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e l e m e **N** t a r **Y**

Episode #30X

"End of Watch"

Written by

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WRITER'S DRAFT

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EYE PRODUCTIONS

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BELT PARKWAY - NIGHT

We HEAR static, followed by innocuous POLICE RADIO CHATTER. We PAN at a low angle, slowly moving past a parked patrol car. Finally we settle ON:

The bullet-riddled body of patrolman ALEC FARRIER, his dead eyes staring up at the sky...

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK, we HEAR:

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
(pre-lap)
My mind rebels at stagnation.

INT. N.A. MEETING - NIGHT

We FADE IN on SHERLOCK as he shares his latest thoughts on recovery with attentive support group members:

SHERLOCK
Give me problems, give me work,
give me the most abstruse
cryptogram or the most intricate
analysis, and I am in my own proper
atmosphere. I can dispense then
with old cravings, bad habits. But
I abhor the dull routine of
existence. I crave for mental
exaltation.

He pauses, then continues...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I thought, for a very long while,
this exaltation could be found only
in my work. But it has become
clearer over these last few years
that it can also be found in the...
relationships I've forged. As well
as here. In this room. With you.

And as his words wash over the group, particularly a fellow addict named GEORGE...

INT. N.A. MEETING - NIGHT - LATER

As the meeting breaks up, George approaches Sherlock.

GEORGE
You go by "Sherlock," right?

Sherlock turns to George. Now what?

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's cool. I know a lot of people
in N.A. that use fake names. I go
by George.

SHERLOCK
Your middle name, no doubt. How
can I help you, George?

GEORGE
You already helped. Your share
tonight? It really hit me.
(then, a taking a stab...)
You should put it up on BrainAttic.

SHERLOCK
(never heard of it)
"Brain Attic?" Not addict? But
"attic?" As in a garret or upper
room?

GEORGE
Yeah. The Tumblr site. I thought
maybe it was yours.

SHERLOCK
I assure you, I would never
associate myself with such a
graceless pun.

GEORGE
Well you should check it out. It's
all these genius shares to help
people in recovery. It's
anonymous, but the best stuff...
Well, it's sounds a lot like you.

George moves off. Sherlock reacts to what he's heard, troubled.
He takes out his phone, does a search, and pulls up BrainAttic.
He scans it, becoming more and more incensed as he realizes...

SHERLOCK
This is larceny.

And then... His phone rings. The caller I.D. covers the
website. It reads: Captain Gregson...

CUT TO:

EXT. BELT PARKWAY - NIGHT

The site of Farrier's murder is swarming with cops. JOAN and GREGSON examine the crime scene with CSU, who are just beginning their work. Farrier's body is still *in situ*. Sherlock and KITTY have just arrived and BELL is bringing them up to speed.

BELL

Victim's Alec Farrier. NYPD, seven years on the job. Transferred to Highway Patrol three weeks ago. Before that he was assigned to the Training Bureau out on Rodman's Neck. Best we can tell from his dashboard camera footage, he was ambushed. Masked gunman. Farrier didn't even have time to draw his weapon.

KITTY

Someone shot him out of nowhere?
For no reason?

SHERLOCK

That is the crucial question. Is it not, Detective?

BELL

Either Farrier was targeted specifically... or some psycho is killing cops at random. Either way, this one's all hands on deck.

Just then Joan calls out...

JOAN

I've got something.

Kitty and Bell join Joan and Gregson, who are near Farrier's abandoned police cruiser.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Fresh footprints. Size twelve work boots.

GREGSON

Farrier's a size nine.

JOAN

There's a some kind of...

Joan uses a flashlight app on her smart phone to illuminate a bit of WHITE FLUFF in one of the prints. Bell checks it out.

BELL

Looks like poly fiber.

JOAN
Could be a transfer from the
killer's boot.

BELL
Good eye.

As everyone else focusses on the fiber, Sherlock peels off
toward Farrier's body. Something has caught his attention.

GREGSON
(motions to a CSU)
Collect it. And see if there's any
more.

Which is when they hear...

SHERLOCK (O.C.)
Your attention please!

All eyes go to Sherlock. He's standing by Farrier's body,
surrounded by edgy cops, pulling on evidence gloves.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I am about to draw Officer
Farrier's sidearm. Please do not
be alarmed.

The cops are dubious, until...

GREGSON
It's okay. He's my consultant.

Sherlock carefully retrieves Farrier's pistol, a matte black
Glock-19.

JOAN
Sherlock? What are you doing?

SHERLOCK
(then, to all)
I should warn you that I am about
to discharge this weapon into the
dirt. I assure you, it's perfectly
safe.

GREGSON
Are you sure...

Sherlock fires the gun. PFFT PING! PFFT PING! PFFT PING! The
pistol fires plastic pellets using compressed air. What the
hell? Bell retrieves the bright orange pellets and shows them
to Gregson.

BELL
Air-gun pellets.

SHERLOCK

Quite so. You said Farrier didn't
have time to draw his weapon... but
even if he had, it would have been
utterly futile. Your murdered
officer was armed with a toy gun.

Off Sherlock, holding the fake pistol...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We start CLOSE on DASHBOARD CAMERA RECORDINGS from Farrier's cruiser. In the footage, Farrier, who's just written a speeding ticket, sends the offending motorist on her way. As he walks back to his cruiser, another car pulls up and a GUNMAN in a ski mask gets out and opens fire. Farrier goes down. The Gunman puts a final shot into Farrier's head, calmly retrieves his spent brass, then walks back to his car.

The footage rewinds. Once again, Farrier sends the motorist on her way and heads back to his cruiser...

We WIDEN TO REVEAL: A somber Sherlock and Kitty watch the video.

KITTY

Can we *not* watch that again?

SHERLOCK

We will watch it as often as necessary.

Sherlock scans backwards again. But they're interrupted when Joan joins them...

JOAN

It's time for the Final Call.

Off which...

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Sherlock, Joan, and Kitty enter the bullpen where the precinct's Uniforms and Detectives, including Bell, are gathered. Bell and many others have black mourning bands across their badges. Gregson emerges from his office, checks his watch, then turns up the POLICE RADIO. Everyone listens with quiet respect. At first there's just static, then a DISPATCHER VOICE calls out...

DISPATCHER VOICE

Central to Officer 73199. Central to Officer 73199? Officer Alex Farrier. Please respond. Central to 73199?

There's a long pause. No one says a word.

DISPATCHER VOICE (CONT'D)

Officer 73199, No Response.
(another pause, then...)

DISPATCHER VOICE (CONT'D)

Officer 73199, Alex Farrier, is 10-42. End of Watch. He has gone home for the final time.

Gregson turns the radio down, let's that hit everyone for a moment, then...

GREGSON

Front desk has mourning badges if anyone needs them. Ceremonial Unit is taking sign-ups for honor guards at Farrier's body and his home. There will be a full Inspector's Funeral, date and time to be announced. Questions?

There are no questions.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

Good. Now, until we know for certain whether or not someone is out there hunting cops, we play it safe. No one works alone. No cowboy nonsense. But rest assured... We will get the bastard that gunned down Officer Farrier. We'll do it by the book. But we will get him.

Gregson looks around. His crew looks grim, but determined.

GREGSON (CONT'D)

As you were.

