

SHERLOCK 2
A Scandal in Belgravia

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Shooting Script
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These are to be disposed of in either a secure bin, shredder
or handed in to the production office

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

... recap ...

... into the scene now.

... JOHN, noticing the red dots suddenly buzzing on his shirt, SHERLOCK, the same ...

NOW JIM MORIARTY striding back into the room.

JIM

Sorry, boys, I'm so changeable. It is a weakness with me, but to be fair to myself, it is my only weakness. You can't be allowed to continue. You just can't. I would try to convince you, but everything I have to say has already to say has already crossed your mind.

Sherlock and John - a glance. A nod from John. And Sherlock turns, levels his gun at Jim.

SHERLOCK

Then possibly my answer has crossed yours.

And now lowers the gun -

- to point at the piles of explosives.

And we build to the cliffhanger, just as before, the music building and building, and then ...

The BeeGees! From somewhere, Staying Alive is playing.

John and Sherlock: a world of *what??*

But Jim just smirks.

He pats his jacket pocket - his phone, we're hearing the ringtone.

JIM

Mind if I get that?

SHERLOCK

You have the rest of your life.

Jim grins, pulls out the phone.

JIM

Hello?

(Listens, impatient)

Yes, of course it is, what do you want?

He rolls his eyes at Sherlock - honestly, some people! But now his face is changing at what he's hearing. Now, he's interested - alert and cold and fierce.

JIM

Say that again. Say it again, and understand that if you are lying to me, I will find you and I will *skin* you!

John and Sherlock exchanging a look - what the hell ... ?

Jim, listening, deciding.

JIM

Yes. Yes, of course I am. Wait!

He looks up at his unseen gunmen above, makes a motion - *get out!*

On John and Sherlock -

- and all the little red dots are disappearing. From off we can hear feet footfalls, doors banging, people leaving.

On John, looking up, listening. Are they actually going to survive.

On Sherlock: doesn't take his eyes off Jim, doesn't lower his gun.

Now Jim is stepping forward to Sherlock.

JIM

Sorry, my dear. Wrong day to die.

SHERLOCK

(Looking to the phone)

Did somebody make you a better offer.

JIM

Oh, don't you worry, we'll find the right moment. Because we've got a problem to solve together, you and I. Do you know what it is?

SHERLOCK

I'm fascinated.

JIM

The big one. The best one. The *final* problem. And the funny thing is, I've already told you all about it. You'll be hearing from me, Sherlock - but not for a while.

And he turns on his heel and just walks away. Talking on his phone.

JIM
 If you have what you say you have, I
 will make you rich. If you don't, I
 will make you into *shoes*...

He's gone. A moment on Sherlock and John. Sherlock finally lowers the gun.

They look at each other.

JOHN
 What was that?

SHERLOCK
 Who was that?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

A woman's hand, red-fingernailed, is hanging up a phone -
 - then reaches for a riding crop lying next to it. As she
 heads away, we pan up -

- to see a woman dressed in tight fitting leather. She's
 heading away from us, through an opulent hotel suite. She
 carries the riding crop lightly in one hand.

And now she disappears through the open door of what is a
 clearly a bedroom.

From off, we hear her voice.

IRENE ADLER
 (From off)
 Well now. Have you been wicked, your
 highness?

And then, in reply, another female voice.

FEMALE VOICE
 (From off)
 Yes, Miss Adler.

Swish, *crack*, and on this we

THE OPENING TITLES

EXT. BAKER STREET - MORNING

Establisher of the flat, closing in on ...

221b. Over this, we hear typing. The plastic rattle of a computer keyboard.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

SHERLOCK and JOHN in their accustomed position across the table from each other. Breakfast, coffee - Sherlock scanning and discarding the papers, John typing away on his computer.

SHERLOCK
What are you typing?

JOHN
Blog.

SHERLOCK
About?

JOHN
Us.

SHERLOCK
You mean me.

JOHN
Why?

SHERLOCK
Well you're typing a lot.

John gives him a look - the ego of the man! But Sherlock is already throwing aside his paper, springing up ready for action.

SHERLOCK
Right then! So what have we got?

(The following sequence is a sort of montage - a few months a in the life of John and Sherlock at the top of their game. Fast, fluid, music-driven.)

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

A TIMID MAN sitting in the client chair, in 221b. (We haven't nominated one, but let's do it - should be facing the boys armchairs.)

TIMID MAN
My wife seems to be spending a very long time at the office -

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Boring!

CUT TO:

Same shot, same chair an ENORMOUSLY FAT WOMAN.

FAT WOMAN

I think my husband might be having an affair-

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Yes!

CUT TO:

Same shot, same chair, a big beefy creepy guy.

CREEPY GUY

She's not my real Aunt, she's been replaced, I know she has.

(Holds up an urn)

I know human ash!

SHERLOCK

Leave!

WHIP PAN TO:

A MARRIED COUPLE this time. He stands in front of the fireplace, addressing Sherlock and John - pompous, full of himself - and she hovers timidly at his shoulder. Sherlock is pacing boredly.

HUSBAND

... no one should have been able to empty that bank account, other than myself and my wife.

SHERLOCK

Then why didn't you assume it was your wife?

HUSBAND

Because I have always had total faith

-

SHERLOCK

No, because you knew you emptied it yourself.

(Prods the man's waistband, hair, face in rapid successions)

Weight-loss! Hair dye! Botox! Affair!

(Hands a card to the wife)

Lawyer!

WHIP PAN TO:

Back to the client chair. An important looking man, in a business suit - flanked by two other men in suits.

BUSINESS MAN

... we are prepared to offer any sum of money you care to name, for the recovery of these files -

Sherlock walks across the frame -

SHERLOCK

Boring!

The frame wipes with Sherlock's cross and becomes:

A nervy, geeky young man in a sci-fi tee-shirt. He is flanked by two other geeky teenagers, standing just behind him.

(Positions exactly resembling the business men.)

GEEKY YOUNG MAN

We have this website - it explains the true meaning of comic books, cos people miss a lot of the themes - but then all the comic books started coming true.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Oh, interesting.

WHIP PAN TO:

John typing away at his computer, Sherlock looking grumpily over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK

The Geek Interpreter. What's that?

JOHN

The title.

SHERLOCK

What does it need a *title* for?

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. BARTS CORRIDOR - DAY

SHERLOCK and JOHN heading along the corridor towards us, SALLY DONOVAN leading the way.

A YOUNG OFFICER passes in the opposite direction.

YOUNG OFFICER
 (To John)
 Loved The Geek Interpreter.

SALLY DONOVAN
 Yeah, that was good one.

INT. MORGUE- DAY

On a blonde woman, lying dead. Her face is covered in blotches and spots. SHERLOCK and JOHN doing their examination. LESTRADE stands a few feet away, waiting for them to be done.

SHERLOCK
 So people actually *read* that biog.

JOHN
 Where do you think our clients come from?

SHERLOCK
 I have a website ...

JOHN
 Where you enumerate 240 different types of tobacco ash - nobody's reading your website.
 (Of the corpse)
 Okay, mid-thirties, reasonable condition, dyed blonde hair, no obvious cause of death - except these speckles, whatever they are.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Again, John typing away, Sherlock reading grumpily over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK
 Oh for God's sake!

JOHN
 What?

SHERLOCK
 The Speckled Blonde!

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Two little girls squeezed together on the client chair.

LITTLE GIRL

They wouldn't let us see Grandad when he was dead. Is that cos he'd gone to heaven?

SHERLOCK

(From off)

People don't really go to heaven - they're taken to a special room and burned --

JOHN

Sherlock!

INT. HACK STREET- DAY

Another day, another crime scene. LESTRADE leading JOHN and SHERLOCK along a back alley - at the end there's a crashed car, with the boot open, and a dead man's arm hanging out.

LESTRADE

There was a plane crash near Dusseldorf yesterday, everyone dead.

SHERLOCK

Suspected terrorist bomb, we do watch the news.

JOHN

You said boring and turned over.

Lestrade now standing over the body in the boot.

LESTRADE

According to the flight details, this man was checked in on board. Inside his coat ...

(Holding up clear plastic evidence bags)

... stub of his boarding pass, napkins from the flight, even one of their special biscuits. Here's his passport stamped in Berlin airport. This man should have died in a plane crash in Germany yesterday. But instead he's dead in a car boot in Southwark.

JOHN

Lucky escape.

LESTRADE
Any ideas?

SHERLOCK
Eight so far.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sherlock examining the body - frowning, as he works.

SHERLOCK
Okay four ideas.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sherlock examining the boarding pass. Frown's getting worse.

SHERLOCK
Maybe two ideas.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK looking over JOHN's shoulder at the blog again.

SHERLOCK
Don't mention the *unsolved* ones!

JOHN
People want to know you're human.

SHERLOCK
Why?

JOHN
Because they're interested.

SHERLOCK
No they aren't. Why are they?

He storms off to his own side of the desk - but John has had enough. Taps his computer screen.

JOHN
One thousand, eight-hundred and ninety five.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, what?

JOHN
I reset the counter last night. This blog had nearly two-thousand hits in the last eight hours. This is your living, Sherlock - not 240 different types of tobacco ash!

SHERLOCK

... 243.

John, back to his typing. We pan up his screen to the hit counter - 1895.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. THEATRE BACK STAGE - NIGHT

SHERLOCK and JOHN heading along a back stage corridor - UNIFORMED POLICE are dashing in the opposite direction, and our heroes are heading home.

SHERLOCK

So what's this one? The Bellybutton Murders?

JOHN

The Navel Treatment?

SHERLOCK

Eww.

They are heading down a flight of steps to:

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE DOOR - NIGHT

- SHERLOCK and JOHN emerging into the stage door area. More POLICEMEN, and LESTRADE. (There's a COAT RACK here, a row of coats.)

LESTRADE

Guys, there's a lot of press outside.

SHERLOCK

(Heading to the doors)
Well they won't be interested in us.

LESTRADE

Yeah, that was before you were an internet phenomenon. Couple of them specifically wanted photographs of you two.

SHERLOCK

Oh, for God's sake.

Sherlock has gone to the coat rack, taken a couple of hats - the only two ones there - and now tosses one to John.

SHERLOCK

Cover your face, John, we'll move fast.

John is pulling a cap down over his face..

LESTRADE

Still, good for the public image, big case like this.

SHERLOCK

I'm a *private* detective. The last thing I need is a public image.

As he says this, he jams a hat on this heat - and fatefully, it happens to be a deerstalker. He pulls it down over his face, and starts pushing through the doors -

- into an explosion of flashbulbs. And the first flash becomes -

- a newspaper photograph!

A black a white of deerstalker-ed Sherlock and John heading out the doors. Pulling out to the headline (NOT front page) HAT-MAN AND ROBIN, THE WEB DETECTIVES.

Now a series of flashes and we see variants of the same image from various angles in various pages, always centred on the deerstalker. Various headlines. SHERLOCK HOLMES - NET PHENOMENON. SHERLOCK - NET 'TEC. SHERLOCK AND JOHN - BLOGGER DETECTIVES.

On the final flash the last one becomes-

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

- an actual newspaper lying on a table. We hold on a moment -

- then a hand reaches into shot, a red fingernail traces Sherlock's cheekbone for a moment. During this, from off, we hear the beeps of someone punching a number into a phone. The phone is now being answered and the hand withdraws.

IRENE ADLER

(From off)

Hello. I think it's time - don't you?

And then something is tossed casually on to the paper - a riding crop, lying right across Sherlock's face ...

We fade to black ...

EXT. BAKER STREET - EARLY MORNING

Establisher of the flat. A beautiful, sunny day. Early morning sunshine.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EARLY MORNING

Morning light blazing over the deserted sitting room - panning over details ...

... last night's pizza boxes, coffee cups, a cluedo board skewered to the wall with a knife ...

... closing on the kitchen. MRS HUDSON has been trying to tidy up. She's now kneeling at the freezer. She's pulled out a bag of something of something squelchy and unsavoury.

She peers at it.

MRS HUDSON

Oh dear! Thumbs!

A movement makes her look up. She startles.

Standing in the living room, a MAN, portly, profoundly worried. He's panting, like he's been running. He looks frightened, sweaty, at his wits end. This is PHIL.

PHIL

Sorry, the door ... the door was ...

As Mrs. Hudson stares at him, he sways on his feet -

- then crashes headlong to the floor in a dead faint.

A moment, as Mrs Hudson stares at the prone figure. Then she turns and calls.

MRS HUDSON

Boys! You've got another one!

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On PHIL now, sitting in client chair (same framing as the others) looking a bit lost and bewildered.

SHERLOCK

(From off)

Tell us from the start. Don't be boring.

And we track super-fast round Phil so that we're looking at him in profile and shot becomes -

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/PHIL'S CAR - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

- PHIL sitting at the wheel of his car. The car stationary, and he's trying to start it. The engine turns, coughs, splutters.

CAPTION

10 HOURS PREVIOUSLY.

He's now getting out of the car, go to the propped-open bonnet.

He's parked at side of a country road. Fields fall away all around - magnificent desolation.

On Phil grimly contemplating the state of his engine. He glances around him. No one for miles ... except ...

Phil's POV. In the middle of the rolling fields, standing with his back to us, is a solitary figure - a HIKER. He's some distance away, but we can see that he has a BACKPACK at his feet and seems to have stopped a moment to admire the scenery. He stands a few feet from a stream, runs between the Phil and the Hiker.

Phil heads back to the driving seat, tries the engine. This time - bang! The car's backfired. Phil sighs, starts to climb out again -

- but stops at something he sees.

Phil's POV. The HIKER, is now lying flat on his back like he's fallen, or been struck down.

Phil frowns - something about the way the man is lying.

PHIL
(Calling over)
Hey! You okay? Excuse me, are you all
right?

No answer. Phil - curious, maybe a little chilled - starts heading over.

Clone on the HIKER. Lying flat on his back, staring sightlessly at the sky - a stain spreading on the grass beneath him, as we dissolve to:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The same patch of grass a few hours later. The blood stain has dried and the body has now been replaced by an outline. Pulling further back, we see that a tent has been built round this little area, and D.I. Carter is now ducking out of it.

Wider: uniformed POLICE searching in the grass for a murder weapon. PHIL's car is still parked by the side of the road, where we last saw it and there are several police vehicles parked around the place.

A YOUNG POLICEMAN is now calling out of a larger police van which is clearly the centre of operations.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
(calling to Carter)
Sir! Phone call for you?

INT. SCOTLAND YARD/ LESTRADE'S OFFICE - DAY

LESTRADE. On his phone, talking. Wearied and business-like - as if he's had to make calls like this a few times.

LESTRADE
Have you heard of Sherlock Holmes?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

(Intercut as required.)

CARTER
Who?

The SOUND OF A CAR drawing up. Carter glances round - a CAR is slowing to halt at the side of the road. The YOUNG POLICEMAN is already heading over to talk to the driver.

LESTRADE
You're about to meet him. Now it's your case, it's entirely up to you - this is just friendly advice. Give Sherlock five minutes on your crime scene, listen to everything he says, and as far as possible, try not to punch him

Carter's face: *what??*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

JOHN, now leaning against his parked car (the one we saw arriving) holding a laptop. The YOUNG POLICEMAN who stopped him turns as CARTER approaches.

