

A Soviet-era assembly room in a Belarussian prison. Bit like a spartan schoolroom. Lots of tables and chairs. Belarus flag in the corner.

Caption: Minsk, Belarus.

SHERLOCK - looking tired - sits opposite a shifty man in a Guantanamo-orange jumpsuit - BEZZA.

SHERLOCK

Just tell me what happened. From the beginning.

BEZZA

We'd been to a bar. Nice place. I got chatting to one of the waitresses and Karen weren't happy. So when we got back to the hotel we ended up having a ding-dong, didn't we? She was always getting at me. Saying I weren't a real man.

SHERLOCK

"I wasn't a real man".

BEZZA

What?

SHERLOCK

It's not *weren't*, it's *wasn't*.

BEZZA

Oh.

SHERLOCK

(sighs)

Go on.

BEZZA

Well, I dunno how but suddenly there was a knife in me hands. Me Dad was a butcher so I know 'ow to handle knives. He learned us how to cut up a beast -

SHERLOCK

Taught.

BEZZA

What?

SHERLOCK

He *taught* you how to cut up a beast.

BEZZA

Yeah. Well. Then I done it.

SHERLOCK

Did it.

BEZZA

Did it. Stabbed her! Over and over!
And I looked down and she weren't -

Sherlock frowns

BEZZA (CONT'D)

- wasn't moving no more -

Bigger frown

BEZZA (CONT'D)

- any more?

Sherlock nods.

BEZZA (CONT'D)

God help me. I don't know how it
happened but it was an accident. I
swear it!

He puts his head in his hands and sobs. Sherlock nods to a
stocky BELARUS POLICEMAN and gets to his feet.

BEZZA (CONT'D)

Look, you've gotta help me, Mr
Holmes. Everyone says you're the
best. Without you, I'll get hung
for this.

SHERLOCK

No, no, no Mr Bewick. Not at all.

Bezza looks reassured. Sherlock turns in the doorway.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hanged, yes.

He smiles and goes out.

CUT TO:

TITLES

CUT TO:

Three gunshots. SHERLOCK's letting fly at the wall with a revolver. He's drawn a 'smiley face' on the wall and it now has bullet holes for eyes and a mouth.

The door flies open and JOHN tumbles inside. Back from a night out.

JOHN
What the hell are you doing?!

SHERLOCK
Bored.

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Bored -

Bang!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Bored -

Bang!

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Bored. I don't know what's got into the criminal classes. It's a good job I'm not one of them.

JOHN
So you take it out on the wall?

SHERLOCK
The wall had it coming.

CUT TO:

3 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

3

A very tidy, slightly beige house.

A young man, WESTIE, and his girlfriend LUCY are watching TV.

Westie looks troubled, distracted,

LUCY
It's all right. Honestly. I know it wasn't your thing. Next time we'll watch something with zombies.

WESTIE
What? Oh. Yeah.

LUCY
 What is it, love? You've been funny
 all -

Westie gets up, goes to the window. Orange street light
 bleeds over his face.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 What's the matter? Westie?

WESTIE
 Lucy, love. I've got to go out.

LUCY
What?

WESTIE
 Got to see someone. It's important.
 Dead important.

LUCY
 You're kidding, aren't you? It's so
 late -

WESTIE
 I'll get a cab. Won't be long.

LUCY
 What? Who are you going to see?

WESTIE
 It can't wait. Sorry. Should've
 sorted it (ages ago) -

He shakes his head.

WESTIE (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

He grabs his coat then dashes back and kisses her.

WESTIE (CONT'D)
 Love you.

LUCY
 Westie!

WESTIE
 I won't be long.

And he's gone.

The front door slams. She's alone. The TV blares on.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

4

JOHN goes through into the kitchen.

JOHN
What about that Russian case?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Belarus. Open and shut domestic
murder. Not worth my time.

JOHN
Shame. Anything in? I'm starving.

He opens the fridge door.

Shoot through the back of the fridge to show -- the back of a
bloodied head! John gawps and steps away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
A head. A severed head.

SHERLOCK
Just tea for me, thanks.

JOHN
There's a head in the fridge!

SHERLOCK
Yes.

JOHN
A bloody head!

SHERLOCK
Had to put it somewhere. You don't
mind, do you? Got it from Bart's
morgue. I'm measuring the
coagulation of saliva after death.
(nods at laptop)
I see you've written up the Taxi
Driver case.

JOHN
(distracted)
Um...yeah.

He slams shut the fridge door.

SHERLOCK
'A Study in Pink'. Nice.

JOHN
Well, you know. Pink lady, pink
case, pink *phone*. There was a lot
of pink. Did you like it?

SHERLOCK

Er...no.

JOHN

Why not? I thought you'd be...flattered.

SHERLOCK

Flattered?

(reads from blog)

"Sherlock sees right through everyone and everything in seconds. What's incredible, though is how spectacularly ignorant he is about some things".

JOHN

Hang on, I didn't mean -

SHERLOCK

What, you meant "spectacularly ignorant" in a nice way? Look, it doesn't matter to me who's Prime Minister. Or who's sleeping with who -

JOHN

Or that the earth goes round the Sun?

SHERLOCK

Oh that *again*. It's not important.

JOHN

Not important! It's primary school stuff! *How* can you not know that?

SHERLOCK

If I ever did, I've deleted it.

JOHN

Deleted it?

SHERLOCK

Listen -

He jabs a bony finger to his temple.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

THIS is my hard drive. Only makes sense to put stuff in there that's useful. *Really* useful. Ordinary people fill their brains with all kinds of rubbish.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then it's impossible to get at the stuff that matters. You follow?

JOHN

But it's the Solar System - !

SHERLOCK

What the hell does that matter? So we go around the Sun! If we went round the Moon or ...round and round the garden like a teddy bear it wouldn't make any difference. All that matters is the work. Without it, *my* brain rots. Put that in your blog. Or, better still, stop inflicting your opinions on the world.

John glares at him - then heads for the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JOHN

Out!

(pointed)

I need some air.

He makes to go, almost colliding with MRS HUDSON.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, sorry, love.

JOHN

Sorry -

And he's gone. Mrs Hudson looks after his retreating back and then over to Sherlock.

MRS HUDSON

You two had a little...domestic?

Sherlock gets up and stares moodily out of the window. He watches John leave the house.

SHERLOCK

Look at that, Mrs Hudson. Quiet. Calm. Peaceful. Isn't it hateful?

MRS HUDSON

I'm sure something'll turn up, Sherlock.

(brightly)

A nice murder! That'll cheer you up.

SHERLOCK
Can't come too soon.

Mrs Hudson suddenly notices the bullet-pocked plaster.

MRS HUDSON
Oi! What have you done to my bloody
wall!

Smiling, Sherlock turns to her and --

BOOM! The empty house opposite explodes in a huge fireball!

All the windows shatter, Sherlock throws himself onto Mrs
Hudson and they dive to the floor!

CUT TO:

5 INT. SARAH'S FLAT. DAY.

5

JOHN is asleep on a sofa. He blinks awake and tries to sit
up. His neck is stiff and he groans in pain.

SARAH (O.S.)
I told you to go with the li-lo.

John tries to turn but his neck won't let him.

JOHN
Ow!

SARAH is behind the sofa holding out a mug of coffee.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No, no. It's fine. I slept fine. It
was very kind of you.

SARAH
Next time, maybe I'll let you sleep
on the end of the bed.

JOHN
And the time after that...?

Sarah smiles and snaps on the TV.

SARAH
Do you want some breakfast?

JOHN
Great.

SARAH
 (leaving)
 Mind if I shower first?

JOHN
 No, no. Go ahead. I'm in no hurry.

He's suddenly distracted by the TV. News footage of Baker Street and the ruins where the empty house used to stand.

Sound of a shower from the next room.

John's face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (calling)
 Sarah! Sarah!

He grabs his coat and rushes to the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I've got to go! Sorry.

He runs out, slams the door.

Beat.

Sarah comes back in, now in a towelling dressing gown.

SARAH
 Sorry. Couldn't hear -

But she's alone.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY.

6

Something lies slumped by the tube rails.

A SIGNALMAN comes running up.

CLOSE on WESTIE's dead face. There's matted blood across his forehead...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

7

JOHN races round the corner. He takes in the smoking ruins of the empty house opposite. Police cordon. It's crawling with forensics. Appalled, he looks over at 221b. Many windows shattered. He runs towards it--

CUT TO:

8 INT. BAKER STREET. HALL. DAY. 8

-- hurls open the door, clatters up the stairs.

JOHN
Sherlock! Are you alright??

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY. 9

He stops, framed in the doorway to the sitting room. Sitting next to SHERLOCK is MYCROFT HOLMES.

SHERLOCK
 I can't.

MYCROFT
Can't?

SHERLOCK
 It's impossible at the moment. Hi John.

JOHN
 Are you ok? I saw it on the TV -

SHERLOCK
 (distracted)
 What? Oh. Yeah. Gas leak, apparently.
 (to Mycroft)
 The stuff I've got on is too big. I just can't spare the time.

MYCROFT
 This is of national importance!

SHERLOCK
How's the diet ?

MYCROFT
Fine
Maybe you can get through to him, John.

JOHN
 What?

MYCROFT
 I'm afraid my brother can be very intransigent.

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SHERLOCK

If you're so keen, why don't *you*
investigate it?

MYCROFT

No, no, no. I can't possibly leave the office for any length of time. Not with the Korean elections so near -

He stops. Smiles sweetly.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Yes, well, you don't need to know about that, do you? Besides, a case like this. It requires...

(infinite disdain)

...leg-work.

SHERLOCK

(to John)

How's Sarah? How was the li-lo?

MYCROFT

Sofa, Sherlock. It was the sofa.

SHERLOCK

Of course.

JOHN

How - ? Never mind.

Mycroft looks searchingly at John.

MYCROFT

Sherlock's business seems to be booming since you became...pals. What's he like to live with? Hellish, I imagine?

JOHN

I'm never bored.

MYCROFT

Good! That's good, isn't it? He's a real live wire, is Sherlock. When we were children, he worked out from the angle of the car seats and a smear of lipstick in the back of the Audi that Dad was having it off with the au pair. I'm afraid Mum wasn't too pleased and that was that. Bang went our happy home.

He gazes levelly at Sherlock.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Such a clever boy, but he really should have got his priorities right. Like now.

(MORE)

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

(holds up some documents)
Andrew West. Known as "Westie" to his friends. Civil servant. Found dead on the rails at Battersea station this morning. Head smashed in.

JOHN
Jumped in front of a train?

MYCROFT
That seems the logical assumption.

JOHN
But?

MYCROFT
But?

JOHN
Well, you wouldn't be here if it was just an accident.

SHERLOCK
(tickled)
Ha!

MYCROFT
The Ministry of Defence has been working on a new missile defence system. The Bruce-Partington Program, it's called. And the plans for it were on a memory stick.

JOHN
That wasn't very clever.

MYCROFT
(withering)
It's not the only copy. But it is secret. And missing.

JOHN
(delighted)
Top secret?

MYCROFT
Very. We think West must've taken the memory stick and we can't possibly risk it falling into the wrong hands. You've got to find those plans, Sherlock. Don't make me order you.

SHERLOCK
Like to see you try.

Silence.

MYCROFT
Think it over.

Mycroft winces slightly, touches his jaw, then takes John's hand again.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
Good bye, John.
(pointed)
See you very soon.

He goes out, closing the door.

Sherlock picks up his violin and starts sawing away at it with furious energy.

JOHN
Why did you lie?

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
You've got nothing on. Not a single case. That's why the wall took a pounding. Why did you tell your brother you were busy?

SHERLOCK
Why shouldn't I?

JOHN
Oh. Sibling rivalry. *Nice*. Now we're getting somewhere. Sherlock's got a past!

Sherlock's phone rings.

SHERLOCK
(answering)
Sherlock Holmes.
(listens)
How could I refuse?

He smiles, hangs up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Lestrade. I am summoned. Coming?

JOHN
If you want me to.

SHERLOCK
 (brightening)
 Of course! I'm lost without my
 blogger!

CUT TO:

10 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. DAY.

10

LESTRADE'S bleakly modern office. Strip-lights, wilting pot plants. Lestrade is at a filing cabinet. SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

LESTRADE
 (without looking up)
 You only like the funny cases,
 don't you? The surprising ones?

SHERLOCK
 Obviously.

LESTRADE
 You're gonna love this.
 (to John)
 Hi.

JOHN
 Inspector.

LESTRADE
 That explosion.

SHERLOCK
 Gas leak, yes?

Lestrade shakes his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 No?

LESTRADE
 Made to look like one. Explosives.

JOHN
 What?

LESTRADE
 Hardly anything left of the place.
 Except a strong box. A very strong
 box. And inside it was this.

He hands an envelope across to Sherlock.

It's good quality. Cream-coloured. On it, in spidery writing:
Sherlock Holmes. By Hand.

Sherlock looks up, surprised.

SHERLOCK
You haven't opened it?

LESTRADE
Addressed to you, isn't it? We've X-
rayed it. Not booby trapped.

SHERLOCK
How reassuring.

Sherlock looks closely at the envelope.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Nice stationery. Bohemian.

LESTRADE
What?

SHERLOCK
From the Czech Republic. No finger-
prints?

LESTRADE
No.

SHERLOCK
She used a fountain pen. Parker
Duofold. Iridium nib.

JOHN
She?

SHERLOCK
Obviously.

JOHN
Obviously.

Carefully, Sherlock opens the envelope. From inside
tumbles...an iPhone. But not any old phone - the pink covered
phone from Episode One.

