorway the lights turn red and Jim's voice comes over the speakers.)

JIM: Tick-tock, tickets please!

(This time there's no corridor and the doorway leads directly into another grey-walled room. The lights in both rooms turn white again. Sherlock's eyes flick around the new room. Again there's no window and each of the four walls has a screen against it – although these are on stands – currently showing pouring water. There is nothing else in the room. The floor is mostly grey apart from a large white panel in the centre.)

SHERLOCK: Hey, sis, don't mean to complain but this one's empty. What happened? Did you run out of ideas?

(The screens flicker on and show Eurus still sitting in the governor's office.)

EURUS: It's not empty, Sherlock. You've still got the gun, haven't you? I told you you'd need it, because only two can play the next game. Just two of you go on from here; your choice. *(She smiles brightly into the camera.)* It's make-your-mind-up time. Whose help do you need the most – John or Mycroft?

(Mycroft frowns round at John, who sighs and turns away.)

EURUS: It's an elimination round. You choose one and kill the other. You have to choose family or friend. Mycroft or John Watson?

(Sherlock turns round to face the others. The lights turn red and Jim appears on the screens, tilting his head from one side to the other as he whispers loudly through his teeth.)

JIM: Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

(He stops and closes his mouth.)

MYCROFT: Eurus, enough!

(*The lights turn white and she's back.*)

EURUS (*mildly*) Not yet, I think. (*She smiles.*) But nearly. Remember, there's a plane in the sky, and it's not going to land.

(*Mycroft rubs his hands over his face and then lowers them and steps forward towards Sherlock.*)

MYCROFT: Well?

SHERLOCK: Well, what?

MYCROFT: We're not actually going to discuss this, are we?

(*He turns his head towards John.*)

MYCROFT: I'm sorry, Doctor Watson. You're a fine man in many respects.

(*He turns back to Sherlock.*)

MYCROFT: Make your goodbyes and shoot him.

(*He looks at his brother for a couple of seconds, then points towards John and raises his voice.*)

MYCROFT: Shoot him!

JOHN (*walking closer to him*): What?

(*Mycroft glances at him for a brief moment and then turns back to his brother.*)

MYCROFT: Shoot Doctor Watson. There's no question who has to continue from here. It's us; you and me. Whatever lies ahead requires brainpower, Sherlock, not sentiment. Don't prolong his agony; shoot him.

JOHN: Do I get a say in this?

MYCROFT (*turning to him*): Today, we are soldiers. Soldiers die for their country.

(*Sherlock watches him closely as he continues.*)

MYCROFT: I regret, Doctor Watson, that privilege is now yours.

(*John glares towards him, his jaw clenched.*)

JOHN: Shit.

(*He turns his head to Sherlock.*)

JOHN: He's right.

(*Sherlock turns to him as John turns his body round to face him.*)

JOHN: He is, in fact, right.

MYCROFT (*looking at John but speaking to Sherlock*): Make it swift. No need to prolong his agony. Get it over with ... (*he turns his head to his brother*) ... and we can get to work.

(*John shifts on the spot and straightens up, bracing himself. Sherlock lowers his head and half-turns away. Mycroft scoffs at the sight, then starts to chuckle sarcastically.*)

MYCROFT: God! (*He puts his hands in his trouser pockets, grinning.*) I should have expected this. (*His smile drops.*) Pathetic. You always were the slow one ...

(*Sherlock tilts one eyebrow, not meeting his brother's eyes.*)

MYCROFT: ... the idiot. That's why I've always despised you. You shame us all. You shame the family name. Now, for once in your life, do the right thing. (*He tilts his head towards John.*) Put this stupid little man out of all our misery.

(John bites his lips, not looking towards Sherlock.)

MYCROFT: Shoot him.

SHERLOCK *(quietly, his head still turned away)*: Stop it.

MYCROFT: Look at him. What is he?

(John, still facing Sherlock, sighs heavily, his gaze sad and distant.)

MYCROFT: Nothing more than a distraction; a little scrap of ordinariness for you to impress, to dazzle with your cleverness. You'll find another.

SHERLOCK *(not looking at him, his voice low)*: Please, for God's sake, just stop it.

MYCROFT: Why?

SHERLOCK *(slowly turning towards him)*: Because, on balance, even your Lady Bracknell was more convincing.

(Mycroft blinks and lifts his head, looking a little disappointed. Sherlock turns his head towards John but doesn't look at him.)

SHERLOCK *(his voice still low)*: Ignore everything he just said. He's being kind. He's trying to make it easy for me to kill him.

(He looks towards John but John has already turned his head to Mycroft. Offscreen, Mycroft has apparently reached up to smooth his hair a little but now lowers his hand and smiles ruefully at his brother.)

SHERLOCK: Which is why this is going to be so much harder.

(He turns to face Mycroft and raises the gun, pointing it at him. On the screen behind him, Eurus shows a trace of emotion for the first time, her eyes widening and her mouth open a little. Mycroft smiles at him.)

MYCROFT: You said you liked my Lady Bracknell.

JOHN *(in a whisper)*: Sherlock. Don't.

MYCROFT *(turning to look at him)*: It's not your decision, Doctor Watson.

(John looks at him. Mycroft turns back to his brother.)

MYCROFT: Not in the face, though, please. I've promised my brain to the Royal Society.

(Behind Sherlock, Eurus leans closer to the camera, looking concerned. Sherlock closes his eyes for a moment, then opens them again.)

SHERLOCK: Where would you suggest?

MYCROFT: Well ... *(he starts doing up the top button of his shirt)* ... I suppose there is a heart somewhere inside me. *(He looks down and straightens his tie.)* I don't imagine it's much of a target but ...

(Sherlock's face is anguished but he smiles a little, and Eurus briefly raises her eyes away from the camera for the first time.)

MYCROFT *(lowering his hands and looking directly at Sherlock)*: ... why don't we try for that?

(John walks to his side and holds out a hand towards Sherlock.)

JOHN *(almost in a whisper)*: I won't allow this.

(He turns his head to Mycroft, who looks at him seriously.)

MYCROFT: This is my fault.

(He turns his eyes to Sherlock.)

MYCROFT: Moriarty.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty?

MYCROFT: Her Christmas treat: five minutes' conversation with Jim Moriarty five years ago.

SHERLOCK: What did they discuss?

MYCROFT: Five minutes' conversation ...

(Sherlock lowers the pistol a little and his expression suggests he already knows what his brother is going to say. Mycroft pauses, then shrugs.)

MYCROFT: ... unsupervised.

(John's mouth opens and he stumbles back a step. Mycroft looks down ruefully. As John continues to back away, Sherlock sighs softly and raises the pistol again. Mycroft straightens up and looks at him.)