POLICEMAN
Sir, this gentlemen says he needs to talk to you, he said -

CARTER
Yeah, I know. Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN

John Watson. Are you set up for wi-fi?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The POLICE TEAM we saw earlier, now standing to one side of the crime scene, like they've been cleared out of the way. They're watching something in bemusement.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On Sherlock. He's at the desk, wearing only a bedsheet, wrapped around him like he's a Roman consul. Clearly he's just got out of bed and not even bothered to get dressed.

JOHN

(From off)

You realise this is a tiny bit humiliating?

SHERLOCK

Oh, I'm fine. Take me to the stream.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

On JOHN. He's holding his LAPTOP open in front of him, screen outward. On the screen we can see Sherlock in his sheet, on the sofa in Baker Street, peering at everything John shows him as he's now carries him over the to the stream. Skype Detective! Carter is walking a few paces behind, not quite believing his eyes.

JOHN

Didn't really mean for you.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Sherlock at the desk - we now see his laptop open in front of him. On the screen we can see the POV of the webcam built into John's laptop.

SHERLOCK

This is a six out of ten. There's no point in me leaving the flat for anything less than a seven - we agreed. Now take me back, closer on the grass.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

John, now carrying Sherlock back towards the tent. (We now intercut between Baker Street and here as required.)

JOHN
When did we agree that?

SHERLOCK
We discussed it yesterday. Stop.
Lower.

John is now lowering the laptop for a closer view of the grass.

JOHN
I wasn't even home yesterday. I was
in Dublin.

SHERLOCK
Hardly my fault if you weren't
listening.

On Sherlock - as the doorbell rings. He glances off.

SHERLOCK
(Yelling off)
Shut up!

JOHN
Do you just keep talking when I'm
away?

SHERLOCK
I don't know - are you away often?
Now show me the car.

He swings round to show Phil's car.

SHERLOCK
And that's the one that back-fired -
it made a noise, yes?

JOHN
If you're thinking gunshot, there
wasn't one. He wasn't shot, he was
killed by a single blow to the back
of the head from a blunt instrument.
Which then magically disappeared
along with the killer. This has got
to be an eight, at least.

CARTER
You've got two more minutes. And then
I want to know more about the
driver...

SHERLOCK
Oh, forget him, the driver's an idiot. Why else would he think he's a suspect?

CARTER
I think he's a suspect.

SHERLOCK
(Sighs)
Take me over.

JOHN
Okay, but there's a mute button and I will use it.

He turns the laptop to face Carter.

SHERLOCK
Up a bit. I'm not talking from down here.

Biting his lip, John raises the laptop to nearly eye-level. We stay on the laptop screen as Sherlock talks. (under this, we start building helicopter noise - not emphasised, but slowly increasing.)

SHERLOCK
Having driven to a remote location, and successfully committed a crime without a single witness, why did he then phone the police and consult a detective? Fair play?

CARTER
Well he's trying to be clever, isn't he? It's over-confidence.

SHERLOCK
Did you see him? Morbidly obese, the undisguised halitosis of single man who lives alone, the right sleeve of an internet porn addict, and the breathing pattern of an untreated heart condition. Low self-esteem, tiny IQ, and limited life expectancy - and you think he's an audacious criminal mastermind?

He looks over his shoulder, revealing the driver (Phil) sitting on the sofa directly behind him, a little troubled now.

SHERLOCK
Don't worry, this is just stupid.

PHIL
what did you say? Heart what?

SHERLOCK
(Turning back to the computer)
Have you looked in the stream yet?

CARTER
What's in the stream?

SHERLOCK
Go and see.

MRS HUDSON
(From off)
Sherlock?

MRS HUDSON, standing in the doorway - looking a bit nervous.
Behind her, TWO MEN IN DARK SUITS. One of them is PLUMMER.

MRS HUDSON
You weren't answering your
doorbell...

PLUMMER
(To the other man)
His room's through the back, get him
some clothes.

SHERLOCK
Who the hell are you??

PLUMMER
Sorry, Mr. Holmes -

JOHN
(Protesting from the computer)
What's going on? Sherlock, what's
happening?

Plummer has reached over and shut the laptop, cutting off
John.

PLUMMER
- you're coming with us.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

John, at the laptop, trying to fix the connection.

JOHN
Sorry, he got cut off, I don't -

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Dr. Watson?

John glances round - the YOUNG POLICEMAN is turning towards him, phone at his ear. He looks a little bemused.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
It's for you.

JOHN
Me? Okay.

He puts his hand out for the phone, but the young policeman shakes his head.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
No, sir. The helicopter.

John follows his look.

A little distance away, a HELICOPTER is landing.

On John's face: *what??*

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On Sherlock's CLOTHES being placed in a neat pile in front of him. Sherlock, still standing, defiant in his bedsheets.

PLUMMER
Please, Mr. Holmes. Where you're going, you'll want to be dressed.

On Sherlock's eyes - scanning the man.

SHERLOCK VISION: We now see the man through Sherlock's personal heads-up display - words floating over different parts of the man's body - all this fast.

Over the jacket - SUIT:£700.

Over the armpit - UNARMED.

Over the hand - MANICURED. OFFICE WORKER. LEFT HANDED.

Over the shoes - INDOOR WORKER

Over the lower part of the trousers - we zoom in super-fast to see tiny dog hairs, and the words starting popping up: SMALL DOG. Two SMALL DOGS. THREE SMALL DOGS.

Sherlock, smiling faintly now.

SHERLOCK
Oh, I know *exactly* where I'm going.

On this we dissolve to:

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

Buckingham Palace, seen from the air, the roar of a helicopter all around us.

On John, sitting in the helicopter, staring down at their destination.

No! Can't be, no!

INT. BUCKINGHAM PACE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Another of the DARK SUITED MEN is leading JOHN down a vast, ornate corridor.

On John, looking around. This is impossible, this is ridiculous.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

A pair of double doors are swept open, revealing a huge, spectacular room, empty, except for ...

... SHERLOCK HOLMES, sitting on an ornate sofa, right in the middle, still wrapped in a bedsheet and clearly in a towering sulk.

On JOHN, observing him from the door. The DARK SUITED MAN ushers him in.

John steps inside, the man withdraws.

A silence as John and Sherlock look at each other. John spreads his hands - a questioning gesture, what the hell is going on?

Sherlock: shrugs back. Search me.

John comes in to the room, sits on the other end of the sofa. Another silence.

JOHN
... are you wearing pants?

SHERLOCK
No.

JOHN
Okay.

They look at each other -

- and then both just burst out laughing. Just the joyous absurdity of it. Where they are, what they're doing, *for God's sake!!*

Through the laughter:

JOHN
What are we doing here? Sherlock,
seriously, what?

SHERLOCK
I don't know!

JOHN
Are we here to see the Queen?

The thought almost quells the laughter for a second. And then the door opens, and MYCROFT steps in.

SHERLOCK
Apparently, yes.

And this childish jokes sets them off again, roaring with laughter.

Hugely annoyed. Mycroft bangs shut the door.

MYCROFT
Just once, could you two behave like grown-ups.

JOHN
We solve crimes, I blog about it, and he forgets his pants - how high are your standards?

SHERLOCK
I was in the middle of a case, Mycroft!

MYCROFT
What, the hiker and the back-fire? I glanced at the police report - bit obvious, surely.

SHERLOCK
Transparent.

MYCROFT
Time to move on, then.

Mycroft has picked up Sherlock's folded clothes from the chair.

MYCROFT
We are in Buckingham Palace. The very heart of the British nation.
(Presents the clothes with mock formality)
Sherlock Holmes - put your trousers on.

SHERLOCK
What for?

MYCROFT
Your client.

SHERLOCK
And my client is ... ?

A voice from off.

THE EQUERRY
Illustrious.

They look round.

There's a side door, almost concealed in the ornate wall, and entering through is a formidable, older man. Probably an ex-army officer, carries a truly frightening air of self-possession and importance.

THE EQUERRY
In the extreme. And remaining, I have to inform you, entirely anonymous. Mycroft!

MYCROFT
(Shaking hands)
Harry. Can I just apologise for the state of my little brother.

THE EQUERRY
A full time occupation, I imagine. And this must be Dr. John Watson, formerly of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers?

JOHN
(Shaking his hand)
Hello, yes

THE EQUERRY
My employer is a tremendous fan your blog.

JOHN
... your employer?

THE EQUERRY
Particularly enjoyed the one about the aluminium crutch.
(Turning to Sherlock)
And Mr. Holmes, the younger. You look taller in your photographs.

SHERLOCK

I take the precaution of a good coat and a short friend. Mycroft, I don't do anonymous clients. I'm used to a mystery at one end of my cases - both ends is too much work. Good morning.

He starts to head to the door. Mycroft puts out a foot, and stands on the trailing end of Sherlock's sheet, stopping him in tracks.

MYCROFT

This is a matter of national importance. Grow up!

SHERLOCK

Get off my sheet.

MYCROFT

Or what?

SHERLOCK

I'll just walk away.

MYCROFT

I'll let you.

JOHN

Boys, please, not here.

SHERLOCK

Who is my client?

MYCROFT

Take a look at where you're standing and make a deduction - you are to be engaged by the highest in the land. Now for Gods sake, *put your clothes on!*

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM- DAY

A few minutes later. The four of them having TEA. SHERLOCK is now dressed. MYCROFT is pouring.

MYCROFT

I'll be mother.

SHERLOCK

And there's a whole childhood in a nutshell.

MYCROFT

My employer has a ... problem. A matter has come to light of an extremely delicate, and potentially criminal nature - and in this hour of need, dear brother, your name has arisen.

SHERLOCK

Why? You have a police force - of sorts. Even a marginally secret service. Why come to me?

THE EQUERRY

People do come to you for help, don't they, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Not, to date, anyone with a navy.

MYCROFT

This is a matter of the highest security, and therefore of trust.

JOHN

You don't trust your own secret service?

MYCROFT

Naturally not. They all spy on people for money.

SHERLOCK

Fair point.

JOHN

But it's Sherlock you want - what am I doing here?

THE EQUERRY

I did wonder myself, Mycroft.

MYCROFT

My baby brother is a genius in his chosen field. But in this case, we need a genius with a conscience - which, typically, my brother has outsourced.

JOHN

Oh, great. I'm Jiminy Cricket.

The Holmes brothers both laugh - a rare moment of bonding.

MYCROFT

Actually, that rather works.

SHERLOCK
It does, doesn't it?

THE EQUERRY
(Sharply)
I do think we have a timetable.

MYCROFT
Of course, yes.

He has taken an ENVELOPE from his CASE, now slides a PHOTOGRAPH from it. He passes it to Sherlock.

MYCROFT
What do you know about this woman?

On the photograph - a headshot of a stunningly beautiful woman. And as we see this we cut to

INT. LIMO - DAY

The same WOMAN - IRENE ADLER - but live. She's sitting the back of the car, looking boredly, but imperiously, out of the window. Her phone beeps, she glances at it:

Screen text: I'M SENDING YOU A TREAT.

SHERLOCK
(V.O.)
Nothing whatsoever.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

On SHERLOCK as he now flicks the photo around for JOHN, as if trying it out on him. John, sipping his tea, almost misses.

SHERLOCK
- but she's clearly very attractive.
John, you might want to dab your
shirt front. Who is she?

INT. SMART HOUSE IN BELGRAVIA - DAY

The LIMO has drawn up at a lovely London town house. The FEMALE CHAUFFEUR is now walking round to open the rear door... (We continue hearing the conversation at Buckingham Palace.)

MYCROFT
(V.O.)
Irene Adler.
American birth, though you wouldn't
know it from her accent.
(MORE)

MYCROFT (cont'd)
 She's known as Izzy to her friends -
 professionally as Irayna.

JOHN
 (V.O.)
 Professionally?

IRENE ADLER now stepping out the car - spectacular in
 spectacular heels.

MYCROFT
 (V.O.)
 There are many names for what she
 does - she prefers dominatrix.

Irene, now heading towards the house. She glances at her
 phone.

Screen text: PHOTOS DOWNLOADING.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

SHERLOCK
 Dominatrix?

MYCROFT
 Don't be alarmed. It's do to with
 sex.

SHERLOCK
 Sex doesn't alarm me.

MYCROFT
 How would you know? She provides, you
 might say, recreational scolding to
 those enjoy that sort of thing, and
 are prepared to pay for it.

He's now passing Sherlock several COLOURFUL PRINTED SHEETS
 (clearly a printed-out website.)

MYCROFT
 This is all from her website.

On the sheets. A page of material, with the masthead that
 reads The Woman. The page prominently illustrated with photos
 of IRENE in various kinds of terrifying and sexy fetish gear.

He flicks to the second page -

- but the picture becomes -

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

- close on IRENE's phone -

A photograph, on a long lens of SHERLOCK in Baker Street. He's wrapped in the sheet we saw him in earlier, and being manhandled into the car, by the two dark-suited men. He looks preposterous and vulnerable.

She flicks to the second photograph -

- but the picture becomes -

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

- IRENE in spectacular fetish gear, brandishing a whip, menacingly -

Sherlock flicks to the next sheet but it becomes -

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

IRENE's phone: closer on SHERLOCK, vulnerable in sheet -

On Irene's face, looking at his. She smirks, amused

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GRAND ROOM - DAY

Oh Sherlock's face. He frowns in distaste, puts the sheets face down on the table.

SHERLOCK

I assume this Adler woman has some compromising photographs.

THE EQUERRY

You're very quick, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Hardly a difficult deduction. Photographs of whom?

THE EQUERRY

A person of significance to my employer.

SHERLOCK
Family member, friend, distant
relative?

THE EQUERRY
We prefer not be more specific at
this time.

SHERLOCK
Anonymous client, anonymous victim -
would it help if I investigated
wearing a blindfold?

JOHN
You can't tell us anything?

MYCROFT
I can tell you, it's a young person.
(Hesitates)
A young *female* person.

SHERLOCK
How many photographs?

MYCROFT
A considerable number, apparently.

SHERLOCK
Do Miss Adler and this young female
person appear in the photographs
together?

MYCROFT
Yes, they do.

SHERLOCK
I assume in a variety of compromising
scenarios.

MYCROFT
An imaginative range, we're assured -

A silence. They digest.

SHERLOCK
... John, you probably want to keep
that cup in the saucer now.

John has had the cup frozen half-way to his mouth. He now
delicately sets it down.

THE EQUERRY
It is our opinion that should these
photographs come to light, they would
have a catastrophic effect on the
establishment you see around you. Can
you help us, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

How?

THE EQUERRY

Will you take the case?

SHERLOCK

What case? Pay her. Now, and in full.
As Miss Adler remarks on her
masthead - know when you are beaten.

MYCROFT

She doesn't want anything. She got in
touch. She informed us that the
photographs existed. She indicated
that she had no intention to use them
to extort either money or favour.

JOHN

... Then why get in touch at all?

MYCROFT

We don't know.

On Sherlock - now the ghost of a smile. Intrigued for the
first time.

SHERLOCK

... oh! A power play. A power play
with the most powerful family in
Britain. Now *that's* a dominatrix. Oh
this is getting a bit fun now, isn't
it?

JOHN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

Where is she?

MYCROFT

In London, currently. She's staying
at -

SHERLOCK

Text me the details. I'll be in touch
by the end of the day.

He's heading for the door now, John following.

THE EQUERRY

Do you really think you'll have news
by then?

SHERLOCK

No. I think I'll have the
photographs.

He turns to sweep out.