The cops return to work. Bell intercepts Joan.

BELL

Hey. Captain wants me to talk with the wife. You free?

JOAN

She's a suspect?

BELL

She's the wife. We'll go easy. Figure you'd be a friendly face.

SHERLOCK

And I would not.

Joan and Bell can't argue that. They exit. Sherlock heads for Gregson, Kitty in his wake.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Captain? A word.

Off which...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Sherlock and Kitty bring Gregson up to speed with what they learned from the dashboard camera.

SHERLOCK

The suspect is approximately six foot two, one hundred and ninety pounds. Right-handed, extremely comfortable with firearms.

GREGSON

I watched the dashboard footage, too.

SHERLOCK

I assume then that you noticed the shooter never touched Farrier's pistol? In point of fact, no one disturbed the body until police arrived on scene. Which means that the pistol must've been replaced sometime *before* the attack.

KITTY

Someone wanted to make sure Farrier couldn't protect himself.

SHERLOCK

Unfortunately, the most likely timing for the switch is also the most disturbing: I understand uniformed officers frequently store their service pistols in their lockers when not on duty.

(not pleased to say it)

Which suggest that the people with the easiest access to Farrier's pistol were his fellow police.

Gregson nods grimly.

GREGSON

Yeah. I'm way ahead of you on that one.

Sherlock reacts to that. Gregson obviously already has a suspect in mind...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - DAY

As Kitty looks on, Gregson and Sherlock question Farrier's former partner, MILES POLANO, a lifer who's been phoning it in for years, hardly NYPD's finest.

POLANO

He was my partner. Why would I do something like that?

GREGSON

(referring to file)

He was your partner until eighteen months ago, when you blew through a red light and totalled your patrol car. Farrier's neck got hurt pretty bad, right?

POLANO

We were responding to a call.

GREGSON

Call or no call, you blew a light. Didn't even slow down, in direct violation of regulations. The driver of the car you hit is suing you and the department. From what I hear, HQ is going to settle. In fact, in discovery, Farrier testified *against* you.

SHERLOCK

(trying a theory)

You must have been exceedingly angry with Officer Farrier for failing to stand by you. Perhaps angry enough to replace his pistol with a toy? In your mind, Farrier had proved himself less than a real cop. Fitting he should carry a less than real gun.

GREGSON

If this is some kind of prank gone wrong...

POLANO

I didn't do it, okay? Look, maybe I never made detective, but I know how this works. You ask someone in to "talk", you're gonna sweat 'em. My union rep tore me a new one when I wouldn't let him send a lawyer. But I told him... Let 'em sweat me. The sooner you guys apply the heat, the sooner I'm cleared.

POLANO (CONT'D)

(then)

This is where you ask me if I have
an alibi.

GREGSON

At the time of the shooting, you
were...

POLANO

At Abe's. Playing darts.

(to Sherlock)

That's a cop bar. I got two dozen
police who'll vouch for me.

SHERLOCK

You could have switched the pistol
at any time.

POLANO

Farrier was working Highway Patrol
out of the Ninety-Seventh, right?
Check your records. Pull the
security tapes. I haven't set foot
in the Ninety-Seventh in years.

SHERLOCK

You seem quite determined to get
through this as quickly as
possible.

POLANO

Look, me and Farrier may've had our
differences, but he was still a
brother in blue. I want to go to
his funeral, pay my respects. And
I don't want his wife looking at me
like I'm a killer.

(then)

So keep it coming. Cause the
sooner I'm cleared, the better.

Sherlock and Gregson exchange a look. This is not their guy.

INT. FARRIER'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest Staten Island home. We're CLOSE on a mantle covered
with pictures of Alec Farrier and his wife, BRIE, in happier
times. There are wedding and vacation pictures, Farrier's
formal Academy graduation portrait, Farrier in an NYPD Finest
football uniform. WIDEN TO REVEAL: Bell and Joan looking at the
pictures. Brie emerges from a bathroom, wiping her eyes with
toilet paper and carrying a roll.

BRIE

I'm sorry. I went through all the
Kleenex. I'm just...

She sits down, distraught, barely holding herself together.

BRIE (CONT'D)
What do you need to know?

BELL
Whatever you can tell us about
Alec. Do you know why anyone might
want to hurt him?

BRIE
No. He was a good man. He played
on the NYPD football team, did you
know that? Wide receiver. He was
a back-up. But the guys loved him.

JOAN
He was off the team the past few
years though, right? Since the
accident.
(Brie nods)
The neck injury must have been
difficult for him.

Brie looks a little uncomfortable, then...

BRIE
It was hard. He hated the physical
therapy. It took so long. And
working at the shooting range... he
said he didn't feel like a real cop
anymore.

BELL
I've been through that myself.
Rehabbing from a GSW. It wears on
you.

BRIE
Alec... had some bad days. A lot
of bad days.
(covering)
But that was all behind him. He
was back on active duty. He died a
hero.
(insistent)
My husband died a hero.

Joan can see Brie is desperately afraid people will think badly
of her husband. And she thinks she knows why.

JOAN
Before I became a detective, I
worked as a sober companion. I
helped people with their recovery.

JOAN (CONT'D)

So... I know a lot about that world.

BRIE

What does that have to do with...

JOAN

I noticed there are new locks on your front door. There's no sign that anyone but you has been living here for the past few months. And your ring... it's cubic zirconium...

Joan nods toward the mantle.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Not the diamond you're wearing in those pictures... Your widescreen TV and DVR are also missing. I don't see any computers or other expensive electronics...

BRIE

My husband was a good man.

JOAN

(gently)

He was selling off your valuables. So you kicked him out and changed the locks.

Brie doesn't deny it. Joan continues:

JOAN (CONT'D)

After the neck injury, Alec's doctors prescribed opioids for his pain. Isn't that right? Oxycodone? Hydromorphone.

Brie nods, ashen.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, some people have a genetic predisposition for opioid abuse. Your husband became an addict.

Brie realizes there's no point in denying it.

BRIE

I told you.... Things were bad for a while. But Alec was turning it around. He told me a month or so ago he'd gotten off the pills.

BRIE (CONT'D)

His neck was doing better, he'd gotten assigned to Highway Patrol. I was hoping...

Brie gets choked up, fights back the tears.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm useless right now. I just... I know I should have told people about his... problems. But I just wanted everyone to remember him as a good cop.

JOAN

We don't want to make this harder on anyone than it already is. But Alec's addiction could have bearing on his case.

BELL

Is there anyone your husband was in trouble with. Another addict? Maybe a dealer?

BRIE

I don't know. I honestly don't. Alec kept that part of his life a secret...

(then, remembering)

Wait. No. I saw a text once. Before I knew what was going on. It was... weird. Just numbers. "100 4 1000." Something like that.

BELL

A hundred pills for a thousand dollars. That's a dealer. Do you remember who it was from?

BRIE

The text ID was just another number. It said "6."

As Joan and Bell react to that...

EXT. FARRIER'S HOUSE - DAY

Bell and Joan exit the Farriers' modest home. There are a pair of uniformed cops standing vigil outside... a sign of support. Bell looks troubled.

JOAN

That didn't seem like a killer to me.

