

FADE UP FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOODS. DAY. 1991. 1

Early morning.

A wooded copse formed from strange, gnarled trees and tumbled rocks.

Wandering out of it, lost and alone, is seven year old HENRY.

He's bewildered, shocked, wide-eyed. Dressed for a hike but his clothes are muddied and disarranged.

We cut with violent speed to --

CUT TO:

2 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991. 2

ECU:

Bloodied hands.

The snarling mouth of a huge wolf-like creature.

Dark human eyes, wild and terrified.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DARTMOOR. EDGE OF WOODS. DAY. 1991. 3

Young HENRY wanders on, his face is blank and expressionless.

FAST CUT TO:

4 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT 1991. 4

Through the fog and in the stuttering beam of a torch, we can just make out a well-built man in his 20s, CHARLIE, fending off a savage attack.

Snatched, horrible images.

Fur.

Claws.

Teeth.

The steam of the beast's breath.

Charlie's fists smashing at it --

-- and little HENRY, hidden beneath an outcrop of boulders, watching in petrified silence.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991. 5

An elderly woman, GRACE, is walking her dog. It's on a long lead, snuffling around on a dramatic, rocky tor. Suddenly its ears prick up as HENRY wanders down off the moor like a ghost.

Grace notices.

GRACE

Oh. Hello.
(frowns)
Are you alright?

Henry just stares at her.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991. EARLIER. 6

Snatched shots:

Razor sharp teeth. Dripping with blood.

CHARLIE curling into a ball as the thing pounces for him --

GRACE (V.O.)

What is it, dear?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DAY. 1991. 7

GRACE is staring down at HENRY, deeply concerned.

GRACE

Are you lost?

Henry blinks and glances over at Grace's friendly-looking dog.

Then he **SCREAMS!**

We close in on his horrified face -- *screaming, screaming, screaming!*

CUT TO:

7A. EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. DAY.

HENRY, twenty years older, is standing in the hollow, staring into the darkness. Fog drifts and billows around him.

He's deep in thought. His head snaps round. He's suddenly scared. Is there something out there?

He turns on his heel and goes.

CUT TO:

8 TITLES. 8

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BAKER ST. SPEEDY'S. DAY. 9

CLOSE on a 'nodding dog' toy. It's in the window of 'Speedy's' cafe. The dog starts madly nodding as a door slams (someone entering 221b!)

CUT TO:

10 INT. BAKER ST. DAY. 10

The flat door flies open, revealing -

- SHERLOCK, blood spattered, carrying a harpoon.

SHERLOCK

Well that was tedious!

Now we see JOHN in his armchair, staring at him.

JOHN

You went on the tube like that?

SHERLOCK

(puzzled)

None of the cabs would take me.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKER ST. DAY.

SHERLOCK, now cleaned up and in his dressing gown, pacing, agitated, still carrying the harpoon, gesticulating with it.

JOHN's in his chair, surrounded by a litter of newspapers and the remains of breakfast.

SHERLOCK
Nothing?

JOHN
Military coup in Uganda-

Sherlock groans.

JOHN (CONT'D)
- a cabinet re-shuffle -

SHERLOCK
Nothing of *interest*, I mean! Oh
God.

He manically bangs the end of the harpoon off the floor.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
John, I need some. Get me some!

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Get me some!

JOHN
*No! Cold turkey. We agreed. No
matter what.*

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Anyway, you've paid everyone off,
remember? No-one within a two
mile radius will sell you any!

SHERLOCK
Stupid idea! Whose idea was *that*?

JOHN
Yours.

SHERLOCK
(yells)
Mrs Hudson!

He lays the harpoon aside and starts rooting through the
bric-a-brac of the flat, flinging books, magazines, laptops
over his shoulder.

JOHN
You're doing really well. Don't
give in now.

SHERLOCK
Tell me where they are. Please.
Tell me. Pleeeeease.

JOHN
 (steely)
 I can't help you. Sorry.

SHERLOCK
 I'll let you know next week's
 lottery numbers.

A sceptical look from John. Sherlock crumbles.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Worth a try.

He narrows his eyes - then pounces on an old, curly-toed Persian slipper tucked away near the fireplace. With a cry of triumph, he burrows his hand inside -- but it's empty. He hurls it disgustedly across the room.

MRS HUDSON pops her head round the door.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 (without looking round)
 I had an emergency packet. What
 have you done with my emergency
 packet?!

MRS HUDSON
 Eh?

SHERLOCK
Cigarettes! Where've you hidden
 them? I know you've got them
 somewhere.

Mrs Hudson glances quickly at John. He shakes his head --
shh!

MRS HUDSON
 You know you never let me touch
 your things. Chance'd be a fine
 thing.

SHERLOCK
 (sharp)
 I thought you weren't my
 housekeeper?

MRS HUDSON
 (thrown)
 I'm not -

John throws an appealing look at her.

MRS HUDSON (CONT'D)
 How about a nice cuppa? And
 perhaps you could put away your
 harpoon.

SHERLOCK

I need something stronger than tea.

(sotto)

Maybe seven per cent stronger.

Sherlock spins round and looks Mrs Hudson up and down, forensically and not a little cruelly. He picks up the harpoon and points it accusingly at her.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You've been to see Mr Chatterjee again.

MRS HUDSON

Pardon?

SHERLOCK

In the sandwich shop. You're wearing a new dress but there's flour on your sleeve. You'd never wear that for baking -

JOHN

Sherlock...

Sherlock points the harpoon at Mrs Hudson's hands.

SHERLOCK

Thumbnail. Little traces of foil. Playing the scratch-cards again? We all know where that leads, don't we?

(sniffs)

And '*Casbah Nights*'. Pretty racy for first thing on a Monday morning, isn't it? I've written a little blog about the identification of perfumes. It's on the website. You should look it up!

MRS HUDSON

Please -

SHERLOCK

I wouldn't pin your hopes on that cruise with Mr Chatterjee. He's got a wife in Doncaster that nobody knows about.

JOHN

Sherlock!

SHERLOCK

Well, nobody except me.

MRS HUDSON
I don't know what you're talking
about. Really, I don't.

She marches out, on the verge of tears. Slams the door.

JOHN
What the hell was all that about?

SHERLOCK
You don't understand. Of course
you don't.

JOHN
Go after her. Go and apologise.

SHERLOCK
Apologise?

He throws down the harpoon and flops into his chair, hugging
his knees to his chin.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
I envy you so much, John.

JOHN
You envy me?

SHERLOCK
Your mind. It's so placid! So
straightforward. Barely used.

A look from John. *Cheers.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Mine's like an engine. Racing. Out
of control. A rocket, trapped on
the launch pad, tearing itself to
pieces. I need a case!!

JOHN
You've just solved one! By
harpooning a dead pig, apparently!

SHERLOCK
That was this morning. Where's the
next one??

JOHN
Nothing on the website?

Sherlock grabs an open laptop and shoves it at John.

SHERLOCK
"Dear Sherlock Holmes. I can't
find Bluebell anywhere. Please,
please, please can you help?"

JOHN
Bluebell?

SHERLOCK
A rabbit, John.

JOHN
Oh.

SHERLOCK
Ah, but there's more! Before it disappeared, Bluebell turned luminous! Like a fairy - according to little Kirsty. Then the next morning, Bluebell was gone, hutch still locked, no sign of forced entry - what am I say this is *brilliant!*
(Grabs laptop)
Phone Lestrade, tell him there's an escaped rabbit!

JOHN
You're kidding.

SHERLOCK
It's this or Cluedo.

JOHN
No. We're *never* playing that again.

SHERLOCK
Why not?

JOHN
Because it's not actually possible for the *victim* to have done it, Sherlock, that's why.

SHERLOCK
I couldn't see any other solution.

JOHN
It's not in the rules!

SHERLOCK
Then the rule are wrong!

The doorbell downstairs buzzes. Sherlock and John look at each other, suddenly.

JOHN
Single ring!

SHERLOCK
Maximum pressure, just under the
half-second!

Big grins!

SHERLOCK & JOHN
Client!!

CUT TO:

11 TV FOOTAGE.

11

Stock footage of Dartmoor. Bleak. Wild. Wind howls.

PRESENTER V/O
Dartmoor. It's always been a
place of myth and legend. But is
there something else lurking out
there? Something very real?

Shaky, hand-held, drive by shots of a grim-looking military
compound. 'Keep Out' signs and barbed wire everywhere.

PRESENTER V/O (CONT'D)
Because Dartmoor is also home to
one of the Government's most
secretive operations. The chemical
and biological weapons research
centre that's said to be even more
sensitive than Porton Down. Since
the end of the second world war,
there have been persistent stories
about the Baskerville experiments.

Close on a battered, tree-screened M.O.D. sign:

BASKERVILLE.

Now (if possible) on hillside with the military compound
visible beyond him.

PRESENTER
Genetic mutations. Animals grown
for the battlefield. There are
many who believe that within this
compound, in the heart of this
ancient wilderness, there are
horrors beyond imagining ...

*

Closer on the presenter now - dramatic emphasis.

PRESENTER (CONT'D)
... but the real question is, are
all of them still inside?

The documentary now cuts to Henry, sitting in his messy front door. Shaking - neurotic but determined, a man recalling terrible memories. As he speaks, a caption comes up:

HENRY KNIGHT

HENRY

I was just a kid. It was on the moor, it was dark, but I know what I saw. I know what killed my father.

And the image freezes.

12

INT. BAKER STREET. DAY.

12

-- on the TV in Baker Street.

SHERLOCK has the remote.

SHERLOCK

What did you see?

There's a newcomer in the sitting room - HENRY KNIGHT (20s, nervy) the man from the documentary. He points, slightly feebly, at the screen.

HENRY

I was just about to say.

SHERLOCK

Yes, in a TV interview. I prefer to do my own editing.

He snaps the television off.

HENRY

Yes. Sorry, yes, of course.

He takes out a scrunched up paper napkin and rubs his nose, dislodging all kinds of rubbish from his pocket. He stuffs the napkin away.

JOHN

In your own time.

SHERLOCK

But quite quickly.

HENRY

Do you know Dartmoor, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

No.

HENRY

It's an amazing place. Like nowhere else - sort of bleak but beautiful -

SHERLOCK

Yes, don't care, moving on.

HENRY

We used to go for walks - after my Mum died, my Dad and me, every evening we'd go out on the moor-

SHERLOCK

Yes, good, skipping on to the night he was violently killed - where did it happen?

HENRY

There's a place - a sort of local landmark - called Dewer's Hollow.

(A beat - grim)

That's an ancient name for the devil.

*

SHERLOCK

So?

Henry flusters in the face of Sherlock's indifference.

JOHN

Did you see the devil that night?

*

HENRY

... yes.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Expressionistic flashes. Red eyes! Snapping jaws! Muscle and fur! A man thrashing under a savage attack. Now blood spattering across the screen and --

CUT TO:

Henry, shaken at the memory.

HENRY

It got him. Tore at him. Tore his throat out.

(shrugs)

I can't remember anything else. They found me the next morning.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Just wandering on the moor. My
Dad's body was never found.

John looks at the notes he's been taking.

JOHN

Red eyes. Coal black fur. Enormous.
(To Sherlock)
A dog? A wolf?

SHERLOCK

A genetic experiment?

Henry looks at him, sharply, catching something in his tone.

HENRY

Are you laughing at me, Mr. Holmes?

SHERLOCK

Why, are you joking?

HENRY

My Dad was always going on about
the things they were doing at
Baskerville. What kind of
monsters they might be breeding.
People used to laugh at him too.
At least the TV people took me
seriously.

SHERLOCK

And I'm sure did wonders for Devon
tourism.

Colour now springing into Henry's cheeks. *What??*

JOHN

Whatever happened to your father,
it was twenty years ago. Why come
to us now?

But Henry has already sprung to his feet.

HENRY

Not sure you can help me, Mr.
Holmes - since you find it all so
funny!

SHERLOCK

(Answering John)
Because of what happened last
night.

JOHN

... sorry, what? What happened last
night?

Henry is staring at Sherlock now.

HENRY

How did you know?

SHERLOCK

I didn't know - I noticed. You've come up from Devon by the first available train this morning. You had a disappointing breakfast and a cup of black coffee. A girl in the seat across the aisle fancied you but, although you were initially keen, you've now changed your mind. You are, though, extremely anxious to have your first cigarette of the day. Sit down, Mr Knight. And do please smoke. I'd be *delighted*. Unless you still think I can't be of help to you?

Henry looks astonished. Then relapses back into his chair.

HENRY

How could you "notice" all that?

JOHN

He'll tell you later. It's not important --

Sherlock nods towards the floor.

SHERLOCK

Punched-out holes from where your ticket's been checked.

JOHN

Not now, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Oh go on. I've been cooped up in here for ages.

JOHN

You're just showing off.

SHERLOCK

Of course! I'm a show off! That's what we do!

He leans over and pulls out the paper napkin from Henry's pocket.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Train napkin which you've used to mop up spilled coffee. Strength of the stain shows you didn't take milk. There are traces of ketchup on it and round your lips and on your sleeve.

(MORE)

*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Cooked breakfast. Or the nearest thing those trains can manage. Probably a sandwich.

HENRY

How do you know it was... disappointing?

SHERLOCK

Is there any other kind of breakfast on a train? The girl -- female handwriting's quite distinctive -- wrote down her phone number on the napkin. I can see from the angle she wrote at that she was sitting across from you on the other side of the aisle. Later - after she'd got off I imagine - you used the napkin to mop up your coffee and accidentally smudged the number. You've gone over the last four digits yourself with another pen so you wanted to keep the number. Just a moment ago, though, you used the napkin to blow your nose. Maybe you're not that into her after all. Then there's the nicotine stains on your fingers. Your *shaking* fingers. I know the signs. No chance to smoke on the train, no time to roll one before you got the cab here. You're desperate. It's now a little after 9.15. The first train from Exeter to London is at 5.46 am. You got the first one possible so something important must've happened last night. Am I wrong?

Beat.

HENRY

No. You're right. You're exactly right. Bloody hell. I heard you were quick.

*

SHERLOCK

It's my job. Now shut up and smoke!

Henry takes out a packet of Rizlas, rolls a cigarette and lights up. The smoke drifts. Sherlock, not so subtly, inhales.

John shoots him a disapproving look, then turns to Henry. His approach is careful and gentle, full of genuine bedside manner.

*
*
*

JOHN

(gently)

So you lost both parents. And you
were only - what? - seven years
old. It must've been quite a trauma
...

*
*
*

HENRY

No -

JOHN

Have you thought maybe you invented
this story, this ... big bad wolf,
to account for it?

*
*

HENRY

That's what Dr. Mortimer says.

JOHN

Who?

SHERLOCK

His therapist.

HENRY

My therapist.

*

SHERLOCK

Obviously!

HENRY

Louise Mortimer. She's the reason I
came back to Dartmoor. She thinks I
have to ... face my demons.

SHERLOCK

And when you returned to Scratch's
Hollow last night, what happened?
You went there on the advice of a
therapist, and now you're
consulting a detective - what did
you see, that changed everything?

HENRY

... It's a strange place, the
Hollow - makes you feel so cold
inside - so afraid -

SHERLOCK

If I wanted poetry, I'd read John's
emails to his girlfriends - much
funnier. What did you see?

HENRY

Footprints. On the exact spot where
I saw my father torn apart.

JOHN

A man's or a woman's.

HENRY
Neither. They were -

SHERLOCK
Is that all? Anything else -
footprints, is that it?

HENRY
Yes, but they were -

SHERLOCK
Sorry, Dr. Mortimer wins - it's a
childhood trauma masked by an
invented memory. Boring. Goodbye,
Mr. Knight - thankyou for smoking.

Sherlock is now striding through the back, as if to his
bedroom.

HENRY
But what about the footprints?

SHERLOCK
Paw-prints, I assume, Could be
anything - therefore nothing. Off
to Devon with you - have a cream
tea on me.

Starts heading away again.

HENRY
Mr. Holmes ... **they were the
footprints of a gigantic hound!**

*

On the back of Sherlock's head as he jolts to a halt. Now
turns slowly. Now he's looking at Henry, now he's interested.

*

SHERLOCK
Say that again.

HENRY
I found paw prints - they were *big*,
they were - ...

SHERLOCK
No, no. Your exact words. Repeat
your exact words from a moment ago,
exactly as you said them.

On Henry. Puzzled, a little self-conscious. Exchanges a look
with an equally bewildered John - who just nods. Do as he
says.

HENRY
Mr. Holmes ... they were the
footprints of a gigantic hound.

*

On Sherlock: eyes gleaming, mind whirling.

SHERLOCK
... I'll take the case.

JOHN
Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK
Thank you for bringing this to my attention, it's very promising.

JOHN
No, sorry, *what??* A minute ago footprints were boring, now they've very promising!

SHERLOCK
It's nothing to do with the footprints. As ever, John, you weren't listening. This place, Baskerville - ever heard of it?

JOHN
Vaguely. Very hush-hush.

SHERLOCK
Sounds like a good place to start.

HENRY
You'll come down then?

Beat. Sherlock looks at John.

*

SHERLOCK
No, I can't leave London at the moment, far too busy. But don't worry, I'm sending my best man.
(Claps John on the shoulder)
I know I can rely on John to send me all the relevant data as he never understands a word of it himself.

JOHN
What're you talking about, you're too busy?? You haven't got any cases! You were just complaining -

SHERLOCK
Bluebell. I've got Bluebell. The case of the vanishing glow-in-the-dark rabbit.
(To Henry)
NATO is in uproar.

HENRY
Sorry. You're not coming then?

Oh John - resigned, getting it.

JOHN
Okay. Okay.

John sighs hugely, goes over to the mantelpiece, lifts up the skull and retrieves Sherlock's emergency packet of cigarettes. He tosses them over.

Sherlock catches them, laughs and chucks them over his shoulder.

SHERLOCK
Don't need 'em any more, I'm going to Dartmoor.

HENRY
Sorry - you are coming?

SHERLOCK
A twenty year old disappearance!
A monster Hound! **I wouldn't miss
this for the world!**

*
*

CUT TO:

13

EXT. BAKER ST. DAY. LATER.

13

SHERLOCK is holding open the door of a cab as JOHN comes out of 221b with their bags.

They both turn at the sound of raised voices from Speedy's sandwich shop.

A floury bap slams against the window.

JOHN
I guess Mrs Hudson just got to the wife in Doncaster.

SHERLOCK
Wait till she finds out about the one in Islamabad.

He ducks into the taxi, gets out his phone.

Zoom into the screen of the phone.

Staggered, Google-Earth stills of an English village.

On-screen text: Grimpen, Dartmoor.

The stills jerk past in procession, opening out onto --

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DARTMOOR. DAY. 14

-- the vast, bleak moor, in photographic form.

This scrolls by to show a sprawling complex of brick buildings ringed by a huge wire fence --

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BASKERVILLE. DAY. 15

-- Baskerville.

The photo becomes the present day.

The perimeter of the base is bristling with barbed wire and armed soldiers.

There's a big sign: **BASKERVILLE. AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY. DANGER AREA!**

The cloudy sky lowers over the base like a bruise.

There are double gates and a landrover has pulled up at the check-point.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LANDROVER. DAY. 16

SHERLOCK's driving. JOHN's in the passenger seat. *

Sherlock looks out. Details: heavily armed soldiers, guard dogs, masses of security cameras. *

Sherlock's window glides down with an electronic hum. He proffers a laminated ID card to a uniformed MILITARY POLICEMAN who takes it, frowning and crosses to his hut.

JOHN

You've got ID for Baskerville?
How?

SHERLOCK

It's not specific to this place.
It's my brother's. Sort of
'access all areas'. I...acquired
it. Ages ago. Just in case.

JOHN

Oh brilliant.

SHERLOCK

What's the matter?

JOHN
We'll get caught.

SHERLOCK
No, we won't. Not for a bit.

JOHN
Caught in five minutes. 'Hello! We just thought we'd have a wander round your top secret weapons base'. 'Oh yeah? Great! Come in. Kettle's just boiled'.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's if we don't get shot.

SHERLOCK
Well that's not a problem. We'll almost certainly get shot at some point.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BASKERVILLE. CHECK-POINT. DAY. 17

CLOSE on the ID card. A complicated bar-code and a signature: *Mycroft Holmes*.

The MILITARY POLICEMAN swipes it through a reader *-beep!* - then hands it back to Sherlock and waves the landrover through.

CUT TO:

18 INT. LANDROVER. DAY. 18

JOHN puts the car in gear.

JOHN
Mycroft's name literally opens doors.

SHERLOCK
I've told you. He practically *is* the British Government. Right. I reckon we've got twenty minutes until they find out something's wrong!

He puts his foot down, the landrover roars ahead.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY.

19

JOHN screeches the landrover to a halt in a concrete compound. There are army trucks and civilian cars everywhere along with huge, mysterious pipes and metal tanks.

A uniformed Corporal, LYONS (20s, small, trim) darts from the brick entrance-way to meet them.

LYONS
What is it? Are we in trouble?

SHERLOCK
Are we in trouble, *sir*.

Lyons comes to attention.

LYONS
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

SHERLOCK
You were expecting us?

LYONS
Your ID showed up straight away, Mr Holmes. Corporal Lyons. Security. *Is there something wrong, sir?*

SHERLOCK
I hope not, Corporal. I hope not.

LYONS
We don't get inspected, you see, sir. It just doesn't happen.

JOHN
Never heard of a spot check?

Lyons looks questioningly at John who pulls out his own army ID.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Captain John Watson. Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lyons snaps to attention and salutes. John reciprocates.

LYONS
Sir!

LYONS (CONT'D)
(squirming)
Major Barrymore won't be pleased, sir. He'll want to see you both. Immediately.

*

*

JOHN
I'm afraid we don't have time for
that. We need the full tour.
Right now. Carry on.

Lyons hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's an order, Corporal.

LYONS
Yes, sir.

Lyons leads them through into the glass portico.

Sherlock checks his watch.

Lyons swipes his card through another reader - *beep!*

Sherlock swipes his fake card - *beep!*

And we **zoom** into the guts of the ID reader. The screen
immediately crowds with a matrix-like scree of data.

A trail of golden numbers seem to follow Sherlock, John and
Lyons as they head into the base.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BASKERVILLE. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR. DAY. 20

LYONS leads them down a brick corridor.

SHERLOCK
(to John)
Nice touch.

JOHN
Haven't pulled rank in ages.

SHERLOCK
Enjoy it?

JOHN
(delighted)
Oh yes.

Lyons leads them into an elevator. As the doors close,
SHERLOCK notices the number of buttons. The base obviously
goes a long way down...

CUT TO:

21

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY.

21

The lift doors open onto a spartan, modern lab set-up. A contrast to the old brick walls. Stark white light alternates with pools of a sort of underwater green.

CLOSE on a shrieking, caged chimp, rattling the bars of its prison.

LYONS and SHERLOCK swipe their cards again. *Beep! - beep!*

The trail of golden numbers sparkles along the bottom of the screen. Like a code unlocking.

Sherlock looks at his watch again.

Masked and gowned SCIENTISTS are at work-stations, busy on innumerable and unknown experiments. A few glance round as the strangers walk past.

The scientists all seem equally blank and unknown. Their masks rendering them chillingly identical.

In cages all over the place are rats, mice, monkeys ... and dogs.

SHERLOCK

How many animals do you keep down here?

LYONS

Lots.

SHERLOCK

Any of them ever get out?

LYONS

(smiles)

They'd have to know how to get through that door, sir. And we're not breeding them that clever.

SHERLOCK

Unless they have help?

Lyons doesn't respond.

JOHN

What exactly do you do in here?

LYONS

I thought you'd know. This being an inspection. Sir.

JOHN

(cold)

Yes. But I'm not an expert. Am I?

Lyons is stung by this. Tries to make amends.

LYONS
Everything from stem cell
research to trying to cure the
common cold, sir.

JOHN
But mostly weaponry?

LYONS
Of one sort or another.

JOHN
Biological, chemical...

LYONS
One war ends. Another one begins,
sir. New enemies to fight. We
have to be prepared. This way,
please.

He leads the way across the room.

We linger on one scientist as they open a sealed, sterile
interior door. Inside is a huge stainless-steel object like
a fridge. They take out a tray of jars and a wave of icy
mist tumbles into the room.

Close on the jars. Each is an animal embryo, though it's
impossible to make out exactly what species.

The scientist turns, pulling off his mask as he does so,
revealing DR FRANKLAND (50s, breezy).

FRANKLAND
Can I help?

LYONS
That's ok, Dr Frankland. Just
showing these gentlemen around.

FRANKLAND
Oh. New faces! How nice. Careful
you don't get stuck here, though.
I only came to fix a tap.

He smiles then passes them, walking to the lift. He jabs
his finger at the button.

JOHN
(nodding to the lift)
How far down does that go?

LYONS
Quite a way.

Frankland gets into the lift and the doors close over his face. As they do, he narrows his eyes at Sherlock. Does he recognise him?

JOHN
And what's down there?

LYONS
(shrugs)
We have to keep the bins
somewhere, sir.

The golden trail of numbers suddenly branches out like a Tube map over the screen.

CUT TO:

22

INT. BASKERVILLE. SERVICE CORRIDOR. DAY.

22

A long, dimly-lit corridor. Antiseptic in its starkness. LYONS appears, SHERLOCK and JOHN following close behind.

JOHN
Get out much, do you? From
Baskerville, I mean?

LYONS
Not really, sir. It's a bit like
doing a tour of duty on a sub. We
rarely come up for air. There's a
mess room where we're meant to
unwind. But you can only watch
'The Lion King' so many times,
you know.

They pass a door. Sherlock peers through the round glass panel inset in it.

Sherlock's POV: Another white-coated scientist is by a glass tank. He's wearing a surgical mask. The room is bleach-white. Microscopes, computer screens everywhere.

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into two, following the path of a phone line.

We stay with Sherlock, John and Lyons on one side of the screen. In the other, a WOMAN, seen only from behind, picks up a phone.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB B. DAY.

23

Beep! Beep!

SHERLOCK, JOHN, LYONS enter another lab. It's a huge white room studded with small amber coloured windows. There's a smaller room towards the back. It's labelled 'Cryo - Danger'. Through its amber-coloured window they can see a sandy-haired woman bent over a centrifuge. Test tubes spin wildly. This is JACQUI STAPLETON (40s, hard). She catches sight of them and comes out. As the door hisses closed behind her we can see how cold it is inside the little room.

LYONS
Ah. Dr Stapleton.

SHERLOCK
(alert)
Stapleton?

STAPLETON
Yes. Who's this?

LYONS
Priority ultra, Ma'am. Orders
from on high. An inspection.

STAPLETON
Really?

SHERLOCK
We're to be accorded every
courtesy, Dr Stapleton. What's
your role at Baskerville?

She laughs contemptuously.

JOHN
Accorded ever courtesy, wasn't
that the idea? *

STAPLETON
I'm not free to say. Official
Secrets. *

SHERLOCK
Oh, you most certainly are free.
And I suggest you remain that way. *

A beat on Stapleton - registering the threat.

STAPLETON
I have a lot of fingers in a lot
of pies. I like to mix things up.
Genes, mostly. Now and then,
actual fingers.

SHERLOCK
Stapleton - I know the name.

STAPLETON

I doubt it.

Sherlock takes out a notebook and hastily scribbles down something.

SHERLOCK

People say there's no such thing as coincidence - what dull lives they must have.

He holds up the note. It says: **BLUEBELL.**

STAPLETON

Have you been talking to my daughter?

SHERLOCK

Why did Bluebell have to die, Dr. Stapleton?

JOHN

The rabbit?

SHERLOCK

Disappeared from inside a locked hutch. Which was always suggestive.

JOHN

The rabbit?

*

SHERLOCK

Clearly an inside job.

STAPLETON

Oh, you reckon?

SHERLOCK

Why? Because it glowed in the dark?

STAPLETON

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. *Who are you?*

SHERLOCK

(checks watch)

Well, I think we've seen enough for now, Corporal. Thank you so much.

LYONS

That's it?

SHERLOCK

That's it.

STAPLETON
Just a minute!

SHERLOCK
It's this way, isn't it?

JOHN
(Catching up with him -
sotto)
Have we broken into a military base
to investigate a *rabbit*??

Sherlock swipes his ID through the door reader.

Beep!

The golden tracery of numbers splits the screen into four.

Screen One: another phone call. Screen Two: another. Screen
Three: a computer terminal.

On-screen, in the same golden font:

UNAUTHORISED USE.

Finally, the golden thread connects to --

CUT TO:

24 INT. DIOGENES CLUB. STRANGERS' ROOM. DAY. 24

-- MYCROFT, in a leather armchair, sipping tea. His phone
beeps. He checks it. Doesn't look pleased.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB A. DAY. 25

Beep - beep!

SHERLOCK, JOHN and LYONS hurry through the first lab.

Sherlock's phone buzzes. He checks it.

On-screen text: *What are you doing?*

SHERLOCK
Twenty three minutes.
(smiles)
Mycroft's getting slow.

Sherlock swipes his ID card through the elevator reader.

Beep!

The elevator doors open - revealing Frankland.

FRANKLAND
Hello again.

Sherlock, John and Lyons join him inside.

CUT TO:

26

INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR.

26

The elevator doors spring open - revealing MAJOR BARRYMORE (50s, trim black beard).

LYONS
Oh - Major -

*
*

BARRYMORE
This is bloody outrageous! Why
wasn't I told?

SHERLOCK and JOHN step past him into the corridor and walk swiftly towards the exit. Barrymore races after them. FRANKLAND and LYONS bring up the rear.

JOHN
Major Barrymore, is it? Yes.
Well. Good. Very good. We're very
impressed. Aren't we, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK
Deeply. Hugely.

His phone buzzes again.

On-screen text: *What's going on, Sherlock?*

BARRYMORE
The whole point of Baskerville
was to eliminate this kind of
bureaucratic nonsense!

SHERLOCK
(pleasant)
I'm so sorry, Major --

BARRYMORE
Inspections!

SHERLOCK
-- but it's new policy. We can't
leave you un-monitored forever.
Goodness knows what you'd get up
to.
(sotto)
Keep walking.

Suddenly a klaxon shrieks!

Lyons races up to them, phone in hand.

LYONS
Sir! ID unauthorised, sir!

JOHN
What?

LYONS
Just had the call.

BARRYMORE
(pleased)
Is that right?

He slams his hand against a button on the wall and the door in front of them seals with a hiss.

Sherlock and John are trapped. Sherlock is totally calm.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

JOHN
Look, there's obviously been some kind of mistake -

Barrymore holds out his hand, Sherlock gives him the ID Card.

BARRYMORE
Clearly not Mycroft Holmes.

JOHN
(tuts)
Computer error, Major. It'll all have to go in the report.

BARRYMORE
What the hell's going on?

FRANKLAND (O.S.)
It's alright, Major. I know exactly who these gentlemen are.

They turn. FRANKLAND has appeared from behind.

BARRYMORE
You do?

FRANKLAND
Getting slow on faces - but Mr. Holmes isn't someone I expected to show up in this place.

He's approaching. On Sherlock - bracing himself for rapid-fire explanation.

SHERLOCK

Ah! Well!

FRANKLAND

Good to see you again, Mycroft.

On Sherlock and John. Wha - ??

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

(To Barrymore)

I had the honour of meeting Mr
Holmes at the W.H.O. Conference.
Brussels, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

(blithely)

Vienna.

FRANKLAND

That's right.

He smiles pleasantly at Barrymore.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

This *is* Mr Mycroft Holmes, Major.
There's obviously been a mistake.

Barrymore looks them glacially up and down.

BARRYMORE

On your head be it, Dr Frankland.

He jabs his finger at the button and the door unlocks.
Barrymore turns on his heel and goes.

FRANKLAND

(to Lyons)

I'll show them out, Corporal.

Lyons still seems suspicious.

LYONS

Very well, sir.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. BASKERVILLE. COMPOUND. DAY.

27

SHERLOCK, JOHN and FRANKLAND walk briskly out of the main
doors.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

FRANKLAND

(urgent)

This is about Henry Knight, isn't it?

Sherlock doesn't answer.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Thought so. I knew he wanted to get help. Didn't realise he'd contact Sherlock Holmes. Oh I know who you really are. Never off that website! Thought you'd be wearing the hat.

*
*

SHERLOCK

It wasn't my hat.

FRANKLAND

Hardly recognise you without it.

SHERLOCK

Really wasn't mine.

FRANKLAND

Love the blog too, Dr Watson.

JOHN

Cheers.

FRANKLAND

The Pink thing! And that one about the Aluminium Crutch!

SHERLOCK

(cutting across)

You know Henry Knight?

Frankland's tone darkens.

FRANKLAND

I knew his Dad better. He had all kinds of mad theories about this place - but still, he was a good friend --

He glances round. BARRYMORE is watching them through the window.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Look, I can't talk now. Here's my cell number.

(Handing him a card)

If I can help, with Henry, give me a call.

SHERLOCK

I never asked, Dr Frankland. What is it you do up here, exactly?

FRANKLAND

(smiles)

Well, you know, I'd love to tell you but then I'd have to kill you.

SHERLOCK

That would be tremendously ambitious of you. Tell me about Dr. Stapleton. *

FRANKLAND

I never speak ill of a colleague.

SHERLOCK

But you'd speak well of one. Which you are clearly omitting to do.

FRANKLAND

I do seem to be, don't I?

SHERLOCK

(Indicating card)

I'll be in touch.

FRANKLAND

Any time.

Frankland heads away.

JOHN

So?

SHERLOCK

So?

JOHN

What was all that stuff about the rabbit?

Sherlock just gives an enigmatic smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Oh look. Can we not do this, this time?

SHERLOCK

Do what?

JOHN

You being all...mysterious. With your -- *cheekbones* -- and turning up your coat collar so you look cool.

SHERLOCK

I don't do that.

JOHN

Yes you do.

A bit miffed, Sherlock gets into the landrover. John gets into the passenger side and they drive off -- pulling up sharp at the check-point --

Beep!

-- and then roaring away onto the moor.

CUT TO:

28

INT. LANDROVER. DAY.

28

JOHN

So, the email from Kirsty - the missing luminous rabbit...

SHERLOCK

Kirsty *Stapleton* - whose mother specialises in genetic manipulation.

JOHN

She made her daughter's rabbit glow in the dark?

SHERLOCK

Probably a fluorescent gene. Removed and spliced into the specimen. Simple enough these days.

JOHN

So?

SHERLOCK

So we know Dr. Stapleton performs secret genetic experiments on animals. The question is, has she been working on something deadlier than a rabbit?

JOHN

... in fairness, that is quite a wide field.

CUT TO:

29

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. DAY.

29

Flash!

Bloodied hands.

Snarling dog's mouth.

CHARLIE's wild, terrified eyes.

HENRY opens his eyes. He's lying on his own sofa. It's a large room with big patio windows looking out onto the garden.

HENRY
That part doesn't change.

LOUISE (O.S.)
What does?

He glances over at DR LOUISE MORTIMER (30s, neat), his therapist sitting in a chair by the window.

HENRY
There's something else. A name.

Henry concentrates. Closes his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Liberty.

LOUISE
Liberty?

She scribbles down notes on a pad.

HENRY
And there's another word. 'In'.
I.N. 'Liberty in.' What do you
think it means?

Mortimer shrugs helplessly.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Liberty in *what*?

CUT TO:

30

EXT. DARTMOOR. DAY.

30

FLAP!

JOHN opens a map. He and SHERLOCK and JOHN are standing on a tor overlooking Dartmoor. Sherlock is gazing out over the vast, bleak, landscape. John glances from the map to the moor.

JOHN
There's Baskerville.

We can just make out some of the brick buildings, partially obscured by trees. Some way off is a cluster of houses.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 And Grimpen village. That must be
 - yes - Dewer's Hollow.

*

He looks over onto the moor where's there's a separate little wooded area. Sherlock takes out some binoculars.

Sherlock's POV: There's a big, fenced off area in front of Baskerville.

SHERLOCK
 What's that?

He hands the binoculars to John. John looks, then checks with the map. We see that around the rectangular shapes of the base is a large shaded area marked with a skull and crossbones.

JOHN
 (glancing at map)
 Minefield, maybe.

Sherlock looks over.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Technically, Baskerville's an
 army base. I guess they've always
 been keen to keep people out.

SHERLOCK
 Clearly.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. GRIMPEN HIGH STREET. DAY.

31

ROAR!

A huge, snarling wolf's head thrusts straight towards camera --

-- but it's a mask worn by FLETCHER (20s, skater-punk chic). A group of TOURISTS in walking gear are flocked round him in the pleasant village of Grimpen. Plenty of new housing and a veggie gastro-pub: The Cross Keys. The moor is visible through gaps in the twisty streets

One of the tourists shrieks delightedly, and then laughs as Fletcher removes the wolf's head.

FLETCHER
 Gotcha! Hope you've enjoyed
 yourselves, anyway, ladies and
 gents! If you're with a loved
 one, I hope you held their hand.
 (MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

If you're on your own, I hope
this was an opportunity to make
new friends!

More laughter.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Three tours a day. Tell your
friends. Tell *anyone!*
Don't be strangers and remember,
stay away from the moor at night!
If you value your lives!

He howls like a wolf. Lots of laughter. The crowd disperse,
leaving SHERLOCK and JOHN watching. Fletcher packs up his
things including a big, home-made sign: a scary-looking
woodcut of a savage dog and, in writing dripping with black
blood 'Beware the Hound!!'

Sherlock turns up his coat collar. John gives him a look.

SHERLOCK

It's cold.

CUT TO:

32

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

32

A nicely refurbished pub, veggie menu prominent. Lots of
low light and iron furniture. It's pretty busy too.

Landlord GARY (50s, burly, Glaswegian) is behind the bar,
facing JOHN and SHERLOCK, who's watching the punters.
There's a spike with receipts on it next to a lifeboat
appeal box.

GARY

(winks)

Sorry we couldn't do a double
room for you.

JOHN

That's fine. We're not -

(sighs)

Here you go.

He hands over some money.

GARY

Ta. I'll just get your change.

He goes to the till. John glances down at the bar and
something catches his eye. One of the receipts. Hastily
John rips it from the spike and pockets it just as Gary
returns.

JOHN
(a bit thrown)
Um - Couldn't help noticing. On
the map of the moor. Skull and
cross bones.

GARY
Oh *that*.

JOHN
Pirates?

GARY
(laughs)
The Great Grimpen Minefield, they
call it.

JOHN
Yeah?

GARY
Not what you think. It's the
Baskerville testing site. It's
been going for eighty odd years,
I'm not sure anyone's really sure
what's there any more.

JOHN
What, explosives?

GARY
Not just explosives. Break into
that that place, you're in luck if
you only get blown up - so they
say.

(laughs)
In case you're planning a nice
stroll.

JOHN
Ta. We'll remember.

GARY
Buggers up tourism a bit - so
thank God for the demon hound!
You see that show? The
documentary?

JOHN
Quite recently.

GARY
God bless Henry Knight and his
monster from hell.

JOHN
You seen it. The Hound?

GARY

Me? Nah. Fletcher has though.

He nods to FLETCHER who's now having a pint in the corner with some mates. He has a ruck-sack on his back.

GARY (CONT'D)

He runs these walks. Monster walks, you know. For the tourists. He's seen it.

Sherlock's ears prick up at this. As he watches, Fletcher's phone rings and he heads out of the back of the pub.

JOHN

That's handy. For trade.

A slim, younger man - BILLY - crosses from the kitchen.

GARY

Just saying, we've been rushed off our feet, haven't we, Billy?

BILLY

Yes. Lots of monster hunters. Doesn't take much these days. One mention on Twitter and - *whoomph!*
(to Gary)
We're out of 'Wicked'.

GARY

Right.

BILLY

What with the monster and the ruddy prison, I don't know how we sleep at night, do you, Gary?

GARY

Like a baby.

BILLY

That's not true. He's a snorer. Yours a snorer?

JOHN

(quickly)
Got any crisps?

CUT TO:

33

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

33

The front of the pub. Benches and furled umbrellas. FLETCHER is on his phone.

FLETCHER
 (into phone)
 No. Tom's got plenty. No. I told
 him. Yeah. Ok. 'Bye.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
 Mind if I join you?

Fletcher turns. Sherlock's right next to him. Fletcher shrugs.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 It's not true, is it? You haven't
 seen this...Hound thing?

FLETCHER
 (suspicious)
 You from the papers?

SHERLOCK
 No. Nothing like that. Just
 curious. *Have* you seen it?

FLETCHER
 Maybe.

SHERLOCK
 Got any proof?

FLETCHER
 Why would I tell you if I did?
 'Scuse me.

He makes to go past Sherlock just as JOHN comes out from the pub.

JOHN
 I called Henry -

SHERLOCK
 Bet's off, John. Sorry.

JOHN
 What?

Fletcher stops in his tracks.

FLETCHER
Bet?

SHERLOCK
 My plan needs darkness. We've
 still got about half an hour -

FLETCHER
 Hang on, hang on. What bet?

SHERLOCK

I bet John here fifty quid you
couldn't prove you'd seen the
Hound.

A quick glance between John and Sherlock. John gets up to
speed straight away.

JOHN

The guys in the pub said you
could.

Fletcher's eyes light up.

FLETCHER

(to Sherlock)

Well, you're gonna lose your
money, mate.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

Yeah?

Fletcher scrolls through pictures on his phone.

FLETCHER

I have seen it. Only about a
month ago. It was up by the
hollow. It was foggy, mind.
Couldn't make much out.

SHERLOCK

(sceptical)

I see. No witnesses, I suppose.

FLETCHER

No, but -

SHERLOCK

Never are.

FLETCHER

Wait -

Fletcher brandishes his phone triumphantly.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

There!

We see: a blurred, flash-lit image of some kind of huge
dog. It's running. And fog obscures most of it. Fletcher
scrolls through a few more similar photos.

Sherlock snorts.

SHERLOCK

Is that it? Hardly proof. Sorry,
John. I win.

He turns to go.

FLETCHER

Wait, wait! That's not all. People don't like going up there, you know. To the hollow. Gives them a...bad sort of feeling.

SHERLOCK

Ooh. Haunted? Is that supposed to convince me?

FLETCHER

Nah. Don't be stupid. Nothing like that. But I reckon there is *something* out there. Something from Baskerville. Escaped.

SHERLOCK

What? A clone? A super-dog?

FLETCHER

Maybe. God knows what they've been spraying on us all these years. Or putting in the water. I wouldn't trust them as far as I could spit.

SHERLOCK

Is that the best you've got?

Fletcher undoes his rucksack. As he does so, he leans conspiratorially towards John and Sherlock.

FLETCHER

I had a mate once who worked for the MOD. One weekend we were meant to be going fishing and he didn't turn up. Well, not till late. And when he did, he was white as a sheet. I can see him now. "I've seen things today, Fletch", he said. "That I never want to see again".

Sherlock and John listen, fascinated.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

He'd been sent to some secret army place. Porton Down, maybe. Maybe Baskerville. Or somewhere else. And in the labs there, in some of the really secret labs he said he'd seen...*terrible things*. Rats as big as dogs, he said.

He looks gravely at them.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

And dogs. Dogs the size of
horses...

And now he takes something from his ruck-sack. It's a
plaster cast of a dog's footprint. A HUGE dog's footprint.

Sherlock looks chastened. He turns to go. John clears his
throat and holds out his hand.

JOHN

We did say fifty?

Reluctantly, Sherlock gets out his wallet.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. GRIMPEN. HENRY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

34

SHERLOCK make their way down an avenue of trees to Henry's
house. *

*
*

SHERLOCK

'Racing Post' in his back pocket.
Did you see it? You can always
draw information from people like
that with the threat of a bet. If
I'd offered him a grand he'd
never have told us as much!

Henry's house is unexpectedly imposing. A very old,
ramshackle conservatory with a very modern extension (patio
doors, security lights). *

*
*
*

Sherlock rings the bell, then holds out his hand to John.

JOHN

No. I'm keeping that.

SHERLOCK

You can't. It wasn't a real bet.

JOHN

You owe me.

SHERLOCK

Do I?

JOHN

Oh yes.

The door opens and Henry is framed there.

HENRY

Hi.

John indicates the house. *

*

JOHN *
 This is... *
 (shrugs) *
 Are you...*rich*? *

HENRY *
 Yeah. *

JOHN *
 Right. *

HENRY *
 Come in, come in. *

SHERLOCK
 No.

HENRY
 No?

JOHN
 He's got a plan.

HENRY
 Right.

SHERLOCK
 We take you back out onto the
 moor.

HENRY
 Ok.

SHERLOCK
 And see if anything attacks you.

Beat.

JOHN
What?

Henry looks appalled.

SHERLOCK
 That should bring things to a
 head.

HENRY
 At night? You want me to go out
 there at night?

JOHN
That's your plan? Brilliant.

SHERLOCK
 Do you have any better ideas?

JOHN
That's not a plan!

SHERLOCK
Look, if there's a monster out there, John, there's only one thing to do. Find out where it lives!

CUT TO:

35 EXT. DARTMOOR. TOR. DUSK. 35

Montage.

HENRY is leading SHERLOCK and JOHN over the rocky tor. The sun is setting over the wild, bleak landscape.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DARTMOOR. ENTRANCE TO WOOD. DUSK. 36

They enter the knot of twisted woodland where we first saw little Henry.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT. 37

Three torch beams slice through the darkness, lighting up the gnarled and sinister limbs of the ancient trees.

HENRY is packing away a flask of coffee. JOHN drains his and hands over his plastic cup.

JOHN
Cheers.

HENRY
A couple of words. That's what I keep seeing. 'Liberty'.

JOHN
Liberty?

HENRY
'Liberty' and 'in.' Just that.
'Liberty in.'

Sherlock glances at John. He shrugs.

Sherlock points his torch down a narrow avenue of trees. The beam throws huge shadows over the ground.

While Henry is packing away the flask, John sidles up to Sherlock.

JOHN
(sotto)
Mean anything to you?

SHERLOCK
(grave)
"Liberty in death"? Isn't that
the expression? The only true
freedom.

He walks on down the avenue. HENRY follows.

JOHN lingers on his own for a moment, thoughtful. Then brings his torch to bear on the dark spaces between the trees.

They stand out like gaps in a mouthful of bad teeth. The darkness seems deep. Threatening.

He's about to follow the others when something catches his eye, some way away on the moor.

It's a light. Flashing intermittently on and off.

A signal?

John is immediately intrigued.

He glances round for his companions but can't see them so takes out his notebook and urgently scribbles down what appears to be a Morse message.

JOHN
U...M...Q...R...A.
Umgra?

The light vanishes.

John waits.

It comes back on, flashing very briefly.

John scribbles and waits. But the flashing has stopped.

He hurries down the avenue of trees in search of Sherlock and Henry.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK's torch flickers over a grassy knoll.

SHERLOCK
We met a friend of yours.

HENRY
What?

SHERLOCK
Dr Frankland.

HENRY
Oh. Right. Bob. Yeah.

SHERLOCK
He seems pretty concerned about you.

HENRY
He's a worrier. Bless him. He's been very kind to me since I came back.

SHERLOCK
He knew your father?

HENRY
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
But he works at Baskerville. Didn't your dad have a problem with that?

HENRY
Mates are mates, aren't they? Look at you and John.

SHERLOCK
What about us?

HENRY
Well, I mean. He's a pretty straightforward bloke and -

He tails off. Sherlock is watching him closely.

HENRY (CONT'D)
They agreed never to discuss work. Uncle Bob and my dad.

SHERLOCK
It's this way? The hollow?

HENRY
Yes.

They walk on. The ground begins to dip.

Below them is a strange hollow with darkened caves inset in it. As they walk down the slope, mist begins to creep over their shoes.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. WOOD. GLADE. NIGHT.

39

JOHN enters a glade, where the trees thin out a little. It's silent as a tomb. He shines his torch. The strange, twisted trees throw grotesque shadows.

And then stops dead.

Thud.

Thud.

Thud.

He listens. It comes again.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Regular as a heart beat. Where's that coming from?

John glances over his shoulder. Sees nothing. He frowns. Not frightened. Just intrigued.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

In the warm emptiness, the sound is somehow strangely loud and unsettling. What *is* it?

Thud. Thud. Thud.

John shines his torch into the darkness. Sweeps it over the trees.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

The sound is closer.

John quickens his step again.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Definitely closer. He starts to run towards the sound --

-- and almost falls over a big, rusted oil-drum that's lying abandoned in the wood.

He looks.

A gnarled tree overhangs the oil-drum and from the branches falls a steady stream of raindrops from a recent downpour. They're hitting the rusty metal --

Thud. Thud. Thud.

John sighs. He turns back to face the way he's come and --
SOMETHING flashes past him at speed.

We see it. He doesn't.

John turns back. Then --

HOWWWWL!

-- a blood-curdling, unearthly howl splits the night air!!

John races off in the direction of the sound.

JOHN
 (calling)
Sherlock!

He runs on, his torch beam bobbing and weaving through the trees.

HOWWWWL!

It comes again. Even more haunting and scary.

In the beam of his torch, the stark tree trunks stand out like skeletal fingers.

John hurries off in pursuit.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

40

Fog ripples within the hollow. SHERLOCK appears on the lip of it and stumbles down the slope. HENRY is some way behind.

HOWWWWWL!

CLOSE on HUGE footprints in the wet soil of the slope.

A dog's footprints.

The beam of SHERLOCK's torch illuminates them as he totters down the slope. He looks wildly round -- and stops dead.

He stares and stares and stares.

What is he seeing?

We zoom into Sherlock, still as a statue.

And then we cut to *something's* POV of Sherlock.

Growwwl.

Sherlock freezes.

Then whatever it is races away. We can hear its great paws slapping at the marshy ground.

Henry appears behind Sherlock and gawps --

HENRY
*Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!!
 Did you ...did you see that?*

He swings round to Sherlock who is silent and pale.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 (to Sherlock)
 Did you see it?

Sherlock says nothing. He just stands there with the fog billowing around him.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. WOOD. NIGHT.

41

The beam of JOHN'S torch weaves over the uneven ground.
 Suddenly it picks out SHERLOCK. HENRY running behind him.

JOHN
 Did you hear - ?

*

HENRY
 (over)
 We saw it. We saw it!

SHERLOCK
 No.

Beat.

HENRY
 What?

SHERLOCK
 I didn't see anything.

HENRY
 What're you talking about?

SHERLOCK
 (snarl)
 I didn't see anything!

He stalks away.

On Henry: *what??*

CUT TO:

42

EXT. BASKERVILLE. CHECKPOINT. NIGHT.

42

In full running gear, CORPORAL LYONS jogs back towards the base. He nods to the MP on duty --

MP
'Evening, sir.

-- and swipes his ID card.

Beep!

As he passes through into the compound, something catches his eye. Distantly, out on the moor, a light flashes. He frowns. Then goes inside.

CUT TO:

43

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

43

CLOSE on a syringe as JOHN injects HENRY in the arm. Henry is in a total state, almost gibbering with fear.

HENRY
He must have seen it! *I* saw it.
He must've --

JOHN
Ok, get your head down now. Come on.

HENRY
Why would he say that? It was there. It *was*.

John gently pushes Henry down onto the sofa and pulls a duvet over him.

JOHN
Just try and relax. Ok? Get some sleep.

HENRY
I'm ok! Really I am. This is good news, John. It's *good*. I'm not crazy. There is a Hound. There *is*. Sherlock saw it too. No matter what he says.

On John: he doesn't know what to think.

CUT TO:

44

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. NIGHT.

44

SHERLOCK is sitting alone by the fire. He looks pale and shaken.

JOHN comes in and sits down opposite him.

JOHN

He's in a pretty bad way. Manic.
He's totally convinced there's some
kind of mutant super-dog on the
moor. But there isn't, is there? *
Cos if people could make mutant
super-dogs, we'd know. They'd be
for sale - that's how it works.

Sherlock: no response. *

JOHN (CONT'D) *

Listen, I saw someone signalling. *
Out on the moor. Morse. I guess *
it's Morse. Doesn't make a lot of *
sense, though. U.M.Q.R.A. Mean *
anything to - ? *

Still nothing. *

JOHN (CONT'D) *

So. Ok. What have we got? There
are footprints. Henry found them.
So did that tour bloke. We all
heard something...

(sighs)

Maybe we should just look for
whoever's got a big dog.

SHERLOCK

Henry's right.

JOHN

What?

Beat.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too.

JOHN

What?

Sherlock turns to look at John. There's a sort of mania in his red-rimmed eyes.

SHERLOCK

I saw it too, John.

JOHN

Hang on. You saw *what* exactly?

SHERLOCK

A hound. Out there. In the hollow. A *giant* hound.

Worried, John glances round.

JOHN

(sotto)

Look. *Sherlock*. We've got to be rational about this. Ok? You of all people can't just - Let's stick to what we know, yeah? To the facts.

SHERLOCK

(grave)

Once you've ruled out the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be true.

JOHN

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

Sherlock lifts his glass and gazes, fascinated, at his own trembling hand.

SHERLOCK

Look at me. I'm afraid, John. *Afraid*.

JOHN

Sherlock -

SHERLOCK

I've...I've always been able to keep myself detached. Divorce myself from...feelings. But look. My body is *betraying* me. Interesting. You see? Emotions - the grit on the lens, the fly in the ointment!

JOHN

Yeah, alright, Spock. Just take it easy. Look, you've been pretty...wired lately. You know you have. Maybe you got yourself worked up out there. A bit hysterical.

SHERLOCK

Worked up?

JOHN

It was scary and dark and --

SHERLOCK

Me? There's nothing wrong with me.

*

Sherlock closes his eyes. His heartbeat pounds in his ears.

JOHN (O.S.)

Sherlock?

*

Sherlock doesn't move. We hear his heart beat wildly on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

(suddenly furious)

*There is nothing wrong with me!
You understand? You want me to
prove it? Do you?*

He looks round wildly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

*We're looking for a dog, yes? A
great big dog! That's your
brilliant theory. Cherchez le
chien! Excellent. Good. Yes!
Where shall we start?*

He scans the room. There's a MAN (40s, scruffy) in a loud jumper eating in silence with a smartly-dressed WOMAN (60s).

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

How about them - -

Text explodes around them: *Christmas. Scars. Threadbare. Heels. Worn. Starter. Pudding. Wedding ring. Jewellery. Cheap. Hairs. Knee high.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- the sentimental widow and her son the unemployed fisherman? The answer's yes.

JOHN

Yes?

SHERLOCK

She's got a West Highland terrier called 'Whisky'. Not really what we're looking for.

JOHN

Sherlock, for God's sake --

But he's off like an express train, scarcely pausing for breath (sorry, Benedict).

SHERLOCK

Look at his jumper. Hardly been worn and he's clearly uncomfortable in it. Maybe because of the material, more likely the hideous pattern. Suggests it was a gift. Probably Christmas. So, he wants into his Mother's good books. Why? Almost certainly money. He's treating her to a meal but his own portion is small. That means he wants to impress her but is still trying to economise on his own food.

JOHN

Maybe he's not very hungry.

SHERLOCK

No! Small plate - a starter - and he's almost licked it clean. She's onto her pavlova. If *she'd* treated *him*, he'd have had as much as he could. He's hungry alright. And not well off. You can see that from the state of his cuffs and his heels.

(imitating John)

How do you know she's his mother? Who else would give him a Christmas present like that? Could be an Aunt. Older sister. But mother's most likely. Now he was a fisherman. The pattern scarring on his hands is from fish-hooks. Very distinctive. But they're all quite old which means he's been off work some time. Not much industry in this part of the world so now he's turned to his widowed mother for help.

(answering John's unasked question)

Widow, yes! Obviously. There's a man's wedding ring on a chain round her neck. Clearly her late husband's but too big for her finger. She's well-dressed but the rest of her jewellery is pretty cheap. She's hung onto it even though she can afford better. *Sentimental*. Now. The dog. Little white hairs all over her legs from when it gets a bit too friendly. But the hairs don't go further than the knee which says it's a small dog, probably a terrier.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Not really what we're looking for. In fact it's a West Highland terrier called Whisky. *How the hell can you know that, Sherlock?* Because they were on the same train as us and I heard her calling its name! And that's not cheating, that's *listening*. I use *my* senses, John, unlike some people. So. You see? I'm *fine!* In fact, I've never been better! SO JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!

John sits back, as if struck. More punters look round. The whole pub is silenced.

JOHN

Ok. No problem. Why would you want to listen to me? I'm just your friend.

SHERLOCK

I don't have friends.

Beat.

JOHN

No. I wonder why.

He gets up and stalks out of the pub.

Sherlock forms his hands into fists, desperate to hold himself together. He stares into the flickering flames of the fire...

CUT TO:

45

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. BEER GARDEN. NIGHT.

45

JOHN strides furiously round the back of the pub into the beer garden.

He plunges his hands into his pockets, fuming, then stiffens as he sees something. Out on the moor, in the darkness.

The light again!

It's only there for a second. John peers ahead. Was it there?

Yes. The light comes again. Quickly on and off. On and off.

He looks back towards the village, hoping to see an answering signal.

But there's nothing. John glances towards the pub and then heads decisively towards the moor.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 46

HENRY is sleeping. But he's restless. Troubled.

Quick, almost subliminal flash: 'Liberty. 'In'.

Henry reacts.

Flash.

'Liberty, In'. The sentence again. But this time, a proper memory. It's a logo, like a stitch-on patch on old jeans.

Henry opens his eyes, unsure where he is. Then he looks out through the patio windows at the great, dark, mysterious moor beyond.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT. 47

The light flashes again. Convinced he's onto something, JOHN races on.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. DARTMOOR. LAY-BY/CAR-PARK. NIGHT. 48

John suddenly finds he's off the moor and in a small moorland car park.

There are several cars grouped around, all with their headlights off.

John shines his torch over them. He catches quick glimpses of embarrassed-looking men.

In the middle of the area is another car, rocking gently from side to side. Its windows are steamed up.

A terrible realisation dawns on John.

JOHN

Oh God.

As the car rocks, its headlights suddenly flash on and off, on and off. From inside the car:

ALISON (O.S.)

Mr Selden! You've done it *again!*

SELDEN (O.S.)
 Sorry. I keep catching it with my
 belt.

John clicks off his torch, turns swiftly on his heel and
 start striding away.

As he strides away, his phone beeps. He yanks it out, bad-
 temperedly. A text! It appears on screen.

HENRY'S THERAPIST CURRENTLY IN CROSS-KEYS PUB.

John, in no mood for this.

JOHN
 So?

Text: Interview her?

On John: no way.

Another beep. On screen:

PHOTO DOWNLOADING.

Now close on John's phone - a photograph of Louise Mortimer.
 She's extremely attractive.

On John, looking resignedly at the photo.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Oh you bad, bad man.

And over John's shoulder we see all the cars bobbing away.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

49

HENRY is back on the sofa. The TV is blaring. He keeps
 glancing into the shadows as though being watched. On the
 TV screen, a big Alsatian appears. Henry hastily switches
 channels.

His gaze flicks to the patio windows again.

The garden is in total darkness. And then --

Snap.

The outside security light bursts into life, flooding the
 garden with its bone-white glare.

Henry starts. But doesn't pay much attention. It'll just be
 a bird or a squirrel. Usual thing.

The garden looks strangely exposed in the light. We see a shed. A bike. A coiled garden hose. A spade leaning against the wall.

Then the security light clicks off again.

Henry returns to watching the TV. He fumbles for the remote and changes channels. There's another bloody dog on. Henry sighs, changes channels. Flick- flick-flick. And now there's a werewolf movie on! Can't get away from it! Angrily he turns off the TV --

*
*
*
*

Snap.

The security light comes on again.

Henry gets up and shuffles to the patio doors. He looks out.

Shed. Bike. Hose. Spade. All as before.

Henry peers out, trying to make out some sign of life.

Henry's POV: Just as the light goes out again -- he sees something else. A big, bulky shape. Flitting swiftly past.

Henry steps back from the window, scared.

The light goes out again. He drags the heavy curtains over the patio doors and stays stock still.

And from outside comes a long, low **GROWL...**

Henry freezes.

He doesn't dare move. Sweat trickles down his forehead.

Again, from outside. **GROWL...**

There's a low, heavy breathing now and the sound of something very large padding around in the garden.

Snap!

Through a chink in the curtains, it's clear that the security light has come back on.

Henry moves his shaking hand towards the curtain.

Does he dare open them?

His own breathing and his own heartbeat dominate now as his hand moves closer...closer to the curtain.

Biting his lip in fear, Henry makes a sudden grab for the curtain, hauls it back and --

BANG!!

-- slamming its great paws against the glass door is --

THE HOUND!

We only see it for a second -- a huge black silhouette with demonic, blood red eyes.

Henry screams!

The security light snaps off and the Hound vanishes from sight as though plucked back into the darkness.

The light snaps back on. The garden is empty.

Henry falls, sobbing to the floor. And his wails become -

CUT TO:

INT. THE "CROSS KEYS" - NIGHT

- laughter in the bright and noisy pub. *

We now find John Watson and Louise Mortimer chatting away. John is just refilling Louise's glass from the wine bottle sitting between them.

JOHN
More wine, doctor?

LOUISE
You trying to get me drunk, doctor?

JOHN
The thought never occurred

LOUISE
Because a while ago I thought you were chatting me up ...

JOHN
Where did I go wrong?

LOUISE
When you started asking me about my patients ...

JOHN
Yeah, but I'm one of Henry's oldest friends.

LOUISE
And he's one of my patients, so I can't talk about him.
(Shoots him a look)
Though he has told me about all his oldest friends - which one are you?

JOHN

... a new one. What about his father, he wasn't your patient. Some sort of conspiracy nutter, yeah?

LOUISE

You're only a nutter if you're wrong.

JOHN

Was he wrong?

LOUISE

I should think so.

JOHN

Got fixated about Baskerville, yeah? What they were up to in there? Maybe Henry's gone the same way - started imagining a Hound -

LOUISE

Why do you think I'm going to talk about this?

JOHN

Because I think you're worried about him. And because I'm a doctor too.

(Hesitates)

And because I've got another friend who might be having the same problem.

On Louise - John is on the money, and this might just be the tipping point. She might actually open up. *

And a hand claps down on John's shoulder. It's Frankland - not on his first drink.

FRANKLAND

Hello, Dr. Watson! How's the investigation going?

JOHN

Um - hello ...

LOUISE

Sorry, what? Investigation?

FRANKLAND

Didn't you know? Don't you read the blog - Sherlock Holmes?

LOUISE

Sherlock who?

FRANKLAND
Private detective. This is his PA.

JOHN
PA??

FRANKLAND
(Friendly wink)
Well - "live in" PA.

JOHN
Oh, perfect!

LOUISE
Live-in?

JOHN
This is Dr. Mortimer, Henry's
therapist.

FRANKLAND
Bob Frankland, hello.
(To John)
Tell Sherlock, I've been keeping an
eye on Stapleton. Any time he wants
a chat.

With a cheery wave, he heads off to the bar.

A cold silence between John and Louise. She starts to get up.

LOUISE
Why don't you buy *him* a drink? I
think he likes you

JOHN
Yeah.

CUT TO:

52

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. DAY.

52

SHERLOCK barges past a shattered-looking HENRY and flings
the curtains open wide. Henry blinks in the light.

SHERLOCK
'Morning! How're you feeling?

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm -- I didn't sleep very well --

SHERLOCK
That's a shame. Shall I make us
some coffee?

He darts into the kitchen --

CUT TO:

53 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

53

-- and his smile instantly drops. He goes straight to the kitchen cupboards and starts rooting through them, opening and closing doors at high speed. He grabs something and stuffs it into his coat.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

54

HENRY comes in, pulling on a jumper. Sherlock is busy making the coffee.

HENRY

Listen. Last night. Why did you say you hadn't seen anything? I mean, I only saw the Hound for a minute but -

SHERLOCK

Hound.

HENRY

What?

SHERLOCK

Why do you call it a Hound? Why a *Hound*?

HENRY

Why? What do you mean, why?

SHERLOCK

It's odd, isn't it? It's very odd. Strange choice of word. Archaic. That's why I took this case - "Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a giant hound." Why would you say *hound*?

Henry looks baffled.

HENRY

I dunno. I've never -

SHERLOCK

Actually, I'd better skip the coffee.

He dashes back out.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. GRIMPEN VILLAGE. DAY.

55 *

JOHN is sitting outside, looking through his notes.

SHERLOCK suddenly appears from round the corner.

A brief stand off. Neither speaks.

At last --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
Get anywhere with that Morse
code?

John shakes his head.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
U.m.q.r.a, wasn't it? What could
that mean? Umqra...

JOHN
Nothing.

SHERLOCK
Umq --

JOHN
Forget it. It's -
I thought I was onto something. I
wasn't.

SHERLOCK
Sure?

JOHN
Yeah.

SHERLOCK
How about Louise Mortimer? Did you
get anywhere with her?

JOHN
No.

SHERLOCK
Too bad. But did you get any
information?

JOHN
Oh, you're being funny now, are
you?

SHERLOCK

I thought it might break the ice a bit.

JOHN

Funny doesn't suit you. Stick to ice.

He gets up, makes to go.

SHERLOCK

John -

JOHN

It's fine.

SHERLOCK

No. Listen to me.

John stops with his back to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Something happened last night. Something I've not really experienced before.

JOHN

(bitter)

Yeah. You said. Fear. Sherlock Holmes got scared. You said.

SHERLOCK

It was more than that, John. It was doubt. I felt....*doubt*.

John glances at him, still not forgiving.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I thought I could trust my own senses. The evidence of my own eyes. Till last night.

JOHN

You can't actually believe you saw some kind of monster -

SHERLOCK

No. I can't believe that.
(smiles grimly)
But I *did* see it. So the question is - how? *How?*

JOHN

Right. Ok. Good. You've got something to go on, then. Good luck with that.

He crosses to the pub door.

SHERLOCK

Wait. What I said before, John.
It's true. I don't have friends.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I've only got one.

Beat.

John looks away. He's touched but he's not going to show it.

JOHN

Right.

He goes inside.

Sherlock suddenly cocks his head to one side, struck by a thought.

SHERLOCK

John, John, John....

He dashes after John into the pub.

CUT TO:

56

INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

56

SHERLOCK

You are brilliant! You're
fantastic!

JOHN

Look, it's ok. You don't have to
overdo the -

SHERLOCK

You may not be very luminous
yourself but as a conductor of
light, you're unbeatable!

JOHN

(not sure)
Cheers. *What?*

SHERLOCK

Some people who aren't geniuses
have an amazing ability to
stimulate it -

JOHN

You were saying *sorry* a minute
ago! I think. Don't mess it up --
(sighs)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
What? What did I do that's so
 bloody stimulating?

Sherlock takes out his notebook and hastily scribbles down
 the word 'HOUND'. He holds it up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Yeah. What of it?

Sherlock jabs his pen at the notebook.

SHERLOCK
 Maybe it's not a word. Maybe it's
 individual letters.

He holds up the notebook again. It now reads 'H.O.U.N.D'.

JOHN
 An acronym? Why would it be an
 acronym?

SHERLOCK
 I have absolutely no idea. But
 there's something....*something* I
 can't quite remember --

He closes his eyes. Thinks, thinks, thinks. Opens his eyes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 John -

John is staring ahead. Sherlock looks. A man in sunglasses
 is sitting at the bar, beaming at them.

LESTRADE
 Hello.

It's LESTRADE! He's tanned and dressed much more casually
 than usual. *

SHERLOCK
 What're you doing here?

LESTRADE
 Nice to see you too.
 I'm on holiday, would you
 believe?

SHERLOCK
 No. I wouldn't. *

LESTRADE
 Hello John.

JOHN
 Greg.

LESTRADE

Heard you were in the area.
What're you up to? You after this
Hound of Hell like on the telly?

SHERLOCK

I'm waiting for an explanation,
Inspector. Why are you here?

LESTRADE

I told you, I'm -

SHERLOCK

You're brown as a nut. Clearly
you've just come *back* from your
holidays.

LESTRADE

(feebly)
Fancied another one.

SHERLOCK

This is Mycroft, isn't it?

LESTRADE

Look -

SHERLOCK

'Course it is. One mention of
Baskerville and he sends down my
handler to spy on me. Incognito. Is
that why you're calling yourself
'Greg'?

JOHN

Greg's his name!

SHERLOCK

Is it?

LESTRADE

Yes! If you'd ever bothered to find
out. Look. I'm not your handler,
and I don't just do what your
brother tells me.

JOHN

Actually, you might be just the
man we want.

SHERLOCK

Why?

JOHN

I haven't been idle, Sherlock. I
think I might have found
something.

John roots in his pocket and takes out the receipt he took from the pub.

Sherlock looks: *'Undershaw Meat Supplies, Coombe Tracey'*.

John nods towards the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's a lot of meat for a
vegetarian restaurant.

*

SHERLOCK
(pleased)
Excellent.

*

*

*

JOHN
A nice, scary inspector from
Scotland Yard who can put in a
few calls might come in very
handy.

*

He goes to the bar and bangs the bell.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Shop!

LESTRADE
Happy to help!

Beat.

LESTRADE (CONT'D)
(grins)
I will need your brother's ID
back, though.

*

CUT TO:

57 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB C. DAY.

57

DR STAPLETON walks past a row of glass cages full of
animals.

She has a surgical mask in her rubber-gloved hands.
Carefully she puts it on.

CUT TO:

58 INT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. BACK ROOM. DAY.

58

GARY and BILLY are standing opposite SHERLOCK, JOHN and
LESTRADE in the neat back room of the pub. Lestrade's
looking through some photocopied papers. Sherlock is,
rather surprisingly, making coffee again.

Sherlock thrusts a mug at John.

JOHN
What's this?

SHERLOCK
Coffee. I made coffee.

JOHN
You never make coffee.

SHERLOCK
I just did. Don't you want it?

JOHN
Look, you don't have to keep
saying sorry...

Sherlock looks at him eagerly, like a puppy.

John takes a big swig. Pulls a face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I don't take -

Sherlock's face falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's good. Nice, yeah.

He drinks more. Lestrade puts down the files, looks sternly at Gary and Billy.

LESTRADE
These records go back nearly two
months. Was that when you had the
idea? After the TV show went out?

BILLY
(panicked)
It's me. It was me.
(to Gary)
Sorry, Gary, I couldn't help it.
I had a bacon sandwich at Cal's
wedding and one thing led to
another.

LESTRADE
Nice try.

Gary and Billy look at each other. Gary sighs, defeated.

GARY
We were just trying to give
things a bit of a boost, you
know. Let a great big dog run
wild on the moor.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

It was heaven sent. Like having our own Loch Ness Monster.

LESTRADE

Where do you keep it?

GARY

There's an old mine shaft. Not far off. He was alright there.

SHERLOCK

Was?

GARY

We couldn't control the bloody thing. It was vicious. So Billy took it to the vet's a about a month ago to...you know...

Beat.

JOHN

It's dead?

GARY

Put down.

BILLY

Yeah. No choice. So --
(shrugs)
It's over.

GARY

It was just a joke, you know -

Lestrade glares at them.

LESTRADE

Hilarious. You've nearly driven a man out of his mind.

Gary and Billy look suitably shame-faced.

CUT TO:

59

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

59

JOHN and LESTRADE emerge first.

JOHN

You do know he's actually pleased you're here? Secretly pleased.

LESTRADE

Is he? That's nice. I suppose he likes having all the same faces back together. It appeals to his...his --

JOHN

Asperger's?

SHERLOCK emerges from the pub.

LESTRADE

You believe them? About having the dog destroyed?

SHERLOCK

No reason not to.

LESTRADE

(brightly)

Well, hopefully no harm done. I'm not quite sure what I'd charge them with anyway. I'll have a word with the local force. That's that, then. Catch you later. I'm enjoying this! Nice to get London out of your lungs!

He goes off.

JOHN

(to Sherlock)

So their dog is what people saw? Out there on the moor?

SHERLOCK

Looks like it.

JOHN

But that's not what *you* saw. That wasn't just an ordinary dog.

SHERLOCK

No.

(remembers)

It was immense. With *burning* red eyes. And it was glowing, John. Its whole body. Glowing.

Sherlock shakes his head as if to clear it.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I've got a theory. But we need to get back into Baskerville to test it.

JOHN
How? You can't pull off the ID
trick again.

SHERLOCK
Maybe I won't have to.

He takes out his phone, speed dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(oozing charm)
Hello, brother dear. How are you?

CUT TO:

60 EXT. BASKERVILLE. CHECK-POINT. DAY.

60

The landrover pulls up at the checkpoint again. The window
hums down and SHERLOCK offers up his ID - with full
confidence this time.

SHERLOCK
I need to see Major Barrymore as
soon as we get inside.

JOHN
Ok.

SHERLOCK
Which means you have to start the
search. For the Hound.

JOHN
Right.

SHERLOCK
In the labs. Stapleton's lab
first. Could be...dangerous.

JOHN smiles.

CUT TO:

61 INT. BASKERVILLE. BARRYMORE'S OFFICE. DAY.

61

A neat, well-furnished office. There's a bust of Churchill
on the desk and a computer. Books line the facing wall.

SHERLOCK is facing MAJOR BARRYMORE across it. He's
laughing.

BARRYMORE
Oh, do you know I'd love to. I'd
love to give you unlimited access
to this place. Why not?

SHERLOCK

It's a simple enough request,
Major.

BARRYMORE

I've never heard anything so
bizarre.

SHERLOCK

You have to give me twenty four
hours. That's what
I've...negotiated.

BARRYMORE

And not a second more! I may have
to comply with this order but I
don't have to like it. I don't
know what the hell you expect to
find here, anyway.

SHERLOCK

Perhaps the truth.

BARRYMORE

About what?

He looks Sherlock up and down.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Oh. I see! The big coat should've
told me. You're one of the
conspiracy lot, aren't you?

(laughs)

Oh, well then go ahead. Seek them
out. The monsters. The death
rays. The *aliens*.

SHERLOCK

You have any of those?

A look from Barrymore.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Just wondering.

BARRYMORE

A couple. Crash landed here in
the 60s. We call them Eric and
Ernie.

He smiles icily.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Good luck, Mr Holmes.

CUT TO:

62 INT. HENRY'S FRONT ROOM. DAY.

62

HENRY is looking out of the patio doors towards the moor. The sun is setting. He looks terrible. He's holding a faded photo showing him as a toddler with his mum and CHARLIE.

They're smiling. Not a care in the world.

Henry closes his eyes.

Flash!

The red eyes of the Hound.

Henry opens his eyes. Rubs his sweating face. He's close to the edge.

The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

63

HENRY opens the front door onto FRANKLAND.

FRANKLAND

Hi, Henry. I was just - - *God*.
Are you ok?

HENRY

Yeah.

FRANKLAND

You don't look it. Anything I can
get you?

CUT TO:

64 INT. BASKERVILLE. BASEMENT. DAY.

64

Beep!

JOHN swipes his new ID as he explores the base, entering a big, gloomy concrete area, lit by stuttering strip-lights.

There's a door close by with a home-made cardboard sign on it. In cheery writing it says "Keep Out - unless you want a cold!!"

John goes in.

CUT TO:

64A. INT. PIPE ROOM. DAY.

A grim concrete room. Big metal pipes curve down so they are flush with the floor. They're very old, rusty and leaking. Thin clouds of vapour are leaking from their cracked joints.

John covers his mouth, looks around and then heads back out.

CUT TO:

65 INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

65

CUT

CUT TO:

66 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'B'. NIGHT.

66

Beep!

JOHN enters the lab where they saw Dr Stapleton.

JOHN

Hello?

No-one's about. The empty room is eerily quiet.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dr Stapleton?

No response. There's a long row of sheeted rectangular shapes along one wall. John walks past them, gingerly lifting a corner of each sheet.

He lifts the first. Beneath it is an empty glass cage.

He moves onto the second. Another glass cage. Also empty. The third is the same.

John has his hand on the sheet covering the fourth cage.

Suddenly a ventilator clatters into life!

John jumps. Then curses, annoyed with himself. He lifts the sheet without looking down and --

SHRIEK!

A grinning monkey glares up at him, teeth bared. John throws the sheet back the way it was, genuinely shocked. He pulls himself together, really cross now and takes a few deep breaths.

Then he notices something further down the lab. It's a very tall rectangular shape, again covered by a cloth.

John approaches it and very carefully pulls off the sheet. A massive, barred steel cage is revealed. Big enough to hold a lion. And the door is ajar.

The action of pulling off the covering sheet makes the door swing. It creaks back and forth.

John frowns.

Snap!

The lights go out!

CUT TO:

67 CC-TV IMAGE 67

John in stark black and white on the CC-TV monitor. He looks round, trying to hold it together.

CUT TO:

68 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'B'. NIGHT. 68

The room is now lit only by the amber windows inset in the walls. It's a queasy, unnerving atmosphere.

John stays put. Trying to stay calm. He's a soldier. This is nothing. Yet he's sweating.

He clears his throat, not sure what to do next.

Then -

Growwwl.

John freezes.

Growwwl.

There's something in there with him.

CUT TO:

69 INT. BASKERVILLE. STAIRWELL. NIGHT. 69

CUT

CUT TO:

70 INT. BASKERVILLE. COLD-STORAGE ROOM. NIGHT. 70

JOHN starts to back towards the door. He reaches inside his jacket for his ID card and, hands shaking tries to swipe it through the security reader.

It squawks and flashes red. Negative.

He tries again. Same result. John can't believe it. *Not now!*

He tries once more. The reader won't allow him to leave.

Growwwl.

John swallows, scared stiff and looks round in search of a weapon. He reaches down to a bench and finds a length of metal pipe. His trembling fingers close around it.

CUT TO:

71 CC-TV IMAGE. 71

JOHN lifts the pipe, ready to defend himself.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. DAY. 72

LOUISE Mortimer is outside HENRY's house She glances at her watch as the door is opened.

LOUISE

Sorry. I had to take a call. Move
a few things around -

She looks up. Her face falls.

CUT TO:

73 INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB 'B'. NIGHT. 73

JOHN is still rooted to the spot.

John's POV: the strange, amber-lit room seems to loom oppressively over him.

Suddenly, he can hear footsteps. Padding round the room. Stalking.

Pad, pad, pad.

John stiffens. Listens.

The footsteps seem to come from all around him. Echoing in the chilly room.

Pad, pad, pad.

They're clearly animal.

John looks desperately, anxiously about. Then he pulls out his phone and speed dials. It rings. And rings.

JOHN
(sotto)
Come on, come on!

John's POV: slightly shaky. The gloomy room. Is there something lurking in the shadows by the cages? A dark, hunched shape?

The phone rings on.

PHONE
The person you are calling is not available -

John kills the call in frustration. He tries to stay calm.

At the end of the room is the small, interior Cryo room. John thinks. It's not ideal. But it would be safe hiding place...

Every sense alert, heart pounding, John starts to make his way down the lab towards the cold room.

He stares into the darkness, looking for whatever is stalking him but can see nothing. At last, his hands close on the door handle of the cold room.

He swings it open, dashes inside and slams the door.

Growwwwl.

It knows he's inside! John scrambles to the interior amber window and peers out.

And now he *can* see something out in the main lab. A huge, crook-backed shadow!

John hardly dares to breathe. Sweat courses down his forehead and into his eyes. His breath starts to smoke before him. He glances at the wall. A temperature gauge reads Minus 5.

John shivers. Holds his breath. He keeps looking through the window.

The shadow doesn't move.

Suddenly:

His phone rings!

John almost yells and drops his phone as he tries to get it out from his jacket. He stabs at the buttons.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
John? John, what's wrong?

JOHN
It's in here! It's in here with me!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Where are you?

JOHN
Get me out, Sherlock! You've got to get me out! Cryo room. There's a cryo room in Stapleton's lab --

A huge shadow falls across the amber window.

John whimpers in terror.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
John? *John!*

John presses the phone close to his mouth.

JOHN
(sotto)
Please, Sherlock. *Now!!*

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Alright. I'll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN
(sotto)
No! It'll hear me.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
Keep talking. What are you seeing?

Growwwl.

John goes back to the window and looks out.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
John?

JOHN
(sotto)
I'm here.

SHERLOCK
What can you see?

JOHN
 (sotto)
 Don't know. I can hear it,
 though.

Growwwwl.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
There! Did you - ?

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
 Stay calm. Stay calm. Can you see
 it?

John's breathing is rapid and scared, pumping out like steam from a kettle. He strains to see ahead through the tinted glass.

John's POV: the room beyond seems empty.

SHERLOCK
 Can you *see* it?

JOHN
 No. No I --

He stops dead.

John's POV: visible through the window are two burning red eyes. And there's a glow around them. Shimmering.

John's own eyes widen in absolute terror.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I can see it.
 (hissing)
Sherlock! It's here! It's here!

No response from the phone.

We see John from the other side of the amber window (looking into the Cryo room). His eyes are huge and wide.

Clunk!

The door to the Cryo room is thrown open and Sherlock is silhouetted there. The strip lights flicker back on.

SHERLOCK
 John! Are you ok? *John?*

John pushes past him, back into the main lab, now fully lit again.

There's nothing there.

JOHN

Jesus. It was the Hound! It was here. Sherlock. I swear it was. It must be here!

He looks up and down the big room and points to the huge empty cage.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Did you see it? You must have --

SHERLOCK

It's alright, John. It's ok now.

John grabs Sherlock, gabbling feverishly.

JOHN

It's not! It's not ok! I saw it, Sherlock. I was wrong.

Sherlock gently detaches John's hand from his coat. He seems to be quietly suppressing excitement.

SHERLOCK

Let's not jump to conclusions.

Beat.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

What did you see?

JOHN

I told you! The Hound!

SHERLOCK

Huge? Red eyes?

JOHN

Yes!

SHERLOCK

Glowing?

JOHN

YES!

SHERLOCK

No.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

I made up the bit about glowing.
You saw what you expected to see
because I told you. You've been
drugged. We've all been drugged.

JOHN

Drugged?

SHERLOCK

Can you walk?

JOHN

'Course! Of course I can walk.

SHERLOCK

Come on, then. It's time we laid
this ghost.

CUT TO:

74

INT. BASKERVILLE. LAB C. NIGHT

74

DR STAPLETON is in her lab. In glass tanks in front of her
are several white rabbits.

A noise from the door makes her look up.

John and Sherlock, standing there. Sherlock

STAPLETON

Oh, back again. What's on your mind
this time?

SHERLOCK

Murder, Dr. Stapleton. Refined,
cold-blooded murder.

He reaches for the light switch, snaps it off.

Immediately, the rabbits start to glow fluorescent green!

He snaps them back on again.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Will you tell little Kirsty what
happened to Bluebell or shall I?

On Stapleton - sighs resigned, he's got her.

STAPLETON

Okay, what do you want?

SHERLOCK

Can I borrow your microscope?

CUT TO:

75

INT. BASKERVILLE. STAPLETON'S LAB. NIGHT.

75

SHERLOCK is bent over a big, expensive microscope. A still-shaken JOHN looks on. He's pale and jumpy. STAPLETON watches, intrigued.

CLOSE on Sherlock as he switches slides, drops various liquids onto them, watches them dissolve and change colour.

On a white-board close by he has written the word: **HOUND**.

By the H he has scribbled: HYDROGEN?

By the N: NITROGEN?

By the D: DEUTERIUM?

Then a host of chemical formulae.

(C17 H23 NO3) 2·H2SO4·H2O...C17H23NO3 ...C17H21NO4

C20H25NO3...C19H35NO2 ...

STAPLETON

(to John)

You're sure you're ok? You look very peeky.

JOHN

(terse)

I'm alright.

STAPLETON

It was the GFP gene from a jellyfish, in case you were wondering.

JOHN

What?

STAPLETON

In the rabbits. *Aequorea victoria*, if you really want to know.

JOHN

Right. Yeah. *Why?*

STAPLETON

Why not? We don't ask questions like that here. It isn't done. There was a mix up, anyway. My daughter ended up with one of the lab specimens. So...poor Bluebell had to go.

JOHN

Your compassion's overwhelming.

STAPLETON

I know. I hate myself sometimes.

JOHN

So. Come on. I'm not a nutter.
You can tell me. What else have
you got hidden away up here?

Beat.

STAPLETON

(sighs)

Listen. If you can imagine it,
someone's probably doing it
somewhere. Of course they are.

JOHN

Cloning?

STAPLETON

Yes. Of course! Dolly the Sheep,
remember?

JOHN

Human cloning?

STAPLETON

Why not?

JOHN

And what about animals?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Big animals.

STAPLETON

Size isn't a problem. Not at all.
The only limits are ethics and
the law. And both those things
can be very....flexible. But not
here. Not at Baskerville. I swear
to you.

Suddenly Sherlock smashes the slide against the wall.

SHERLOCK

It's not *there!* There's nothing
there! It doesn't make sense.

STAPLETON

What were you expecting to find?

SHERLOCK

A drug, of course! It has to be a
drug! An hallucinogenic or a
deliriant of some kind.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But there's no trace of anything
in the sugar!

JOHN

Sugar?

SHERLOCK

Sugar! Yes! Simple process of
elimination. I saw the Hound. Saw
it as my imagination expected me
to see it. A genetically
engineered monster! I knew I
couldn't believe the evidence of
my own eyes. There were seven
possible reasons for it, the most
likely being a narcotic. Henry
Knight saw the Hound too. But you
didn't, John. *You didn't*. We'd
eaten and drunk the same things
since we came to Grimpen, except
for one thing. You don't take
sugar in your coffee.

He points angrily at the smashed slide.

JOHN

I see. So --

SHERLOCK

I took that from Henry's kitchen.
His sugar. But it's perfectly
alright.

JOHN

Maybe it isn't a drug?

SHERLOCK

It must be! But how did it get
into our systems? *How?*

He throws himself down into a chair. Puts his head in his
hands.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

There's something...something
buried deep.

He sits back in the chair. Closes his eyes and steeples his
fingertips.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Get out.

STAPLETON

What?

SHERLOCK

I need to go to my mind palace.
Get out.

STAPLETON

Your *what?*

But he doesn't answer. John sighs.

JOHN

He's not going to be doing much
talking for a while. We might as
well go.

STAPLETON

His *what?*

JOHN

Mind palace. It's a memory
technique. A sort of mental map.
You map out a location. Doesn't
have to be a real place. Then
you...*deposit* memories there.
Theoretically, you can never
forget anything. All you have to
do is find your way back to it.

He moves towards the door.

STAPLETON

So this...imaginary location. It
can be anything. Like a street or
a house?

JOHN

Yeah.

STAPLETON

But he said palace. He said his
was a *palace*.

JOHN

Yeah, well he would, wouldn't he?

They go out.

We stay on Sherlock. He's still as a statue.

We zoom into his closed eyes - almost unbearably close.

Across the left-hand side of his face a photograph appears.

It's a familiar floral pattern. A Liberty pattern.

The photo clicks upwards like the dial of a fruit machine.
Replaced by a picture of the Liberty store in London, then
by the symbol of the French Republic - *liberte, egalite,*
fraternite - then by one of the Liberty Bell.

The cracked symbol of American Independence. Then John Philip Sousa, composer of the Liberty bell March. Then they spin into a blur --

On-screen text: *Liberty, Liberty, Liberty, Liberty, Liberty.*

The word 'in' appears in the middle of Sherlock's face.

On-screen text: *Preposition. Adverb. Noun. Adjective. (Rare)*

Then it becomes a photo of an olde-worlde pub.

Text: *Inn.*

Then a photo of Mumbai.

Text: *India*

Then a number plate.

Text: *Ingolstadt, Germany.*

Then an atomic model.

Text: *Indium. Atomic number 49.*

The middle section spins too.

Finally a third picture appears on the right side of Sherlock's face. A Ridgeback dog. Then an Irish Wolfhound. Then Elvis.

Text: *HOUND.*

All three columns are now spinning wildly like a fruit machine.

Sherlock's eyes snap open!

And the three columns settle *one - two -three!*

Text: *Liberty, Indiana. H.O.U.N.D.*

Sherlock smiles.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

76

HENRY is running for his life.

He pounds across the moor, his feet slipping and sliding on the wet soil.

He looks over his shoulder, utterly terrified.

Silhouetted against the moon he sees: the Hound!

Its eyes are livid red.

Howwwwl!

He races on, but the great beast comes after him.

Suddenly Henry realises he has a gun in his hand. He looks at it for a long moment, nonplussed, then turns to face the monster.

Breath coming in huge, ragged bursts he aims the gun.

The Hound pounds on, snarling with rage.

And Henry fires!

Close on Henry's eyes. He blinks. Sways on his feet --

CUT TO:

77

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

77

-- and finds that he's standing in his own front room.

He puts a shaking hand to his face and realises he really *is* holding a gun.

He looks dazedly round the room. And what he sees horrifies him...

CUT TO:

78

INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

78

Beep!

A door opens and overhead lights flicker on, revealing a big, impressive control room packed with CC-TV monitors and computers.

SHERLOCK, JOHN and STAPLETON enter.

SHERLOCK
John?

*
*

JOHN
I'm on it.

*
*

John guards the door.

*

SHERLOCK (O.S.)
'Project H.O.U.N.D.'
I must have read about somewhere.
Tucked it away.
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
An experiment in a C.I.A.
facility in Liberty, Indiana.

Stapleton sits down, facing the main computer. She swipes her ID card through a reader on the side --

Beep!

-- and the computer hums into life. Stapleton rapidly taps away at the keyboard.

She goes through the various protocols.

On-screen text:

NO ACCESS. MOST SECRET.

STAPLETON 641/0065.

ACCEPTED.

She looks to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
H...O...U...N...D.

She taps it in.

The computer pauses. Then -

NO ACCESS. MOST SECRET.

She taps in:

STAPLETON 641/0065.

The computer pauses again. Then:

NO ACCESS. CIA CLASSIFIED.

STAPLETON
That's as far as my access goes,
I'm afraid.

JOHN
There must be an override. A
password.

STAPLETON
I imagine so. But that'd be Major
Barrymore's.

79

On Sherlock: not a problem. He crosses to Barrymore's office chair and flops down in it.

*
*

SHERLOCK

Password, password, password.
He'd have sat here, thinking it
up.

*

His gaze roams forensically around the low-lit room. The bust of Churchill. A black and white photo of a man in uniform with a skinny teenage boy. Children's paintings. Neatly ordered books. Well-watered plants.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Describe him to me.

STAPLETON

You've seen him.

SHERLOCK

Describe him.

STAPLETON

He's a bloody martinet. A throw back. The sort they'd have sent into Suez.

SHERLOCK

Good. Excellent. Old-fashioned. A traditionalist. Not the sort of man who'd use his children's names as a password. Loves his job. Proud of it. And this is work-related.

*

He gazes a round the room.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Sitting *here*. What's at eye-level? Books.

(he peers)

Jayne's defence weekly. Bound copies. Hannibal, Wellington. Rommel. Churchill's 'History of the English-Speaking Peoples'. All four volumes.

*

*

*

Glances at the bust.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Churchill. He *likes* Churchill. *But...*there's also 'The Downing Street Years'. In fact... one, two, three, four, *five* separate biographies of Mrs Thatcher.

He glances at the photo on the desk.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Mid 1980s, I'd say. Father and son. Barrymore Snr? *Medals*.

*

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 (nods to photo)
 Distinguished Service Medal. His
 father was a soldier too.

JOHN
 That date. Could only have been a
 Falklands veteran.

SHERLOCK
 Right. Thatcher's looking a
 better bet than Churchill.

STAPLETON
 So that's the password?

SHERLOCK
 No. For a man like Major
 Barrymore, I imagine only first
 name terms would do.

CUT TO:

80

INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

80

SHERLOCK taps 'Margaret' into the computer.

Pause.

Override 300/421 accepted.

The computer pauses again, agonizingly. Then:

The screen crowds with images and information.

A photo of a jolly-looking group of women and (mostly)
 bearded men on an American campus. They're all in matching
 sweat-shirts. Some are giving a thumbs-up to the camera.

A list of names immediately stands out: Leonard Hansen,
 Jack O'Mara, Kate Usowski, Rick Nader, Elaine Dyson.

*

Sherlock highlights the names and suddenly it pings out.

Leonard **H**ansen

Jack **O**'Mara

Kate **U**sowski

Rick **N**ader

Elaine **D**yson

STAPLETON
H.O.U.N.D.!

Sherlock reads it all with almost supernatural speed.

Black and white photos of shaven-headed soldiers - front and side on, like criminals.

On-screen, a blur of text. *'Extreme suggestibility'. 'Fear and stimulus'. 'Conditioned terror'. 'Aerosol dispersal'.*

Later photos of the same men, their faces contorted into terrifying, manic scowls. Eyes bulging. Mouths slavering.

More text. *'Paranoia'. 'Severe frontal lobe damage'. 'Blood-brain'. 'Neuro-chemical functions'. 'Dangerous acceleration'. 'Gross cranial trauma'. 'Multiple homicide'.*

Almost subliminal colour photos. Victims. Blood. Broken bones. Cells bathed in spattered blood.

JOHN

Jesus.

On-screen: *Project H.O.U.N.D. CANCELLED. 17/4/86*

SHERLOCK

Project H.O.U.N.D. A new deliriant drug which rendered the subjects incredibly suggestible. They wanted to use it as an anti-personnel weapon. To totally disorientate the enemy through fear and stimulus. But it was shut down and hidden away in 1986.

Stapleton reads from the screen.

STAPLETON

Because of what it did to the subjects it was tested on?

SHERLOCK

(darkly)

And what they did to others. Prolonged exposure drove them insane. Made them almost uncontrollably aggressive.

JOHN

So, someone's been doing it again? Carrying on the experiments?

SHERLOCK

Attempting to refine it, perhaps. For the last twenty years.

STAPLETON

Who?

JOHN

Did those names mean anything to you?

STAPLETON

No. Not a thing.

SHERLOCK

The five principal scientists. Twenty five years ago. Maybe our friend is somewhere in the background...Someone who's the right age to have been on that project back in 1986.

(new thought)

Perhaps someone who says 'cell phone' because of the time they spent in America. You remember, John? He gave us his number, in case we needed him.

Sherlock finds the photo of the scientists and clicks on the enlarge option.

The picture gets bigger. Bigger. Bigger.

The faces are unfamiliar -- until one.

STAPLETON

Oh my God!

We see a young FRANKLAND grinning in the photo.

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

But Bob doesn't work on -- I mean, he's a *virologist*. This was chemical warfare, wasn't it?

SHERLOCK

This is where he started, though. And he's never lost that certainty, that *obsession* that the drug could really work.

Something else in the photo is suddenly very clear. The identical sweat-shirts that the team all wear. An iron-on transfer design of a howling dog and underneath it the logo: *H.O.U.N.D. Liberty, In.*

Sherlock takes out his phone.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Kind of him to give us his number. Let's arrange a little meeting.

He starts texting --

On-screen text: *Dewer's Hollow. Urgent! Sherlock Holmes.* *

He sends it, then his phone suddenly rings.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(answering)
Hello?

On the other end of the phone we can just hear sobbing.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Who is this?

HENRY (V.O.)
Ohgodohgodohgod...

SHERLOCK
Henry? What's wrong?

CUT TO:

81

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

81

DR MORTIMER's body lies sprawled on the carpet. She's been shot and there's a spray of blood on the wall.

HENRY sits in a crumpled heap on the carpet.

HENRY
I've...I've killed her.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
What?

HENRY
Louise. She was trying to help me. Like you.

He sobs.

HENRY (CONT'D)
But no-one can help me. I'm sick.
I'm sick.

CUT TO:

82

INT. BASKERVILLE. BARRYMORE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

82

SHERLOCK
No, Henry! You're not sick.
Someone is making you think these things. Someone -

HENRY (V.O.)
Thank you for trying. I know what I have to do.

SHERLOCK

Henry -

The phone clicks.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Henry!

JOHN

What's happened?

SHERLOCK

There's only one place he'll go
now. Back to where it all began.*
*

He pulls out his phone, speed dials.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Lestrade? Get to the hollow.
Dewer's Hollow. NOW!

*

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Bring a gun!

He dashes out.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT.

83

A wild-eyed HENRY is stumbling across the moor. It's
uncannily like the image we first had of him as a little
boy.

Except he's holding the gun.

He seems to be walking almost automatically, as though in a
trance.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. DARTMOOR. ROAD. NIGHT.

84

The landrover powers across the moor away from Baskerville.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT.

85

HENRY staggers on, zombie-like, through the wooded area on
the moor. He approaches the lip of the hollow.

Once again, fog begins to creep over his shoes.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DARTMOOR. NIGHT. 86

The landrover's headlights scythe through the darkness as it goes off-road and over the moor.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 87

HENRY starts to stumble down the scree slope into the fog-filled hollow.

It billows thickly around him.

HENRY'S POV: the whole landscape shifts and blurs as he climbs. The fog. The starry sky. And suddenly, from inside his head - or from out of the darkness - there seems to come a muffled voice...

VOICE

*No way back now. No way back,
Henry...*

Henry sluggishly turns his head.

VOICE (CONT'D)

*No way back. You know that. Only
one way out.*

Henry shambles on.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Only one way...

Henry nods slowly, a broken man.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. DARTMOOR. WOOD. NIGHT. 88

The landrover screeches to a halt in the wooded area. SHERLOCK and JOHN leap out.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 89

The fog swirls round HENRY as he drops down on his backside. He cradles the gun in his lap.

VOICE

Only one way...

He stares into the drifting fog. The voice seems to be coming from within it. But Henry's too far gone to care.

He lifts the gun to his face and slowly inches it towards his mouth.

Henry's POV: the gun barrel shifts and buckles, skewed by the drug. It looms before him like a deep, dark tunnel.

HENRY

Sorry. I'm sorry, Dad.

His finger starts to squeeze the trigger --

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

No! Henry, *no!*

SHERLOCK and JOHN come pelting out of the fog.

Henry immediately turns the gun on them.

HENRY

Get back! Get away from me!

JOHN

It's ok, it's ok, Henry. Just relax.

HENRY

(miserably)

I know what I've done.

JOHN

Just drop the gun, Henry. It's ok.

HENRY

I know what I've done.

With shaking hands, he presses the gun to his lips.

SHERLOCK

Yes. I'm sure you do know, Henry. It's all been explained to you, hasn't it? Explained very carefully.

HENRY

(dully)

What?

SHERLOCK

Someone needed to keep you quiet, Henry. Needed to keep you as a child.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 To reassert the dream that you'd
 both clung to. Because you'd
 started to *remember*.

Henry turns exhausted, stupefied eyes onto Sherlock. He
 holds the gun more firmly.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
 Remember now, Henry! You've got
 to remember. What happened here
 when you were a little boy...

*
 *

Flash!

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991. 90

By the stuttering light of a torch --
 CHARLIE KNIGHT tries to fend off a savage assault.
 The flash of the Hound's savage teeth.
 Charlie screaming --

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 91

HENRY
 I thought it got my Dad. The
 Hound. I thought - *Oh Jesus*. I
 don't know any more.

He cocks the gun.

SHERLOCK
 Think, Henry! *Remember*.
 'Liberty'. 'In'. Two words. Two
 words a frightened little boy saw
 twenty years ago. You'd started
 to piece things together. And
 remember what *really* happened
 that night. It wasn't an animal
 at all, was it, Henry? Not a
 monster...

Henry blinks.

Flash!

CUT TO:

92

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 1991.

92

The torchlight flickers and we see --

CHARLIE is being attacked - but not by a Hound.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

A man!

A man in a gas-mask is locked in a savage fight with CHARLIE, hands wrapped round Charlie's throat, throttling him.

The horrible gas mask has red lenses. They flash vividly and hugely in the torch-light.

Under a rocky outcrop, watching in mute terror is HENRY.

Charlie grapples with the gas-mask and pulls it aside.

Just for a moment we see: FRANKLAND!

Then he slams Charlie against a rock. There's a horrible - *crack!* - and Charlie's head lolls to one side. His neck has been broken.

As little Henry watches, wide-eyed, the fog swirling around him, Frankland sinks back against the rocks and pulls the gas-mask back over his face. In the beam of Charlie's abandoned flash-light, Frankland's torso is illuminated. He's wearing a faded sweatshirt with the now-familiar 'howling dog' logo and the legend **H.O.U.N.D. Liberty, In.**

Little Henry pants with terror, gazes at the scary gas-masked figure in the sweatshirt - and blinks.

Blinks.

The moment is frozen forever.

CUT TO:

93

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

93

HENRY lets the gun drop from his lips just a fraction.

SHERLOCK

You couldn't cope with it, Henry.
You were just a child.
So you rationalized it into
something very different.

Henry blinks again.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

And then you started remembering.
So you had to be stopped.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Driven out of your mind so no-one would believe a word of what you said.

Flash!

CUT TO:

94 INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 94

HENRY is in a chair, head slumped on his chest.

FRANKLAND sits opposite. He speaks in a low, urgent whisper.

FRANKLAND

It's inescapable, Henry. You know it is. The darkness overcame your dad. It'll overcome you too. It's inevitable. There's no monster out there, Henry. Just inside. Inside *you*...

CUT TO:

95 EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT. 95

HENRY

Him. He did this. He did this to me.

SHERLOCK

And now he's convinced you that you've killed Dr Mortimer. Just to push you that little bit too far...

Flash!

CUT TO:

96 EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY. 96

The front door opens onto Mortimer.

LOUISE

Sorry. I had to take a call. Move a few things around -

She looks up. Her face falls.

FRANKLAND has opened the door. He raises a pistol and points it at her --

CUT TO:

97

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

97

-- and now she's dead on the floor, head thrown back.

FRANKLAND stands over her, the gun still smoking.

HENRY is slumped on the sofa. Frankland puts the gun in Henry's hand.

FRANKLAND

(whisper)

You've got to kill it, Henry!
Kill the monster inside you! KILL
IT!

The doped, suggestible Henry twitches with fear.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)

Kill it, Henry! You've got to
kill it!

Henry's hand tightens on the gun.

CUT TO:

98

EXT. DARTMOOR. HOLLOW. NIGHT.

98

HENRY drops the gun.

JOHN darts in and grabs it.

JOHN

Ok, mate, it's ok.

Sherlock peers into the fog. He calls out.

SHERLOCK

I'd come out if I were you, Dr
Frankland. Seems a shame to miss
the party.

Nothing moves.

Then there's a figure in the fog. Walking slowly forward.

The fog is so thick it's impossible to see who it is. But he raises a rifle and points it at Sherlock.

John aims his gun at the figure. But another gun clicks.

They turn. LESTRADE is walking down the slope, his own pistol trained on Frankland.

LESTRADE

Don't do anything silly, sir.

Henry stares at the apparition.

HENRY

But we saw it! The Hound. Last night. We *did!*

SHERLOCK

There *was* a dog out here, Henry. Leaving footprints. Scaring witnesses. But it was nothing more than an ordinary dog. We both saw it. But we saw it the way our drugged minds wanted us to see it. Fear and stimulus. That's how it works. But there never was any monster.

And then, from the fog-choked slope above them --

Growwwl.

Sherlock freezes. *What?*

Growwwl.

There's a shape in the fog, on the lip of the hollow, prowling back and forth, back and forth. A huge beast.

Henry shrieks.

HENRY

No, no, no!

JOHN

Sherlock?

Sherlock gawks as the Hound paces.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Lestrade)

You seeing this?

Lestrade nods, scared stiff.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(hissed whisper)

He's not been drugged, Sherlock. So what is that? What is it?

Growwwl.

SHERLOCK

Alright! It's still there! But it's just a dog. Nothing more than an ordinary dog!

At last the fog parts above the lip of the hollow revealing --

THE HOUND!

It's IMMENSE! As big as a horse! A hound from Hell with massive, distended, drooling jaws and blazing red eyes. And it's glowing!

LESTRADE

Oh my God!

Sherlock stares at the monster -- then rushes towards the human figure in the fog. As he gets closer we see the figure is wearing a gas mask. *

Sherlock reacts, then wrenches it off revealing --

JIM MORIARTY!!

Sherlock's jaw drops.

Jim chuckles. Then laughs and laughs and laughs.

Suddenly Sherlock's eyes light up. He looks wildly around.

SHERLOCK

The fog!!

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

It's the *FOG!!* The drug's in the fog!

He grabs Jim by the lapels and shakes him, willing things to become clear.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(savage, angry)

Aerosol dispersant, that's what it said in those records. Project H.O.U.N.D. It's the **FOG!**

'Jim' resists, tries to get out of Sherlock's grip, struggling to get the gas mask back on. Sherlock slaps himself across the face, forcing himself to see clearly.

Sherlock's POV: Jim's face blurs. Changes.

And FRANKLAND is there, in Sherlock's grip.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

A minefield! A *chemical* minefield.

Howwwwl!

The Hound begins to race towards them down the slope, its massive paws throwing up the soil in great wet spumes.

FRANKLAND
 For God's sake! Kill it! KILL
 IT!!

He tries to raise the rifle.

Lestrade struggles to see through the fog. His finger squeezes the trigger and he loses off three bullets. Misses.

The Hound ploughs on towards them, jaws dripping until --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

On John: the marksman. In total control. He takes it down.

The Hound shrieks in pain, rolling over and over.

SHERLOCK
 Look at it! Really *look!*

*
 *

John stares at it. Blinks.

John's POV: the Hound is suddenly diminished. A big, savage-looking Great Dane. But only a dog. It lies still.

Suddenly HENRY launches himself at Frankland, punching him violently to the ground.

HENRY
 Bastard! You bastard! You
 BASTARD!! Twenty years! Twenty
 years of my life, making no
 sense!! *Why didn't you just kill
 me??*

Lestrade drags him off Frankland.

*

LESTRADE
 Ok, son. It's ok!

*
 *

SHERLOCK
 Because dead men get listened to.
 Unless they're poor, pathetic mad
 men who've just murdered their
 therapists! It wasn't enough to
 kill you - he had to discredit
 every word you ever said.

*
 *

HENRY
 About my father's death.

SHERLOCK
 Exactly And Frankland had the
 means, right at his feet. A
 chemical minefield! Pressure pads
 in the ground! Dosing you up every
 time you came back here.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Murder weapon and scene of the
crime all at once. Oh, this case,
Henry! Thank you! It's been
brilliant!

JOHN
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK
What?

JOHN
(sotto)
Timing, for God's sake. Not now!

SHERLOCK
Not good?

JOHN
His whole life's been messed up.
Give him a minute -

HENRY
No! No, no, it's ok. It's fine!
Because it means my Dad was right.
Everything he said about
Baskerville was true!
(to Frankland)
He'd found something out, hadn't
he? That's why you killed him.
Because he wasn't mad, he was
right! And he found you right in
the middle of an experiment.

Henry triumphant, the ghosts of the past, buried. But
Frankland is smiling cynically.

FRANKLAND
I let him find me. Only way I could
get him alone.

Henry's face falls.

HENRY
But why....why would you...?

FRANKLAND
I had a wife once.

Beat.

FRANKLAND (CONT'D)
Your father had her too.

A horrible silence as this hits home in Henry. Then...
Growwwwl.

Everyone swings round. It's a last sign of life from the Hound. John fires! Now it's definitely dead.

But Frankland takes advantage of the distraction -- and tears off into the darkness.

The four men race after him.

CUT TO:

99

EXT. DARTMOOR. FENCE. NIGHT.

99

FRANKLAND staggers on and reaches a trampled-down wire fence. He pauses to grab a ragged breath, then clambers over.

He doesn't notice the skull and cross-bones warning sign.

He scrambles in his pockets to find a torch. With shaking hands he clicks it on and points the beam dead ahead.

The ground seems clear so he stumbles on.

Suddenly, there's a dull metallic *click*.

Hand shaking, Frankland brings the torch beam to bear on the ground at his feet. He's standing on a rusty pressure-mine. The slightest wrong move...

Frankland swallows, petrified.

CUT TO:

100

EXT. DARTMOOR. FENCE. NIGHT.

100

BOOOOOOM!!

A massive fireball erupts across the moor. SHERLOCK, JOHN, LESTRADE and HENRY hurl themselves to the ground. The vast, bleak moor is briefly lit up by the explosion, as if by a bolt of summer lightning.

On Henry: grimly satisfied.

*
*

CUT TO:

101

EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

101

JOHN is demolishing his breakfast. SHERLOCK comes out of the pub, carrying two mugs of coffee.

SHERLOCK

(puzzled)

So...They didn't have it put down. The dog.

JOHN

Obviously. Suppose they just couldn't bring themselves to do it

SHERLOCK

I see.

JOHN

No, you don't.

SHERLOCK

No, I don't. Sentiment?

JOHN

Sentiment.

John eats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen - What happened to me. In the lab. What was all that about?

SHERLOCK

(evasive)

Do you want any sauce?

JOHN

I'd never been to the hollow. So how come I heard those things? In there? Fear and stimulus, you said.

SHERLOCK

You must have been dosed elsewhere. When you went to look in the labs, maybe. You saw those pipes. Pretty ancient. Leaky as a sieve. And that's where the gas was coming from. Ketchup, was it? Or Brown?

JOHN

Hang on.

He fixes Sherlock with a beady glare.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You thought it was in the sugar, right? You were convinced it was in the sugar.

*

SHERLOCK

We'd better get going, actually.
There's a train at -

*

It dawns on John.

JOHN

It was you! You locked me in that
bloody lab!

SHERLOCK

I had to. It was an experiment.

JOHN

(bellows)
AN EXPERIMENT!

SHERLOCK

Shh!

JOHN

I was terrified, Sherlock. I was
scared to death!

SHERLOCK

I thought the drug was in the
sugar. So I put the sugar in your
coffee. Then I arranged
everything with Major Barrymore.
It was all totally scientific.
Laboratory conditions. *Literally.*

CUT TO:

102

INT. BASKERVILLE. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

102

A bank of CC-TV monitors show JOHN trapped inside the cold
storage room.

SHERLOCK is watching with his feet up. He's on his phone.

SHERLOCK

Alright. I'll find you. Keep
talking.

JOHN (V.O.)

No! It'll hear me.

SHERLOCK

*Keep talking. What are you
seeing?*

He clicks on a digital recorder placed next to a tannoy.
The tape plays --

Growwwwl.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. 'THE CROSS KEYS'. DAY.

103

SHERLOCK

I knew what effect it had on a superior mind. I needed to try it on an average one.

On John: *I am going to kill you.*

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You know what I mean.

Beat.

JOHN

But it wasn't in the sugar.

SHERLOCK

No. I wasn't to know you'd already been exposed to the gas.

JOHN

So you got it wrong.

SHERLOCK

No -

JOHN

You were wrong. You thought it was in the sugar. You got it wrong.

SHERLOCK

A little bit.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Won't happen again.

John calms down somewhat.

JOHN

Any... long...term effects?

SHERLOCK

Not at all. You'll be ok once you've excreted it. We all will.

Beat.

JOHN
Yeah, well. Think I might have
taken care of that already.

Sherlock looks at him. They laugh.

GARY comes out of the pub. He catches Sherlock's eye and
smiles feebly.

Sherlock gets up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

SHERLOCK
Won't be a minute. Gotta see a
man about a dog.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON. DAY.

104

The familiar silhouette of the Tower of London. A huge
snaking queue of tourists.

A bored-looking GIRL sits in the ticket booth. An elfin
TOURIST in a baseball cap approaches.

GIRL
10.50, please.

The tourist is about to hand over the money.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Do you want to go into the Jewel
Vault as well?

No response.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Do you want to see the Crown
Jewels?

JIM
Oh. Yes *please*.

We see the tourist. It's JIM MORIARTY.

GIRL
18.99 then.

He hands over the cash and looks over towards the huge
Tower. He smiles to himself and his head begins to
oscillate slightly from side to side...

END

*