MYCROFT: Goodbye, brother mine. No flowers ... (he puts his hands behind his back) ... by request.

(Sherlock shifts his finger more firmly onto the trigger of the gun and takes aim. Behind him, Eurus speaks breathlessly, her eyes wide.)

EURUS: Jim Moriarty thought you'd make this choice. He was so excited.

(The lights in the room turn red and Jim appears on the screen, speaking more softly than previously.)

JIM: And here we are, at the end of the line. Holmes killing Holmes.

(Mycroft shifts uncomfortably on the spot while Sherlock looks at him with a determined gaze. His eyes narrow slightly.)

JIM: This is where I get off.

(He smiles. The lights go white and Eurus is back on the screen. Sherlock's gaze is fixed on his brother, his expression grim.)

SHERLOCK (tightly, through almost clenched teeth): Five minutes. It took her just five minutes to do all of this to us.

(He turns his eyes towards John, who looks at him more closely. Sherlock returns his gaze to his brother, then raises his eyebrows and shrugs, pressing his lips together for a moment before lowering the gun and turning away.)

SHERLOCK (quietly): Well, not on my watch.

(Mycroft looks startled. John turns to face Sherlock, licking his lips.)

EURUS: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK (turning to face the others again): A moment ago, a brave man asked to be remembered.

(Mycroft starts to look alarmed.)

SHERLOCK: I'm remembering the governor.

(Holding the pistol in both hands, he lifts the muzzle and presses the end under his chin.)

SHERLOCK (calmly): Ten ...

(Eurus frowns.)

EURUS: No, no, Sherlock.

(John looks briefly to Mycroft then back to Sherlock.)

SHERLOCK: Nine ...

(Both of the others stare at Sherlock in horror.)

SHERLOCK: Eight ...

EURUS: You can't!

SHERLOCK: Seven ...

EURUS (urgently): You don't know about Redbeard yet.

(Sherlock has lowered his left hand, continuing to hold the muzzle under his chin with the other.)

SHERLOCK: Six ...

EURUS (anxiously): Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Five ...

EURUS (loudly, panicked): Sherlock, stop that at once!

(As she yells at him, a small dart whizzes out of a round hole in the wall and impacts the back of Sherlock's head. He jolts and reaches his left hand round to it.)

SHERLOCK: Four ...

(Another dart shoots out into the back of John's neck. He reaches round for it. Sherlock pulls the dart from his own neck.)

SHERLOCK (more quietly): Three ...

(He looks at it, still holding the gun under his chin.)

SHERLOCK (weakly): Two ...

(And he slowly falls backwards, the pistol falling from his hand. His eyes slowly close as he falls, and when he lands it's as if he has fallen into thick black oil, which rises up around him and envelops him until he disappears from view.)

Very brief flashbacks of young Sherlock running across the meadow, then a close-up of the gravestone of Nemo Holmes and its impossible dates, then a fuzzy out-of-focus shot of something round and dark blue, then of young Sherlock sitting in the graveyard reading a book, then of Redbeard barking and running through the water at the beach, and young Sherlock running towards him while his little sister stands nearby and watches. Fade to black.

GIRL's VOICE (offscreen): Hello?

(Lights come on and an overhead shot shows that Sherlock is in a very small rectangular room with black walls and floor. Most of the room is taken up by a rectangular wooden table, about six feet long and maybe three feet wide. There are chairs either side and a lit lantern is on the floor. Sherlock is sprawled face down on top of the table. Some time since he was rendered unconscious, someone has dressed him in his greatcoat. He starts to wake up.)

GIRL's VOICE (offscreen): Hello? Are you still there?

(Groaning, Sherlock pushes himself up onto his arms, putting one hand to the side of his head. It seems that the girl's voice is coming from an earpiece rather than from speakers in the room.)

SHERLOCK (*weakly*): Yes. Yeah; no, I'm-I'm still here. I'm here.

(*On the plane, the girl is sitting on the floor outside the open door of one of the toilets.*)

GIRL (*into phone, still sounding upset and tearful*): You went away. You said you'd help me and you went away.

SHERLOCK (*turning onto one elbow, his other hand still at his ear*): Yes, I know. Well, I'm sorry about that. We-we-we must have got cut off. Um ...

(*He looks around the room, then screws up his eyes and shakes his head hard, probably trying to clear his mind of the effects of the anaesthetic. He starts to sit up.*)

SHERLOCK: How-how-how long was I away?

GIRL: Hours. Hours and hours. Why don't grown-ups tell the truth?

SHERLOCK (*his hand now lowered from his ear*): No, I-I am telling the truth. You can trust me.

GIRL: Where did you go?

(*Sherlock looks up. There is a large metal grille in the ceiling and the night sky can be seen above it. Although the sky is mostly cloudy, part of it is clear and shows a full moon.*)

SHERLOCK (*sliding his legs around to the side of the table*): I'm not completely sure.

(*He sits on the edge of the table and looks around at the walls, then slowly stands.*)

SHERLOCK: Um, now, I tell you what. You-you've got to be really, really brave for me.

(*He leans down and picks up the lantern from the floor. He keeps talking as he walks across to one of the walls, holding up the lantern.*)

SHERLOCK: Can you go to the front of the plane? Can you do that?

GIRL: The front?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

(*The light from the lantern shows that many pictures have been stuck to the walls. All of the nearby ones are large photographs of young Sherlock. Some of them have had part of the photo ripped off.*)

SHERLOCK: That's right; the front.

GIRL: You mean where the driver is?

SHERLOCK (*continuing to walk around the room, shining the lantern on the many photos*): Yes, that's it.

GIRL: Okay. (*She starts to get up from the floor.*) I'm going.

(*She starts to walk down the aisle, pausing and looking down at the unconscious flight attendant lying in her way. Sherlock continues looking at the photos. Some of them are of Sherlock at older ages than his young pirate self and a few pictures are of other members of the Holmes family.*)

SHERLOCK: Are you there yet?

(*It's not the girl who replies but John, who jerks awake somewhere dark. The wall behind him is bare rock.*)

JOHN: Yeah, I'm here.

(*He stands up abruptly when he realises that he's sitting in water up to his waist.*)

SHERLOCK: John!

JOHN (*his voice coming from Sherlock's earpiece*): Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Where are you?

JOHN: I don't know. I've just woken up. Where are you?

SHERLOCK: I'm in another cell. I just spoke to the girl on the plane again. We've been out for hours.

JOHN: What, she's still up there?

SHERLOCK: Yes. (*His voice comes over John's earpiece.*) The plane will keep flying until it runs out of fuel.

(*John looks around and raises his head to look upwards.*)

SHERLOCK: Is Mycroft with you?