BELL

We'll check her known associates. Make sure she didn't recently pay out a bunch of money for services rendered. Just to be sure. But yeah. I don't see it. I figure our best bet is running down this "Six" guy.

JOAN

While you do that, I'm going to look into the toy gun. Those are illegal in New York, right?

BELL

Realistic ones like what we found on Farrier? Absolutely.

JOAN

So I'll check places that sell them in Jersey. See if anyone remembers selling that particular replica.

BELL

Worth a try.

Bell looks back at the house and its honor guards, clearly troubled by the case.

BELL (CONT'D)

I was lucky, you know? The pain pills didn't hook me the way they do some guys. Addict or not, he was still a cop.

JOAN

We'll catch whoever did this.

BELL

Damn right.

As they head to Bell's car...

INT. BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kitty comes looking for Sherlock, who's wrapping up a phone call.

SHERLOCK

That's quite all right, Randy. It was a blind grope at best. To be honest, the fact that you are unacquainted with the current crop of street dealers is its own sort of triumph. Brunch Sunday. Of course.

Sherlock hangs up.

KITTY

No luck?

SHERLOCK

While a significant percentage of my social circle is composed of recovering junkies, none of them appear to know a pill slinger named "Six".

KITTY

Well, I might've spotted something. Borrow your eyes?

Off Sherlock...

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Moments later. Kitty has the dashboard camera footage of Farrier's murder up on all the monitors.

KITTY

I figured while you were querying Narcotics Anonymous, I'd take your advice. Watch the shooting as many times as necessary. The first forty times, I didn't see anything new. Just a tall man in a mask with a gun. I zoomed in on his eyes, tried to make out the color...

Kitty manipulates the image. It zooms in on the gunman.

KITTY (CONT'D)

But it was too dark and the resolution was too low. Except...

She runs it again. The Gunman walks back to his car. Steps through the headlights of Farrier's patrol car...

KITTY (CONT'D)

Did you see it? Right eye.

Sherlock rewinds the footage again...

SHERLOCK

The way it refracts light...

KITTY

Shiny, yeah? His left eye shimmers a little when the light hits it. But soft like. Organic. His right eye gleams like a bloody mirror.

SHERLOCK

It's glass.

KITTY

The man who killed Farrier is six foot two, fourteen stone, *with a glass eye*. That should narrow down the candidates.

SHERLOCK

Well done.

Kitty appreciates the praise. But she can sense some frustration on Sherlock's part.

KITTY

But...?

SHERLOCK

I should have noticed the assailant's eye hours ago. The truth is... my attention has been split today.

KITTY

Not just today. You've been in a mood since last night.

SHERLOCK

Another astute observation.

Sherlock struggles with whether to share the source of his discomfort with Kitty. Finally, he enters a new URL on the computer they're using. A Tumblr-style site comes up. It's mostly inspiration quotes superimposed over bird pictures:

KITTY

(reading)
"BrainAttic"?

SHERLOCK

It is a website intended to inspire recovering addicts. One that has posted a number of my shares without my permission.

KITTY

Someone from your group stole your shares?

SHERLOCK

It's an egregious violation of my anonymity, which, as you know, is a vital cornerstone of recovery.

KITTY

(reading)

"The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning."
"I confess that I have been blind as a mole, but it is better to learn wisdom late than never to learn it at all." That's you all right. But your name's not on here. I don't see the harm in it. Especially if it's helping people.

SHERLOCK

The point of my shares is not helping other people. The point is maintaining my sobriety. As you are no doubt learning from your own healing process, in recovery, one must be selfish. Meetings are a tool for exploring my own internal conflicts, and, most critically, staving off denial. Helping others is merely a by-product.

Sherlock walks away from the computer. He can't look at BrainAttic anymore.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hence my agitation. By propagating my words without permission, the person behind this... BrainAttic is threatening my anonymity and trust in my group, and thereby compromising my recovery.

KITTY

You could ask whoever made the site to take it down.

SHERLOCK

The only way to send feedback on BrainAttic is via public comment. Communicating in such a manner would only further endanger my privacy. It's... vexing.

Kitty considers this for a moment, then...

KITTY

I'll handle it.

(off Sherlock)

I mean, it's good and proper I spotted the glass eye... but I'm still the protégée, yeah? And there's cop-killer out there. The NYPD need you at 100%.

KITTY (CONT'D)

I'll identify whoever put up
BrainAttic and get him to take it
down.

(sees Sherlock's
uncertainty)

I will handle it.

Sherlock reacts to Kitty's uncharacteristically forceful
assertion. But before he can object, the door bell RINGS...

INT. BROWNSTONE - FOYER - NIGHT

Kitty opens the door to reveal Joan, carrying her tablet. She
looks to Sherlock...

JOAN

Sherlock. We have a problem. Or a
breakthrough. Or maybe both.

Off Sherlock and Kitty's reaction...

INT. BROWNSTONE - LOCK ROOM - NIGHT

JOAN'S TABLET displays a still pulled from surveillance video of
a PAINT BALL STORE which sells air-guns and other replicas. We
SWING AROUND TO REVEAL Joan showing her findings to Sherlock and
Kitty.

JOAN

I went to paint ball and hobby
shops all around North Jersey. No
one remembered any specific sales,
but I talked them into giving me
their security tapes.

KITTY

That's hundreds of hours of
footage.

JOAN

Thousands.

SHERLOCK

(a lesson for Kitty)

They say that genius is an infinite
capacity for taking pains. It's a
very bad definition, but it does
apply to detective work.

JOAN

In this case though, instead of
infinite pains, I got lucky. I
found what I was looking for on the
very first recording.

Joan hits play. On her tablet, a man walks up to the counter and points to a Glock-19 replica under the glass.

SHERLOCK
The breakthrough you promised.

JOAN
And the problem.

She fast forwards. The clerk pulls out the pistol, the man takes it, moves to the register to pay... and we see his face...

KITTY
That's Farrier.

Indeed, it's Farrier.

JOAN
Yeah. Our victim replaced his own
gun.

Off which...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A somber Sherlock and Joan report to Gregson. They've just given him at a print-out showing Farrier buying the replica gun. Gregson's not happy about it.

GREGSON

You're saying Farrier replaced his own gun with a toy? Why?

SHERLOCK

As you know, it's not uncommon for opioid addicts to spend thousands of dollars per week on pills. Or roughly the entire salary of an NYPD patrolman.

JOAN

Farrier sold everything he had to fuel his addiction. His wife's jewelry. His TV and computers...

SHERLOCK

Until he reached a point where the only thing he owned of any value was his service pistol. And as I can tell you, firsthand, when one is desperate for a fix, ethics and logic provide little impediment to need.

GREGSON

(works it through)

So Farrier sells his Glock, then gets clean. Gets called up to active duty... but he doesn't have a sidearm anymore. Or the money for a new one. So he buys a replica to make it look like he's armed, then prays he'll never have to use it.

(then...)

The whole thing's a train wreck.

SHERLOCK

As appalling as the scenario you've laid out may be, the actual chain of events is... worse.

Joan produces more print outs, images from various stores security cameras. And in every one of them, FARRIER IS BUYING A REPLICIA GUN.

JOAN

When I spotted Farrier buying a fake gun on the very first security tape I checked, I thought it was luck. But Sherlock doesn't believe in luck.