JOHN (CONT'D)
But that's - that's the phone, the
pink phone...

LESTRADE
What, from 'A Study in Pink'?

SHERLOCK
Well it isn't, of course, but it's
supposed to *look* like it -

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(breaks off, realises,
looks at Lestrade)
'A Study in Pink' - you read his
blog??

LESTRADE

'Course I read his blog, we all do.
Do you really not know the Earth
goes round the Sun?

A snort of laughter from a few desks away. Sherlock glances
round. SALLY DONOVAN, pretending she hasn't been listening.

SHERLOCK

(moving swiftly on)
It's not the same phone, this one's
brand new. But someone's gone to a
lot of trouble to make it *look* like
the same phone, which suggests your
blog -
(fires such a look at
John)
- has a wider readership.

He turns on the phone and, super-quick, keys in a retrieval
code.

He puts the phone on speaker mode.

PHONE VOICE

You have one new message.

They listen, rapt.

From the phone: **Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.**

JOHN

That's it?

Close on the phone: a photo is downloading.

SHERLOCK

No, that's not it.

Close on the photo: the inside of a bare, empty flat.

LESTRADE

What the hell are we supposed to
make of that? An estate agent's
photo and the bloody Greenwich
pips!

Beat.

SHERLOCK

(grave)
It's a warning.

JOHN
A warning?

Sherlock grabs the phone from Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
(realising)
Some secret societies used to send
dried Melon seeds. Orange pips.
Things like that. Five pips!
They're warning us that it's going
to happen again.
(stares at phone)
I've seen this place before!

JOHN
Hang on. *What's* going to happen
again?

SHERLOCK
(at the door)
Boom!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BAKER STREET. DAY. 11

A cab screeches to a halt outside their flat.

SHERLOCK almost flings himself out of it. Behind him, JOHN, LESTRADE. But he heads not for the front door but down the steps to the basement level.

With him --

- and we see a neglected door. On the wall next it is a grimy intercom system.

CLOSE on it: almost hidden by grime: **221c**.

On Sherlock: triumph!

CUT TO:

12 INT. BAKER STREET. OUTSIDE 221C. DAY. 12

LATER

MRS HUDSON is now with them outside the interior door of the basement flat, sorting through a bunch of keys.

MRS HUDSON

He had a look, didn't you, Sherlock, when you first came to see about the flat? I can't get anyone interested in it. The damp I expect. It's the curse of basements.

Sherlock has his face pressed to the door.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)

I had a place once, when I was first married, black mould all up the walls, it was like a weight on your chest -

SHERLOCK

Door's been opened. Recently.

MRS HUDSON

No. Can't have been. This is the only key.

Sherlock just takes the key off her, inserts it into the lock and pushes the door slowly open.

We see: a bare room. Pale daylight spills through dusty net curtains.

And in the centre of the room: a pair of battered trainers.

JOHN

Shoes?

They go in.

MRS HUDSON

Now, I've had Mr Merryman round to look at the damage -

Clunk! Sherlock shuts the door in her face.

Then he quickly examines the rest of the room, getting down onto the bare floorboards to stare at the shoes.

Suddenly -- the Pink phone starts ringing in Sherlock's hand. He answers it, putting it on speaker so the others can hear.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

And over the phone, a terrible whimpering, sniffing. A woman crying. As she speaks her voice is shaky and wracked with sobs.

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello, sexy.

SHERLOCK
Who is this?

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
I've sent you...a little
puzzle...just to say...hi.

They are all exchanging glances now. What?? Such a weird contrast between the voice and the words.

SHERLOCK
Who's talking? Are you crying?

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
I'm not crying...I'm typing.

They all look at each other. What the hell? *Typing?*

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And this stupid bitch...is reading
it out.

A real thud of realisation as they work out what's happening. Except Sherlock's eyes are shining..

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
The curtain rises...

JOHN
What?

SHERLOCK
Nothing.

JOHN
No. What do you mean?

SHERLOCK
Just that I've been expecting
something like this.

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
Twelve hours to solve my puzzle,
Sherlock. Or I'm going to be so
naughty.

And the woman starts sobbing her heart out. The sound fills the room. Lestrade and John, horrified. Sherlock - cold, bemused. And *fascinated*.

Click - end of call.

Silence in the room.

CUT TO:

13 INT. BART'S HOSPITAL. DAY.

13

SHERLOCK is minutely examining the trainers. A microscope projects images onto the wall behind him. Huge, alien-looking clusters. Pollen.

He is totally, eerily focussed on his work. John is pacing next to him, clearly still chilled by what he heard.

JOHN

Who do you suppose it was?
The woman on the phone - the crying woman?

SHERLOCK

Oh, she doesn't matter. Just a hostage. There's no lead there.

JOHN

For God's sake, I wasn't thinking about *leads*.

SHERLOCK

Then you're not going to be much use to her.

JOHN

Are they trying to trace it? Trace the call?

Sherlock's phone beeps. A text has arrived.

SHERLOCK

The bomber's too clever for that.
Pass me my phone.

JOHN

Where is it?

SHERLOCK

Jacket.

John looks round, realises - Sherlock is wearing his jacket. Used to this behaviour, John pulls Sherlock's phone from his jacket pocket.

JOHN

Text, from your brother.

SHERLOCK

Delete it.

JOHN

Delete it?

SHERLOCK

Those missile plans will be out of the country now. Nothing we can do about it.

JOHN

(looks at phone)
Mycroft thinks there is. He's texted you eight times. Must be important.

SHERLOCK

Then why didn't he cancel his dental appointment?

JOHN

His what?

SHERLOCK

Mycroft never texts if he can talk. Look, Andrew West stole the plans, tried to sell them, got his head smashed in for his pains - end of story. The only mystery is this: why is my brother so determined to bore me when someone else is being so delightfully interesting?

On John - just a little appalled at his friend.

JOHN

Yeah, try and remember there's a woman who might *die!*

SHERLOCK

What for? This hospital is full of dying people, Doctor. Go and cry at their bedsides, see what good it does them.

He changes the image on the microscope, cries out in satisfaction.

MISS HOOPER

(entering)
Any luck?

SHERLOCK

Oh yes.

Another Bart's staff member walks in. JIM, 30s, slight, pleasant-looking.

JIM

Oh. Sorry. Didn't know -

MISS HOOPER
 Jim! Hi! Come in, come in. Jim,
 this is Sherlock Holmes.

She gazes doe-eyed at Sherlock, then remembers John.

MISS HOOPER (CONT'D)
 And - Oh ...er...sorry.

JOHN
 John Watson. Hi.

JIM
 Hi.
 (to Sherlock)
 So you're Sherlock Holmes. Molly's
 told me all about you. Are you on
 one of your cases?

Sherlock doesn't even look up.

MISS HOOPER
 Jim works in IT upstairs. That's
 how we met. Office romance!

Sherlock glances up at Jim, briefly.

SHERLOCK
 (sotto)
 Gay.

MISS HOOPER
 ...sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
 Nothing. Um. Hey.
 (unconvincing)
 Hey!

Jim knocks into a kidney-dish which clatters to the floor.

JIM
 Sorry. *Sorry.*

He hands the dish back to Sherlock. Sherlock glances inside,
 then looks up, twinkling a little.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Well, I'd better be off. See you at
 the Fox? Sixish?

MISS HOOPER
 Yeah.

JIM
 Bye, then. Nice to meet you.

JOHN

You too.

JIM goes out, smiling.

MISS HOOPER

What do you mean, gay? We're
together.

SHERLOCK

And domestic bliss must suit you,
Molly. You've put on three pounds
since I last saw you.

MISS HOOPER

(mortified)
Two and a half!

JOHN

Sherlock...

MISS HOOPER

He's not gay! Why do you have to
spoil - He's *not!*

SHERLOCK

With that level of personal
grooming?

JOHN

What? A bit of product in his hair?
I put product in my hair.

SHERLOCK

You *wash* your hair. There's a
difference. No, no. Tinted
eyelashes, clear signs of taurine
cream around the frown lines and
those tired, clubber's eyes. Then
there's his underwear.

MISS HOOPER

His underwear?

SHERLOCK

Visible above his waist. Very
visible. Very particular brand.
That plus the extremely suggestive
fact that he just dropped his phone
number in this dish and I'd say
you'd better spare yourself the
pain and break it off now.

Miss Hooper bursts into tears and runs out of the room.

JOHN
Charming. Well done.

SHERLOCK
Just saving her time. Isn't that kinder?

JOHN
Kinder? No, Sherlock. That wasn't kind.

He looks anxiously at his watch. SHERLOCK chucks the trainers across to him.

SHERLOCK
Go on, then.

JOHN
Eh?

SHERLOCK
You know what I do. Off you go.

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Go on.

JOHN
No! I'm not going to sit here so you can humiliate -

SHERLOCK
An outside eye. A second opinion. It's very useful to me.

John shoots him a look.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Really.

John shrugs. Accepts.

JOHN
They're just a pair of shoes.
(corrects himself)
Trainers.

SHERLOCK
Good.

John turns them over in his hands. Sherlock starts tapping away on his PDA.

JOHN
Well, they're in good nick. I'd say they were pretty new but -
(examining soles)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

- the soles are well-worn so the owner has had them for a while.

SHERLOCK

Yup.

JOHN

(warming to his theme)

Very 80s. Probably one of those retro designs.

SHERLOCK

You're on sparkling form! What else?

JOHN

They're pretty big but -

Sherlock gives an encouraging smile to John. John suddenly beams. Holds out the shoe. We see a completely blurred, felt-tipped name.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's traces of a name inside! In felt tip. Grown-ups don't put their names in their shoes. They belonged to a kid.

SHERLOCK

(sincerely)

Excellent. What else?

JOHN

That's it.

SHERLOCK

That's it?

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

JOHN
How did I do?

SHERLOCK
Really well, John. *Really* well.

John beams.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I mean you've missed almost everything of importance but, you know...

Sherlock takes the trainers from him and his gaze flicks over them.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The owner *loved* these. Scrubbed them clean, whitened them where they've got discoloured and changed the laces three...no, four times. Even so, there're traces of flaky skin where his fingers have come into contact with them. So he suffered from eczema. The trainers are well-worn but much more so on the inner side. Which means the owner had weak arches.

He sniffs the shoes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
British made. And twenty years old.

JOHN
Twenty years - ?

SHERLOCK
Not retro. They're original.

He flashes his PDA.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Limited edition. Two blue stripes. 1989.

JOHN
But they've still got mud on them. They look new.

SHERLOCK

(darkly)

Someone's kept them that way.
Quite a bit of mud caked on the
soles. Analysis shows it's from
Sussex but with London mud
overlying it.

JOHN

How do you know?

SHERLOCK

(gestures at microscope
image)

Pollen. Clear as a map reference to
me. South of the river too. So the
child who owned these trainers came
to London from Sussex twenty years
ago and left them behind.

JOHN

So what happened to them?

SHERLOCK

Something bad. He loved these
shoes, remember? Wouldn't leave
them filthy. Wouldn't let them go
unless he had no choice. So kid
with big feet gets - oh!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

(pole-axed)
Carl Powers!

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK
Carl Powers! John....

JOHN
 What is it?

Beat.

SHERLOCK
 It's where I began.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CAB. DAY.

14

CLOSE on SHERLOCK's phone.

A page from an old newspaper. 'Tragic Carl died "doing what he loved"'

Under it, a photo of a cheerful-looking twelve year old boy.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are in the back of a cab.

SHERLOCK
 1989. Young kid, champion swimmer, came up from Brighton for a school sports tournament, drowned in the pool. Tragic accident. You won't remember it. Why should you?

JOHN
 But *you* remember?

SHERLOCK
 Yes.

JOHN
 There was something fishy about it?

SHERLOCK
 Nobody thought so. Nobody except me. I was only a child myself. I read about it in the paper.

JOHN
 Started young, didn't you?

SHERLOCK
 The boy Carl Powers had some sort of fit in the water. By the time they got him out, it was too late.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But there was something wrong.
Something I couldn't get out of my
head.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

His shoes.

JOHN

What about them?

SHERLOCK

They weren't there. I made a bit of
a fuss. Tried to get the police
interested. But no-one thought it
was important. He'd left all the
rest of his clothes in his locker,
you see. But there was no sign of
his shoes.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Until now.

CUT TO:

15

INT. BAKER STREET. KITCHEN-LAB. NIGHT.

15

Track across the steel draining board of the flat's ex-
kitchen sink. The trainers are in bits, sliced up by the
scalpel that gleams next to them.

String has been pinned up from corner to corner and bits of
the trainers hang from them like photos in a dark-room.

SHERLOCK is poring over police documents.

JOHN pops his head through the plastic-strip curtain.

JOHN

Can I help? I want to help. There's
only five hours left.

His mobile pings. John glances at it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mycroft. He's texting *me* now.

(sighs)

How does he know my - ?

SHERLOCK

Must be a root canal.

JOHN
He did say "national importance".

SHERLOCK
How quaint.

JOHN
What is?

SHERLOCK
You are. "Queen and Country".

JOHN
You can't just ignore it!

SHERLOCK
I'm not ignoring it. I'm putting my
best man onto it right now.

JOHN
Ok. Good. Who's that?

CUT TO:

16 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

16

A slightly seedy Whitehall office. Portrait of the Queen hangs on the dingey wall. JOHN sits by the door. He looks a bit nervous.

The door opens and MYCROFT comes in, head buried in a file.

MYCROFT
John! How nice. I was hoping it
wouldn't be long. How can I help
you?

JOHN
I wanted to...um....Your brother
sent me to collect some more facts.
About the stolen plans. The missile
plans.