JOHN: I have no idea. I can hardly see anything. (*He calls out.*) Mycroft? Mycroft?

(*Sherlock runs his hand over his face, looking worried when there's no reply.*)

SHERLOCK: Are you okay?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: All right. Well, just keep exploring. Tell me anything you can about where you are.

(*As Sherlock continues walking around the room and looking at the photos, John turns and squints through the darkness behind him.*)

JOHN: The walls are ... (*he puts a hand on the wall and feels it*) ... rough. They're rock, I guess.

SHERLOCK: What are you standing on?

JOHN (*looking down*): Uh, stone, I think. But listen: there's about two feet of water.

(*He tries to lift one of his feet, but then feels resistance as the camera closes in towards his foot under the water and shows what's causing the resistance.*)

JOHN: Chains. (*He shakes his head.*) Yeah, my feet are chained up. I can feel something.

(*He bends down and moves his hand blindly through the water until his fingers touch something floating there. Clasping his hand around what he's found, he straightens up and runs the fingers of his other hand over his discovery.*)

JOHN: Bones, Sherlock.

(*Sherlock sees something under the table and turns to look at it.*)

JOHN: There are bones in here.

(*Sherlock kneels down, puts the lantern onto the floor and reaches towards the round ceramic bowl under the table.*)

SHERLOCK: What kind of bones?

JOHN: Uh, I dunno. S-small.

(*Sherlock lifts up the bowl and holds it in both hands as he looks at it in shock. Painted on the side of the bowl is the word "Redbeard". Clearly this is a dog's water bowl.*)

SHERLOCK (*softly*): Redbeard.

(*He closes his eyes.*)

GIRL'S VOICE (*in his earpiece*): Who's Redbeard?

(*Sherlock jolts, sinking his face into one hand as he replies to her.*)

SHERLOCK: Oh, hello. Are you at the front of the plane now?

GIRL (*in the flight deck, shaking the arm of the unconscious pilot*): Yeah. I still can't wake the driver up.

(*In front of the pilot the control column is jerking around under its automatic controls, and an automated voice repeatedly calls out warnings.*)

SHERLOCK (*wiping the corner of one eye*): That's all right. What can you see now?

GIRL (*looking through the front windshield*): I can see a river. (*She steps over the co-pilot lying on the floor to get closer to the front.*) And there's-there's-there's a big wheel.

SHERLOCK: All right. Well, you and I are going to have to drive this plane together. (*He slowly stands, looking up towards the sky.*) Just you and me.

GIRL (*nervously*): We are?

SHERLOCK (*smiling so as to sound confident*): Yeah, there's nothing to it. We just need to get in touch with some people on the ground.

(*He bends down to pick up the lantern.*)

SHERLOCK: Now, um, can you see anything that looks like a radio?

(*The girl, now sitting in the co-pilot's seat, looks around at all the dials and switches above her head. Alarms continue to beep and the automated warnings continue to sound.*)

GIRL: No.

SHERLOCK: That's all right. Well, we ... keep looking. We've got plenty of time.

(*In the flight deck more alarms sound and the automated voice calls out more warnings. The plane jolts violently and the girl screams.*)

SHERLOCK: What's wrong?

GIRL: The whole plane's shaking.

(*Sherlock grimaces but keeps his voice soothing. He is walking around the room as he talks.*)

SHERLOCK: It's just turbulence. It's nothing to worry about.

GIRL: My ears hurt.

SHERLOCK: Does the river look like it's getting closer?

GIRL: A-a little bit.

SHERLOCK: All right, then. That means you're nearly home.

(*He puts his hand to his head.*)

JOHN (*over earpiece*): Sherlock?

(*High above John's head, clouds in the night sky drift past and the full moon comes into view. Its light now shows John's location more clearly. He stares upwards.*)

JOHN: I'm in a well. That's where I am; I'm in the bottom of a well.

(*Sherlock turns, frowning.*)

SHERLOCK: Why would there be a well in Sherriford?

(*He raises the lantern and looks more closely at the array of photographs on the wall in front of him.*)

SHERLOCK: Why is there a draught?

(He zooms in on where two panels of the wall have a small gap between them and a photo of a teenage Sherlock stuck across the gap is fluttering slightly. Frowning, he lowers his gaze to the bottom of the wall. There's a small gap between the wall and the floor.)

SHERLOCK: Walls don't contract after you've painted them.

(He lifts his eyes.)

SHERLOCK *(softly, intensely)*: Not real ones.

(Offscreen, he has put the lantern onto the floor. Now he raises both hands and slams them hard against the wall. The entire wall falls outwards and drops to the ground outside. In front of him is a very familiar burnt-out house. He stares at it wide-eyed.)

SHERLOCK: I'm home. Musgrave Hall.

EURUS *(over his earpiece)*: Me and Jim Moriarty, we got on like a house on fire ...

(Sherlock bends and picks up the lantern and walks out of the 'room.' Behind him the other three walls fall out and crash to the ground.)

EURUS: ... which reminded me of home.

SHERLOCK *(walking towards the house)*: Yeah, it's just an old building. I don't care. The plane; tell me about the plane **NOW!**

EURUS *(over earpiece)*: Sweet Jim. He was never very interested in being alive, especially if he could make more trouble being dead.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, still not interested. The *plane*!

EURUS: You *knew* he'd take his revenge. His revenge apparently is *me*.

SHERLOCK *(reaching the front door, opening it and going inside)*: Eurus, let me speak to the little girl on the plane and I'll play any game you like.

EURUS *(slowly, precisely)*: First find Redbeard.

(Beside the stairs in the hallway a screen is standing on top of a bureau or low cupboard which is covered with a sheet. The image of water is pouring down the screen but now is replaced by Eurus' face looking into the camera. The area behind her is dark.)

EURUS: I'm letting the water in now. You don't want me to drown another one of your pets, do you? At long last, Sherlock Holmes, it's time to solve the Musgrave ritual.

(Sherlock stumbles back from the screen.)

EURUS: Your very first case! And the final problem. *(Her voice drops to a whisper.)* Oh. Bye-bye.

(In the well, water is pouring down from the top.)

JOHN: Sherlock?

(Eurus' voice sings from his earpiece.)

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below ...

JOHN: Sherlock!

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ The old beech tree?

(Perhaps hearing John's voice from nearby as well as over his earpiece, Sherlock walks across the hall and opens the door to a room.)

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ Help succour me now ...

(Going into the room, he stares at what he sees.)

SHERLOCK: John.

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ The East winds blow ...

(Putting the lantern on the floor he hurries across the room and stares in shock at the screen on the wall. It shows that a camera is set partway up the well and is looking downwards as the water pours down onto his friend.)

SHERLOCK: John. *(Shouting)* John? Can you hear me? John!

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ Sixteen by six, brother, and under we go ...

(In the flight deck of the plane, the girl screams again as the plane continues to shake violently.)

GIRL: Help me! Help me, please!

JOHN *(from the screen)*: Sherlock!

(Sherlock had his hand to his earpiece as the girl spoke but now he lowers it, staring intensely at the screen.)

EURUS' VOICE: ♪ Be not afraid ...

(Her song continues as the boys talk.)

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN *(loudly over the sound of the water pouring down)*: Yeah, it's flooding. The well is flooding.

(We see that the image on the screen is being sent to it from a projector behind Sherlock, set up on a stand amidst all the fallen stonework.)

SHERLOCK *(gesturing towards the screen even though he knows that John probably can't see him)*: Try as long as possible not to drown.

JOHN *(putting his finger to his earpiece, finding it hard to hear over the sound of the water and Eurus' singing)*: What?

SHERLOCK *(still gesturing pointlessly)*: I'm going to find you. I am finding you!

JOHN *(loudly)*: Well, hurry up, please, because I don't have long!

(The girl on the plane screams again as it begins to bank hard to the right.)

GIRL: It's leaning over, the whole plane!

(Sherlock glances behind him to the door, then turns towards the screen again and claps his hand over his mouth, desperately trying to work out who to try and save first. In the well, John turns and tries to get handholds on the rocks lining it in an attempt to hold himself above the rising water. He lifts his left leg as high as it will go to try to climb up the wall a little but the chain tugs at his foot – or his fingers slide off the slippery stones – and he falls backwards and into the water with a loud cry.)

In the plane the girl stares in terror out of the windscreen.

Sherlock turns and runs out into the hall as his sister continues to sing.)

SHERLOCK: Eurus, you said the answer's in the song ...

(He turns to the screen in the hall. Offscreen, she stops singing.)

SHERLOCK: ... but I went through the song line by line all those years ago ...

(Brief cut-away of young pirate Sherlock searching in the meadow.)

SHERLOCK: ... and I found nothing. I couldn't find *anything*. And there-there was a beech tree in the grounds and I dug.

(*Brief cut-away to young Sherlock in the meadow, carrying a spade.*)

SHERLOCK: I dug and dug and dug and dug. Sixteen feet by six; sixteen yards; sixteen metres – and I found *nothing*. *No-one*.

JOHN (*over earpiece*): Sherlock?

EURUS (*on the screen*): It was a clever little puzzle, wasn't it? So why couldn't you work it out, Sherlock?

(*Sherlock raises both hands to cover his mouth.*)

JOHN (*over earpiece*): Sherlock? There's something you need to know.

(*Sherlock lowers his hands, breathing heavily.*)

EURUS: Emotional context. And he-e-e-e-re it comes.

JOHN: Sherlock? (*He's standing up in the water staring in anguish at something we can't yet see.*) The bones I found.

SHERLOCK (*turning and walking back into the nearby room to look at the other screen*): Yes? They're dogs' bones. That's Redbeard.

JOHN: Mycroft's been lying to you; to both of us.

(*Sherlock frowns in confusion.*)

JOHN: They're not dogs' bones.

EURUS: Remember Daddy's allergy? What *was* he allergic to?

(*Sherlock stares towards the screen, which is presumably now showing her rather than John.*)

EURUS: What would he never let you have all those times you begged? Well, he'd *never* let you have a dog.

(*Inside Sherlock's mind, a dog barks. He screws his eyes shut and sees his younger self running through the shallows on the beach.*)

YOUNG SHERLOCK's VOICE (*offscreen*): Come on, Redbeard!

(*Nearby, young Eurus runs around, smiling. In one hand she has a plastic toy aeroplane and she holds it up and 'flies' it through the air as she goes.*)

ADULT EURUS (*offscreen*): What a funny little memory, Sherlock.

(*Little Eurus runs offscreen, revealing the Irish setter sitting on the pebbles with a purple bandana tied around its neck. Some distance away, young Sherlock, wearing his yellow jumper, raises his plastic sword and swoops it downwards, smiling towards his dog.*)

ADULT EURUS (*offscreen*): You were upset ...

(*Young Eurus runs around behind the dog.*)

ADULT EURUS (*offscreen*): ... so you told yourself a better story.

(*Still clutching her toy, young Eurus continues trotting around in a circle.*)

ADULT EURUS (*offscreen, emphasising each word*): ... but we never had a dog.

(*Eurus runs across in front of Redbeard, briefly obscuring him from our view. As she trots away, the Irish setter has gone. In its place a young boy is kneeling on the beach. The same age as*

young Sherlock, he has red hair and he is wearing a thick checked shirt and has the purple bandana tied around his neck. He is wearing a black plastic eyepatch over one eye. He stands up, wielding his own plastic sword. Young Sherlock turns to look at him. As young Mycroft continues trying to skim pebbles on the stepping stones some distance away, the red-headed boy runs towards Sherlock, who turns and trots away across the beach with the other boy following him. Little Eurus turns to watch them, and the red-headed boy stops and turns back to her. They look at each other for a long moment. There is no friendliness in their expressions.

In the well, John lifts what he's holding in both hands. It's a small human skull.

In the house, Sherlock stares downwards towards the floor in front of him.)

SHERLOCK (*in a whisper*): Victor.

EURUS (*softly, on the screen*): Now it's coming.

SHERLOCK (*softly, his voice shaking*): Victor Trevor.

(He frowns a little as the memories keep coming. On the beach the two boys trot away together.

Young Eurus turns her head away, a sad look on her face.)

SHERLOCK: We played pirates. I was Yellowbeard and he was ...

(Eurus looks into the screen, her mouth slightly open and an expectant look on her face. Sherlock raises his tear-filled eyes to her.)

SHERLOCK: ... he was Redbeard.

EURUS: You were inseparable. But I wanted to play too.

(Sherlock looks away as he begins to realise what started his sister's behaviour. Eventually he sighs and lowers his head, closing his eyes.)

SHERLOCK: Oh. Oh God.

(He cries softly.)

SHERLOCK: What ... (*he pulls in several breaths before he can continue*) ... what did you do?

EURUS (*singing softly, and more slowly than usual*): ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below / The old beech tree? ♪

(During the last line of her song, we cut away to young Victor, sopping wet and almost up to his waist in water, standing at the bottom of the well. His toy sword is floating beside him. He stares upwards and calls out desperately.)

VICTOR: Please let me out! Please, someone help me! Please.

(The camera pulls upwards, leaving him lost and abandoned at the bottom of the well.

In the house, adult Sherlock gazes downwards, lost in grief.

Young Sherlock walks across the meadow, disconsolate at the loss of his friend.

Adult Sherlock hears his younger self.)

YOUNG SHERLOCK (*calling out worriedly offscreen*): Come on, Redbeard!

(Lights seem to flicker across adult Sherlock's face.

Young Sherlock continues searching in the meadow, his face anguished.

Adult Sherlock stands in the hall, surrounded by darkness and lost in memories.

Young Sherlock now seems to be in the same position, surrounded by darkness, his face sad.

Adult Sherlock gazes tearfully across the hall.

Young Sherlock, tears pouring down his face, softly speaks the name of his best friend, but it's his adult voice that we hear.)

SHERLOCK's VOICE (*in a whisper*): Victor.

(Flashback to a long view of the gently rippling water in the swimming pool where Sherlock and Jim had their stand-off at the end of the "The Great Game.")

EURUS (*softly, offscreen*): Deep waters, Sherlock, all your life.

(Sherlock's distraught face is briefly overlaid with dark blue rippling water.)

EURUS (*softly, offscreen*): In all your dreams.

(Flashback to Victorian Holmes lying on the rocky ledge while the Reichenbach Falls thunder downwards behind him.)

EURUS (*softly, offscreen*): Deep waters.

(In the hall, Sherlock stares ahead of himself, his face covered with tears.)

SHERLOCK (*devastated*): You killed him.

(Dark rippling water overlays his face and for a moment a merged image of adult and young Sherlock stares sadly across the hall with tears on his face.)

Adult Sherlock lifts his head, looking towards the screen.)

SHERLOCK: You killed my best friend.

EURUS (*quietly but with a hint of anger in her voice*): I never had a best friend. I had no-one.

(Sherlock raises his head towards the ceiling.)

In the well, John struggles to keep his footing, the water now up to the top of his chest as more pours down.

Sherlock gazes upwards, his face anguished. He closes his eyes.

Flashback to little Eurus running around on the beach, flying her toy aeroplane beside her. Adult Sherlock stands nearby watching her. Smiling, she runs around him with her plane. She looks up at him.)

YOUNG EURUS (*offscreen*): Play with me, Sherlock! Play with me!

(She continues to run around him.)

ADULT EURUS (*on the screen, bitterly*): No-one.

(In the hall, adult Sherlock lowers his head, his eyes still closed.)

Young Sherlock runs across the graveyard towards the house. The camera pans across the gravestone of Nemo Holmes and its impossible dates.)

EURUS (*offscreen, in a whisper*): No-one.

(The camera focuses in on the gravestone and writing overlays the top line.)

NEMO

n. [nee-moh]

Latin - no one, nobody

In the hall, Sherlock bites his lip and raises his head, looking towards the screen with determination.)

SHERLOCK (*more strongly*): Okay. Okay, let's play.

(He turns and picks up the lantern from the floor and runs outside, hurrying around the side of the house, through an open gate and into the graveyard at the back of the house. As he runs around, bending down and shining his light closely onto various gravestones, the little girl's voice comes over his earpiece.)

GIRL (*offscreen*): Hello? Are you there?

SHERLOCK: Need your help. I'm trying to solve a puzzle.

GIRL (*offscreen*): But what about the plane?

SHERLOCK: Well, the puzzle will save the plane.

(He runs to another gravestone and looks at the inscription. The bottom two lines read "1818 / Aged 24 and 26 Years".)

SHERLOCK: The wrong dates. She used the wrong dates on the gravestones as the key to the cipher ... *(he runs to shine the lantern on Nemo Holmes' gravestone) ... and the cipher was the song.*

JOHN (*shouting above the noise of the rising water*): Is this *strictly* relevant?

SHERLOCK: Yes, it is. I'll be with you in a minute.

(He puts the lantern on the ground and focuses in on another, very old and worn, gravestone which gives dates of "134 - 1719". The numbers "134" and "1719" appear in the air in front of his eyes. He looks across to other gravestones, mentally pulling the numbers from each of them, including those from Nemo Holmes' grave, and putting them beside the first set until he has a long string of numbers in front of him. Rubbing his hands over his nose and mouth, he lowers them and breathes in sharply.)

GIRL (*from the plane's flight deck*): The lights are getting closer.

SHERLOCK (*gesturing dismissively to one side*): Hush, now. Working.

(The words of Eurus' song appear in front of his eyes. Two verses side by side read

I that am lost, oh who will find me?
Deep down below the old beech tree
Help succour me now the east winds blow
Sixteen by six, brother, and under we go!

Without your love, he'll be gone before
Save pity for strangers, show love the door.
My soul seek the shade of my willow's bloom
Inside, brother mine -
Let Death make a room.

Two further verses are underneath but in much smaller print. According to [this person on Tumblr](#), who may have a better quality recording than me, they read

Be not afraid to walk in the shade
Save one, save all, come try!
My steps - five by seven
Life is closer to Heaven
Look down, with dark gaze, from on high.

Before he was gone - right back over my (h)ill
Who now will find him?
Why, nobody will
Doom shall I bring to him, I that am queen
Lost forever, nine by nineteen.

SHERLOCK: Let's number the words of the song.

(The row of numbers whooshes away and individual numbers appear above each word in the four verses. Sherlock screws his eyes shut. The words and their accompanying numbers start to roll round in his mind.)

SHERLOCK: Then rearrange the numbered words to match the sequence on the gravestones.

(The words and numbers spin around in front of him, some of them stopping briefly in front of his eyes before spinning on. The sequences which stop read

1 3 4
I am lost

17 19
Help me

28
brother

Sherlock's head snaps up and he opens his eyes with a gasp. He looks at the verses and the numbered words in front of him and the majority of the letters and their accompanying numbers shatter and the fragments fall away to the ground. He breathes heavily, looking at the remaining words floating in the air, then reaches out and starts swiping each word out of the air in the correct order, saying each word as he removes it. [Transcriber's note: for this to work, we have to assume that the second large verse is actually the fourth verse of the song.]

SHERLOCK: I ... am ... lost ... Help ... me ... brother ... Save ... My ... Life ... Before ... my ... Doom.

(He continues swiping the words away.)

SHERLOCK: I ... am ... Lost ... Without ... your ... love ... Save ... My ... soul ... seek ... my ... room.

(He stops dead on the last word, staring up as the last three phrases float in front of him, the most prominent being the final three words, "Seek my room". He looks past them towards the house.)

SHERLOCK *(in a whisper, wide-eyed)*: Oh God.

(Grabbing the lantern he races back towards the house.)

In the well, John stares upwards as the water continues to rise.

In the plane, the girl cries out panic-stricken.)

GIRL: We're going to crash! I'm going to die!

(She screams.)