SHERLOCK

A more thorough search revealed he'd purchased over a dozen replicas, one each at a variety of stores over a span of several weeks.

JOAN

Which didn't make any sense at all. Until we remembered where he'd been working while he was on light duty.

GREGSON

Rodman's Neck.

SHERLOCK

In addition to the shooting range where Farrier worked, the police reserve at Rodman's Neck also contains a gunsmithy, the storage facility for the NYPD's Cash for Guns program, and the ESU's stockpile of military grade weapons: Assault rifles, sniper rifles, a tank or two. All the accoutrements of the heavily-armed modern police department.

The full impact of what Farrier's done hits Gregson...

GREGSON

We have to inventory the whole place. Check every gun to see if Farrier switched out anything else.

(then)

But I don't get it. If he stole so many guns, why go back to active duty armed with a fake?

JOAN

He'd gotten clean. He was putting his life back together. I'm guessing he didn't want to steal another pistol just to go back on patrol. So he tried to get by with the replica just long enough to save up for a replacement pistol.

GREGSON

We were about to bury this scumbag with full honors. A parade, bagpipes, the works.

SHERLOCK

Despite his sins, Farrier was still a police officer who died doing his duty.

GREGSON

If things went down the way you think, Farrier was a traitor to the department. He put NYPD guns in the hands of criminals. And it was probably one of his criminal friends that ended him.

(thinks it over, then)

I'll give HQ a heads up that they might need to pull Farrier's Inspector's Funeral. Tell the Training Unit and ESU to check their stockpiles at Rodman's Neck. Meanwhile we'll focus on finding this Six character and your one-eyed man.

SHERLOCK

So to be clear... we are still pursuing the case?

GREGSON

There's been a murder. We close murders.

(holds up pictures)

Thanks. For this. Better to find out now than after the funeral.

Off Gregson, still determined to find the killer despite his changed perception of the victim...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Kitty talks with ASTRID, a middle-aged woman who guides walking bird-watching tours of Central Park. She wears a T-shirt adorned with Eastern Bluebirds and a baseball cap that reads "Astrid's Bird Walks." Astrid thumbs through the bird pictures from BrainAttic on Kitty's smartphone.

KITTY

I found these pictures on a website called BrainAttic. Originals, best I can tell. We're trying to identify the photographer.

ASTRID
You said you work with police?

KITTY
I'm a consultant.

ASTRID
(re: a photo)
Ooo, that's nice. Kentucky
Warbler. Don't see many of these.

KITTY
These were taken in Central Park,
yeah? At least most of them.

ASTRID
You got that from some out of focus
backgrounds? I guide five bird-
watching tours a week in this park
and I can barely tell where these
were taken.

KITTY
So, any guess who took them?

ASTRID
A birder? I know. Not much help.
But most of these are common
species. And when the rare birds
show up, everyone flocks to them
for pictures. Pun intended.

KITTY
So nothing you can nail down to a
specific date or place?

ASTRID
No...
(then)
Wait. This one.

Astrid pauses on a picture of a huge flock of blue-black birds.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
Quiscalus quiscula. A plague of
grackle.

KITTY
A "plague?"

ASTRID
Grackles only congregate in large
groups like this when they migrate.
And a plague only stays in one
place for a day or two.
(definitive)

ASTRID (CONT'D)

This would've been taken on the field behind Belvedere Castle. On either...

(does the math)
September Twenty-Eighth or Ninth.

KITTY

Do you remember who was there taking photos?

ASTRID

Oh, darling, every birder in New York dropped by at some point. It was spectacular. I took quite a few pictures myself.

Kitty thinks she sees a way to get what she wants...

KITTY

Any way I could see them?

Astrid considers this, then...

ASTRID

Take my walking tour.

(off Kitty)

If people see you on my tour, maybe they'll think birding has suddenly become hip. Might drum up some new customers.

KITTY

I doubt having me along is going to make bird-watching look hip.

ASTRID

New Yorkers have embraced bowling, kickball... Why not birds? Take my tour and I'll show you the grackle pictures.

(as Kitty considers it)

It's ten dollars. Tips encouraged.

Kitty sighs, fishes cash out of her purse.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kitty and Sherlock are on the move, talking as they head toward the lock room.

KITTY

It was actually quite fun. There was this huge owl...

SHERLOCK

Yes, yes. *Bubo virginianus*. The Great Horned Owl. The Tiger of the Sky. Very impressive, I'm sure.

They enter...

INT. BROWNSTONE - LOCK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Astrid's pictures from the day of the grackle plague have been printed out and laid out on the lock table.

SHERLOCK

(impatient)

Your presentation, if you will.

KITTY

So turns out while documenting this grackle plague business, Astrid took plenty of pictures of other people taking pictures. I isolated the lot who were in position to take the photos on BrainAttic.

Kitty indicates a subset of photos. Images of OTHER PHOTOGRAPHERS taking pictures of the birds.

KITTY (CONT'D)

My money is on one of these gentlemen with the oversized lenses.

Sherlock looks over the pictures. There are a couple dozen people with cameras of varying degrees of quality.

SHERLOCK

Thank you, Kitty. That will be all.

KITTY

You spotted him? Which one is it?

SHERLOCK

While the creator of BrainAttic may not have protected my anonymity, I will not do him... or her... the same discourtesy. Still, I am now certain I know the culprit, and will take the appropriate corrective action.

Kitty knows the subject is now closed. Moves on...

KITTY

Good enough. So what have I missed on the Farrier case?

SHERLOCK

The NYPD has confirmed that over a dozen weapons were indeed stolen from Rodman's Neck and replaced by replicas. The guns were chosen from stocks not likely to be examined too closely, and correspond exactly to the replicas purchased by Farrier. As a result, Farrier's Inspector's Funeral has been cancelled and we are now operating under the theory that his murder is a delayed consequence from his descent into addiction.

KITTY

You identify with Farrier a little, don't you?

SHERLOCK

Being observant again?

KITTY

I have a good teacher.

SHERLOCK

I've been down the dark path he walked. I made missteps of my own. I have, so far, been able to make amends for most... thanks in no small part to the support I've gotten from my friends... and from my meetings.

Sherlock glances at the photos of the birders, no doubt eyeing the man who betrayed his confidence.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Farrier will never get that opportunity. Instead, he'll be buried without ceremony, a source of shame to everyone who cared about him. It's the fate of far too many addicts, one I could have easily shared if not for a lucky happenstance here or an unexpected kindness there...

KITTY

That could've been my fate too. Dead. Disgraced.

Kitty looks at the pictures, too. But she's more interested in the birds. She pulls out a photo a hundreds of grackle blackening the sky.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Astrid said millions of birds die every year during migration. Billions maybe. Half those grackle won't make it back for spring. They get killed by predators. Bad weather. Even fly into buildings. Makes you realize how much of life is down to chance.

SHERLOCK

So much more responsibility then, for those of us who somehow survive the journey.

Sherlock's phone buzzes. He looks at the text.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

We are invited to a briefing. Your observations have borne fruit. The Man with the Glass Eye has been identified.

Off this...

AGENT HERNAN (O.C.)

(pre-lap)

His name is Tito Scandrick...

