



HARTSWOOD  
FILMS

**SHERLOCK SERIES 3**

Episode 3 - "His Last  
Vow"

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FINAL

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1        BLACK SCREEN

1

A voice. Female, refined.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Mr. Magnussen, please state you  
full name for the record.

MAGNUSSEN  
Charles Augustus Magnussen.

Fading in on ...

2        INT. ENQUIRY ROOM - DAY

2

A government Enquiry. The strip-lit room, the horse-shoe  
table of MPs, facing the accused. The speaker is Lady  
Smallwood - fifties, wiry, sharp-eyed.

The accused - calmly folded hands on a table top. Next to  
them, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Magnussen.

His voice is soft, reasonable, a Danish accent.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Mr. Magnussen, how would you  
describe your influence over the  
Prime Minister?

MAGNUSSEN  
The British Prime Minister?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Any of the British Prime Ministers  
you have known.

MAGNUSSEN  
I never had the slightest influence  
over any of them. Why would I?

Lady Smallwood is consulting some notes.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
I notice you've had seven meetings  
at Downing Street this year. Why?

MAGNUSSEN  
Because I was invited.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Can you recall the subjects under  
discussion.

MAGNUSSEN  
Not without being more indiscreet  
than I believe is appropriate.

One of the MPs round the table - Garvie, bullish, self-  
righteous.

(CONTINUED)

1.

GARVIE

Do you think it's right that a newspaper proprietor - a private individual and in fact a foreign national - should have such regular access to our Prime Minister?

On Magnussen's clasped hands. He now reaches for gold-rimmed spectacles, unfolds them.

Magnussen's POV. The round, glittering lenses raise up - now looking through them:

A heads-up display. Text streaming across Magnussen's view - like Sherlock's text-vision, but apparently electronically originated. A 3D projection, with the lenses.

Cursors quiver around Garvie's face - facial recognition software. Now his name flickers into position next to his face.

JOHN GARVIE

MP ROCKWELL SOUTH  
ADULTERER (SEE FILE)  
REFORMED ALCOHOLIC  
PORN PREFERENCE: NORMAL  
FINANCES: 41% DEBT (SEE FILE)  
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

In red letters below this (so that it stands out.)

**PRESSURE POINT: DISABLED DAUGHTER (SEE FILE)**

MAGNUSSEN

I don't think it's wrong that a private individual should accept an invitation. However, you have my sincere apologies for being foreign.

GARVIE

That's not what I meant, that's not in any way -

LADY SMALLWOOD

Mr. Magnussen, can you recall an occasion when your remarks could have influenced government policy?

Still from Magnussen's POV as he swivels to look at her.

Again the cursor's flicker round her face, then the text:

LADY ALICIA SMALLWOOD

MARRIED  
SOLVENT  
FORMER GYMNAST  
PORN PREFERENCE: NONE  
VICES: NONE.

(CONTINUED)

2

PRESSURE POINT: *searching*.

The word *searching* is blinking, work in progress.

MAGNUSSEN

No.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Or the Prime Minister's thinking in  
any way?

Magnussen, now removing his spectacles. He polishes them with  
a little cloth - his face still unseen.

MAGNUSSEN

Not that I recall.

Magnussen's POV. He raises the spectacles again. The text  
reappears, the word *searching* still blinking.

Now the word *searching* is replaced by the word HUSBAND.

On Magnussen's eyes, behind the round lenses. They gleam for  
a moment - result.

LADY SMALLWOOD

Are you sure?

MAGNUSSEN

I have an excellent memory.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT

3

The big black car now sweeping between imposing gateposts, a  
wide, gracious driveway. Security men everywhere, and looming  
at the centre -

- a huge, grand house. But modern - like a castle, built in  
the Apple era.

CUT TO:

4

INT. APPLEDORE HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Looking down on a giant hallway. All white and gleaming,  
carved out of icebergs. This place is pristine and shining  
and perfect - and as soulless as an iPad. It's the Citizen  
Kane mansion for the computer age.

Now close on Magnussen's eyes, gleaming through the gold  
rims, the white walls reflected as he passes along them.

CUT TO:

5                    INT. APPLIEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT                    5

Stylish, minimalist, modern. A bowl of fruit is a burst of colour.

Magnussen's shadow passing over the walls. Behind the desk, there is a door. Magnussen's shadow pauses there.

Again on those gleaming, eyes in the gold rims ...

He steps forward, opening the door.

CUT TO:

6                    INT. APPLIEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT                    6

A spiral staircase down into the shadows of the basement - a different world down here: gloomy, spooky, dusty, pools of light and shadow

Magnussen descends the staircase.

Now he's walking among an extraordinary maze of filing cabinets and crammed bookshelves.

Strange details picked out as he moves - a clown costume and mask hanging from a coatstand.

An elegant statue holding a mobile phone.

A stuffed otter in a glass case.

Magnussen, now at a filing cabinet - the one next to the statue with the mobile phone. He pulls open the top drawer.

Flicks among the files, extracts on. It is labeled SMALLWOOD. A photograph of Lady Smallwood is attached to the cover.

He opens it ...

Close on Magnussen's eyes in the gold rims - reading, avid ...

CUT TO:

7                    INT. CLUB - NIGHT                    7

A club, somewhere in Whitehall - all leather armchairs and wood panelling.

On Lady Smallwood. Sitting at a table. Working late - there's a pot of coffee and papers spread in front of her.

Takes a moment, pinches the bridge of her nose - long night.

As she lowers her hand again, she startles.

Lady Smallwood's POV. Seated opposite, at a table at the other side of the room, is Charles Augustus Magnussen.

(CONTINUED)

He's smiling placidly at her, eyes twinkling through his gold rims.

It's the first proper look at him - he's serene, smiling, sleek. At first glance benevolent. But the smile is too fixed, the eyes too black and unblinking.

MAGNUSSEN  
May I join you?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
I don't think it's appropriate.

MAGNUSSEN  
It isn't.

But he's already risen, crossed to her. He takes the empty seat facing her, moves it round the side of her table. He sits close to her.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Mr. Magnussen, outside the enquiry,  
we can have no contact, no  
communication at all -

She breaks off, because Magnussen has reached, and placed his hand over hers.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Please don't do that.

MAGNUSSEN  
In 1982 your husband corresponded  
with Helen Elizabeth Morrison -

LADY SMALLWOOD  
That was before I knew him.

MAGNUSSEN  
The letters were lively, loving,  
some would say explicit ... And  
currently in my possession.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Would you please move your hand.

MAGNUSSEN  
"I long, my darling, to know the  
touch of your body - "

LADY SMALLWOOD  
I know what was in the letters.

MAGNUSSEN  
She was fifteen.

On Lady Smallwood. A moment to compose herself. She's been through this before.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
... she looked older.

MAGNUSSEN

She looked delicious. We have  
photographs too - the ones she sent  
him.

(Smack lips)

Yum yum!

LADY SMALLWOOD

He was unaware of her age. He met  
her only once before the letters  
began and nothing happened. When he  
discovered the truth, he stopped  
immediately. Those are the *facts*.

MAGNUSSEN

Facts are for history books. I work  
in news.

She looks at him for a moment - so full of hatred, but  
silent.

LADY SMALLWOOD

... your hand is sweating.

MAGNUSSEN

Always, I'm afraid. I have a  
condition.

LADY SMALLWOOD

It's disgusting.

MAGNUSSEN

I'm used to it. The whole world is  
wet to my touch.

Leans in, sniffs at her.

LADY SMALLWOOD

I will call someone, I will have  
you removed.

MAGNUSSEN

What is that? Claire De La Lune?  
Bit young for you, isn't it?

Lady Smallwood, glaring at him now.

MAGNUSSEN

Ohh, now you want to hit me! Could  
you, still? 26 years, seven months,  
and twelve days since you were a  
professional gymnast. Little old  
lady now. Perhaps you should settle  
for calling someone.

She just stares at him. Rage and disgust almost to the point  
of tears.

MAGNUSSEN

Well?

She still says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

7

MAGNUSSEN

Go on, do it, call someone.

She does nothing.

MAGNUSSEN

Of course not. Because now there are *consequences*. I have the letters, therefore I have you.

LADY SMALLWOOD

This is blackmail.

MAGNUSSEN

No. Blackmail is nothing. This is *ownership*.

LADY SMALLWOOD

You do not own me.

Magnussen just smiles. Now leans in, and very deliberately, licks the side of her face. A long, rasping lick right up from her neck to her hairline. It's not sexual in any way - just a terrible, matter of fact demonstration.

As he does it.

MAGNUSSEN

I don't even know why I did that. I just *could*.

(Smacks lips.)

Yes, Claire De La Lune. Never tastes like it smells, does it.

He takes her napkin, dabs at his mouth. He now rises, starts to leave. He barely glances at the waiter as he goes.

MAGNUSSEN

Lady Smallwood's bill is on me. See to it.

WAITER

Yes, Mr. Magnussen.

On Lady Smallwood, sitting, trembling with rage and disgust. The waiter, just stands there, embarrassed waiting.

CUT TO:

8

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON - NIGHT

8

Lady Smallwood's car, speeding through the night.

CUT TO:

9

INT. LADY SMALLWOOD'S CAR - NIGHT

9

Lady Smallwood, sitting in the back - uniformed chauffeur driving. Still brooding, still furious.

(CONTINUED)



9

She puts a hand to where he licked her face. She now scrubs at it with her handkerchief. A big sigh, almost a sob.

Her Chauffeur is glancing in the rearview mirror.

CHAUFFEUR  
You all right, ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Fine, yes, yes.

Too quick, too snappy. The Chauffeur glances in the mirror.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Magnussen! Charles Augustus  
Magnussen. No one stands up to him.  
No one dares, no one even tries.  
There isn't a man or woman in  
England capable of stopping that  
disgusting creature from -

And she breaks off. Because she has an idea. Frowning now, thinking it through. No! But could that work?

CHAUFFEUR  
Ma'am?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Turn the car around.

CHAUFFEUR  
I'm sorry?

LADY SMALLWOOD  
We're going back into town, turn  
around.

The Chauffeur starts to comply.

CHAUFFEUR  
Where are we going, ma'am?

Closing in on Lady Smallwood. She's resolved now, she's decided. New purpose in her face.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Baker Street.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

10

The car roars off towards the lights of London.

CUT TO:

11

SCENE OMITTED

11

OPENING TITLES

12 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

12

Exactly as in A Study In Pink, war footage, Afghanistan, soldiers, machine guns firing -

- but this time there's something different. It is intercut with flashes of his adventures with Sherlock - chasing the Hound on the moors, racing through London after the taxi, battling the drug cartel -

Now on John, twitching in his sleep. Again it's similar to the shot in Pink, but this time Mary is curled up next to him. A brief shot of his left hand - the tremor from A Study In Pink is back.

More flashes of Afghanistan, more flashes of his Sherlock adventures - then -

A doorbell rings!

John's eyes snap open - instantly awake, like a soldier.

FLASHBACK: (possibly faked!) Sherlock striding for the door.

SHERLOCK  
The game is on!

And John leaps from his bed, startling Mary awake.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HALLWAY - DAWN

13

John comes hurrying down the stairs, pulling on his dressing gown.

Yanks open the front door, to reveal -

- not Sherlock.

A pleasant looking middle aged woman. Kate Whitney. She's crying her eyes out, desperately upset.

KATE  
Sorry. I know it's early, really  
I'm sorry.

And she stands there sobbing, clearly expecting to be invited, or hugged or something.

On John - just so disappointed that's it not Sherlock. He's fighting the impulse to look behind her, and check he's not there.

MARY  
Kate?

Mary is coming down the stairs, pulling on her robe.

(CONTINUED)

13

JOHN  
Yeah, it's Kate.

MARY  
Well *invite her in!!*

JOHN  
Right, yes, sorry. You want to come in?

CUT TO:

14

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

14

Kate is sobbing away. Mary is comforting her. They have mugs of tea.

John is coming through the door, with a tray of tea things. He's clearly not that comfortable being involved.

MARY  
(To John)  
It's Isaac.

JOHN  
(To Kate)  
Right, Isaac, your husband.

MARY  
Her *son*.

JOHN  
Son, yeah.

KATE  
He's gone missing again. Didn't come home last night.

MARY  
(To John)  
It's the usual.

JOHN  
Oh, he's the drugs one, yeah?

Kate starts sobbing afresh. Mary just gives him a look.

MARY  
Yeah, nicely put, John.

JOHN  
Is it Sherlock Holmes you want? Cos I haven't even seen him in ages.

MARY  
About a *month*.

KATE  
Who's Sherlock Holmes?

14

MARY  
(To John)  
You see? That *does* happen.

John doesn't sit - he's pacing the room, prowling. Absently clicking the fingers of his left hand (the tremor one.)

KATE  
There's a place they all go to, him  
and his friends. And they all ...  
do whatever they do, shoot up,  
whatever you call it.

MARY  
(To John)  
Do you want to sit down?

JOHN  
I'm fine.

MARY  
Stop pacing then.  
(to Kate)  
Have you phoned the police?

KATE  
He's my *son*, I'm not setting the  
police on him.

JOHN  
Where is he?

KATE  
I told you, they go to a place - a  
house, it's a dump, practically  
falling down -

JOHN  
No, the address. Exactly where?

Mary looks at him, startled. What??

CUT TO:

15

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAWN

15

John comes marching out the door, heading to their car - he's fully dressed now. Mary, still in her robe, following.

MARY  
Seriously?

JOHN  
Why not? She's not going to the  
police, someone's got to get him  
back.

MARY  
Why *you*?

(CONTINUED)  
11.

15

JOHN  
I'm being neighbourly.

MARY  
Since when?

JOHN  
Since now, since this exact minute.

MARY  
Why are you being so - ...

She breaks off, not sure what to say. They're now arguing over the roof of the car.

JOHN  
What? So *what*?

MARY  
I don't know. What's the matter with you?

JOHN  
*Nothing's the matter with me!*  
(A beat)  
Imagine I said that without shouting.

MARY  
I'm trying.

She starts to open the passenger door.

JOHN  
You can't come, you're pregnant.

MARY  
You can't *go*, I'm pregnant.

And she climbs in.

John - a beat of irritation, and opens the driver's door -

CUT TO:

16

EXT. SLUMS/WASTEGROUND - DAWN

16

- which becomes the car boot opening. John is rooting about for something, produces a tyre lever. Slams the boot shut, revealing:

Wider: the car is now parked in a desperate, run-down part of London. Boarded up houses, industrial wasteland.

Mary is climbing out the of the car.

MARY  
What's that?

(CONTINUED)  
12.

16

JOHN  
Tyre lever.

MARY  
Why?

JOHN  
Because there's going to be a whole  
lot of smackheads in there and  
maybe one of them will need help  
with a tyre. If there's any  
trouble, just drive off, I'll be  
fine.

He starts to go.

MARY  
John - ...

He looks back.

MARY  
It is a tiny bit sexy.

JOHN  
I know.

And now he's heading off.

As he goes, her face falls slightly. Worried about her  
husband.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. RUINED HOUSE - DAWN

17

A gaunt ruin of a house, practically leaning. Boarded  
windows, KEEP OUT signs.

John, looking at it grimly. Now he's running up the steps,  
batters on the door.

JOHN  
Hello? *Hello?*

The door cracks open on a worried face. This is Wiggins.

WIGGINS  
... what do you want?

JOHN  
Excuse me.

He shoulders his way past Wiggins, pushes into the hallway -

WIGGINS  
No, you can't come in here -

CUT TO:

18

INT. RUINED HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

18

- John pushing in, Wiggins flailing behind - he's gangling and gormless.

The hallway is in hideous disrepair - peeling wallpaper, rotting floor-boards.

JOHN  
I'm looking for a friend.

He's looking through the opened doors. Dimly seen, various figures are sprawled and hunched, presumably in drug induced torpor.

JOHN  
A specific friend, I'm not just browsing.

WIGGINS  
You've got to go. No one's allowed here.

JOHN  
Isaac Whitney. You seen him?

Wiggins, puzzled, struggling with this. He pulls a knife and waves it rather vaguely at John - he looks more scared than anything.

JOHN  
I'm asking you if you've seen Isaac Whitney and now you're showing me a knife? Is it a clue? Are you doing a mime?

WIGGINS  
Go or I'll cut you.

JOHN  
Not from there, let me help.

He steps calmly forward into the radius of his knife.

JOHN  
Now concentrate - Isaac Whitney.

On Wiggins, summoning the nerve.

WIGGINS  
Okay, you asked for it.

And Wiggins starts to lunge, clumsily, at John -

- but John is anything but clumsy, and very fast. He grabs Wiggins knife arm, slams it hard against the wall. The knife goes clattering -

- now twists him round, throws him at the wall.

18

It's a fast and brutal take-down, and now Wiggins is lying, clutching his arm.

John pockets the knife, hunkers down at him.

JOHN  
Are you concentrating yet?

WIGGINS  
You broke my arm!

JOHN  
No, I sprained it.

WIGGINS  
It feels squishy, is it supposed to feel squishy?  
(Proffers his arm)  
Feel that.