John grunts with effort, his arms under the water and apparently tugging at the chains around his feet.

Sherlock races through the gateway beside the house, runs round the side to the front and then bursts through the front door, then runs up the stairs.)

SHERLOCK: I think it's time you told me your real name.

GIRL *(on the plane)*: I'm not allowed to tell my name to strangers.

(Sherlock reaches a closed door on the landing and stops in front of it.)

SHERLOCK *(quietly)*: But I'm not a stranger, am I?

(He opens the door and, from the other side, we see him open the door to the flight deck of the plane and step inside. He stares intensely at what he sees.)

SHERLOCK: I'm your brother.

(The girl turns around in the co-pilot's seat and looks at him. But Sherlock isn't on the flight deck and there is no little girl. He's in a burnt-out bedroom in his family home and he lowers the lantern to the floor and holds out his other hand towards the figure in front of him.)

SHERLOCK *(reassuringly)*: I'm here, Eurus.

(Still wearing the clothes she wore in Sherriford, Eurus is sitting on the floor with her knees drawn up in front of her and her hands wrapped around them. Her eyes are closed.)

The footage of the girl on the plane goes into fast reverse back through all the scenes we've seen of her until she's back in her seat, looking uneasily out of the window. The footage rapidly reverses even further and slows down to the very first moment where, in reverse of what we first saw, we see a close-up of her eye closing.

Flashback of young Eurus running around the beach with her toy aeroplane.

In her bedroom, adult Eurus keeps her eyes closed and speaks with a child-like voice.)

EURUS: You're playing with me, Sherlock. We're playing the game.

SHERLOCK: The game, yes. I get it now. *(He steps closer to her.)* The song was never a set of directions.

EURUS *(her eyes still closed and her voice child-like and frightened)*: I'm in the plane, and I'm going to crash.

(Sherlock crouches down in front of her.)

EURUS (child-like): And you're going to save me.

SHERLOCK: Look how brilliant you are. Your mind has created the perfect metaphor. You're high above us, all alone in the sky, and you understand everything except how to land. (He shifts round and sits down in front of her, breathless and anxious.) Now, I'm just an idiot, but I'm on the ground. (He reaches out and puts his fingers onto her hands.) I can bring you home.

EURUS (her eyes still closed, plaintively): No.

(Her voice reverts to its adult tone.)

EURUS: No, no. (She shivers.) It's too late now.

SHERLOCK (shifting closer to her and lowering his hand): No it's not. It's not too late.

(She cries, her eyes screwed tight and her face twisted with fear.)

EURUS: Every time I close my eyes, I'm on the plane. I'm lost, lost in the sky and ... no-one can hear me.

(She pulls her knees closer to herself, crying silently. Sherlock reaches out and gently puts his hand onto hers again.)

SHERLOCK (in a whisper): Open your eyes. I'm here.

(She opens her eyes and slowly raises her head.)

SHERLOCK (in a whisper): You're not lost any more.

(He shifts even closer and reaches out to embrace her. She shuffles forward and wraps her arms around him and they hug each other tightly while she cries.)

SHERLOCK (softly, stroking her hair): Now, you ... you just ... you just went the wrong way last time, that's all. (His voice becomes tearful.) This time, get it right. (Still softly but more clearly) Tell me how to save my friend.

(In the well, John groans with the effort of trying to keep his head above the water.)

In the bedroom Sherlock pulls back a little.)

SHERLOCK: Eurus ...

(He cradles his sister's head with one hand and gazes pleadingly into her eyes.)

SHERLOCK: Help me save John Watson.

(She stares at him, trembling and tearful as he gently strokes her hair.)

In the well, John grimaces and then groans, tilting his chin up out of the water as he strains with the effort of trying to pull the chains free. Then a light shines down onto him from the top of the well and a rope is thrown down to him. Gasping with relief, he takes hold of it.)

[Your transcriber butts in here – sorry for the interruption – to frown sternly at the many people online who bitched about what possible use the rope could be and asked snidely whether John was about to rip off his feet and climb up the rope. Even on first viewing it seemed obvious to me that (1) someone was then going to climb down the rope with a bloody great set of bolt cutters and (2) John grabbed the rope because he now had some support to pull himself up just a little – i.e. to the full extent of the chains – and keep above the water until his rescuer arrived. Anyway, moving on ...]

Later, Eurus is being led away from the house by two police officers. She still looks tearful. Police cars and vans are parked all around and a helicopter's rotors can be heard nearby. Some distance away, Sherlock watches her. John is beside him, wrapped in a grey blanket. Greg walks over to them.

LESTRADE: I just spoke to your brother.

SHERLOCK (*as he and John turn to him*): How is he?

LESTRADE: He's a bit shaken up, that's all. She didn't hurt him; she just locked him in her old cell.

JOHN: What goes around comes around.

LESTRADE: Yeah. Give me a moment, boys.

(He starts to walk past them but turns back when Sherlock speaks quietly.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, um. Mycroft – make sure he's looked after. He's not as strong as he thinks he is.

LESTRADE (*nodding*): Yeah, I'll take care of it.

(He turns to walk away again, while Mystrade fans squee so loudly that nearby dogs cower and cover their ears with their paws.)

SHERLOCK: Thanks, Greg.

(John, who has been huddling into his blanket, lifts his head and Greg turns back again and looks at him in surprise before walking away.)

Eurus has been loaded into a reinforced cell inside one of the police vans. She sits on a side bench as a police officer closes the door.)

LESTRADE (*to a nearby male police officer*): The helicopter ready?

POLICE OFFICER: Mm-hm.

LESTRADE: Let's move her, then.

(The officer nods in the direction of Sherlock.)

POLICE OFFICER: Is that him, sir? Sherlock Holmes?

(Greg looks back to where Sherlock has turned to face John, who looks round at him.)

LESTRADE: Fan, are you?

POLICE OFFICER: Well, he's a great man, sir.

LESTRADE: No, he's better than that. *(He looks towards Sherlock for a moment.)* He's a good one.

[Your transcriber bursts into tears.]

(The two officers look towards our boys for a little longer, then turn and walk away.)

JOHN (*quietly to Sherlock*): You okay?

SHERLOCK (*quietly, thoughtfully*): I said I'd bring her home. I can't, can I?

JOHN: Well, you gave her what she was looking for: context.

SHERLOCK (*looking round at him*): Is that good?

JOHN: It's not good, it's not bad. It's ...

(He looks away and screws up his face, searching for the right words, then turns back to his friend.)

JOHN: It is what it is.

MRS HOLMES (*offscreen, sounding shocked*): Alive?! For all these years?