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

ATF AGENT DEENA HERNAN (Latina, professional, determined) and Bell give Sherlock, Joan, Kitty, and other detectives the lowdown on the Man with the Glass Eye, TITO SCANDRICK, with visual aides. (NOTE: The cops have all removed their mourning bands now that Farrier has turned out to be corrupt).

AGENT HERNAN

He's a drug smuggler and gunrunner who operates out of the greater New York area. Scandrick acquires guns in the States, then sells them to the Zetas.

JOAN

The Mexican drug cartel.

AGENT HERNAN

(nods)

Specifically a cell operating out of Veracruz. Scandrick supplies them with guns and in exchange, they provide him with drugs, which he sells in the U.S.

SHERLOCK

He exports violence and imports misery. Making money every step of the way.

BELL

The guy's got serious street cred and a reputation for violence. Word is he does all his own dirty work. ATF and DEA have been after him for years.

AGENT HERNAN

In fact, a few weeks ago, we nearly nailed him. We got a tip he was operating out of a Queens warehouse. We raided the place, captured a large stockpile of weapons, and arrested some of his crew, but no one's talking, and there's no evidence connecting Scandruck to the scene.

Hernan hands out files on Scandruck which include a trophy shot of the captured weapons laid out on a warehouse floor. It's quite the arsenal.

AGENT HERNAN (CONT'D)

Farrier's murder is our best chance to tie him to something that might actually stick. So whatever you need, the ATF is at your disposal.

Off this...

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

As everyone files out of the bullpen, Kitty intercepts Joan.

KITTY

Got a moment?

Sherlock watches as they walk away together.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joan and Kitty step into a hallway for privacy.

JOAN

Sherlock?

KITTY

This case. It's eating at him.

That's not surprising for Joan.

JOAN

The role addiction played in
Farrier's death... it's a trigger.

KITTY

I worry I won't be able to help him
through it.

JOAN

Has he asked for help?

KITTY

There was one thing. An issue that
was distracting him. But I handled
it.

JOAN

Then that's all you can do. I
admire Sherlock deeply. He's very
special. He is also a recovering
addict. That means you can help
when asked, be there for him, but
ultimately, you can't control him
or save him. You just have to hope
he can do it himself.

KITTY

Yeah. Except... when he leans on
me... well, I'm not the most
reliable person. I'm not... solid.

JOAN

Does Sherlock strike you as someone
who takes chances with his
sobriety?

KITTY

No. The opposite, really.

JOAN

Then he thinks you're solid enough.

As Kitty takes that in...

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Sherlock is standing by Bell's desk, looking toward the hallway
where Kitty and Joan are talking.

BELL

I can try to get you a FISA warrant
if you want. So you can listen in
on their conversations.

SHERLOCK

Not necessary. Kitty is concerned about my mental state. Joan will buttress her with some sagacious insight. I will continue wrestling with my recovery as best I can. *Status quo.*

Sherlock shrugs it off...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

To the business at hand. I assume your current operating theory is that the ATF raid spooked Scandrick and now he's cleaning up loose ends?

BELL

Yeah. If Farrier was selling guns to Scandrick, then got sober and regretted it, Scandrick probably decided he was a threat and took him out.

SHERLOCK

Which seems reasonable. As far as it goes. I can't help but wonder though. How did Farrier and Scandrick meet? How does a training officer at Rodman's Neck make the acquaintance of an international criminal?

BELL

Gotta be through the dealer, right? This "Six" guy.

SHERLOCK

Which is my concern. I'm beginning to wonder if Six exists. We have only Brie Farrier's word for it. Even she admits it was merely a number appended to a cryptic text. Perhaps she misremembered? Or misinterpreted.

BELL

You know who can explain it all to us? Scandrick. If he's cleaning up his trail, that means he's still in the City. We have a BOLO out, patrols in areas he frequents. We find him, bring him in... And then we can get the answers directly from the source.

Off Sherlock, not so certain...

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

A young patrolman (CASEY HATEM, Lebanese-American) hangs by the passenger side of his squad car as his partner heads into a coffee shop. Hatem calls after his partner:

HATEM
Half caff. Last time I was up all
night.

After his partner disappears inside, Hatem notices the dash mounted computer inside their cruiser has come to life.

HATEM (CONT'D)
Hey. We got a BOLO.

But his partner is already out of earshot. Hatem looks inside to see the screen, which displays the BOLO on Tito Scandrck. And then...

BANG! BANG! BANG! THREE SHOTS RING OUT. Hatem crumples to the ground, dead. We SWING AROUND to find a man in a ski mask putting away his gun and disappearing into an alley.

WE FOLLOW THE MAN into the alley. Inside, he pulls off his mask and we SEE that it's none other than Tito Scandrck. He's killed a second cop.

As Scandrck recedes into the darkness of the alley...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

The mood at the station is heavy. Bell meets with Kitty and Joan. He's got a mourning band on again; he doesn't look happy.

BELL

What do you mean Sherlock sends his regrets?

KITTY

He's at a meeting.

JOAN

You know he only goes to meetings in the middle of a case when he feels it's absolutely necessary.

BELL

Yeah. I get it. It's just... We got two dead cops in just a few days. We just cancelled one Inspector's Funeral, and now we're gearing up a new one.

JOAN

You're certain the two shootings are connected?

BELL

It was Scandruck. He killed Officer Hatem. No doubt. M.O. is the same. According to witnesses, the assailant wore a ski mask, shot the officer from ambush. Ballistics match. Plus... CSU found a small trace of that white poly thread on the scene. The same stuff you found in Scandruck's boot print. It was blown polyester fiber, the kind you'd find in hypo-allergenic pillows, stuffed animals, winter jacket lining. Tests confirmed both samples are from the same batch.

JOAN

So it's Scandruck. But what's his agenda? How does Officer Hatem figure into all this?

BELL

Hatem seems clean. He'd only been on the job two years. But if he was wrapped up in Scandruck's operation somehow, we could be prepping a hero's funeral for another crooked cop.

JOAN

And if there's no connection, it means we might be wrong about Scandruck's motive for killing Farrier.

BELL

If there's a connection, we need to find it. If there's not, we need to rule it out. Except everyone's partnered up, funeral prep and vigils are back on. Hatem's family's pushing for a quick burial. They're Lebanese. It's some kind of cultural thing. Everyone who's not tied up with that is scouring the City for Scandruck. We're stretched thin.

JOAN

I'll help you dig into Hatem. See what we can find. Meanwhile, Kitty can keep looking for Six.

KITTY

I've been keeping Sherlock up to date. He'll be back with us soon... I think.

BELL

Good. Because we could really use him right now.

Off Kitty and Joan...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

DAREN, a slight man in his late 40s, well-intentioned but overzealous, is heading for the entrance when he hears...

SHERLOCK (O.C.)

Daren.

Daren turns to find Sherlock has been waiting for him.

DAREN

Sherlock. We don't usually see you at afternoon meetings.

SHERLOCK

What I have to say can't wait.

(then)

I know you're the one who created BrainAttic. I need you to take it down. Immediately.

DAREN

Take it down?

SHERLOCK

You used my words without permission.

DAREN

Yeah but... they were shares.

SHERLOCK

They were not intended for wider distribution.