MYCROFT
(sweetly)
Did he?

John avoids his gaze.

JOHN
Yes. He's...investigating now.
Investigating away! Just wanted to
know what else you could tell us
about the dead man.

MYCROFT

Twenty seven. A clerk at Vauxhall Cross. He was last seen by his girlfriend at nine thirty on Monday night. They'd been watching a film at home.

CUT TO:

FLASH!

17 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 17
WESTIE staring out of the window.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 18

MYCROFT

He suddenly left her without explanation.

JOHN

He was found at Battersea, yes? So he got on the tube?

MYCROFT

No.

Mycroft touches his jaw. Winces a little.

JOHN

What?

MYCROFT

He had an Oyster card but it hadn't been used.

JOHN

Must've bought a ticket.

MYCROFT

There was no ticket on the body.

JOHN

Then - ?

MYCROFT

Then how did he come to end up with a bashed-in brain on the tracks at Battersea? That is the question. The one I was hoping Sherlock would provide an answer to. How's he getting on?

JOHN
 He's...fine. It's going well. He's
 completely focused on it.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BAKER STREET. KITCHEN-LAB. NIGHT.

19

SHERLOCK is bent over a microscope. Three cups of cold tea stand next to him.

MRS HUDSON (O.S.)
 Don't know why I bother.

Sherlock doesn't look up from the microscope. MRS HUDSON comes into view with a fresh cup on a tray.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)
 I'm not your housekeeper.

Sherlock suddenly sits back, eyes glittering with triumph.

SHERLOCK
 Poison.

MRS HUDSON
 (softening)
 I know. It's the caffeine. How
 about Camomile?

SHERLOCK
 Clever. *Clever.*

MRS HUDSON
 What are you on about?

JOHN enters. Sherlock looks up, thrilled.

SHERLOCK
Clostridium botulinum. One of the
 deadliest poisons on earth!

MRS HUDSON
 (to John)
 How about you, love? Do you want
 his tea?

Sherlock looks at Mrs Hudson, as though noticing her for the first time --

SHERLOCK
 Out! Out! Out!

-- and shoos her out of the room.

JOHN
 What? Carl Powers was *murdered*?

Sherlock dashes to his lap-top, calls up his own website.

SHERLOCK

Remember the shoe-laces? The boy suffered from eczema. It would be the easiest thing in the world to introduce the poison into his medication. A few hours later he came up to London for the swimming competition, the poison took effect, paralysed the muscles and he drowned.

JOHN

How come the autopsy didn't - ?

SHERLOCK

Virtually undetectable. And no-one would've been looking for it.

(excited)

But there were tiny traces still inside the trainers. From where he'd rubbed the cream into his feet. That's why they had to go!

JOHN

So how do we let the bomber know?

SHERLOCK

We get his attention.

He finishes typing, sits back and reads.

Close on laptop: On it he's blogged - **'FOUND. Pair of trainers belonging to Carl Powers (1978- 1989). Botulinim toxin still present. Apply 221b Baker St'**.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Stop the clock.

JOHN

The killer's kept the shoes? All these years?

SHERLOCK

Yes. Meaning -

JOHN

He's our bomber.

The pink iPhone chimes.

Sherlock and John exchange glances. Then Sherlock rapidly puts the phone on speaker.

CRYING WOMAN (V.O.)
Well...done you. Come...and get me.
 (suddenly desperate)
Help me! For God's sake, please
help me!

SHERLOCK
 (to phone)
 Where are you? Tell us where you
 are!!

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

20 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

20

Reveal: a woman tied to a chair, a phone in her hand, what
 looks like a pager in the other --

- and she's festooned in explosives, like a suicide bomber.

A tiny red light from a sniper's rifle bobs over her.

Blue lights flash over her face. The wail of sirens. The roar
 of cars screeching to a halt outside.

On living room door as it is smashed open by the police.

A POLICEMAN, in the doorway, stares -

- then starts forward -

CRYING WOMAN
 Stay back, stay back!

Then the policeman sees it.

Close on: the tiny red light of a laser sight on one of the
 explosives. The beam shines through the window.

A moment of horror -

- then the light winks out.

On policeman: relief.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. DAY.

21

On the pager and mobile phone, lying on a desk - the ones taken from the crying woman.

LESTRADE

She lives in Cornwall. Two men broke in. Wearing masks. Decked her out in enough explosive to take down the house and told her to phone you.

Sherlock and John are there. Sherlock is examining the pager and mobile, fascinated.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

(indicating pager)

She had to read out from this.

SHERLOCK

And if she'd deviated by one word, the sniper would've set her off.

JOHN

Or if you hadn't solved the case.

SHERLOCK

Oh! Elegant!

JOHN

Elegant?

LESTRADE

But what was the point? Why would anyone do this?

SHERLOCK

Well...I can't be the only person in the world who gets bored.

The pink iPhone chimes! Sherlock rapidly keys in the retrieval code.

PHONE VOICE (SPEAKER)

You have one new message.

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

JOHN

Four pips!

SHERLOCK

(brightly)

First test passed, it seems. Here's the second one.

A picture appears. A flashy sports-car, with all its doors wide open.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Abandoned, wouldn't you say?

LESTRADE
I'll see if it's been reported.

But even as he's grabbing his phone, Sally is calling over from the desk.

SALLY
Freak!

Sherlock turns. Sally is holding out her phone, looking a little bemused.

SALLY (CONT'D)
It's for you.

On Sherlock as he takes the phone.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
(tight, scared voice)
It's ok...that you've gone to the police...

SHERLOCK
Who is this? Is this you again?

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
...but don't rely on them. Clever you. Guessing about Carl Powers. I never liked him. I had a little theory. About asteroids. Carl laughed at me. So I stopped him laughing.

SHERLOCK
And you've stolen another voice, I presume.

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
...this is about you and me.

SHERLOCK
Who are you?
(frowns, listening - lots of background noise)
What's that noise?

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. DAY.

22

Close on the laser sight bobbing on a man's coat. Pulling back. A terrified YOUNG MAN, wearing an improbably bulky coat (explosives underneath) and we now see he holds a mobile and a pager, just like the Crying Woman. As we pull out, we see that he is standing, utterly terrified, on a busy street corner in a crush of people, bustling by. Some brush past him.

SCARED MAN

The sounds...of life...Sherlock.
But don't worry...I can soon fix
that.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. DAY.

23

On Sherlock, listening to this, urgent, focussed.

SCARED MAN (V.O.)

You solved my last puzzle in nine
hours. This time you have eight.

The phone goes dead in Sherlock's ear. He hangs up, solemn, troubled.

Phone rings again.

LESTRADE

(answering)

Yeah?

(listens, looks to
Sherlock)

We've found it!

CUT TO:

24 EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY.

24

The sports-car is surrounded by a police cordon. SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE, SALLY DONOVAN.

LESTRADE

The car was hired yesterday morning
by an Ian Monkford. Banker of some
kind. City boy. Paid in cash. He
told his wife he was going away on
a business trip. He never arrived.

Sherlock peers in through the wide open back door of the car.
The back seat is covered in blood.

SALLY
 (sotto, to John)
 You're still hanging around him.

JOHN
 Yeah. Well.

SALLY
 (shrugs)
 Opposites attract, I suppose.

JOHN
 What? We're not -

SALLY
 (over him)
 You should get yourself a hobby.
 Stamps, maybe. Model trains. *Safer.*

LESTRADE
 (to Sherlock)
 Before you ask. Yes. It's
 Mulcaster's blood. DNA checks out.

Sherlock emerges from the car. He's holding a business card.

SHERLOCK
 But no body?

SALLY
 Not yet.

Sherlock marches off. John - with an apologetic nod at Sally - starts to follow. Sherlock notices a distressed-looking woman standing close by with a WPC.

SHERLOCK
 (approaching)
 Mrs Monkford?

MRS MONKFORD (30s, pretty) turns. Right now she looks tired, drawn.

MRS MONKFORD
 Yes? Listen, sorry, I've already
 spoken to two policemen...

JOHN
 We're not the police, we're -

SHERLOCK
 Sherlock Holmes. Very old friend of
 your husband's. We grew up
 together.

On John: wha - ?

MRS MONKFORD

I'm sorry, who? I don't think he ever mentioned you -

SHERLOCK

Oh he must have. God, this is horrible, isn't it? Can't believe it. Only saw him the other day. Same old Ian, not a care in the world.

MRS MONKFORD

(getting cross now)

Sorry, but my husband's been depressed for *months*. Who are you??

SHERLOCK

Really strange that he *hired* a car, though, why would he do that? Bit suspicious.

MRS MONKFORD

No it isn't. He forgot to renew the tax on the car, that's all.

SHERLOCK

Well, that's Ian for you, isn't it - that was him all over!

MRS MONKFORD

No it wasn't.

SHERLOCK

(dropping all pretence)

Wasn't it? *Interesting*.

And he turns and starts heading away.

MRS MONKFORD

(rounding on WPC)

Who was that? Who was I talking to?

On Sherlock, striding away. John, catching up with him.

JOHN

Why did you lie to her?

SHERLOCK

People don't like telling you things. But they *love* to contradict you. Past tense - did you notice?

JOHN
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
I referred to her husband in the past tense and then she joined in. Bit premature, they only just found the car.

JOHN
What, you think she killed her husband?

SHERLOCK
Definitely not. That's not a mistake a murderer would make.

JOHN
I see. No, I don't. What am I seeing?

SALLY
(calling)
Fishing! Try fishing.

JOHN
I'll think about it!
(to Sherlock)
Where now?

Sherlock holds out the business card. It reads: **Janus Cars.**

CUT TO:

25 INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.

25

A well-appointed ground floor office. Lots of windows.

SHERLOCK and JOHN sit opposite a flashily dressed, tanned man, EWART. The wall behind him is covered in pictures of cars.

EWART
Can't see how I can help, gentlemen.

JOHN
(looking at notes)
Mr Monkford hired the car from you yesterday.

EWART
Yup. Lovely motor. Nissan 350Z. Wouldn't mind one of them myself.

Sherlock points at some pictures low down on the wall.

SHERLOCK

Is that one?

Ewart turns in his swivel chair, bends low.

EWART

Nah. They're all Jags. I can see you're not a car man.

SHERLOCK

Surely you can afford one? A Nissan, I mean.

EWART

Fair point! But, you know how it is. It's like working in a sweet shop. Once you start picking at the Liquorice Allsorts, where does it stop?

He scratches his upper arm.

JOHN

You didn't know Mr Monkford?

EWART

No.

(shrugs)

He was just a client. Walked in here and hired one of my cars. I've no idea what happened to him, poor sod.

SHERLOCK

Nice holiday, Mr Ewart?

EWART

Eh?

SHERLOCK

You've been abroad, haven't you?

EWART

(of his tan)

This, you mean? Nah. Sunbeds, I'm afraid. Too busy to get away. My wife'd love it, though. Bit of sun.

Sherlock just nods, then suddenly brightens.

SHERLOCK

D'you have change for the fag machine?

EWART

What?

SHERLOCK

I noticed there was one on the way in and I'm out of change. I'm gasping. Here.

He proffers a tenner.

Ewart gets out his wallet and rifles inside.

EWART

Nah. Sorry.

SHERLOCK

Not to worry. Well, thanks for your time, Mr Ewart. You've been very helpful.

EWART

What do you reckon happened to him, then? Gang stuff, was it? A drive-by?

SHERLOCK

Something like that, I'm sure. Come on, John.

They leave.

CUT TO:

26 INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

26

They pass the cigarette machine.

JOHN

I've got change if you still -

SHERLOCK

Nicotine patches, remember. I'm doing well.

JOHN

Then what was all that about?

SHERLOCK

I needed a look in his wallet.

JOHN

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because Mr Ewart is a liar.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY. 27

SHERLOCK is crouched in the back of the hire-car. He stares intently at the blood-stained back seat then opens a bag containing rows of tiny glass bottles and selects one. In it is a colourless liquid with a pipette in the lid. He drops a tiny quantity of the stuff onto the blood-stain.

A phone ringing. He glances round. It's the pink iPhone. Reaches for it.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

CUT TO:

28 EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. DAY. 28

The SCARED MAN, phone and pager in hand. The Laser sight still bobbing on his coat.

SCARED MAN

The clue's in the name. Janus Cars.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY. 29

Inter-cut as required.

SHERLOCK

And why would you be giving me a clue?

SCARED MAN

Why does anyone do anything?
Because I'm bored.

On Sherlock - that's so familiar.

Flashback: the bullets smashing into the wall of 221b's sitting room. The smiling face.

SCARED MAN (CONT'D)

We were made for each other,
Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Then talk to me with your own
voice.

SCARED MAN

Patience.

The line goes dead.

On Sherlock - so intrigued. He can't help smiling a little which turns into a beaming grin at something he sees.

Close on the blood-stain. The wetness from the pipette widens turning into a wipe --

CUT TO:

30 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY. 30

-- and it's the same car, later.

SHERLOCK
How much blood is on the seat,
would you say?

He bobs back out of the car. LESTRADE and JOHN are there.

LESTRADE
How much? About a pint.

SHERLOCK
Not about. *Exactly* a pint. That was
their first mistake.
The blood is definitely Monkford's.
But it's been frozen.

LESTRADE
Frozen?

SHERLOCK
There are clear signs. I think
Monkford gave a pint of his blood
some time ago. And that's what they
spread all over the seat.

JOHN
Who did?

SHERLOCK
Janus Cars. The clue's in the name.

JOHN
The God with two faces.

SHERLOCK
Exactly. They provide a very
special service. If you've got
problems. Money troubles. Bad
marriage. Whatever. Janus Cars will
help you *disappear*. Ian Monkford
was up to his eyes in some kind of
trouble - financial at a guess,
he's a banker.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Couldn't see a way out. But if he were to vanish. If the car he hired was found abandoned with his blood all over the back seat...

JOHN

So where is he?

SHERLOCK

Colombia.

LESTRADE

Colombia?

SHERLOCK

Mr Ewart of Janus Cars had a Twenty thousand Colombian peso note in his wallet and quite a bit of change too.

CUT TO:

31 INT. SMART OFFICE. DAY.

31

Flashback to EWART's wallet as he rifles through it.

Perhaps see Sherlock totally isolated in the room, all other details bleached out. He sees only Ewart's wallet.

Zoom super-close on Ewart's fingers flicking through bank-notes. Two tenners. A twenty and --

-- the Colombian money.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

He told us he hadn't been abroad recently but when I asked him about the cars...

Ewart turns in his chair, bends low.

Close on the back of his neck. It is deeply tanned but then there's a clear white line visible some way down.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...I could clearly see the tan-line. No-one wears a shirt on a sun-bed. That plus his arm...

CUT TO:

32 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY.

32

LESTRADE

His arm?

SHERLOCK

He kept scratching it. Obviously irritating him. And bleeding.

In the isolated flashback, Sherlock cocks his head, narrows his eyes, sees only Ewart scratching his upper arm.

Super-close: a tiny blood-stain on the cloth of his shirt.

SHERLOCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why? Because he's recently had a booster jab. Hep B, probably. Hard to tell at that distance.

CUT TO:

33 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. CAR-POUND. DAY.

33

SHERLOCK

Conclusion: he's just come back from settling Ian Monkford into his new life in Colombia. Mrs Monkford eventually cashes in the life insurance and she splits it with Janus Cars.

JOHN

Mrs Monkford?

SHERLOCK

Oh yes. She's in on it too. Now go and arrest them, Inspector. That's what you do best. We need to let our friendly bomber know that the case is solved!

Sherlock looks at his watch.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I am on fire!

CUT TO:

34 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

34

Close on a computer screen, Sherlock tapping away, fast.

Congratulations to Ian Monkford on his relocation to Colombia.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 35

Sherlock, John, Lestrade - waiting. The pink iPhone rings, Sherlock snatches it up.

SCARED MAN (V.O.)
*He says...you can...come and fetch
 me. Help! Help me please!!*

CUT TO:

36 EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. NIGHT. 36

The Scared Man, standing there, sagging with tiredness and relief. Police cars are screeching up to him...

CUT TO:

37 INT. CAFE. DAY. 37

Bleary morning.

A proper greasy spoon. Plastic ketchup tomatoes, smeary menus, truck drivers. Lovely grub. A battered TV on a shelf, sound turned down, is showing bland daytime TV.

JOHN is shovelling bacon into his face. SHERLOCK sits opposite, anxiously biting his nails. The pink iPhone is on the table in front of them.

SHERLOCK
 (of the food)
 Feeling better?

JOHN
 (through his food)
 Mm! Christ, we haven't stopped for
 breath since this thing started.

He eats on.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Has it occurred to you -

SHERLOCK
 Probably.

JOHN
 The bomber's playing a game with
 you. The envelope. Breaking into
 the other flat. The dead kid's
 shoes. It's all meant for you.

SHERLOCK
 (small smile)
 Yes. I know.

JOHN
 So? What you talked to Lestrade
 about. Is it...them?

SHERLOCK
Them?

JOHN
 This...organization. Crime Ltd...
 Whatever!
 (sotto)
Moriarty.

SHERLOCK
 Perhaps.

The iPhone beeps. Sherlock and John exchange glances.

PHONE VOICE
You have one new message.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Close on the phone as another picture appears. A hard-faced, middle-aged woman with heavily mascara-covered eyes.

Sherlock and John stare at it.

SHERLOCK
 Could be anyone.

JOHN
 Could be. Lucky for you, I've been
 more than a little unemployed.

SHERLOCK
 What do you mean?

JOHN
 Lucky for you that Mrs Hudson and I
 watch far too much telly.

He gets up and picks up the grubby TV remote. Flicks through the channels. Sherlock, puzzled, is making to follow when -

- the pink iPhone rings.

SHERLOCK
 Hello?

OLD LADY (V.O.)
 (tremulous)
 This one...is a bit...defective.
 Sorry...she's...blind.

CUT TO:

38 INT. OLD LADY'S HOUSE. DAY.

38

Pulling out from an earpiece plugged into the ear of -
 - a little old lady, propped up in bed. Like the others,
 festooned in explosives with a little laser sight bobbing
 over her. She's crying, scared to death. And Welsh.

OLD LADY
 (reciting what's said in
 her ear)
 This is...a fun...one. I'll give
 you...twelve hours...

CUT TO:

39 INT. CAFE. DAY.

39

SHERLOCK
 Why are you doing this?

OLD LADY (V.O.)
 I like...to watch you...dance.

The line goes dead in Sherlock's ear. He glances over at
 John.

He's found what he was looking for. A news channel with the
 same, hard-faced woman prominent on the screen. Under the
 photo a running strap-line" "Make-over queen Connie Prince
 dead at 48". A clip of a 'Ten Years Younger' type show with
 Connie supervising a make-over for a plump, vaguely camp man,
 KENNY.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)
*There's really only one thing we
 can do with that ensemble, don't
 you think?*

An unseen audience start baying 'Off! Off! Off!'

Kenny grins long-sufferingly as Connie starts to pull down
 his trousers.

CUT TO:

40

INT. MORGUE. DAY.

40

Connie Prince lies prone on the morgue slab. SHERLOCK and JOHN are with LESTRADE.

LESTRADE

(reading)

Connie Prince. 48. Had one of those make-over shows on the telly.

Lestrade looks at a file and is impressed by the figures.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Very popular. She was going places.

SHERLOCK

Not any more. So, dead two days. According to one of her staff - Raoul de Santos - she cut her hand on a rusty nail in the garden.

CLOSE: Connie Prince's hand. There's a deep cut between her fingers.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Nasty wound. Tetanus bacteria enters the bloodstream. Good night, Vienna.

JOHN

'Suppose.

SHERLOCK

So...what's wrong with this picture?

LESTRADE

Eh?

Further up Connie's arm, there's a scratch, very faint. Sherlock glances at this.

SHERLOCK

Can't be as simple as it seems or the bomber wouldn't be directing us towards it. Something's wrong.

He gets out a magnifying lens and quickly examines the scratch. Then suddenly he moves up to Connie's face and passes the lens over her forehead.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

John. That cut on her hand. Would have bled a lot, wouldn't it?

JOHN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

But the wound is clean. Very clean.
And fresh. How long would the
bacteria have been incubating
inside her?

JOHN

Um - eight...ten days.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(revelation)

The cut was made later?

LESTRADE

After she was dead?

SHERLOCK

Has to have been.
So, question is, how did the
tetanus get into the dead woman's
system?

(to John)

You want to help, right?

JOHN

Of course.

SHERLOCK

Connie Prince's background. Family
history. Everything. Give me data.

JOHN

(leaving)

Right.

John goes out.

LESTRADE

There's something else we haven't
thought of.

SHERLOCK

Is there?

LESTRADE

Yes. Why is he doing this? The
bomber. If this woman's death
was...suspicious, why point it up?

SHERLOCK

Good Samaritan?

LESTRADE
Who press-gangs suicide bombers?

SHERLOCK
(shrugs)
Bad Samaritan?

LESTRADE
I'm serious, Sherlock! Listen, I'm cutting you slack here. I'm trusting! But out there, somewhere, there's some poor bastard covered in Semtex waiting for you to solve a puzzle. Just tell me something! What is this, what are we dealing with?

On Sherlock: thoughtful and, more disturbingly, *inspired*.

SHERLOCK
Something new.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. MANSION. DAY. 41

A millionaire's row mansion in Hampstead. Massive, tasteless.

KENNY (O.S.)
We're devastated. Of course we are.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MANSION. DAY. 42

KENNY, from the TV clip, is ushering JOHN into a seat. A Hispanic houseboy, RAOUL hovers close by.

RAOUL
Can I get you anything, sir?

JOHN
Hm? Oh. No. No thanks.

Raoul melts away.

KENNY
Raoul's my rock. I don't think I could've managed -

He becomes a little weepy. John smiles sympathetically.

One of those skinny, furless cats is entwining itself around his feet.

KENNY (CONT'D)

We didn't always see eye to eye,
but my sister was very dear to me.

JOHN

And to...to the public, Mr Prince.

KENNY

Oh, she was adored! I've seen her
take girls that looked like the
back ends of Route-masters and turn
them into princesses. Still, it's a
relief, in a way, to know she's
beyond this vale of tears.

JOHN

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

43

Track across various things pinned to the wall. The bomber's
hand-written envelope. Photos of Carl Powers. The Crying
Woman. Ian Monkford's abandoned car. The Terrified Man.

Below this is a map of the London Underground and reams of
Sherlock's hand-written notes.

End on MRS HUDSON, shifting a nest of tables to cover the
smiley face shot into the wall.

SHERLOCK, LESTRADE back in the flat too.

Sherlock is tapping away madly at his laptop and cradling his
phone under one ear.

SHERLOCK

(on phone)

Great. Thanks. Thanks again.

Mrs Hudson glances over at a morgue photo of Connie Prince.

MRS HUDSON

It's a real shame. I liked her. She
taught you how to do your colours.

LESTRADE

Colours?

MRS HUDSON

You know, what goes best with what.
I should never wear cerise,
apparently. Drains me.

Sherlock hangs up.

LESTRADE

Who was that?

SHERLOCK

Home Office.

LESTRADE

Home Office?

SHERLOCK

Well...Home *Secretary*. Owes me a
favour.

MRS HUDSON

(of the photo)

Pretty girl. Messed about with
herself too much. They all do these
days. People can hardly move their
faces. Silly, isn't it? Did you
ever see her show?

SHERLOCK

Not until now.

On the screen: Another clip from Connie's show. KENNY is on
too, dressed doddily. Connie pulls a face.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)

*I really don't know where Kenny
shops, do you?*

KENNY (ON SCREEN)

I try, Connie. I try.

CONNIE (ON SCREEN)

*Didn't know there was an Oxfam in
Bishop's Avenue!*

Audience laughter.

MRS HUDSON

That's the brother. No love lost
there, if you can believe the
papers.

Sherlock hits a key. Lots of pop-up windows appear.

SHERLOCK

So I gather. I'm having a very fruitful chat with people who *love* this show. Fan sites. Indispensable for gossip.

An instant message appears with a photo. A smiling Connie with the skinny, furless cat.

CUT TO:

44 INT. MANSION. DAY.

44

JOHN

It's more common than people think. Tetanus is in the soil. People cut themselves on rose bushes, garden forks that sort of thing. Left untreated...

KENNY

(nods)

Don't know what I'll do now. I mean, she's left me this place which is lovely but it's not the same without her...

JOHN

That's why my paper wanted to get the full story straight from the horse's mouth. You're sure it's not too soon...?

KENNY

Oh no. You fire away.

The cat settles onto John's lap. He tickles its ears, smiles sympathetically.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

45

SHERLOCK is at the photo wall.

SHERLOCK

Connection, connection, connection. There must be a connection! Carl Powers was murdered twenty years ago. And the bomber knew him. He admitted he knew him...

LESTRADE

We should check. His school records. Everything -

SHERLOCK
I'm already on it.

Back to the photo wall.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The bomber's phone was inside
stationery from the Czech Republic.
The first hostage was in Cornwall.
The second one in London. The third
one, Wales, at least by the sound
of her accent. What's he doing?
Working his way round the world?
Showing off?

The pink iPhone is ringing! Sherlock freezes, answer it.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
You're enjoying this...aren't you?
Joining the ...dots?

On Sherlock. Not answering.

OLD LADY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll take that...as a yes. Three
hours...boom boom.

The phone goes dead.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BAKER STREET. STAIRS. DAY.

46

SHERLOCK is leaving the flat, half way into his coat.
LESTRADE is already on the stair. Sherlock's own phone rings.
Inter-cut with John in the mansion.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

JOHN (V.O.)
It's me. Look, get over here.
Quickly. I think I'm onto
something.

SHERLOCK
You are?

JOHN (V.O.)
Yes. You'll need to pick some stuff
up first. You got a pen?

SHERLOCK
I'll remember.

CUT TO:

47

INT. MANSION. DAY.

47

RAOUL brings in tea on a tray.

KENNY

Thank you, Raoul.

The cat winds itself round Raoul's ankles.

KENNY (CONT'D)

So will he be long, your
photographer? I don't want to be
rude but you'll have to be quick.
I've got the funeral to arrange and
all sorts...

JOHN

Of course, of course. It'd be an
interesting angle, that's all.
"Connie's brother re-builds life
after tragedy".

KENNY

Oh yes. I like that.

Doorbells rings.

RAOUL

Excuse me.

JOHN

That'll be him.

Raoul shows Sherlock in. He's carrying a lot of bulky camera
equipment.

SHERLOCK

Hi! Mr Prince, isn't it? Good to
meet you. Very sorry about -

KENNY

Thank you. You're very kind.

He goes to a mirror. Starts to preen himself.

John tugs at Sherlock's sleeve. He's bursting with
excitement.

JOHN

(sotto)

You were right. The bacteria got
into her another way!

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

Yes?

JOHN
 (sotto)
 Yes!

John picks up the camera.