JOHN  
It's a sprain - I'm a doctor, I know how to sprain people. Where is Isaac Whitney?

WIGGINS  
I don't know. Maybe upstairs.

JOHN  
There you go - wasn't that easy?

He starts heading up the stairs.

WIGGINS  
(Calling after him)  
No, it was really sore. You're mental, you are.

JOHN  
Just used to a better class of criminal.

CUT TO:

19

INT. RUINED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAWN

19

On the upstairs landing, John looking about in the various rooms, calling loudly.

JOHN  
Isaac? Isaac Whitney?

He looks round the various slumped figures, in the dim, reeking rooms. One of them is struggling to sit up...

JOHN  
Isaac?

John goes to him. Isaac is in his late teens - looks wasted and utterly wretched.

(CONTINUED)  
15.



19

ISAAC

Hello?

John hunkers down at him.

JOHN

Hello, Isaac.

ISAAC

Dr. Watson? Where am I?

JOHN

Arse end of the universe with the  
scum of the earth.

ISAAC

Have you come for me?

JOHN

Do you think I know a lot of people  
here?

A lying figure just behind Isaac, stirs and sits up. It's  
Sherlock Holmes. He looks blearily at John.

SHERLOCK

Oh, hello John. Wasn't expecting  
you.

John just stares - *wha-?????*

SHERLOCK

Have you come for me too?

CUT TO:

20

EXT. SLUMS/WASTEGROUND - DAWN

20

On Mary, waiting in the car - agitated, fingers drumming the  
wheel. Then scuttling footsteps -

- and Isaac comes racing out of the shadows. Now battering on  
her window.

ISAAC

Mrs. Watson, it's Isaac, can I get  
in please.

MARY

Yes, of course, get in - where's  
John?

ISAAC

(Scrambling in)  
They're having a fight.

MARY

Who is??

Now on the door of the ruined house - bursting out of it is Sherlock Holmes! And he's furious.

SHERLOCK  
For God's sake, John, I'm on a case.

Bursting out in pursuit, John, also bellowing.

JOHN  
One month. That's all it took.  
*One!!*

SHERLOCK  
I'm working!

JOHN  
Sherlock Holmes in a bloody drug den - how does that look??

SHERLOCK  
I'm under cover!

JOHN  
No, you're not!

SHERLOCK  
Well, I'm not *now*!

Lights are coming on in the house behind them -  
- and now Mary comes screeching up in the car.

MARY  
In, both of you, now!

John and Sherlock, now scrambling in - John to the passenger seat, Sherlock into the back with Isaac.

And now another figure is racing out of the house - Wiggins, battering on the side window.

WIGGINS  
Please, can I come, I think I've got a broken arm.

MARY  
No, go away.

JOHN  
(Bit guilty)  
Yeah, let him.

MARY  
*Why??*

JOHN  
It's just a sprain, get in.

Wiggins is now scrambling in, next to Sherlock.

20

MARY  
Anyone else - are we taking  
everybody home??

WIGGINS  
Hi, Shezzer.

JOHN  
Shezzer??

SHERLOCK  
I was *under cover*.

MARY  
Shezzer though??

She starts up the car.

JOHN  
We're not going home, we're going  
to Barts. I'm phoning Molly.

He's tapping into his phone.

MARY  
Why?

JOHN  
Because Sherlock Holmes needs to  
pee in a jar.

CUT TO:

21

INT. BARTS LAB - DAWN

21

A jar of amber liquid is set down on a bench. Molly turns  
from it, peeling off her gloves.

JOHN  
Well? Is he clean?

Wider: a motley selection in the lab. John, still a bit  
righteous.

Mary, still in her robe, is bandaging Wiggins arm.

Sherlock is lounging against the wall, quiet, watching.

MOLLY  
Clean?

She rounds on Sherlock.

MOLLY  
What do you want me to tell them?

He fixes her with a look.

SHERLOCK

Whatever you feel you ought to tell them.

MOLLY

Oh, I see! You give me the big dark eyes, and the deep, deep voice, and I'm supposed to *lie* for you.

She just slaps him hard across the face. And again. And again. He stands there, not reacting.

MOLLY

How dare you throw away the beautiful gifts you were born with, and how dare you betray the love of your friends. Say you're sorry.

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry your engagement is over.

(Stroking his slapped face)

Though I'm fairly grateful for the lack of a ring.

MOLLY

Stop it, just stop it.

JOHN

Jesus, Sherlock.

MOLLY

And we're just having a break! It was a mutual agreement that he needed more space.

JOHN

(To Sherlock)

If you were anywhere near this kind of thing again, you could've phoned, you could've talked to me -

SHERLOCK

Oh, please do relax. This is all part of a case!

JOHN

What case would need you doing this?

SHERLOCK

I might as well ask you why you've started cycling to work.

JOHN

No, we're not playing this game.

SHERLOCK

Quite recently, I'd say. But you're very determined about it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
Not interested.

WIGGINS  
I am. Ow!

Wiggins is flinching back from Mary,

MARY  
Sorry, you moved. It is just a  
sprain though.

WIGGINS  
Yeah, somebody hit me.

He flashes a look at John - who just gives him the stare.

WIGGINS  
Just some guy.

JOHN  
Probably some addict in need of a  
fix.

He makes this remark, directly at Sherlock, pointedly  
But Sherlock looks pointedly back at him.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, in a way I think it was.

And John feels pinioned for a moment - Sherlock reading him,  
as usual.

WIGGINS  
Is it his shirt?

Sherlock looks quickly back to Wiggins.

SHERLOCK  
... I'm sorry?

WIGGINS  
Is that how you know about the  
cycling. Sorry, should have let you  
do it.

SHERLOCK  
Do what?

WIGGINS  
The showing off.

SHERLOCK  
(Amused now)  
The showing off??

WIGGINS  
Cos I know who you are - I knew the  
first day you came.  
(MORE)

WIGGINS (cont'd)  
I've always read that blog. Not  
been much on it lately, I thought  
you'd retired.

SHERLOCK  
The band split up. Tell me about  
the shirt?

WIGGINS  
Well it's the creases, isn't it?  
The two creases down the front.  
It's been recently folded, but it's  
not new.

(To John)  
You must have dressed in a hurry  
tonight, so all your shirts must be  
kept like that. But why? Maybe cos  
you cycle to work every morning,  
shower when you get there, and then  
dress in the clothes you brought  
with you. You keep your shirts  
folded, ready to pack.

Sherlock prowling closer to Wiggins, taking an interest now.

SHERLOCK  
Not bad.

WIGGINS  
(Emboldened now)  
And I further deduce you've only  
started recently, because you've  
got a bit of chafing.

SHERLOCK  
No, he always walks like that.  
Remind me - what's your name?

WIGGINS  
They call me the Wig.

SHERLOCK  
No, they don't.

WIGGINS  
Well, they call me Wiggsy.

SHERLOCK  
Nope.

WIGGINS  
... Bill. Bill Wiggins.

SHERLOCK  
Nice observational skills, Billy.

WIGGINS  
It's Bill.

SHERLOCK  
No, it isn't. Hang on

Sherlock's phone is buzzing - he pulls it out.

On the display - the caller ID is Charles Augustus Magnussen

SHERLOCK  
Finally!

MOLLY  
Finally what?

WIGGINS  
Good news?

SHERLOCK  
Oh, excellent news, the best.  
There's every chance my drug habit  
is going to hit the newspapers -  
the game is on. Excuse me

He steps away to take the call.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING 22

A taxi speeding through the night.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
You've heard of Charles Augustus  
Magnussen, of course!

CUT TO:

23 INT. CAB - MORNING 23

Sherlock and John in the cab together - like old times!

JOHN  
Owns some newspapers. The ones I  
don't read.

SHERLOCK  
(Looking around)  
Hang on, weren't there other  
people?

JOHN  
Mary's taking the boys home, I'm  
taking you. We did discuss it.

SHERLOCK  
People were talking, none of them  
were me - I may have filtered.

JOHN  
I noticed.

(CONTINUED)  
22.

SHERLOCK

I have to filter out a lot of witless babble - I've got Mrs Hudson on semi-permanent mute. Magnussen is much more than a newspaper owner.

JOHN

What is he?

SHERLOCK

A cancer. And do you know the best thing about cancer?

JOHN

Not off the top of my head.

SHERLOCK

Untreated it will kill you.

JOHN

Why's that the best thing?

SHERLOCK

One should always admire efficiency.

(Glances out of window)

Now what's my brother doing here?

The cab is drawing up at 221B, Sherlock is already leaping out -

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

- Sherlock bounding out of the cab, John following.

JOHN

So I'll just pay, shall I?

Sherlock is pointing at the door.

SHERLOCK

The knocker's been straightened - he always corrects it. OCD, doesn't even know he's doing it.

As he does this he reaches out and moves the knocker back to it's normal squintiness.

JOHN

Why did you do that?

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOHN

Nothing.



24

Sherlock is already heading in -

CUT TO:

25

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

25

As Sherlock and John come bursting through the door, there's Mycroft sitting elegantly on the stairs.

MYCROFT

Well then, Sherlock - back on the sauce?

SHERLOCK

What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN

I phoned him.

Sherlock stares at John - *what??*

MYCROFT

The siren call of old habits, how very like Uncle Rudy. Though in many ways, cross dressing would have been the wiser path for you.

SHERLOCK

You phoned him.

JOHN

Of course I bloody phoned him.

MYCROFT

Of course he bloody did. Now save me a little time, where should we be looking?

SHERLOCK

"We"?

ANDERSON

(From off)

Mr. Holmes.?

SHERLOCK

Oh for God's sake!

Sherlock is bounding up the stairs -

CUT TO:

26

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

26

- Sherlock bursts into his sitting room. A penitent looking Anderson is there, white gloves on. And so is Benji, a woman who is probably his girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)  
24.

SHERLOCK  
Anderson??

ANDERSON  
Sorry, Sherlock, it's for your own good.

BENJI  
(To Anderson)  
Oh, that's him, isn't it? You said he'd be taller.  
(To Sherlock)  
He's a big fan.

SHERLOCK  
Who are these people? What are they doing in my flat. Do I know these ones?

BENJI  
You said he had a photographic memory.

SHERLOCK  
I make deletions.

BENJI  
Do you? That's clever.

SHERLOCK  
I'm glad you think so, I'll be making one shortly.

Mycroft now entering, John behind him.

MYCROFT  
Some members of your little fan club. Do be polite, they're entirely trustworthy and even willing to search the toxic waste dump you are pleased to call your flat. You're a celebrity these days, Sherlock, you can't afford a drug habit.

SHERLOCK  
I don't have a drug habit.

JOHN  
What happened to my chair?

SHERLOCK  
It was blocking my view of the kitchen.

JOHN  
It's good to be missed.

SHERLOCK  
You were gone, I saw an opportunity.

JOHN  
You saw the *kitchen*.

MYCROFT  
What have you found so far. Clearly nothing.

SHERLOCK  
There's nothing to find.

MYCROFT  
Your bedroom door is shut. You haven't been home all night, so why has a man who has never knowingly closed a door without a direct order from his mother, bothered to do so on this occasion. I understand a need for privacy, but usually when one is *inside* the room.

He starts striding for the door.

On Sherlock flustering.

SHERLOCK  
Okay, stop, just stop. Point made.

On John: so ashamed for his friend.

JOHN  
Oh, Jesus, Sherlock.

Mycroft as turned to look wearily at his brother.

MYCROFT  
I shall have to phone our parents, of course. In Oklahoma. It won't be the first time your substance abuse has wreaked havoc with their line dancing.

SHERLOCK  
It's not what you think. It's for a case.

MYCROFT  
What case could possibly justify this?

SHERLOCK  
Magnussen.

On Mycroft. His face changes at that word. There's a new chill in the room.

SHERLOCK  
Charles Augustus Magnussen.

On Mycroft - it's like his face has gone gray, a blood-draining moment. He now strides towards Anderson.

MYCROFT

That name you think you may have just heard - you were mistaken. Leave now - and if you ever mention hearing that name in this room, or this context, I guarantee you, on behalf of the British security services, that there will be material found on your computer hard drives resulting in your immediate incarceration. Don't reply to me, just look frightened and scuttle. Go! Now, go!

Anderson and Benji, scuttling away.

MYCROFT

(To John)

I hope I don't have to threaten you as well.

JOHN

I think we'd both find that embarrassing.

MYCROFT

(To Sherlock)

Magnussen is not your business.

SHERLOCK

You mean he's yours.

MYCROFT

You may consider him under my protection.

SHERLOCK

I consider you under his thumb.

MYCROFT

If you go against Magnussen, you will find yourself going against me.

SHERLOCK

Okay. I'll let you know if I notice. Now what was I going to say? Oh yes! Bye bye!

Sherlock has gone to the door and opened it for Mycroft. Mycroft stares at him, simmering.

MYCROFT

Unwise, brother mine.

SHERLOCK

Speaking of which ...

Sherlock has pulled his phone from his pocket, now clicks it -  
A recording of Mycroft's voice from a few moments ago.

MYCROFT

(From phone)

*I guarantee you, on behalf of the  
British security services, that  
there will be material found on  
your computer hard drives resulting  
in your immediate incarceration.*

Instinctively, Mycroft steps forward to grab the phone -

- explosively, Sherlock grabs his wrist, twists him round,  
and slams him against the wall. A shocking moment of  
violence.

SHERLOCK

Brother mine - don't appal me when  
I'm high.

Mycroft, staring, furious.

John, straight in there, ready to intervene.

JOHN

Mycroft, don't say another word  
just go. He could snap you in two.  
And right now, I'm slightly worried  
that he might.

A moment - a sardonic smile from Sherlock. He steps back from  
his brother.

JOHN

Don't speak. Just leave.

Mycroft: gathers as much of his dignity as he can.  
Straightens his tie. Leaves.

Silence between the two men. They look at each other.  
Finally:

JOHN

Magnussen?

SHERLOCK

What time is it?

JOHN

About eight.

SHERLOCK

I'll be meeting him in three hours.  
I need a bath.

Sherlock, how heading for the bathroom.

JOHN

A case, you said. What kind of  
case?

SHERLOCK

Too big, too dangerous, not for any  
sane individual to be involved in.

JOHN

Trying to put me off?

SHERLOCK

God, no. Trying to recruit you.

He disappears into the bathroom. A moment later we hear a  
bath being run.

On John, contemplative. He goes to Sherlock's bedroom door.  
Very quietly, so Sherlock can't hear, he tries the handle.

Locked.

He goes out to the hallway, where Sherlock's coat is hanging.  
Removes a bunch of keys from Sherlock's pocket, now heads  
back to Sherlock's bedroom -

- and comes to a freezing halt.

Because there's a click, and Sherlock's door is *unlocking*  
*from the inside*.

John just stands and stares as the door opens, and a woman,  
wearing one of Sherlock's shirts, cautiously emerges.

She gives a little yelp on seeing John -

JANINE

Oh, John, hi! How are you?

It's Janine from the The Sign Of Three - Sherlock's dancing  
partner.

JOHN

... Janine.

JANINE

Sorry, not dressed. Has everybody  
gone, I heard shouting?

On John, still trying to process this. What? *What??*

JOHN

... Yeah, they're gone.

Janine has darted to the kitchen now.

JANINE

God, look at the time, I'll be  
late. Sounded like an argument -  
was it Mike?

JOHN

Mike?

JANINE  
Mike, yeah. His brother, Mike.  
They're always fighting.

JOHN  
Mycroft?

JANINE  
Do people actually call him that?  
Listen, could you be a love, and  
put some coffee on?

JOHN  
... right, sure.

JANINE  
Great, thanks. How's Mary, how's  
married life?

John, floundering a bit, has gone to a cupboard.

JOHN  
She's fine, we're both fine -

JANINE  
(Pointing to another  
cupboard)  
No, it's in there now. Where's  
Sherl?

A man in a daze, John is moving to the other cupboard.

JOHN  
He's having a bath. I'm sure he'll  
be out in a minute.

JANINE  
Oh, like he ever is!

And she darts to the bathroom, slipping inside.

JANINE  
Morning! Room for a little one?

And the door closes.

On John - more thunderstruck than any man ever. *What??*

CUT TO:

Some while later - early daylight. Sherlock Holmes, back to  
his impeccable self is installing himself in his armchair.

SHERLOCK  
So. Just a guess, but you've  
probably got some questions.

JOHN

Yeah, one or two. Pretty much.

Glances round. Janine is dashing round the kitchen, getting her things together. She dashes off to Sherlock's bedroom. (Pointedly, Sherlock waits till she's gone - throughout this scene he makes sure he isn't talking about Magnussen while she can hear.)

SHERLOCK

Naturally.

JOHN

You have a girlfriend??

SHERLOCK

Yes, I have. Okay, Magnussen then. Magnussen is a shark. Only way I can describe him. Ever been to the shark tank at the London Aquarium, John - stood right at the glass? Those flat, gliding faces. Those dead eyes. That's what he is. I've dealt with murderers, psychopaths. Terrorists, serial killers. None of them can turn my stomach like Charles Augustus Magnussen.

JOHN

... yes, you have??

SHERLOCK

... I'm sorry?