DAREN

Well they should be. Listen, I've been going to meetings for a long time. Most people, when they share, it's just more of the same. But the things you say are... profound. Your shares really help me. And through BrainAttic, they're helping other people too.

SHERLOCK

Need I remind you that the "A" in N.A. stands for "anonymous." Anonymity is a precious thing. I have to know that what I say in the room stays in the room. Without that assurance, I couldn't attend a meeting. And without meetings...

DAREN

You're overreacting. I never used your name. I didn't say when or where you said the things you said. Your anonymity is intact.

SHERLOCK

That wasn't a request. I insist you take the page down.

DAREN

I can't do that. BrainAttic is helping people.

(then)

Look, I'm sorry if I upset you.

DAREN (CONT'D)

I won't put up any more of your quotes. But the page isn't going anywhere.

Sherlock's phone buzzes.

DAREN (CONT'D)

I'll let you get that.

But Sherlock ignores his phone. Instead, as Daren starts to move off...

SHERLOCK

I wonder how your wife would feel if she knew you were having an affair?

That stops Daren in his tracks.

DAREN

I don't... You're making that up.

SHERLOCK

Merely observing. Something I normally suppress when attending meetings, but in your case...

(steps closer)

Given your slight flush, you took the anti-impotence drug sildenafil sometime in the past few hours. The fresh chaffing on the knuckle of your ring finger indicates you removed and then replaced your wedding ring in approximately the same time frame. And finally... I detect two distinct perfume scents on your skin, one slightly fresher than the other. Ergo: Wife and mistress.

Daren is reeling. But Sherlock doesn't let up.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Now be assured I have not yet deduced your last name... but how long do you suppose that would take for a man of my talents to discover? How would you feel if I were to make an appearance at your home? At your office? How many more skeletons would you like to come tumbling out of your closet?

Daren just stands, stunned.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Anonymity is a precious thing.
Which is why, in N.A., we not only
protect our own, but also that of
our fellow group members. Because
we are all painfully aware of how
dire the consequences can be when
that anonymity is violated.
(then, with finality)
Take down the page.

Seeing that Daren has been properly intimidated, Sherlock turns
and walks away. As he does so, Sherlock takes out his phone and
dials...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Watson. I apologize for not
picking up. I was having a...
delicate conversation.

Off this, we...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RODMAN'S NECK SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Joan and Bell (and another Detective who's partnering Bell
during the crisis) get out of Bell's unmarked car.

JOAN

I'm about to have one too. Bell
and I think we've found the
connection between Alec Farrier and
Casey Hatem.

The second Detective hangs back as Joan and Bell head toward the
facility...

EXT. RODMAN'S NECK SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

BANG! A bullet tears a hole in a paper target. We WIDEN TO
REVEAL one of the NYPD's outdoor shooting ranges. Cops shoot at
targets. We PUSH INTO:

INT. RODMAN'S NECK GUNSMITHY - DAY

The Gunsmith's Shop at Rodman's Neck is a military-stye building
near the range. A gun lock-up is visible in the back. In the
shop, Joan and Bell question JOSEPH DOUD (Lebanese-American,
emphasis on the American, 50s), the range's gunsmith. He cleans
a pistol while they speak.

DOUD

Yeah, I knew Farrier. He did
training; I maintain the guns. I
saw him around.

DOUD (CONT'D)

But that's not what you want to know, is it? This is about Casey.

JOAN

Your nephew--

DOUD

(cuts her off, insistent)
My nephew was a good cop. Like his father. And his brothers. And me too now that you mention it. Maybe you should've taken a look at my personnel file with the Staties, before you started seeing conspiracies everywhere.

BELL

We read it. Spotless.

JOAN

You can see our concern though. You knew Farrier. He stole guns from this range, guns you work with. He was killed by a gunrunner. That same gunrunner killed your nephew.

DOUD

And your solution is to take a crap on my nephew's reputation? Mine too, while you're at it? Hey, we're Lebanese. Keep digging. You'll get to terrorism eventually, right?

BELL

We're trying to find a cop killer.

DOUD

So you come to a place filled with cops and ex-cops. Unless you want to get in some time at the range, you drove a long way for nothing.

Joan and Bell exchange a look. They can tell they're not going to get anywhere with Doud. Joan gives him her card.

JOAN

If you think of anything...

DOUD

I'll call. But it might be a day or two. I have to bury my nephew in the morning.

Off this...

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - LOCK ROOM - NIGHT

We START CLOSE on the pictures from the Farrier case, which have been taped up above the fireplace, supplemented by information on Scandruck and Hatem. And then... PIFF-PING! An airgun pellet plunks into one of the pictures. PIFF-PING! Another.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL Sherlock firing an airgun replica Glock-19 at the collage. Kitty leads Joan in.

KITTY

I don't even know where he got the airgun. But he's been at this for a while now.

JOAN

I assume there's a point to all this.

SHERLOCK

After your most recent update, I attempted to uncover a connection between Hatem, Scandruck and Farrier. I looked at familial relationships, social networks. I set Everyone and several of my best Irregulars on the problem. All to no avail. So now I am endeavoring to meld the firing of this air pistol with the practice of *Kyudo*, the Japanese martial art sometimes known as Zen Archery.

Sherlock goes through an approximation of *Kyudo's* eight step preparation for firing a bow, then pulls the airgun's trigger. PIFF-PING.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

In *Kyudo*, the object is to achieve *mushin*, a state of mindless mindfulness in which the target and the archer are one. I had hoped to create a mental bridge between myself and the puzzle at hand.

KITTY

I doubt the ancient samurai meant for their techniques to be applied to B.B. pistols.

SHERLOCK

Added to which, in Zen, desiring a specific outcome is the principal obstacle to achieving it. Hence *mushin* is proving elusive.

(puts down the air pistol)

Have your more conventional methods yielded results?

JOAN

As far as I can tell, Hatem and his uncle are clean. I couldn't find any financial improprieties, no arrests, no unsavory friends, no real connection to Scandrlick or Farrier. And last time I checked in with Bell, he told me the only weapons missing from Rodman's Neck are the one's stolen by Farrier.

SHERLOCK

Well then. It appears that Hatem and his uncle are not, in fact, thieves. At least the NYPD can proceed with Officer Hatem's funeral without risking further embarrassment.

KITTY

Nice for them. But we have nothing. Forget Hatem's connection to Scandrlick. We can't even prove *Farrier* talked to Scandrlick. They never texted or emailed each other. Never talked at all that anyone can tell.

JOAN

There has to be a link. We're just not seeing it.

SHERLOCK

Which brings us back around to the mysterious...

Sherlock picks up the pistol, aims and fires. He hits a page labelled...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Six. A street name which, it would seem, is not used by a single dealer in the greater New York area.

Joan walks up to the fireplace. She examines the number.

JOAN

What if the only person who used it was Farrier? It could be some kind of private code. Just between Farrier and his dealer.

SHERLOCK

That would suggest a degree of intimacy between them we hadn't yet considered.

KITTY

Makes sense, though. If I were a copper and I needed drugs, I wouldn't want to score from a total stranger.

That gets Sherlock thinking. He looks at the pictures again, then realizes...

SHERLOCK

It's not a code. It's a shared frame of reference.