(She and her husband are in Mycroft's Diogenes office. Mycroft sits behind his desk and his father is sitting on a chair on the other side while Mrs Holmes stands at the other end of the desk staring in shock at her oldest son. Her younger son is standing at the far end of the room leaning against the closed office door with his arms folded and his head lowered.)

MRS HOLMES (*to Mycroft*): How is that even possible?!

MYCROFT: What Uncle Rudi began ... (*he hesitates slightly, his eyes lowered*) ... I thought it best to continue.

MRS HOLMES (*angrily*): I'm not asking how you did it, idiot boy, I'm asking how *could* you?

MYCROFT: I was trying to be kind.

(He raises his eyes to hers at the end of his sentence.)

MRS HOLMES: Kind?! (*She gasps in a pained breath.*) Kind? (*She becomes tearful as she continues.*) You told us that our daughter was dead.

MYCROFT: Better that than tell you what she had become.

(She stares at him wide-eyed.)

MYCROFT: I'm sorry.

(His father stands up and leans his hands on the table.)

MR HOLMES: Whatever she became, whatever she is now, Mycroft ...

(Cut-away of a helicopter flying towards Sherrinford Island.)

MR HOLMES (*offscreen*): ... she remains our daughter.

MYCROFT: And my sister.

MRS HOLMES: Then you should have done better.

SHERLOCK (*quietly*): He did his best.

MRS HUDSON: Then he's very limited.

(Mycroft looks towards his brother, unable to meet his parents' eyes.)

MR HOLMES: Where is she?

(Cut-away of the helicopter coming in to land on the beach of the island.)

MYCROFT: Back in Sherrinford; secure, this time. (*He looks at his father.*) People have died.

(Sherlock gets out of the helicopter, carrying a holdall, and walks away across the beach.)

MYCROFT (*offscreen*): Without doubt she will kill again if she has the opportunity. There's no possibility she'll ever be able to leave.

(Mr Holmes has straightened up a little but now leans down again and speaks firmly.)

MR HOLMES: When can we see her?

(Mycroft looks at him.

At Sherrinford, Sherlock comes out of the lift on the upper level of the Control Room and trots down the stairs.)

MYCROFT (*offscreen*): There's no point.

MRS HOLMES (*upset*): How dare you say that?

MYCROFT (*closing his eyes and speaking more firmly*): She won't talk. She won't communicate with anyone in any way.

(*At Sherrinford, Sherlock swipes a card through a card reader and the door in front of him opens. He walks through.*)

MYCROFT: She has passed beyond our view.

(*Still leaning against Mycroft's office door, Sherlock gazes down at the floor in front of him.*)

MYCROFT (*looking at his mother*): There are no words that can reach her now.

(*She turns to look at her other son.*

At Sherrinford, Sherlock walks out of another lift.)

MRS HOLMES (*offscreen*): Sherlock.

(*In Mycroft's office, Sherlock raises his head.*

At Sherrinford, he walks along the long corridor towards the Secure Unit.

In the office, Mrs Holmes shrugs questioningly at Sherlock.)

MRS HOLMES: Well?

(*At Sherrinford, Sherlock stops at the end of the corridor and the lights on the scanner above his head begin to oscillate back and forth.*)

MRS HOLMES (*offscreen*): You were always the grown-up.

(*Mycroft raises his head a little and looks towards his brother.*)

MRS HOLMES (*offscreen*): What do we do now?

(*Sherlock turns his head away slightly, looking thoughtful.*

At Sherrinford, the lift door at the front of Eurus' cell slides open and Sherlock, having presumably left his coat upstairs, walks out. He walks a few paces forward, looking at his sister inside the glass-walled cell. Her face is turned away from him and she doesn't react to the sound of his footsteps. He bends down and puts the holdall on the floor. Behind him the lift door closes and the green lights in the room turn white. Sitting on the seat at the side of the room, she still doesn't react. Sherlock unzips the bag and then stands up holding his violin and bow. He plucks at the strings and Eurus blinks. Once he's sure the violin is tuned properly, he lifts his bow and plays a simple tune. He stops at the end of the first phrase and lifts his bow a little, looking towards Eurus. She doesn't respond or move in any way.

In the burnt-out living room of 221B Baker Street, Sherlock – in shirt and trousers – walks across the floor, stepping over the ruined books and debris. The sound of him playing the same tune in Eurus' cell can be heard offscreen as he starts it again and this time continues the tune. In 221B he picks up a random item from the floor, then walks across to where the skull which is usually on the wall between the windows is lying on the burnt rug. John turns around from where he's standing near the fireplace and holds up what he's just found – the earphones which usually adorn the skull's head. Sherlock lifts the skull so that John can put the earphones back onto it and then loop the cable over the top. Sherlock turns away with it and looks for somewhere to put it. In the cell Sherlock continues playing. After a while, Eurus stands up and turns to face him. Sherlock stops playing, and the two of them look at each other for a long while.

In 221B Sherlock, still holding the skull and headphones, lifts his overturned chair with the other hand and sets it upright. As he gazes upwards, the violin starts up again offscreen.

A helicopter heads towards Sherrinford Island again and, in the cell, Sherlock plays on. Eurus stands silently, watching him with a trace of interest on her face.

In 221B Sherlock picks up one of the dining chairs and sets it on its feet. John is over near the right-hand window.

Sherlock gets out of the helicopter again on the beach at Sherrinford with his holdall in one hand. We start to realise that he is making repeated visits to play to his sister.

In the cell, while he continues to play, Eurus picks up her own violin and bow and walks towards the glass wall. Sherlock stops in mid-phrase. She puts the violin to her chin. Sherlock watches her, and she begins to play the same piece from the beginning. The sound from her violin is richer – either she's a better player or she has her Strad back. Or possibly it's a bit of both because she plays the first phrase with more flair than her brother, running the notes together differently at one point. Sherlock blinks rapidly as she ends the phrase and stops, lowering her bow. He lifts his own bow and plays the phrase again, still using his own interpretation of the notes.

While the music continues offscreen, John is standing in his own living room sorting through his mail. He stops when he gets to a white padded envelope sent by Special Delivery.

Shortly afterwards he walks aimlessly around the room while he speaks into his phone.)

JOHN: Uh, yeah, I-I think you'd better get round here.

(In his other hand he is holding what he found in the envelope. Inside a clear plastic wallet is a white DVD. Handwritten on the disc are the words "MISS YOU".

In the cell, Eurus closes her eyes and begins to play the tune again but this time Sherlock joins in with a counterpart. They stand either side of the glass, harmonising with each other.

At John's home, the disc slides into the DVD player. Sherlock has now arrived and stands near the sofa, still wearing his coat, while John sits down. They look at each other for a moment, then Sherlock turns away to look towards the TV while John lifts the remote control and starts the playback. Mary's face smiles at them from the screen. Sherlock blinks and John stares at the TV in surprise, his mouth falling open a little.)