THE EQUERRY

One can only hope you're as good as
you seem to think.

Just the tiniest flash in Sherlock's eye. He turns back to
him -

- the barest glimpse: SHERLOCK's POV, words swirling round
her. (None emphasised, but they include DOG LOVER, HORSE
RIDER, EARLY RISER, LEFT SIDE OF BED, NON-SMOKER, FATHER,
RIGHT-HANDED, KEEN READER, TEA DRINKER.)

SHERLOCK

I'll need some equipment, of course.

MYCROFT

Anything you require, I'll have it
send over.

SHERLOCK

Could I have a box of matches?

- and now holds out a hand, expectantly, to the Equerry.

THE EQUERRY

I'm sorry?

SHERLOCK

Or your cigarette lighter, either
would do.

THE EQUERRY

I don't smoke.

SHERLOCK

I know you don't. But your employer
does.

An impasse of stares -

- then the Equerry reaches into his pocket, produces a
lighter, hands it to Sherlock.

THE EQUERRY

We have kept lot of people
successfully in the dark about this
little fact, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

I'm not the commonwealth.

JOHN

And that's as modest as he gets.
Pleasure to meet you.

He gives a little bow. Sherlock glances contemptuously at him - the fawner!

SHERLOCK

Later.

He heads out, John following.

INT. BLACK CAR - DAY

SHERLOCK and JOHN, in the back of the car, as it drives away from BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

JOHN

Okay - the smoking, how did you know?

SHERLOCK

The evidence was right under your nose, John - as ever you see, but you do not observe.

JOHN

Observe what?

He pulls something from his coat, tosses it to John.

SHERLOCK

The ashtray.

He tosses a stolen ashtray to John.

John laughs - and then they're both sniggering like schoolboys.

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

As the car sweeps away from us along the Mall, the picture clicks and freezes, becoming a photograph on-

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

- IRENE's phone.

Wider on Irene. She's on the edge of her bed, smiling now. (The bedroom around, as wild and dangerous as you'd expect.)

IRENE ADLER

Kate?

The Chauffeur, now dressed as a MAID.

IRENE ADLER

We're going to have a visitor. I'll need a bit of time to get ready.

KATE

A long time.

Irene smiles - a demonic grin.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, ages!

We cut to darkness -

- then the screen splits into light as wardrobe doors are flung open. We are looking Irene through endless rails of dresses ...

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

JOHN, standing in the kitchen. He's looking, a little impatiently, into the back corridor (where Sherlock's room is.)

As we watch, various items of clothing are tossed through Sherlock's open door - a SOLDIER'S UNIFORM, WORKMAN'S OVERALLS - as each is rejected. A TUXEDO joins the pile.

JOHN

What are you doing?

Sherlock appears through the door, with a policeman's jacket slung over his normal clothes.

SHERLOCK

I'm going into battle, John. Need the right armour.

(Looks down at his police jacket)

Nah!

He disappears back into his room, pulling the jacket off.

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

IRENE modeling a startling mini-dress in the mirror. Considers, then -

IRENE ADLER

Nah.

Kate is leaning in the doorway, watching appreciatively.

KATE

Works for me.

IRENE ADLER

Everything works on you.

KATE
Is that bad?

IRENE ADLER
I hope so.

INT. TAXI - DAY

JOHN and SHERLOCK in the back of a taxi.

JOHN
So what's the plan?

SHERLOCK
We know her address.

JOHN
So what do we do. Ring the doorbell?

SHERLOCK
Exactly.
(Leaning forward, to the cabbie)
Here please.

JOHN
But you didn't even change your
clothes.

SHERLOCK
Then it's time to add a splash of
colour.

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

IRENE, at her make-up table.

KATE is delicately applying her make-up. Their eyes meet for a moment - a flirtatious smile...

INT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

A back alley - smart, but deserted. JOHN and SHERLOCK heading towards us. Beyond them, we can see the TAXI leaving from the end of the alley.

JOHN
Are we here?

SHERLOCK
Couple of streets away. But this will
do.

JOHN
For what?

Sherlock rounds on John.

SHERLOCK
Punch me in the face.

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate is holding up a range of lipsticks for IRENE's approval.

KATE
Shade?

On Irene - that demonic smile again.

IRENE ADLER
Blood.

EXT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

SHERLOCK and JOHN in confrontation.

JOHN
Punch you?

SHERLOCK
Yes, punch me. In the face, didn't
you hear me?

JOHN
I always hear "punch me in the face"
when you're speaking. But it's
usually subtext.

SHERLOCK
Oh for God's sake.

And smartly and efficiently, he just slaps John round the
face. John is whacked right back out of shot -

- and then a beat later comes tearing back into frame, fists
flailing at Sherlock.

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate, sitting very close, is now applying IRENE's lipstick.
Their eyes meet again.

EXT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

JOHN now has SHERLOCK in a headlock, and the struggle
continues.

SHERLOCK
Okay! I think we're done now.

JOHN
You want to remember, Sherlock, I was
a *soldier!* I *killed* people!

SHERLOCK
You were a doctor!!

JOHN
I had bad days!!

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate, applying the finishing touches.

KATE
What are you going to wear?

IRENE ADLER
My battledress.

KATE
Lucky boy.

We hear the doorbell ring.

KATE
Is that him?

IRENE ADLER
Got to be.

KATE
Ringing the doorbell? Does he think
we'll just let him in?

IRENE ADLER
He must think he's got a way of
persuading us. Go and see what it is.

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

On Kate, now making her way down the hallway.

She presses the entry phone unit next to the door.

KATE
Hello?

On the little screen, we see SHERLOCK, seeming bent over, as if injured.

SHERLOCK

(On screen)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I've been
attacked - I think they took my
wallet - please could you help me ...

Kate's face - amused.

KATE

I could phone the police, if you
want.

SHERLOCK

(On screen)

Yes, please, if you could. Do you
mind if I just wait out here?

On screen, he straightens up slightly -

- reveal that he's wearing a clerical collar.

On Kate's face - oh, he's pretending to be a vicar. A knowing
smirk - which she hides as she starts opening the door -

- to reveal Sherlock, and (to her surprise) John, seemingly
helping him.

JOHN

I saw it happen - It's okay, I'm a
doctor.

And before she can stop them, they're through the door.

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sumptuous, and very respectable, living room. Sherlock,
alone, is perched on the end of a sofa, dabbing at his
bruised face.

We hear a door open behind him.

IRENE ADLER

(From off)

Hello, sorry to hear you've been
hurt. I don't think Kate caught your
name.

Sherlock, getting hurriedly to his feet.

SHERLOCK

Yes, sorry, I'm -

And he breaks off. For the first time ever, we see all the
brakes jam on in his brain as he just stares.

Because IRENE ADLER is standing in front of him, entirely naked. (NB. This shot for pre-watershed. We know she is naked but we don't see anything. Like Sherlock, we always manage to avert our eyes.)

Irene is just smiling at him now.

IRENE ADLER
Oh it's always so hard to remember an
alias when you've just had a fright,
isn't

She steps lightly forward, plucks off his clerical collar.

IRENE ADLER
There now, we're both defrocked - Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK
Irene Adler, I presume.

On Sherlock: on the back foot for once. And now she's running a finger along one of his cheekbones.

IRENE ADLER
Look at these cheekbones. I think I
could cut my hand slapping your face.
Would you like me to try?

With an impish smile, she pops the clerical collar in her mouth, snapping her teeth shut on it.

- just as John enters (bowl, towel, the cuts and bruises paraphernalia you find in any bathroom)

JOHN
Right then, so ...

And he stops dead at what he sees: Sherlock, fact to face with a naked woman, who has his clerical collar in her teeth.

JOHN
... okay. Missed something, did I?

Irene just smiles. Without a care in the world, she heads over to the other sofa, settles down on it. (Perhaps she picks up a cushion at this point - just to make the scene shootable.)

IRENE ADLER
Please, sit down. If you'd like some
tea, I'll call the maid.

SHERLOCK
I had some at the Palace.

IRENE ADLER

I know.

SHERLOCK

Clearly.

Sherlock and Irene, now sitting on opposite - burning the air between them, with *staring*.

John, feeling very out of it:

JOHN

... I had a tea at the palace too. If anyone's interested.

IRENE ADLER

(Doesn't even glance at him)
Did he take sugar?

On Sherlock - something troubling him.

Sherlock's POV. On Irene, just sitting there. As he glances over to John we see the normal swirl of words round him (TWO DAY SHIRT. ELECTRIC NOT BLADE. HAD A LARGE CAPPUCINO. DATE TONIGHT. HASN'T PHONED SISTER. NEW TOOTHBRUSH. NIGHT OUT WITH STAMFORD.) but when he looks back to Irene -

- nothing.

He blinks. Nothing.

Blinks again. Nothing.

IRENE ADLER

(Tosses the dog collar in her hand)
Do you know the big problem with disguise, Mr. Holmes? However hard you try, it's always a self-portrait.

SHERLOCK

You think I'm a vicar with a bleeding face?

IRENE ADLER

I think you're damaged, delusional, and believe in a higher power - though in your case, it's yourself. And somebody loves you.

On Sherlock - a flicker of confusion.

IRENE ADLER

If I had to punch you in the face I'd try to avoid your teeth and your nose too.

Her eyes to flash like lasers to John - who just bridles.

JOHN

Could you put something on, please?
Anything at all - a napkin.

IRENE ADLER

Why - are you feeling exposed?

Sherlock pulls his coat, from where it's lying on the sofa next to him. He tosses it over to Irene.

SHERLOCK

I don't think John knows where to look.

Irene, now pulling the coat on.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, I think he knows exactly where.
I'm not sure about you.

SHERLOCK

If I wanted to look at naked women,
I'd borrow his laptop.

JOHN

You do borrow my laptop.

SHERLOCK

I confiscate it.

IRENE ADLER

Never mind all that, we've got better things to talk about. Tell me, I need to know - how was it done.

SHERLOCK

... sorry, what?

IRENE ADLER

The hiker with the bashed in head.
How was he killed?

Sherlock and John exchanging a look - what?

SHERLOCK

That's not why I'm here.

IRENE ADLER

No, you're here for the photographs.
But you're never going to get them,
so seeing as we're chatting anyway...

On Sherlock - something new here. Something he's not quite in control of. But he's keeping it calm, staying impassive.

JOHN

That story hasn't even been on the news. How do you know about it?

IRENE ADLER

I know one of the policemen. Well - I know what he *likes*.

JOHN

What, and you like policemen?

IRENE ADLER

I like detective stories. And detectives. Brainy - it's the new sexy.

SHERLOCK

The position of the car.

John and Irene look at him. What?

SHERLOCK

The position of the car, relative to the hiker, at the time of the backfire. That plus the fact that the death blow was on the *back* of his head. All the information you need.

IRENE ADLER

Okay, tell me. How was he murdered?

SHERLOCK

He wasn't

IRENE ADLER

You don't think it was murder.

SHERLOCK

I know it wasn't.

IRENE ADLER

How?

SHERLOCK

The same way I know the victim was an excellent sportsman, recently returned from foreign travel. And that the photographs I'm looking for are in this room.

IRENE ADLER

Okay, but how?

SHERLOCK
 (Springing to his feet)
 So they are in this room - thank you!
 John, outside, man the door, let no
 one in.

John is already heading to the door.

As he passes, Sherlock the tiniest look of complicity flashes between them. They're up to something, and this is part of the plan -

On Irene: what's going on?

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

John emerging from the room, closing the door. Looks around, then up at the ceiling. Sees what he needs.

Now steps across the hallway, takes a magazine from a table, rolls it up ...

... and from this jacket he takes the lighter the Equerry gave Sherlock ...

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherlock swanning around the room, in his element now - explaining

SHERLOCK
 Okay. Two men, alone in countryside,
 several yards apart, and one car...

IRENE ADLER
 Oh, I thought you were looking for
 the photographs now?

SHERLOCK
 Oh, no, looking takes ages! I'm just
 going to find *them*. But we've got a
 minute, and you're moderately clever,
 so let's pass the time. Two men, a
 car, and nobody else.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Now FLASHBACKING to the earlier scene, but in SHERLOCK VISION. PHIL is at the wheel of his car, trying to start his car - he's in freeze-frame.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

The driver's driving to fix his engine ...

Now SHERLOCK walks past Phil (in reality, still swanning about Irene's room talking to her, but visually now walking among the flashback.)

SHERLOCK

Getting nowhere.

WHIP PAN TO:

Over at with HIKER, also frozen. He's standing, seemingly staring at the sky

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

And the hiker is taking a moment. Looking at the sky. Watching the birds?

And SHERLOCK steps from behind FROZEN HIKER. (Again still really swanning about Irene's room, but stitched into the flashback.)

SHERLOCK

Any moment now something's going to happen. What?

We cut to Irene, still sitting on the sofa - but now the sofa is SITTING IN THE THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD. Beyond her, we can see Phil in the car.

IRENE ADLER

The hiker's going to die.

SHERLOCK

No. That's the result. What's going to happen.

IRENE ADLER

... I don't understand.

SHERLOCK

Try to.

IRENE ADLER

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because your job is ridiculous. Because you cater to the whims of the pathetic and take your clothes off to make an impression. Stop boring me and think. It's the new sexy.

On Irene - those words landing like slaps. Regroups.

IRENE ADLER
... the car's going to backfire.

SHERLOCK
There's going to be loud noise.

IRENE ADLER
So what?

SHERLOCK
Oh, noises are important. Noises can
tell you everything. For instance-

And the *beep-beep-beep-beep-beep*. The shrill of smoke alarm.

Super fast zoom on Sherlock's eyes. Stylised slow-motion, as they swivel to look at Irene with a big, slamming sound effect.

On Irene: stylised slow motion as she turns her to look at -
- big slamming sound effect -
- an ornate mirror on the wall.

SHERLOCK
Thank you

Sherlock start striding towards the mirror.

SHERLOCK
A mother, hearing a smoke alarm,
would look towards her child ...

He slides the mirror to one side, revealing a safe built into the wall, with a keypad on it.

SHERLOCK
I really hope you don't have a baby
in here.
(calls off)
You can turn it off, John.

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

John is standing in the hallway - has the magazine held aloft like a torch, one end lit and smoking right under a smoke alarm.

He now beats against the wall, putting it out.

SHERLOCK
(Yelling from)
I said turn it off.

JOHN
Well give me a moment-

And then, from off- a calm American voice-

NEILSON
Excuse me-

John looks round.

Three men standing in the hallway now. Big, black suits, square-jawed - traditional men in black. NEILSON, Tranter, ARCHER.

NEILSON
Let me take care of that for you.

And Neilson draws a gun with silence from under his jacket, aims it at the alarm, and shoots it. It falls silent.

JOHN
... thanks.

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherlock, examining the keypad.

SHERLOCK
You should use a glove on these things, you know - ever seen the state of an iPad screen? Now the heaviest oil deposit is always on the first key used- that's clearly a 3 - but the sequence is almost impossible to read after that. I know from the make it's a six digit code, and it can't be your birthday - no disrespect, but you were clearly born in the 80s and the eight is barely used - so -

IRENE ADLER
I'd tell you the code right now - but you know what?

He looks at her.

IRENE ADLER
I already have.

On Sherlock - frowns - What?

IRENE ADLER
Think.

And now the door is bursting open. John is being shoved into the room, slammed down to his knees - Archer takes John, Tranter takes Irene, Neilson walks among them, barking orders.