JOHN

You have a girlfriend??

SHERLOCK

What? Yes. Yes, I'm going out with Janine. I thought that was fairly obvious.

JOHN

Yes. Well, yes - but you're in a relationship??

SHERLOCK

Yes, I am.

JOHN

You and Janine?

SHERLOCK

Yes, me and Janine.

JOHN

Do you want to elaborate?

SHERLOCK

... We're in a good place. It's very affirming.

(CONTINUED)

31.



JOHN  
You got that from a book.

SHERLOCK  
Everyone got that from a book.

Janine now dashing through from the bedroom - pecks Sherlock on the cheek. She perches momentarily on the arm of Sherlock's chair, every inch the confident girlfriend.

JANINE  
Okay, bad boys, you two behave. And you, Sherl, you're going to tell me where you were last night.

SHERLOCK  
Working.

JANINE  
Yeah, working, course you were. I'm the one who knows what you're really like, remember?

SHERLOCK  
Well don't you go letting on!

And he gives her a finger tap on the nose - the loved-up couple.

John, just staring his eyes off. Maybe she *is* the one who knows.

JANINE  
I might just, actually.  
(to John)  
Haven't told Mary about this. Kind of wanted to surprise her.

JOHN  
Well, I think you probably will.

JANINE  
But we'll get you two round to dinner really soon. My place, though, not the scuzz-dump.

JOHN  
Great. Yeah. Dinner, yeah.

Many thoughts are competing for space in John's mind - all of them labeled *What??*

JANINE  
Gotta dash, brilliant to see you.  
Bye!!

She's heading to the door. Sherlock has leapt up to open the door - the considerate boyfriend in the early days.

SHERLOCK  
Have a lovely day - call me later.

JANINE

Yeah, might do, might call you -  
unless I see anyone prettier  
(Grabs him, kisses him)  
Solve me a crime, Sherlock Holmes.

She goes rattling down the stairs.

On Sherlock - one of those chilling moments. The moment her back is turned, his face just drops. All the warmth gone, the cold mask slams down. This is fast though - so fast we're almost not sure we saw it.

He closes the door.

SHERLOCK

You know Magnussen as a newspaper owner - but he is so much more than that. He has, in his possession, the single greatest store of dangerous and compromising information this world has ever seen. He uses his power and wealth to gain more information, and the more he acquires, the greater his wealth and power. I'm not exaggerating when I say he knows the critical pressure point on every person of note or influence, in the Western World and possibly beyond. He is the Napoleon of blackmail. He has created an unassailable architecture of forbidden knowledge - and it's name is Appledore.

During the above he has opened his laptop, tapped away. Now on the screen - of Magnussen's house, as seen in the opening.

John, now looking at the picture.

A beat.

JOHN

Dinner?

SHERLOCK

Sorry, what, dinner?

JOHN

We're coming round to dinner, me and Mary. With wine and ... sitting.

SHERLOCK

Seriously? I just told you the Western World is more or less run from this house, and you want to talk about dinner.

JOHN

Okay, talk about the house.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

It is the greatest repository of sensitive and dangerous information anywhere in the world. The Alexandra Library of secrets and scandals. And none of it is on a computer. He's smart, computers can be hacked. It's all on hard copy, in vaults, underneath that house. And as long as its there the personal freedom of anyone you've ever met is a fantasy.

JOHN

And this is the guy we're going to go and see?

SHERLOCK

I have an appointment at his office in two hours. What do you think?

JOHN

I think it's strange you chose to go back on drugs first.

SHERLOCK

Surely it's obvious why.

A tap at the door, Mrs. Hudson popping her head round.

MRS. HUDSON

That was the doorbell. Didn't you hear it?

SHERLOCK

It's in the fridge - it kept ringing.

MRS. HUDSON

That's not a *fault*, Sherlock.

JOHN

Who is it?

On Mrs. Hudson - clearly a little freaked, almost frightened.

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

On Mrs Hudson, nervously descending the stairs -  
- from the POV of someone waiting below.

As she comes down, Magnussen-style text starts flowing across the screen.

MARTHA LOUISE HUDSON (née SISSONS)

LANDLADY  
WIDOW (SEE FILE)  
SEMI-REFORMED ALCOHOLIC  
FORMER "EXOTIC DANCER" (SEE FILE)  
FINANCES: 21% DEBT (SEE FILE)  
STATUS: UNIMPORTANT.

PRESSURE POINT: MARIJUANA.

MRS. HUDSON  
Mr. Holmes says you can go right  
up.

CUT TO:

29 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 29

On the door as it pushed open, to reveal -

- Sherlock and John, standing either side of the fireplace.  
Tensed, on their mettle.

And now through the door, three men. All well built in dark  
suits, clearly private security. They move swiftly and  
efficiently round the room. One of them is checking doors and  
windows, the other two go to John and Sherlock, as if to  
frisk them.

Sherlock stands ready to be frisked.

SHERLOCK  
Go ahead.

SECURITY MAN  
(To John)  
Sir?

JOHN  
Could I have a moment?

SHERLOCK  
He's fine.

They're both now being frisked.

JOHN  
Okay, I should probably mention -

Too late. The Security Man has found something - he draws out  
the tyre lever, still jammed into John's belt.

JOHN  
Doesn't mean I'm *not* pleased to see  
you.

SHERLOCK  
I can vouch for this man - he's a  
doctor.

As Sherlock says this, the Security Man is taking Wiggins' knife from John's jacket pocket.

SECURITY MAN  
Then why's he armed?

JOHN  
I'm off duty.

SHERLOCK  
This is Dr. John Watson, if you  
know who I am, you know who he is.  
Don't you, Mr. Magnussen.

His eyes go to -

Charles Augustus Magnussen, standing in the doorway. Smiling.

SHERLOCK  
I understood we were meeting at  
your office.

Magnussen's eyes drift to Sherlock - calm indifferent. He's stepping into room now. Looking round - the mildest interest, almost amusement. It's a feature of Magnussen entering a room, that he does so as if he owns it. Indifferent to the presence of anyone else. He behaves, at all times, as if unobserved. Completely unself-conscious - as if no one else really matters.

MAGNUSSEN  
This *is* my office.  
(Gestures to his men)  
Well, it is now.

SECURITY MAN  
(Indicating John)  
Sir, this one?

SHERLOCK  
Get him a chair, he can stay.

MAGNUSSEN  
He can *stand*.

On John's face, the flicker of a frown - glances to Sherlock. Who gives a little nod: just put up with it.

Having taken some papers from the table, Magnussen now strolls over to the sofa, sits, reading.

SHERLOCK  
Mr. Magnussen?

Magnussen glances up - the mildest of interest.

SHERLOCK  
I have been asked to intercede with  
you by Lady Elizabeth Smallwood. On  
the matter of her husband's  
letters.

Magnussen just stares, unblinking at him. Those blank eyes, that serene half-smile.

SHERLOCK  
Some time ago, you brought pressure on her, concerning those letters. Given that the enquiry into your newspapers that she was then conducting has now foundered, she has asked me to negotiate with you. She would like the letters back.

The blank eyes, the smile.

SHERLOCK  
Lady Smallwood has empowered me to act on her behalf.

Magnussen: nothing.

Sherlock: wading on.

SHERLOCK  
Obviously, the letters are no longer of any practical use to you, so with that in mind -

And abruptly Magnussen laughs.

Sherlock, staring coldly at him now.

SHERLOCK  
Something I said?

MAGNUSSEN  
No. I was reading.

He adjust his spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN  
There's rather a lot.  
(Chuckles again)  
Redbeard!

On Sherlock's face - drops slightly. What?

MAGNUSSEN  
Sorry, you were probably talking.

SHERLOCK  
I was trying to explain that I am acting on behalf of -

MAGNUSSEN  
Bathroom?

SECURITY MAN  
Opposite the kitchen, sir.

MAGNUSSEN  
Okay.

On Sherlock - so not used to this. A beat. Resumes.

SHERLOCK

I have been asked to negotiate for the return of the letters. I am aware that you do not make copies of any sensitive -

MAGNUSSEN

Is it like the rest of the flat?

SECURITY MAN

Sir?

MAGNUSSEN

The bathroom?

SECURITY MAN

Yes, sir.

MAGNUSSEN

Maybe not, then. You Brits, what's the secret - no shame, or no sense of smell?

SECURITY MAN

I don't know, sir.

Again, a beat on Sherlock. Resumes.

SHERLOCK

I'm aware you do not make copies of sensitive documents, so as not to compromise their singular value. The return of the letters would be a significant step then. Am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen just stares at him for a moment - that dreamy half smile. Finally:

MAGNUSSEN

Lady Elizabeth Smallwood. I like her.

And he smacks his lips again, as he did just before he licked her face.

SHERLOCK

Mr. Magnussen, am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

Magnussen just sits there for a moment, contemplating. Then he raises a foot, pushes the coffee table out of the way.

MAGNUSSEN

You know *why* I like her? She's English with a spine? It's like a genetic experiment.

(CONTINUED)

He's now strolling to the fireplace. He flicks a finger at the fire-place -

- Security Man quickly clears the fire-guard out of the way.

MAGNUSSEN

The best thing about the English -  
you're so *domesticated*. All  
standing around, apologising,  
keeping your little heads down.

He's now standing at the fireplace, like it's a urinal. We hear him unzip.

MAGNUSSEN

You can do what you like here,  
doesn't matter, no one's ever going  
to stop you. A nation of  
herbivores.

We hear a steady stream now splashing on the coals.

Sherlock: stoney-faced.

John: raging, but silent.

MAGNUSSEN

I have interests all over the word,  
but everything starts in England.  
If it works here, I try it in a  
real country.

He stands there, utterly relaxed, finishing up.

John's face is brick-red with fury.

Sherlock is utterly cold.

Magnussen, now zipping up, turning. The Security Man has stepped forward with a packet wet wipes. Magnussen plucks a couple out, quickly cleans his hands.

MAGNUSSEN

The United Kingdom - petrie dish to  
the Western World.

He tosses the tissues on the floor.

MAGNUSSEN

Tell Lady Elizabeth, I might need  
those letters, so I'm keeping them.  
Goodbye.

He's pulled what are clearly the letters from his jacket.

MAGNUSSEN

Anyway. They're funny.

He's heading for the door.



SHERLOCK

If you had no intention of negotiating with me. Why are you here?

MAGNUSSEN

You're Sherlock Holmes, you're famous. I'm interested.

SHERLOCK

In what?

MAGNUSSEN

In you. I've never had a detective before.

And out he goes. His men follow.

On John - a world of disgust and barely suppressed rage.

JOHN

Jesus!

SHERLOCK

Did you notice the one extraordinary thing he did.

John stares at him. What??

JOHN

There was a moment that kind of stuck in the mind, yeah.

SHERLOCK

Exactly - when he let us see the letters!

JOHN

... okay.

SHERLOCK

So he's brought them to London. So whatever he says, he's ready to deal!

But Sherlock's mood has changed entirely - cheerful, brisk, mission accomplished! A burst of energy, pulling on his outdoor clothes.

SHERLOCK

Magnussen won't deal with anyone until he's found their weakness - the pressure point, he calls it. So clearly he believes I'm a drug addict and no serious threat. And of course, since he's in town tonight, that means the letters will be in the safe in his London office, while he goes to dinner with the Marketing Group of Great Britain, from seven till ten.

(CONTINUED)

29

JOHN  
How do you know his schedule?

SHERLOCK  
Because I do. Right, I'll see you  
tonight, I've got shopping to do.

JOHN  
What's tonight.

SHERLOCK  
I'll text you instructions.

JOHN  
I'll text you if I'm available..

CUT TO:

30

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

30

Continuous: John and Sherlock coming out the door.

SHERLOCK  
I've checked, you're fine.

JOHN  
I'll check with *Mary*.

SHERLOCK  
Yep, did that, you've got a pass.

JOHN  
*A pass??*

SHERLOCK  
Don't bring a gun

JOHN  
Why would I bring a gun??

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK  
Or a knife, or a tyre lever.  
Probably best not to do any arm-  
spraining, but let's see how the  
evening goes.

JOHN  
You just *assume* I'm coming along.

Sherlock is now hailing a cab.

SHERLOCK  
Time you got out of the house,  
John. You've put on seven pounds  
since you got married, and the  
cycling isn't doing it.

30

JOHN  
*Four pounds.*

SHERLOCK  
Mary and I think seven.

A cab has drawn up - he leaps inside.

SHERLOCK  
Later.

DISSOLVE TO:

31

EXT. CAM TOWER - NIGHT

31

A glittering tower of steel and glass.

Panning down the words CAM Global News over the doors.  
People in suits, streaming in and out.

CUT TO:

32

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

32

John, coming through the doors, looking around.

A massive imposing lobby - this is place of terrible power  
and influence, all steel and mirrors.

Where John stands, is the outer area, before the revolving  
doors and the security desks. There's a coffee stall, a shop,  
people waiting, huge screens with newsreaders and news  
footage from all round the world.

As John moves, we hold on one of the screens.

A photograph of John Garvie, from the opening scenes. The  
headline: MP John Garvie arrested on charges of corruption.

Sherlock moves to stand just behind John.

SHERLOCK  
Magnussen's office is right at the  
top, just below his private flat.  
There are fourteen layers of  
security between us and him, two of  
them not even legal in this  
country. Want to know how we're  
gong to break in?

JOHN  
Is that what we're doing?

SHERLOCK  
Of course it's what we're doing.

CUT TO:

33

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

33

A few minutes later, John and Sherlock with Cappuccinos from the coffee stall.

They turn, and Sherlock nods to the wall opposite - a cliff of marble. An unassuming door is set in the middle of it - a small lift, big enough for one or two people.

SHERLOCK  
Magnussen's personal lift. Goes straight up to his penthouse and office, only he uses it. Only his keycard, calls the lift - if anyone else even tries, security is automatically informed.

Sherlock produces a keycard.

SHERLOCK  
Standard keycard, for the building. Nicked it yesterday. This one only gets us to the canteen. If I tried it on that lift right now, what do you think happens?

Wider shot: John and Sherlock in the background, and Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, using the card in the slot.

Instantly alarms go off, and Security Men come racing over, grab Imaginary Sherlock, pull him.

JOHN  
Alarms go off, and you get dragged away by security.

SHERLOCK  
Exactly.

JOHN  
Taken to some dark little room and your head kicked in.

SHERLOCK  
Do we need so much colour?

JOHN  
Passes the time.

SHERLOCK  
But what if I do this?

He takes the card and presses it against his mobile phone.

SHERLOCK  
Did you know, John, that if you press a keycard against your mobile phone for long enough, the magnetic strip get corrupted and the card stops working.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
Common problem - never put your  
phone with your keycard. If you  
really want to screw things up, you  
can do this too.

He's now rubbing a magnet over the card.

SHERLOCK  
Now think about this. What happens  
if I try the card now?

Wider shot: again John and Sherlock in the background,  
Imaginary Sherlock in the foreground, trying the card.

JOHN  
It still doesn't work.

Again, alarms go off, security men descend -

- but this time they all freeze-frame, only John and Sherlock  
remain animated in the background.

SHERLOCK  
But it won't read as the wrong card  
now, it will read as corrupted.

A second bunch of security men come dashing in - but the  
freeze-frame too, as Sherlock says.

SHERLOCK  
But if it's corrupted, they can't  
know it *isn't* Magnussen. Are they  
going to risk dragging *him* off?

JOHN  
Probably not.

All the security men disappear in multiple puffs of smoke.

SHERLOCK  
So what do they do? What *must* they  
do?

JOHN  
... Well. They check if it's him or  
not.

SHERLOCK  
There's a camera at eye level at  
the side of the door.

Cut to neatly concealed little camera lens in the wall beside  
the lift.

The light on the little camera glows on.

SHERLOCK

A live picture of the card user  
would be relayed directly to  
Magnussen's personal staff in his  
office, who are the only people who  
will be trusted to make a positive  
ID.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Magnussen's insanely opulent office, though we don't see much  
of it yet.

Close on entry-phone unit next to the Magnussen's personal  
lift. It starts beeping.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

At this hour, that would almost  
certainly be his PA.

Footsteps approaching, then a red fingernail on the button -  
- Sherlock's smiling face pops into view on the little  
monitor.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

35

On John and Sherlock - no imaginary figures now.

JOHN

How does that help us?

SHERLOCK

Human error.

(Winks, pats his pocket)

I've been shopping.

And now Sherlock is now marching over to the lift. Calm and  
confident, he slips his key card in the slot.

SHERLOCK

Here we go then!

A silence -

- nothing happens. No alarms, nothing. John looks nervously  
round.

And then it happens, for real -

- the little light comes on next to the lens. Sherlock gives  
a big smile into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

35

JOHN  
You realise you don't exactly look  
like Magnussen?

SHERLOCK  
Which, in this case, was a  
considerable advantage.

CUT TO:

36

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Again Magnussen's insanely opulent office -

Close on entry-phone unit next to the Magnussen's personal  
lift. It starts beeping.

Footsteps approaching, then a red fingernail on the button -

- Sherlock's smiling face pops into view on the little  
monitor.

This time we pan to the astonished face of the PA and -

- it's Janine!

She stares in disbelief. What?? What??

Wider: a Security Officer pops his head round the office  
door.

SECURITY OFFICER  
Everything okay?

Janine hurriedly steps between the monitor and the Security  
Officer, protecting her boyfriend!

JANINE  
Yeah, just a fault.

The Security Officer now withdraws. Janine turns, furious, to  
the entryphone. Presses a button on it.

JANINE  
Sherlock, you complete loon! What  
are you doing??

CUT TO:

37

INT. CAM TOWER/ENTRANCE LOBBY - NIGHT

37

Now intercutting as required.

John, boggling as he recognises the voice.

JOHN  
Hang on, was that - that was -

(CONTINUED)  
46.

Sherlock reaches out and neatly covers John's mouth with his hand.

SHERLOCK  
Hi, Janine. Go on, let me in!

JANINE  
I can't. You *know* I can't, don't be silly!

SHERLOCK  
Well don't make me do it out here!  
In front of everyone. I will, you know!

JANINE  
Do *what* in front of everyone??

And Sherlock reaches into his coat pocket - the one he patted - and produces a little ring box! Flips it open reveal an engagement ring.

On Janine - just staring. Staring and staring.

On John - also staring for different reasons. Oh, you *bastard!!*

And the lift doors roll open!

Sherlock steps inside - John is just staring at him! Now dazedly following him.

SHERLOCK  
You see - as long as there's people, there's always a weak spot.

JOHN  
That was Janine.

SHERLOCK  
Of course it was Janine. She's Magnussen's PA, that's the whole point.

JOHN  
... Did you just get engaged to break into a bloody office?

SHERLOCK  
Yeah. Stroke of luck, meeting her at your wedding - so you can take some of the credit.

JOHN  
Jesus, Sherlock, she *loves* you!

SHERLOCK  
Yeah, like I said - human error.

He hits the button, the lift doors roll shut.



37

As they ascend:

JOHN  
But it's *Janine*. What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK  
Well, not actually marry her, obviously. There's only so far you can go.

JOHN  
But what will you tell her??

SHERLOCK  
I'll tell her our entire relationship was a ruse so I could break into her boss's office. I imagine she'll want to stop seeing me at that point, but you're the expert on women.

JOHN  
She'll be bloody heart-broken.

SHERLOCK  
Well we're splitting up, that's a perfectly normal reaction.

JOHN  
*Sherlock!*

SHERLOCK  
Stop worrying - once I'm out of the picture, I'll be the last thing on her mind. Magnussen is definitely going to sack her for this.

The lift chimes, and Sherlock strides happily out of the lift. An appalled John follows a beat later -

CUT TO:

38

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

38

- into Magnussen's office. But now it is seemingly deserted. They look around. Momentarily disconcerted. Where is everyone - so quiet.

JOHN  
Where did she go?

SHERLOCK  
Bit rude, I just proposed to her.

JOHN  
*Sherlock!!*

John is now racing over to the other side of the room -

(CONTINUED)  
48.

- where he can see a single female leg projecting.

And there's Janine, lying sprawled.

SHERLOCK  
Did she faint? Is that what they  
do?

John, quickly, checking her. His hand comes away bloody from  
the back of her head.

JOHN  
Blow to the head. She's breathing.  
Janine? *Janine??*

She mutters, mumbles -

SHERLOCK  
Look after her -

He's already leaping over to the other room, throws open the  
door -

- the Security Officer we saw earlier, also sprawled on the  
floor -

SHERLOCK  
Another one in here - security.

JOHN  
Does he need help?

SHERLOCK  
Ex-con, white supremacist by his  
tattoos, so who cares - stick with  
Janine.

JOHN  
Janine, can you hear me, focus on  
my voice.  
(To Sherlock)  
They must still be here.

Sherlock has raced over to the chair behind Magnussen's huge  
desk, placed his palm on the seat of it.

SHERLOCK  
So's Magnussen, seat's still warm -  
he should be at dinner, but he's in  
the building.  
(Looks up)  
Upstairs.

JOHN  
He's the target. We should phone  
the police.

SHERLOCK  
During our own burglary? You're not  
a natural at this. No, wait, *shhh!!*  
Perfume! Not Janine's --

Big sniff. Perfume brand names spin through the air around him for a moment, all evaporating, leaving -

SHERLOCK  
Claire-De-La-Lune. Why do I know  
it?

JOHN  
Mary wears it.

SHERLOCK  
So does ... no, not Mary, there's  
somebody else ...

His eyes, raking round the room, details pinging at him -  
- then one of the windows, the curtains blowing.

He steps over, pulls the curtain back. The window is open, a  
giddy view over London. Someone has climbed in!!

He looks down, the plunging drop, the cliff face of glass and  
steel.

How the hell ... ??

A word now floats on the screen ...

GYMNAST.

SHERLOCK  
No, no, *no, stupid!!*

He's racing for the stairs again, now pounding up them.

JOHN  
Sherlock?

Janine, choking and spluttering.

JOHN  
Janine, sit up. Sit up and focus on  
my voice, come on, that's it ...

CUT TO:

Sherlock, now racing into the penthouse suite. Huge, all of  
London blazing at the tall windows.

Looking round, fast, scanning -

- the room, mostly in darkness, one vivid wedge of light  
slashing across the carpet -

- from the bedroom door!

- and then, a voice! Magnussen's voice. But this time,  
pleading ...

... negotiating for his life ...

MAGNUSSEN  
(From off)  
... I'm a business man. That's all  
I am ...

Sherlock, now moving to the room, swift and precise as a cat.

MAGNUSSEN  
(From off)  
... we can do business, we don't  
have to be so incontinent.

Sherlock now peering round the door.

Through the crack in the door. Magnussen, facing us, on his knees, his hands clasped behind his head. He's afraid, almost crying ...

The muzzle of a handgun, with silencer, inches from his forehead.

A slim female figure - close-fitting combat fatigues, hair tied up - stands over him, gun right in his face.

MAGNUSSEN  
What would your husband think? Your  
lovely husband, upright and  
honourable, so English, what would  
he say to you now?

Sherlock now stepping quietly into the room, so far unnoticed.

MAGNUSSEN  
You're doing this to protect him  
from the truth. Is this the  
protection he would want??

She cocks the gun. Finally, Sherlock speaks - quiet and calm.

SHERLOCK  
Additionally, if you're going to  
commit murder, you might want to  
consider changing your perfume ...

The female figure freezes ...

... Magnussen's eyes flick to Sherlock.

MAGNUSSEN  
Mr. Holmes. Oh thank God!

SHERLOCK  
... Lady Smallwood.

The figure doesn't turn.

And now Magnussen, looking at Sherlock, bemused.

MAGNUSSEN

What? Sorry, *who*?

On Sherlock - flicker of a frown, of puzzlement.

MAGNUSSEN

Oh! Don't you know?

(To the woman)

Doesn't he know?

(To Sherlock)

Seriously? *Lady Smallwood??* Mycroft said you were slow, but I had no idea.

Sherlock's eyes flick to the woman standing with her back to him. Actually, too young to be Lady Smallwood ...

MAGNUSSEN

That's not Lady Smallwood, Mr. Holmes.

And the figure is turning, in nightmare slow motion ...

... turning to face Sherlock.

On Sherlock's face. The worst moment of his life, the most plunging, terrible realisation.

Standing facing him, gun in her hand, is Mary Watson.

He stands there. He stares. He tries to compute - for once, he can't.

Frozen. Staring.

Mary, raising her gun to level right at him.

And now a single word in the air in front of her.

LIAR.

MARY

Is John with you?

On Sherlock. Still reeling, still trying to compute. His first moment ever of total brain-freeze.

MARY

Is John here?

SHERLOCK

... he's downstairs.

MAGNUSSEN

So what do you do now. Kill both of us?

SHERLOCK

... Mary .... Whatever he has on you ... let me help.

Sherlock's eyes flick to Magnussen -

- who's hand is slowly reaching towards his mobile phone,  
lying where it fell...

Sherlock takes a step.

MARY  
Sherlock, if you take another step,  
I swear, I will kill you right  
here.

On Sherlock. The shock is over, he's back on form.

Scanning her, fast, forensic.

Sherlock vision: super fast zoom on Mary's eye. Just the  
tiniest sparkle of a forming tear.

Super fast zoom on the gun: trembling in her hand, so very  
slightly.

On Sherlock - the tiniest smile. The great detective back in  
control.

SHERLOCK  
No, Mrs. Watson - you won't.

And he takes a step forward.

Without hesitation, without a flicker on her face, Mary  
fires. A tiny sneeze of noise from the silenced gun -

- and now a dreadful ringing silence.

Sherlock, comes to a halt again, now just standing there.  
Frowns, as if a thought had occurred to him - a look of the  
mildest surprise.

Cocks his head, as if trying to figure something out.

MARY  
I'm sorry, Sherlock. I truly am.

Sherlock, now looking down at his shirtfront. A bloodstain  
flowering on his chest.

He looks up at Mary, total incomprehension. His eyes blink,  
woozily.

SHERLOCK  
... Mary?

Close on his eyes - another big, woozy, thunderclap blink ...

Wider - everything is slowly freezing to a stop. (We are now  
entering Sherlock's mind palace - the following should be  
bold and surreal but fast! Action stations in Sherlock's  
brain as he fights to stay alive.)

39

The lighting changes, the walls disappearing into darkness, lights picking out the now frozen figures of Sherlock, Mary and Magnussen.

And now, impossibly, a white-coated Molly Hooper steps between them, just walking casually through - she glances at Sherlock as she passes, talking, perfectly conversational.

MOLLY  
It's not like it is in the movies -  
there's not a great big spurt of  
blood and you go flying backwards  
...

We pan with Molly and in one panning shot the room becomes -

40

INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT

40

- the mortuary at Barts.

MOLLY  
The impact isn't spread over a wide  
area, it's tightly focussed, so  
there's little or no energy  
transfer. You stay still and the  
bullet pushes through.

She's walked to one of the slabs, pulled back the sheet.

Sherlock is lying there, white and dead, a neat bullet wound in chest.

Again, close on his eyes, the big, thunderclap blink ...

MOLLY  
You're almost certainly going to  
die - so we need to focus

She looks at the dead Sherlock's face, and slaps it hard. He splutters awake.

MOLLY  
Focus!

FAST CUT TO:

41

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

41

Molly, now standing in front of Sherlock, in Magnussen's bedroom, all other action is now frozen. She slaps him again -

- on the moment of the slap, we -

FAST CUT TO:

42        INT. BARTS LAB - NIGHT

42

- we're flashbacking to the scene, where she slapped him before -

- but this time the impact sends him stumbling out of shot, into -

CUT TO:

43        INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT

43

- Sherlock stumbles against the slab, where his own body is lying. Molly's there too, waiting for him.

MOLLY

It's all well and clever having a mind palace, but you've only got three seconds of consciousness left to use it. So come on, what's going to kill you?

SHERLOCK

The bullet.

MOLLY

Why?

SHERLOCK

Tissue destruction.

MOLLY

No, it's hardly ever tissue destruction, *think!*

SHERLOCK

Blood loss.

MOLLY

Exactly. So it's all about one thing now. Forwards or backwards - we need to decide which way you're going to fall.

CUT TO:

44        INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

44

- Magnussen's suite. Frozen Sherlock -

- and now Anderson steps into the shot.

ANDERSON

One hole or two?

The frozen Sherlock turns to look at him.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)



Molly now joining them

MOLLY  
Is the bullet still inside you, or  
is there an exit wound? That's  
going to depend on the gun.

Close on Sherlock, surrounded by darkness -

- which now illuminates behind him, to reveal a wall covered  
in diagrams of guns. Sherlock turns to look at it, as we  
realise we're now in -

CUT TO:

45 INT. FORENSICS OFFICE - NIGHT 45

Sherlock, stepping towards a wall covered in diagrams of  
different guns. Anderson is next to him. (The room now seems  
real - a remembered place, from Sherlock's past, in which he  
houses these memories.)

Sherlock scanning among the diagrams.

SHERLOCK  
That one, I think. Or that one.

ANDERSON  
Either way, it's a nine millimetre  
calibre bullet. From a gun that  
size, factoring in a silencer, over  
a distance of approximately six  
feet ...

MYCROFT  
(From off, interrupting)  
Oh for God's sake, Sherlock, it  
doesn't matter about the gun. Don't  
be stupid.

Close on Sherlock hearing the familiar voice. The darkness  
behind illumines to reveal Mycroft at his desk.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT 46

Sherlock, turning to look at his brother.

MYCROFT  
You always were so stupid - such a  
disappointment.

Cutting back to Sherlock - but now he's a little boy, snotty  
nosed, almost crying.

LITTLE SHERLOCK  
I'm not stupid.

46

Mycroft striding round the desk to tower over the little boy.

MYCROFT

You are a very stupid little boy,  
and Mummy and Daddy are very cross -  
because it doesn't matter about the  
gun.

LITTLE SHERLOCK

Why not?

MYCROFT

You saw the whole room when you  
entered it - what was directly  
behind you when you were murdered?

LITTLE SHERLOCK

I've not been murdered yet.

MYCROFT

Balance of probability, little  
brother.

Little Sherlock starts to turn his head -

CUT TO:

47

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

47

- now on adult Sherlock, turning his head to look at what is  
directly behind him -

- a mirror. Mycroft is reflected in it.

MYCROFT

A mirror, exactly. If the bullet  
had passed through you, what would  
you have heard?

SHERLOCK

The mirror shattering.

MYCROFT

You didn't - therefore?

SHERLOCK

The bullet's still inside me.

Molly and Anderson now circling frozen Sherlock, appraising  
him.

ANDERSON

So we need to take him down  
backwards.

MOLLY

I agree. Sherlock, you need to fall  
on your back.

(CONTINUED)

47

ANDERSON

Right now, the bullet is the cork  
in the bottle -

MOLLY

The bullet itself is blocking most  
of the blood flow.

ANDERSON

But any pressure or impact on the  
entrance wound could distort the  
primary cavity, dislodging the  
bullet, accelerating blood loss.

MOLLY

Plus, on your back, gravity is  
working *for* us. Fall *now*.

The whole room starts to lean. Sherlock's knees start to  
buckle - in agonising slow motion he starts to fall  
backwards.

- and then it's like every klaxon and alarm is going off at  
once. His face twists, wincing at the terrible noise -

CUT TO:

48

INT. BARTS MORTUARY - NIGHT

48

Sherlock stumbles violently against the wall of body  
cabinets, clutching his head, trying to block out the  
terrible din -

SHERLOCK

What is that, what's happening??

Sherlock's impact with wall, causes one of the long drawers  
to slide open -

- inside it is Sherlock himself.

Now Molly is there.

MOLLY

You're going into shock. It's the  
next thing that's going to kill  
you.

SHERLOCK

What do I do?

Cutting back to Molly, it's not Molly any more, it's Mycroft.

MYCROFT

Don't go into shock, obviously.  
Must be something in this  
ridiculous memory palace that can  
calm you down. *Find it.*

(CONTINUED)

Now Sherlock is stumbling through one of the doors, out of the room -

MYCROFT  
The East Wind is coming, Sherlock.  
It's coming to get you!

CUT TO:

49 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 49

- on Sherlock, falling backwards, surreal slow motion, the klaxons and alarms still clamouring -

CUT TO:

50 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 50

A long, slanting, surreal corridor, lots of doors. Sherlock racing along it, throwing open each door as he passes it -

- and there's Mary, gun leveled, firing at him -

- throws open another door: this time Mary dressed as a bride, firing at him -

- another door: Mary, dressed as she first met Sherlock, firing at him -

The alarms and klaxons louder and louder -

CUT TO:

51 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 51

- Sherlock, falling back and back, mouth open in a silent scream -

CUT TO:

52 INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 52

Sherlock, on his knees, clutching his head, too loud, too loud -

- now, another noise, scampering, whimpering -

- he looks up.

At the other end of the long, mad corridor, a dog - a red setter. It's terrified, cowering.

Sherlock clearly recognises it.

SHERLOCK  
Here boy. Come on, come to me, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)  
59.

The dog whines, starts cautiously forward. The alarms and the klaxons quieten slightly.

Cutting back to Sherlock - he's the little boy Sherlock now.

LITTLE SHERLOCK  
Come on! Come on, it's all right,  
it's me. Come here, just come here.

The dog approaching, closer. The klaxons and alarms, slowly fading, fading.

And now the dog is licking Little Sherlock's face.

LITTLE SHERLOCK  
That's it, good boy, clever boy.

Stroking him, hugging him. And now it's adult Sherlock again, so pleased, so fond.

SHERLOCK  
Hello again, Redbeard. They're  
putting me down now. Not much fun,  
is it?

CUT TO:

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

Now, in the same agonising slow motion, Sherlock is slamming down on to the carpet, a terrible impact.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dog is gone now, as Sherlock convulses and spasms in pain.

The lights in the corridor, buzzing, flickering.

And there's Molly at the far end of the corridor, standing a few feet in front of a pair of double doors.

MOLLY  
Without the shock, you're going to  
feel the pain.

The double doors behind her are starting to burst open.

MOLLY  
There's been a hole ripped through  
you, massive internal bleeding.

And now surging through the doors a river of blood, in super slow motion, cascading towards Molly, to engulf her.

MOLLY  
You have to control the pain!

54

And she disappears into the flood.

CUT TO:

55

INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

55

On Sherlock's face, mouth twisting open in a silent scream of pain.

CUT TO:

56

INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE - NIGHT

56

On Sherlock now hurrying down a flight of steps.

Now down a spiral staircase. Another flight of steps, down, down!!

Now bursting through a door, into -

CUT TO:

57

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

57

A dungeon, like at the very depths of a castle. A figure is chained to the wall, hunched, hiding his face.

SHERLOCK  
You never felt pain. Why not? Why  
don't you feel it??

Silence - then a familiar voice from the hunched figure.

MORIARTY  
You always feel it, Sherlock ...

Jim Moriarty erupts out of the shadows, lunging at Sherlock - the chain yanks him back, not long enough.

MORIARTY  
... but you don't have to *fear* it!

The lights flicker. With a gasp and cry, Sherlock is on the floor again.

MORIARTY  
Pain, heartbreak, loss, death -  
it's *all* good.

Moriarty now looming delightedly over Sherlock, who's in agony on the floor.

MORIARTY  
You're going to love being dead,  
Sherlock - nobody ever bothers you.  
Take it from someone who knows - a  
bullet through the brain solves  
everything!

(CONTINUED)  
61.

57

JOHN  
(V.O.)  
*Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

58 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT

58

Now back in the real world.

John is crashing through the door -

- to find Sherlock shot on the floor, and a recovering  
Magnussen. Mary is gone.

JOHN  
Sherlock - what happened??

He's straight to Sherlock's side.

MAGNUSSEN  
He got shot

JOHN  
Sherlock, can you hear me,  
*Sherlock!* Who shot him?

The corner of Magnussen's mouth just twitches. His eyes gleam  
behind the spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN  
He's losing an awful lot of blood,  
isn't he?

CUT TO:

59 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

59

Sherlock crouched whimpering on the floor, Moriarty mocking  
him.

MORIARTY  
(Singing)  
It's raining, it's pouring  
Sherlock is boring.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. CAM TOWER - NIGHT

60

Blue flashing lights, police cars, an ambulance. Sherlock  
Holmes is being stretchered out of the doors, John racing  
along next to him.

CUT TO:

61            INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

61

Moriarty, singing - Sherlock still on the floor.

MORIARTY  
I'm laughing, I'm crying  
Sherlock is dying.

CUT TO:

62            EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

62

The ambulance tearing through the London streets, siren blaring.

CUT TO:

63            INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

63

The medics, working frantically at Sherlock, John helping.

JOHN  
Sherlock, come on, we're losing  
you!! *Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

64            INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

64

Moriarty, satanic, over Sherlock. The room is now flashing blue, like the light on the ambulance.

MORIARTY  
Come on, Sherlock, just die, why  
can't you. It's easy, make an  
effort. One little push and off you  
pop.  
(Sings)  
A bullet through the brain  
Stops all that horrid pain.

And as he says this, the single tone sounding through the  
dungeon of a heart monitor with no reading ...

CUT TO:

65 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

65

From above, Sherlock Holmes dead on the table. The tone continues, the surgeons are stepping back from the table. It's all over, no hope.

CUT TO:



66        INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

66

Moriarty exultant, Sherlock still and cold.

MORIARTY  
Oh, Mrs. Hudson will cry. And Mummy  
and Daddy will cry. And the Woman  
will cry and John will cry buckets  
and buckets. It's John I feel sorry  
for - that wife of his, whatever  
she's up to. He's the one you're  
letting down, he's definitely in  
danger.

Close on Sherlock's face. At this, his eyes snap open!

CUT TO:

67        INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

67

Close on the heart beat monitor. The line bounces - a  
heartbeat!!

CUT TO:

68        INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

68

With a mighty effort, Sherlock raises a fist, slams into the  
floor. On the impact we

CUT TO:

69        INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

69

- the monitor - a heartbeat!

CUT TO:

70        INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

70

Sherlock lurching drunkenly to the door.

MORIARTY  
Oh, what are you doing now? Are you  
getting better? What did I say  
wrong?

Sherlock slams the door open.

MORIARTY  
Bullet through the brain - it's all  
you ever need!

CUT TO:

71                    INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

71

- again on the impact, the heartbeat flickers across the monitor.

Wider - the surgeons, reacting.

SURGEON  
He's coming back. Jesus, he's  
coming back!!

CUT TO:

72                    INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE/STAIRS - NIGHT

72

Sherlock, climbing the stairs - dogged, determined, heroic. Every few steps he stops, he slams a fist against the wall, like he's trying to stay, willing himself back to life.

On each impact we cut to:

The heart monitor - a heartbeat flickers across it.

Again! Again! Again!

CUT TO:

73            INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

73

The surgeons, working like crazy.

Close on Sherlock's face. Suddenly, impossibly, his eyes snap open.

He's back!!

CUT TO:

74 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - EARLY MORNING

74

Mary, coming through the doors. Dressed in her clothes now - playing the part of woman who has leapt out of bed, and driven here fast.

JOHN  
(From off)  
*Mary!!*

John is dashing from among the crowds in the waiting area, joyous with news.

JOHN  
He's only bloody awake. He's only  
gone and pulled through!

MARY  
Really? Seriously? Oh God, that's  
amazing.

(CONTINUED)

He hugs her. We see the change in Mary's face over John's shoulder.

JOHN  
He's conscious. Properly conscious -  
he made four deductions and one of  
the nurses cry. And you, Mrs.  
Watson, you're in a lot of bloody  
trouble.

He's joking, but it chills Mary.

MARY  
Really? Why?

JOHN  
You and Sherlock. Always thought  
there was something going on  
between you pair.

Again he's just joking - Mary struggling to hide her unease.

MARY  
What are you talking about?

JOHN  
First word when he wakes up? Mary!

On Mary -

- trying hard to conceal the impact of this. A sickly attempt  
at a smile.

CUT TO:

On Sherlock's eyes, flickering open.

Blurry details. The silent beeping room. And irregular  
shapes, moving slightly in the air-conditioning. Monster  
shadows on the wall.

Sherlock's eyes, blinking, focussing.

The room is full of flowers. And now a figure detaches, moves  
among them. The glitter of gold-rimmed spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN  
They're not all from me. The  
struggling carnations are from  
Scotland Yard. The single rose is  
from W. And the black wreath is  
from C Block, Pentonville - I'm not  
sure the intent was entirely  
kindly.

He settles down in a chair next to the bed.

He has taken one of Sherlock's hands, now examines them - again, it's that terrible assumption of ownership.

MAGNUSSEN  
I covet your hands, Mr. Holmes.  
Look at them though! A musician's  
hands, an artist's.  
(Kisses one of Sherlock's  
fingers)  
A woman's.

He shoots a mischievous look at Sherlock - who, weak as a kitten, pulls his hand away.

MAGNUSSEN  
Apologies for the dampness of my  
touch - you'll get used to it.

Sherlock - so drowsy, so befuddled - manages to glare at him.

MAGNUSSEN  
Having shot you, the woman you know  
as Mary Watson, left without  
killing me. Which is odd, because  
that was the reason she came.

Sherlock: mutinous silence. A sleepy blink.

MAGNUSSEN  
I didn't pass on her identity to  
the police - information like that,  
is too valuable to share.

Magnussen's voice, echoing now, as Sherlock fades.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

Hours later, first light. Red glow of dawn at the blinds, silhouetting a woman standing against them.

She steps forward, looking down at Sherlock. It's Mary. Cold, fierce.

MARY  
You don't tell him. You don't tell  
John.

Sherlock's eyes flickering woozily. Is this even real?

Mary, bending over him, satanic.

MARY  
Sherlock, look at me and tell me  
you are not going to tell him!!

The screen darkens, her voice echoes away.

CUT TO:

76A      EXT. APPLEDORE - NIGHT      76A

Again, Magnussen's car is heading through the gates.

CUT TO:

76B      INT. APPLEDORE - HALLWAY - NIGHT      76B

Again, a shot from on high, as Magnussen makes his way through the huge hallway.

CUT TO:

76C      INT. APPLEDORE - MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT      76C

Magnussen heads through his office, to the door behind his desk.

CUT TO:

76D      INT. APPLEDORE - BASEMENT - NIGHT      76D

Magnussen heading down the spiral staircase.

Now Magnussen pulling open the top drawer of a filing cabinet.

Now he's sitting, leafing happily through a file.

On the file - photographs of Mary, pages of typescript.

Magnussen starts to grin.

MAGNUSSEN  
Bad girl. Bad, bad girl.

CUT TO:

77      INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - DAY      77

Sherlock's eyes flickering open again.

His POV. Words coming into focus:

A newspaper headline (the Star or something similar):

**SHAG-A-LOT HOLMES**

- over a picture of a picture of Sherlock.

The newspaper is gone, another takes its place, held up for his inspection. This time:

**7 TIMES A NIGHT IN BAKER STREET**

There's another photo of Sherlock, with the smaller headline.

**SHERLOCK'S NO HOMO.**

And now another takes it place, this time from the inside of the paper.

**HE MADE ME WEAR THE HAT**

- over a picture of Janine, wearing a deerstalker, and playing the wronged woman for the camera.

The newspaper drops revealing, Janine's smiling face.

JANINE

I bought a cottage! I've made a *lot*  
of money out of you, mister -  
nothing hits the spot like revenge  
with profits.

Sherlock looks at her, blinks, considers this. Looks at the tabloids scattered over his bed.

SHERLOCK

You didn't give the story to  
Magnussen, did you?

JANINE

God, no. One of his rivals, he was  
*spitting*. Sherlock Holmes, you are  
a back-stabbing, heartless,  
manipulative bastard.

SHERLOCK

And you, as it turns out, are a  
grasping, opportunistic, publicity-  
hungry, tabloid whore.

JANINE

So we're good then?

SHERLOCK

Of course. Where did you buy the  
cottage?

JANINE

Sussex Downs.

SHERLOCK

Nice.

JANINE

View of the sea, gorgeous. There's  
beehives but I'm getting rid of  
those.

He's trying to sit up, and now gives a big gasp of pain.

JANINE

Hurts, does it?  
(Nods to a dripfeed)  
Probably want to restart your  
morphine - I might have fiddled  
with the tap.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

(Restarting)

How much more revenge are you going to need?

JANINE

The occasional top-up. Dream come true for you, this place. They actually attach the drugs to you.

SHERLOCK

Not good for working.

JANINE

You won't be working for a while, Sherl.

(A beat - they look at each other)

You lied to me. You lied and lied.

SHERLOCK

I needed access to Magnussen's office. I exploited the fact of our connection.

JANINE

When? Just once would have been nice.

SHERLOCK

I was waiting till we were married.

JANINE

That was never going to happen. I would never have said yes.

She leans in, gives him a kiss on the forehead.

JANINE

Got to go - I'm not supposed to keep you talking. Also, I'm doing an interview for The One Show and I haven't made it up yet.

(Turns at door)

Just one thing. You shouldn't have lied to me. I know what sort of man you are - but we could've been friends.

A moment's silence from Sherlock. If he's capable of shame, this is as near as he gets. She turns to go.

SHERLOCK

Keep the beehives.

JANINE

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

If you like, I'll teach you about bee-keeping.

(CONTINUED)

70.

77

JANINE  
And that will make up for  
everything, will it?

SHERLOCK  
No, but you might learn something  
about bees.

JANINE  
I would never have married you. Not  
in a million years.

SHERLOCK  
I know.

She looks at him. Ghost of a smile.

JANINE  
Although, if we both get really old  
and saggy and nobody else wants us,  
what do you think?

SHERLOCK  
Yeah, okay.

JANINE  
Might as well. I've got a lovely  
cottage and you paid for it.

She's going now. Over her shoulder.

JANINE  
(From off)  
I'll give your love to John and  
Mary.

On Sherlock's face. He likes her. Then, so suddenly, the  
warmth just disappears. Just drops away, in a moment. The  
cold mask is back.

He reaches up with his hand and turns off the morphine again.

Close on his eyes as they close -

CUT TO:

78

INT. SHERLOCK'S MEMORY PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

78

Close on Sherlock's eyes as they open -

Wider: he's standing in the corridor of his mind palace.

The camera swings giddily round to reveal, standing a few  
feet in front of him, utterly motionless, Mary Watson.

Words are hanging in the air around her like a swarm,  
different sizes and fonts -

- but all the same word -

(CONTINUED)  
71.



78

LIAR.

Sherlock takes a step towards her.

SHERLOCK  
Well then, Mary Watson - who are  
you?

Fade to black ...

CUT TO:

79

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

79

John and Lestrade walking along. Lestrade is fiddling with his mobile phone.

JOHN  
Not sure how much sense you'll get  
out of him. He's drugged up, he's  
pretty much babbling.  
(Glances at Lestrade,  
fiddling with his phone)  
They won't let you use that in here

LESTRADE  
I'm not going to phone, I just want  
to take a video.

They go round the corner, heading into Sherlock's ward -

CUT TO:

80

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

80

The bed is empty, clearly recently vacated.

The window is open, the curtains blowing the breeze.

JOHN  
Oh, Jesus!

CUT TO:

81

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

Mary, on the phone.

MARY  
Well where would he go?

CUT TO:

82

INT. SHERLOCK'S PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

82

John, on his phone, in the foreground. In the background, Lestrade talking to the doctors and nurses.

(CONTINUED)  
72.

82

(We now intercut as required.)

JOHN  
Christ knows - try and find  
Sherlock in London, bloody hell.

Now with Lestrade and the medical team.

DOCTOR  
He took the morphine.

LESTRADE  
Yeah, he does that.

John and Mary.

JOHN  
So he was lying then.

MARY  
Lying?

JOHN  
He said he didn't know who shot  
him, but he does.

MARY  
Why?

JOHN  
Because Sherlock Holmes only ever  
goes out for one reason. He's  
hunting.

On Mary's face. So chilled. He's after *her*.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

83

John and Lestrade, striding. Lestrade on the phone.

LESTRADE  
He has three known bolt-holes -  
Parliament Hill, Camden Lock and  
Dagmar Court -

CUT TO:

84 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

84

Over Lestrade's shoulder, Mycroft.

84

MYCROFT  
*Five known boltholes. There's a  
blind greenhouse in Kew Gardens,  
and the leaning tomb in Hampstead  
Cemetery.*

CUT TO:

85

INT. BARTS LAB - NIGHT

85

A slightly penitent looking Molly.

MOLLY  
My flat sometimes. Just the spare  
bedroom. Well the main bedroom, we  
agreed he needs the space.

CUT TO:

86

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

86

MRS. HUDSON  
Behind the clock face of Big Ben.  
John looks bemusedly at her.

JOHN  
I think he was probably joking.

MRS. HUDSON  
Nope, don't think so.

CUT TO:

87

INT. ANDERSON'S FLAT - NIGHT

87

Anderson and Benji on the sofa, discussing earnestly.

ANDERSON  
Leinster Gardens. It's his number  
one bolt hole - top, top secret.

BENJI  
He only know about it cos he  
stalked him one night.

ANDERSON  
"followed".

BENJI  
"Followed", yes.

MARY  
(From off)  
Okay, Leinster Gardens.

Pan to Mary, who's doing the questioning.

(CONTINUED)  
74.

MARY  
Where in Leinster Gardens?

ANDERSON  
Not exactly sure. I lost him.

On Mary: there's something colder about her now. Something sardonic as she smiles.

MARY  
Yeah. Annoying when that happens,  
isn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Lestrade and John, looking round the flat, Mrs. Hudson there too.

LESTRADE  
He was definitely here then.

MRS. HUDSON  
He took his equipment, there's food  
missing from my fridge - he always  
does that ...

John, pacing, thinking.

JOHN  
He knew who shot him. The bullet  
wound was here, he was facing  
whoever it was -

LESTRADE  
So why not tell us? Because he's  
tracking them down himself.

JOHN  
Or protecting them.

LESTRADE  
Protecting the shooter? Why?

JOHN  
Okay, protecting *someone*. But why  
would he care - he's Sherlock. Who  
would he bother protecting?

As he speaks, he's headed over to his old chair, now throws himself into it.

It takes him a moment to realise. His chair. His chair is back, right where it was.

He touches the arms, looks at. What? *What?*

LESTRADE

Okay, whatever, doesn't help us find him. I'm heading back to the station, call me if you hear anything. Don't hold out for me, John, just call, okay.

John, lost in his own world, troubled.

JOHN

Yeah. Sure, yeah.

LESTRADE

Good night, then.

MRS. HUDSON

Bye now.

Lestrade heads off down the stairs.

Holding on John, still his own thoughts, worry mounting and mounting. He's gripping the arms of his chair.

MRS. HUDSON

John? You all right? Need a cuppa?

A moment before John can find his voice. Now he's haunted, almost afraid.

JOHN

Mrs. Hudson ... why does Sherlock think I'll be moving back in here?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, yes! He's put your chair back, hasn't he? That's nice, looks much better.

But John doesn't think it's nice at all. He's chilled to the marrow.

He's winded. Almost tearful. And now he's staring at something a few feet in front of him.

MRS. HUDSON

John? What's wrong, tell me? John?

Closing in on John's face - staring.

And now there's a ringing - a phone.

MRS. HUDSON

That's your phone, isn't it?

John nods, unable to speak, still staring.

Mrs. Hudson lifts the phone off the desk, looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HUDSON  
It's Sherlock.  
(No answer)  
John, it's Sherlock.

Now on what John is staring at. On the coffee table in front of him, placed so he can see it from his chair, is a tiny bottle.

Now closing in on the tiny bottle.

MRS. HUDSON  
John? You have to answer!

Closer and closer -

- it's a perfume bottle, the label reads:

Claire-De-La-Lune.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT

An ordinary London street, near Paddington station (this is a REAL location.)

On Mary walking along, looking at the houses. Such a ordinary street. Almost deserted, at this time of night.

A hotel, parked cars, nothing.

Where does Sherlock Holmes hide here?

A homeless man, is sitting against the railings as she walks past.

WIGGINS  
Spare any change, love.  
(She ignores him)  
Oh, come on, love. Don't be like  
everybody else.

Mary rolls her eyes - he's going to be persistent, last thing she wants is to attract attention. Tosses some money into his bowl -

- and to her surprise he immediately grasps her hand, presses something into it -

- when she looks, she's holding a small mobile phone, and Bluetooth earpiece.

She looks at him. It's Wiggins!

WIGGINS  
Rule One of looking for Sherlock  
Holmes - he finds you.

Wiggins gets up, starts heading away.

MARY  
You're working for Sherlock now?

WIGGINS  
Keeps me off the streets, doesn't it?

MARY  
Well ... no.

The phone, is already ringing in her hand. Only one person it can be.

She slips on the earpiece, clicks the phone.

MARY  
Where are you?

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
Can't you see me?

MARY  
What am I looking for?

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
The lie. The lie of Leinster Gardens, hidden in plain sight.

Mary starts moving along the street. Looking everywhere.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
Hardly anyone notices. People live here for years and never see it. But if you are what I think you are, it will take you less than a minute. The houses, Mary - look at the houses.

She's now walking along the middle of the road, looking - rows of grand terraced houses. What is it? What is she missing.

MARY  
How did you know I'd come here?

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
I knew you'd talk to the people no one else would bother with.

MARY  
I thought I was being clever.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
You're always clever, Mary, I was relying on that. I planted the information for you to find.

Mary has come to halt -

- staring at one of the houses. Perfectly ordinary houses - but clearly Mary doesn't think so.

MARY

Oh!

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Forty seconds

MARY

What am I looking at?

She staring at the frontage of perfectly ordinary house. Cutting closer on details - the windows are eerily blank. Painted.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

23 & 24 Leinster Gardens ...

On Mary's back as stares the house. The camera now goes craning up and up from Mary, arcing to look down at the street.

23 and 24 are simply a facade - no house behind.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

The empty houses.

We can see straight down to railway, an exposed section of the London underground.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

They were demolished years ago, to make way for the London Underground - a vent for the old steam trains.

Back with Mary, staring at this.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Only the very front section of the house remains. It's a facade. Remind you of anyone, Mary? A facade?

Now a powerful blazes from the other side of the street -

- and huge smiling picture of Mary's face is projected all of the facade of 23 & 24.

She stares at this.



SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Sorry. Never could resist a touch  
of drama.

She frowns, now sees that one of the doors stands slightly  
open.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Do come in. It's a little cramped.

MARY

Do you own this place?

She starts crossing the road, towards the door in the her  
own, smiling face.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

I won it in a card game with the  
Clarence House cannibal. Nearly  
cost me my kidneys, but fortunately  
I had a straight flush. Quite a  
gambler, that woman.

CUT TO:

INT. 23 & 24 LEINSTER GARDENS - NIGHT

Inside - a narrow, functional, structure, barely the width of  
a corridor. In effect, it's the front few feet of a house,  
sliced off.

There's evidence that Sherlock uses this place. Charts on the  
wall, racks of equipment, a spare coat - everything Sherlock  
would need in an economy-sized bolt hole.

There's one narrow window - the fierce projector glows  
fiercely through it.

Back lit by this, dimly seen, a shadowed, seated figure. Here  
we see the chrome glitter of a wheelchair. Above it, the  
hanging polythene bag of a dripfeed dully catches the light.

The figure in the wheelchair is in shadow. Maybe looks a  
little smaller than usual. Hunched, as if in pain.

A silence. They look at each other from the opposite ends of  
the empty house.

Mary closes the doors. Just the two of them now, in the  
darkness, separated by the dazzling shaft.

Mary, relaxed, now strolling around, looking at Sherlock's  
various devices and equipment.

MARY

What do you want, Sherlock?

(CONTINUED)

As Sherlock talks, Mary looks among the equipment. There's a rack of forensic tools. A first aid kit, recently used. Keys on hooks, probably various other Sherlock bolt holes.

SHERLOCK

Mary Morstan was still born in October 1974. Her gravestone is in Chiswick cemetery, where, five years ago, you acquired her name and date of birth, and thereafter her identity. That's why you don't have friends from before that date.

**FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THREE:**

Sherlock is turning from the wedding planner.

SHERLOCK

Your half of the church is looking a bit bare, Mary.

MARY

An orphan's lot. All I have are friends.

Back to the present.

SHERLOCK

It's an old enough technique, known to the kind of people who can recognise a skip code on sight -

**FLASHBACK FROM THE EMPTY HEARSE:**

Mary and Sherlock on the stairs at 221B -

MARY

It's a skip code, look.

SHERLOCK

- have extraordinarily retentive memories -

**FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THREE**

On the stairs of the hotel.

JOHN

You must remember the room number, you remember everything!!

SHERLOCK

I have to delete something!

Mary comes racing up the stairs.

MARY

Room 234.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK  
And remain remarkably calm under  
pressure.

**FLASHBACK FROM THE EMPTY HEARSE**

Mary on the back of the motorbike, holding up the phone for  
Sherlock.

**FLASHBACK FROM THE SIGN OF THE THREE**

Mary racing out the wedding, in pursuit of the boys.

MARY  
You were very slow.

SHERLOCK  
How good a shot are you?

MARY  
How badly do you want to find out?

From under her coat, she takes a gun.

SHERLOCK  
If I died in here, my body would be  
found in a building with your face  
projected on the front - even  
Scotland Yard could get somewhere  
with that. Anyway, you won't shoot  
me.

MARY  
Shot you once already, dear.

SHERLOCK  
I want to see how good you are. Go  
on, show me. The doctor's wife must  
be a little bored by now.

She looks at him, curious. Shrugs. Reaches into the little  
tray of coins, tosses a fifty pence high in the air. Almost  
casually she shoots.

It twangs, spins, ricochets, falls to the floor.

SHERLOCK  
May I see?

She's already bending to pick it up -

- as the door opens, and Sherlock Holmes is framed in the  
doorway, against the light. (He's paler than normal, clearly  
weakened by his injuries.

He's extending his hand for the coin.

Mary, astonished -

- She touches her hand to her earpiece, realising he was talking through there the whole time. Then looks to the shadowy, motionless figure in the wheelchair.

MARY

I suppose that was a fairly obvious trick.

Sherlock, coming through the door, has plucked the coin from her hand. There's a hole almost dead centre.

SHERLOCK

And yet, over a distance of six feet, you failed to make a kill shot. Enough to hospitalise me, not enough to kill me. That wasn't a miss, that was surgery. I'll take the case.

MARY

What case?

SHERLOCK

Yours. Why didn't you come to me in the first place?

Mary rounds on him, fierce now.

MARY

Because John can't ever know that I've lied to him. It would break him and I would lose him forever. And Sherlock, I will never let that happen.

She steps, closer to him. Such cold ferocity in her. Whoever she once was, we're seeing that woman now

MARY

Please understand, there is nothing in this world I would not do, to stop that happening.

On Sherlock: as cold as we ever see him. Just looks at her a moment, appraising.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. It wasn't *that* obvious a trick.

And he reaches over and clicks a light switch.

The room illumines -

- and revealed, sitting in the wheelchair, is John Watson. He was the shadowed figure all along.

He is staring at Mary. A lost man. Tears in his eyes.

Now, Mary staring at John. Oh God. Oh God, he heard all that.

(CONTINUED)

John, now unsteadily getting to his feet. Just staring at her, staring and staring. This woman he thought he knew.

Mary: nothing she can say. Nothing would be enough.

A terrible, end of the world silence.

SHERLOCK  
Okay. Talk, sort it out. But do it  
*quickly* - we have a war to win.

John and Mary, staring at each other.

Now, slowly fading to black.

Holding on the black for a moment. Now slowly fading up:

*Hark the Herald Angels Sing ...*

FADING IN:

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

A sweet little cottage in the countryside. A tree in the garden, decorated with Christmas lights. Holly on the door.

It's Christmas.

Closing in on the door now.

MYCROFT  
(V.O.)  
Dear God, it's only two o'clock.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

A table is being set for Christmas dinner. Sherlock's Mother, is fussing round, in and out.

Mycroft is staring balefully at a clock on the wall, Sherlock is leaning against the side, reading a newspaper, boredly munching a mince pie.

MYCROFT  
It's been Christmas day for at  
least a week now, how can it only  
be *two o'clock*. I'm in agony.

SHERLOCK  
That is the one redeeming feature.

On the newspaper Sherlock is reading.

Over a picture of Lady Smallwood with a proud looking man who is clearly her husband, the headline.

LORD SMALLWOOD COMMITS SUICIDE.

A smaller headline:

LETTERS SHAME PEER TAKES OWN LIFE.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Mikey, is this your laptop?

MYCROFT  
On which depends the security of  
the free world. And you've got  
crumbs on it.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Well you shouldn't leave it lying  
about if it's important.

MYCROFT  
Why are we doing this? We *never* do  
this.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Because Sherlock's home from  
hospital and we're all very happy.

MYCROFT  
Am I happy too? I haven't checked.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Behave, Mike.

MYCROFT  
Mycroft is the name you gave me, if  
you possibly struggle all the way  
to the end.

WIGGINS  
Mrs. Holmes!

And there's Wiggins, now passing her a glass of punch - he's  
working the punch bowl.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Thankyou, dear!  
(Eyes him dubiously)  
Not absolutely clear why you're  
here.

SHERLOCK  
I invited him.

WIGGINS  
I'm his protege, Mrs. Holmes. When  
he dies, I get all his stuff and  
his job.

SHERLOCK  
No.

WIGGINS  
I help out a bit.

SHERLOCK

Closer.

WIGGINS

But, you know, if he does get  
murdered, or something -

SHERLOCK

Probably stop talking now.

WIGGINS

Okay.

MYCROFT

Lovely when you bring your friends  
round.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

You, stop it! Sherlock's been shot.  
Somebody put a bullet in my boy.  
And if I ever find out who, I shall  
turn absolutely monstrous.

(Looks at the cup of tea  
she's been making)

Now, hang on, this was for Mary -  
back in a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY

Mary is curled in an armchair by the fire, a book in her lap.  
Sherlock's Father is putting up Christmas decorations along  
the mantelpiece, as Sherlock's mother comes bustling through  
the door.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

Mary, there you are, cup of tea. If  
father starts making little humming  
noises, you just give him a little  
poke, that usually does it.

MARY

(Taking tea)

Thanks. Did you write this?

She's showing the cover of the book. "The Dynamics Of A  
Combustion" by M. L. Holmes.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER

Oh, that silly old thing, you  
mustn't read that. The mathematics  
will seem terrible fatuous now.

(To Sherlock's father)

No humming, you!

She gives Sherlock's father a slap on the rump, as she  
bustles off.

Mary look after her, bemused. Sherlock's father shoots her an  
amused look.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Complete flake, my wife, but as it happens, a genius.

MARY  
She was a mathematician?

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Gave it all up for children - and latterly competitive line dancing.

MARY  
Seriously?

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Insisted. Could never bring myself to argue with her. I'm something of a moron, you see, and she's unbelievably hot.

Mary, smiling now, getting it.

MARY  
Oh my God! You're the sane one, aren't you?

He returns her smile.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Aren't you?

On Mary - her smile falters just a little. He's suggesting they have common ground, they're the sane ones, the anchor points ...

... but for her, it's not true.

The door opens. Standing there, is John. Looks serious, slightly embarrassed.

JOHN  
Sorry, I was, um ...

He gestures vaguely at Mary.

Mary just looks away. Things aren't good.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Oh, do you two need a moment?

JOHN  
Um. Well, if you wouldn't mind -

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Not at all, I'll go and help with - something or other.

He heads out, quietly closing the door.

John and Mary: silence.



93

MARY  
Oh, look! It's him from the spare  
room.

John staring at her, Mary just looking away.

CUT TO:

94

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

94

Sherlock's father has just closed the door on the study.  
Pauses a moment, troubled.

Sherlock, now passing him, still reading his newspaper.

SHERLOCK'S FATHER  
Those two - they all right?

Sherlock just waves his hand, vaguely.

SHERLOCK  
Oh, you know. They've had their ups  
and downs.

On this:

HARD CUT TO:

95

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

95

The door to the flat slams open, and John comes storming in,  
enraged, beyond furious.

From his clothes, it's the same night as we saw them all at  
Leinster Gardens. He goes straight to the window, staring  
out, baleful.

Mrs. Hudson comes flustering from the kitchen.

MRS. HUDSON  
John, are you all right? Did you  
find Sherlock?

JOHN  
Yeah, I bloody found him.

Mary now coming through the door. Looking so sick, like the  
world's end.

She just looks over at John, who doesn't look back at her.

MRS. HUDSON  
Mary?

Mary shakes her head, goes to the fireplace. Can't talk.

And now Sherlock comes staggering up the stairs. In the  
better light, we see how frail he still is - white as a  
sheet, clearly in pain, winded.

(CONTINUED)  
88.

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson, the Leinster Gardens branch is looking a little shabby, could you pop along with the Hoover?

MRS. HUDSON

Oh, Sherlock, oh my goodness, you look terrible.

SHERLOCK

Of course I look terrible, I got shot last week - ask her. Actually, forget the Hoover, get me some morphine from your kitchen, I've run out.

MRS. HUDSON

I don't have any morphine.

SHERLOCK

*Then what exactly is the point of you?*

Mrs. Hudson, looking

MRS. HUDSON

What is going on?

JOHN

Bloody good question!

SHERLOCK

The Watson's are about to have a domestic - and I hope fairly quickly because we've got work to do.

JOHN

(Rounding on Mary)

No, I've got a better question. Is everybody I've ever met a bloody psychopath??

SHERLOCK

Yes. Well, good we've that settled that, Magnussen is still out there and we need to -

JOHN

Shut up! Shut up and stay shut up, because this is not funny. Not this time.

SHERLOCK

I didn't say it was funny.

John has rounded on Mary, yelling at her. His words land like physical impacts.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You! Tell me, what have I ever done, in my whole life, to deserve you!

SHERLOCK

Everything.

JOHN

Sherlock, I told you, shut up.

SHERLOCK

No, I'm serious, everything. Everything you've ever done, is what you did.

JOHN

One more word, Sherlock, you will not need morphine -

SHERLOCK

You're a doctor who went to war. You're a man who can't last one month in the suburbs without storming a crack den and beating up a junkie. Your best friend is a sociopath who solves crimes as an alternative to getting high - that's me, by the way, hello - and even the landlady used to run a drug cartel -

MRS. HUDSON

It was my husband's cartel, I was just typing.

SHERLOCK

And "exotic dancing."

MRS. HUDSON

Sherlock Holmes, if you've been YouTubing - ...

SHERLOCK

John, you are addicted to a certain lifestyle. You are abnormally attracted to dangerous situations and people, so is it truly a surprise if the woman you fall in love with conforms to that pattern?

JOHN

She wasn't supposed to be like that!! *Why is she like that??*

On Mary - the pain of hearing this, so much.

SHERLOCK

Because you chose her.

Silence. John, despairing, for a moment lost for words. Then truly lets rip.

(CONTINUED)

90.

JOHN  
Why is everything. Always. *MY FAULT!!*

MRS. HUDSON  
Neighbours!

Sherlock watches him for moment, then -

SHERLOCK  
John, listen. Be calm and answer me. What is she?

JOHN  
My lying wife.

Mary - the words hit her.

SHERLOCK  
No. What is she?

JOHN  
She's the woman who is carrying my child, who has lied to me since the day I met her.

SHERLOCK  
No, no. Not in this flat, not in this room. Right here, right now, *what is she?*

A moment. John, getting it now. Resigned.

JOHN  
Okay. Your way. Always your way.

He turns, crosses to the table, takes a chair from it and then it sets it in place, facing the fireplace, between Sherlock's chair and his own.

JOHN  
Sit.

MARY  
Why?

JOHN  
Because that's where they sit, the people who come here, with their stories. The clients. That's what you are now, Mary, you're a client. And this is where you sit and talk, and this is where we sit and listen. And we decide if we want you or not.

John sits in his chair. And waits.

Sherlock hobbles over, sits in his chair. Waits. It's all strangely formal.

95

On Mary. A beat.

And she sits in the client chair.

A silence. A slow fade to black.

96

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

96

John and Mary, much as we left them.

JOHN  
So. You okay?

MARY  
Oh! Are we doing conversation today  
- it really is Christmas. Your  
baby's fine, please don't pretend  
you're interested in me.

A silence. John takes something from his pocket.

Close on it. A data stick. There's lettering along the side,  
in felt tip. A.G.R.A.

She stares at him.

MARY  
Now? Seriously? Months of silence,  
and we're going to do this *now*?

CUT TO:

97

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

97

Mary, John, Sherlock, as we left them. (Sherlock, still  
deathly pale, wheezing as he breathes.)

On Mary's handbag. She's rooting through it for something.

John, watching uncomfortable. Impatiently, he pulls a packet  
of tissues from his pockets, holds them out to her.

She gives him a look that says *as if!*

- a flicker of a sardonic smile on Sherlock's face -

- and Mary pulls the A.G.R.A data stick from her pocket,  
tosses it on the table.

SHERLOCK  
A.G.R.A. What's that?

MARY  
My initials.

A pained look from John. Doesn't even know her name.

MARY

Everything about who I was, is on there. If you love me, don't read it in front of me. Because you won't love me when you've finished, and I don't want to see that happen.

John considers. Reaches for the data stick, pockets it.

MARY

(To Sherlock)

How much do you know already?

SHERLOCK

By your skill set, you are, or were, an intelligence agent. Your accent is currently English, but I suspect you are not. You're on the run from something, and you have used your skills to disappear. Magnussen knows your secret, which is why you were going to kill him. I'm assuming you befriended Janine to get close to him?

MARY

You can talk.

JOHN

Jesus, look at the two of you. You should have got married.

MARY

The stuff Magnussen has on me, I would go to prison for the rest of my life. I can never be free so long as he has that information.

JOHN

So you were just going to kill him.

MARY

People like Magnussen should be killed. That's why there are people like me.

JOHN

Oh, perfect, is that what you were. An assassin? How could I not see that.

MARY

You did see it. And you married me. Because he's right, that's what you like.

(CONTINUED)

SHERLOCK

So Mary - whatever documents  
Magnussen has concerning yourself,  
you need them extracted and  
returned. It all comes back to  
Appledore.

MARY

Why would you help me?

SHERLOCK

Because you saved my life.

JOHN

... what? Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

(Coughs, wheezes)  
So far, at any rate..

The doorbell rings.

SHERLOCK

(Calls)

Mrs. Hudson, stop listening and  
answer the door.

Mrs. Hudson pops her head round the doorway.

MRS. HUDSON

Why can't you answer it yourself?

SHERLOCK

Because I'm dying of internal  
injuries compounded by  
inappropriate exertion and two  
packets of cigarettes.

MRS. HUDSON

Well aren't you always!

She flounces off.

SHERLOCK

When I happened on you and  
Magnussen, you had a problem.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK A speed-ramped version of Sherlock walking in on  
Mary and Magnussen. Freeze frame.**

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

More specifically, you had a  
witness. The solution, of course,  
was obvious.

(CONTINUED)

**The freeze frame re-starts, now at normal speed. Mary shoots Sherlock through the forehead. He drops, dead**

**She spins, shoots Magnussen through the forehead. He flops dead.**

**Freeze-frame again.**

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Kill both of us, and leave.  
However, sentiment got the better  
of you.

**Super-fast rewind. This time Mary shoots Sherlock in the chest, as before. Freeze frame.**

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

A precisely calculated shot to  
incapacitate me, in the hope it  
would give you time to negotiate my  
silence.

**Mary turns to look at a terrified Magnussen.**

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

You couldn't kill Magnussen on the  
night we were breaking into the  
building - your own husband would  
be a suspect - so

She whacks him hard round the head with her gun.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

You calculated that Magnussen would  
use the fact of your involvement,  
rather than share the information  
with the police, since that is his  
M.O., and you left the way you  
came.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK

Have I missed anything?

JOHN

How did she save your life?

SHERLOCK

She phoned the ambulance.

JOHN

I phoned the ambulance.



SHERLOCK  
She phoned first.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S SUITE - NIGHT 100

As Mary turns, from clubbing Magnussen, she already has her mobile in her hand, rapidly tapping in a number.

SHERLOCK  
(V.O.)  
You didn't even find me for another five minutes, I'd have died left to you.

CUT TO:

101 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT 101

SHERLOCK  
The average arrival time of a London ambulance is -

Two medics come crashing through the door, with a stretcher.

MEDIC  
Did somebody call an ambulance?

SHERLOCK  
- eight minutes. Did you bring any morphine, I asked on the phone.

MEDIC  
We were told there was a shooting.

SHERLOCK  
Yes, last week, but I think I'm bleeding internally, and my pulse is very erratic. You may have to restart my heart on the way.

He is staggering to his feet.

John straight to his side, helping.

JOHN  
Jesus, Sherlock -

MEDIC  
(Also helping)  
Easy now.

Sherlock has gripped hold of John's arm.

SHERLOCK  
John, Magnussen is all that matters, only him! We can trust Mary, she saved my life -

JOHN  
She shot you.

SHERLOCK  
Mixed messages, I'll grant you  
that.

He gives a cry, falls to the floor. John and the Medics,  
working frantically.

JOHN  
Sherlock! *Sherlock!!*

CUT TO:

102 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - STUDY - DAY 102

John and Mary as we left them. Clock ticking silence.

MARY  
So. Have you read it?

John hesitates.

JOHN  
Come here a moment.

MARY  
No, tell me, have you?

JOHN  
Just ... come here.

A beat. Then she gets up, goes to him. The two of them,  
standing there, in front of the fireplace. John frowning  
fiercely, containing storms of emotion. Mary, sadly and  
calmly, waiting on the verdict.

JOHN  
I have thought about this. I have  
thought for a very long time about  
what I need to say to you. These  
are prepared words, Mary. I have  
chosen these words with care.

MARY  
... okay.

John gives a stiff little nod. Like he's readying himself.

JOHN  
The problems of your past are your  
business. The problems of your  
future are my privilege.

Holds up the data stick.

JOHN  
All I have to say. All I need to  
know.

He throws the data stick in the fire.

JOHN  
No, I didn't look.

She's staring at him. Tears starting. Is she forgiven.

MARY  
... you don't even know my name.

JOHN  
Mary Watson good enough for you?

MARY  
Yes. Oh God, yes.

JOHN  
Good enough for me too.

MARY  
(Crying now, such relief,  
shaking with it)  
Oh my God.

She wraps her arms around him, hugging him so tight.

JOHN  
This doesn't mean I'm not still  
basically pissed off.

MARY  
I know.

JOHN  
I am very pissed off, and that will  
come out now and then.

MARY  
I know. I know.

JOHN  
And you can mow the sodding lawn  
from now on.

MARY  
I do mow the lawn.

JOHN  
I mow it loads.

MARY  
You really don't

JOHN  
And I choose the baby's name.

MARY  
Not a chance.

JOHN  
Okay.

They're clinging to each other now ...

CUT TO:

103 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 103

The same scene now viewed through the window.

Pulling back to discover Sherlock and Mycroft, standing out the back with cigarettes. Clearly not for the first time.

MYCROFT  
I'm glad you've given up on the  
Magnussen business.

SHERLOCK  
Are you?

MYCROFT  
I'm still curious though. He's  
hardly your usual kind of puzzle.  
Why do you hate him?

On Sherlock: caught out in an emotion.

SHERLOCK  
He attacks people who are different  
and preys on their secrets - why  
don't you?

MYCROFT  
He never causes too much damage to  
anyone of importance, he's far too  
intelligent for that. He's a  
business man, that's all, and  
occasionally useful to us. A  
necessary evil, not a dragon for  
you to slay.

SHERLOCK  
A dragon-slayer - is that what you  
think of me?

MYCROFT  
No. It's what you think of  
yourself.

Sherlock's Mother pokes her head out the door.

SHERLOCK'S MOTHER  
Are you two smoking?

They have instantly hidden their cigarettes.

MYCROFT  
No!

SHERLOCK  
It was Mycroft.

She withdraws. They resume.

MYCROFT

I have, by the way, a job offer I should like you to decline.

SHERLOCK

I decline your kind offer.

MYCROFT

I shall pass on your regrets.

SHERLOCK

What was it?

MYCROFT

MI6. They want to place you back in Eastern Europe. An undercover assignment that would prove fatal to you in, I think, about six months.

SHERLOCK

Then why don't you want to me take it?

MYCROFT

It's tempting, but on balance, you have more utility closer to home.

SHERLOCK

Utility? How do I have utility?

Mycroft smiles, shrugs.

MYCROFT

Here be dragons.

(Looks irritated at his cigarette, flicks it away)

This isn't agreeing with me, I'm going in.

SHERLOCK

You need low tar, you still smoke like a beginner.

Mycroft is opening the door. Hesitates. Looks back.

MYCROFT

Also your loss would break my heart.

Sherlock looks at him, affronted.

SHERLOCK

What the hell am I supposed to say to that?

MYCROFT

Merry Christmas?

SHERLOCK

You hate Christmas.

MYCROFT

Yes. Perhaps there was something in the punch.

SHERLOCK

Clearly. Go and have some more.

Mycroft goes.

On Sherlock. No smile - his face is cold.

He looks round at -

- the window. John and Mary, hugging.

CUT TO:

104 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE/STUDY - DAY 104

With John and Mary, still hugging.

MARY

So. You realise Sherlock got us out to see his Mum and Dad for a reason, yeah?

JOHN

His lovely Mum and Dad, what a fine example of married life, yeah I get it. That's the thing about Sherlock - you never know what he's going to do next.

John, frowning now. Because Mary has gone slack in his arms.

JOHN

Mary? Mary?

She's reeling back from him, clearly losing consciousness. He's now lowering her into a chair.

JOHN

Mary, what's wrong?

The door is opening - Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Don't drink Mary's tea.

John stares at him?? What?? But Sherlock is already gone - John already racing after him

CUT TO:

105 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY 105

John, bursting out of the study, into the hallway, to see - Sherlock's father, prone on the floor, also unconscious.

(CONTINUED)  
101.

What?? *What??*

Sherlock appears at the door to the kitchen, perfectly casual, relaxed.

SHERLOCK  
Oh, or the punch.

He disappears again. John tears after him --

CUT TO:

106 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 106

John comes crashing into the kitchen. Mycroft is slumped asleep in his chair. Wiggins is tending to Sherlock's Mother in a chair.

JOHN  
Did you just drug my *pregnant* wife??

SHERLOCK  
Don't worry, Wiggins is an excellent chemist.

WIGGINS  
Calculated your wife's dose myself - won't affect the little one, and I'll keep an eye on her.

SHERLOCK  
He'll monitor them all as they recover - more or less his day job.

JOHN  
What the hell have you done??

SHERLOCK  
A deal. With the devil.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY 107

Charles Augustus Magnussen is entering the restaurant. Looks round.

There is one solitary diner in the corner. Sherlock Holmes. He wears his hospital pyjamas, with his coat over them. There's a dripfeed on a stand next to his chair, still attached to his arm. He's tucking into some pasta.

Magnussen's POV. Again, we see text streaming across his spectacle lenses (too fast for us to read - like there is too much information about Sherlock, but also to preserve a bit of his mystery.)

(CONTINUED)  
102.

Magnussen now crosses to him, sits opposite him. Waits.  
Sherlock is wolfing into his food.

MAGNUSSEN  
Shouldn't you be in hospital?

SHERLOCK  
I *am* in hospital, this is the  
canteen.

MAGNUSSEN  
Is it?

SHERLOCK  
In my opinion. Have a seat.

Magnussen considers. Sits.

MAGNUSSEN  
Thank you.

SHERLOCK  
I've been thinking about you.

MAGNUSSEN  
I've been thinking about you.

SHERLOCK  
Really?

He reaches up, turns the tap on his morphine, increasing the  
flow.

SHERLOCK  
I want to see Appledore. Where you  
keep all the secrets, all the  
files. Everything you've got on  
everyone. I want you to invite me.

MAGNUSSEN  
What makes you think I'd be so  
careless.

SHERLOCK  
I think you're more careless than  
you let on.

MAGNUSSEN  
Am I?

SHERLOCK  
It's the dead-eye stare that gives  
it away. Except it's not dead-eyed,  
is it? You're reading.

He casually reaches over and takes Magnussen's spectacles.

SHERLOCK  
Portable Appledore. How do they  
work? Built in flash drive? 4G, wi-  
fi -



He's broken off, staring in astonishment at the spectacles.  
Confused now.

SHERLOCK  
They're ordinary spectacles

MAGNUSSEN  
Yes, they are.

Again, from Magnussen's POV. Again text streaming across,  
*even though he isn't wearing the spectacles.*

MAGNUSSEN  
You underestimate me, Mr. Holmes.

He reaches over to Sherlock's plate, rummages around in  
Sherlock's pasta, find a piece he likes, pops it in his  
mouth.

SHERLOCK  
Impress me then. Show me Appledore.

MAGNUSSEN  
Why so interested?

SHERLOCK  
Aren't tours available?

MAGNUSSEN  
I'm a business man, everything is  
available for a price. Are you  
making me an offer?

SHERLOCK  
A Christmas present.

MAGNUSSEN  
And what are you giving me for  
Christmas, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK  
My brother.

CUT TO:

Sherlock is pulling Mycroft's laptop from under him - he has  
slumped over it at the table.

JOHN  
Sherlock. Please tell me you  
haven't just gone out of your mind?

SHERLOCK  
I prefer to keep you guessing.

From outside, the sound of a helicopter.

SHERLOCK  
Ah! There's our lift! Wiggins,  
you're in charge.

WIGGINS  
You can rely on me.

SHERLOCK  
Remember about not stealing.

John has stepped to the back door, now opens it -

CUT TO:

109 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY 109

John's POV. A helicopter is descending into the field behind the cottage.

It is emblazoned with CAM.

Sherlock now emerging from the house. He has his coat on, and is carrying John's. He has Mycroft's laptop.

SHERLOCK  
Coming?

JOHN  
Where?

SHERLOCK  
Want your wife to be safe?

JOHN  
Of course I do.

SHERLOCK  
Good. Because this is going to be incredibly dangerous. One false move and we'll have betrayed the security of the United Kingdom and we'll be in prison for high treason. Magnussen is quite simply the most dangerous man we have ever encountered and the odds are comprehensively stacked against us.

John, momentarily lost for words.

JOHN  
*It's Christmas!*

SHERLOCK  
(Grins)  
I feel the same. Oh, you mean *actually* Christmas. Did you bring your gun, as I suggested?

JOHN  
Why would I bring my gun to your  
parents house for Christmas dinner.

SHERLOCK  
(Passing him his coat)  
Is it in your coat?

JOHN  
Yes.

SHERLOCK  
Off we go then.

They start striding towards the helicopter

JOHN  
Where are we going?

SHERLOCK  
Appledore!

CUT TO:

110 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 110

Helicopter shot of Appledore, at sunset. We hear the beating  
blades.

CUT TO:

111 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 111

On Sherlock and John, looking down at it.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 112

The helicopter descending into the grounds.

CUT TO:

113 INT. APPLEDORE - MASSIVE LIVING ROOM - DUSK 113

Charles Augustus Magnussen is sitting with a glass of  
whiskey, watching something.

Projecting on the wall, is the security footage of John  
Watson being rescued from the bonfire, by Sherlock. It's  
playing on a loop.

Magnussen watches, contentedly, sipping his drink.

Through a door, come Sherlock and John, shown in by a man who  
is probably a butler.

(CONTINUED)  
106.

Magnussen glances at them. With a little flick of his hand, he dismisses the butler.

Sherlock and John, approaching, staring at the projection.

MAGNUSSEN

I would offer you a drink, but it's very rare and expensive.

Sherlock and John, staring at the footage looping on the wall.

SHERLOCK

Oh, I see. It was you.

MAGNUSSEN

Yes, of course. Very hard to find a pressure point on you, Mr. Holmes. The drugs thing, I never believed for a moment. And anyway, you wouldn't care if it was exposed. But look how you care about John Watson. Your damsel in distress.

JOHN

You put me in a bloody fire ...for leverage??

MAGNUSSEN

I would never have let you burn, Dr. Watson, I had people standing by. I'm not a murderer. Unlike your wife.

He clicks off the looping footage.

MAGNUSSEN

Let me explain how leverage works, Dr. Watson. For those who understand these things, Mycroft Holmes is the most powerful man in the country. Well - apart from me. Mycroft's pressure point is his junkie detective brother, Sherlock. Sherlock's pressure point, is John Watson, his best friend. John Watson's pressure point is his wife. I own John Watson's wife. I own Mycroft.

(He puts his hands out to receive.)

He's what I'm getting for Christmas.

Sherlock steps forward, places Mycroft's laptop on the table in front of Magnussen.

SHERLOCK

It's an exchange, not a gift.

Magnussen takes the laptop.

MAGNUSSEN

Forgive me, but I already seem to have it.

SHERLOCK

It's password protected. In return for the password, you will give me all materials in your possession pertaining to the woman I know as Mary Watson.

MAGNUSSEN

Oh, she's bad, that one. So many dead people, you should see what I've seen.

JOHN

I don't need to see it.

MAGNUSSEN

You might enjoy it though. I enjoy it.

SHERLOCK

Then show us.

MAGNUSSEN

Show you Appledore? The secret vaults of Appledore, is that what you want?

SHERLOCK

I want everything you have on Mary.

Magnussen leans back, contemplating Sherlock.

Then laughs.

MAGNUSSEN

You know, I honestly expected something good.

SHERLOCK

I think you'll find the contents of that laptop -

MAGNUSSEN

- *include a GPS locator*. By now your brother will have noticed the theft, and the security services will be converging on this house. Having arrived, they will discover top secret information in my hands, and have every justification to search my vaults. They will discover further information of this kind, and I will be imprisoned. You will be exonerated and restored to your smelly little apartment to solve crimes with Mr. and Mrs. Psychopath.

(MORE)

MAGNUSSEN (cont'd)  
Mycroft has been looking for this  
opportunity for a long time, he'll  
be a very proud big brother.

Sherlock, looking bemused at Magnussen.

SHERLOCK  
The fact you know it's going to  
happen, won't stop it.

MAGNUSSEN  
Then why am I smiling?

Silence.

MAGNUSSEN  
Ask me! Ask why I'm smiling.

Sherlock, stubbornly silent. John, shoots Sherlock a look,  
takes over.

JOHN  
Why are you smiling?

MAGNUSSEN  
Because Sherlock Holmes has made  
one enormous mistake which will  
destroy the lives of everyone he  
loves, and everything he holds  
dear.  
(Stands)  
Let me show you the Appledore  
vaults.

He strides from the room. John and Sherlock exchange a  
worried glance. Start to follow.

CUT TO:

114 INT. APPLEDORE HALLWAY - DUSK 114

As at the beginning, looking down on a giant hallway. All  
white and gleaming, carved out of icebergs. This time  
Magnussen leading Sherlock and John along.

CUT TO:

115 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE - DUSK 115

The same as before - stylish, minimalist, modern. A bowl of  
fruit is a burst of colour.

Magnussen leads John and Sherlock to the door behind the  
desk.

He turns at it, smiling.

MAGNUSSEN

The entrance to my vaults. This is  
where I keep you all.

And he opens the door -

- steps in -

- John and Sherlock, step to the doorway, stare in horror.

It's a cupboard. A tiny, bare, walk in cupboard, containing  
only a single chair.

Magnussen goes to the chair, sits in it. Beams at them.

JOHN

Okay. Where are the vaults then?

MAGNUSSEN

Vaults? What vaults, there are no  
vaults beneath this building.  
They're all in here.

He points to his head.

MAGNUSSEN

The Appledore Vaults are my mind  
palace.

On Sherlock - starting to get it. Oh dear God!!

MAGNUSSEN

You know about mind palaces, don't  
you, Sherlock? How to store  
information so you never forget it?  
By *picturing* it. I just sit here, I  
close my eyes ...

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

116 INT. APPLEDORE/MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK 116

Magnussen opens his eyes. He starts descending the spiral  
staircase.

MAGNUSSEN

And down I go to my vaults.

CUT TO:

117 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK 117

Magnussen sits in his chair, rocking slightly, like's  
imagining walking.

(CONTINUED)  
110.

MAGNUSSEN  
I can go anywhere inside my vault.  
My memories.

CUT TO:

118 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK 118

Magnussen wandering the dusty corridors.

MAGNUSSEN  
Where shall I go today? Oh, I know!  
I'll look at the files on Mrs.  
Watson.

He starts heading towards a filing cabinet.

CUT TO:

119 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK 119

Magnussen, sitting there, miming opening a drawer, taking out a file, leafing through it.

MAGNUSSEN  
This is one of my favourites. It's  
so exciting. All those wet jobs for  
the CIA. Oh, and she's gone a bit  
freelance now, bad girl.

CUT TO:

120 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S BASEMENT - DUSK 120

Magnussen, standing at the filing cabinet, flicking through the file now actually in his hands.

MAGNUSSEN  
Oh, she's so wicked, I can really  
see why you like her.

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

121 INT. MAGNUSSEN'S OFFICE/TINY CUPBOARD - DUSK 121

He opens his eyes. Smiles.

MAGNUSSEN  
You see?

JOHN  
There aren't any documents. You  
don't actually have anything here  
at all?

(CONTINUED)  
111.



MAGNUSSEN  
Oh, sometimes I send out for something, if I really need it. But mostly I just remember it all.

JOHN  
I don't understand.

MAGNUSSEN  
You should have that on a T-shirt.

JOHN  
You just *remember* it all.

MAGNUSSEN  
Every last detail. It's all about knowledge, everything is. Knowing is owning.

JOHN  
But if you just *know* it, you don't have proof.

MAGNUSSEN  
Proof? What would I need proof for? I'm in *news*, you moron.

He stands.

MAGNUSSEN  
Speaking of news, you'll both be heavily featured tomorrow. Trying to sell state secrets to me. Let's go outside, they'll be here shortly. I can't wait to see you arrested.

He heads out.

John looks to Sherlock -

- who just looks winded, lost, defeated.

JOHN  
Sherlock? Have we got a plan, Sherlock?

No answer. Doesn't even look at him.

John strides away, leaving Sherlock behind.

Sherlock: now closing his eyes in utter despair. He's got it wrong. So, so wrong.

CUT TO:

The sun is setting - a blood red sky.

Magnussen is waiting in front of his spectacular house.

John now emerging behind him.

MAGNUSSEN  
They're taking their time, aren't they? Do you think they'll send a helicopter.

JOHN  
I still don't understand.

MAGNUSSEN  
And there's the back of the T-shirt.

JOHN  
You just know things. How does that work?

MAGNUSSEN  
I love your little soldier face. I'd like to punch it. Bring it over here a minute.

John glances to Sherlock, who is now emerging from the house. Sherlock nods - do it.

MAGNUSSEN  
Come on. For Mary, bring me your face.

John goes to Magnussen.

MAGNUSSEN  
Lean forward a bit. Stick your face out.

John grinds his teeth. But complies.

MAGNUSSEN  
Can I flick it? Can I flick your face?

John: frowning, what does he mean.

And then Magnussen starts flicking a fingernail hard against John's. Flick! Flick! A stupid, childish, humiliating assault.

MAGNUSSEN  
I love doing this. I could do it all day.  
(Flick! Flick!)  
It works like this, John. I know who Mary hurt and killed.  
(Flick! Flick!)  
I know where to find people who hate her. I know where they live, I know their phone numbers.  
(Flick! Flick!)  
All in my mind palace, all of it.  
(MORE)

MAGNUSSEN (cont'd)  
I could phone them right now, and  
tear your whole life down. And I  
will unless you let me flick your  
face.  
(Flick! Flick!)  
This what I do to people. This is  
what I do to whole countries. Just  
because I *know*.

He raises his flicking finger to John's eye.

MAGNUSSEN  
Can I do your eye now? See if you  
can keep it open!

Flick! John cries out, can't do it.

MAGNUSSEN  
Come on, for Mary, keep it open.

Flick! John flinches back this time.

JOHN  
*Sherlock!*

On Sherlock. So lost, so defeated.

SHERLOCK  
Let him. Sorry. Just let him do it.

MAGNUSSEN  
Come on, eye open. It's difficult,  
isn't it? Janine managed it once -  
she makes the *funniest* noises.

The thunder of a helicopter above! They are now transfixed in  
blazing spotlight from above.

From around the perimeter, we see a black clad SWAT team now  
cautiously approaching.

Now Mycroft's voice booming everywhere.

MYCROFT  
(V.O.)  
Sherlock Holmes and John Watson,  
stand away from that man. Do it  
now.

Neither Sherlock nor John budge.

CUT TO:

Close on Mycroft, yelling into a microphone.

MYCROFT  
Sherlock, what the hell are you  
doing??

CUT TO:

124 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 124

Magnussen turns to Sherlock with an amused smile.

MAGNUSSEN  
Here we go, Mr. Holmes.

Sherlock looks at him. A gentle frown of thought.

SHERLOCK  
To clarify: the Appledore Vaults  
only exist in your mind. Nowhere  
else, just there.

MAGNUSSEN  
They're not real, they never have  
been.

MYCROFT  
(V.O.)  
Sherlock Holmes and John Watson,  
step away!

MAGNUSSEN  
(Calling up)  
It's fine, they're harmless.

JOHN  
What do we do? Sherlock, *what do we*  
*do??*

MAGNUSSEN  
Nothing. There is nothing to be  
done. I'm not a villain, I have no  
evil plan - I'm a business man  
acquiring assets. And you happen to  
be one of them, that's all. Sorry,  
no chance for you to be a hero this  
time, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK  
Oh, do your research.

He steps by John for a moment, takes something from this  
pocket.

SHERLOCK  
I'm not a hero, I'm a high  
functioning sociopath.

And then, in a superfast, almost causal moment, he jams a gun  
against Magnussen's forehead.

SHERLOCK  
Merry Christmas.

Blam!!

And Magnussen drops like a stone, dead!

Sherlock immediately drops the gun, stands back, hands in the air.

A blaze of laser gun lights now swarming over him.

MYCROFT  
(V.O.)  
Don't fire! Do not fire on Sherlock  
Holmes.

John, staring at Sherlock, horror.

SHERLOCK  
Get back from me, John. Stay right  
back.

The SWAT team now swarming round Sherlock, guns leveled at him.

He stands there. Alone. Waiting, in the terrible blasting light.

JOHN  
Sherlock. Oh Christ, *Sherlock!*

SHERLOCK  
Give my love to Mary. Tell her  
she'll be safe now.

CUT TO:

125 INT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 125

Mycroft, staring down, as lost as his brother.

MYCROFT  
Oh, Sherlock. What have you done?

CUT TO:

126 EXT. APPLEDORE - DUSK 126

Close on Sherlock's eyes, as he blinks.

We cut wider on this moment -

- and now it is the little boy Sherlock standing there, with his hands up. Tears streaming down his face.

On this tableaux, we slowly fade to black.

In the blackness we hear Mycroft's voice...

(CONTINUED)  
116.

MYCROFT  
As my colleague is fond of  
remarking, this country sometimes  
needs a blunt instrument.

FADING UP ON:

127 INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY 127

Mycroft, in a wood-panelled office, talking to some other men  
in suits. As he speaks, he stands staring sadly out of the  
window. The others are seated, listening.

The mood is impossibly grave.

MYCROFT  
Equally, it sometimes needs a  
dagger. A scalpel, wielded with  
precision and without remorse.  
(Looks to the others)  
There will always come a time when  
we need Sherlock Holmes.

SIR EDWIN  
If this is some expression of ...  
familial sentiment ...

MYCROFT  
Don't be absurd. You know what we  
did to our sister. In any event,  
there is no prison in which we  
could incarcerate Sherlock Holmes  
in, without causing a riot on a  
daily basis.  
(He turns to a particular  
person at the head of the  
table)  
The alternative, however, would  
require your approval.

On some papers on the table, Mycroft's alternative plan -  
- panning to see Lady Smallwood, who looks up from reading  
them.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Hardly merciful, Mr. Holmes.

On Mycroft - so pained.

MYCROFT  
Regrettably, Lady Smallwood, my  
brother is a murderer.

DISSOLVE TO:

128

EXT. A PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY

128

A private jet standing on an airstrip. A group of officials standing next to it, including Sherlock and Mycroft.

The jet's stairs are down, a departure is clearly imminent.

Now, out of the back a black, official looking car, come Mary and John.

Sherlock looks over at them.

The Watson go to him. Mary, impulsively gives Sherlock the biggest hug.

SHERLOCK  
You're going to look after him,  
aren't you.

MARY  
Don't worry. I'll keep him in  
trouble.

SHERLOCK  
That's my girl

Sherlock and John look at each other. The end. Finally it's here.

SHERLOCK  
(To everyone)  
As this is likely to be the last  
conversation John and I ever have,  
would you mind if we took a moment.

A general muttering of "not at all", "go ahead."

Sherlock and John step to one side.

A moment.

JOHN  
So. Here we are.

SHERLOCK  
William Sherlock Scott Holmes.

JOHN  
Sorry?

SHERLOCK  
That's the whole thing. If you're  
looking for baby names.

JOHN  
We've had a scan, we're pretty sure  
it's a girl.

SHERLOCK  
Oh. Okay.

A silence.

JOHN

Jesus! I can't think of a single thing to say.

SHERLOCK

Me neither.

JOHN

The game is over.

SHERLOCK

The game is never over, John. But there will be some new players, now. That's okay. The East Wind takes us all in the end.

JOHN

The what?

SHERLOCK

A story my brother used to tell me, when I was a kid. The East Wind, a terrible force that lays waste to all in its path. It seeks out the unworthy and plucks them from the Earth. That was generally me.

JOHN

Nice.

SHERLOCK

He was a rubbish big brother. Keep an eye on Wiggins for me. Has the makings of a detective, if he can be kept off the drugs. Think you could do that.

JOHN

I have some form. What about you? Where are you actually going now?

SHERLOCK

Oh, some undercover work in Eastern Europe.

JOHN

How long will you be there?

SHERLOCK

Six months, my brother estimates, and he's never wrong.

JOHN

Then what?

SHERLOCK

Who knows?

A silence.



SHERLOCK

John there's something I should say. Something I've always meant to say, and I never have. Since we are unlikely to meet again, I might as well say it now.

(A beat)

Sherlock is actually a girl's name.

JOHN

No it isn't.

SHERLOCK

It was worth a try.

JOHN

I'm not naming my daughter after you.

SHERLOCK

I think it would work.

JOHN

Shut up.

Another silence. What the hell to say. Finally.

SHERLOCK

They were good days, weren't they?

JOHN

Yeah, they were good. They were very good.

SHERLOCK

Baker Street. Solving crimes. You and me. Don't ever forget those days.

JOHN

Of course I bloody won't.

Sherlock extends his hand to shake John's

SHERLOCK

To the very best of times, John.

John just gives him a look.

SHERLOCK

Oh, if we must.

A proper, manly embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

The jet speeds down the runway, takes off, roars away.

On Mary and John, watching it go.

MARY  
He did it for us, didn't he?

JOHN  
He promised he would. At our wedding.

On the jet, disappearing into the sky.

JOHN  
His last vow.

Slow fade to black. Long enough that the show really seems over ....

Then!

130 INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - DAY 130

Mrs Hudson working away, we hear the television. Suddenly it hisses, and she looks to the screen - which we don't see.

And screams!

CUT TO:

131 INT. PUB - DAY 131

Lestrade in a pub, watching football. The television hisses, he stares in astonishment at the screen.

CUT TO:

132 INT. BART'S LAB - DAY 132

There's a portable television playing, as Molly works. It hisses -

- Molly is screaming. No, no, NO!!!

CUT TO:

133 INT. WHITEHALL OFFICE - DAY 133

The suited men, staring at the screen. Lady Smallwood, stepping forward, appalled

LADY SMALLWOOD  
How is this possible?

SIR EDWIN  
We don't know. But it's on every screen in the country. Every screen simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)  
121.

LADY SMALLWOOD  
Has the Prime Minister been told?

CUT TO:

134 EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY 134

Mycroft, on his mobile. John and Mary listening.

MYCROFT  
But that's not possible. It is  
simply not possible, how has this  
been done.

He looks to John, like this affects him.

JOHN  
What's happened.

CUT TO:

135 INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY 135

Sherlock, sitting at the window, looking gloomily out. Now an  
official is handing him a mobile.

OFFICIAL  
Sir. It's your brother.

SHERLOCK  
(Taking it)  
Mycroft?

CUT TO:

136 INT. AIRFIELD OFFICE - DAY 136

Mycroft on the phone.

(We intercut with the jet as required.)

MYCROFT  
Hello little brother, how's the  
exile going.

SHERLOCK  
I've only been gone four minutes.

MYCROFT  
Well I certainly hope you've  
learned your lesson. Could we  
possibly persuade you to come back.  
As it turns out, you're needed.

SHERLOCK  
Oh for God's sake, make up your  
mind. Who needs me this time?

(CONTINUED)  
122.

Mycroft's eyes go the TV in the corner. A picture of Jim Moriarty, staring out, grinning.

It is captioned

MISS ME?

MYCROFT  
England.

On Sherlock's face. Eh? What's he talking about.

CUT TO:

John and Mary.

MARY  
But he's dead - you told me he was  
dead, Moriarty.

JOHN  
Definitely. Blew his own brains  
out.

MARY  
So how can he back?

A noise has been building in the background - an aircraft is approaching.

John looks up. And starts to smile.

JOHN  
Well if he is, he better wrap up  
warm.

Mary looks at him - what? Now following his look.

And there it is! Sherlock's plane is returning.

JOHN  
There's an East Wind coming.

Now on John and Mary watching, as the plane comes in to land  
...

END TITLES