MARY: P.S.

(As the music from the violin duet continues, Sherlock again walks along the corridor towards the Special Unit.)

MARY (voiceover initially, then on the screen): I know you two; and if I'm gone, I know what you could become.

(Sherlock turns to look down at John. John smiles briefly at the screen, his eyes full of tears, and Sherlock turns back to the TV as Mary continues.)

MARY (voiceover): ... because I know who you really are.

(Flashback to our very first sight of Sherlock all those years ago, his face upside down on the screen as he unzips a body bag and looks inside.)

MARY (voiceover): A junkie who solves crimes to get high ...

(In the flashback Sherlock looks down at the body and wrinkles his nose a little as he sniffs. Flashback to our very first sight of John, jolting up in bed in his lonely bedsit after his latest nightmare.)

MARY (voiceover): ... and the doctor who never came home from the war.

(Sherlock walks to the door of the Secure Unit and swipes his card through the reader.

In the cell, the siblings' duet becomes more complicated and intricate.)

MARY (on the TV screen): Well, you listen to me: who you really are, it doesn't matter.

(In the dark burnt ruin of 221B, a workman is sweeping up while another one stuffs rubbish into a black plastic bag. Standing in front of the fireplace, John looks around the room and tiredly rubs the back of his neck as if despairing of ever getting the place back to normal. Oblivious to what's going on around him, Sherlock is sitting in his chair texting.)

MARY (voiceover): It's all about the legend, the stories, the adventures.

(At Sherriford, Sherlock comes out of the lift and walks across the green-lit room towards where his sister is sitting on the seat with her back to the room.

The Holmes siblings face each other through the glass, playing together beautifully.

In 221B, Mrs Hudson comes through the door and looks across the room. While the workmen tidy up and John stands at the fireplace, Sherlock types onto his phone "You know where to find me." and adds underneath "SH".)

MARY (voiceover): There is a last refuge for the desperate, the unloved, the persecuted.

(Again Sherlock walks along the corridor towards the Secure Unit.

In the cell, Eurus and Sherlock play on.)

MARY (voiceover): There is a final court of appeal for everyone.

(In 221B, most of the burnt debris has been removed and workmen are now redecorating. Our boys have decided to restore the flat exactly as it was, and the wallpaper on the fireplace wall is the same as it was before. Sherlock, wearing his camel dressing gown, is standing facing the fireplace. At the sofa wall, John sprays a circle of yellow paint onto the wallpaper and then adds two dots inside near the top of the circle. He turns round and we see that the wallpaper on that wall is also the same as it was before and John has now added the smiley face to it. He looks across expectantly towards Sherlock and then walks out of the way. Sherlock, now facing into the room, raises his long-muzzled pistol, spins the chamber and then flicks it into place, then aims towards the spray-painted face and fires twice. He smiles, then lifts the muzzle and blows across the top.

The siblings' tune resolves into the familiar "Pursuit" music, now played offscreen by an ensemble of stringed instruments.

Sherlock, now wearing his blue dressing gown, stabs his knife down into an open letter on the mantelpiece. John is standing behind him and they turn as Mrs Hudson comes into the room and looks at them in exasperation. The room is now fully restored to its former glory and all the familiar items have either been repaired or replaced with identical copies.

Sherlock and Eurus play on. Without stopping, he raises his eyes to hers and she looks back at

him. For the first time, there is emotion in her eyes as she gazes at her brother. She smiles just a little and they continue their duet.

In 221B a montage of scenes roll out. Even though there is no segue between them, they clearly take place over a period of time. Sherlock, in his camel dressing gown, walks around behind the client chair. Sitting in the chair is an old-fashioned ventriloquist's dummy dressed in a black and red jacket with a white shirt and black bowtie. Its operator seems to be crouched behind the chair, as evidenced by a black-sleeved arm poking round from the back of the chair and disappearing into the dummy's back. John walks through the living room door wearing his jacket and carrying his briefcase. He frowns briefly at the scene as he goes across the room. Sitting down in his chair he looks up at a blackboard set up on an easel in front of the fireplace and frowns at the 'dancing men' figures chalked on it.)

MARY (voiceover): When life gets too strange, too impossible ...

(At the other side of the blackboard, sitting in his chair wearing his suit jacket, Sherlock frowns across the room and gets up to walk over and stand at the feet of a man lying on his back in the middle of the floor in front of the door. The man is dressed in Viking costume. His eyes are closed. John, wearing a brown cardigan, is on his knees beside the man, patting his face with one hand and peeling one eyelid open with his other thumb.)

MARY (voiceover): ... too frightening, there is always one last hope.

(Mrs Hudson comes to the living room door holding a can of air freshener. Pulling a face, she sprays the can into the air and then turns to spray another blast towards John's chair.)

MARY (voiceover): When all else fails ...

(Sitting in his chair and looking down in disgust at something grubby and possibly vomit-soaked in his hands, John – still in his brown cardigan – raises his head as Sherlock picks up Rosie and straightens up. She now has a full head of hair and is dressed in a pink top with denim short-legged dungarees over the top. Her mouth is grubby, so presumably she has just thrown up into whatever John is holding.)

MARY (voiceover): ... there are two men sitting arguing in a scruffy flat ...

(Tucking his goddaughter closely into his body with one hand, Sherlock smiles and points across the room with the other.)

SHERLOCK: Oh, there's Daddy!

(The music resolves into a fuller, slower and even more orchestral version of "Pursuit".

Sherlock waves across the room and then walks forward to hand Rosie down to John, who is kneeling on the floor and wearing a pale grey shirt. John smiles in delight as he takes hold of his daughter and kisses her cheek.)

MARY (voiceover): ... like they've always been there ...

(Nearby, Greg stands looking towards Sherlock with one hand raised to his head and a harassed look on his face. He gestures beckoningly towards him as he turns to the door.)

MARY (voiceover): ... and they always will.

(In the doorway as Greg leaves, Molly comes in smiling happily and walks across the room.)

MARY (voiceover): The best and wisest men I have ever known.

(In the cell, Sherlock smiles at his sister as he continues to duet with her. Their parents and big brother are sitting on chairs to one side of Sherlock. With her eyes lowered while she listens to her children play, their mother reaches across to take Mycroft's hand. He looks down at their hands and then turns to look at her.)

MARY (voiceover): My Baker Street boys.

(She smiles from the TV screen.)

MARY: Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

(And in slow motion Sherlock and John – our Baker Street boys – run side-by-side out of the entrance of a large stone building, identified by plaques either side of the porch as "Rathbone Place", and race off towards their next adventure.)