NEILSON
Hands behind your head, on the floor,
keep it still!

JOHN
Sorry, Sherlock.

NEILSON
Miss Adler, on the floor!

Archer stays behind John, gun leveled at his head. The other two men move swiftly into the room - Neilson has his gun on Sherlock.

Neilson has his gun on Sherlock.

On Sherlock, staring down the barrel, cool as ever.

SHERLOCK
... don't you want me on the floor
too?

NEILSON
No, sir - I want you to open the
safe.

SHERLOCK
American. Interesting. Why would you
care -

NEILSON
Sir, the safe, now please.

SHERLOCK
I don't know the code.

NEILSON
(Touches his ear)
We've been listening. She said she
told you.

SHERLOCK
If you've been listening, you know
she didn't.

He raises his gun slightly, so it's pointing directly at Sherlock's forehead.

NEILSON
I'm assuming I missed something -
from your reputation, I'm assuming
you didn't - Mr. Holmes.

JOHN

For God's sake, she's the one who knows - *ask her!!*

NEILSON

Yes, sir. She also knows the code that automatically calls the police, or sets off the burglar alarm - I've learned not to trust this woman.

IRENE ADLER

Mr. Holmes-

NEILSON

Shut up! One word out of you, just one, I will decorate that wall with the insides of your head. This, for me, will not be hardship.

Irene falls silent - looks to Sherlock. Something intense in her gaze, like she's trying to communicate something.

NEILSON

Mr. Archer, at the count of three, shoot Dr. Watson.

JOHN

Oh, for God's sake, what??

SHERLOCK

I don't know the code.

NEILSON

One.

SHERLOCK

I don't know the code!

NEILSON

Two.

SHERLOCK

She didn't tell me, I don't know it!!

NEILSON

I'm prepared to believe you - any second now. Three!

SHERLOCK

No, stop!!

And he's got it! The lights go on in his head.

He spins to the keypad. His hand over it now. Cutting fast round -

Sherlock's face: is he right? Irene's face: fascinated!

John's face: oh shit!

And now Sherlock is punching in a code - six rapid beeps. And the safe chimes. And the LED display reads OPEN.

On Sherlock sags. So close.

On John: oh dear God! But keeping it together.

NEILSON

Thank you, Mr. Holmes. Open it,
please.

Now, very fast - Sherlock glances to Irene -

- Irene, stricken-faced - tiniest shake of her head -

- Sherlock, a frown, a flicker of thought, gets it - now reaching for safe door -

SHERLOCK

Vatican cameos!

On John, hearing that, recognising the words - what?

Now, stylised show motion-

- Sherlock slams open the safe door -

- in the same moment, he starts to duck -

- close on the interior of the safe, as the door opens -

- a handgun (also with silencer) mounted on a little tripod, pointing out. A cable runs from the door, through hooks or hoops, arranged so that the cable runs right over the trigger

- the action of the opening door, now tightening the cable over the trigger -

- closer on the silenced muzzle as the bullet explodes from the end -

- Archer, standing behind the still kneeling John, is the direct line of fire-

- he starts to crumple -

- on Neilson, turning in shock - and Sherlock is already cannoning into him -

- on Irene. She's still kneeling in front of Tranter, who stands behind her, gun at her head -

- and now she's throwing punch backwards over her shoulder, right into the man's groin

- he starts to crumple -

- on John, leaping to retrieve the gun from Archer as he falls -

Normal speed.

Sherlock has grabbed Neilson's gun, now has it trained on Neilson who is sprawled on the floor in front of him.

Similarly, Irene has Tranter's gun aimed at him, as he's doubled up, retching on the floor.

John is checking Archer.

JOHN
... okay. He's dead.

They all look at each other. What do they do now?

Sherlock steps smartly over Neilson, clubs him from behind with the gun butt. He falls limps.

SHERLOCK
(To IRENE)
Would you mind?

IRENE ADLER
Not at all.

She moves to do the same to Archer. As she does so, Sherlock glances towards the safe - there's a little leopard skin object in there.

Thump! Archer hits the floor.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

IRENE ADLER
Thank you - you're very ...
observant.

JOHN
Observant?

IRENE ADLER
I'm flattered.

SHERLOCK
(Striding from the room)
Don't be.

JOHN
Flattered? Sorry, what?

He's following Sherlock from the room.

INT. HALLWAY OF IRENE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sherlock is striding for the front door.

SHERLOCK
There must be more of them - they'll
have back-up watching the house.

JOHN
We should call the police.

SHERLOCK
Yes.

Sherlock has opened the door. In one motion he yanks the silencer off the gun, and fires up into the sky. Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!

SHERLOCK
On their way.

JOHN
Oh, for God's sake.

SHERLOCK
Shut up, it's quick. Check the rest
of the house, see how they got in.

INT. IRENE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

IRENE is at the safe, looking inside for something.

SHERLOCK
(From off)
Well that's the Knighthood in the
bag.

She spins. SHERLOCK, leaning in the doorway. He tosses something in his hand.

Closer on it. A phone with a built in camera, blackberry-style, but funkier. A leopard skin cover, a fetishists phone, something we'd instantly recognise.

IRENE ADLER
That's mine.

SHERLOCK
I take it they're all on here? The
photographs.

He presses a button.

Close on the screen -

I AM

LOCKED

Four boxes appear in the centre of the screen, for the number to be typed, so that it now appears

I AM

[][][][]

LOCKED

IRENE ADLER

I have other copies, of course.

SHERLOCK

No, you don't. You'll have permanently disabled any kind of connection or uplink - unless the contents of this phone are provably unique, you wouldn't be able to sell them.

IRENE ADLER

Who says I'm selling?

SHERLOCK

(Looking at the three prone men)
But why are they interested?
Whatever's on here, it's more than just photographs...

A cold stare from Irene. No flirtatiousness now, deadly serious.

IRENE ADLER

It's my life, Mr. Holmes. My protection.

SHERLOCK

It was.

He tosses the phone in his hand again.

JOHN

(Calling from)
Sherlock!

Sherlock heads away.

Irene: that cold stare for a moment - then starts to follow.

INT. IRENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Irene's spectacular bedroom. The TALL WINDOWS stand open - JOHN is kneeling by Kate who's sprawled on the floor, unconscious.

JOHN
Must have come in this way.

SHERLOCK
Clearly.

IRENE is coming into the room now.

JOHN
She's okay, just out cold.

IRENE ADLER
Well God knows, she's used to that.
There's a back door - better check
it, Dr. Watson.

And she goes straight to her bedside table, rooting about in it for something.

Sherlock and John exchange a glance. Blimey, she's cold. Sherlock gives John a nod.

JOHN
Sure.

John heads out.

SHERLOCK
You're very calm - your booby trap
just killed a man.

IRENE ADLER
Well he'd have killed me - it was
self-defence in advance.

And she turns with what's she taken from bedside cabinet -
- and slams a hypodermic into his arm. Sherlock shoots to his feet.

SHERLOCK
What?? What have you - ??

He's reeling now, trying to grab the hypo from his arm. Irene slaps him hard across the face.

IRENE ADLER
Give it to me.

He staggers against the wall - tries to get away from her. She steps calmly forward, slaps him hard again.

IRENE ADLER
Now! Give it to me!

He reels away from her, but clinging to consciousness, gripping on to that damn camera-phone.

SHERLOCK

No!

IRENE ADLER

Oh, for goodness sake!

She snatches up her riding crop from the bedside table - now slashes at him, calm and expert. More lion-tamer, than sadist.

IRENE ADLER

Drop it.

(Slashes)

I said, drop it!

She cracks him across the back of the hand. He drops the camera-phone, with a cry.

She kneels by him, picks up the camera phone, smiles.

IRENE ADLER

Thankyou, dear. Now tell that sweet little posh thing, the pictures are safe with me. They're not for blackmail, just insurance. Besides - I might want to see her again.

He makes a flailing grab for the camera-phone - she easily avoids.

IRENE ADLER

No, no - it's been a pleasure, don't spoil it.

(Tickle him under the chin with her crop)

This is how I want you to remember me - the woman who beat you. Good night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN

Jesus!

John has just come back through the door, staring now.

JOHN

What are you doing?

Irene is already stepping to the window, starting to climb out.

IRENE ADLER

He'll sleep for a few hours. Make sure he doesn't choke on his own vomit, it makes for a very unattractive corpse.

John, now finding the hypodermic -

JOHN

What is this, what did you give him.
Sherlock??

IRENE ADLER

He'll be fine, I've used it an loads
of my friends.

JOHN

Sherlock, can you hear me??

Irene, about to climb out the window, turns back for a moment, contemplating Sherlock. He's still grimly clinging to consciously, trying to sit up, fighting for breath.

IRENE ADLER

You know, I was wrong about him. He
did know where to look.

JOHN

For what? What are you talking about?

IRENE ADLER

The keycode to my safe.

JOHN

What was it?

IRENE ADLER

(To Sherlock)
Shall I tell him?
(A best - smiles at John)
My measurements.

On John - oh!

On Sherlock, losing the fight - he flops back on the floor.

- we hold on him a moment, and then:

And then (a bit like with Phil the driver earlier) the camera spins on its axis, as if turning Sherlock upright again and we:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

- this time it's SHERLOCK, not Phil, sitting at the wheel. He looks a little dazed, confused. The image is slightly, twisted, distorted - dreamy.

And where Sherlock swanned past last time, this time it's IRENE.

IRENE ADLER

Got it!

Sherlock blinks confusedly at her.

IRENE ADLER
Shh, now, don't get up. I'll do the
talking. So the car's about to back-
fire ... and the hiker ...

She looks to the HIKER. We whip pan to:

The frozen HIKER, staring at the sky. We widen the shot to
include-

SHERLOCK and IRENE, standing a few feet from him, observers
only. (Sherlock in his normal suit, Irene now in Sherlock's
coat.)

IRENE ADLER
.. is staring at the sky. You said he
could be watching the birds - but he
wasn't, was he? He was watching
another kind of flying thing.

Bang!

IRENE ADLER
The car back-fires, the hiker turns
to look.

The Hiker turn to look behind him ...

Now from the POV of something flying through the air, super-
fast, towards the Hiker. We go slamming right into the back
of the Hiker's head, and the screen goes black.

IRENE ADLER
Which was his big mistake ...

On Phil looking out his car, to see: Phil's POV. The Hiker
now lying dead.

IRENE ADLER
By the time the driver looks up, the
hiker is already dead. What he
doesn't see is what killed him -
because it's fallen in the stream.

Shot from above the stream, bubbling along.

IRENE ADLER
(From off)
An accomplished sportsman recently
returned from foreign travel - with a
boomerang.

And there, floating downstream, is a blood-stained boomerang.
We pan up to see Sherlock and Irene watching it float away.

IRENE ADLER
 You got all that from one look.
 Definitely the new sexy.

SHERLOCK
 I don't ...

Closer on Irene - now more stylised, she's surrounded by darkness.

IRENE ADLER
 Hush now, it's okay.
 (Kissing his cheek)
 I'm only returning your coat.

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Sherlock startling awake!

Where is he?? In his bed! How the hell did he get here??

SHERLOCK
 John! *John!*

He's trying to climb out of bed now, so unsteady on his feet, drunken.

The door is opening, John is there.

JOHN
 You okay?

SHERLOCK
 How did I get here?

JOHN
 I don't suppose you remember much,
 you weren't making a lot of sense.
 Should warn you, I think Lestrade
 filmed you on his phone.

SHERLOCK
 Where is she?

JOHN
 Where's who?

SHERLOCK
 She was here, the woman, that woman.

Sherlock is looking around wildly - clearly no one else is here. But the window - just a little open, curtain blowing in the breeze.

JOHN
 What woman?

SHERLOCK

The woman - the *woman* woman.

JOHN

Irene Adler? She got away, no one saw her - she wasn't here, Sherlock.

Sherlock is checking under his bed now. John is hauling him back to his feet.

JOHN

Back in bed, you'll be fine in the morning. Just *sleep!*

SHERLOCK

Yes, of course I'll be fine. I *am* fine, I'm absolutely fine!

He's climbing unsteadily back into bed.

JOHN

Yep, you are, you're just great. I'll be right next door if you need me.

SHERLOCK

Why would I need you?

JOHN

No reason at all

And John goes, closing the door.

- revealing something hanging on the hook on the back.

Sherlock doesn't see it for a moment - then does. His coat - returned.

He stares at it for a moment. How did that happen?

And then - a little orgasmic gasp. Definitely female. Where did that come from?

On his coat - something is glowing. He steps groggily, and retrieves his own phone from the own pocket. He's received a text (the gasp was the text arriving.) He reads it.

TEXT ON SCREEN: Good night, Mr. Holmes.

On Sherlock's face, frowning at the text. In the faint light of the phone, we see a kiss of lipstick on his cheek.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - MORNING

On MYCROFT, irate.

MYCROFT

How about the foreign legion?

Mycroft is pacing the floor, furious. SHERLOCK and JOHN are having their breakfast, doing their best to ignore him. MRS HUDSON is cleaning up in the kitchen, and generally not being a housekeeper.

MYCROFT

Does one still join the foreign legion, when in disgrace - what is the modern form? Do you retire to the study with a loaded revolver, or take a job in Manchester?

SHERLOCK

The photographs are perfectly safe.

MYCROFT

In the hands of a fugitive sex worker?

SHERLOCK

She's not interested in blackmail - I think she just wants ... protection, for some reason. I take it you've stood down the police investigation into the shooting at her house?

MYCROFT

How we can do anything, while she has those photographs? Our hands are tied.

SHERLOCK

She would applaud your choice of words. You see how it works? That camera is her get-out-of-jail free card. You have to leave her alone. Treat her like royalty, Mycroft.

JOHN

Though not the way *she* treats royalty.

Sherlock laughs -

- and as he does there's a little orgasmic gasp. Everyone startles a little. Sherlock just picks up his phone, glances at it.

ON SCREEN TEXT: Good morning, Mr. Holmes.

JOHN

What was that?

SHERLOCK
Just a text.

JOHN
But what was the noise?

SHERLOCK
Did you know there were other people
after her too. Before you sent John
and me in there? CIA trained killers,
at an excellent guess.

JOHN
Yeah, cheers for that, Mycroft.

Mrs Hudson pipes up from the kitchen.

MRS HUDSON
It's disgrace, sending your little
brother into danger like that.
Family's all we have in the end,
Mycroft Holmes!

MYCROFT
Oh, shut up, Mrs Hudson!

SHERLOCK
(Outraged)
Mycroft!

JOHN
(Outraged)
Oi!

Two indignant stares, and Mycroft realises he's crossed a
line.

MYCROFT
(To Mrs Hudson)
Apologies.

MRS HUDSON
Thankyou!

SHERLOCK
Though do, in fact, shut up.

Another little orgasmic gasp.

MRS HUDSON
Oh, it's a bit rude, that noise,
isn't it?

Sherlock absently checks his phone as he continues talking -
John watching him, curiously.

SHERLOCK
There's nothing you can do for now -
and nothing she will do, as far I
understand.

During above:

ON SCREEN TEXT: Feeling better?

Sherlock puts the phone down again.

MYCROFT

I can put maximum surveillance on her.

SHERLOCK

Why bother - you can follow her on twitter. I believe her user name is The Whip Hand.

MYCROFT

Yes, most amusing - excuse me.