KENNY
 All set?

JOHN
 Um...yes.

He nods towards a light meter. Sherlock picks it up, uncertainly. John goes right up to Kenny with his camera and zooms in on him.

KENNY
 Not too close. I'm raw from crying.

JOHN
 Right. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
 Hm?

JOHN
 Need a light reading.

SHERLOCK
 Oh. Erm...

He sets off the flash. Kenny blinks.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Um...2.8.

JOHN
 Right.

John fiddles clumsily with the camera. Another flash.

KENNY
 (blinks)
 Look, will this take long?

JOHN
 Half an hour, tops.

The cat wanders in.

SHERLOCK
 Oh, who's this?

KENNY
 This is Sekhmet. Named after the
 Egyptian goddess.

SHERLOCK

How nice.

He strokes the cat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Was she Connie's?

KENNY

Yes. Little pressie from yours truly. Connie's life was...very busy. Didn't leave much room for personal things. So I got her Sekhmet to keep her company.

He scoops up the cat.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Didn't I, puss?

John turns suddenly to Sherlock, beaming.

JOHN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Yes?

JOHN

Light reading!

He grabs the flash gun from Sherlock and fires it off right in Kenny's face. Kenny is blinded and the cat jumps from his arms. In a second, John is on the floor, his face pressed close to the cat!

KENNY

Bloody hell! What do you think you're playing at?

SHERLOCK

Sorry! *Sorry!*

KENNY

You're like Laurel and bloody Hardy, you two! What's going on?

JOHN

That's all right. I think we've got what we came for.

KENNY

Eh?

JOHN

Come on, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

We have a deadline.

KENNY

But you've not taken anything!

But John is already out of the door.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. STREET. DAY.

48

JOHN hurries away from the house, laughing.

JOHN

Yes! Yes!

He almost punches the air. SHERLOCK smiles kindly.

SHERLOCK

You think it was the cat. It wasn't the cat.

JOHN

What? No! Yes! It is! It must be. That's how he got the tetanus into her system! Its paws stink of disinfectant.

SHERLOCK

It's a lovely idea -

JOHN

He coated it onto the claws of her cat! It's a new pet. Bound to be a bit jumpy around her. A scratch was almost inevitable. But she'd never pay much attention to it and -

SHERLOCK

I thought of it as soon as I saw that scratch on her arm. But it's too random. And too clever for the brother.

JOHN

He murdered his sister for her money!

SHERLOCK

Did he?

JOHN
 (face falls)
 Didn't he?

SHERLOCK
 No. It was revenge.

JOHN
 Revenge? Who wanted revenge?

SHERLOCK
 Raoul. The houseboy. Kenny Prince was the butt of his sister's jokes, week in, week out. Virtually a bullying campaign. Finally, they fell out. Badly. It's all on the fan sites. She was going to disinherit Kenny. Raoul had grown used to a certain standard of living, so...

JOHN
 (clutching at straws)
 What about the disinfectant? On the cat's claws?

SHERLOCK
 Raoul keeps a very clean house. You came in through the kitchen door. You saw that floor. Scrubbed within an inch of its life. You smell of disinfectant now.

John is crestfallen.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 No, the cat doesn't come into it. Raoul's internet records, do, though. Hope we can get a cab from here.

He marches off. John: crushed.

CUT TO:

49 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. OFFICE. NIGHT.

49

SHERLOCK tosses a hefty file across the desk to LESTRADE. It carries a Home Office stamp.

SHERLOCK

Raoul de Santos is your killer. Kenny Prince's houseboy. Second autopsy shows it wasn't Tetanus that poisoned Connie Prince. It was Botulinim toxin.

A look from John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We've been here before. Carl Powers? Tut-tut. Our bomber is repeating himself.

LESTRADE

How did he do it?

SHERLOCK

Botox injection.

LESTRADE

Botox?

SHERLOCK

Botox is a diluted form of Botulinim. Among other things, Raoul de Santos was employed to give Connie her regular facial injections. My Home Office contact got me a complete record of Raoul's internet purchases. He's been ordering Botox in bulk for months. Bided his time, then upped the strength to a fatal dose.

LESTRADE

Are you sure?

SHERLOCK

I'm sure.

Lestrade grabs his phone, dashes out into the corridor.

JOHN

How long?

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

How long have you known?

SHERLOCK

Well, this was quite a simple one, really. Like I said, the bomber's repeated himself. That was a mistake.

JOHN

But the hostage! That old woman on the phone. She's been there all this time -

SHERLOCK

I knew I could save her. I also knew the bomber had given us twelve hours. I solved the case quickly, that gave me time to get on with other things. Don't you see? We're one up on him!

CUT TO:

50 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 50

As before: close on computer screen, Sherlock typing away.

Raoul de Santos, the house-boy, botox.

CUT TO:

51 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 51

As before: Sherlock, John, Lestrade, waiting. The pink iPhone rings, Sherlock grabs it.

SHERLOCK

Hello?

CUT TO:

52 INT. OLD LADY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 52

The tremulous, blind old lady - so scared now, so many hours of terror.

OLD LADY

...help me...

CUT TO:

53 INT. LESTRADE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 53

Inter-cut as required.

SHERLOCK

Tell us where you are - address!

OLD LADY
 ...he was so...his voice...he
 sounded so...

SHERLOCK
 No! Tell me nothing about him!
Nothing!

On the old lady. The laser sight whizzes back on to her,
 zeroing in on one of the packages of explosive.

OLD LADY
 ...he sounded so soft...

And the phone goes dead in Sherlock's ear. He just freezes.

SHERLOCK
 Hello? *Hello?*

LESTRADE
 Sherlock?

JOHN
 What's happened?

CUT TO:

54 INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

54

On the TV. A news report. Stock footage of a devastated
 building. Disaster teams on the case.

Strapline: 12 dead in gas explosion.

On Sherlock and John grimly watching.

JOHN
 A whole block of flats. Glasgow
 this time. He gets about.

Sherlock - a little angrily - grabs the remote, turns down
 the TV.

SHERLOCK
 Yes. Well I suppose I lost that
 round. Though technically I did
 solve the case so -

JOHN
What the hell does that matter?
 People are dying!

SHERLOCK

(thinking)

He killed the old woman because she was starting to describe him. Not 'them', John. *Him*. Just for once, he's put himself in the firing line.

JOHN

What do you mean?

SHERLOCK

Well, usually he must stay above it all. He arranges these things but no-one ever has direct contact...

JOHN

What? Like Connie Prince's murder? He *arranged* that? People come to him to get their crimes fixed up? Like booking a holiday?

SHERLOCK

It's novel.

John points to the TV news. RAOUL is being bundled out of his house and into a waiting police car.

Paparazzi cameras flash.

CLOSE on the Bomber's iPhone. Sherlock's fingers drumming on the table next to him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Taking his time, this time.

On John: a beat. The cold-bloodedness gets to him - but he's trying to get past it.

JOHN

Anything from the Carl Powers lead?

SHERLOCK

Nothing. All his living class mates check out. Spotless. No connection.

JOHN

Maybe he was older than Carl.

SHERLOCK

The thought had occurred.

JOHN

So why is he doing this? Playing this game with you? You think he wants to be caught?

SHERLOCK

I think he wants to be distracted.

He cradles the phone. His eyes are shining.

On John: disturbed. Even angry. He glances at the smiley face.

JOHN

I hope you'll be very happy together.

He's getting up - restless, suddenly wanting to be a long way from Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry, what?

JOHN

There are lives at stake. Actual, human lives. I just want to know, do you care about that at all?

SHERLOCK

Would caring help save them?

JOHN

No.

SHERLOCK

Then I'll continue to avoid the mistake.

JOHN

Find that easy, do you?

SHERLOCK

Very. Is that news to you?

JOHN

No. No.

He's gone to the window, staring out. Agitated, doesn't want even to look at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

You're disappointed in me.

JOHN

Oh, good. Good deduction.

SHERLOCK

Don't make heroes out of people,
John. Heroes don't exist. And if
they did, I wouldn't be one of
them.

The Bomber's phone beeps. New message. Sherlock is instantly
all action.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Excellent!

Speaker-phone again. **BEEP. BEEP.**

Close on the phone. Sherlock clicks on it.

Another picture. A riverside view.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

That's the Thames. Near St Paul's.
Check the papers, John. I'll try
online.

John just glowers at him.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Oh. You're angry so you won't help
me. Not much cop, this caring lark.

On John - damn it, he's right! He goes towards a pile of
newspapers, Sherlock begins tapping away at the laptop.

John flicks rapidly through page after page of newsprint.

JOHN

Archway suicide.

SHERLOCK

Ten a penny.

JOHN

Two kids stabbed in Stoke
Newington. Um...that dead bloke
found on the railway line. Andrew
West -

SHERLOCK

(exasperated)

Nothing!

He grabs his phone, speed-dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's me. Anything been found near
St Paul's? Or the river?

He listens. Nods to John.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. THAMES. PIER. DAY.

55

Plastered over buildings by the riverside, posters: '**Hickman Gallery. The Lost Vermeer.**'

SHERLOCK and JOHN walk along the exposed shore of the Thames. A police tape has cordoned off most of the area.

LESTRADE nods to them. A body bag lies at his feet.

LESTRADE

You reckon this is connected then?
The bomber?

SHERLOCK

Must be.

He pulls the pink iPhone from his pocket, like he's checking it for messages.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Odd though, he hasn't been in touch.

LESTRADE

But we must assume some poor
bugger's primed to explode, yeah?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

Sherlock bends down and zips open the body bag. He looks the body up and down. It's a large, middle-aged man.

LESTRADE

Any ideas?

SHERLOCK

Seven so far.

LESTRADE

Seven?

Sherlock's suddenly all over the corpse like a blood-hound, sniffing, pressing the cold skin, unbuttoning clothes, rolling up the body's trouser leg, examining the wristwatch, tapping into his PDA.

He examines the face with a lens and his eyes light up.

At last, he shoots a look at John, jerks his head towards the body then concentrates on sending texts.

John looks to Lestrade for permission. He shrugs. Why not?

JOHN

Dead about twenty four hours. Maybe a bit longer. Did he drown?

LESTRADE

Apparently not. Not enough of the Thames in his lungs. Asphyxiated.

JOHN

(nods)

Yes. I'd agree. There's quite a bit of bruising around the nose and mouth...

SHERLOCK

Yes. There would be.

JOHN

(gestures at the corpse's hairline and ears)

And there are more bruises...here and here...

SHERLOCK

Fingertips.

John shoots a look at him. What does he know?

JOHN

He's mid-Fifties, I'd say. Not in the best condition.

SHERLOCK

He's been in the river a while which has destroyed most of the data...

His phone beeps. He smiles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But I'll tell you one thing.

(nodding towards posters)

That lost Vermeer painting is a fake!

Beat.

LESTRADE

What?

SHERLOCK

We need to identify the corpse.
Find out who his friends and
associates are -

LESTRADE

Wait, wait! What painting? What're
you on about?

SHERLOCK

(holds up his PDA)

It's all over the place. Haven't
you seen the posters? Dutch Old
Master. It was supposed to have
been destroyed centuries ago and
now it's turned up. Worth thirty
million pounds.

LESTRADE

Ok. So....What's that got to do
with the stiff?

SHERLOCK

Everything.

(excited)

Have you ever heard of the Golem?

LESTRADE

Golem?

JOHN

It's a horror story, isn't it? What
Are you saying?

SHERLOCK

Jewish folk-story. A gigantic man
made of clay. It's also the name of
an assassin. Real name Oskar
Dzundza. One of the deadliest
assassins in the world.

(gestures at the corpse)

That's his trademark style.

LESTRADE

This was a *hit*?

SHERLOCK

Definitely. The Golem squeezes the
breath out of his victims with his
bare hands.

LESTRADE

What's this got to do with that
painting? I don't see -

SHERLOCK

You do see. You just don't *observe*.

JOHN
 (intervening)
 All right, girls. Keep calm.
 Sherlock? Wanna take us through it?

Sherlock does. He straightens up, enjoying himself.

SHERLOCK
 What do we know about this corpse?
 The killer's not left us with much.
 Just shirt and trousers. They're
 pretty formal - maybe he was going
 out for the night. But the trousers
 are heavy duty -

CUT TO:

56 INT. HICKMAN GALLERY. NIGHT.

56

Close on the same trousers. Their owner is panting for
 breath. Running for their life past a shadowy wall.

Intercut as required.

SHERLOCK
 Polyester. Nasty. Shirt's the same.
 Cheap.

Now we see the shirt too.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 And they're both too big for him -

ALEX WOODBRIDGE (overweight, 50s, uniformed) is sweating with
 terror. He presses himself against the brick wall and
 listens.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 So, some kind of standard issue
 uniform. Dressed for work, then.
 But what work? There's a loop on
 his belt -

Zoom c/u to Alex's belt.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Must be for a walkie-talkie -

LESTRADE
 Tube driver?

Sherlock pulls a face.

JOHN
Security guard?

SHERLOCK
More likely. That'd be borne out by
his backside.

LESTRADE
His backside?

SHERLOCK
Flabby. You'd think he led a
sedentary life - yet the soles of
his feet and the nascent varicose
veins in his legs -

Track up from the corpse's feet to show its callused soles
and veiny legs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
- say otherwise. So, a lot of
walking and a lot of sitting
around. Security guard's looking
good.

John smiles. Pleased.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
And the watch helps. The alarm -

Sherlock isolated. All other details bleached out. Examining
the watch as before. ECU: watch face showing 2.30 PM.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
- shows he did regular night
shifts.

LESTRADE
Why regular? Maybe he just set his
alarm like that the night before he
died?

SHERLOCK
No, no. Buttons are stiff. Hardly
touched. He set the alarm like that
a long time ago. His routine never
varied.
But there's something else. Killer
must've been disturbed otherwise
he'd have stripped the corpse
completely. There was some kind of
badge or insignia on the shirt
front that he tore off.
Suggests the dead man worked
somewhere recognisable. Some kind
of institution.

He holds up a wet ball of paper.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
From his pocket. Soaked by the
river but still recognisably -

JOHN
Tickets?

SHERLOCK
Ticket stubs. He worked in a
museum. Or a gallery.

A long, industrial-looking gallery. Subdued lights,
suggestions of chunky installations, modern canvasses.

Alex Woodbridge runs on.

Heavy footsteps thump towards him.

Alex's eyes bulge in terror. Someone's following him.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(holding up Blackberry)
Did a quick check. The Hickman
Gallery has reported one of its
attendants as missing. Alex
Woodbridge.

ALEX races towards the doors at the end of the room and
crouches in the shadows.

His pursuer moves across the wooden floor.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

CLOSE on Alex, crouching. Behind him is a big glossy poster:
'Hickman Gallery: The Lost Vermeer'

A **huge** shadow falls across his face.

Alex looks up - terrified.

ALEX
What have I done? What have I - ?
Please! For God's sake -

He screams.

SHERLOCK
Last week they unveiled the
rediscovered masterpiece.
Now why would anyone want to pay a
killer like the Golem to suffocate
a perfectly ordinary gallery
attendant? Inference: the dead man
knew something about it.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Something that would stop the owner
charging thirty million pounds for
it. The picture's a fake.

JOHN
Fantastic!

SHERLOCK
Meretricious.

JOHN
And a happy new year.

He looks down at the body.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Poor sod.

LESTRADE
I'd better put out some feelers for
this Golem character -

SHERLOCK
Pointless. You'll never find him.
But I know a man who can.

LESTRADE
Who?

SHERLOCK
(smiles)
Me.

CUT TO:

57 INT. TAXI. DAY.

57

SHERLOCK and JOHN clamber into a cab. Sherlock has the pink iPhone in his hand. Restlessly turns it over and over.

SHERLOCK
But why hasn't the phone - he's
broken his pattern - why?
(to driver)
Waterloo Bridge.

JOHN
Where now? The gallery?

SHERLOCK
In a bit.

He takes out a pen and a notebook and hastily scribbles a note.

JOHN
The Hickman's contemporary art,
isn't it? Why've they got hold of
an Old Master?

SHERLOCK
 Dunno. Dangerous to jump to
 conclusions. I need data.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE. DAY.

58

The cab pulls up halfway along the bridge.

SHERLOCK
 (to driver)
 Can you wait? Won't be a minute.

He darts down the stairs towards the river. JOHN follows. A young, trustafarian female BEGGAR is on the steps calling out in a familiar, defeated way.

BEGGAR
 Change? Any change, please?

SHERLOCK approaches her.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
 Change? Any change?

SHERLOCK
 What for?

BEGGAR
 Cup of tea, of course.

Sherlock beams at her. John catches him up.

SHERLOCK
 I've only got a fifty.

The beggar grins.

BEGGAR
 In that case, a magnum of
 champagne!

Sherlock hands over fifty quid and then runs back up the steps to the cab.

JOHN
 (incredulous)
 What're you doing?

SHERLOCK
 Investing.

He gets back into the cab.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now we go to the gallery. Got any cash on you?

ON JOHN: exasperated. He jumps back in. The cab pulls away.

ON the Beggar as they walk off. She smiles and unrolls the fifty pound note. Inside is a slip of paper. She reads it. Frowns.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. HICKMAN GALLERY. DAY. 59

A massive industrial building on the South Bank. Big letters on the side: HICKMAN.

The cab pulls up. SHERLOCK jumps out. JOHN makes to do the same.

SHERLOCK

No. I need you to find out all you can about the gallery attendant. Lestrade will get you the address.

JOHN

Oh. Ok.

Sherlock slams shut the cab door and heads towards the gallery.

CUT TO:

60 INT. FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY. 60

A very messy bedroom. On the walls, among the Thrash Metal posters and Page 3 nudes are pictures of stars and galaxies. JULIE (40s) is showing JOHN around.

JULIE

We'd been sharing about a year. Just sharing.

There's something under a cloth by the window.

JOHN

May I?

Julie nods. John pulls the cloth away revealing a big reflector telescope.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Star-gazer, was he?

JULIE

God, yeah. Mad about it. That's all he ever did when he had spare time. He was a nice guy, Alex. I liked him.

She looks around the messy room and her voice cracks.

JULIE (CONT'D)

He was never much of a one for hoovering.

JOHN

What about paintings? Did he know anything about them?

JULIE

(shrugs)

It was just a job.

John nods. Not much to go on here.

JOHN

Has anyone else been round? Asking about Alex?

JULIE

No. We had a break-in, though.

JOHN

When?

JULIE

Last night. Nothing taken. Oh, and There was a message for Alex. On the landline. I must've missed it somehow 'cos I only found it when I was deleting old ones.

JOHN

Who was it from?

JULIE

I can play it for you, if you like. I'll get the phone.

She goes out. John's phone buzzes.

He checks it. A text:

"Re: Bruce-Partington plans. Progress? Mycroft Homes."

Like a guilty school-boy, John looks a little found-out.

Julie comes back with a hands-free phone. She dials a number. Puts it on speaker.

It beeps.

A long pause.

CAIRNS (V.O.)
Oh. Should I speak now? Alex? Alex,
love it's Professor Cairns. Listen,
you were right! You were bloody
right! Give us a call when -

The message cuts out.

JOHN
Professor Cairns?

JULIE
(Shrugs)
No idea. Sorry.

JOHN
Can I try and ring back?

JULIE
No good. I've had other calls
since. Sympathy ones.

CUT TO:

A smart, glamorous Czech woman - MISS WENCESLAS - walks past, notices.

WENCESLAS

Don't you have something to do?

The attendant turns. It's SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK

Just admiring the view.

WENCESLAS

Yes. Lovely. Now get back to work.

SHERLOCK

Doesn't it bother you?

WENCESLAS

What?

SHERLOCK

That the painting's a fake?

WENCESLAS

What?

SHERLOCK

It has to be a fake. It's the only explanation. Are you in charge...

He glances at her name-badge.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

...Miss Wenceslas?

WENCESLAS

Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK

Alex Woodbridge knew it was a fake, so someone sent the Golem to take care of him. Was it you?

WENCESLAS

'Golem'? What the hell are you talking about?

SHERLOCK

Or are you working for someone else? Did you fake it for them?

WENCESLAS

It is *not* a fake!

SHERLOCK

It *is* a fake. I don't know why but there's something wrong with it. There has to be.

MISS WENCESLAS looks like she's about to explode.

WENCESLAS

What the hell are you on about? You know I could have you sacked? On the spot?

SHERLOCK

Not a problem.

WENCESLAS

No?

SHERLOCK

No. I don't work here, you see. Just popped in to give you some friendly advice.

WENCESLAS

How did you get in?

SHERLOCK

Please.

WENCESLAS

I want to know!

SHERLOCK

(plucking at his uniform)
The art of disguise is knowing how to hide in plain sight.

WENCESLAS

Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK

Sherlock Holmes.

WENCESLAS

Am I supposed to be impressed?

SHERLOCK

You should be. Have a nice day.

He walks confidently away.

MISS WENCESLAS watches him go, then swings back towards the new Vermeer. Stares at it.

CUT TO:

64

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. DAY.

64

The same tidy house from sc2. In it sits the controlled but red-eyed LUCY, fiancée of the dead WESTIE.

LUCY
He wouldn't. He just wouldn't.

JOHN
Stranger things have happened.

LUCY
Westie wasn't a traitor. It's a horrible thing to say.

JOHN
I'm sorry. But you must understand, that's -

LUCY
That's what *they* think, isn't it? His bosses.

John nods.

JOHN
He was a young man, about to get married. He had debts.

LUCY
(heated)
Everyone's got debts! And Westie would never have wanted to clear them by selling out his country.

JOHN
(kindly)
And how had he been? Recently?

Beat.

LUCY
Fine.

JOHN
You're sure?

LUCY
Yes.
(sighs)
I suppose he had been a bit...off. Bit distracted. Since the engagement party, really. But I thought it was just stress. People think it must be glamorous working for *them*. The Security Service. But it's not. It's a slog. Not bloody James Bond.

JOHN

Can you....can you tell me exactly what happened? That night?

LUCY

We were having a night in. Just watching a DVD. He usually falls asleep, you know but he sat through this one. He was...quiet. Out of the blue he said he had to go and see someone.

She starts to cry.

JOHN

You've no idea who?

She shakes her head.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

65

As LUCY shows JOHN out, the front door opens and a man JOE (30s) enters, pushing his bike inside. He's a cycle courier.

JOE

Oh. Hi Luce. You ok, love?

LUCY

Yeah.

JOE

Who's this?

JOHN

John Watson. Hi.

LUCY

This is my brother. Joe. John's trying to find out what happened to Westie, Joe.

JOE

You with the police?

JOHN

Sort of.

JOE

Well, tell them to get off their arses! It's bloody ridiculous.

JOHN

I'll do my best. Well...thanks for your help. And again, I'm very sorry.

LUCY

He didn't steal those things, Mr Watson. I knew Westie. He was a good man. He was *my* good man.

She cries.

John goes out, solemn.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

66

A taxi pulls up outside 221b. JOHN gets out, just as SHERLOCK emerges from the flat. The same female BEGGAR is sitting outside.

BEGGAR

Spare change. Any spare change?

Sherlock goes straight up to her.

JOHN

(calling)

Alex Woodbridge didn't know anything special about paintings.

SHERLOCK

And?

JOHN

And?

SHERLOCK

Is that it? He had no habits, no hobbies, no personality?

JOHN

Give us a chance. He was an amateur astronomer.

SHERLOCK

Hold that cab.

JOHN

What? Oh. Right.

He does so.

BEGGAR

Spare change, sir?

SHERLOCK
Don't mind if I do.

The Beggar hands him what looks like a bank note -

BEGGAR
Night, night.

- and ambles off into the night. Sherlock unrolls the note - it's a scribbled message. He grins triumphantly.

SHERLOCK
Fortunately, I've not been idle.
Come on.

He gets into the back of the taxi. John follows.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. BRIDGE ARCHES. NIGHT.

67

The exterior of a grim section of bridge arches. The cab pulls up and deposits SHERLOCK and JOHN.

A CHINESE YOUTH is spraying tags on the brickwork. He spots them and scurries off into the night.

The cab drives off.

Sherlock looks up at the clear night sky. It's absolutely packed with stars.

SHERLOCK
Beautiful, isn't it?

JOHN
I thought you didn't care about things like that.

SHERLOCK
I can still appreciate them.

JOHN
Listen, Alex Woodbridge's flat was broken into. And someone left him a message. A Professor Cairns -

SHERLOCK
This way.

He leads the way into the arches. It's very sinister. Vaguely human shapes under sleeping bags and cardboard boxes. The odd fire.

JOHN

Nice. Nice part of town. Why are we here?

SHERLOCK

To see a friend.

JOHN

Friend. Right.

John looks round. One of the shapes detaches himself from the shadows. A whiskery old man, HUXLEY. He's surprisingly posh.

HUXLEY

Good evening!

SHERLOCK

Lord Huxley! How are you?

HUXLEY

Mustn't grumble. Really, I mustn't. The farmers aren't good again, though, it has to be admitted.

SHERLOCK

You shouldn't sit on so many cold steps.

HUXLEY

Occupational hazard!

SHERLOCK

This is John. He's a friend.

HUXLEY

(brightly)
Hello!

JOHN

Hi.

SHERLOCK

Well?

HUXLEY

(thrilled)
We found him, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

I never doubted you would.

HUXLEY

(pointing)
Down there. Last arch but one. Made himself a nice little nest but...keeps himself to himself.

SHERLOCK
Not surprised.

HUXLEY
I got my lads straight onto it.
Hard to miss him. He's there at the
minute. Came back about an hour ago
in a tearing hurry.

SHERLOCK
Thanks.

He makes to go.

HUXLEY
Careful, Sherlock. There's
something...unnatural about this
one.

SHERLOCK
So I hear. Thanks. I'll be in
touch.

HUXLEY
Ta, ta. Nice to meet you, John!

Sherlock moves quietly along the arches. John follows.

JOHN
Any time you want to explain -

SHERLOCK
Homeless network. Really is
indispensable.

JOHN
Homeless network?

SHERLOCK
Yeah. My eyes and ears. All over
the city.

JOHN
Right. That's clever! So, you
scratch their backs -

SHERLOCK
- and then disinfect myself, yes!
Lord Huxley's in charge of the
operation.

JOHN
(amused)
Lord Huxley? What's that, like a
Pearly King name or something?

SHERLOCK

No, no. He's the real thing. Don't you remember? Pile of clothes on a beach about ten years ago? The disappearing peer?

JOHN

Oh God, yeah.

SHERLOCK

He prefers it down here. Better class of gentleman than the House of Lords -

He pulls up sharp and stops John with his hand.

Under one of the arches, something is stirring. Cardboard and rubbish are pushed away as an immensely tall, thin, crook-backed figure slinks out of the darkness -

THE GOLEM!

He's still little more than a silhouette. He shuffles away from his hiding place.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Come on!

They creep after him, trying to stay out of sight.

The Golem turns round. Has he spotted them? His face is still hidden by shadow.

Sherlock and John press themselves against a slimy brick wall.

The Golem plods on.

JOHN

(sotto)

What was he doing sleeping rough?

SHERLOCK

(sotto)

He has a very distinctive look. Needs to hide somewhere tongues won't wag. Much.

John tuts to himself.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

What?

JOHN

(sotto)

Wish I'd -

Sherlock reaches into his coat and hands John his army pistol.

SHERLOCK
(sotto)
Don't mention it.

John grins.

SCREECH! Out of nowhere, a car pulls up at the entrance to the arches. The Golem scrambles inside --

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
No! No! No! No!

-- and the car roars off in a cloud of dust.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Could take us a week to find him again!

JOHN
(thoughtful)
Or not. I might have an idea where he's going.

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
I told you. Someone left Alex Woodbridge a message. Can't be that many Professor Cairns in the book.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. PLANETARIUM. NIGHT. 68

A modestly sized building set back from a street.

CUT TO:

69 INT. PLANETARIUM. NIGHT. 69

Darkness. Then a calm, reassuring voice echoes out.

VOICE
Jupiter! The fifth planet in our solar system. And the largest. Jupiter is a gas giant. Planet Earth would fit into it eleven times...

Jupiter appears, projected onto the ceiling. Bathed in its light is an elderly woman in a track-suit - PROFESSOR CAIRNS. She's operating a control console.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Yes. We know all that.

The recorded voice squeals as she fast-forwards it. Images of planets and stars blur over her face as she does so.

VOICE
Titan is the largest moon -

Fast forwards again.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Come on, Neptune. Where are you hiding?

She suddenly stops, stiffens.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS (CONT'D)
Hello?

VOICE
*Discovered by Urbain le Verrier in
1846 -*

She stops the tape. Peers about. Her face is blue with the image of Neptune.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS
Tom? Is that you?

Someone is moving about in the darkness.

PROFESSOR CAIRNS (CONT'D)
Tom?

It's not Tom. A huge shadow falls across Professor Cairns' face. She gasps in terror as an *immense* hand closes over her face, swamping her nose and mouth. THE GOLEM!

She staggers back against the console.

VOICE
*A star begins as a collapsing ball
of material composed mainly of
hydrogen...*

She claws at the Golem's hand --

Then --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Golem!

Sherlock and John are revealed, bathed in star-light.

The Golem turns and at last we see:

A nightmare face. A living skeleton. The Golem's milk-white, bald head and deep-set eyes give him a vampire's look. The skin is shrivelled, dry as parchment. He grins, exposing yellow peg-teeth.

John raises his gun.

VOICE

*It is astonishing to think that
many of the stars in the night sky
are no longer actually there.*

The Golem lets go of Professor Cairns and she slides to the floor, dead. The Golem giggles and darts into the shadows. His laughter echoes through the chilly building.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*Their light takes so long to reach
us that many are actually long
dead. Exploded into supernovas...*

SHERLOCK

John!

John runs to cut off the Golem. There are rows and rows of seats in the planetarium. He knocks them up as he runs and they bang like pistol shots.

In the flickering projected light it's almost impossible to see where the Golem has gone.

VOICE

The Crab Nebula exploded in 1054...

SHERLOCK races down one aisle. No sign of the Golem.

He stops dead, listening.

Suddenly the projection changes and the Golem is revealed --

-- right behind Sherlock!

His enormous hands close over Sherlock's face like the petals of a monstrous flower.

On Sherlock: gasping for breath. He tries to get his hand under the Golem's fingers to pull them away from his flesh but it's no good.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*It is an example of what we call a
pulsar...*

On Sherlock: eyes bulging in terror!

SMACK!

Suddenly the Golem sags as John smashes the back of his gun over the Golem's head. Sherlock dives free, rubbing his face and whooping for air.

Stunned, the Golem swings round and jabs John savagely in the guts. He drops the gun. Before John can recover, the Golem looms massively over him, his hand closing over John's face --

Click!

Sherlock has John's gun pointed at the Golem's back.

The Golem cocks his head and closes his fingers over John's mouth. John starts to panic.

Stand off.

SHERLOCK
(deadly intent)
Let him go. Or I'll kill you,
Dzundza. I *will* kill you.

The Golem releases John. He scrabbles away towards Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
You all right?

JOHN
(gasping)
Think so.

SHERLOCK
(to Golem)
You'll forgive the hoary cliché, I
hope, Mr Dzundza but, who are you
working for?

The Golem smiles horribly then suddenly sprints towards the Planetarium's control console. Sherlock fires -- and hits the console. The recorded voice-over squeals madly into life, the projected images do the same. Planets, stars, galaxies flash insanely over the ceiling and their faces.

VOICE
*Their light takes so long to reach
us that many are actually long
dead. Exploded into supernovas....*

The Golem takes advantage of the chaos and dives for the exit. Sherlock fires again but it's too late. A rectangle of light as the Golem flings open the door and makes his escape.

Sherlock runs to the doorway. The screech of tyres from outside.

On John: damn it!

CUT TO:

70 INT. HICKMAN GALLERY. NIGHT.

70

The gallery is empty.

SHERLOCK is in front of the lost Vermeer, tapping away wildly on his phone. JOHN and LESTRADE hover close by. MISS WENCESLAS is there, looking thunderous.

MISS WENCESLAS
This had better be good.

SHERLOCK
It's a fake. Has to be.

MISS WENCESLAS.
That painting has been subjected to every test known to science -

SHERLOCK
Then it's a very good fake.
(rounds on her)
You know, don't you? This is you, isn't it?

MISS WENCESLAS.
Inspector, my time is being wasted.
Would you mind showing yourself,
and your friends, out.

And the iPhone rings! Sherlock grabs it, answers, puts it on speaker.

SHERLOCK
(into phone)
It's a fake. The painting is a fake, that's why Woodbridge and Cairns were killed.

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Oh come on, proving it is just a detail - I've solved it! I've figured it out. The painting's a fake, that's the answer, that's why he was killed.

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Ok! I'll prove it's a fake. Just
give me time, will you give me
time?

Silence.

And then, chillingly - a child's voice from the iPhone.

CHILD (V.O.)
Ten.

A chill sweeps the room.

LESTRADE
It's a kid. Oh God, it's a kid.

JOHN
What did he say?

SHERLOCK
Ten.

CHILD (V.O.)
Nine.

SHERLOCK
It's a countdown. He's giving me
time.

LESTRADE
Jesus!

Sherlock has leapt to the painting, staring at it, devouring
it with his eyes.

SHERLOCK
It's a fake, it's a fake, how do I
prove it's a fake, *how??*

CHILD (V.O.)
Eight.

Sherlock rounds on Miss Wenceslas.

SHERLOCK
This child will die. Tell me why
the painting is a fake, *tell me!*

Miss Wenceslas does not move.

CHILD (V.O.)
Seven.

SHERLOCK

No! Shut up! Say nothing. Only counts if I work it out!

(at painting)

Must be possible! Must be staring me in the face!

CHILD (V.O.)

Six.

SHERLOCK

How? Alex woodbridge knew. But how? *How??*

CHILD (V.O.)

(audibly sobbing now)

Five.

LESTRADE

He's speeding up.

JOHN

Sherlock!

CHILD (V.O.)

Four.

And suddenly Sherlock comes to a dead halt. Stares at the painting. Wham! He's getting it!

SHERLOCK

Oh! In the planetarium! You heard what it said! Oh, that's brilliant. That's gorgeous!

He tosses the iPhone to John and now he's got his PDA out, tapping away frantically.

CHILD (V.O.)

Three.

JOHN

What's brilliant? What is?

But Sherlock is tapping away, in his own world.

CHILD (V.O.)

Two.

SHERLOCK

Oh, this is beautiful. I love this!

LESTRADE

Sherlock!

CHILD (V.O.)

One.

Sherlock snatches the phone from John.

SHERLOCK
(into phone)
The Van Buren supernova.

Silence.

Then, the child crying.

CHILD (V.O.)
Help me! Are you there? Help me.
Please!

Sherlock tosses the iPhone to Lestrade.

SHERLOCK
There you go. Find out where he is,
go and pick him up.

He holds out his PDA like a badge of honour, showing it to John and Miss Wenceslas.

ON SCREEN: A black and white photo of a large, blobby white star.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
The Van Buren supernova, it's
called. A huge star blowing up.
Only appeared in the sky in 1858!

He holds the phone next to the Vermeer. The same configuration of stars has been painted in the sky over Delft. Including the blobby white Van Buren supernova!

JOHN
(growing excitement)
So how could it have been painted
in the 1640s?

His phone beeps. He checks it.

Close on text: **"My patience is wearing thin. Mycroft".**

John: worried.

CUT TO:

71 INT. SCOTLAND YARD. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

71

SHERLOCK and LESTRADE sit opposite a weary-looking MISS WENCESLAS.

SHERLOCK

You know, it's interesting.
Bohemian stationery. An assassin
named after a Prague legend and
you...Miss *Wenceslas*. There's a
distinctly Czech feel to the whole
case. Is that where all this leads?

No response.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Lestrade)

What are we looking at, Inspector?

LESTRADE

Criminal conspiracy. Fraud.
Accessory after the fact, at the
very least. The murder of the old
woman. All those people in the
flats -

MISS WENCESLAS

I didn't know anything about that!
All those things...*Please*. Believe
me. I just wanted my share. The
thirty million...

(sighs, defeated)

I found a little old man in
Argentina. Genius. I mean *really*.
Brushwork immaculate. Could fool
anyone.

(ruefully)

Well, nearly anyone. But I didn't
know how to go about convincing the
world the picture was genuine. It
was just an idea. A spark which he
blew into a flame.

SHERLOCK

Who?

MISS WENCESLAS

I don't know.

Lestrade scoffs.

MISS WENCESLAS (CONT'D)

It's true! It took me a long time
but eventually I was put in touch
with...people. His people. But
there was never any real contact.
Just messages. Whispers.

SHERLOCK

And did these whispers have a name?

On Miss Wenceslas: scared. Nods.

MISS WENCESLAS
Moriarty.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. TUBE LINE. DAY.

72

JOHN and a GUARD stand next to tube rails which emerge from a dark tunnel.

JOHN
This is where West was found?

GUARD
Yeah. You gonna be long?

JOHN
Might be.

GUARD
You with the police, then?

JOHN
Sort of.

The Guard pulls a face.

GUARD
I hate 'em.

JOHN
The police?

GUARD
No. Jumpers. People who chuck themselves in front of the trains. Selfish bastards.

JOHN
Well, that's one way of looking at it.

GUARD
I mean it! It's ok for them. Over in a split second. Strawberry jam all over the lines. What about the drivers? They've gotta live with it, haven't they?

John crouches down and looks at the rails.

JOHN
Speaking of strawberry jam. There's
no blood on the line. Has it been
cleaned off?

GUARD
No. There wasn't much.

JOHN
You said his head was smashed in?

GUARD
It was. But there wasn't much
blood.

JOHN
Ok.

GUARD
I'll leave you to it, then. Give us
a shout when you're off.

He wanders away up the tunnel. John looks about.

JOHN
(to himself)
Right. Andrew West must've got on
the tube somewhere. But he didn't
have a ticket. So how did he end up
here? Come on, come on, come on.

He chews his lip. Sighs. No good. He wanders back up the
tunnel, begins to mount the slope that will take him back
onto the platform. Then, suddenly, he turns back and gazes at
the railway.

Close: the points.

On: John. He frowns. Something occurs to him. He grins
hugely.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
The points!

JOHN
Yes!

He whirls round. The voice wasn't in his head. Sherlock is
standing above him on the platform, smiling.

SHERLOCK
I knew you'd get there. West wasn't
killed here. That's why there was
so little blood.

JOHN

How long have you been following me?

SHERLOCK

From the start. You don't think I'd give up a case like this one just to spite my brother, do you? Come on. We need to do a bit of burglary.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

73

SHERLOCK and JOHN stride along a busy street.

SHERLOCK

We know the missile defence plans haven't left the country. Mycroft's people would have heard by now.

(smiles)

Despite what people think, this country does still *have* a secret service.

JOHN

I know that. I've seen 'Spooks'.

SHERLOCK

Which means that whoever stole that memory stick can't sell it or doesn't know what to do with it. My money's on the latter.

(glances up at a house)

We're here.

JOHN

Where?

There's an alley at the side of the house. Sherlock disappears down it.

CUT TO:

74 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

74

A young man's flat. Messy. Bicycle parts litter the hallway.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are silhouetted against the frosted glass of the back door.

JOHN (O.S.)
What if there's someone in?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
There isn't.

CRACK! The door is forced. Sherlock pops his head inside.

They creep inside. The wall of the main room is dominated by its windows.

Almost at once, a rumbling roar comes from below them. Sherlock crosses to the windows and throws them open --

CUT TO:

75 EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

75

-- revealing a view of railway lines beneath.

JOHN
Where are we?

SHERLOCK
Sorry, didn't I say? This is Joe Harrison's flat.

JOHN
Joe...?

SHERLOCK
The brother of West's fiancée. He stole the memory stick. And killed his prospective brother-in-law.

CUT TO:

76 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

76

SHERLOCK presses his face close to the woodwork of the windows. There are scuff marks and smears of blood.

JOHN
Why did he do it?

The sound of a key in the front door.

SHERLOCK
Let's ask him.

John freezes.

JOE comes into the front room, wheeling his bike. He starts at the sight of Sherlock and John.

A strange look crosses his face. He knows they're onto him!
He lifts up the bike, prepares to hurl it at them --

CLICK!

John cocks his army pistol.

CUT TO:

77 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

77

A miserable JOE is slumped on his sofa.

JOE

It wasn't meant to...oh God. This
is such a bloody mess.
What's Lucy gonna say? *Jesus.*

JOHN

Why did you kill him?

JOE

It was an accident.

Sherlock scoffs.

JOE (CONT'D)

I swear it was.

SHERLOCK

But stealing the plans for the
missile defence program, that
wasn't an accident. Was it?

Joe sighs.

JOE

I started pushing. Drugs, I mean.
The bike thing is great cover.
But...I dunno. I dunno how it
started but I got out of my depth.
I owed people thousands. *Serious*
people. I didn't know what to do.
Then, at Westie's engagement do he
started talking about his job.

CUT TO:

78 INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

78

WESTIE and JOE are laughing with a bunch of friends. They're
very drunk.

JOE (V.O.)

He was usually so careful. But, you know, after a few pints he opened up a bit.

Westie is gesticulating. Talking ten to the dozen.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Told me about these missile plans. Beyond top secret. Showed me the memory stick. I mean, you hear about these things getting lost. Turning up on rubbish dumps and stuff but there it was!

Westie flashes the memory stick like a conjuror.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I thought...

CUT TO:

79 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY.

79

JOE runs his hands over his face.

JOE

Well, I knew it'd be worth a fortune. It was pretty easy to get the thing off him. He was so plastered. Next time I saw him, I could see by the look on his face that he knew. Knew it was me that'd taken it.

JOHN

What happened? The night he died?

CUT TO:

80 EXT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT.

80

JOE is struggling to get his key into the lock. WESTIE suddenly appears out of the darkness and wrestles him to the ground.

WESTIE

What have you done with it? Where is it, you bastard?

JOE

Westie, for Christ's sake!

They fight and Westie falls back against the slick, wet pavement, violently cracking his head.

Stricken, Joe looks down at him.

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I knew he was dead soon as I saw
him. Didn't have a clue what to do
so I dragged him in here.

CUT TO:

81 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 81

JOE
I was just sitting in the dark,
thinking and thinking...

SHERLOCK
When a neat little idea popped into
your head...

CUT TO:

82 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. NIGHT. 82

The windows are wide open. JOE lowers WESTIE's body onto the
top of a waiting tube train. After a moment, the train
trundles away into the darkness.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CAULFIELD GARDENS. DAY. 83

SHERLOCK
Carrying Andrew West a long way
away from here. The body would
have gone on for ages if the train
hadn't hit a stretch of line with
curves -

JOHN
And points.

SHERLOCK
Exactly.

JOHN
You've still got it, then? The
memory stick?

JOE
(hopelessly)
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
Fetch it for me, if you wouldn't
mind.

Joe goes to get it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Distraction over. Back to the game.

JOHN
Maybe that's over too. There's been nothing from the bomber.

SHERLOCK
(shakes head)
Five pips, John. Remember? And we've only had four.

CUT TO:

84 INT. BAKER STREET. NIGHT.

84

Close on the bomber's iPhone. Silent.

JOHN has his laptop on his knee.

SHERLOCK's watching a Jeremy Kyle-like TV show.

SHERLOCK
(shouting at TV)
Of course he's not the kid's dad!
Look at the turn-ups on his jeans!

JOHN
I knew it was dangerous.

SHERLOCK
Hm?

JOHN
Getting you into trashy TV.

SHERLOCK
Not a patch on Connie Prince.

He looks over.

JOHN
You given Mycroft the memory stick yet?

SHERLOCK
Yup. He was over the moon.
Threatened me with a Knighthood.
Again.

JOHN
Still waiting.

SHERLOCK

For what?

JOHN

For you to admit that a little knowledge about the solar system and you'd have cleared up the fake painting a lot quicker.

SHERLOCK

Didn't do you any good, did it?

JOHN

Well, I'm not the world's only consulting detective.

SHERLOCK

(small smile)

True.

John gets up, grabs his coat.

JOHN

I won't be in for tea. I'm going to Sarah's. There's some of that risotto left in the fridge. Oh and milk. We need milk.

SHERLOCK

I'll get some.

JOHN

Really?

SHERLOCK

Really.

Beat.

John smiles.

JOHN

And some beans. We need beans.

Sherlock nods. John heads out.

Sherlock waits a moment then rushes to the laptop. Quickly calls up his own website. Taps manically at the keyboard.

"Found. The Bruce-Partington plans. Please collect."

Sherlock hesitates. Where? Smiles. Types.

"The pool. Midnight."

CUT TO:

85 EXT. POOL. NIGHT. 85
 A slightly crumbling municipal baths.
 CUT TO:

86 INT. POOL CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 86
 A shadowy corridor. SHERLOCK walks slowly down it. Takes the memory stick from his pocket. He enters --
 CUT TO:

87 INT. POOL. NIGHT. 87
 The pool room. A railed-gallery looks down onto a long, competitive swimming pool, ringed by old fashioned changing rooms. Very low light. The water throws jagged shapes over the walls. Somewhere, a door opens. Footsteps.
 SHERLOCK's gaze darts around the huge, shadowy pool. No sign of life. Just the soft slap of the water.

SHERLOCK
 (calling)
 Maybe I should have worn a red carnation.

Silence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 But then, you know what *I* look like don't you? It's me who's at a disadvantage.

Silence.

He holds up the memory stick.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Little getting-to-know-you present. It's what the whole thing's been for, isn't it? All your little puzzles. Making me *dance*. All meant to distract me from *this*.

Distantly, another door opens and then bangs shut. Sherlock whirls round. His expression is set, determined.

Footsteps on the tiled floor. Sherlock peers ahead.

Slowly...slowly...a bulky figure resolves from the darkness.

Then --

JOHN

'Evening.

On Sherlock. What? John??

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is a turn up, isn't it,
Sherlock?

John's voice is strangely stilted, halting.

SHERLOCK

John? What the hell are you - ?

JOHN

Bet you never saw this coming.

On Sherlock: *impossible!* John??John comes closer. He's ashen-faced, wearing a big, bulky
overcoat.

Then Sherlock sees it!

A tiny, red laser light dancing over John's bulky coat. Under
it: explosives! He also has an ear-piece. He's saying what's
being fed to him. And he's **scared**.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What would you like me to make him
say next?

On John: sweat trickling down his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Gottle of geer. Gottle of geer.
Gottle -

SHERLOCK

Stop it!

JOHN

Nice touch this. The pool where
little Carl died.The laser point ranges over John's chest. He swallows,
terrified.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I stopped him laughing. I can stop
John Watson too. Stop his heart.

The laser settles above John's heart.

SHERLOCK

Who are you?

A new voice echoes through room.

JIM
I gave you my number. Thought you
might call.

And suddenly, stepping from the shadows - the slight, elfin
figure of JIM!

JIM (CONT'D)
Is that a British Army Browning
L9A1 in your pocket - or are you
just pleased to see me?

Sherlock pulls John's pistol from his coat. Trains it on Jim.

SHERLOCK
Both.

Beat.

JIM
Jim Moriarty. Hi.

He holds out his hand, smiles warmly. Sherlock doesn't
respond. Jim looks disappointed.

JIM (CONT'D)
Jim. From the hospital?

He pulls a mock 'sad' expression.

JIM (CONT'D)
Really, did I make such a fleeting
impression? But then, that was
rather the point.

Sherlock's gaze flicks over to John. The laser light is still
trained on him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Don't be silly. Someone else is
holding the rifle. I don't like
getting my hands dirty.

Jim's head moves slightly from side to side, like a lizard's.

JIM (CONT'D)
I've given you a glimpse, Sherlock.
Just a teensy glimpse of what I've
got going on out there in the big
bad world. I'm a specialist, you
see. Like you.

SHERLOCK

Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to dispose of my boyfriend's nasty sister...?

Jim grins.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Dear Jim, please could you fix it for me to disappear to South America...?

JIM

Just so.

SHERLOCK

A consulting criminal! Brilliant!

JIM

Isn't it? No-one ever gets to me.
(icy)
And no-one ever will.

SHERLOCK

I did.

JIM

You've come the closest. But now you're in my way.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

JIM

Didn't mean it as a compliment.

SHERLOCK

Yes, you did.

JIM

Yeah, okay, I did. But the flirting's over, Sherlock. Daddy's had enough now. I've shown you what I can do. I cut loose all those people, all those little problems, even thirty million quid just to get you to come out and play. Did you like the Czech Republic thing? That's what you might call a *leitmotif*. Had you going there, didn't I? But take this as a friendly warning, my dear. Back off.

Sherlock smiles thinly.

JIM (CONT'D)

You know, I've *loved* this. This game of ours. It's been a treat.

He prods at his eye and removes a contact lens. His brown eye is now blue.

JIM (CONT'D)

Playing Jim from IT. Playing gay. Did you like the little touch? With the underwear?

SHERLOCK

People have died.

JIM

(utter contempt)
That's what *people* do.

Beat.

SHERLOCK

I will stop you.

JIM

No. You won't.

Sherlock looks over at John.

SHERLOCK

(to John)
You ok?

John doesn't move. Frozen with fear.

JIM

You can talk, Johnny boy. Go ahead.

On John: hating the powerlessness. Then -- a small, tight nod.

The laser light still hovers over the explosives. Sherlock looks at his friend -- and thrusts out the memory stick.

SHERLOCK

Take it!

JIM

What? Oh. *That*. Missile plans? *Boring*. Could've picked them up any time.

Jim takes the memory stick from Sherlock and tosses it in the pool.

Sherlock moves forward instinctively. John seizes on the distraction, rushes forward and throws his arms --

-- **around Jim!** Now they're both a bomb.

JIM (CONT'D)
Oh, very good. *Very good.*

The laser light bobs confusedly over John's body.

JOHN
(hissing, to Jim)
If your sniper pulls that trigger,
Mr Moriarty, we both go up.

Jim's head oscillates again. He doesn't resist John's embrace. He is eerily calm.

JIM
Isn't he *sweet*? I can see why you
like having him around. But then,
people do get so sentimental about
their pets.
(to John)
So touchingly loyal. But - oops -
you've rather shown your hand,
there, Dr Watson.

He nods towards the gallery. The laser lights moves off John and settles on Sherlock's temple.

JIM (CONT'D)
Gotcha.

A new stand-off. Sherlock with the pistol trained on Jim. The explosives-festooned John with his arms wrapped around Jim. The sniper's rifle threatening Sherlock.

On John: defeated. Slowly, he lets Jim go and steps aside. The laser light moves back onto John's body.

Jim straightens his suit.

JIM (CONT'D)
Tsk. *Prada.*

He beams at Sherlock.

JIM (CONT'D)
Do you know what happens if you
don't leave me alone, Sherlock. To
you?

SHERLOCK
Oh, let me guess. I'll be killed.

JIM

Killed, nah, don't be obvious. I mean, I'm gonna kill you anyway, some day - don't want to rush it, though, saving it up for something special. No, if you don't stop prying, I will *burn* you. I will burn the *heart* out of you.

SHERLOCK

I am reliably informed I don't have one.

JIM

But we both know that's not quite true.

On Sherlock: impassive.

JIM (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better be off. So nice to have a proper chat.

SHERLOCK

What if I were to shoot you now? Right now?

JIM

Then you could cherish the look of surprise on my face. Because I *would* be surprised, Sherlock. Really I would. And just a teensy bit disappointed. 'Course, you wouldn't be able to cherish it for very long.

He gives a cheerful wave.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ciao, Sherlock Holmes.

-- and melts away into the shadows.

SHERLOCK

(calling)

Catch you...later.

Jim calls without turning.

JIM

No. You *won't*.

He goes. The door bangs behind him. Sherlock stares at John. John stares back. Then, suddenly, the red laser -- winks out.

Sherlock races up to John -

SHERLOCK
 Alright? You alright?

- rips off the overcoat, tears the explosive from around him -

JOHN
 Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine!
 Sherlock -

Sherlock manically strips the explosives and hurls them away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Sherlock!

Sherlock stops dead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 It's OK. I'm OK.

Sherlock races off, throws open the door.

Sherlock's POV: a very empty corridor. Jim, long gone.

John sinks to the tiled floor, exhausted.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Jesus.

He glances up at Sherlock.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 You alright?

SHERLOCK
 Me? Fine. I'm fine.

Sherlock glances at John, a bit uncomfortably.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 That was...what you did...what you
 offered to do. That was...
 (difficult word)
 ...good.

John shrugs. John gazes down at his ragged clothes.

JOHN
 Glad no-one saw that.

SHERLOCK
 Hm?

JOHN
 You ripping all my clothes off in a
 darkened swimming pool. People
 might talk.

SHERLOCK

They do little else.

They look at each other. A small smile.

Then, suddenly. Another laser light winks into life on John. Then one on Sherlock. Then another and another and another until both men are covered in tiny, bobbing red lights.

JIM (O.S.)

Sorry, boys. I am so changeable.
It's a weakness with me. But, to be
fair, it's my only weakness.

Jim is upstairs in the gallery, half-glimpsed.

JIM (CONT'D)

You can't be allowed to continue.
You just can't.
(sighs)
I would try to convince you
but...everything I have to say has
already crossed your mind.

Sherlock looks over at John.

A moment between them.

John nods.

Then Sherlock aims his gun at the massive pile of Semtex he's just taken off John.

SHERLOCK

Then possibly my answer has crossed
yours.

Close: Countless laser sights hovering over Sherlock and John.

John: a soldier, alert to every move.

Jim: a tiny smile.

Sherlock: totally focussed. Hand steady as a rock.

He cocks the gun.

END