At which point Sherlock tears free a picture of Farrier in his NYPD football gear. The front of the jersey reads FINEST and bears the number 17.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I know where to look for Six.

Off this...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

We start CLOSE on GORDIE RIGGS, a skeevy-looking guy maybe a year younger than Farrier, on the skinny side. Bell, in his dress uniform, enters with Joan, who's dressed for a funeral.

BELL

Meet Gordon Riggs. The punter on Alec Farrier's high school football team. Wore the number six.

RIGGS

Nice dress.

JOAN

When we got word you'd been arrested, I was about to leave for a police funeral.

Riggs shifts uncomfortably at that, then...

RIGGS

I thought they cancelled Alec's thing.

BELL

They did. The man who killed Alec murdered a second cop.

RIGGS

I didn't have anything to do with that.

BELL

Mister Riggs, when you were arrested, you were holding on significant amount of Oxy. Not to mention heroin and meth. Which means you are looking at a long, long time in prison. But lucky for you, we'd rather have your cooperation.

JOAN

We want to talk about Alec Farrier.

Over this, we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Kitty and Sherlock watch. They're also dressed for Hatem's funeral. The muted sounds of Joan and Bell interrogating Riggs continue as...

KITTY

You sure you wouldn't rather be in there?

SHERLOCK

Watson and Bell are perfectly capable.

KITTY

And you don't feel like being in the same room as a drug dealer right now.

SHERLOCK

It's often advantageous to be on this side of the glass. One can observe reactions without having to play the back and forth of...

Suddenly Sherlock hears something he doesn't like. He hammers on the glass.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(calling out)
He's lying. That was a lie.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Sherlock's pounding can be heard through the glass.

RIGGS
What the hell, man?

JOAN
(looks to the glass)
That's my associate. He's kind of
a human lie detector.

RIGGS
Like one of those mutants from the
X-Men?

BELL
Gordie, we know you sold pot in
high school, we know Farrier
reached out to you when he needed
Oxy, and we know you were selling
to him. But what we care about
right now is the guns.

RIGGS
The guns?

JOAN
The guns that Farrier sold to you.

BELL
Tell us about the guns, and I'll
vouch for you with the D.A.'s
office. Encourage them to cut you
a deal. But if you keep lying to
us, you'll be out of prison just
about the same time you'll be
eligible for Social Security.

Riggs considers this for a moment, then...

RIGGS
It wasn't my idea. The guns. You
gotta understand, the monkey was
riding Alec hard. I tried to get
him to taper, or even switch to H
to save some money, but he was
hooked. You know how addicts get.

JOAN
(deadpan)
You're a good friend.

Even deadpan, Joan's sarcasm is clear.

RIGGS

He came to me, all right? Golden boy Alec who called me Six in high school because he couldn't be bothered to remember my name. He came to me.

SHERLOCK

(through the glass)
Irrelevant. Blaming the victim and irrelevant.

RIGGS

Alec wasn't the victim. He didn't just offer to trade me guns for pills. He insisted. I don't normally deal in iron, so I ran it past my distributor who went to his... and so on until it somehow landed with Tito Scandruck.

(off reactions)

That's the name you want to hear?

BELL

You've got our interest.

RIGGS

Scandruck agreed to the deal, but he wanted to know where the guns were coming from.

JOAN

So you told him.

RIGGS

You don't keep things from Tito Scandruck. Anyway, I moved maybe ten fifteen guns for Alec, then he got clean. Don't know how, but he kicked.

JOAN

But that's not the end of the story.

RIGGS

(hesitates, then...)

No. Couple of weeks ago, Scandruck came to me and asked if Alec could score more guns. Alec wouldn't meet with him. Scandruck was pissed.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I tried to cover for Alec, line up what Scandrlick wanted from another source, but then, a few days later, Scandrlick said it was all good. He'd figured out a way to make a huge score. Next thing I knew, Alec was dead.

Suddenly, Sherlock pokes his head in.

SHERLOCK

We're done here.

JOAN

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

I need to speak to the Captain, right away.

Sherlock heads for...

INT. POLICE STATION - GREGSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cops and Detectives in dress uniforms head out for the funeral. Sherlock intercepts Gregson as he's leaving his office.

SHERLOCK

I know why Scandrlick murdered Farrier. And Hatem. Both officers were killed to facilitate a heist.

GREGSON

(reacts, surprised)

A heist?

Bell and Joan arrive behind Sherlock, having followed him from interrogation. Kitty hangs back in the bullpen.

BELL

Six mentioned Scandrlick was looking at some kind of big score.

SHERLOCK

Just so. Through Six... and by proxy, Farrier, Scandrlick learned that there were millions of dollars in weaponry stored at the NYPD's Rodman's Neck reserve. He decided to rob it. Problematically, for him, the facility is, by definition, heavily populated by members of the NYPD.

GREGSON
(anticipating)
He needed a way to draw them off.

JOAN
(realizing)
The Inspector's Funeral.

SHERLOCK
An event that would be attended by
thousands of police, NYPD
employees, and their families.
That's why Scandrlick killed
Farrier. And then, once Farrier
was disgraced, why he killed
Officer Hatem. His goal was the
same in both cases... To trigger an
Inspector's Funeral that would
leave Rodman's Neck under-manned
and vulnerable.

Gregson reacts to that.

GREGSON
Hatem's funeral parade starts any
minute. People are already
mustering up.

SHERLOCK
If the funeral is happening now.
Then be assured... so is
Scandrlick's robbery.

Gregson's already on the move...

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Gregson calls out...

GREGSON
We've got a B and E in progress at
Rodman's Neck. Tell ESU someone's
raiding their damn armory.

Off this, we...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RODMAN'S NECK - ARMORY - DAY

Scandrlick and his crew have already broken into an armory
building. IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS... we see them loading
military-grade weapons and crates of ammo from the ESU's
stockpile into duffles. And then...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RODMAN'S NECK - ARMORY - DAY

A smoke grenade skitters across the floor of the armory. Boom! It goes off and spews smoke everywhere. ESU officers burst in through the smoke, ready for anything. But there's no one inside. The place has been ransacked.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Bell is on the phone, getting filled in as Sherlock, Joan, Gregson, and Kitty wait. He looks grim...

BELL

Gone. ESU got there, but Scandrick was already gone.

SHERLOCK

I was too late.

Off this...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

On multiple screens, Sherlock watches a TV NEWS report recapping the damage at Rodman's Neck:

TV NEWS

Sources say that the thieves got away with over a million dollars in military grade weaponry, including sniper rifles, assault rifles, and even a grenade launcher.

Kitty carries in a paper plate with pizza. She mutes the TVs.

KITTY

It's the same report as before. You're wallowing.

SHERLOCK

I am applying a well-deserved dose of self-recrimination. I should've been quicker in my deductions. I might've prevented the robbery. I might have even saved Officer Hatem.

KITTY

It's not your fault it took the police so long to find Six. Or that Scandrick murdered Hatem so quickly after they cancelled Farrier's funeral.

SHERLOCK

No. My fault was allowing myself to be distracted by the BrainAttic fiasco.

KITTY

"Better to learn wisdom late than never learn it at all."

(off Sherlock's reaction)

In BrainAttic's defense, you are very quotable.

(sees Sherlock is not assuaged.)