He's now answering his phone, which has been buzzing. He steps away for a whispered conversation.

John has been dying to know:

JOHN

Why does your phone make that noise?

SHERLOCK

What noise?

JOHN

That noise - the one it just made.

SHERLOCK

It's a text alert. It means I've got a text.

JOHN

Your texts don't usually make that noise.

Sherlock now studying the paper, really not wanting to get into this.

SHERLOCK

Well. Someone got hold of my phone, and for a joke, apparently, personalised their text alert noise.

JOHN

So every time they text you ...

Another orgasmic gasp.

SHERLOCK

It would seem so.

MRS HUDSON
 (From the kitchen, a little
 flustered)
 Could you turn that phone down a bit,
 at my time of life.

He glances at the phone:

ON-SCREEN TEXT: I'm fine, since you didn't ask.

He lays aside the phone again - pointedly, face down. John,
 looking at him, pondering. Maybe even smiling a bit.

JOHN
 I'm just wondering who could have got
 hold of your phone recently. Cos it
 would've been in your coat, wouldn't
 it?

SHERLOCK
 I leave you to your deductions.

JOHN
 I'm not stupid, you know.

SHERLOCK
 Where do you get that idea?

He glances over at Mycroft, just concluding his call.

MYCROFT
 Bond Air is go, that's decided -
 check with the Coventry lot. Talk
 later.

Mycroft clicking stepping over, phone call done. The moment
 he clicks.

SHERLOCK
 What else does she have?
 (Off Mycroft's frown)
 Irene Adler. The Americans wouldn't
 be interested in a few compromising
 photographs, there's more. A lot
 more. There's something big coming
 isn't there?

MYCROFT
 Irene Adler is no longer any concern
 of yours. From now, you will stay out
 of this.

SHERLOCK
 Oh, will I?

MYCROFT

Yes, Sherlock, you will. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a long and arduous apology to make to a very old friend.

SHERLOCK

Give her my love.

He's snatched up his violin and plays Mycroft out the door - God Save The Queen.

Mycroft just rolls his eyes - when will he grow up.

We cut to just outside the window, pulling back from the little domestic scene inside. We can still see Sherlock playing, still hear the music, as we dissolve to:

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

... the same window, but now there are CHRISTMAS LIGHTS around it, and maybe even a little snow drifting past. And the violin is still playing, but it's "We Wish You A Merry Christmas."

Inside. Christmas Eve in Baker Street. MRS HUDSON is sitting in the chair by the fire, looking happier than we have ever seen her. JOHN, wearing a SANTA HAT, is pouring her a cup of tea and JEANETTE (a pretty woman we haven't seen before) is serving her a TRAY OF MINCE PIES. SHERLOCK stands on the run, serenading her with his VIOLIN.

He comes to the end with an elaborate flourish and a deep bow.

MRS HUDSON

Oh, that was lovely, Sherlock, just lovely. But I wish you'd worn the antlers.

SHERLOCK

Some things, Mrs. Hudson, are best left to the imagination.

Lestrade pipes up from the kitchen - he's sitting there with a drink, and he's probably had a few.

LESTRADE

Nah, I've got photoshop on my computer - hours of fun after a day of Sherlock.

JOHN

Yeah.
(Off Sherlock's look)
Sorry.

SHERLOCK

Still here, are you? I had no idea we had so much gin. No thank you, Sarah.

He's speaking Jeanette who's offering him the tray of mince pies. The room drops a degree.

John, appears next to Jeanette, arm round her.

JOHN

He's not good at names.

SHERLOCK

No, hang on, I know this. Sarah was the doctor one, then there was the spotty one, the nose one, and who came after the boring teacher?

JEANETTE

Nobody.

SHERLOCK

Jeanette! Process of elimination.

Now bustling through the doors, Molly Hooper, with big shopping bags full of presents.

MOLLY

Hello everyone, sorry, hello. It said on the door, just to come up.

MRS HUDSON

Molly, dear, in you come.

JOHN

Hello, Molly!

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)
Oh dear Lord.

MOLLY

Are we having a Christmas drinkies then?

SHERLOCK

There's no stopping them. Apparently.

Sherlock is now at this desk, busying himself.

MRS HUDSON

It's the one day a year the boys have to be nice to me. It's almost worth it.

SHERLOCK

John, this counter's stuck.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
 (He's pointing to John's laptop)
 On your blog, it's still 1895.

JOHN
 Oh no - Christmas is cancelled.

SHERLOCK
 And you've got a photograph of me in
 that hat!

On John's laptop screen, a photo of Sherlock in the
 deerstalker - illustrating a story called "The Six
 Thatchers."

JOHN
 People like the hat.

SHERLOCK
 No they don't. What people??

MOLLY
 How's the hip?

MRS HUDSON
 Atrocious, thanks for asking.

MOLLY
 Oh, I've seen worse. But then, I do
 post-mortems.
 (Colours)
 Oh God, sorry, I just - oh!

SHERLOCK
 Don't make jokes, Molly.

MOLLY
 No.

LESTRADE
 Hello, Moll.

MOLLY
 Oh, hello, Detective Inspector - I
 thought you were going to Dorset for
 Christmas.

LESTRADE
 First thing tomorrow, me and the
 wife. Back together, all sorted.

SHERLOCK
 No. She's sleeping with a PE teacher.

MOLLY
 ... and John, I hear you're off to
 your sister's, is that right?
 Sherlock was complaining. *Saying.*

JOHN

First time ever. She's cleaned up her act, she's off the booze.

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

... shut up, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

I see you've got a new boyfriend, Molly, and you're serious about him.

Molly: instantly blushing.

MOLLY

... What? Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK

And in fact, you're going to see him this very night and deliver him a present.

JOHN

Oh, what would Christmas be without a bit of deduction!

LESTRADE

Shut up and have a drink.

SHERLOCK

But surely you've noticed the top present in the bag-

He's pointing to a splendidly wrapped present, in red wrapping paper.

SHERLOCK

Perfectly wrapped, with a bow, whereas the others are all slapdash at best. It's for someone special then. The shade of red echoes her lipstick - either an unconscious association, or one she's deliberately trying to encourage. Either way, Miss Hooper has love on her mind. That she's serious about him, is clear from the fact she's giving him a Christmas gift at all - that always suggests long term hopes, however forlorn - and the fact that she's seeing him tonight is evident from her make up and clothing. She's obviously trying to compensate for the size of her mouth and breasts -

As he speaks he's picked up the parcel, taken a look -
 - and now freeze in the closest he gets to embarrassment. The
 label says Sherlock. An aching silence.

Everyone avoiding looking at anyone - cos everyone saw this
 train crash coming.

Finally:

SHERLOCK
 Thank you, Molly. This looks lovely.
 How thoughtful.

On Molly. So humiliated. Can't even look at him. Just gives a
 little nod. Maybe emits a tiny whimper.

SHERLOCK
 I think John and I have a present for
 you too.

He darts a hopeful look at John, who gives a pained little
 nod.

Molly gives another little. *Anywhere but here, right now,
 please!!*

Sherlock is about to step away. But no! He can do better!

He touches her arm.

SHERLOCK
 Merry Christmas, Molly Hooper.

And he leans in and kisses her on the cheek. On John
 watching - that's new! Even human!!

Sherlock straightens up from Molly, and she's all fine. Shy
 but so thrilled. And even attempting to raise her eyelid to
 Sherlock's ... but the moment she does -

- an orgasmic gasp (Sherlock's phone.)

Molly's hand flies to her mouth.

MOLLY
 No that wasn't - I didn't -

SHERLOCK
 No, it's fine, it was me.

LESTRADE
 My God, really?

SHERLOCK
 My *phone*.

He's pulled his phone from his jacket, now looks at the text.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Mantelpiece.

JOHN
Fifty-seven.

SHERLOCK
Sorry, what?

Sherlock is looking over at the Mantelpiece. There's a tiny little red parcel there, with a bow on it.

JOHN
Fifty-seven of those texts - just the ones I've heard.

SHERLOCK
How thrilling that you've counted.

Sherlock is now examining the little parcel. A bow on it. Red. (NB. It s not identical to Molly's parcel, but clearly the same set of impulses went into it.)

Quick flash: Irene's lipsticked mouth - the same shade as the paper.

SHERLOCK
Excuse me!

Now he's striding through the kitchen, heading for his room.

JOHN
What's wrong? Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
I said, excuse me!

JOHN
Do you ever reply?

But he's gone.

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sherlock now ripping the wrapping paper off to reveal -
- Irene's leopard skin camera-phone.

He stares at it! No! Why?

An orgasmic gasp. He checks his phone.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Merry Christmas, Mr. Holmes.

INT. MYCROFT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Mycroft, in a leather armchair, in a cold and lofty study, in his cold and lofty home.

MYCROFT

Oh dear Lord, we're not going to have
Christmas phone calls now, are we?
Have they passed a new law?

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On SHERLOCK, sitting on his bed, on the phone. We intercut.

SHERLOCK

I think you're going to find Irene
Adler tonight.

MYCROFT

We already know where she is. As you
were kind enough to point out, it
hardly matters.

SHERLOCK

No. I think you're going to find her
dead.

As he says this he turns to see -

- JOHN, leaning in the doorway. Clearly been listening.
Sherlock instantly snaps the phone off, stands, looks coldly
at John. Doesn't like being interrupted.

JOHN

You okay?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

And Sherlock steps forward and closes the door in John's
face.

EXT. BARTS - NIGHT

Establisher of BARTS by night. Still a little snow drifting
through frame.

CAPTION:

CHRISTMAS DAY 2 AM.

INT. BARTS/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A long, bleak, cold corridor. Marching along it, towards us, MYCROFT and SHERLOCK.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A BODY on the the slab, covered, ready to be identified. MOLLY waiting there. Now SHERLOCK and MYCROFT coming into the room.

MYCROFT

The only one who fitted the description. Had her taken here, your home from home.

SHERLOCK

You didn't need to come in, Molly.

MOLLY

It's okay, everybody else was busy with ... Christmas.

She winces, again giving away too much of her lonely life. She's pulling back the sheet now.

MOLLY

I'm afraid her face is a bit sort of bashed, it might be a little bit difficult.

Sherlock and Mycroft look coldly down. (We don't see.)

MYCROFT

It's her, isn't it?

SHERLOCK

Show me the rest of her.

Molly hesitates, then pulls back the rest of the sheet.

SHERLOCK

(Looking at her)
It's her-

He turns, walks out.

MYCROFT

Thank you, Miss Hooper.

MOLLY

Who is she How did Sherlock recognise her from ... not her face.

On Mycroft - he's been pondering the same thing. Doesn't answer, just turns on his heel-

INT. BARTS/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SHERLOCK, standing staring out of the window at the end of the corridor, watching the snow fall. He doesn't look sad - just faintly preoccupied.

MYCROFT appears next to him, holds up a cigarette, offering it to him.

MYCROFT
Just the one.

SHERLOCK
Why?

MYCROFT
Merry Christmas.

Sherlock smiles, takes it. Mycroft starts lighting it for him.

SHERLOCK
Smoking indoors. Isn't there one of those law things?

MYCROFT
We in a morgue - there's only so much damage you can do. How did you know she was dead?

SHERLOCK
She had an item in her possession - one she told me her life depended on. She chose to give it up.

MYCROFT
Where is this item now?

Sherlock doesn't answer. He's looking down the corridor - at the far, three people have emerged from the mortuary. A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE, and an OLDER WOMAN. They're all clutching each other, sobbing. Clearly they have also had some bad news. A mortuary attendant stands at a respectful distance.

Sherlock regards them, clinically.

SHERLOCK
Look at them. They all care so much. Do you ever wonder if there's something wrong with us?

MYCROFT
All lives end, all hearts are broken. Caring is not an advantage, Sherlock.

That last word, just a little pointed. Like a gentle, brotherly warning.

Sherlock just sucks at his cigarette. Then frowns at it.

SHERLOCK
This is low tar.

MYCROFT
Well you barely knew her.

Sherlock gives an abrupt little laugh. Then starts heading away down the corridor. As he goes -

SHERLOCK
Merry Christmas, Mycroft.

We hold on Mycroft, framed against the window, the snow, and the dark. Such a *cold* figure.

MYCROFT
And a happy new year.

As Sherlock's footsteps echo away, Mycroft already has his phone out, dialling. Now the phone is being answered.

MYCROFT
He's on his way. Have you found anything?

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

Turning into close-up, phone at his ear, JOHN. We now intercut.

JOHN
No. Did he take the cigarette?

MYCROFT
Yes.

JOHN
Shit.
(Turns, calls)
He's coming. Ten minutes.

MRS HUDSON now emerging from Sherlock's bedroom. We also see Jeanette sitting on the sofa, watching all this, a bit crossly.

MRS HUDSON
Nothing in the bedroom.

JOHN
Looks like he's clean anyway, we've checked all the usual places. Are you sure tonight's a danger night?

MYCROFT

No, but I never am. You have to stay with him.

JOHN

(Glancing at Jeanette)
I've got plans.

MYCROFT

No.

Mycroft hangs up. John's face - damn it. Turns to Jeanette.

JOHN

Look, I'm really sorry -

JEANETTE

You know, my friends are wrong about you - you're a *great* boyfriend.

JOHN

Well, that's good, I always thought I was great, but -

JEANETTE

Sherlock Holmes is a lucky man.

She's already getting up, pulling on a coat, so cross -

JOHN

Jeanette - please -

JEANETTE

No, I mean it. It's heartwarming, you'll do *anything* for him. And he can't even tell your girlfriends apart!

JOHN

I do things for you. What is it I'm not doing - just tell me, what?

JEANETTE

Don't make me compete with Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN

I'll walk your dog. There you go, I give in - I'll even walk your stupid dog for you!

JEANETTE

... I don't have a dog.

JOHN

Oh, no, that was ... that was the last ... okay.

John's face: no good way out of this one.

JEANETTE

Jesus!

And she storms away down the stairs.

JOHN

(Calling after her)
I'll phone you.

JEANETTE

No.

JOHN

Okay.

MRS HUDSON

That really wasn't very good, was it,
dear?

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

JOHN sitting by the fire. Glass of brandy in hand, trying to concentrate on a book. But really, he's waiting.

Outside some drunken revellers are singing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." Distant, lonely, eerie.

We hear the door. John looks round.

SHERLOCK, standing in the doorway, sombre. John, relieved to see him, hiding it.

JOHN

Hi. You okay?

Sherlock reflects for a moment. He scans around the room - a forensic sweep of a look.

SHERLOCK

Hope you haven't messed up my sock
index this time!

And we hear his bedroom door bang!

Oh JOHN: damn! And over this we hear a soaring sad melody, being played on a violin...

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK, in his DRESSING GOWN, is playing this sweetest saddest tune on his VIOLIN. He stands at the window, focussed on the music. JOHN is pottering about the flat - putting on his coat, clearly about to go out.

MRS HUDSON is clearing away plates from where John and Sherlock have been eating. John's plate is cleared, Sherlock's is untouched.

Mrs Hudson pointedly shows the plate to John as she heads to the kitchen. He hasn't eaten again.

MRS HUDSON
Lovely tune. Haven't heard that one before, Sherlock.

Sherlock stops for a moment, makes a mark on sheet of manuscript.

JOHN
Are you composing?

SHERLOCK
Helps me think.

The sad, haunting tune continues.

JOHN
What are you thinking about?

And a discordant note from Sherlock - he throws down the violin, strides over to where John's laptop stands open at his desk. He's pulled from his dressing gown pocket, Irene's leopard skin phone.

Sherlock has pulled up John's blog page. The counter still stands at 1895.

SHERLOCK
Your blog counter - it's still stuck at 1895.

JOHN
Yeah - it's faulty, I can't seem to fix it.

SHERLOCK
Faulty, or you've been hacked, and it's a message.

On the leopard skin phone, the screen:

I AM
[] [] [] []
LOCKED

In the four empty boxes, he enters 1895. The screen flashes red, and

WRONG PASSCODE.

TWO ATTEMPTS REMAINING.

SHERLOCK
No, it's just faulty.

Sherlock's face - *damn it!*

He heads back to his violin, picks it starts playing again.
That same haunting tune.

JOHN
Okay. Going out for a bit.

Sherlock ignores him, carries on that sad, sad tune. But his
face: unreadable.

John, watching him a moment. What's he thinking, what's he
feeling. No clue. He starts towards the stairs, passes Mrs
Hudson. On impulse, he pulls her aside.

JOHN
Has he ever had ... anyone.
Girlfriend, boyfriend, any kind of
relationship?

MRS HUDSON
I don't know.

JOHN
How can we not know?

MRS HUDSON
He's Sherlock. We'll never know
what's going on in that funny old
head.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

John, coming out the door of 221B. A beautiful woman, turns
as he passes.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(From off)
John?

JOHN
(Turning)
Hello.
(Registers that he doesn't know her)
Hello?
(Registers that she's beautiful and
he'd better start making an effort)
Hello!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
So any plans for New Year tonight?

JOHN

Well. Nothing fixed. Nothing I
couldn't heartlessly abandon. Any
ideas?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

One.

A BIG BLACK CAR is sliding up the kerb between them. She
steps over, goes to one of rear doors, and holds it open for
him.

John sags. *Oh!*

We cut to a higher shot of John now climbing into the car.
The POV of:

SHERLOCK, watching from the window. on John, now climbing
into the car.

JOHN

You know, Mycroft could just *phone*
me! If he didn't have some bloody
stupid power complex!

EXT. BATTERSEA POWER STATION - DAY

The big black car now rolls to halt outside the ruined old
building.

On JOHN, staring through the window at his destination.

JOHN

Seriously?

INT. BATTERSEA POWER STATION/WALKWAY - DAY

JOHN and the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN now heading along a suspended
walkway together, John looking around the huge, abandoned
building.

JOHN

Couldn't we just go to a *cafe*?
Sherlock doesn't follow me
everywhere!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Through here.

She's now gesturing towards a door. John duck through it.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Into phone)
He's on his way. You were right - he
thinks it's Mycroft.

INT. ABANDONED CONTROL ROOM - DAY

John, waiting. Face sombre, distracted. A movement from off - steps approaching in the gloom.

JOHN

He's writing sad music. Doesn't eat, barely talks, except correct the television. I'd say he was heartbroken, but he's Sherlock, he does all that anyway...

He's turned to look at Mycroft -

- and just stares.

Because it isn't Mycroft, it's IRENE ADLER. (As dramatic and mysterious as we can get away with - cape and hood?)

IRENE ADLER

Hello, Dr. Watson.

A silence. John, just appalled, just for a moment, wordless. Then:

JOHN

Tell him you're alive.

IRENE ADLER

He'd come after me.

JOHN

I'll come after you if you don't.

IRENE ADLER

I believe you.

JOHN

You were dead on a slab. It was definitely you!

IRENE ADLER

DNA tests are only as good as the records you keep.

JOHN

Oh, and I bet you know the record-keeper.

IRENE ADLER

I know what he likes. And I needed to disappear...

JOHN

Then how come I can see you - and don't even want to!

IRENE ADLER

I made a mistake. I sent Sherlock something for safe-keeping, now I need it back. So I need your help.

JOHN

No..

IRENE ADLER

It's for his own safety.

JOHN

So's this - tell him you're alive.

IRENE ADLER

I can't.

JOHN

Fine, I'll tell him. And I still won't help you.

A silence. Then she pulls out her phone (NOT the leopard skin camera phone, just her regular mobile.)

IRENE ADLER

What do I say?

JOHN

What do you normally say? You texted him a lot.

IRENE ADLER

Just the usual stuff.

JOHN

There is no "usual" in this case.

IRENE ADLER

"Good morning". "I like your funny hat". "I'm sad tonight, let's have dinner." "You looked sexy on Crimewatch, let's have dinner." "I'm not hungry - let's have dinner."

JOHN

You *flirted* with Sherlock Holmes?

IRENE ADLER

At him. He never replies.

JOHN

Sherlock *always* replies, to everything. He can't help himself - he's Mr. Punchline. He'll outlive God, trying to have the last word.

IRENE ADLER
Does that make me special?

JOHN
I don't know. Maybe.

IRENE ADLER
Are you jealous?

JOHN
For God's sake. We're not a couple.

IRENE ADLER
Yes, you are.
(Sends text - shows John that it's sent)
"I'm not dead. Let's have dinner."

JOHN
... Who the hell knows about Sherlock Holmes, but for the record, if anyone out there still cares, I'm not actually gay.

IRENE ADLER
I am. And look at us both.

A moment. And they both smile. Now laughing - a shared moment of warmth at the absurdity of their conversation. Cut short by:

From the shadows, a familiar ORGASMIC GASP. The text has arrived.

Irene and John startle, turn, look into the shadows of the ancient room -

- is there just an outline standing there, black against black.

And before they can be sure, the scrape of a foot, and footsteps heading rapidly away into the dark.

John, stricken now, makes to follow. Irene stops him.

IRENE ADLER
I don't think so - do you?

EXT. BAKER STREET- EVENING

Sherlock heading along the street.

Tight on his face now - again, just blank, unreadable. What's going on in that head?

Now at the door to 221B. Stops. Stares. Oh!

SHERLOCK VISION: the door is standing minutely open. Zooming in super close: tiny SPLINTERS and GASHES in the paintwork of the door, freshly made. Has someone forced their way in?

Sherlock, cold as ice now, so alert. He steps through the door.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AT 221B - EVENING

Sherlock now coming carefully through the door, scanning.

SHERLOCK VISION: Mrs Hudson's door, standing open. Zooming to - Mrs Hudson's bucket of cleaning things, standing abandoned in the corner (an disinfectant spray bottle is prominent, but not featured.) Zooming to the stairs now. Super close - new black scuff mark on the skirting

VERY FAST FLASHBACK: Two pairs of black shoes climbing stairs, Mrs Hudson's feet between them - she's clearly struggling. One of the black shoes scuffs against the paintwork.

SHERLOCK VISION: Now zooming fast on a tiny tear in the wallpaper.

VERY FAST FLASHBACK: Mrs Hudson's hand trying to cling to the wall, her fingernail tears the paper...

Close on Sherlock's face. Full alert now - bad news for someone.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET- EVENING

MRS HUDSON sitting terrified on a chair. NEILSON (one of the Americans) has a GUN leveled right at her head. He has two black suited goons - TRANTER and a new one - standing by the fireplace.

And now SHERLOCK comes strolling through the door, cool as anything, hands clasped behind him, cool as anything - like Prince Charles on an official visit.

Mrs Hudson gives a little whimper as she sees him.

SHERLOCK

Please don't snivel, Mrs. Hudson - it does nothing to impede the flight of a bullet. What a tender world that would be.

MRS HUDSON

Sorry, Sherlock.

On Sherlock, as his eyes flick to:

SHERLOCK VISION: we zoom in a red mark on Mrs Hudson's face. She's been slapped, hard. Zooming in further - there is a little trickle of blood in the centre of the bruise.

We pans super fast to Neilson's hand holding the gun. Now zooming in on the ring on his finger. There's a tiny smear of blood.

NEILSON

I believe you have something that we want, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK

Then you should ask for it.

Sherlock has stepped forward to Mrs Hudson. Gently he pushes one of her sleeves up - blotches on her arm. Finger marks where she's been tightly gripped. Now his fingers go to where there's a rip in her blouse - he's almost tender. She's been roughed up - and now she's shaking like a leaf.

NEILSON

I've been asking this one - she doesn't seem to know anything. But you know what I'm asking for, don't you, Mr. Holmes?

Sherlock's gaze slams on to Neilson - a stare like cold blue lasers.

SHERLOCK

I believe I do.

On Neilson - and now swirling round him, words start swirling round him. CARTOID ARTERY. RIBS. SKULL. LUNGS. EYES. THROAT. The word ARTERY appears over several areas on his body. Sherlock Holmes, choosing a target.

Neilson levels his gun at Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

First, send your boys away.

NEILSON

Why?

SHERLOCK

I dislike being outnumbered. It makes for too much stupid in the room.

NEILSON

You two, go to the car.

They start moving.

SHERLOCK

Then get in the car and drive away.
Don't try to trick me - you know who
I am, it doesn't work.

The two men leave.

SHERLOCK

Next, stop pointing that gun at me.

NEILSON

So you can point a gun at *me*?

SHERLOCK

I'm unarmed.

NEILSON

You don't mind if I check?

SHERLOCK

I insist.

Neilson steps forward, and with his gun still trained on him, he starts briskly and efficiently frisking with his other hand. As he bends to his task, Sherlock helpfully raises his hands over his head -

- we pan up with them and now see what he's been concealing behind him. The SPRAY BOTTLE from Mrs Hudson's cleaning bucket, held in his hand.

He glances at Mrs Hudson over Neilson's shoulder. She's seen the aerosol gives him an impish smile - he just rolls his eyes at the stupidity of goons these day -

- and as Neilson straightens up, he blasts him right in the face with the spray bottle. Neilson screams and -

SHERLOCK

Moron!

- Sherlock gives him a cracking headbutt!

EXT. BAKER STREET - EVENING

John is just climbing out of the big black car-

-- to see a NOTE pinned to the door of 221b. In Sherlock's handwriting it says:

CRIME IN PROGRESS. PLEASE DISTURB.

- and John is already running.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - EVENING

John comes bursting through the door of the flat to discover
-

Neilson, now handcuffed to chair, with gaffer tape across his mouth.

Sherlock, pacing, with phone at his ear.

JOHN

What's going on? What the hell is happening??

SHERLOCK

Mrs. Hudson has been slapped by an American - I'm restoring balance to the universe.

Now sees Mrs Hudson, on the sofa, still recovering.

JOHN

Oh, my God, Mrs Hudson, are you all right? Jesus, what did they do?

MRS HUDSON

Oh, I'm being so silly.

And she's sobbing against him now.

SHERLOCK

Downstairs, take her downstairs, look after her.

JOHN

(Helping her to the door)
Are you going to explain what's been going on here?

SHERLOCK

I expect so, now go!
(Into phone)
Lestrade! We've had a break-in at Baker Street. Send your least irritating officers, and an ambulance.
(An ambulance?)
No, no, we're fine. But the burglar seems to have got himself badly injured.

On Neilson's eyes, widening. What. What?? (Lestrade is asking, what do mean, badly injured?)

Sherlock is looking speculatively at his prisoner.

SHERLOCK

Oh, you know. Few broken ribs, skull fracture, possibly a punctured lung - he fell out the window.

And he snaps his phone shut savagely shut -

- and looks down at Neilson like the wrath of God... On Neilson's face. Oh shit.

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - EVENING

John and Mrs Hudson, as John cleans her wound -

- and there is the sound of breaking glass, then a tremendous crash from outside the window next to them. Something has landed with a huge clamour, but through the net curtains, we can't quite see what's happened.

MRS HUDSON

That was right on my bins!

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

An ambulance is pulling away from 221B. We pan with it, taking as to a shot of LESTRADE and SHERLOCK, face to face.

LESTRADE

And exactly how many times did he fall out of that window?

SHERLOCK

It was all a bit of a blur, Detective Inspector. I lost count.

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

JOHN sitting with a still shaky Mrs Hudson as Sherlock enters.

JOHN

She'll have to sleep upstairs in our flat tonight - we need to look after her.

SHERLOCK

Of course, but she's fine.

JOHN

No, she's not, look at her. She's got to take some time away from Baker Street - she can go and stay with her sister. Doctor's orders.

SHERLOCK
Don't be absurd.

JOHN
She's in shock, for God's sake! And
all for that bloody stupid camera-
phone - where is it anyway?

SHERLOCK
In the safest place I know.

He goes to Mrs. Hudson, puts out his hand - and she pulls the leopard skin CAMERA-PHONE from inside her blouse and hands it to him.

MRS HUDSON
You left it in the pocket of your
second best dressing gown, you clot.
Managed to sneak it out when they
thought I was having a cry.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.
(Tosses the camera-phone in his hand,
slips it in his pocket)
Shame on you, John Watson.

JOHN
... Shame on me?

SHERLOCK
Mrs. Hudson? Leave Baker Street??

He puts his arms round her, gives her the biggest hug.

SHERLOCK
England would fall.

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On MRS HUDSON, peacefully asleep in Sherlock's bed. We pan from her to bedside digital clock.

11.59.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

John slumped in one of the armchairs. The door bangs, Sherlock now entering. He's been out somewhere.

JOHN
So where is it now?

SHERLOCK
Where no one will look.

JOHN
 Whatever's in that camera, it's more
 than just pictures.

SHERLOCK
 Yes, it is.

He's crossed to the window, now looking out at the night. He
 picks it up his violin, toying with it, thoughtfully.

JOHN
 So. She's alive then. How are we
 feeling about that?

And from outside, there are cheers, and fireworks going off.

SHERLOCK
 Happy New Year, John.

JOHN
 Do you think you'll be seeing her
 again?

Sherlock just looks at him - he overheard that conversation
 and they both know it. But he doesn't answer the question -
 or maybe he does. Still looking at John, he tucks the violin
 under his chin, and starts to play.

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of old lang syne!*

As Sherlock plays he's turned to the window. Looking out, he
 has just the faintest of smiles.

EXT. LONDON STREETS/OUTSIDE PUB - NIGHT

The same song is being taken up in a pub - from outside we
 can hear the revellers singing, as a caged, hooded figure
 heads quickly past.

Closer: IRENE ADLER, heading who knows where...

She stops, hearing a chime. Pulls out her phone - and stares
 in surprise at it.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Happy New Year. SH.

She smiles - incredulous, maybe a bit thrilled - then heads
 on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS/OUTSIDE - DAY

The same street - but now it's a blazing hot day. People in shorts and tee-shirts, ice cream vans. Summer has arrived.

EXT. BARTS - DAY

Establisher of Barts.

INT. BARTS LAB - DAY

SHERLOCK is working in Barts lab, Molly assisting.

Sherlock is working at an X-ray machine. On the screen we can see Irene's camera-phone, its workings exposed.

MOLLY
Is that a phone?

SHERLOCK
A camera-phone.

MOLLY
And you're X-raying it?

SHERLOCK
Yes, I am.

MOLLY
Whose phone is it?

SHERLOCK
A woman's.

MOLLY
(Instant pang)
Your girlfriend?

SHERLOCK
You think she's my girlfriend because
I'm X-raying her possessions?

MOLLY
(A slightly guilty startle)
We all do silly things!

She scuttles away, not able to meet his eye

Sherlock now examining the X-Rayed phone - close on some details several black shapes, positioned around the phones workings. What are those?

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On SHERLOCK - just arrived home, now tensing. Something's wrong. Looks around, scanning.

Sherlock's FOV. The kitchen - everything seems normal.

Except ...

Sherlock vision: zooming in the window. It's slightly open. The glass in front of the catch has been discreetly broken. Someone's got in.

He sniffs now.

FLASHBACK: Irene's red lips.

He now walks quickly to his bedroom, throws open the door.

INT. SHERLOCK'S BEDROOM - DAY

IRENE ADLER is fast asleep in his bed. She looks tousled, her face dirt-streaked. She's been living rough.

On Sherlock's face: we can read nothing. From off we hear JOHN arriving.

JOHN
(From off)
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK
We have a client.

JOHN
(From off)
What, in your bedroom.

He joins Sherlock in the doorway. Sees who it is.

JOHN
Oh.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

IRENE - showered now, in one of Sherlock's dressing gowns - is curled in Sherlock's armchair, sipping some tea.

SHERLOCK and JOHN are with her.

SHERLOCK
Who's after you?

IRENE ADLER
People who want to kill me.

SHERLOCK
And who's that?

IRENE ADLER
Killers.

JOHN
Would help if you were a tiny bit
more specific.

IRENE ADLER
Tough. Where's my camera-phone?

JOHN
Not here, we're not stupid.

IRENE ADLER
Then what have you done with it? If
they've guessed you've got it,
they'll have been watching you.

SHERLOCK
If they've been watching me, they'll
know I took a safety deposit box at a
bank on the Strand, a few months ago.

IRENE ADLER
I need it.

JOHN
Okay, but we can't just go and get
it, can we?
(To Sherlock)
Molly Hooper? She could pick it up,
take it to Barts. One of your
homeless network, could bring it
here, leave it in the cafe. One of
the guys could bring it up the back.

SHERLOCK
Very good, John - an excellent plan,
full of intelligent precautions.

JOHN
Thank you, why don't I get straight
on to-

But Sherlock has pulled the camera-phone from his pocket.

JOHN
... okay.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On the leopard skin CAMERA PHONE. Sherlock, in his armchair,
has it in his hand, is examining it.

SHERLOCK

So what do you keep on here. In general, I mean.

IRENE ADLER

Pictures. Information. Anything I might find useful.

JOHN

For blackmail?

IRENE ADLER

For protection. I make my way in the world. I misbehave. I like to know there will be people on my side - exactly when I need them to be.

SHERLOCK

And how do you acquire this information?

IRENE ADLER

I told you - I misbehave.

SHERLOCK

But you've acquired something that is more danger, than protection. Do you know what it is.

IRENE ADLER

Yes. But I don't understand it.

SHERLOCK

I assumed. Show me.

She puts her hand out for the phone - Sherlock affects to ignore that.

SHERLOCK

What's the passcode?

One hand with the other, and enters the code -

- and now frowns.

IRENE ADLER

It's not working.

Sherlock is already lifting camera-phone from her hand.

SHERLOCK

That's because it's a duplicate had made.

(Checking the display)

Into which you just entered the number 1058. Funny, I thought you'd choose something more specific.

He tosses the duplicate aside and produces the real leopard skin camera phone from behind a book on the shelf.

SHERLOCK
But thanks anyway.

He punches in the number. On the screen.

It's flashing again.

WRONG PASSCODE

0 MORE ATTEMPTS

He blinks in confusion - looks to Irene, who is smirking at him.

IRENE ADLER
It told you that camera phone is my
life. I know when it's in my hand.

He passes it to her.

SHERLOCK
You're rather good.

IRENE ADLER
You're not so bad.

JOHN
Hamish.

They look at him.

JOHN
Johh *Hamish* Watson. Just if you're
looking for kids names.

IRENE ADLER
There was a man - an MOD official -
and I knew what he liked. One of the
things he liked was showing off.

Passes the phone to Sherlock. A photograph of a computer screen - on it we can see an email.

IRENE ADLER
He told me this email was going to
save the world. He didn't know I
photographed it - he was a bit tied
up at the time.

On the screen. The email is headed:

007 CONFIRMED ALLOCATION

And the content of the email is as follows.

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34134J60D12H33K34K

Sherlock takes the camera-phone to his desk, examines now bends over it, like he's trying to drink in every detail.

IRENE ADLER

It's a bit small on that screen - can you read it?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

IRENE ADLER

Code obviously. I had one of the top cryptographers in the country have a go at this - though he was mostly upside down at the time! Couldn't make anything of it. What can you do, Mr. Holmes?

She's at his shoulder now, leaning into him, flirty.

IRENE ADLER

Go on - impress a girl!

And impulsively she leans in to kiss his cheek -

- *and time slows down!*

On Irene, leaning in - glacier speed.

Oh John, setting down his teacup - barrel moving.

On Sherlock - he alone is normal speed, twitching, thinking, brain on hyperdrive.

The code from the email now swirls on the screen in front of him -

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34I34J60D12H

- the letters and numbers spin and dance and re-arrange.

- on Irene's lips moving closer, so very slowly -

- on John's teacup, with maddening slowness, descending to the saucer-

Sherlock blinking, thinking, frowning, come on, come on!!

The letters swirling re-arranging, now in their original line. (The following is fast, we don't hang around - this will take a while to read but should be fluid and zippy on screen.)

First we see the original line:

4C12C45F13E13G60A60B61F34I34J60D12H

Then all the letters fade out leaving us with.

4 12 45 13 13 60 60 61 34 34 60 12

Then the letters return and the numbers fade leaving us with.

C C F E G A B F I J D H

Sherlock blink, noticing something

The letters rearrange into alphabetical order:

A B C c D E F F G H I J

Now the duplicate letters disappear to become

A B C D E F G H I J

Frowning, recognising, seen that before. Irene's lips, closer.

John's teacup descending.

Now the letters all move slightly, some compressing, some spreading out to become.

ABC DEFG HIJ

Now boxes form around the letters, and we're zooming out to see -

- the seating plan of the coach section of a passenger jet.

Now seat row numbers are appearing next to the rows of letters, and we're streaking down the schematic to the back row - numbered as always 55.

And Sherlock just smiles at that.

And the kiss lands, and teacup chinks into the saucer, and Sherlock says:

SHERLOCK

There's a margin for error, but I'm pretty sure there's a 747 leaving Gatwick at 6.30 tomorrow evening for LA, and apparently it's going to save the world. Not sure how that could be true, but give me a moment, I've only been on the case for eight seconds.

They just look at him, startled.

SHERLOCK

Oh, come on, it's not code, these are seat allocations on a passenger jet. Look! There are no letters past J - the width of the plane is the limit. The numbers only appear singly and never in sequence, but the letters have little runs of sequence all over place - families and couples sitting together. Only a Jumbo is wide enough to need a letter J, or rows past 55, which always require an upstairs section. There's a row 13, so we can eliminate the more superstitious airlines. The style of the flight number - 007 - eliminates a few more, and assuming a British point of origin, which would be logical given the original source of the information, and assuming from the increased pressure on you lately, that the crisis is imminent, the only flight which matches all the criteria and departs within a week, is the 6.30 to LA tomorrow evening, from Gatwick airport.

Again just silence. That was alarming fast and clever. For the first time, Irene is just staring at him in a general state of wow!

SHERLOCK

Please don't feel obliged to tell me that was remarkable or amazing. John has expressed that thought in every possible variant available to the English language.

IRENE ADLER

I would have you, on this desk, right now, till you begged for mercy, twice.

SHERLOCK

.....John, could you check those flight schedules, see if I'm right?

JOHN

... yeah, right, on it, yeah.

He potters at a computer. Grateful to be out of the conversation.

Sherlock looks back at Irene, still that roasting stare from a bit too close. He makes a modest flail for dignity.

SHERLOCK
Never begged for mercy in my life.

IRENE ADLER
Twice.

JOHN
Yep, you're right - 007, licensed to fly.

On Sherlock - the words impact on him.

SHERLOCK
What did you say??

JOHN
I said, you're right.

SHERLOCK
No, after that, what did you say after that??

JOHN
007, licensed to fly. Sorry.

Sherlock distracted now, moving away - something haunting him, chiming in his head.

On Irene, watching him, apparently worried -

- but the camera swoops down behind her, closing on one hand held slightly behind her. She has her phone in her hand and is rapidly thumbing a text.

The words now running across the screen:

747 TOMORROW 6.30PM. GATWICK.

The words keep typing as the picture behind them dissolves to:

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

From behind, a MAN heading along. As the words complete, there is the beep of a text arriving. The man stops walking, pulls out his mobile phone, looks at it -

- and as he does so, we swoop round in front of him. It's JIM MORIARTY! He reads the text in mounting joy. A mad, spreading, grin.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

On Sherlock, pacing now, bit frantic, trying to reach for something

SHERLOCK
 Licensed to fly, licensed to fly!
 (Slaps his head)
 There's something! What? *What??*

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

JIM MORIARTY, rapidly texting away.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Jumbo jet. Dear me, Mr. Holmes, dear me.

As Jim, he giggles happily, childishly. He glances up a Big Ben and the House of Commons - and blows a big raspberry.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

Sherlock still pacing, still frantic.

SHERLOCK
 Licensed to fly, license to -

Then it hits him like a physical impact.

FLASHBACK: Mycroft on the phone, in this very flat.

MYCROFT
 (Repeating, on a loop)
 Bond Air is go, Bond Air is go,
 Bond Air is go, Bond Air is go ...

Tracking in on Sherlock's bemused face. What? What??

INT. MYCROFT'S STUDY - DAY

A blackberry on a leather-topped desk. It buzzes, a text arriving. A hand reaches in, picks it up to read.

ON-SCREEN TEXT: Jumbo jet. Dear me, Mr . Holmes, dear me.

And the camera moves to reveal -

- Mycroft staring at the text in mounting horror.

We're pulling back from now, a smaller and smaller figure. He's just received the worst news in the world. Dissolve to:

The same pulling back shot, but now Mycroft is sitting in his leather armchair, stricken-faced, a brandy in his hand. Dissolve to:

The same pulling back shot. Mycroft, sitting in the chair, his head held in his hands. How the hell is he going to deal with this one.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK sprawled in his armchair, plucking listlessly at his violin - the same sad tune he composed earlier, but he's probably unaware of that. Deep, deep, in thought.

Flashback.

MYCROFT

Bond Air is go, that's decided -
check with the Coventry lot. Talk
later.

Sherlock frowning, distracted. Blinks, rewinds.

MYCROFT

Coventry - Coventry - Coventry -
Coventry-

Wider shot. Someone's POV, as Sherlock cogitates.

On IRENE leaning in the kitchen doorway, watching him. Her face: so sad. For the first time, she looks full of regrets.

SHERLOCK

Coventry.

IRENE ADLER

Never been, is it nice?

Sherlock looks up a little startled.

SHERLOCK

Where's John?

IRENE ADLER

He went out - couple of hours ago.

SHERLOCK

But I was just talking to him.

IRENE ADLER

He said you'd do that. What's
Coventry got to do with anything?

SHERLOCK

There's a story - possibly not true.
In the second world war, the allies
knew Coventry was going to be
bombed - because they'd broken the
Germans code. But they didn't want
the Germans to know they'd broken it,
so they let the bombing happen
away...

IRENE ADLER

Have you ever had anyone?

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

IRENE ADLER
And when I say "had", I'm being
indelicate.

SHERLOCK
I don't understand.

IRENE ADLER
I'll be delicate then. Let's have
dinner.

SHERLOCK
Why?

IRENE ADLER
You might be hungry.

SHERLOCK
I'm not.

IRENE ADLER
Good.

She's kneeling by him now, taking his hand. (We note that he seems to reciprocate slightly, but a little clumsily.)

SHERLOCK
Why would I want to have dinner, if I
wasn't hungry?

She's leaning in close to him - studying his face, hungrily. He's equally fascinated, maybe a bit more forensic.

IRENE ADLER
Mr. Holmes ... if it was end of the
world, if this was the very last
night ... would you have dinner with
me?

On Sherlock, puzzled. Then there's a knock at the door.

MRS HUDSON
(From off)
Sherlock?

IRENE ADLER
Too late.

SHERLOCK
That's not the end of the world,
that's Mrs Hudson.

She gives the saddest look, like she knows he's wrong, and moves away from him.

The door is opening - MRS HUDSON. Behind her we can see PLUMMER - the man who first took Sherlock to Buckingham Palace.

MRS HUDSON
 Sherlock, this man was at the door -
 is the bell still not working?
 (To PLUMMER)
 He shot it.

Plummer is already entering the room.

SHERLOCK
 Are you taking me away again.

PLUMMER
 Yes, Mr. Holmes.

SHERLOCK
 I decline.

PLUMMER
 I don't think you do.

And Plummer has taken a long envelope from inside his jacket, now passes it to Sherlock.

A puzzled Sherlock slits it open - and falling into his hand is-

- a boarding pass. Flight 007 to LA, 18.30.

He stares at it. *What??*

EXT. BAKER STREET - NIGHT

SHERLOCK again climbing into the back of a big black car - PLUMMER now climbing in next to him.

The car starts to pull away. We pan up to IRENE ADLER, standing at the window, watching it go...

INT. BIG BLACK CAR - NIGHT

PLUMMER and SHERLOCK in the back. The street lights flashing across their faces. A silence. Then.

SHERLOCK
 There's going to be a bomb on a
 passenger jet. And the British and
 American governments know about it.
 And rather than expose the source of
 their information they're going to
 let the plane blow up.
 (MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)
Coventry all over again. The wheel
turns, nothing is ever new.

PLUMMER
... I read that blog your friend
writes about you.

SHERLOCK
And?

PLUMMER
And I didn't expect you to be an
idiot.

Silence resumes. Sherlock - just the trace of a frown.
Something's not good here.

Sherlock's POV. Lights and signs speeding past - we're
turning towards Gatwick.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

We're on a remote part of the airfield. A JUMBO JET standing
by a HANGER. The passenger staircase is in place.

The BIG BLACK CAR goes gliding up. Stops next to it. As
Sherlock climbs out he sees -

NEILSON and his TWO AMERICAN AGENTS standing at the foot of
the steps, like they're there to guide him on to the plane.

Sherlock, walking over to them now.

SHERLOCK
(To NEILSON)
Well you're looking all better. How
are you feeling?

NEILSON
Like putting a bullet in your brain,
sir.

He gestures to the steps, for Sherlock to ascend. Sherlock
starts heading up.

NEILSON
They'd pin a medal on me, if I did.
Sir.

Sherlock just stops for a moment, registering that. Then
carries on up the steps.

INT. JUMBO - NIGHT

Sherlock, looking around.

The interior of the plane is darkened, creepy. The only light from the portholes.

As Sherlock's eyes adjust to the gloom, he realises he's not alone...

... all the seats are occupied. Still, motionless figures, sitting and slumped. Sherlock steps closer to one of them - clicks on the overhead light. And there, in the little spotlight, is a a DEAD MAN.

He clicks on another light. A DEAD WOMAN.

Another light. Yet another DEAD PASSENGER.

On Sherlock: even for him, a neck-prickling realisation. Everyone on this plane dead. A passenger manifest of corpses.

And then, impossible - a light nearer the front of the plane seems to click on by itself. And there's a familiar voice.

MYCROFT

The Coventry conundrum. What do you think of my solution?

And now a figure is rising from one the front seats, turn to face him. Mycroft.

MYCROFT

The flight of the dead.

Sherlock, looking around, collecting himself, regaining his cool.

SHERLOCK

The plane blows up in mid-air, mission accomplished for the terrorists, hundreds of casualties ... and nobody dies.

MYCROFT

Neat, don't you think? You've been stumbling round the fringes of this one for ages - or were you too bored to notice the pattern.

On Sherlock blinking, remembering

FLASHBACK; The big, beefy creepy guy, holding his Aunt's urn.

CREEPY GUY

I know human ash!

FLASHBACK: The two little girls squeezed into the client chair.

LITTLE GIRL

They wouldn't let us see Grandad when
he was dead -

Back on the plane:

MYCROFT

We ran a similar project with the
Germans a while back - though I
understand one of our passengers
didn't make the flight -

FLASHBACK: Sherlock examining the inexplicable body in the
boot of the car.

MYCROFT

But that's the deceased for you -
late in every sense of the word.

SHERLOCK

How does the plane fly? Of course,
unmanned aircraft, hardly new -

MYCROFT

It doesn't fly, it will never fly.
This entire project is cancelled. The
terrorist cells have been informed
that we know about the bomb - we
can't fool them now. We have lost
everything. One fragment of one
email - and months and years of
planning are finished.

SHERLOCK

Your MOD man...

MYCROFT

That's all it takes. One lonely,
naive man, desperate to show off, and
a woman clever enough to make him
feel special ...

SHERLOCK

You should screen your defence people
more carefully ...

MYCROFT

I'm not talking about the MOD man,
Sherlock, *I'm talking about you!*

On Sherlock. Rocked by that. No.

MYCROFT

A damsel in distress. In the end, are
you really so obvious? Give him love,
take it away, give him a puzzle, make
him dance...

SHERLOCK
Don't be absurd!

MYCROFT
 Absurd? How quickly did you decipher that email for her - the full minute, or were you really trying to impress?

IRENE ADLER
 (From)
 I think it was less than five seconds.

Sherlock looks round. There's IRENE, standing at the entrance to first class. NEILSON stands behind her, clearly has just shown her up. She's still wearing Sherlock's dressing gown, looks casual, relaxed.

Sherlock staring at her - guarded, unsure. Mycroft, genuinely penitent.

MYCROFT
 And I drove you into her path. I'm sorry, I didn't know.

IRENE ADLER
 Mr. Holmes, I think we need to talk.

Sherlock, now striding towards her. Casual and assured now, back to his old stuff.

SHERLOCK
 I think so too. There are a number of aspects I'm still not completely clear on-

IRENE ADLER
 Not you, junior, you're done now.

And she simply walks past him, goes to Mycroft. She produces her leopard skin camera-phone, tosses it in her hand.

IRENE ADLER
 There's more - loads more. And if you like, I'll keep on proving that. You have no idea how much havoc I can cause, and exactly one way to stop me.

On Mycroft. No answer. Because she's right.

INT. MYCROFT'S STUDY - NIGHT

MYCROFT at his desk. On the table in front of him, the leopard skin camera-phone. Opposite is IRENE.

Standing with his back to them both, SHERLOCK looking out into the night - a brooding, silent presence.

Mycroft prods the phone with his finger.

MYCROFT

We have people who can get into this.

IRENE ADLER

I tested that theory for you - I let Sherlock Holmes try for six months. Sherlock, dear, tell him what you found when you x-rayed my camera-phone.

Sherlock doesn't turn, just speaks from where he's standing.

SHERLOCK

There are four additional units wired into the casing - I suspect containing acid or a small amount of explosive. Any attempt to open the casing, will burn the hard drive.

IRENE ADLER

Explosive. It's more me.

MYCROFT

Some data is always recoverable.

IRENE ADLER

Take that risk then.

MYCROFT

... you have a passcode to open this. I deeply regret to say, we have people who can extract it from you.

IRENE ADLER

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

There will be two codes. One to open the phone, one to burn the drive. Even under duress, you can't know which one she's given you. And there would be no point in a second attempt.

IRENE ADLER

Oh, isn't he good. I should have him on a leash. In fact, I might.

MYCROFT

We destroy this then. No one has the information.

IRENE ADLER

Fine, good idea. Unless there are lives of British citizens depending on the information you're about to burn.

MYCROFT

Are there?

IRENE ADLER

Telling you, would be playing fair. I'm not playing any more.

She's tossed him an envelope across the desk to Mycroft.

IRENE ADLER

A list of requests, and some ideas about my protection once they're granted.

Mycroft has slit open the envelope, glanced at the single sheet.

IRENE ADLER

I'd say it wouldn't blow much of a hole in the wealth of a nation, but I'd be lying. I imagine you'd like to sleep on it.

MYCROFT

Thank you, yes.

IRENE ADLER

Too bad. Off you pop and talk to people.

He looks at her. A grim moment - total defeat. A polite little bow of his head.

MYCROFT

You've been very ... thorough. I wish our lot were half as good as you.

IRENE ADLER

Can't take all the credit. Got a bit of help. Jim Moriarty sends his love.

On Sherlock's back - stiffening. On Mycroft, a sober note.

MYCROFT

Yes, he's been in touch. He seems to be desperate for my attention.

(Makes a note)

Which I'm sure can be arranged.

IRENE ADLER

I had all this stuff, never really knew what to do with it. Thank God, for the consultant criminal. Gave me lots of advice on how to play the Holmes boys. Do you know what he calls you - the Ice Man. And the Virgin.

On Sherlock again. Still not turning, still not rising to it.

IRENE ADLER

Didn't even ask for anything. I think he just likes to cause trouble. Now *that's* my kind of man.

MYCROFT

And here you are. The dominatrix who brought a nation to its knees. Nicely played.

He starts to stand, but -

SHERLOCK

(Still without turning)
No.

IRENE ADLER

I'm sorry?

Sherlock, turning now. Quite his old self, cold as ice.

SHERLOCK

I said, no. Very, very close, but no. You got carried away, the game was far too elaborate - you enjoyed yourself too much.

IRENE ADLER

There's no such thing as too much.

SHERLOCK

Enjoying thrill of the chase is fine. Craving the distraction of the game - I entirely sympathise. But sentiment? Sentiment is a chemical defect found in the losing side.

IRENE ADLER

Sentiment? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK

You.

IRENE ADLER

Oh dear God, look at the poor man.
You don't think I was actually
interested in you? Why? Because
you're the great Sherlock Holmes? The
clever detective with the funny hat?

SHERLOCK

No. Because I took your pulse.

FLASHBACK: in 221B, Irene taking Sherlock's hand, Sherlock
clumsily reciprocating - but actually taking her pulse.

SHERLOCK

Elevated. Your pupils dilated.

FLASHBACK: Irene studying his face hungrily. Sherlock
staring, back forensic. Closer now on her dilating pupil.

SHERLOCK

I imagine John Watson thinks love is
a mystery to me. But the chemistry is
terribly simple. And very
destructive.

He's walking round the desk - in swanning about, explaining
mode. He picks up her camera-phone.

On Irene - just the first uncertainty. Is she in trouble now?

SHERLOCK

You told me, when we first met, that
disguise is always a self-portrait.
How true of you. The combination of
your safe - your measurements. But
this -

(Tosses the camera-phone in his hand)

This is more intimate. It's your
heart. And you should never let it
rule your head.

(Presses one key. A beep)

You could have chosen any random
number and you'd have walked away
today, with everything you worked
for.

(Another key - beep)

But you couldn't resist it, could
you? I've always assumed that love
was a dangerous disadvantage -

(Beep)

Thank you for the final proof.

He holds the phone out to her, displaying the screen.

Irene, rocked already, just stares at it. Everything is lost.
Maybe there's even a tear in her eye, as she looks up at him.

IRENE ADLER

Everything I said tonight - it wasn't real. It was just playing the game.

SHERLOCK

I know. And this is just losing.

The final beep. And now we see the fully entered code. Letters not numbers, and the screen now reads:

I AM

[S][H][E][R]

LOCKED

The screen flashes, folds out into menu displays.

SHERLOCK

And so you are.

He tosses it to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK

There you go, brother. I hope the contents make up for any inconvenience I've caused you this evening.

Mycroft, bemusedly staring at the phone. He's pleased at the victory, but just a little chilled at how Sherlock won.

MYCROFT

I'm certain they will...

SHERLOCK

If you're feeling kind, lock her up. If not, let her go. I doubt she'll last long without her protection.

IRENE ADLER

Are you expecting me to beg?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

He turns, heading to the door, almost gets there -

IRENE ADLER

Please.

He looks round. She's standing now - so vulnerable. Pleading.

IRENE ADLER

You're right. I won't last six months. Please.

Pushing in Sherlock now - that cold, cruel face.

SHERLOCK
Sorry about dinner.

And he goes, closing the door behind him. And slowly we fade to black.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

It's winter again - and raining like hell: a day for terrible news. JOHN is dashing along through the downpour. He stops as he sees an unfamiliar sight.

MYCROFT, leaning against the wall, outside Speedy's. He's under shelter of the awning and smoking. He has big ziplock file under his arm. John approaches.

JOHN
You don't smoke.

MYCROFT
I also don't frequent cafes.

He turns and heads into Speedy's, clearly expecting John to follow.

INT. SPEEDY'S CAFE - DAY

MYCROFT and JOHN, sitting across the table from each other, with coffees. Silence for a moment - just the hiss of the rain outside, the under-sea gloom of the cafe, the soaking wet coats of the customers.

John's eyes go to:

The zip-lock file on the table. Through the transparent cover he can see a sheaf of papers, and the leopard skin camera-phone.

JOHN
The file on Irene Adler.

MYCROFT
Closed for ever. I'm about to go and inform my brother - or, if you prefer, you are - that she somehow got herself into a witness protection scheme in America. New name, new identity. She will survive and thrive - but he will never see her again.

JOHN
Why would he care?

Mycroft just looks at him. Oh, come now.

JOHN

He despised her at the end. He won't even mention her by name - just "the woman."

MYCROFT

Is that loathing, or a salute? One of a kind, the one woman who matters?

JOHN

He's not like that. He doesn't feel things that way. I don't think...

MYCROFT

My brother has the brain of scientist, or a philosopher. Yet he elects to be a detective. What might we deduce about his heart?

JOHN

I don't know.

MYCROFT

Neither do I. But initially he wanted to be a pirate.

JOHN

He'll be okay with this. Witness protection, never seeing her again, he'll be fine.

MYCROFT

I agree. That's why I decided to tell him that.

John looks at Mycroft. Something new in the room now. What does he mean?

JOHN

... instead of what?

MYCROFT

She's dead. She was captured by a terrorist cell in Islamabad two months ago, and beheaded.

A silence between them. Oh.

JOHN

Definitely her? She's done this before...

MYCROFT

I was thorough this time. It would take Sherlock Holmes to fool me, and I don't think he was on hand, do you?

Another silence. Oh God.

MYCROFT

So.

(Pushes the tile over to John)
What shall we tell Sherlock?

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

SHERLOCK at the kitchen table. He's at his microscope studying something.

On John. He's hesitating a few feet away. He has the file in his hand.

The rain is streaming down the windows, casting shadow-patterns all over the walls. The little flat has never looked so gloomy.

SHERLOCK

(Without looking up)
Clearly you have news. If it's about that triple murder in Leeds, it was the gardener. Did nobody notice his earring?

JOHN

Hi. No, it's ... it's about Irene Adler.

And Sherlock looks up, instantly interested. On John, registering this.

SHERLOCK

Well? Has something happened? Has she turned up again?

JOHN

No. No, she's ... I just bumped into Mycroft downstairs, he had to take a call ...

SHERLOCK

Is she back in London?

And he's on his feet. He's come over to John. He's just that little bit too interested.

JOHN

No. She's ...

And he's looking hard at Sherlock. And Sherlock is looking a bit too hard at him. And John makes the fateful decision.

JOHN
She's in America.

SHERLOCK
America?

JOHN
Yeah. She's gone into a witness protection scheme, apparently. Don't know how she swung it. But, you know ...

SHERLOCK
I know what?

JOHN
Well. You won't able to see her again.

SHERLOCK
Why would I want to see her again?

JOHN
Didn't say you did.

SHERLOCK
Is that her file?

JOHN
Yeah - got to take it back to Mycroft. Do you ... want a look at it?

SHERLOCK
No.

Sherlock has gone back to his microscope.

Oh John: has he misjudged. Should he have told him,

JOHN
Listen. Actually -

SHERLOCK
(Without looking up)
Oh, but I'll have the camera-phone.

He puts his hand out for it.

JOHN
There's nothing on it any more. It was all stripped off.

SHERLOCK
I know. But I'll have it.

JOHN
No, it has to go back to Mycroft. You
can't keep this.

Sherlock doesn't reply, or even look at him. Just continues
to hold his hand out.

JOHN
Sherlock, I have to take this back.
It's government property now, it's -

SHERLOCK
Please.

Still hasn't looked round, still hasn't registered any
emotion.

John: what the hell does he do. He steps over, hands him the
camera-phone. Sherlock pockets it.

SHERLOCK
Thank you.

John, now hesitating to the door.

JOHN
Better take this back down.

SHERLOCK
Yes.

John, at the door, turns.

JOHN
Did she ever text you again? After
... all that?

SHERLOCK
Once. A couple of months ago.

JOHN
What did she say?

SHERLOCK
Goodbye, Mr. Holmes.

On John. Considers that for a moment - probably the last day
of her life. He heads out.

We stay on Sherlock. Sits back from the microscope. Then
stands, crossing to the window. He's got his phone out, is
scrolling through some old texts.

Closer on the phone. Under the heading The Woman, all her texts. The last one

GOOD-BYE MR. HOLMES.

On this we dissolve to:

INT. GROTTY LITTLE ROOM/ISLAMABAD - DAY

IRENE, on her last day, kneeling in the centre of a room, surrounded by MASKED AND ROBED TERRORISTS.

Irene is calm, serene - and sending one last text. She now hands her phone to one of the terrorists, and we see her say "Thankyou". Her EXECUTIONER is stepping up behind her now, swinging back with his long sword.

Closer on Irene now, as she straightens her neck and prepares herself for the end. So sad, so full of regrets. She slowly closes her eyes.

And as her eyes close, the screen fades into darkness.

We hold the darkness for a long final moment, like the movie really is over. Then:

An ORGASMIC GASP. A text has arrived!

On Irene as her eyes fly open again. What? Where did that come from??

The terrorists all looking at each other now. What??

But Irene is looking up at her tall, thin executioner. The face is covered but the voice is familiar.

SHERLOCK
When I say run, *run!*

On Irene - her face breaks into a delighted, incredulous grin.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

And now the same grin on Sherlock's face, remembering that day. He laughs! Fooled them all again! He pulls the leopard skin camera-phone from his pocket, tosses it in his hand.

SHERLOCK
(As a sort of salute)
The Woman!

He takes the camera-phone, opens his desk drawer, drops it inside. Looks at it lying there for moment.

SHERLOCK
(More fondly)
The Woman.

On his face, clear moment of warmth - remembering the long contest, that remarkable woman, the year of Irene Adler.

Then he closes the drawer. It's almost ceremonial - like he's putting something away. Then the warmth just drops from his face, and he's Sherlock Holmes again.

We hold the closed drawer big in the foreground as he turns and walks away - back to his microscope, back to work...

END CREDITS