You should have some of the pizza Joan brought. It's quite good.

SHERLOCK

That is one way in which Joan is typically American.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Her impulse to plaster over defeat
with greasy comestibles.

(then)

Speaking of? Where is Joan?

KITTY

Downstairs, looking through the
evidence. She keeps doing these...
exercises.

SHERLOCK

Calisthenics? She's onto
something.

Sherlock heads downstairs. Kitty follows.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LOCK ROOM - NIGHT

Sherlock and Kitty join Joan, who's by the fireplace collage.
She's pulled down the lab reports from Farrier and Hatem's
deaths and the ATF's earlier bust.

SHERLOCK

You're no longer oxygenating?

JOAN

I think I know how Scandruck
smuggles his guns to Mexico.

Joan shows them the lab report on the white fiber found at the
two crime scenes.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Remember the white poly fibers
found at both crime scenes?

SHERLOCK

The teddy bear stuffing.

JOAN

Teddy bears and a lot of other
things. The fibers confirmed
Scandruck was at both crime scenes,
but we never identified their
source. Where did the fibers come
from?

KITTY

Could've been anywhere, yeah? A
car seat. A pillow.

Joan presents the ATF evidence photos from their raid on
Scandruck's operation.

JOAN

This is the stockpile of weapons
the ATF seized in their raid on
Scandrck. Notice anything that
doesn't quite fit?

Sherlock looks. There's an assortment of weapons. Mostly
pistols, a few rifles, even some knives. Sherlock moves the
picture closer to his face, focussing on the knives.

SHERLOCK

One of these knives. It's... odd.

Joan hands him a jeweler's loop. Sherlock examines the picture
more closely.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It has only one edge, and no point
whatsoever...

(realizing)

It's an upholstery knife.

JOAN

Used to cut foam for furniture
cushions. I think that's where the
fiber came from. Furniture
stuffing.

Sherlock realizes what she's figured out.

SHERLOCK

He's cutting into furniture to
create hiding places for his
weapons.

JOAN

You could hide a dozen pistols in
one couch, even some bigger guns.
Wrap the whole thing in plastic,
send it south.

SHERLOCK

Excellent work, Watson.

KITTY

Might not do much good though.
Scandrck could use a different
method for his new batch of guns.
Wait for the heat to die down...

But for Sherlock, the wheels are already turning...

SHERLOCK

Assuming he could wait that long.
His actions however, suggest he may
not have the time to spare...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(then)

Scandruck killed Hatem mere hours after Farrier's funeral was cancelled. He had to know he was in danger of exposing himself by killing Farrier then Hatem in such rapid succession. Why risk it? In fact, why engage in a desperate plan such as robbing Rodman's Neck at all?

KITTY

You think he was panicking. Trying to meet some sort of deadline.

SHERLOCK

Scandruck is a violent criminal, but he is also, in his own way, a businessman. One with inventory problems and an exceedingly demanding clientele.

JOAN

If Scandruck promised the Zetas a shipment of guns by a certain date... They're not the kind of people you can let down.

SHERLOCK

Scandruck promised weapons in bulk, agreed to a price, set a shipment date... and then the ATF confiscated his merchandise. He had to restock quickly so as not to miss his deadline. Now that he has the replacement weapons, I have no doubt he has every intention of fulfilling his original contract.

KITTY

Yeah, but I still don't see how that helps us find him.

Kitty hasn't seen it yet. But Joan has.

JOAN

He's moving bulky items. On a fixed date.

Sherlock dials his cellphone. Gets a hold of...

SHERLOCK

Detective Bell. I know how to find Scandruck.

As Sherlock explains what he's found...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Scandrlick and his crew load the stolen weapons into couch cushions. They use knives like the one Joan spotted to cut pockets into the foam cushions, load the cushions with guns, then zip them back into their upholstery covers.

Once a couch is reassembled, they replace its protective plastic wrap so it looks like it just came out of the factory. Sherlock's explanation continues in Voice Over.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

He'll be shipping his stolen guns inside couches. Crucially, as with ninety percent of all large cargo in the world... he'll be moving the couches by sea. And he's under considerable time pressure.

We FOLLOW a couple of Scandrlick's guys as they carry a finished couch up a ramp and into a CARGO CONTAINER.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

It should be a simple matter of checking imminent cargo ship departures and manifests. We need only identify a container ship leaving for Veracruz with a manifest which includes a shipment of furniture.

As the two men turn back toward the warehouse, ESU OFFICERS in full gear step through the loading dock door and intercept them. The two men have no chance. They surrender.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

The rest should be relatively simple.

PAN AROUND TO REVEAL: More ESU Officers have infiltrated the warehouse and gotten the drop on Scandrlick and his men. Scandrlick slowly raises his hands and his men follow his example. They've got him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Police in squad cars arrive outside the warehouse. A trickle at first, then a stream. The cops get out and line both sides of the sidewalk, forming a corridor as...

Bell marches Scandrlick out of the warehouse and through the corridor of police. Scandrlick's hands are CUFFED behind his back.

DOZENS OF COPS stand in silent ranks to witness Scandrlick's arrest. As Bell perp-walks the cop-killer through the gauntlet...

BELL
Are the cuffs too tight?

SCANDRICK
(grunts)
They're fine.

BELL
Good. Something you should know...
These cuffs belonged to Officer
Casey Hatem. The cop you murdered
on the Lower East Side. And you're
going to be wearing them a lot.
Every time you're transported,
every time you go to court...

SCANDRICK
That supposed to scare me?

BELL
It's supposed to remind you of the
men you killed. Because the NYPD
will never forget Casey Hatem. Or
Alec Farrier. And we're going to
make sure you never forget them
either.

Bell arrives at his unmarked car, where Gregson is waiting. He wanted to see this too. And as Scandrlick is loaded into Bell's unmarked car, feeling the weight of a hundred angry stares, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A fresh grave. A temporary marker reads simply: "A. Farrier". A man's hand reaches down and places something at the base of the sign. It's an NYPD CHALLENGE COIN.

This one reads: "NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT. FIDELIS AD MORTEM." Faithful unto death.

REVEAL that the coin has been placed by Gregson. He looks at the grave for a long beat, then turns and walks away.

EXT. N.A. MEETING - NIGHT

Sherlock sits at his regular meeting. He looks distractedly at his phone as a FEMALE GROUP MEMBER shares, off screen.

FEMALE GROUP MEMBER (O.C.)

So yeah. It's been tough I guess.
Without the drugs, the world seems,
I don't know. Spiky and sharp.
But it's also more real. That's
got it's own beauty. I guess.
Fake it til you make it, right?

ON SHERLOCK'S PHONE, a Google search for "BrainAttic" returns no results. Sherlock refreshes the search. He gets a "404 Not Found" error. Daren's page has ceased to exist. The Group Member gets polite applause and thanks from the MODERATOR.

MODERATOR

That was great, Rhena. Anyone
else?

(no response)

Sherlock? What about you? Got
anything to share?

Sherlock, caught with his phone out, guiltily puts it away. He looks around the room, at the expectant faces. Daren's not there. Neither is George. There's no one who was involved in threatening his anonymity. It's a safe space. Still...

SHERLOCK

No. Not today.

And as we realize it's going to take some time before he's ready to trust the group again...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE