*Last updated 04 06 19*

**SHERLOCK**

***All episodes – speaker and spoken words only***

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**A Study in Pink** (pilot episode)

ELLA: How’s your blog going?

JOHN: Mmm, fine! Good. *Very* good.

ELLA: Written much?

JOHN: Not a word.

ELLA: John, it’s going to take you a while to adjust to civilian life ...

JOHN: Sure.

ELLA: ... and it will help *so* much to write about everything that’s happening to you.

JOHN: *Nothing* happens to me.

ANDERSON: As far as we can see, no marks on the body, no identification.

LESTRADE: Same as the others?

ANDERSON: Exactly the same.

ANDERSON: Um, you’re not phoning ... *him*, are you? ’Cause we can handle this. We can absolutely handle it.

LESTRADE: You’ve got work to do. This is Inspector Lestrade. Please call me as soon as you get this. I think we’re gonna need you.

MIKE: John! John Watson! Stamford. Mike Stamford. We were at Bart’s together.

JOHN: Yes, sorry, yes, Mike. Hello.

MIKE: Yeah, I know. I got fat!

JOHN: No.

MIKE: I heard you were abroad somewhere, getting shot at. What happened?

JOHN: I got shot.

JOHN: So you’re still at Bart’s, then?

MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them! What about you? Staying in town ’til you get yourself sorted?

JOHN: Can’t afford London on an Army pension.

MIKE: I dunno – get yourself a flatshare or something?

JOHN: Who’d want me for a flatmate? What?

MIKE: Well, you’re the second person to say that to me today.

JOHN: Who was the first?

SHERLOCK: How fresh?

MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here – donated his body. I knew him. He was nice.

SHERLOCK: Fine. We’ll start with the riding crop.

MOLLY: So, bad day, was it?

SHERLOCK: I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man’s alibi depends on it. Text me.

MOLLY: Listen, I was wondering: maybe later ...

SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren’t wearing lipstick before.

MOLLY: I just refreshed it a bit.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?

MOLLY: I was wondering if you’d like to have coffee.

SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I’ll be upstairs.

MOLLY: ... Okay.

JOHN: Well, it’s a bit different from my day.

MIKE: You’ve no idea!

SHERLOCK: Mike, can I borrow your phone? No signal on mine.

MIKE: And what’s wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK: I’d rather text.

MIKE: Sorry. Other coat.

JOHN: Oh, here. Use mine.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Thank you.

MIKE: It’s an old mate of mine, John Watson.

SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...?

SHERLOCK: Ah, coffee. Thank you, Molly. What happened to the lipstick?

MOLLY: It wasn’t working for me.

SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Mouth’s too small now.

MOLLY: Okay.

SHERLOCK: How d’you feel about the violin?

JOHN: I’m sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: I play the violin when I’m thinking. Sometimes I don’t talk for days on end. Would that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other.

JOHN: Oh, you told him about me?

MIKE: Not a word.

JOHN: Then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK: *I* did. I told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is after lunch with an old friend clearly home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn’t a difficult leap.

JOHN: How did you know about Afghanistan?

SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we could afford it. We’ll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o’clock. Sorry – I’ve gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.

JOHN: Is that it?

SHERLOCK: Is that what?

JOHN: We’ve just met and we’re gonna go and look at a flat?

SHERLOCK: Problem?

JOHN: We don’t know a *thing* about each other; I don’t know your name; I don’t even know where we’re meeting.

SHERLOCK: I know you’re an Army doctor and you’ve recently been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you’ve got a brother with a bit of money who’s worried about you but you won’t go to him for help because you don’t approve of him – possibly because he’s an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know your therapist thinks your limp’s psychosomatic – quite correctly, I’m afraid. That’s enough to be going on with, don’t you think? The name’s Sherlock Holmes and the address is two two one B Baker Street. Afternoon.

MIKE: Yeah. He’s always like that.

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, our landlady.

JOHN: Ah, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Sherlock, please. Getting a special rate. Owes me a favour. A few years ago, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out.

JOHN: You stopped her husband being executed?

SHERLOCK: Oh no. I ensured it.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, hello. Come in, come in!

JOHN: Thank you.

JOHN: Well, this could be very nice. Very nice indeed.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I think so. My thoughts exactly. So I went ahead and moved in.

JOHN: Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out ...

JOHN: So ... this is all *your* stuff.

SHERLOCK: Obviously I can straighten things up ... a bit.

JOHN: That’s a real skull.

SHERLOCK: Friend of mine. Well, I say ‘friend’ ...

MRS HUDSON: What d’you think, Doctor Watson?

JOHN: Hmm?

MRS HUDSON: There’s another bedroom upstairs ... if you’ll be *needing* two bedrooms.

JOHN: Well, of *course* we’ll be needing two.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, don’t worry; there’s all sorts round here. Mrs Turner next door’s got married ones. Sherlock. The mess you’ve made.

JOHN: Oh, I, um, looked you up on the internet last night.

SHERLOCK: Anything interesting?

JOHN: Found your website, The Science of Deduction.

SHERLOCK: What did you think?

JOHN: Quite amusing, I suppose.

SHERLOCK: “Amusing”?

JOHN: You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and – what was it? – a retired plumber by his left hand.

SHERLOCK: Yes; and I can read your military career by your face and your leg, and your brother’s drinking habits by your mobile phone.

MRS HUDSON: The *state* of the place already.

JOHN: How?

SHERLOCK: You read the article.

JOHN: The article was absurd.

SHERLOCK: But I know about his drinking habits. I even know that he left his wife.

MRS HUDSON: What about these suicides then, Sherlock? Thought that’d be right up your street. Been a fourth one now.

SHERLOCK: Yes, actually. Very *much* up my street.

JOHN: Can I just ask: what *is* your street?

SHERLOCK: There’s been a fifth. Where this time?

LESTRADE: Brixton, Lauriston Gardens. Will you come?

SHERLOCK: Who’s on forensics?

LESTRADE: It’s Anderson.

SHERLOCK: Anderson won’t work with me.

LESTRADE: He won’t be your assistant.

SHERLOCK: But I *need* an assistant.

LESTRADE: Will you come?

SHERLOCK: Not in a police car. I’ll be right behind.

LESTRADE: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Oh! Brilliant! Thought it was gonna be a dull evening. Honestly, can’t beat a really imaginative serial killer when there’s nothing on the telly. Mrs Hudson, I may be out late. Might need some food.

MRS HUDSON: I’m your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper.

SHERLOCK: Something cold will do. John, make yourself at home. Er, have a cup of tea. Don’t wait up.

MRS HUDSON: Look at him, dashing about! My husband was just the same. But you’re more the sitting-down type, I can tell. I’ll make you that cuppa. You rest your leg.

JOHN: Damn my leg! I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. It’s just that sometimes this bloody thing ...

MRS HUDSON: I understand, dear; I’ve got a hip.

JOHN: A cup of tea would be lovely, thank you.

MRS HUDSON: Just this once, dear. I’m not your housekeeper.

JOHN: Couple of biscuits too, if you’ve got ’em.

MRS HUDSON: I’m not your housekeeper!

SHERLOCK: You’re a doctor. In fact you’re an *Army* doctor.

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Any good?

JOHN: *Very* good.

SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then; violent deaths.

JOHN: Well, yes.

SHERLOCK: Bit of trouble too, I bet.

JOHN: Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much.

SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more?

JOHN: *God*, yes!

SHERLOCK: Come on, then.

JOHN: Sorry, Mrs Hudson, I’ll skip the cuppa. Off out.

MRS HUDSON: What, both of you?

SHERLOCK: No point sitting at home when there’s finally some halfway interesting murders!

MRS HUDSON: Look at you, all happy. It’s not decent.

SHERLOCK: Who cares about decent? The game, Mrs Hudson, is on! Taxi!

SHERLOCK: Okay, you’ve got questions.

JOHN: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: Crime scene. There’s been a murder. Next?

JOHN: Who *are* you? What do you do?

SHERLOCK: What do you think?

JOHN: I’d say private detective, but ...

SHERLOCK: But?

JOHN: ... the police don’t go to private detectives.

SHERLOCK: I’m a consulting detective. I’m the only one in the world. I invented the job.

JOHN: What does that *mean*?

SHERLOCK: It means when the police are out of their depth, which is always, they consult me.

JOHN: But the police don’t consult ... amateurs.

SHERLOCK: When I met you for the first time yesterday and asked, “Afghanistan or Iraq?” you looked surprised.

JOHN: How *did* you know?

SHERLOCK: I didn’t know, I saw.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Tanned face but no tan above the wrists. You’ve been abroad, but not sunbathing. Your haircut and the way you hold yourself says military. Your conversation when you entered the room ...

JOHN: Ah. Bit different from *my* day.

SHERLOCK: ... says trained at Bart’s, so Army doctor, obvious. Your limp’s *really* bad when you walk but you don’t ask for a chair when you stand, like you’ve forgotten about it. That means the limp is at least partly psychosomatic. That says the original circumstances of the injury were traumatising. Wounded in action, then. So: where does an Army doctor get himself a suntan and wounded in action these days? Afghanistan or Iraq.

JOHN: You said I had a therapist.

SHERLOCK: You’ve got a psychosomatic limp – of *course* you’ve got a therapist.

SHERLOCK: Then there’s your brother.

JOHN: Here, use mine.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Your phone. It’s expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player. You’re looking for a flatshare – you wouldn’t waste money on this. It’s a gift, then. Scratches. Not just one, but many over time. It’s been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting beside me wouldn’t treat his one luxury item like this. It’s had a previous owner, then. The next bit’s easy. You know it already.

JOHN: The engraving.

SHERLOCK: Harry Watson: clearly a family member who’s given you his old phone. Not your father; this is a young man’s gadget. Could be a cousin, but then you’re a war hero returning home who can’t find a place to live. Unlikely you’ve got an extended family, certainly not one you’re close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who’s Clara? Three kisses says it’s a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She’s given this to him recently – the model’s only six months old. So, it’s a marriage in trouble, then – six months on he’s just given it away. If she’d left *him*, he’d have kept the phone, probably. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted rid of it. *He* left *her*. He gave the phone to you; that says he wants you to stay in touch. He’s worried about you. You’re looking for cheap accommodation, but you won’t go to your brother for help. That says you’ve got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you don’t like his drinking.

JOHN: How can you *possibly* know about the drinking?

SHERLOCK: Shot in the dark. Good one, though.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Power connection: tiny scuff marks around the edge of it.

SHERLOCK: Every night he plugs it in to recharge but his hands are shaking. You never see those marks on a sober man’s phone; never see a drunk’s without them.

SHERLOCK: There you go, you see – you were right.

JOHN: *I* was right? Right about what?

SHERLOCK: The police don’t consult amateurs.

JOHN: That was ... amazing.

SHERLOCK: Do you think so?

JOHN: Of *course* it was! It was extraordinary! It was quite extraordinary!

SHERLOCK: That’s not what people usually say.

JOHN: What do they usually say?

SHERLOCK: ‘Piss off’!

SHERLOCK: Did I get anything wrong?

JOHN: Harry and me *don’t* get on, never have. Harry and Clara are getting a divorce – split up three months ago; Harry’s a drinker.

SHERLOCK: Spot on, then. I didn’t expect to be right about everything.

JOHN: Harry’s short for Harriet.

SHERLOCK: Harry’s your *sister*?

JOHN: Now, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here?

SHERLOCK: Your *sister!*

JOHN: No, seriously, why am I here?

SHERLOCK: Oh! There’s always something!

DONOVAN: Hello, freak.

SHERLOCK: I’m here to see Inspector Lestrade.

DONOVAN: Why?

SHERLOCK: I was invited.

DONOVAN: *Why*?

SHERLOCK: I think he wants me to take a look.

DONOVAN: Well, you know what *I* think, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: Always, Sally. Even know you didn’t make it home last night.

DONOVAN: Who’s this?

SHERLOCK: Colleague of mine, Doctor Watson. Doctor Watson, Sergeant Sally Donovan. Old friend.

DONOVAN: A colleague? How did *you* get a colleague?! Did he follow you home?

JOHN: Would it be better if I just go ...

SHERLOCK: No.

DONOVAN: Yeah, freak’s here. Bringing him in.

SHERLOCK: Ah, Anderson. Here we are again.

ANDERSON: It’s a crime scene. I don’t want it contaminated. Are we clear on that?

SHERLOCK: *Quite* clear.

ANDERSON: Your magic tricks might impress Inspector Lestrade – they don’t work on me.

SHERLOCK: And is your wife away for long?

ANDERSON: Oh, don’t pretend you worked that out. Someone told you that.

SHERLOCK: Your deodorant told me that.

ANDERSON: My deodorant?

SHERLOCK: It’s for men.

ANDERSON: Well, of *course* it’s for men! *I’m* wearing it!

SHERLOCK: So’s Sergeant Donovan. Ooh, and I think it just vaporised. May I go in?

ANDERSON: You – you listen to me, okay? Whatever it is you’re trying to imply ...

SHERLOCK: I’m not implying anything! I’m sure Sally came round for a nice little chat, and happened to stay over. And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees.

ANDERSON: Right – just, just go in. Just, just go.

LESTRADE: You have two minutes.

SHERLOCK: May need longer. Put this on.

LESTRADE: Who’s this?

SHERLOCK: He’s with me.

LESTRADE: Yeah, but who *is* he?

SHERLOCK: I *told* you; he’s with me. So, where are we?

LESTRADE: It’s upstairs.

LESTRADE: Footprint analysis says that the only other person in this room in the last twelve hours was a man of about five foot seven. It seemed that he and the victim arrived together by car. All identification’s missing from the body, just like the others. Have *no* idea who she is or where she’s from.

SHERLOCK: Well, she’s from out of town, clearly. Planned to spend a single night in London before returning home. So far, so obvious.

LESTRADE: Obvious?

SHERLOCK: Yes, obvious. Back of the right leg.

SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson, what do you think?

JOHN: What do *I* think?

SHERLOCK: You’re the medical man.

LESTRADE: We have a whole team right outside.

SHERLOCK: They won’t work with me.

LESTRADE: Look, I’m breaking every rule letting *you* in here.

SHERLOCK: Yeah ... ’cause you *need* me.

LESTRADE: Yes, I do, God help me.

SHERLOCK: John.

LESTRADE: Oh, just do as he says. Help yourself.

SHERLOCK: Well?

JOHN: What am I doing here?

SHERLOCK: Helping me make a point.

JOHN: I’m supposed to be helping you pay the rent.

SHERLOCK: Yeah; this is more fun.

JOHN: Fun? There’s a woman lying dead.

SHERLOCK: No, there are *two* women and three men lying dead. Keep talking and there’ll be more. Now, cause of death.

JOHN: Asphyxiation, probably. She passed out and choked on her own vomit. I can’t smell any alcohol on her. Could be a seizure; possibly drugs.

SHERLOCK: It was poison.

JOHN: How do you know?

SHERLOCK: Because they were *all* poisoned.

JOHN: By who?

SHERLOCK: By themselves.

JOHN: Themselves?

LESTRADE: We’ve identified the drug ...

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t matter; it was poison. Same pattern each time. Each one of them disappears from their normal lives ... from the theatre, from their home, from the office, from the pub ... then turn up a few hours later somewhere they’ve no reason to be ... dead. No marks of violence on the body, no suggestion of compulsion. Each of them has taken the same poison – and, as far as we can tell, taken it voluntarily.

LESTRADE: Sherlock – two minutes, I said. I need anything you’ve got.

SHERLOCK: Okay, take this down.

LESTRADE: Just tell me what you’ve got.

SHERLOCK: I’m not gonna write it down.

LESTRADE: *Sherlock*!

JOHN: It’s all right. I’ll do it.

SHERLOCK: Thank you. The victim is in her early thirties. A professional person, going by her clothes; I’d guess something in the media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. She’s travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. That’s obvious from the size of her suitcase.

LESTRADE: Suitcase?

SHERLOCK: Her suitcase, yes. She’s been married several years, but not happily. She’s had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married.

LESTRADE: For God’s sake, if you’re just making this up ...

SHERLOCK: Her wedding ring – *look* at it. It’s too tight. She was thinner when she first wore it; that says married for a while. Also, there’s grime in the gem setting. The rest of her jewellery’s recently been cleaned; that tells you everything you need to know about the state of her marriage. Inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it’s regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger but it can’t be easy, so she must have a reason. Can’t be for work; her nails are too long. Doesn’t work with her hands, so what or rather *who* does she remove her ring for? Clearly not one lover; she’d never sustain the fiction of being single over time, so more likely a string of them. Simple.

JOHN: Brilliant.

JOHN: Sorry.

LESTRADE: Cardiff?

SHERLOCK: Obvious, isn’t it?

JOHN: It’s not obvious to me.

SHERLOCK: Dear God. What’s it like inside your funny little brains? It must be so boring. Her coat: slightly damp. She’s been in heavy rain in the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London until the last few minutes. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She’s turned it up against the wind. There’s an umbrella in her left pocket but it’s dry and unused: not just wind, *strong* wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from the suitcase that she intended to stay a night, so she must have come a decent distance but she can’t have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn’t dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong winds within the radius of that travel time? Cardiff.

JOHN: Fantastic!

SHERLOCK: D’you know you do that out loud?

JOHN: Sorry. I’ll shut up.

SHERLOCK: No, it’s ... it’s fine.

LESTRADE: There was no suitcase.

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

LESTRADE: You keep saying ‘suitcase.’ There wasn’t one.

SHERLOCK: Oh. I was assuming you’d taken it away.

LESTRADE: She had a *handbag*. Why’d you say she had a case?

SHERLOCK: Because she *did*. Her handbag – was there a mobile phone in it?

LESTRADE: No.

SHERLOCK: That’s odd. That’s *very* odd.

LESTRADE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Never mind. We need to find her case.

JOHN: How do you know she had a case?

SHERLOCK: Back of the right leg: tiny splash marks above the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don’t get that splash pattern any other way. Smallish case, judging by the spread. A case that size, woman this clothes-conscious: could only be an overnight bag, so we know she was staying the night.

JOHN: Maybe she checked into a hotel, left her case there.

SHERLOCK: She never made it to a hotel. Look at her hair. Colour-coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. A woman like that would *never* leave the hotel with her hair still looking that ... Oh. *Oh!*

JOHN: Sherlock?

LESTRADE: What? What is it? What, what, what?

SHERLOCK: Serial killers – always hard. Have to wait for them to make a mistake.

LESTRADE: Well, we can’t just wait!

SHERLOCK: Oh, we’re done waiting! When she was found, she couldn’t have been here long, is that right?

LESTRADE: No, not long at all – um, less than an hour.

SHERLOCK: Less than an hour. An hour! News blackout: can you do that? Don’t say that you’ve found her; nothing for a day.

LESTRADE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Look at her, really *look*! Houston, we have a mistake. Back in a moment!

LESTRADE: But what mistake?!

SHERLOCK: *PINK!*

LESTRADE: Anderson!

ANDERSON: I’m here. So? What was the point in all that?

LESTRADE: We’re after a psychopath.

ANDERSON: So we’re bringing in another psychopath to help?!

LESTRADE: If that’s what it takes. All yours.

ANDERSON: Right, come on.

JOHN: My notes – d’you want me to, er ...

LESTRADE: Sorry, you’re ...?

JOHN: Doctor Watson.

LESTRADE: Well, you’re gonna have to go, Doctor Watson. Don’t need your notes. Okay, let’s get on with it.

DONOVAN: Okay, look, we’re gonna need Jones and Adams at the top of the road. There’s *so* many people around ... He’s gone.

JOHN: What, Sherlock Holmes?

DONOVAN: He just took off. He does that.

JOHN: Is he coming back?

DONOVAN: Didn’t look like it.

JOHN: Right. Right ... Yes. Um, sorry, where am I?

DONOVAN: Brixton.

JOHN: Right. D’you know where I’d, er, get a cab? It’s just, my leg.

DONOVAN: Yeah, try the main road. Hey.

JOHN: Hmm.

DONOVAN: You’re not his friend – he doesn’t *have* friends – so who *are* you?

JOHN: Me? I’m ... I’m nobody. I just met him.

DONOVAN: Right, bit of advice then: stay away from that guy.

JOHN: Why?

DONOVAN: You know why he’s here? He’s not paid or anything. He likes it. He gets off on it. The weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up isn’t gonna be enough. One day we’ll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes’ll be the one who put it there.

JOHN: Why would he do that?

DONOVAN: Because he’s a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.

LESTRADE: Donovan!

DONOVAN: Yeah, coming. Stay away from Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: Thanks.

DONOVAN: No worries.

BAKER STREET. COME AT ONCE,

IF CONVENIENT. SH.

IF INCONVENIENT COME ANY

WAY.

COULD BE DANGEROUS.

TAXI DRIVER: You late or something?

JOHN: No, not particularly. Why?

TAXI DRIVER: Sorry. You just look a bit ... wired.

JOHN: Wired? What d’you mean, wired?

JOHN: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: Nicotine patch. Helps me think. Impossible to sustain a smoking habit in London these days. Bad news for brain work.

JOHN: Well, it’s good news for breathing.

SHERLOCK: Oh, breathing. Breathing’s boring.

JOHN: Is that three patches?

SHERLOCK: It’s a three-patch problem.

JOHN: Well? You asked me to come. Took me an hour to get here. I assume it’s important.

SHERLOCK: Oh, yeah. Can I borrow your phone?

JOHN: My phone?

SHERLOCK: Don’t wanna use mine. Always a chance the number will be recognised. It’s on the website.

JOHN: Mrs Hudson’s got a phone.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but she’s downstairs. I tried shouting but she didn’t hear.

JOHN: I was the other side of London!

SHERLOCK: There was no hurry.

JOHN: Here. Here. So what’s this about – the case?

SHERLOCK: Her case.

JOHN: *Her* case?

SHERLOCK: Her suitcase, yes. The murderer took her suitcase. First big mistake. It’s no use, there’s no other way. We’ll have to risk it.

JOHN: Risk what?

SHERLOCK: There’s a number, over there on the table. I want you to send a text.

JOHN: Who am I texting?

SHERLOCK: Never mind. On the table, the number, now, please.

JOHN: Maybe Sergeant Donovan was right about you.

SHERLOCK: What did she say?

JOHN: Said you were a psychopath.

SHERLOCK: Oh! Didn’t think she was that smart!

JOHN: She said one day they’re gonna show up at a murder scene and you’ll have provided the body.

SHERLOCK: These words exactly: “What happened at Lauriston Gardens? I must have blacked out. Twenty-two Northumberland Terrace. Please come.” Well? Send it. Have you sent it?

JOHN: Just a moment.

SHERLOCK: Take a look at the impossible. The contents of her case.

JOHN: *How* did you get this?

SHERLOCK: By looking.

JOHN: *Where*?

SHERLOCK: We know the killer drove to Lauriston Gardens. We know the killer is a man. No man could be seen with this case without attracting attention to himself, so obviously he’d feel compelled to get rid of it the moment he knew it was still in his car. Wouldn’t have taken him more than five minutes to realise his mistake. I checked every back street wide enough for a car within five minutes of Lauriston Gardens ... and looked for anywhere you could easily dispose of a bulky object without being observed.Took me less than an hour to find the right skip.

JOHN: Pink. You got all that because you realised the case’d be pink?

SHERLOCK: Well, it had to be pink, obviously.

JOHN: Why didn’t *I* think of that?

SHERLOCK: Because you’re stupid.Oh no, don’t look like that. Practically everyone is.Sent?

JOHN: Sent, yes. What was that about?

SHERLOCK: The contents of her case – look at them.

JOHN: What am I looking for?

SHERLOCK: The impossible. The *one* impossible thing.

JOHN: There’s a change of clothes, a make-up bag, a washbag and a novel. What’s impossible?

SHERLOCK: Her mobile phone.

JOHN: There *isn’t* a mobile phone.

SHERLOCK: That’s what’s impossible. No mobile in her case, no mobile in her coat pocket.

JOHN: Well, maybe she doesn’t have one.

SHERLOCK: She has a string of lovers. Of *course* she has one.

JOHN: She could have left it at home.

SHERLOCK: Again, string of lovers. She *never* leaves her phone at home.

JOHN: And so where is it?

SHERLOCK: You *know* where it is. More importantly, you know who *has* it.

JOHN: The murderer?

SHERLOCK: The murderer.

JOHN: Who did I just text?

SHERLOCK: Maybe she just dropped it in the back of his car; maybe she planted it on purpose to lead us to him, but the murderer has her phone. A few hours since his last victim. Now he’s received a text which can only be from her. An innocent man would ignore a text like that; assume it was a mistake. A guilty man ... would panic.

JOHN: Have you spoken to the police?

SHERLOCK: Five people are dead. There isn’t time to talk to the police.

JOHN: Then why are you talking to me?

SHERLOCK: You’re *here.* Well?

JOHN: Well what?

SHERLOCK: Well, you could sit there and watch telly. Problem?

JOHN: Sergeant Donovan.

SHERLOCK: What about her?

JOHN: Said you get off on this. You enjoy it.

SHERLOCK: And I said “danger,” and here you are.

JOHN: Damn it!

JOHN: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: Northumberland Terrace is a five-minute walk from here.

JOHN: What, you think he’s stupid enough to go there?

SHERLOCK: No – I think he’s *brilliant* enough. I *love* the brilliant ones – so desperate to get caught.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: Appreciation. At long last the spotlight. To you it’s an arrest; to them it’s a coming-out party. That’s the frailty of genius: it needs an audience.

JOHN: Yeah. Yes. I suppose it does.

SHERLOCK: Twenty-two Northumberland Terrace. Keep your eyes on it.

JOHN: Don’t you wanna keep *your* eyes on it?

SHERLOCK: I *am.*

JOHN: But he’s not just gonna ring the doorbell, though, is he?

SHERLOCK: No, of course not. But he’ll pass by; might even loiter.

JOHN: Half of London’s passing by.

SHERLOCK: I’ll recognise him.

JOHN: You know who he is?

SHERLOCK: I know *what* he is.

ANGELO: Sherlock! Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. All on the house, you and your date.

SHERLOCK: Do you want to eat?

JOHN: I’m not his date.

ANGELO: Ohhh! Ooh, this man! He got me off a murder charge.

SHERLOCK: This is Angelo. Three years ago I successfully proved to Inspector Lestrade that at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder, Angelo was in a completely different part of town, car-jacking.

ANGELO: He cleared my name.

SHERLOCK: I cleared it a bit.

ANGELO: Anything on the menu, I cook it for you myself.

SHERLOCK: Thank you, Angelo.

ANGELO: If not for you, I’d have gone to prison.

SHERLOCK: You *did* go to prison.

ANGELO: I’ll get you a candle for the table. It’s more romantic, huh?

JOHN: I’m not his date!

SHERLOCK: You may as well eat. We might be waiting a long time.

JOHN: Hmm. Are you going to?

SHERLOCK: What day is it?

JOHN: It’s Wednesday.

SHERLOCK: I’m okay for a bit.

JOHN: You haven’t eaten today? For God’s sake, you need to eat.

SHERLOCK: No, *you* need to eat. I need to think. The brain’s what counts. Everything else is transport.

JOHN: You might consider refuelling.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

JOHN: So – d’you have a girlfriend who feeds you up sometimes?

SHERLOCK: Is that what girlfriends do: feed you up?

JOHN: You don’t have a girlfriend, then?

SHERLOCK: It’s not really my area.

JOHN: Mm. Oh. Right. D’you have a boyfriend? Which is fine, by the way.

SHERLOCK: I *know* it’s fine.

JOHN: So you don’t have a boyfriend then?

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Fine. Okay. So, unattached, like me. Good.

SHERLOCK: John, you should know that I consider myself married to my work, and while I’m flattered by your interest, I’m really not looking for any *kind* of ...

JOHN: No. No. I wasn’t asking you out. No. I’m just saying, it’s all fine. Whatever ... shakes your ... boat. I’m gonna shut up now.

SHERLOCK: I think that’s for the best.

JOHN: So ... you don’t ... *do* ... anything.

SHERLOCK: Everything else is transport.

JOHN: No sign yet, then?

SHERLOCK: I suppose it is a long shot. We have to be realistic.

JOHN: You said before you didn’t know who the killer was but you knew *what*.

SHERLOCK: So do you if you think about it. Why don’t people just *think*?

JOHN: Oh, because *we’re* stupid.

SHERLOCK: We know the killer drove his victims, but there were no marks of coercion or violence on the bodies. Each one of those five people climbed into a stranger’s car voluntarily. The killer was someone they trusted.

JOHN: But not someone they knew?

SHERLOCK: Five completely different people. They had no friends in common. And another thing: Lauriston Gardens, did you see it? Twitching curtains, little old ladies ... Little old ladies, they’re my favourite. Better than any security cameras. But according to the police, no-one remembers a strange car parked outside an empty house. Not *one* person remembered.

JOHN: I see what you’re saying. ... No I don’t. What are you saying: that the killer’s got an invisible car?

SHERLOCK: Yes. *Yes*! Exactly!

JOHN: Then I *definitely* don’t see what you’re saying.

SHERLOCK: There are cars that pass like ghosts, unseen, unremembered. There are people we trust, always, when we’re alone, when we’re lost, when we’re drunk. We never see their faces, but every day we disappear into their cars and let the trap close around us. Angelo, glass of white wine, quickly. I give you the perfect murder weapon of the modern age, the invisible car. The London cab.

JOHN: There’s been cabs up and down this street all night.

SHERLOCK: This one’s stopped.

JOHN: He’s looking for a fare.

JOHN: We don’t know it’s him.

SHERLOCK: We don’t know it *isn’t.* Thank you. Watch. Don’t interfere. Angelo, headless nun.

ANGELO: Ah, now *that* was a case! Same again?

SHERLOCK: If you wouldn’t mind.

ANGELO: Out of my restaurant! Cretino! You’re drunk! And stay away!

JOHN: What’s he doing?

ANGELO: Sherlock’s on the case. Bad news for bad people.

SHERLOCK: Hey, hey! Come on!

CABBIE: Sorry, mate, off duty.

SHERLOCK: Two two one ... B Baker Street.

CABBIE: I’m not on duty, mate. You see the light?

SHERLOCK: Jus’ round the corner! It’s Baker Street!

CABBIE: There’s plenty of other cabs round ’ere. Get another cab.

SHERLOCK: Two two one B!

CABBIE: I’m not on duty, an’ I don’t do drunks. ’ello?

SHERLOCK: How do you make them take the poison?

CABBIE: What? What did ... what did you say?

SHERLOCK: I said, how do you make them take the poison?

CABBIE: Oi! Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes.

CABBIE: Do a lot of drugs, Sherlock ’olmes?

SHERLOCK: Not in a while.

CABBIE: I ask ’cause you’re very resilient. Most people would have passed out by now.

ANGELO: It’s okay. All part of the plan.

CABBIE: It’s okay. He’s just had a few. Look at the state of ’im!

SHERLOCK: John!

CABBIE: Trouble is, your friends all think you’re acting. That’s the thing about people. They’re all stupid.

JOHN: Something’s gone wrong.

ANGELO: No, no, no. All part of the plan. Sherlock always has a plan.

JOHN: Yes, and it’s gone wrong.

CABBIE: I ’ope you don’t mind. Well, you gave me your address. You’ve only been out for about ten minutes. You’re strong. I’m impressed. That’s right – you warm yourself up. I made everything nice and cosy for you.

SHERLOCK: This is my flat.

CABBIE: Course it is, yeah. Found your keys in your jacket. I thought, well, why not? People like to die at ’ome. Now, now. The drug’s still in your system. You’ll be weak as a kitten for at least an hour. I could do anything I wanted to you right now, Mr ’olmes. Anything at all. But don’t worry. I’m only gonna kill yer. The whole ’ouse is empty. Even your landlady’s away, so there’s no point in raising your voice. We’re all locked in, nice and snug.

SHERLOCK: Still, bit of a risk, isn’t it? Here?

CABBIE: You call that a risk? *This* is a risk. You wanted to know ’ow I made ’em take the poison. You’re gonna love this!

SHERLOCK: How?

CABBIE: Take a moment. Get yourself together. I want your best game.

SHERLOCK: My ... my best *what*?

CABBIE: I know who you are, Mr ’olmes. The moment you said your name, I knew. Sherlock ’olmes. I’ve been on your website loads of times. You are brilliant. You *are*. Proper genius. “The Science of Deduction.” Now *that* is proper thinking. Between you and me, why can’t people think? Don’t it drive you mad? Why can’t people just think?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I see. So you’re a proper genius too.

CABBIE: Don’t look it, do I? Funny little man, drives a cab. But you’ll know better in a minute. Chances are it’ll be the last thing you ever know.

SHERLOCK: Who *are* you?

CABBIE: Nobody. For now. But I won’t die a nobody, now will I?

SHERLOCK: Two pills.

CABBIE: There’s a good pill and a bad pill. You take the good pill, you live; take the bad pill, you die.

SHERLOCK: And you know which is which.

CABBIE: Course *I* know.

SHERLOCK: But I don’t.

CABBIE: Wouldn’t be a game if *you* knew. You’re the one who chooses.

SHERLOCK: It’s not a game. It’s chance.

CABBIE: I’ve played five times. I’m alive. It’s not chance, Mr ’olmes, it’s chess. It’s a game of chess, with one move, and one survivor. And this ... *this* is the move. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? You can choose either one.

SHERLOCK: That’s what you did, to all of them. You gave them a choice.

CABBIE: You’ve gotta admit: as serial killers go, I’m verging on nice! Anyway, time’s up. Choose.

SHERLOCK: And then?

CABBIE: And then, together, we take our medicine. Let’s play.

SHERLOCK: Play *what*? It’s a fifty-fifty chance.

CABBIE: You’re not playin’ the numbers, you’re playin’ *me*. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? Is it a bluff? Or a double-bluff? Or a triple-bluff?

SHERLOCK: It’s still chance.

CABBIE: Five people in a row? It’s not chance.

SHERLOCK: It’s luck.

CABBIE: It’s genius. I know ’ow people think. I know ’ow people think *I* think. I can see it all, like a map in my ’ead. Everyone’s so stupid – even you. Course, maybe God just loves me.

SHERLOCK: Either way, you’re *wasted* as a cabbie. How did you choose which ones?

CABBIE: Anyone who didn’t know where they were going, ’cause they were drunk or lost or new in town. Anyone I could walk through the wrong door.

SHERLOCK: You risked your life five times just to kill strangers. You’re dying, aren’t you?

CABBIE: So are you.

SHERLOCK: You don’t have long, though. Am I right?

CABBIE: Aneurism. Right in ’ere. Any breath could be my last. It’s your only ’ope, Mr ’olmes. Bet on the aneurism.

SHERLOCK: I’m not a betting man.

CABBIE: D’you think I’m bitter?

SHERLOCK: Well, you have just murdered five people.

CABBIE: That’s the most fun you can *’ave* with an aneurism.

SHERLOCK: What if I don’t take either?

CABBIE: Then I choose for you, and I force it down your throat. Right now there’s nothing you could do to stop me. Funnily enough, no-one’s ever gone for that option. And I don’t think you will either.

SHERLOCK: Especially as that’s the police.

CABBIE: I know. I’m not blind.

SHERLOCK: Good old Doctor Watson. I underestimated him.

CABBIE: You make the slightest move towards that phone, I’ll kill yer.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I don’t think so. Not your kind of murder.

CABBIE: You wanna risk it? Wouldn’t you rather risk this? Which one do you think? Which one’s the good pill? Come on. I know you’ve got a theory. Oh. Interesting. So what d’you think? Shall we? Really, what do you think? Can you beat me? I bet you get bored, don’t you? A man like you, so clever. I’ll bet you’re not bored now. This ... *this* right now – this is what you live for, innit, not being bored?

LESTRADE: Did anyone see it? Where did it come from? Who is firing? Who is firing? Clear the area! Clear the area now!

SHERLOCK: Why have I got this blanket? They keep putting this blanket on me.

LESTRADE: It’s for shock.

SHERLOCK: I’m not *in* shock.

LESTRADE: Yeah, but some of the guys wanna take photographs.

SHERLOCK: So, the shooter wasn’t one of yours, then.

LESTRADE: God, no. We didn’t have time. But a guy like that would have had enemies, I suppose. One of them could have been following him. Whoever it was, he was gone by the time we got there and we’ve got nothing to go on.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I wouldn’t say that.

LESTRADE: Okay, gimme. I’ll write it down this time.

SHERLOCK: The bullet they just dug out of my wall was from a hand gun. A shot clean through the heart over that distance with that kind of a weapon – that’s a crack shot you’re looking for, but not just a marksman; a fighter. His hand couldn’t have shaken at all, so clearly he was acclimatised to violence. He didn’t fire until I was in immediate danger, though, so strong moral principles. You’re looking for a man probably with a history of military service, nerves of steel ... Actually, do you know what? Um, ignore me.

LESTRADE: I’m sorry?

SHERLOCK: Ignore what I just said. It’s the shock talking. Probably need this blanket.

LESTRADE: Where’re you going?

SHERLOCK: I just need to discuss the rent.

LESTRADE: Sherlock ... Were you right?

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

LESTRADE: Did you choose the right pill?

SHERLOCK: I dunno. In all the confusion, I lost track. I don’t know *which* I chose.

LESTRADE: Maybe he beat you.

SHERLOCK: Maybe. But he’s *dead.*

JOHN: Sergeant Donovan’s been explaining everything to me. It’s ... the two pills? Dreadful business. Dreadful.

SHERLOCK: Where is it?

JOHN: Where’s what?

SHERLOCK: Don’t. Just *don’t*. What did you do with the gun?

JOHN: Oh, er, bottom of the Thames.

SHERLOCK: We need to get rid of the powder burns in your finger. I don’t suppose you’d serve time for this, but let’s avoid the court case.

JOHN: I ran after the cab, called the police, of course, and then I thought, better keep an eye on *you.*

SHERLOCK: Are you all right?

JOHN: Of *course* I’m all right.

SHERLOCK: You have just *killed* a man.

JOHN: I’ve *seen* men die before – and good men, friends of mine. Thought I’d never sleep again. I’ll sleep fine tonight.

SHERLOCK: Quite right.

JOHN: You were gonna take the damned pill, weren’t you?

SHERLOCK: Course not. Playing for time.

JOHN: No, you weren’t. It’s how you get your kicks, isn’t it? Risking your life to prove you’re clever.

SHERLOCK: Why would I do that?

JOHN: ’Cause you’re an idiot.

SHERLOCK: Dinner?

JOHN: Starving.

SHERLOCK: There’s a good Chinese at the end of the road, stays open ’til two. You can always tell a good Chinese by examining the bottom third of the door handle.

LESTRADE: Oi! Sherlock! Still got questions for you.

JOHN: Er, Inspector Lestrade, to my certain knowledge, this man hasn’t eaten for several days. Now, if you want him alive for your next case, what he’s gonna do right now is have dinner.

LESTRADE: And who the hell are you?

JOHN: I’m his doctor.

SHERLOCK: And only a fool argues with his doctor.

LESTRADE: Okay, I’ll pull you in tomorrow. Off you go.

JOHN: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: So: *ran* after a cab. Told you that limp was psychosomatic.

JOHN: I knew it was.

SHERLOCK: You did get shot, though.

JOHN: Oh, yeah. In the shoulder.

SHERLOCK: Oh!

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock! What have you done to my house?

SHERLOCK: Nothing wrong with your house, Mrs Hudson, which is more than can be said for the dead serial killer on the first floor.

MRS HUDSON: Dead what?!

SHERLOCK: Good news for London; bad news for your carpet. Good night, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON: I’m not your housekeeper!

JOHN: Night, Mrs Hudson!

MRS HUDSON: I’m going in.

LESTRADE: Sergeant Donovan.

DONOVAN: Sir?

LESTRADE: We need those two in tomorrow.

DONOVAN: What two, sir?

LESTRADE: Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

**A Study in Pink** (broadcast version)

ELLA: How’s your blog going?

JOHN: Yeah, good. Very good.

ELLA: You haven’t written a word, have you?

JOHN: You just wrote, “Still has trust issues.”

ELLA: And you read my writing upside down. D’you see what I mean? John, you’re a soldier, and it’s gonna take you a while to adjust to civilian life; and writing a blog about everything that happens to you will honestly help you.

JOHN: *Nothing* happens to me.

SIR JEFFREY: What d’you mean, there’s no ruddy car?

HELEN: He went to Waterloo. I’m sorry. Get a cab.

SIR JEFFREY: I never get cabs.

HELEN: I love you.

SIR JEFFREY: When?

HELEN: Get a cab!

MARGARET PATTERSON: My husband was a happy man who lived life to the full. He loved his family and his work – and that he should have taken his own life in this way is a mystery and a shock to all who knew him.

JIMMY: Yes, yes, taxi, yes! I’ll be back in two minutes, mate.

GARY: What?

JIMMY: I’m just going home; get my mum’s umbrella.

GARY: You can share mine!

JIMMY: Two minutes, all right?

AIDE 1: Is she *still* dancing?

AIDE 2: Yeah, if you can call it that.

AIDE 1: Did you get the car keys off her?

AIDE 2: Got ’em out of her bag.

AIDE 1: Where is she?

DONOVAN: The body of Beth Davenport, Junior Minister for Transport, was found late last night on a building site in Greater London. Preliminary investigations suggest that this was suicide. We can confirm that this apparent suicide closely resembles those of Sir Jeffrey Patterson and James Phillimore. In the light of this, these incidents are now being treated as linked. The investigation is ongoing but Detective Inspector Lestrade will take questions now.

REPORTER 1: Detective Inspector, how can suicides be linked?

LESTRADE: Well, they all took the same poison; um, they were all found in places they had no reason to be; none of them had shown any prior indication of ...

REPORTER 1: But you can’t have serial suicides.

LESTRADE: Well, apparently you *can*.

REPORTER 2: These three people: there’s nothing that links them?

LESTRADE: There’s no link been found *yet*, but we’re looking for it. There has to *be* one.

DONOVAN: If you’ve all got texts, please ignore them.

REPORTER 1: Just says, ‘Wrong’.

DONOVAN: Yeah, well, just ignore that. Okay, if there are no more questions for Detective Inspector Lestrade, I’m going to bring this session to an end.

REPORTER 2: But if they’re suicides, what are you investigating?

LESTRADE: As I say, these ... these suicides are *clearly* linked. Um, it’s an ... it’s an unusual situation. We’ve got our best people investigating ...

REPORTER 1: Says, ‘Wrong’ again.

DONOVAN: One more question.

REPORTER 3: Is there any chance that these are murders, and if they are, is this the work of a serial killer?

LESTRADE: I ... I know that you like writing about these, but these do appear to be suicides. We know the difference. The, um, the poison was *clearly* self-administered.

REPORTER 3: Yes, but if they *are* murders, how do people keep themselves safe?

LESTRADE: Well, don’t commit suicide.

DONOVAN: “Daily Mail.”

LESTRADE: Obviously this is a frightening time for people, but all anyone has to do is exercise reasonable precautions. We are all as safe as we want to be. Thank you.

DONOVAN: You’ve *got* to stop him doing that. He’s making us look like idiots.

LESTRADE: Well, if you can tell me *how* he does it, I’ll stop him.

MIKE: John! John Watson! Stamford. Mike Stamford. We were at Bart’s together.

JOHN: Yes, sorry, yes, Mike. Hello, hi.

MIKE: Yeah, I know. I got fat!

JOHN: No.

MIKE: I heard you were abroad somewhere, getting shot at. What happened?

JOHN: I got shot.

JOHN: Are you still at Bart’s, then?

MIKE: Teaching now. Bright young things, like we used to be. God, I hate them! What about you? Just staying in town ’til you get yourself sorted?

JOHN: I can’t afford London on an Army pension.

MIKE: Ah, and you couldn’t bear to be anywhere else. That’s not the John Watson I know.

JOHN: Yeah, I’m not the John Watson ...

MIKE: Couldn’t Harry help?

JOHN: Yeah, like *that’s* gonna happen!

MIKE: I dunno – get a flatshare or something?

JOHN: Come on – who’d want *me* for a flatmate? What?

MIKE: Well, you’re the second person to say that to me today.

JOHN: Who was the first?

SHERLOCK: How fresh?

MOLLY: Just in. Sixty-seven, natural causes. He used to work here. I knew him. He was nice.

SHERLOCK: Fine. We’ll start with the riding crop.

MOLLY: So, bad day, was it?

SHERLOCK: I need to know what bruises form in the next twenty minutes. A man’s alibi depends on it. Text me.

MOLLY: Listen, I was wondering: maybe later, when you’re finished ...

SHERLOCK: Are you wearing lipstick? You weren’t wearing lipstick before.

MOLLY: I, er, I refreshed it a bit.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, you were saying?

MOLLY: I was wondering if you’d like to have coffee.

SHERLOCK: Black, two sugars, please. I’ll be upstairs.

MOLLY: ... Okay.

JOHN: Well, bit different from my day.

MIKE: You’ve no idea!

SHERLOCK: Mike, can I borrow your phone? There’s no signal on mine.

MIKE: And what’s wrong with the landline?

SHERLOCK: I prefer to text.

MIKE: Sorry. It’s in my coat.

JOHN: Er, here. Use mine.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Thank you.

MIKE: It’s an old friend of mine, John Watson.

SHERLOCK: Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: Which was it – Afghanistan or Iraq?

JOHN: Afghanistan. Sorry, how did you know ...?

SHERLOCK: Ah, Molly, coffee. Thank you. What happened to the lipstick?

MOLLY: It wasn’t working for me.

SHERLOCK: Really? I thought it was a big improvement. Your mouth’s too small now.

MOLLY: ... Okay.

SHERLOCK: How do you feel about the violin?

JOHN: I’m sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: I play the violin when I’m thinking. Sometimes I don’t talk for days on end. Would that bother you? Potential flatmates should know the worst about each other.

JOHN: Oh, you ... you told him about me?

MIKE: Not a word.

JOHN: Then who said anything about flatmates?

SHERLOCK: *I* did. Told Mike this morning that I must be a difficult man to find a flatmate for. Now here he is just after lunch with an old friend, clearly just home from military service in Afghanistan. Wasn’t that difficult a leap.

JOHN: How *did* you know about Afghanistan?

SHERLOCK: Got my eye on a nice little place in central London. Together we ought to be able to afford it. We’ll meet there tomorrow evening; seven o’clock. Sorry – gotta dash. I think I left my riding crop in the mortuary.

JOHN: Is that it?

SHERLOCK: Is that what?

JOHN: We’ve only just met and we’re gonna go and look at a flat?

SHERLOCK: Problem?

JOHN: We don’t know a thing about each other; I don’t know where we’re meeting; I don’t even know your name.

SHERLOCK: I know you’re an Army doctor and you’ve been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you’ve got a brother who’s worried about you but you won’t go to him for help because you don’t approve of him – possibly because he’s an alcoholic; more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that your therapist thinks your limp’s psychosomatic – quite correctly, I’m afraid. That’s enough to be going on with, don’t you think? The name’s Sherlock Holmes and the address is two two one B Baker Street. Afternoon.

MIKE: Yeah. He’s always like that.

SHERLOCK: Hello. Thank you.

JOHN: Ah, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Sherlock, please.

JOHN: Well, this is a prime spot. Must be expensive.

SHERLOCK: Oh, Mrs Hudson, the landlady, she’s giving me a special deal. Owes me a favour. A few years back, her husband got himself sentenced to death in Florida. I was able to help out.

JOHN: Sorry – you stopped her husband being executed?

SHERLOCK: Oh no. I ensured it.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, hello.

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, Doctor John Watson.

MRS HUDSON: Hello.

JOHN: How do?

MRS HUDSON: Come in.

JOHN: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Shall we?

MRS HUDSON: Yeah.

JOHN: Well, this could be very nice. Very nice indeed.

SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes, I think so. My thoughts precisely. So I went straight ahead and moved in.

JOHN: Soon as we get all this rubbish cleaned out ... Oh. So this is all ...

SHERLOCK: Well, obviously I can, um, straighten things up a bit.

JOHN: That’s a skull.

SHERLOCK: Friend of mine. When I say ‘friend’ ...

MRS HUDSON: What do you think, then, Doctor Watson? There’s another bedroom upstairs if you’ll be *needing* two bedrooms.

JOHN: Of *course* we’ll be needing two.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, don’t worry; there’s all sorts round here. Mrs Turner next door’s got married ones. Oh, Sherlock. The mess you’ve made.

JOHN: I looked you up on the internet last night.

SHERLOCK: Anything interesting?

JOHN: Found your website, The Science of Deduction.

SHERLOCK: What did you think?

JOHN: You said you could identify a software designer by his tie and an airline pilot by his left thumb.

SHERLOCK: Yes; and I can read your military career in your face and your leg, and your brother’s drinking habits in your mobile phone.

JOHN: How?

MRS HUDSON: What about these suicides then, Sherlock? I thought that’d be right up your street. Three exactly the same.

SHERLOCK: Four. There’s been a fourth. And there’s something different this time.

MRS HUDSON: A fourth?

SHERLOCK: Where?

LESTRADE: Brixton, Lauriston Gardens.

SHERLOCK: What’s new about this one? You wouldn’t have come to get me if there wasn’t something different.

LESTRADE: You know how they never leave notes?

SHERLOCK: Yeah.

LESTRADE: This one did. Will you come?

SHERLOCK: Who’s on forensics?

LESTRADE: It’s Anderson.

SHERLOCK: Anderson won’t work with me.

LESTRADE: Well, he won’t be your assistant.

SHERLOCK: I *need* an assistant.

LESTRADE: Will you come?

SHERLOCK: Not in a police car. I’ll be right behind.

LESTRADE: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant! Yes! Ah, four serial suicides, and now a note! Oh, it’s Christmas! Mrs Hudson, I’ll be late. Might need some food.

MRS HUDSON: I’m your landlady, dear, not your housekeeper.

SHERLOCK: Something cold will do. John, have a cup of tea, make yourself at home. Don’t wait up!

MRS HUDSON: Look at him, dashing about! *My* husband was just the same. But you’re more the sitting-down type, I can tell. I’ll make you that cuppa. You rest your leg.

JOHN: *Damn* my leg! Sorry, I’m so sorry. It’s just sometimes this bloody thing ...

MRS HUDSON: I understand, dear; I’ve got a hip.

JOHN: Cup of tea’d be lovely, thank you.

MRS HUDSON: Just this once, dear. I’m not your housekeeper.

JOHN: Couple of biscuits too, if you’ve got ’em.

MRS HUDSON: Not your housekeeper!

SHERLOCK: You’re a doctor. In fact you’re an Army doctor.

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Any good?

JOHN: *Very* good.

SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then; violent deaths.

JOHN: Mmm, yes.

SHERLOCK: Bit of trouble too, I bet.

JOHN: Of course, yes. Enough for a lifetime. Far too much.

SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more?

JOHN: Oh *God*, yes. Sorry, Mrs Hudson, I’ll skip the tea. Off out.

MRS HUDSON: Both of you?

SHERLOCK: Impossible suicides? Four of them? There’s no point sitting at home when there’s finally something *fun* going on!

MRS HUDSON: Look at you, all happy. It’s not decent.

SHERLOCK: Who cares about decent? The game, Mrs Hudson, is on! Taxi!

SHERLOCK: Okay, you’ve got questions.

JOHN: Yeah, where are we going?

SHERLOCK: Crime scene. Next?

JOHN: Who are you? What do you do?

SHERLOCK: What do you think?

JOHN: I’d say private detective ...

SHERLOCK: But?

JOHN: ... but the police don’t go to private detectives.

SHERLOCK: I’m a *consulting* detective. Only one in the world. I invented the job.

JOHN: What does that mean?

SHERLOCK: It means when the police are out of their depth, which is always, they consult me.

JOHN: The police don’t consult amateurs.

SHERLOCK: When I met you for the first time yesterday, I said, “Afghanistan or Iraq?” You looked surprised.

JOHN: Yes, how *did* you know?

SHERLOCK: I didn’t know, I saw. Your haircut, the way you hold yourself, says military. But your conversation as you entered the room ...

JOHN: Bit different from my day.

SHERLOCK: ... said trained at Bart’s, so Army doctor – obvious. Your face is tanned but no tan above the wrists. You’ve been abroad, but not sunbathing. Your limp’s really bad when you walk but you don’t ask for a chair when you stand, like you’ve forgotten about it, so it’s at least partly psychosomatic. That says the original circumstances of the injury were traumatic. Wounded in action, then. Wounded in action, suntan – Afghanistan or Iraq.

JOHN: You said I had a therapist.

SHERLOCK: You’ve got a psychosomatic limp – of *course* you’ve got a therapist. Then there’s your brother.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Your phone. It’s expensive, e-mail enabled, MP3 player, but you’re looking for a flatshare – you wouldn’t waste money on this. It’s a gift, then. Scratches. Not one, many over time. It’s been in the same pocket as keys and coins. The man sitting next to me wouldn’t treat his one luxury item like this, so it’s had a previous owner. Next bit’s easy. You know it already.

JOHN: The engraving.

SHERLOCK: Harry Watson: clearly a family member who’s given you his old phone. Not your father, this is a young man’s gadget. *Could* be a cousin, but you’re a war hero who can’t find a place to live. Unlikely you’ve got an extended family, certainly not one you’re close to, so brother it is. Now, Clara. Who’s Clara? Three kisses says it’s a romantic attachment. The expense of the phone says wife, not girlfriend. She must have given it to him recently – this model’s only six months old. Marriage in trouble then – six months on he’s just given it away. If she’d left *him*, he would have kept it. People do – sentiment. But no, he wanted rid of it. He left *her*. He gave the phone to *you*: that says he wants you to stay in touch. You’re looking for cheap accommodation, but you’re not going to your brother for help: that says you’ve got problems with him. Maybe you liked his wife; maybe you *don’t* like his drinking.

JOHN: How can you *possibly* know about the drinking?

SHERLOCK: Shot in the dark. Good one, though. Power connection: tiny little scuff marks around the edge of it. Every night he goes to plug it in to charge but his hands are shaking. You never see those marks on a sober man’s phone; never see a drunk’s without them. There you go, you see – you were right.

JOHN: *I* was right? Right about what?

SHERLOCK: The police don’t consult amateurs.

JOHN: That ... was amazing.

SHERLOCK: Do you think so?

JOHN: Of *course* it was. It was extraordinary; it was quite extraordinary.

SHERLOCK: That’s not what people normally say.

JOHN: What do people normally say?

SHERLOCK: ‘Piss off’!

SHERLOCK: Did I get anything wrong?

JOHN: Harry and me don’t get on, never have. Clara and Harry split up three months ago and they’re getting a divorce; and Harry is a drinker.

SHERLOCK: Spot on, then. I didn’t expect to be right about everything.

JOHN: And Harry’s short for Harriet.

SHERLOCK: Harry’s your sister.

JOHN: Look, what exactly am I supposed to be doing here?

SHERLOCK: *Sister!*

JOHN: No, seriously, what am I doing here?

SHERLOCK: There’s always something.

DONOVAN: Hello, freak.

SHERLOCK: I’m here to see Detective Inspector Lestrade.

DONOVAN: Why?

SHERLOCK: I was invited.

DONOVAN: *Why?*

SHERLOCK: I think he wants me to take a look.

DONOVAN: Well, you know what *I* think, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: Always, Sally. I even know you didn’t make it home last night.

DONOVAN: I don’t ... Er, who’s this?

SHERLOCK: Colleague of mine, Doctor Watson. Doctor Watson, Sergeant Sally Donovan. Old friend.

DONOVAN: A colleague? How do *you* get a colleague?! What, did he follow you home?

JOHN: Would it be better if I just waited and ...

SHERLOCK: No.

DONOVAN: Freak’s here. Bringing him in.

SHERLOCK: Ah, Anderson. Here we are again.

ANDERSON: It’s a crime scene. I don’t want it contaminated. Are we clear on that?

SHERLOCK: Quite clear. And is your wife away for long?

ANDERSON: Oh, don’t pretend you worked that out. Somebody told you that.

SHERLOCK: Your deodorant told me that.

ANDERSON: My deodorant?

SHERLOCK: It’s for men.

ANDERSON: Well, of *course* it’s for men! *I’m* wearing it!

SHERLOCK: So’s Sergeant Donovan. Ooh, and I think it just vaporised. May I go in?

ANDERSON: Now look: whatever you’re trying to imply ...

SHERLOCK: I’m not implying *anything.* I’m sure Sally came round for a nice little chat, and just happened to stay over. And I assume she scrubbed your floors, going by the state of her knees. You need to wear one of these.

LESTRADE: Who’s this?

SHERLOCK: He’s with me.

LESTRADE: But who *is* he?

SHERLOCK: I *said* he’s with me.

JOHN: Aren’t you gonna put one on?

SHERLOCK: So where are we?

LESTRADE: Upstairs.

LESTRADE: I can give you two minutes.

SHERLOCK: May need longer.

LESTRADE: Her name’s Jennifer Wilson according to her credit cards. We’re running them now for contact details. Hasn’t been here long. Some kids found her.

SHERLOCK: Shut up.

LESTRADE: I didn’t say anything.

SHERLOCK: You were thinking. It’s annoying.

LESTRADE: Got anything?

SHERLOCK: Not much.

ANDERSON: She’s German. ‘Rache’: it’s German for ‘revenge’. She could be trying to tell us something ...

SHERLOCK: Yes, thank you for your input.

LESTRADE: So she’s German?

SHERLOCK: Of course she’s not. She’s from out of town, though. Intended to stay in London for one night ... before returning home to Cardiff. So far, so obvious.

JOHN: Sorry – obvious?

LESTRADE: What about the message, though?

SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson, what do you think?

JOHN: Of the message?

SHERLOCK: Of the body. You’re a medical man.

LESTRADE: Wait, no, we have a whole team right outside.

SHERLOCK: They won’t work with me.

LESTRADE: I’m breaking every rule letting *you* in here.

SHERLOCK: Yes ... because you need me.

LESTRADE: Yes, I do. God help me.

SHERLOCK: Doctor Watson.

JOHN: Hm?

LESTRADE: Oh, do as he says. Help yourself. Anderson, keep everyone out for a couple of minutes.

SHERLOCK: Well?

JOHN: What am I doing here?

SHERLOCK: Helping me make a point.

JOHN: I’m supposed to be helping you pay the rent.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, this is more fun.

JOHN: Fun? There’s a woman lying dead.

SHERLOCK: Perfectly sound analysis, but I *was* hoping you’d go deeper.

JOHN: Yeah ... Asphyxiation, probably. Passed out, choked on her own vomit. Can’t smell any alcohol on her. It could have been a seizure; possibly drugs.

SHERLOCK: You know what it was. You’ve read the papers.

JOHN: What, she’s one of the suicides? The fourth ...?

LESTRADE: Sherlock – two minutes, I said. I need anything you’ve got.

SHERLOCK: Victim is in her late thirties. Professional person, going by her clothes; I’m guessing something in the media, going by the frankly alarming shade of pink. Travelled from Cardiff today, intending to stay in London for one night. It’s obvious from the size of her suitcase.

LESTRADE: Suitcase?

SHERLOCK: Suitcase, yes. She’s been married at least ten years, but not happily. She’s had a string of lovers but none of them knew she was married.

LESTRADE: Oh, for God’s sake, if you’re just making this up ...

SHERLOCK: Her wedding ring. Ten years old at least. The rest of her jewellery has been regularly cleaned, but not her wedding ring. State of her marriage right there. The inside of the ring is shinier than the outside – that means it’s regularly removed. The only polishing it gets is when she works it off her finger. It’s not for work; look at her nails. She doesn’t work with her hands, so what or rather who *does* she remove her rings for? Clearly not *one* lover; she’d never sustain the fiction of being single over that amount of time, so more likely a string of them. Simple.

JOHN: That’s brilliant. Sorry.

LESTRADE: Cardiff?

SHERLOCK: It’s obvious, isn’t it?

JOHN: It’s not obvious to me.

SHERLOCK: Dear God, what is it like in your funny little brains? It must be so boring. Her coat: it’s slightly damp. She’s been in heavy rain in the last few hours. No rain anywhere in London in that time. Under her coat collar is damp, too. She’s turned it up against the wind. She’s got an umbrella in her left-hand pocket but it’s dry and unused: not just wind, *strong* wind – too strong to use her umbrella. We know from her suitcase that she was intending to stay overnight, so she must have come a decent distance but she can’t have travelled more than two or three hours because her coat still hasn’t dried. So, where has there been heavy rain and strong wind within the radius of that travel time? Cardiff.

JOHN: That’s fantastic!

SHERLOCK: D’you know you do that out loud?

JOHN: Sorry. I’ll shut up.

SHERLOCK: No, it’s ... fine.

LESTRADE: Why d’you keep saying suitcase?

SHERLOCK: Yes, where is it? She must have had a phone or an organiser. Find out who Rachel is.

LESTRADE: She was writing ‘Rachel’?

SHERLOCK: No, she was leaving an angry note in German(!) Of *course* she was writing Rachel; no other word it can be. Question is: why did she wait until she was dying to write it?

LESTRADE: How d’you know she had a suitcase?

SHERLOCK: Back of the right leg: tiny splash marks on the heel and calf, not present on the left. She was dragging a wheeled suitcase behind her with her right hand. Don’t get that splash pattern any other way. Smallish case, going by the spread. Case that size, woman this clothes-conscious: could only be an overnight bag, so we know she was staying one night. Now, where is it? What have you done with it?

LESTRADE: There wasn’t a case.

SHERLOCK: Say that again.

LESTRADE: There wasn’t a case. There was never any suitcase.

SHERLOCK: Suitcase! Did anyone find a suitcase? Was there a suitcase in this house?

LESTRADE: Sherlock, there was no case!

SHERLOCK: But they take the poison themselves; they chew, swallow the pills themselves. There are clear signs. Even you lot couldn’t miss them.

LESTRADE: Right, yeah, thanks(!) *And* ...?

SHERLOCK: It’s murder, all of them. I don’t know how, but they’re not suicides, they’re killings – *serial* killings. We’ve got ourselves a serial killer. I *love* those. There’s always something to look forward to.

LESTRADE: Why are you saying that?

SHERLOCK: Her case! Come on, where is her case? Did she eat it?(!) Someone else was here, and they took her case. So the killer must have driven her here; forgot the case was in the car.

JOHN: She could have checked into a hotel, left her case there.

SHERLOCK: No, she never got to the hotel. Look at her hair. She colour-coordinates her lipstick and her shoes. She’d never have left any hotel with her hair still looking ... Oh. *Oh!*

JOHN: Sherlock?

LESTRADE: What is it, what?

SHERLOCK: Serial killers are always hard. You have to wait for them to make a mistake.

LESTRADE: We can’t just wait!

SHERLOCK: Oh, we’re *done* waiting! Look at her, really *look*! Houston, we *have* a mistake. Get on to Cardiff: find out who Jennifer Wilson’s family and friends were. Find Rachel!

LESTRADE: Of course, yeah – but what mistake?!

SHERLOCK: *PINK!*

ANDERSON: Let’s get on with it.

DONOVAN: He’s gone.

JOHN: Who, Sherlock Holmes?

DONOVAN: Yeah, he just took off. He does that.

JOHN: Is he coming back?

DONOVAN: Didn’t look like it.

JOHN: Right. Right ... Yes. Sorry, where am I?

DONOVAN: Brixton.

JOHN: Right. Er, d’you know where I could get a cab? It’s just, er ... well ... my leg.

DONOVAN: Er ... try the main road.

JOHN: Thanks.

DONOVAN: But you’re not his friend. He doesn’t *have* friends. So who *are* you?

JOHN: I’m ... I’m nobody. I just met him.

DONOVAN: Okay, bit of advice then: stay away from that guy.

JOHN: Why?

DONOVAN: You know why he’s here? He’s not paid or anything. He likes it. He gets off on it. The weirder the crime, the more he gets off. And you know what? One day just showing up won’t be enough. One day we’ll be standing round a body and Sherlock Holmes’ll be the one that put it there.

JOHN: Why would he do that?

DONOVAN: Because he’s a psychopath. And psychopaths get bored.

LESTRADE: Donovan!

DONOVAN: Coming.

DONOVAN: Stay away from Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: Taxi! Taxi ... Hello?

MAN’s VOICE: There is a security camera on the building to your left. Do you see it?

JOHN: Who’s this? Who’s speaking?

MAN’s VOICE: Do you see the camera, Doctor Watson?

JOHN: Yeah, I see it.

MAN’s VOICE: Watch. There is another camera on the building opposite you. Do you see it?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

MAN’s VOICE: And finally, at the top of the building on your right.

JOHN: How are you doing this?

MAN’s VOICE: Get into the car, Doctor Watson. I *would* make some sort of threat, but I’m sure your situation is quite clear to you.

JOHN: Hello.

WOMAN: Hi.

JOHN: What’s your name, then?

WOMAN: Er ... Anthea.

JOHN: Is that your real name?

WOMAN: No.

JOHN: I’m John.

NOT-ANTHEA: Yes. I know.

JOHN: Any point in asking where I’m going?

NOT-ANTHEA: None at all ... John.

JOHN: Okay.

M: Have a seat, John.

JOHN: You know, I’ve got a phone. I mean, very clever and all that, but er ... you could just phone me. On my phone.

M: When one is avoiding the attention of Sherlock Holmes, one learns to be discreet, hence this place. The leg must be hurting you. Sit down.

JOHN: I don’t wanna sit down.

M: You don’t seem very afraid.

JOHN: You don’t seem very frightening.

M: Ah, yes. The bravery of the soldier. Bravery is by far the kindest word for stupidity, don’t you think? What is your connection to Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: I don’t have one. I barely know him. I met him ... yesterday.

M: Mmm, and since yesterday you’ve moved in with him and now you’re solving crimes together. Might we expect a happy announcement by the end of the week?

JOHN: Who *are* you?

M: An interested party.

JOHN: Interested in Sherlock? Why? I’m guessing you’re not friends.

M: You’ve met him. How many ‘friends’ do you imagine he has? I am the closest thing to a friend that Sherlock Holmes is capable of having.

JOHN: And what’s that?

M: An enemy.

JOHN: An enemy?

M: In *his* mind, certainly. If you were to ask him, he’d probably say his *arch*-enemy. He does love to be dramatic.

JOHN: Well, thank God *you’re* above all that.

M: I hope I’m not distracting you.

JOHN: Not distracting me at all.

M: Do you plan to continue your association with Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: I could be wrong ... but I think that’s none of your business.

M: It *could* be.

JOHN: It *really* couldn’t.

M: If you *do* move into, um ... two hundred and twenty-one *B* Baker Street, I’d be happy to pay you a meaningful sum of money on a regular basis to ease your way.

JOHN: Why?

M: Because you’re not a wealthy man.

JOHN: In exchange for what?

M: Information. Nothing indiscreet. Nothing you’d feel ... uncomfortable with. Just tell me what he’s up to.

JOHN: Why?

M: I worry about him. Constantly.

JOHN: That’s nice of you.

M: But I would prefer for various reasons that my concern go unmentioned. We have what you might call a ... difficult relationship.

JOHN: No.

M: But I haven’t mentioned a figure.

JOHN: Don’t bother.

M: You’re very loyal, *very* quickly.

JOHN: No, I’m not. I’m just not interested.

M: “Trust issues,” it says here.

JOHN: What’s that?

M: Could it be that you’ve decided to trust Sherlock Holmes of all people?

JOHN: Who says I trust him?

M: You don’t seem the kind to make friends easily.

JOHN: Are we done?

M: You tell me. I imagine people have already warned you to stay away from him, but I can see from your left hand that’s not going to happen.

JOHN: My wot?

M: Show me.

JOHN: Don’t.

M: Remarkable.

JOHN: What is?

M: Most people blunder round this city, and all they see are streets and shops and cars. When you walk with Sherlock Holmes, you see the battlefield. You’ve seen it already, haven’t you?

JOHN: What’s wrong with my hand?

M: You have an intermittent tremor in your left hand. Your therapist thinks it’s post-traumatic stress disorder. She thinks you’re haunted by memories of your military service.

JOHN: Who the hell *are* you? How do you know that?

M: Fire her. She’s got it the wrong way round. You’re under stress right now and your hand is perfectly steady. You’re not haunted by the war, Doctor Watson ... you miss it. Welcome back. Time to choose a side, Doctor Watson.

NOT-ANTHEA: I’m to take you home. Address?

JOHN: Er, Baker Street. Two two one B Baker Street. But I need to stop off somewhere first.

JOHN: Listen, your boss – any chance you could not tell him this is where I went?

NOT-ANTHEA: Sure.

JOHN: You’ve told him already, haven’t you?

NOT-ANTHEA: Yeah.

JOHN: Hey, um ... do you ever get any free time?

NOT-ANTHEA: Oh, yeah. Lots. ’Bye.

JOHN: Okay.

JOHN: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: Nicotine patch. Helps me think. Impossible to sustain a smoking habit in London these days. Bad news for brain work.

JOHN: It’s good news for breathing.

SHERLOCK: Oh, breathing. Breathing’s boring.

JOHN: Is that three patches?

SHERLOCK: It’s a three-patch problem.

JOHN: Well? You asked me to come. I’m assuming it’s important.

SHERLOCK: Oh, yeah, of course. Can I borrow your phone?

JOHN: My phone?

SHERLOCK: Don’t wanna use mine. Always a chance that the number will be recognised. It’s on the website.

JOHN: Mrs Hudson’s got a phone.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, she’s downstairs. I tried shouting but she didn’t hear.

JOHN: I *was* the other side of London.

SHERLOCK: There was no hurry.

JOHN: Here. So what’s this about – the case?

SHERLOCK: Her case.

JOHN: *Her* case?

SHERLOCK: Her suitcase, yes, obviously. The murderer took her suitcase. First big mistake.

JOHN: Okay, he took her case. So?

SHERLOCK: It’s no use, there’s no other way. We’ll have to risk it. On my desk there’s a number. I want you to send a text.

JOHN: You brought me here ... to send a text.

SHERLOCK: Text, yes. The number on my desk. What’s wrong?

JOHN: Just met a friend of yours.

SHERLOCK: A *friend*?

JOHN: An enemy.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Which one?

JOHN: Your *arch*-enemy, according to him. Do people *have* arch-enemies?

SHERLOCK: Did he offer you money to spy on me?

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Did you take it?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Pity. We could have split the fee. Think it through next time.

JOHN: Who is he?

SHERLOCK: The most dangerous man you’ve ever met, and not my problem right now. On my desk, the number.

JOHN: Jennifer Wilson. That was ... Hang on. Wasn’t that the dead woman?

SHERLOCK: Yes. That’s not important. Just enter the number. Are you doing it?

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Have you *done* it?

JOHN: Ye... hang on!

SHERLOCK: These words exactly: “What happened at Lauriston Gardens? I must have blacked out. Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Please come.”

JOHN: You blacked out?

SHERLOCK: What? No. No! Type and send it. Quickly. Have you sent it?

JOHN: What’s the address?

SHERLOCK: Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Hurry up!

JOHN: That’s ... that’s the pink lady’s case. That’s Jennifer Wilson’s case.

SHERLOCK: Yes, obviously. Oh, perhaps I should mention: *I* didn’t kill her.

JOHN: I never said you did.

SHERLOCK: Why not? Given the text I just had you send and the fact that I have her case, it’s a perfectly logical assumption.

JOHN: Do people usually assume you’re the murderer?

SHERLOCK: Now and then, yes.

JOHN: Okay ... How did you get this?

SHERLOCK: By looking.

JOHN: Where?

SHERLOCK: The killer must have driven her to Lauriston Gardens. He could only keep her case by accident if it was in the car. Nobody could be seen with this case without drawing attention – particularly a man, which is statistically more likely – so obviously he’d feel compelled to get rid of it the moment he noticed he still had it. Wouldn’t have taken him more than five minutes to realise his mistake. I checked every back street wide enough for a car five minutes from Lauriston Gardens ... and anywhere you could dispose of a bulky object without being observed. Took me less than an hour to find the right skip.

JOHN: Pink. You got *all* that because you realised the case would be pink?

SHERLOCK: Well, it *had* to be pink, obviously.

JOHN: Why didn’t *I* think of that?

SHERLOCK: Because you’re an idiot. No, no, no, don’t look like that. Practically everyone is. Now, look. Do you see what’s missing?

JOHN: From the case? How *could* I?

SHERLOCK: Her phone. Where’s her mobile phone? There was no phone on the body, there’s no phone in the case. We know she had one – that’s her number there; you just texted it.

JOHN: Maybe she left it at home.

SHERLOCK: She has a string of lovers and she’s careful about it. She *never* leaves her phone at home.

JOHN: Er ... Why did I just send that text?

SHERLOCK: Well, the question is: where is her phone *now*?

JOHN: She could have lost it.

SHERLOCK: Yes, or ...?

JOHN: The murderer ... You think the murderer has the phone?

SHERLOCK: Maybe she left it when she left her case. Maybe he took it from her for some reason. Either way, the balance of probability is the murderer has her phone.

JOHN: Sorry, what are we doing? Did I just text a murderer?! What good will *that* do?

SHERLOCK: A few hours after his last victim, and now he receives a text that can only be from her. If somebody had just *found* that phone they’d ignore a text like that, but the murderer ... would panic.

JOHN: Have you talked to the police?

SHERLOCK: Four people are dead. There isn’t time to talk to the police.

JOHN: So why are you talking to *me*?

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson took my skull.

JOHN: So I’m basically filling in for your skull?

SHERLOCK: Relax, you’re doing fine. Well?

JOHN: Well what?

SHERLOCK: Well, you could just sit there and watch telly.

JOHN: What, you want me to come with you?

SHERLOCK: I like company when I go out, and I think better when I talk aloud. The skull just attracts attention, so ... Problem?

JOHN: Yeah, Sergeant Donovan.

SHERLOCK: What about her?

JOHN: She said ... You get off on this. You enjoy it.

SHERLOCK: And I said “dangerous,” and here you are.

JOHN: Damn it!

JOHN: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: Northumberland Street’s a five-minute walk from here.

JOHN: You think he’s stupid enough to go there?

SHERLOCK: No – I think he’s *brilliant* enough. I love the brilliant ones. They’re always so desperate to get caught.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: Appreciation! Applause! At long last the spotlight. That’s the frailty of genius, John: it needs an audience.

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: This is his hunting ground, right here in the heart of the city. Now that we know his victims were abducted, that changes everything. Because all of his victims disappeared from busy streets, crowded places, but nobody saw them go. Think! Who do we trust, even though we don’t know them? Who passes unnoticed wherever they go? Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?

JOHN: Dunno. Who?

SHERLOCK: Haven’t the faintest. Hungry? Thank you, Billy. Twenty-two Northumberland Street. Keep your eyes on it.

JOHN: He isn’t just gonna ring the doorbell, though, is he? He’d need to be mad.

SHERLOCK: He *has* killed four people.

JOHN: ... Okay.

ANGELO: Sherlock. Anything on the menu, whatever you want, free. On the house, for you *and* for your date.

SHERLOCK: Do you want to eat?

JOHN: I’m not his date.

ANGELO: This man got me off a murder charge.

SHERLOCK: This is Angelo. Three years ago I successfully proved to Lestrade at the time of a particularly vicious triple murder that Angelo was in a completely different part of town, house-breaking.

ANGELO: He cleared my name.

SHERLOCK: I cleared it a *bit*. Anything happening opposite?

ANGELO: Nothing. But for this man, I’d have gone to prison.

SHERLOCK: You *did* go to prison.

ANGELO: I’ll get a candle for the table. It’s more romantic.

JOHN: I’m not his date!

SHERLOCK: You may as well eat. We might have a long wait.

JOHN: Thanks(!)

JOHN: People don’t *have* arch-enemies.

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

JOHN: In real life. There *are* no arch-enemies in real life. Doesn’t happen.

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t it? Sounds a bit dull.

JOHN: So who did I meet?

SHERLOCK: What do real people have, then, in their ‘real lives’?

JOHN: Friends; people they know; people they like; people they don’t like ... Girlfriends, boyfriends ...

SHERLOCK: Yes, well, as I was saying – dull.

JOHN: You don’t have a girlfriend, then?

SHERLOCK: Girlfriend? No, not really my area.

JOHN: Mm. Oh, right. D’you have a boyfriend? Which is fine, by the way.

SHERLOCK: I *know* it’s fine.

JOHN: So you’ve got a boyfriend then?

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Right. Okay. You’re unattached. Like me. Fine. Good.

SHERLOCK: John, um ... I think you should know that I consider myself married to my work, and while I’m flattered by your interest, I’m really not looking for any ...

JOHN: No. No, I’m not asking. No. I’m just saying, it’s *all* fine.

SHERLOCK: Good. Thank you. Look across the street. Taxi. Stopped. Nobody getting in, and nobody getting out. Why a taxi? Oh, that’s clever. *Is* it clever? *Why* is it clever?

JOHN: That’s him?

SHERLOCK: Don’t stare.

JOHN: *You’re* staring.

SHERLOCK: We can’t *both* stare.

JOHN: Sorry. I’ve got the cab number.

SHERLOCK: Good for you. Right turn, one way, roadworks, traffic lights, bus lane, pedestrian crossing, left turn only, traffic lights.

MAN: Oi!

JOHN: Sorry.

SHERLOCK: Come on, John. Come *on*, John. We’re losing him! Ah, no! This way. No, *this* way!

JOHN: Sorry.

SHERLOCK: Police! Open her up! No. Teeth, tan: what – Californian? L.A., Santa Monica. Just arrived.

JOHN: How can you *possibly* know that?

SHERLOCK: The luggage. It’s probably your first trip to London, right, going by your final destination and the route the cabbie was taking you?

PASSENGER: Sorry – are you guys the police?

SHERLOCK: Yeah. Everything all right?

PASSENGER: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Welcome to London.

JOHN: Er, any problems, just let us know. Basically just a cab that happened to slow down.

SHERLOCK: Basically.

JOHN: Not the murderer.

SHERLOCK: *Not* the murderer, no.

JOHN: Wrong country, good alibi.

SHERLOCK: As they go.

JOHN: Hey, where-where did you get this? Here. Right. Detective Inspector Lestrade?

SHERLOCK: Yeah. I pickpocket him when he’s annoying. You can keep that one, I’ve got plenty at the flat. What?

JOHN: Nothing, just: “Welcome to London.”

SHERLOCK: Got your breath back?

JOHN: Ready when you are.

JOHN: Okay, that was ridiculous. That was the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever done.

SHERLOCK: And you invaded Afghanistan.

JOHN: That wasn’t just me. Why aren’t we back at the restaurant?

SHERLOCK: Oh, they can keep an eye out. It was a long shot anyway.

JOHN: So what were we doing there?

SHERLOCK: Oh, just passing the time. And proving a point.

JOHN: What point?

SHERLOCK: You. Mrs Hudson! Doctor Watson *will* take the room upstairs.

JOHN: Says who?

SHERLOCK: Says the man at the door.

ANGELO: Sherlock texted me. He said you forgot this.

JOHN: Ah. Er, thank you. Thank you.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, what have you done?

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON: Upstairs.

SHERLOCK: What are you doing?

LESTRADE: Well, I knew you’d find the case. I’m not stupid.

SHERLOCK: You can’t just break into my flat.

LESTRADE: And you can’t withhold evidence. And I didn’t *break* into your flat.

SHERLOCK: Well, what do you call this then?

LESTRADE: It’s a drugs bust.

JOHN: Seriously?! *This* guy, a junkie?! Have you met him?!

SHERLOCK: John ...

JOHN: I’m pretty sure you could search this flat all day, you wouldn’t find anything you could call recreational.

SHERLOCK: John, you probably want to shut up *now*.

JOHN: Yeah, but come on ... No.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: *You*?

SHERLOCK: Shut up! I’m not your sniffer dog.

LESTRADE: No, *Anderson*‘s my sniffer dog.

SHERLOCK: What, An... Anderson, what are *you* doing here on a drugs bust?

ANDERSON: Oh, I volunteered.

LESTRADE: They *all* did. They’re not strictly speaking *on* the drugs squad, but they’re very keen.

DONOVAN: Are these *human* eyes?

SHERLOCK: Put those back!

DONOVAN: They were in the microwave!

SHERLOCK: It’s an experiment.

LESTRADE: Keep looking, guys. Or you could help us properly and I’ll stand them down.

SHERLOCK: This is childish.

LESTRADE: Well, I’m *dealing* with a child. Sherlock, this is *our* case. I’m letting you in, but you do *not* go off on your own. Clear?

SHERLOCK: Oh, what, so-so-so you set up a pretend drugs bust to bully me?

LESTRADE: It stops being pretend if they find anything.

SHERLOCK: I am clean!

LESTRADE: Is your flat? All of it?

SHERLOCK: I don’t even smoke.

LESTRADE: Neither do I. So let’s work together. We’ve found Rachel.

SHERLOCK: Who is she?

LESTRADE: Jennifer Wilson’s only daughter.

SHERLOCK: Her daughter? Why would she write her daughter’s name? Why?

ANDERSON: Never mind *that*. We found the case. According to *someone*, the murderer has the case, and we found it in the hands of our favourite psychopath.

SHERLOCK: I’m not a psychopath, Anderson. I’m a high-functioning sociopath. Do your research. You need to bring Rachel in. You need to question her. *I* need to question her.

LESTRADE: She’s dead.

SHERLOCK: Excellent! How, when and why? Is there a connection? There *has* to be.

LESTRADE: Well, I doubt it, since she’s been dead for fourteen years. Technically she was never alive. Rachel was Jennifer Wilson’s stillborn daughter, fourteen years ago.

SHERLOCK: No, that’s ... that’s not right. How ... Why would she do that? *Why?*

ANDERSON: Why would she think of her daughter in her last moments?(!) Yup – sociopath; I’m seeing it now.

SHERLOCK: She didn’t *think* about her daughter. She scratched her name on the floor with her fingernails. She was dying. It took effort. It would have hurt.

JOHN: You said that the victims all took the poison themselves, that he *makes* them take it. Well, maybe he ... I don’t know, talks to them? Maybe he used the death of her daughter somehow.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but that was *ages* ago. Why would she still be upset? Not good?

JOHN: *Bit* not good, yeah.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but if you were dying ... if you’d been murdered: in your very last few seconds what would you say?

JOHN: “Please, God, let me live.”

SHERLOCK: Oh, use your imagination!

JOHN: I don’t *have* to.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but if you were clever, *really* clever ... Jennifer Wilson running all those lovers: she *was* clever. She’s trying to *tell* us something.

MRS HUDSON: Isn’t the doorbell working? Your taxi’s here, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: I didn’t order a taxi. Go away.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, dear. They’re making such a mess. What are they looking for?

JOHN: It’s a drugs bust, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON: But they’re just for my hip. They’re herbal soothers.

SHERLOCK: Shut up, everybody, shut up! Don’t move, don’t speak, don’t breathe. I’m trying to think. Anderson, face the other way. You’re putting me off.

ANDERSON: What? My *face* is?!

LESTRADE: Everybody quiet and still. Anderson, turn your back.

ANDERSON: Oh, for God’s sake!

LESTRADE: Your *back*, now, please!

SHERLOCK: Come on, think. Quick!

MRS HUDSON: What about your taxi?

SHERLOCK: MRS HUDSON! Oh. Ah! She was clever, clever, yes! She’s cleverer than you lot and she’s dead. Do you see, do you get it? She didn’t *lose* her phone, she never lost it. She *planted* it on him. When she got out of the car, she knew that she was going to her death. She left the phone in order to lead us to her killer.

LESTRADE: But how?

SHERLOCK: Wha...? What do you mean, how? Rachel! Don’t you see? *Rachel!* Oh, look at you lot. You’re all so vacant. Is it nice not being me? It must be *so* relaxing. Rachel is not a name.

JOHN: Then what is it?

SHERLOCK: John, on the luggage, there’s a label. E-mail address.

JOHN: Er, jennie dot pink at mephone dot org dot uk.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I’ve been too slow. She didn’t have a laptop, which means she did her business on her phone, so it’s a smartphone, it’s e-mail enabled. So there was a website for her account. The username is her e-mail address ... and all together now, the password is?

JOHN: Rachel.

ANDERSON: So we can read her e-mails. So what?

SHERLOCK: Anderson, don’t talk out loud. You lower the I.Q. of the whole street. We can do much more than just read her e-mails. It’s a smartphone, it’s got GPS, which means if you lose it you can locate it online. She’s leading us directly to the man who killed her.

LESTRADE: Unless he got rid of it.

JOHN: We know he didn’t.

SHERLOCK: Come on, come on. Quickly!

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, dear. This taxi driver ...

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson, isn’t it time for your evening soother? We need to get vehicles, get a helicopter. We’re gonna have to move fast. This phone battery won’t last for ever.

LESTRADE: We’ll just have a map reference, not a name.

SHERLOCK: It’s a start!

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: It narrows it down from just anyone in London. It’s the first proper lead that we’ve had.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: What is it? Quickly, where?

JOHN: It’s here. It’s in two two one Baker Street.

SHERLOCK: How can it be here? *How*?

LESTRADE: Well, maybe it was in the case when you brought it back and it fell out somewhere.

SHERLOCK: What, and I didn’t notice it? *Me*? I didn’t notice?

JOHN: Anyway, we texted him and he called back.

LESTRADE: Guys, we’re also looking for a mobile somewhere here, belonged to the victim ...

SHERLOCK: ‘Who do we trust, even if we don’t know them?’ ‘Who passes unnoticed wherever they go?’ ‘Who hunts in the middle of a crowd?’

JOHN: Sherlock, you okay?

SHERLOCK: What? Yeah, yeah, I-I’m fine.

JOHN: So, how can the phone be here?

SHERLOCK: Dunno.

JOHN: I’ll try it again.

SHERLOCK: Good idea.

JOHN: Where are *you* going?

SHERLOCK: Fresh air. Just popping outside for a moment. Won’t be long.

JOHN: You sure you’re all right?

SHERLOCK: I’m fine.

JEFF: Taxi for Sherlock ’olmes.

SHERLOCK: I didn’t order a taxi.

JEFF: Doesn’t mean you don’t need one.

SHERLOCK: You’re the cabbie. The one who stopped outside Northumberland Street. It was *you*, not your passenger.

JEFF: See? No-one ever thinks about the cabbie. It’s like you’re invisible. Just the back of an ’ead. Proper advantage for a serial killer.

SHERLOCK: Is this a confession?

JEFF: Oh, yeah. An’ I’ll tell you what else: if you call the coppers now, I won’t run. I’ll sit quiet and they can take me down, I promise.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JEFF: ’Cause you’re not gonna do that.

SHERLOCK: Am I not?

JEFF: I didn’t kill those four people, Mr ’olmes. I spoke to ’em ... and they killed themselves. An’ if you get the coppers now, I promise you one thing. I will never tell you what I said.

SHERLOCK: No-one else will die, though, and I believe they call that a result.

JEFF: An’ you won’t ever understand how those people died. What kind of result do you care about?

SHERLOCK: If I *wanted* to understand, what would I do?

JEFF: Let me take you for a ride.

SHERLOCK: So you can kill me too?

JEFF: I don’t wanna kill you, Mr ’olmes. I’m gonna talk to yer ... and then you’re gonna kill yourself.

JOHN: He just got in a cab. It’s Sherlock. He just drove off in a cab.

DONOVAN: I told you, he does that. He bloody left again. We’re wasting our time!

JOHN: I’m calling the phone. It’s ringing out.

LESTRADE: If it’s ringing, it’s not here.

JOHN: I’ll try the search again.

DONOVAN: Does it matter? Does *any* of it? You know, he’s just a lunatic, and he’ll *always* let you down, and you’re wasting your time. *All* our time.

LESTRADE: Okay, everybody. Done ’ere.

SHERLOCK: How did you find me?

JEFF: Oh, I recognised yer, soon as I saw you chasing my cab. Sherlock ’olmes! I was warned about you. I’ve been on your website, too. Brilliant stuff! Loved it!

SHERLOCK: Who warned you about me?

JEFF: Just someone out there who’s noticed you.

SHERLOCK: Who? Who would notice *me*?

JEFF: You’re too modest, Mr ’olmes.

SHERLOCK: I’m really not.

JEFF: You’ve got yourself a fan.

SHERLOCK: Tell me more.

JEFF: That’s all you’re gonna know ... in *this* lifetime.

LESTRADE: Why did he do that? Why did he have to leave?

JOHN: You know him better than I do.

LESTRADE: I’ve known him for five years and no, I don’t.

JOHN: So why do you put up with him?

LESTRADE: Because I’m desperate, that’s why. And because Sherlock Holmes is a great man. And I think one day, if we’re very, very *lucky*, he might even be a *good* one.

SHERLOCK: Where are we?

JEFF: You know every street in London. You know *exactly* where we are.

SHERLOCK: Roland-Kerr Further Education College. Why here?

JEFF: It’s open; cleaners are in. One thing about being a cabbie: you always know a nice quiet spot for a murder. I’m surprised more of us don’t branch out.

SHERLOCK: And you just walk your victims in? How? Oh, dull.

JEFF: Don’t worry. It gets better.

SHERLOCK: You can’t make people take their own lives at gunpoint.

JEFF: I don’t. It’s much better than that. Don’t need this with you, ’cause you’ll follow me.

JEFF: Well, what do you think? It’s up to you. You’re the one who’s gonna die ’ere.

SHERLOCK: No, I’m not.

JEFF: That’s what they all say. Shall we talk?

SHERLOCK: Bit risky, wasn’t it? Took me away under the eye of about half a dozen policemen. They’re not *that* stupid. And Mrs Hudson will remember you.

JEFF: You call that a risk? Nah. *This* is a risk. Ooh, I like this bit. ’Cause you don’t get it yet, do yer? But you’re about to. I just have to do this. You weren’t expecting that, were yer? Ooh, you’re going to love this.

SHERLOCK: Love what?

JEFF: Sherlock ’olmes. Look at you! ’Ere in the flesh. That website of yours: your fan told me about it.

SHERLOCK: My *fan*?

JEFF: You are brilliant. You *are*. A proper genius. “The Science of Deduction.” Now that is *proper* thinking. Between you and me sitting ’ere, why can’t people think? Don’t it make you mad? Why can’t people just *think*?

SHERLOCK: Oh, *I* see. So you’re a proper genius *too*.

JEFF: Don’t look it, do I? Funny little man drivin’ a cab. But you’ll know better in a minute. Chances are it’ll be the last thing you *ever* know.

SHERLOCK: Okay, two bottles. Explain.

JEFF: There’s a good bottle and a bad bottle. You take the pill from the good bottle, you live; take the pill from the bad bottle, you die.

SHERLOCK: Both bottles are of course identical.

JEFF: In every way.

SHERLOCK: And you know which is which.

JEFF: Course *I* know.

SHERLOCK: But I don’t.

JEFF: Wouldn’t be a game if *you* knew. You’re the one who chooses.

SHERLOCK: Why should I? I’ve got nothing to go on. What’s in it for me?

JEFF: I ’aven’t told you the best bit yet. Whatever bottle you choose, I take the pill from the other one – and then, together, we take our medicine. I won’t cheat. It’s your choice. I’ll take whatever pill you don’t. Didn’t expect *that*, did you, Mr ’olmes?

SHERLOCK: This is what you did to the rest of them: you gave them a choice.

JEFF: And now I’m givin’ *you* one. You take your time. Get yourself together. I want your best game.

SHERLOCK: It’s not a *game*. It’s *chance*.

JEFF: I’ve played four times. I’m alive. It’s not chance, Mr ’olmes, it’s chess. It’s a game of chess, with one move, and one survivor. And this ... *this* ... is the move. Did I just give you the good bottle or the bad bottle? You can choose either one.

JOHN: No, Detective Inspector Lestrade. I *need* to speak to him. It’s important. It’s an emergency! Er, left here, please. Left here.

JEFF: You ready yet, Mr ’olmes? Ready to play?

SHERLOCK: Play *what*? It’s a fifty-fifty chance.

JEFF: You’re not playin’ the numbers, you’re playin’ *me*. Did I just give you the good pill or the bad pill? Is it a bluff? Or a double-bluff? Or a *triple*-bluff?

SHERLOCK: Still just chance.

JEFF: Four people in a row? It’s not just chance.

SHERLOCK: Luck.

JEFF: It’s genius. I know ’ow people think. I know ’ow people think *I* think. I can see it all, like a map inside my ’ead. Everyone’s so stupid – even you. Or maybe God just loves me.

SHERLOCK: Either way, you’re *wasted* as a cabbie.

SHERLOCK: So, you risked your life four times just to kill strangers. Why?

JEFF: Time to play.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I *am* playing. This is *my* turn. There’s shaving foam behind your left ear. Nobody’s pointed it out to you. Traces of where it’s happened before, so obviously you live on your own; there’s no-one to tell you. But there’s a photograph of children. The children’s mother has been cut out of the picture. If she’d died, she’d still be there. The photograph’s old but the frame’s new. You think of your children but you don’t get to see them. Estranged father. She took the kids, but you still love them and it *still* hurts. Ah, but there’s more. Your clothes: recently laundered but everything you’re wearing’s at least ... three years old? Keeping up appearances but not planning ahead. And here you are on a kamikaze murder spree. What’s *that* about? Ahh. Three years ago – is that when they told you?

JEFF: Told me what?

SHERLOCK: That you’re a dead man walking.

JEFF: So are you.

SHERLOCK: You don’t have long, though. Am I right?

JEFF: Aneurism. Right in ’ere. Any breath could be my last.

SHERLOCK: And because you’re dying, you’ve just murdered four people.

JEFF: I’ve *outlived* four people. That’s the most fun you can *’ave* on an aneurism.

SHERLOCK: No. No, there’s something else. You didn’t just kill four people because you’re bitter. Bitterness is a paralytic. Love is a much more vicious motivator. Somehow this is about your children.

JEFF: Ohh. You *are* good, ain’t you?

SHERLOCK: But *how*?

JEFF: When I die, they won’t get much, my kids. Not a lot of money in driving cabs.

SHERLOCK: Or serial killing.

JEFF: You’d be surprised.

SHERLOCK: Surprise me.

JEFF: I ’ave a sponsor.

SHERLOCK: You have a what?

JEFF: For every life I take, money goes to my kids. The more I kill, the better off they’ll be. You see? It’s nicer than you think.

SHERLOCK: Who’d sponsor a serial killer?

JEFF: Who’d be a fan of Sherlock ’olmes? You’re not the only one to enjoy a good murder. There’s others out there just like you, except you’re just a man ... and they’re so much more than that.

SHERLOCK: What d’you mean, *more* than a man? An organisation? What?

JEFF: There’s a name no-one says, an’ I’m not gonna say it either. Now, enough chatter. Time to choose.

JOHN: Sherlock? Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: What if I don’t choose either? I *could* just walk out of here.

JEFF: You can take your fifty-fifty chance, or I can shoot you in the head. Funnily enough, no-one’s ever gone for that option.

SHERLOCK: I’ll have the gun, please.

JEFF: Are you sure?

SHERLOCK: Definitely. The gun.

JEFF: You don’t wanna phone a friend?

SHERLOCK: The gun. I know a real gun when I see one.

JEFF: None of the others did.

SHERLOCK: Clearly. Well, this has been *very* interesting. I look forward to the court case.

JEFF: Just before you go, did you figure it out ... which one’s the good bottle?

SHERLOCK: Of course. Child’s play.

JEFF: Well, which one, then? Which one would you ’ave picked, just so I know whether I could have beaten you? Come on. Play the game. Oh. Interesting. So what d’you think? Shall we? *Really*, what do you think? Can you beat me? Are you clever enough to bet your life?

JOHN: *SHERLOCK!*

JEFF: I bet you get bored, don’t you? I *know* you do. A man like you ... so clever. But what’s the point of being clever if you can’t prove it? Still the addict. But this ... *this* is what you’re really addicted to, innit? You’d do anything ... anything at all ... to stop being bored. You’re not bored now, are you? Innit good?

SHERLOCK: Was I right? I was, wasn’t I? Did I get it right? Okay, tell me this: your sponsor. Who was it? The one who told you about me – my ‘fan’. I want a name.

JEFF: No.

SHERLOCK: You’re dying, but there’s still time to hurt you. Give me a name. A *name.* *Now.* The *NAME!*

JEFF: *MORIARTY!*

SHERLOCK: Why have I got this blanket? They keep putting this blanket on me.

LESTRADE: Yeah, it’s for shock.

SHERLOCK: I’m not *in* shock.

LESTRADE: Yeah, but some of the guys wanna take photographs.

SHERLOCK: So, the shooter. No sign?

LESTRADE: Cleared off before we got ’ere. But a guy like that would have had enemies, I suppose. One of them could have been following him but ... got nothing to go on.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I wouldn’t say that.

LESTRADE: Okay, gimme.

SHERLOCK: The bullet they just dug out of the wall’s from a hand gun. Kill shot over that distance from that kind of a weapon – that’s a crack shot you’re looking for, but not just a marksman; a fighter. His hands couldn’t have shaken at all, so clearly he’s acclimatised to violence. He didn’t fire until I was in immediate danger, though, so strong moral principle. You’re looking for a man probably with a history of military service ... and nerves of steel ... Actually, do you know what? Ignore me.

LESTRADE: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: Ignore all of that. It’s just the, er, the shock talking.

LESTRADE: Where’re you going?

SHERLOCK: I just need to talk about the-the rent.

LESTRADE: But I’ve still got questions for you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, what *now*? I’m in shock! Look, I’ve got a blanket!

LESTRADE: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: *And* I just caught you a serial killer ... more or less.

LESTRADE: Okay. We’ll bring you in tomorrow. Off you go.

JOHN: Um, Sergeant Donovan’s just been explaining everything, the two pills. Been a dreadful business, hasn’t it? Dreadful.

SHERLOCK: Good shot.

JOHN: Yes. Yes, must have been, through that window.

SHERLOCK: Well, *you’d* know. Need to get the powder burns out of your fingers. I don’t suppose you’d serve time for this, but let’s avoid the court case. Are you all right?

JOHN: Yes, of course I’m all right.

SHERLOCK: Well, you *have* just killed a man.

JOHN: Yes, I ... That’s true, innit? But he wasn’t a very *nice* man.

SHERLOCK: No. No, he wasn’t really, was he?

JOHN: And frankly a bloody awful cabbie.

SHERLOCK: That’s true. He *was* a bad cabbie. Should have seen the route he took us to get here!

JOHN: Stop! Stop, we can’t giggle, it’s a crime scene! Stop it!

SHERLOCK: You’re the one who shot him. Don’t blame me.

JOHN: Keep your voice down! Sorry – it’s just, um, nerves, I think.

SHERLOCK: Sorry.

JOHN: You were gonna take that damned pill, weren’t you?

SHERLOCK: Course I wasn’t. Biding my time. Knew you’d turn up.

JOHN: No you didn’t. It’s how you get your kicks, isn’t it? You risk your life to prove you’re clever.

SHERLOCK: Why would I do that?

JOHN: Because you’re an idiot.

SHERLOCK: Dinner?

JOHN: Starving.

SHERLOCK: End of Baker Street, there’s a good Chinese stays open ’til two. You can always tell a good Chinese by examining the bottom third of the door handle.

JOHN: Sherlock. That’s him. That’s the man I was talking to you about.

SHERLOCK: I know *exactly* who that is.

M: So, another case cracked. How very public spirited ... though that’s never really your motivation, is it?

SHERLOCK: What are you doing here?

M: As ever, I’m concerned about you.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I’ve been hearing about your ‘concern’.

M: Always so aggressive. Did it never occur to you that you and I belong on the same side?

SHERLOCK: Oddly enough, no!

M: We have more in common than you like to believe. This petty feud between us is simply childish. People will suffer ... and you know how it always upset Mummy.

SHERLOCK: *I* upset her? Me? It wasn’t *me* that upset her, Mycroft.

JOHN: No, no, wait. Mummy? Who’s Mummy?

SHERLOCK: Mother – our mother. This is my brother, Mycroft. Putting on weight again?

M/MYCROFT: Losing it, in fact.

JOHN: He’s your *brother*?!

SHERLOCK: Of *course* he’s my brother.

JOHN: So he’s not ...

SHERLOCK: Not what?

JOHN: I dunno – criminal mastermind?

SHERLOCK: Close enough.

MYCROFT: For goodness’ sake. I occupy a minor position in the British government.

SHERLOCK: He *is* the British government, when he’s not too busy being the British Secret Service or the CIA on a freelance basis. Good evening, Mycroft. Try not to start a war before I get home. You know what it does for the traffic.

JOHN: So, when-when you say you’re concerned about him, you actually *are* concerned?

MYCROFT: Yes, of course.

JOHN: I mean, it actually *is* a childish feud?

MYCROFT: He’s always been so resentful. You can imagine the Christmas dinners.

JOHN: Yeah ... no. God, no! I-I’d better, um ... Hello again.

NOT-ANTHEA: Hello.

JOHN: Yes, we-we met earlier on this evening.

NOT-ANTHEA: Oh!

JOHN: Okay, good night.

MYCROFT: Good night, Doctor Watson.

JOHN: So: dim sum.

SHERLOCK: Mmm! I can always predict the fortune cookies.

JOHN: No you can’t.

SHERLOCK: Almost can. You did get shot, though.

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: In Afghanistan. There *was* an actual wound.

JOHN: Oh, yeah. Shoulder.

SHERLOCK: Shoulder! I thought so.

JOHN: No you didn’t.

SHERLOCK: The left one.

JOHN: Lucky guess.

SHERLOCK: I never guess.

JOHN: Yes you do. What are you so happy about?

SHERLOCK: Moriarty.

JOHN: What’s Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: I’ve absolutely *no* idea.

NOT-ANTHEA: Sir, shall we go?

MYCROFT: Interesting, that soldier fellow. He could be the making of my brother – or make him worse than ever. Either way, we’d better upgrade their surveillance status. Grade Three Active.

NOT-ANTHEA: Sorry, sir. Whose status?

MYCROFT: Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

**The Blind Banker**

SOO LIN: The great artisans say the more the teapot is used, the more beautiful it becomes. The pot is seasoned by repeatedly pouring tea over the surface. The deposit left on the clay creates this beautiful patina over time. For some pots, the clay has been burnished by tea made over four hundred years ago.

TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT: This museum will be closing in ten minutes.

ANDY: Four hundred years old, and they’re lettin’ you use it to make yourself a brew!

SOO LIN: Some things aren’t supposed to sit behind glass. They’re made to be touched; to be handled. These pots need attention. The clay is cracking.

ANDY: Well, I can’t see how a tiny splash of tea’s gonna help.

SOO LIN: Sometimes you have to look hard at something to see its value.

SOO LIN: See? This one shines a little brighter.

ANDY: I don’t suppose ... um, I mean, I don’t suppose that you ... you wanna have a drink? Not tea, obviously. Um, in a pub, with me, tonight ... umm.

SOO LIN: You wouldn’t like me all that much.

ANDY: Couldn’t I maybe decide that for myself?

SOO LIN: I can’t. I’m sorry. Please stop asking.

SOO LIN: Is that Security? Hello?

AUTOMATED VOICE: Unexpected item in bagging area. Please try again.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Item not scanned. Please try again.

JOHN: D’you think you could keep your voice down?

AUTOMATED VOICE: Card not authorised. Please use an alternative method of payment.

JOHN: Yes, all right! I’ve got it!

AUTOMATED VOICE: Card not authorised. Please use an alternative method of payment.

JOHN: Got nothing. Right, keep it. Keep that.

SHERLOCK: Look!

SHERLOCK: You took your time.

JOHN: Yeah, I didn’t get the shopping.

SHERLOCK: What? Why not?

JOHN: Because I had a row, in the shop, with a chip-and-PIN machine.

SHERLOCK: You ... you had a row with a machine?

JOHN: Sort of. It sat there and I shouted abuse. Have you got cash?

SHERLOCK: Take my card.

JOHN: You could always go yourself, you know. You’ve been sitting there all morning. You’ve not even moved since I left. And what happened about that case you were offered – the Jaria Diamond?

SHERLOCK: Not interested. I sent them a message.

JOHN: Ugh, Holmes.

JOHN: Don’t worry about me. I can manage. Is that my computer?

SHERLOCK: Of course.

JOHN: What?!

SHERLOCK: Mine was in the bedroom.

JOHN: What, and you couldn’t be bothered to get up? It’s password protected!

SHERLOCK: In a manner of speaking. Took me less than a minute to guess yours. Not exactly Fort Knox.

JOHN: Right, thank you. Oh. Need to get a job.

SHERLOCK: Oh, dull.

JOHN: Listen, um ... if you’d be able to lend me some ... Sherlock, are you listening?

SHERLOCK: I need to go to the bank.

JOHN: Yes, when you said we were going to the bank ...

SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes.

SEBASTIAN: Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN: Howdy, buddy. How long’s it been? Eight years since I last clapped eyes on you?

SHERLOCK: This is my *friend*, John Watson.

SEBASTIAN: Friend?

JOHN: Colleague.

SEBASTIAN: Right. Right. Well, grab a pew. D’you need anything? Coffee, water?

JOHN: No.

SEBASTIAN: No? We’re all sorted here, thanks.

SHERLOCK: So, you’re doing well. You’ve been abroad a lot.

SEBASTIAN: Well, some.

SHERLOCK: Flying all the way round the world twice in a month?

SEBASTIAN: Right. You’re doing that thing. We were at uni together. This guy here had a trick he used to do.

SHERLOCK: It’s not a trick.

SEBASTIAN: He could look at you and tell you your whole life story.

JOHN: Yes, I’ve seen him do it.

SEBASTIAN: Put the wind up everybody. We hated him. You’d come down to breakfast in the Formal Hall and this freak would know you’d been shagging the previous night.

SHERLOCK: I simply observed.

SEBASTIAN: Go on, enlighten me. Two trips a month, flying all the way around the world – you’re quite right. How could you tell? You’re gonna tell me there was, um, a stain on my tie from some special kind of ketchup you can only buy in Manhattan.

SHERLOCK: No, I ...

SEBASTIAN: Maybe it was the mud on my shoes!

SHERLOCK: I was just chatting with your secretary outside. *She* told me.

SEBASTIAN: I’m glad you could make it over. We’ve had a break-in. Sir William’s office – the bank’s former Chairman. The room’s been left here like a sort of memorial. Someone broke in late last night.

JOHN: What did they steal?

SEBASTIAN: Nothing. Just left a little message. Sixty seconds apart. So, someone came up here in the middle of the night, splashed paint around, then left within a minute.

SHERLOCK: How many ways into that office?

SEBASTIAN: Well, that’s where this gets really interesting.

SEBASTIAN: Every door that opens in this bank, it gets logged right here. Every walk-in cupboard, every toilet.

SHERLOCK: That door didn’t open last night.

SEBASTIAN: There’s a hole in our security. Find it and we’ll pay you – five figures. This is an advance. Tell me how he got in, there’s a bigger one on its way.

SHERLOCK: I don’t *need* an incentive, Sebastian.

JOHN: He’s, uh, he’s kidding you, obviously. Sh-shall I look after that for him? Thanks.

JOHN: Two trips around the world this month. You didn’t ask his secretary; you said that just to irritate him. How *did* you know?

SHERLOCK: Did you see his watch?

JOHN: His watch?

SHERLOCK: The time was right but the date was wrong. Said two days ago. Crossed the dateline twice but he didn’t alter it.

JOHN: Within a month? How’d you get that part?

SHERLOCK: New Breitling. Only came out this February.

JOHN: Okay. So d’you think we should sniff around here for a bit longer?

SHERLOCK: Got everything I need to know already, thanks.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: That graffiti was a message for someone at the bank working on the trading floors. We find the intended recipient and ...

JOHN: ... they’ll lead us to the person who sent it.

SHERLOCK: Obvious.

JOHN: Well, there’s three hundred people up there. Who was it meant for?

SHERLOCK: Pillars.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Pillars and the screens. Very few places you can see that graffiti from. That narrows the field considerably. And of course the message was left at eleven thirty-four last night. That tells us a lot.

JOHN: Does it?

SHERLOCK: Traders come to work at all hours. Some trade with Hong Kong in the middle of the night. That message was intended for someone who came in at midnight. Not many Van Coons in the phonebook. Taxi!

JOHN: So what do we do now? Sit here and wait for him to come back?

SHERLOCK: Just moved in.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: The floor above. New label.

JOHN: Could have just replaced it.

SHERLOCK: No-one ever does that.

MS WINTLE: Hello?

SHERLOCK: Hi! Um, I live in the flat just below you. I-I don’t think we’ve met.

MS WINTLE: No, well, uh, I’ve just moved in.

SHERLOCK: Actually, I’ve just locked my keys in my flat.

MS WINTLE: D’you want me to buzz you in?

SHERLOCK: Yeah. And can I use your balcony?

MS WINTLE: What?

JOHN: Sherlock. Sherlock, are you okay? Yeah, any time you feel like letting me in.

JOHN: D’you think he’d lost a *lot* of money? I mean, suicide is pretty common among City boys.

SHERLOCK: We don’t know that it *was* suicide.

JOHN: Come on. The door was locked from the inside; you had to climb down the balcony.

SHERLOCK: Been away three days, judging by the laundry. Look at the case. There was something tightly packed inside it.

JOHN: Thanks – I’ll take your word for it.

SHERLOCK: Problem?

JOHN: Yeah, I’m not desperate to root around some bloke’s dirty underwear.

SHERLOCK: Those symbols at the bank – the graffiti. Why were they put there?

JOHN: What, some sort of code?

SHERLOCK: Obviously. Why were they painted? If you want to communicate, why not use e-mail?

JOHN: Well, maybe he wasn’t answering.

SHERLOCK: Oh good. You follow.

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: What kind of a message would everyone try to avoid? What about this morning – those letters you were looking at?

JOHN: Bills.

SHERLOCK: Yes. He was being threatened.

MAN’s VOICE: Bag this up, will you ...

JOHN: Not by the gas board.

MAN’s VOICE: ... and see if you can get prints off this glass.

SHERLOCK: Ah, Sergeant. We haven’t met.

MAN: Yeah, I know who you are; and I’d prefer it if you didn’t tamper with any of the evidence.

SHERLOCK: I’ve phoned Lestrade. Is he on his way?

MAN: He’s busy. *I’m* in charge. And it’s not Sergeant; it’s Detective Inspector. Dimmock.

DIMMOCK: We’re obviously looking at a suicide.

JOHN: That does seem the only explanation of all the facts.

SHERLOCK: Wrong. It’s one *possible* explanation of *some* of the facts. You’ve got a solution that you like, but you’re choosing to ignore anything you see that doesn’t comply with it.

DIMMOCK: Like?

SHERLOCK: The wound was on the *right* side of his head.

DIMMOCK: And?

SHERLOCK: Van Coon was left-handed. Requires quite a bit of contortion.

DIMMOCK: Left-handed?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I’m amazed you didn’t notice. All you have to do is look around this flat. Coffee table on the left-hand side; coffee mug handle pointing to the left. Power sockets: habitually used the ones on the left ... Pen and paper on the left-hand side of the phone because he picked it up with his right and took down messages with his left. D’you want me to go on?

JOHN: No, I think you’ve covered it.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I might as well; I’m almost at the bottom of the list. There’s a knife on the breadboard with butter on the right side of the blade because he used it with his left. It’s highly unlikely that a left-handed man would shoot himself in the *right* side of his head.

Conclusion: someone broke in here and murdered him. *Only* explanation of *all* the facts.

DIMMOCK: But the gun: why ...

SHERLOCK: He was *waiting* for the killer. He’d been threatened.

DIMMOCK: What?

JOHN: Today at the bank. Sort of a warning.

SHERLOCK: He fired a shot when his attacker came in.

DIMMOCK: And the bullet?

SHERLOCK: Went through the open window.

DIMMOCK: Oh, come on! What are the chances of *that*?!

SHERLOCK: Wait until you get the ballistics report. The bullet in his brain wasn’t fired from his gun. I guarantee it.

DIMMOCK: But if his door was locked from the inside, how did the killer get in?

SHERLOCK: Good! You’re finally asking the right questions.

SEBASTIAN: ... and he’s left trying to sort of cut his hair with a fork, which of course can never be done!

SHERLOCK: It was a threat. That’s what the graffiti meant.

SEBASTIAN: I’m kind of in a meeting. Can you make an appointment with my secretary?

SHERLOCK: I don’t think this can wait. Sorry, Sebastian. One of your traders – someone who worked in your office – was killed.

SEBASTIAN: What?

JOHN: Van Coon. The police are at his flat.

SEBASTIAN: Killed?

SHERLOCK: Sorry to interfere with everyone’s digestion. Still wanna make an appointment? Would, maybe, nine o’clock at Scotland Yard suit?

SEBASTIAN: Harrow; Oxford. Very bright guy. Worked in Asia for a while, so ...

JOHN: ... you gave him the Hong Kong accounts.

SEBASTIAN: Lost five mill in a single morning; made it all back a week later. Nerves of steel, Eddie had.

JOHN: Who’d wanna kill him?

SEBASTIAN: We all make enemies.

JOHN: You don’t all end up with a bullet through your temple.

SEBASTIAN: Not usually. ’Scuse me. It’s my Chairman. The police have been on to him. Apparently they’re telling him it was a suicide.

SHERLOCK: Well, they’ve got it wrong, Sebastian. He was murdered.

SEBASTIAN: Well, I’m afraid they don’t see it like that.

SHERLOCK: Seb.

SEBASTIAN: ... and neither does my boss. I hired you to do a job. Don’t get side-tracked.

JOHN: I thought bankers were all supposed to be heartless bastards(!)

DIRECTOR: I need you to get over to Crispians. Two Ming vases up for auction – Chenghua. Will you appraise them?

ANDY: Er, er, Soo Lin should go. She’s the expert.

DIRECTOR: Soo Lin has resigned her job. I need *you.*

SARAH: Just locum work.

JOHN: No, that’s fine.

SARAH: You’re, um ... well, you’re a bit over-qualified.

JOHN: Er, I could always do with the money.

SARAH: Well, we’ve got two away on holiday this week, and one’s just left to have a baby. Might be a bit mundane for you.

JOHN: Er, no; mundane is good sometimes. Mundane works.

SARAH: It says here you were a soldier.

JOHN: And a doctor.

SARAH: Anything else you can do?

JOHN: I learned the clarinet at school.

SARAH: Oh! Well, I look forward to it!

SHERLOCK: I said, “Could you pass me a pen?”

JOHN: What? When?

SHERLOCK: ’Bout an hour ago.

JOHN: Didn’t notice I’d gone out, then.

Yeah, I went to see about a job at that surgery.

SHERLOCK: How was it?

JOHN: It’s great. She’s great.

SHERLOCK: Who?

JOHN: The job.

SHERLOCK: “She”?

JOHN: ... It.

SHERLOCK: Here, have a look.

JOHN: Hmm? The ‘intruder who can walk through walls.’

SHERLOCK: Happened last night. Journalist shot dead in his flat; doors locked, windows bolted from the inside – exactly the same as Van Coon.

JOHN: God. You think ...

SHERLOCK: He’s killed another one.

SHERLOCK: Brian Lukis, freelance journalist. Murdered in his flat ... doors locked from the inside.

JOHN: You’ve gotta admit, it’s similar. Both men killed by someone who can ... walk through solid walls.

SHERLOCK: Inspector, do you seriously believe that Eddie Van Coon was just another City suicide? You *have* seen the ballistics report, I suppose?

DIMMOCK: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: And the shot that killed him: was it fired from his own gun?

DIMMOCK: No.

SHERLOCK: No. So this investigation might move a bit quicker if you were to take my word as gospel. I’ve just handed you a murder enquiry. Five minutes in his flat.

SHERLOCK: Four floors up. *That’s* why they think they’re safe. Put a chain across the door and bolt it shut; think they’re impregnable. They don’t reckon for one second that there’s another way in.

DIMMOCK: I don’t understand.

SHERLOCK: You’re dealing with a killer who can climb.

DIMMOCK: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: He clings to the walls like an insect. That’s how he got in.

DIMMOCK: What?!

SHERLOCK: Climbed up the side of the walls, ran along the roof, dropped in through this skylight.

DIMMOCK: You’re not serious! Like Spiderman?(!)

SHERLOCK: He scaled six floors of a Docklands apartment building, jumped the balcony to kill Van Coon.

DIMMOCK: Oh, ho-hold on!

SHERLOCK: And of course that’s how he got into the bank. He ran along the window ledge and onto the terrace. We have to find out what connects these two men.

SHERLOCK: Date stamped on the book is the same day that he died.

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: So, the killer goes to the bank, leaves a threatening cipher for Van Coon; Van Coon panics, returns to his apartment, locks himself in. Hours later, he dies.

JOHN: The killer finds Lukis at the library; he writes the cipher on the shelf where he knows it’ll be seen; Lukis goes home.

SHERLOCK: Late that night, he dies too.

JOHN: *Why* did they die, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Only the cipher can tell us.

SHERLOCK: The world’s run on codes and ciphers, John. From the million-pound security system at the bank, to the PIN machine you took exception to, cryptography inhabits our every waking moment.

JOHN: Yes, okay, but ...

SHERLOCK: ... but it’s all computer-generated: electronic codes, electronic ciphering methods. This is different. It’s an ancient device. Modern code-breaking methods won’t unravel it.

JOHN: Where are we headed?

SHERLOCK: I need to ask some advice.

JOHN: What?! Sorry?!

SHERLOCK: You heard me perfectly. I’m not saying it again.

JOHN: You need advice?

SHERLOCK: On painting, yes. I need to talk to an expert.

RAZ: Part of a new exhibition.

SHERLOCK: Interesting.

RAZ: I call it Urban Bloodlust Frenzy.

JOHN: Catchy(!)

RAZ: I’ve got two minutes before a Community Support Officer comes round that corner. Can we do this while I’m workin’?

SHERLOCK: Know the author?

RAZ: Recognise the paint. It’s like Michigan; hardcore propellant. I’d say zinc.

SHERLOCK: What about the symbols: d’you recognise them?

RAZ: Not even sure it’s a proper language.

SHERLOCK: Two men have been murdered, Raz. Deciphering this is the key to finding out who killed them.

RAZ: What, and this is all you’ve got to go on? It’s hardly much, now, is it?

SHERLOCK: Are you gonna help us or not?

RAZ: I’ll ask around.

SHERLOCK: Somebody *must* know something about it.

VOICE: Oi!

COMMUNITY OFFICER: What the hell do you think you’re doing? This gallery is a listed public building.

JOHN: No, no, wait, wait. It’s not *me* who painted that. I was just holding this for ...

COMMUNITY OFFICER: Bit of an enthusiast, are we?

ANDY: She was right in the middle of an important piece of restoration. Why would she suddenly resign?

DIRECTOR: Family problems. She said so in her letter.

ANDY: But she doesn’t *have* a family. She came to this country on her own.

DIRECTOR: Andy ...

ANDY: Look, those teapots, those ceramics: they’ve become her obsession. She’s been working on restoring them for weeks. I-I can’t believe that she would just abandon them.

DIRECTOR: Perhaps she was getting a bit of unwanted attention.

SHERLOCK: You’ve been a while.

JOHN: Yeah, well, you know how it is. Custody sergeants don’t really like to be hurried, do they? Just formalities: fingerprints, charge sheet; and I’ve gotta be in Magistrates Court on Tuesday.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: Me, Sherlock, in court on Tuesday. They’re givin’ me an ASBO!

SHERLOCK: Good. Fine.

JOHN: You wanna tell your little pal he’s welcome to go and own up any time.

SHERLOCK: This symbol: I still can’t place it. No, I need you to go to the police station ...

JOHN: Oi, oi, oi!

SHERLOCK: ... ask about the journalist.

JOHN: Oh, Jesus!

SHERLOCK: His personal effects will have been impounded. Get hold of his diary, or something that will tell us his movements. Gonna go and see Van Coon’s P.A. If we retrace their steps, somewhere they’ll coincide.

JOHN: Scotland Yard.

TAXI DRIVER: Right.

AMANDA: Flew back from Dalian Friday. Looks like he had back-to-back meetings with the sales team.

SHERLOCK: Can you print me up a copy?

AMANDA: Sure.

SHERLOCK: What about the day he died? Can you tell me where he was?

AMANDA: Sorry. Bit of a gap. I have all his receipts.

DIMMOCK: Your friend ...

JOHN: Listen: whatever you say, I’m behind you one hundred percent.

DIMMOCK: ... he’s an arrogant sod.

JOHN: Well, *that* was mild! People say a lot worse than that.

DIMMOCK: This is what you wanted, isn’t it? The journalist’s diary?

SHERLOCK: What kind of a boss was he, Amanda? Appreciative?

AMANDA: Um, no. That’s not a word I’d use. The only things Eddie appreciated had a big price tag.

SHERLOCK: Like that hand cream. *He* bought that for you, didn’t he? Look at this one. Got a taxi from home on the day he died. Eighteen pounds fifty.

AMANDA: That would get him to the office.

SHERLOCK: Not rush hour; check the time. Mid-morning. Eighteen would get him as far as ...

AMANDA: The West End. I remember him saying.

SHERLOCK: Underground. Printed at one in Piccadilly.

AMANDA: So he got a Tube back to the office. Why would he get a taxi into town and then the Tube back?

SHERLOCK: Because he was delivering something heavy. Didn’t want to lug a package up the escalator.

AMANDA: Delivering?

SHERLOCK: To somewhere near Piccadilly Station. Dropped the package, delivered it and then ... stopped on his way. He got peckish.

SHERLOCK: So you bought your lunch from here en route to the station, but where were you headed *from*? Where did the taxi drop you ...?

JOHN: Right.

SHERLOCK: Eddie Van Coon brought a package here the day he died – whatever was hidden inside that case. I’ve managed to piece together a picture using scraps of information ...

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: ... credit card bills, receipts. He flew back from China, then he came here.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Somewhere in this street; somewhere near. I don’t know where, but ...

JOHN: That shop over there.

SHERLOCK: How can you tell?

JOHN: Lukis’ diary. He was here too. He wrote down the address.

SHERLOCK: Oh.

SHOP KEEPER: You want lucky cat?

JOHN: No, thanks. No.

SHOP KEEPER: Ten pound. Ten pound!

JOHN: No.

SHOP KEEPER: I think your wife, she will like!

JOHN: No, thank you. Sherlock. The label there.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I see it.

JOHN: Exactly the same as the cipher.

SHERLOCK: It’s an ancient number system! Hangzhou. These days, only street traders use it. Those were numbers written on the wall at the bank and at the library. Numbers written in an ancient Chinese dialect.

JOHN: It’s a fifteen! What we thought was the artist’s tag – it’s a number fifteen.

SHERLOCK: And the blindfold – the horizontal line? That was a number as well. The Chinese number one, John.

JOHN: We’ve found it!

JOHN: Two men travel back from China. Both head straight for the Lucky Cat emporium. What did they see?

SHERLOCK: It’s not what they saw; it’s what they both brought back in those suitcases.

JOHN: And you don’t mean duty free. Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Think about what Sebastian told us; about Van Coon – about how he stayed afloat in the market.

JOHN: Lost five million ...

SHERLOCK: ... made it back in a week.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: That’s how he made such easy money.

JOHN: He was a smuggler. Mmm.

SHERLOCK: A guy like him – it would have been perfect. Business man ...

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

SHERLOCK: ... making frequent trips to Asia. And Lukis was the same ... a journalist writing about China.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: Both of them smuggled stuff out, and the Lucky Cat was their drop-off.

JOHN: But why did they die? I mean, it doesn’t make sense. If they both turn up at the shop and deliver the goods, why would someone threaten them and kill them after the event, after they’d finished the job?

SHERLOCK: What if one of them was light-fingered?

JOHN: How d’you mean?

SHERLOCK: Stole something; something from the hoard.

JOHN: And the killer doesn’t know which of them took it, so he threatens them both. Right.

SHERLOCK: Remind me ... when was the last time that it rained?

SHERLOCK: It’s been here since Monday. No-one’s been in that flat for at least three days.

JOHN: Could’ve gone on holiday.

SHERLOCK: D’*you* leave your windows open when you go on holiday?

JOHN: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Someone else has been here. Somebody else broke into the flat and knocked over the vase just like I did.

JOHN: D’you think maybe you could let me in this time? Can you *not* keep doing this, please?

SHERLOCK: I’m not the first.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Somebody’s been in here before me!

JOHN: *What* are you saying?

SHERLOCK: Size eight feet. Small, but ... athletic.

JOHN: I’m wasting my breath.

SHERLOCK: Small, strong hands. Our acrobat. But why didn’t he close the window when he left ...? Oh, stupid. *Stupid*. Obvious. He’s still here.

JOHN: *Any* time you want to include me.

SHERLOCK: John! John!

JOHN: “No, I’m Sherlock Holmes and I always work alone because no-one else can compete with ... my MASSIVE INTELLECT!”

SHERLOCK: The, uh, milk’s gone off and the washing’s starting to smell. Somebody left here in a hurry three days ago.

JOHN: Somebody?

SHERLOCK: Soo Lin Yao. We have to find her.

JOHN: But how, exactly?

SHERLOCK: Maybe we could start with this.

JOHN: You’ve gone all croaky. Are you getting a cold?

SHERLOCK: I’m fine.

SHERLOCK: When was the last time that you saw her?

ANDY: Three days ago, um, here at the museum. This morning they told me she’d resigned just like that. Just left her work unfinished.

SHERLOCK: What was the last thing that she did on her final afternoon?

ANDY: She does this demonstration for the tourists – a-a tea ceremony. So she would have packed up her things and just put them in here.

SHERLOCK: We have to get to Soo Lin Yao.

JOHN: If she’s still alive.

RAZ: Sherlock!

JOHN: Oh, look who it is.

RAZ: Found something you’ll like.

JOHN: Tuesday morning, all you’ve gotta do is turn up and say the bag was yours.

SHERLOCK: Forget about your court date.

GIRL: Dude, that was rad!

SHERLOCK: If you want to hide a tree, then a forest is the best place to do it, wouldn’t you say? People would just walk straight past, not knowing, unable to decipher the message.

RAZ: There. I spotted it earlier.

SHERLOCK: They *have* been in here. And that’s the exact same paint?

RAZ: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: John, if we’re going to decipher this code, we’re gonna need to look for more evidence.

JOHN: Answer your phone! I’ve been calling you! I’ve found it.

JOHN: It’s been painted over! I don’t understand. It-it was here ... ten minutes ago. I *saw* it. A whole load of graffiti!

SHERLOCK: Somebody doesn’t want me to see it.

JOHN: Hey, Sherlock, what are you doing ...?

SHERLOCK: Shh, John, concentrate. I need you to concentrate. Close your eyes.

JOHN: No, what? Why? Why? What are you doing?!

SHERLOCK: I need you to maximise your visual memory. Try to picture what you saw. Can you picture it?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Can you remember it?

JOHN: Yes, definitely.

SHERLOCK: Can you remember the pattern?

JOHN: Yes!

SHERLOCK: How *much* can you remember it?

JOHN: Well, don’t worry ...

SHERLOCK: Because the average human memory on visual matters is only sixty-two percent accurate.

JOHN: Yeah, well, don’t worry – I remember all of it.

SHERLOCK: Really?

JOHN: Yeah, well at least I *would ...* if I can get to my pockets! I took a photograph.

SHERLOCK: Always in pairs, John.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Numbers come with partners.

JOHN: God, I need to sleep.

SHERLOCK: Why did he paint it so near the tracks?

JOHN: No idea.

SHERLOCK: Thousands of people pass by there every day.

JOHN: Just twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK: Of course. Of *course*! He wants information. He’s trying to communicate with his people in the underworld. Whatever was stolen, he wants it back. Somewhere here in the code. We can’t crack this without Soo Lin Yao.

JOHN: Oh, good(!)

SHERLOCK: Two men who travelled back from China were murdered, and their killer left them messages in the Hangzhou numerals.

JOHN: Soo Lin Yao’s in danger. Now, that cipher – it was just the same pattern as the others. He means to kill her as well.

ANDY: Look, I’ve tried everywhere: um, friends, colleagues. I-I don’t know where she’s gone. I mean, she could be a thousand miles away.

JOHN: What are you looking at?

SHERLOCK: Tell me more about those teapots.

ANDY: Th-the pots were her obsession. Um, they need urgent work. If-if they dry out, then the clay can start to crumble. Apparently you have to just keep making tea in them.

SHERLOCK: Yesterday, only one of those pots was shining. Now there are two.

SHERLOCK: Fancy a biscuit with that? Centuries old. Don’t wanna break that. Hello.

SOO LIN: You saw the cipher. Then you know he is coming for me.

SHERLOCK: You’ve been clever to avoid him so far.

SOO LIN: I had to finish ... to finish this work. It’s only a matter of time. I know he will find me.

SHERLOCK: Who is he? Have you met him before?

SOO LIN: When I was a girl, living back in China. I recognise his ... ‘signature.’

SHERLOCK: The cipher.

SOO LIN: Only *he* would do this. Zhi Zhu.

JOHN: Zhi Zhu?

SHERLOCK: The Spider.

SOO LIN: You know this mark?

SHERLOCK: Yes. It’s the mark of a Tong.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Ancient crime syndicate based in China.

SOO LIN: Every foot soldier bears the mark; everyone who hauls for them.

JOHN: “Hauls”? Y-you mean you were a smuggler?

SOO LIN: I was fifteen. My parents were dead. I had no livelihood; no way of surviving day to day except to work for the bosses.

SHERLOCK: Who are they?

SOO LIN: They are called the Black Lotus. By the time I was sixteen, I was taking thousands of pounds’ worth of drugs across the border into Hong Kong. But I managed to leave that life behind me. I came to England. They gave me a job here. Everything was good; a new life.

SHERLOCK: Then he came looking for you.

SOO LIN: Yes. I had hoped after five years maybe they would have forgotten me, but they never really let you leave. A small community like ours – they are never very far away. He came to my flat. He asked me to help him to track down something that was stolen.

JOHN: And you’ve no idea what it was?

SOO LIN: I refused to help.

JOHN: So you knew him well when you were living back in China?

SOO LIN: Oh yes. He’s my brother. Two orphans. We had no choice. We could work for the Black Lotus, or starve on the streets like beggars. My brother has become their puppet, in the power of the one they call Shan – the Black Lotus general. I turned my brother away. He said I had betrayed him. Next day I came to work and the cipher was waiting.

SHERLOCK: Can you decipher these?

SOO LIN: These are numbers.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I know.

SOO LIN: Here: the line across the man’s eyes – it’s the Chinese number one.

SHERLOCK: And this one is fifteen. But what’s the code?

SOO LIN: All the smugglers know it. It’s based upon a book ... He’s here. Zhi Zhu. He has found me.

JOHN: Sh-Sherlock. Sherlock, wait! Come here. Get in. Get in! I have to go and help. Bolt the door after me.

SHERLOCK: Careful! Some of those skulls are over two hundred thousand years old! Have a bit of respect! Thank you(!)

SOO LIN: [Liang.] [Big brother.] [Please ...]

JOHN: Oh my God.

JOHN: How many murders is it gonna take before you start believing that this maniac’s out there? A young girl was gunned down tonight. That’s three victims in three days. You’re supposed to be finding him.

SHERLOCK: Brian Lukis and Eddie Van Coon were working for a gang of international smugglers – a gang called the Black Lotus operating here in London *right* under your nose.

DIMMOCK: Can you prove that?

SHERLOCK: What are you thinking: pork or the pasta?

MOLLY: Oh, it’s you!

SHERLOCK: This place is never going to trouble Egon Ronay, is it? I’d stick with the pasta. Don’t wanna be doing roast pork – not if you’re slicing up cadavers.

MOLLY: What are you having?

SHERLOCK: Don’t eat when I’m working. Digesting slows me down.

MOLLY: So you’re working here tonight?

SHERLOCK: Need to examine some bodies.

MOLLY: “Some”?

SHERLOCK: Eddie Van Coon and Brian Lukis.

MOLLY: They’re on my list.

SHERLOCK: Could you wheel them out again for me?

MOLLY: Well ... the paperwork’s already gone through.

SHERLOCK: You’ve ... changed your hair.

MOLLY: What?

SHERLOCK: The-the style: it’s usually parted in the middle.

MOLLY: Yes, well ...

SHERLOCK: Mmm, it’s good; it, um, suits you better this way.

SHERLOCK: We’re just interested in the feet.

MOLLY: The feet?

SHERLOCK: Yes. D’you mind if we have a look at them? Now Van Coon. Oh(!)

DIMMOCK: So ...

SHERLOCK: So either these two men just happened to visit the same Chinese tattoo parlour or I’m telling the truth.

DIMMOCK: What do you want?

SHERLOCK: I want every book from Lukis’ apartment *and* Van Coon’s.

DIMMOCK: Their books?

SHERLOCK: Not just a criminal organisation; it’s a cult. Her brother was corrupted by one of its leaders.

JOHN: Soo Lin said the name.

SHERLOCK: Yes, Shan; General Shan.

JOHN: We’re still no closer to finding them.

SHERLOCK: Wrong. We’ve got almost all we need to know. She gave us most of the missing pieces. Why did he need to visit his sister? Why did he need *her* expertise?

JOHN: She worked at the museum.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: An expert in antiquities. Mmm, of course. I see.

SHERLOCK: *Valuable* antiquities, John. Ancient Chinese relics purchased on the black market. China’s home to a thousand treasures hidden after Mao’s revolution.

JOHN: And the Black Lotus is selling them.

SHERLOCK: Check for the dates ... Here, John.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: Arrived from China four days ago. Anonymous. Vendor doesn’t give his name. Two undiscovered treasures from the East.

JOHN: One in Lukis’ suitcase and one in Van Coon’s.

SHERLOCK: ... antiquities sold at auction. Look, here’s another one.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: Arrived from China a month ago: Chinese ceramic statue, sold four hundred thousand.

JOHN: Ah, look: a month before that – a Chinese painting, half a million.

SHERLOCK: All of them from an anonymous source. They’re stealing them back in China and one by one they’re feeding them into Britain.

JOHN: Huh. And every single auction coincides with Lukis or Van Coon travelling to China.

SHERLOCK: So what if one of them got greedy when they were in China? What if one of them stole something?

JOHN: That’s why Zhi Zhu’s come.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! Sorry. Are we collecting for charity, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: What?

MRS HUDSON: A young man’s outside with crates of books.

SHERLOCK: So, the numbers are references.

JOHN: To books.

SHERLOCK: To specific pages and specific words on those pages.

JOHN: Right, so ... fifteen and one: that means ...

SHERLOCK: Turn to page fifteen and it’s the first word you read.

JOHN: Okay. So what’s the message?

SHERLOCK: Depends on the book. That’s the cunning of the book *code*. Has to be one that they both owned.

JOHN: Okay, right. Well, this shouldn’t take too long, should it?(!)

DIMMOCK: We found these, at the museum. Is this your writing?

JOHN: Uh, we hoped Soo Lin could decipher it for us. Ta.

DIMMOCK: Anything else I can do? To assist you, I mean?

SHERLOCK: Some silence right now would be marvellous. “Cigarette.”

JOHN: Ah.

SHERLOCK: “Imagine.”

RECEPTIONIST: I’m sorry to keep you waiting. But we haven’t got anything now ’til next Thursday.

WOMAN’s VOICE: This is taking ages.

RECEPTIONIST: Er, sorry.

WOMAN’s VOICE: What’s the point of making an appointment if they can’t even stick to it?

SARAH: Um, what’s going on?

RECEPTIONIST: That new doctor you hired – he hasn’t buzzed the intercom for ages.

SARAH: Let me go and have a word.

RECEPTIONIST: Yeah, thanks.

SARAH: ’Scuse me.

RECEPTIONIST: Sorry.

WOMAN’s VOICE: What did she just say?

SARAH: John? John?

JOHN: Um, looks like I’m done. I thought I had some more to see.

SARAH: Oh, I did one or two of yours.

JOHN: One or two?

SARAH: Well, maybe five or six.

JOHN: I’m sorry. That’s not very professional.

SARAH: No. No, not really.

JOHN: I had, um, a bit of a late one.

SARAH: Oh, right.

JOHN: Anyway, see you.

SARAH: So, um, what were you doing to keep you up so late?

JOHN: Uh, I was, er, attending a sort of book event.

SARAH: Oh. Oh, she likes books, does she, your ... your girlfriend?

JOHN: Mmm? No, it wasn’t a date.

SARAH: Good. I mean, um ...

JOHN: And I don’t have one tonight.

SHERLOCK: A book that everybody would own. Fifteen. Entry one. I need to get some air. We’re going out tonight.

JOHN: Actually, I’ve, er, got a date.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: It’s where two people who like each other go out and have fun.

SHERLOCK: That’s what *I* was suggesting.

JOHN: No it wasn’t ... at least I *hope* not.

SHERLOCK: Where are you taking her?

JOHN: Er, cinema.

SHERLOCK: Oh, dull, boring, predictable. Why don’t you try this? In London for one night only.

JOHN: Thanks, but I don’t come to you for dating advice.

SARAH: It’s *years* since anyone took me to the circus.

JOHN: Right, yes! Well, it’s ... a friend recommended it to me. He phoned up.

SARAH: Ah. What are they, a touring company or something?

JOHN: I don’t know much about it.

SARAH: I think they’re probably from China!

JOHN: Yes, I think ... I think so, yes. *There’s* a coincidence(!)

CUSTOMER: That’s wonderful. Thank you very much.

MANAGER: Okay.

JOHN: Hi. I have, er, two tickets reserved for tonight.

MANAGER: And what’s the name?

JOHN: Er, Holmes.

MANAGER: Actually, I have three in that name.

JOHN: No, I don’t think so. We only booked two.

SHERLOCK: And then I phoned back and got one for myself as well. I’m Sherlock.

SARAH: Er, hi.

SHERLOCK: Hello.

JOHN: You couldn’t let me have just one night off?

SHERLOCK: Yellow Dragon Circus, in London for one day. It *fits*. The Tong sent an assassin to England ...

JOHN: ... dressed as a tightrope walker. Come on, Sherlock, behave!

SHERLOCK: We’re looking for a killer who can climb, who can shin up a rope. Where else would you find that level of dexterity? Exit visas are scarce in China. They need a pretty good reason to get out of that country. Now, all I need to do is have a quick look round the place ...

JOHN: Fine. You do that; I’m gonna take Sarah for a pint.

SHERLOCK: I need your help.

JOHN: I do have a couple of other things on my mind this evening!

SHERLOCK: Like *what*?

JOHN: You *are* kidding.

SHERLOCK: What’s so important?

JOHN: Sherlock, I’m right in the middle of a date. D’you want me to chase some killer while I’m trying to ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: ... while I’m trying to get off with Sarah! Heyyy. Ready?

SARAH: Yeah!

JOHN: You said circus. This is *not* a circus. Look at the size of this crowd. Sherlock, this is ... *art*.

SHERLOCK: This is not their day job.

JOHN: No, sorry, I forgot. They’re *not* a circus; they’re a gang of international smugglers.

SHERLOCK: Classic Chinese escapology act.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: The crossbow’s on a delicate string. The warrior has to escape his bonds before it fires.

SARAH: Oh, Gawd! I’m sorry!

SHERLOCK: She splits the sandbag; the sand pours out; gradually the weight lowers into the bowl.

SARAH: Thank God.

JOHN: My God!

OPERA SINGER: Ladies and gentlemen, from the distant moonlight shores of the Yangtze River, we present for your pleasure the deadly Chinese bird-spider.

JOHN: Did you see that?!

SHERLOCK: Well, well. Found you.

JOHN: Come on.

SHERLOCK: Come on! Let’s go!

DIMMOCK: I sent a couple of cars. The old hall is totally deserted.

SHERLOCK: Look, I saw the mark at the circus – that tattoo that we saw on the two bodies: the mark of the Tong.

JOHN: Lukis and Van Coon were part of a-a smuggling operation. Now, one of them stole something when they were in China; something valuable.

SHERLOCK: These circus performers were gang members sent here to get it back.

DIMMOCK: Get *what* back?

JOHN: We don’t know.

DIMMOCK: You don’t know. Mr Holmes ... I’ve done everything you asked. Lestrade, he seems to think your advice is worth something. I gave the order for a raid. Please tell me I’ll have *something* to show for it – other than a massive bill for overtime.

JOHN: They’ll be back in China by tomorrow.

SHERLOCK: No, they won’t leave without what they came for. We need to find their hide-out; the rendezvous.

SHERLOCK: Somewhere in this message it *must* tell us.

SARAH: Well, I think perhaps I should leave you to it.

JOHN: No, no, you don’t have to go ... does she? You can stay.

SHERLOCK: Yes, it would be better to study if you left now.

JOHN: He’s kidding. Please stay if you’d like.

SARAH: Is it just me, or is anyone else starving?

SHERLOCK: Ooh, God.

SARAH: So this is what you do, you and John. You solve puzzles for a living.

SHERLOCK: Consulting detective.

SARAH: Oh.

JOHN: Oh!

SARAH: What are these squiggles?

SHERLOCK: They’re numbers. An ancient Chinese dialect.

SARAH: Oh, right! Yeah, well, of course I should have known that(!)

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! I’ve done punch, and a bowl of nibbles.

JOHN: Mrs Hudson, you’re a *saint*!

MRS HUDSON: If it was Monday, I’d have been to the supermarket!

JOHN: No; thank you! *Thank* you!

SARAH: So these numbers – it’s a cipher.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

SARAH: And each pair of numbers is a word.

SHERLOCK: How did you know that?

SARAH: Well, two words have already been translated, here.

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Mmm?

SHERLOCK: John, look at this. Soo Lin at the museum – she started to translate the code for us. We didn’t see it! “NINE,” “MILL.”

JOHN: Does that mean ‘millions’?

SHERLOCK: Nine million quid. For what? We need to know the end of this sentence.

JOHN: Where are you going?

SHERLOCK: To the museum; to the restoration room. Oh, we must have been staring right at it!

JOHN: At-at what?

SHERLOCK: The *book*, John. The *book* – the key to cracking the cipher! Soo Lin used it to do this! Whilst we were running around the gallery, she started to translate the code. It must be on her desk.

SHERLOCK: Taxi!

TOURIST: [Hey, you! Why don’t you look where you’re going?]

SHERLOCK: [Forgive me, please.]

TOURIST [Yeah, thanks(!)] [And they say the English are polite!]

SHERLOCK: A book that everybody would own. Please, wait! [Please!]

MALE TOURIST: Was wollt er? [What does he *want*?] [Hey, you! What are you doing?]

SHERLOCK: [Wait a minute!]

TOURIST [Give me back my book!]

SARAH: Yeah! No, absolutely. I mean, well, a quiet night in’s just-just what the doctor ordered.

JOHN: Ha-ha-ha(!)

SARAH: Er, I mean, I’d love to go out of an evening and wrestle a few Chinese gangsters, you know, generally, but a girl can get too much.

JOHN: No, okay. Hmm. Um, shall we get a takeaway?

SARAH: Yeah!

SHERLOCK: Page fifteen, entry one. Page fifteen, entry one ... Dead man. You *were* threatening to kill them. It’s the first cipher. Thirty-seven, nine; thirty-seven, nine ... Nine mill ... for ...

JOHN: Ooh, blimey, that was quick. I’ll just pop down.

SARAH: Do you want me to lay the table?

JOHN: Um, eat off trays?

SARAH: Yeah.

JOHN: Yeah!

SHERLOCK: Sixty, thirty-five. Jade. Jade.

JOHN: Sorry to keep you. How much d’you want?

CHINESE MAN: Do you have it?

JOHN: What?

CHINESE MAN: Do you have the treasure?

JOHN: I don’t understand.

SHERLOCK: “NINE MILL FOR JADE PIN DRAGON DEN BLACK ... TRAMWAY.”

SHERLOCK: John! John! I’ve got it! The cipher! The book! It’s the London A to Z that they’re using...

OPERA SINGER: “A book is like a magic garden carried in your pocket.” Chinese proverb, Mr Holmes.

JOHN: I ... I’m not Sherlock Holmes.

OPERA SINGER: Forgive me if I do not take your word for it.

JOHN: Ow. Ow.

OPERA SINGER: Debit card, name of S. Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Take my card.

JOHN: Yes; that’s not actually mine. He lent that to me.

OPERA SINGER: A cheque for five thousand pounds made out in the name of Mr Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: Yeah, he gave me that to look after.

OPERA SINGER: Tickets from the theatre, collected by you, name of Holmes.

JOHN: Yes, okay ...

MANAGER: What’s the name?

JOHN: Uh, Holmes.

JOHN: I realise what this looks like, but I’m not him.

OPERA SINGER: We heard it from your own mouth.

JOHN: What?

OPERA SINGER: “I am Sherlock Holmes and I always work alone ...”

JOHN: “... because no-one else can compete with my MASSIVE INTELLECT!”

JOHN: Did I really say that? I s’ppose there’s no use me trying to persuade you I was doing an impression.

OPERA SINGER: I am Shan.

JOHN: You’re ... *you’re* Shan.

OPERA SINGER/SHAN: Three times we tried to kill you and your companion, Mr Holmes. What does it tell you when an assassin cannot shoot straight? It tells you that they’re not really trying.

SHERLOCK: Tramway. Oh, Christ. There.

SHAN: Not blank bullets now.

JOHN: Okay.

SHAN: If we wanted to kill you, Mr Holmes, we would have done it by now. We just wanted to make you inquisitive. Do you have it?

JOHN: Do I have what?

SHAN: The treasure.

JOHN: I don’t know what you’re talking about.

SHAN: I would prefer to make certain. Everything in the West has its price; and the price for *her* life ... information.

JOHN: Sorry. I’m sorry.

SHAN: Where’s the hairpin?

JOHN: What?

SHAN: The Empress pin valued at nine million sterling. We already had a buyer in the West; and then one of our people was greedy. He took it, brought it back to London and you, Mr Holmes, have been searching.

JOHN: Please. Please, listen to me. I’m not ... I’m not Sherlock Holmes. You *have* to believe me. I haven’t found whatever it is you’re looking for.

SHAN: I need a volunteer from the audience!

JOHN: No, please. *Please*.

SHAN: Ah, thank you, lady. Yes, you’ll do very nicely.

SHAN: Ladies and gentlemen. From the distant moonlit shores of NW1, we present for your pleasure Sherlock Holmes’ pretty companion in a death-defying act.

JOHN: *Please!*

SHAN: You’ve seen the act before. How dull for you. You know how it ends.

JOHN: *I’m not Sherlock Holmes!*

SHAN: I don’t believe you.

SHERLOCK: You should, you know. Sherlock Holmes is nothing at all like him.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: How would *you* describe me, John? Resourceful? Dynamic? Enigmatic?

JOHN: Late?

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: That’s a semi-automatic. If you fire it, the bullet will travel at over a thousand metres per second.

SHAN: Well?

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Well ... the radius curvature of these walls is nearly four metres. If you miss, the bullet will ricochet. Could hit *anyone*. Might even bounce off the tunnel and hit *you.*

SHERLOCK: It’s all right. You’re gonna be all right. It’s over now. It’s over.

JOHN: Don’t worry. Next date won’t be like this.

SHERLOCK: We’ll just slip off. No need to mention us in your report.

DIMMOCK: Mr Holmes ...

SHERLOCK: I have high hopes for you, Inspector. A glittering career.

DIMMOCK: I go where you point me.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: Ta. So, “Nine mill ...”

SHERLOCK: Million.

JOHN: Million, yes; “Nine million for jade pin. Dragon den, black Tramway.”

SHERLOCK: An instruction to all their London operatives.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: A message; what they were trying to reclaim.

JOHN: What, a jade pin?

SHERLOCK: Worth nine million pounds. Bring it to the Tramway, their London hideout.

JOHN: Hang on: a *hairpin* worth nine million pounds?

SHERLOCK: Apparently.

JOHN: Why so much?

SHERLOCK: Depends who owned it.

SHERLOCK: Two operatives based in London. They travel over to Dalian to smuggle those vases. One of them helps himself to something: a little hairpin.

JOHN: Worth nine million pounds.

SHERLOCK: Eddie Van Coon was the thief. *He* stole the treasure when he was in China.

JOHN: How d’you know it was Van Coon, not Lukis? Even the killer didn’t know that.

SHERLOCK: Because of the soap.

AMANDA: Amanda.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: He bought you a present.

AMANDA: Oh. Hello.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: A little gift when he came back from China.

AMANDA: How do you know that?

SHERLOCK: You weren’t just his P.A., were you?

AMANDA: Someone’s been gossiping.

SHERLOCK: No.

AMANDA: Then I don’t understand. Why ...?

SHERLOCK: Scented hand soap in his apartment. Three hundred millilitres of it. Bottle almost finished.

AMANDA: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: I don’t think Eddie Van Coon was the type of chap to buy himself hand soap – not unless he had a lady coming over. And it’s the same brand as that hand cream there on your desk.

AMANDA: Look, it wasn’t serious between us. It was over in a flash. It couldn’t last – he was my boss.

SHERLOCK: What happened? Why did you end it?

AMANDA: I thought he didn’t appreciate me. Took me for granted. Stood me up once too often – we’d plan to go away for the weekend and then he’d just leave; fly off to China at a moment’s notice.

SHERLOCK: And he brought you a present from abroad to say sorry. Can I ... just have a look at it?

SEBASTIAN: He really climbed up onto the balcony?

JOHN: Nail a plank across the window and all your problems are over. Thanks.

AMANDA: Said he bought it in a street market.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I don’t think *that’s* true. I think he pinched it.

AMANDA: Yeah, that’s Eddie.

SHERLOCK: Didn’t know its value; just thought it would suit you.

AMANDA: Oh? What’s it worth?

SHERLOCK: Nine ... million ... pounds.

AMANDA: Oh my God! Oh my G... Nine million!

JOHN: Over a thousand years old and it’s sitting on her bedside table every night.

SHERLOCK: He didn’t know its value; didn’t know why they were chasing him.

JOHN: Hmm. Should’ve just got her a lucky cat.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

JOHN: You *mind*, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: That she escaped – General Shan. It’s not enough that we got her two henchmen.

SHERLOCK: It must be a vast network, John; thousands of operatives. You and I, we barely scratched the surface.

JOHN: You cracked the code, though, Sherlock; and maybe Dimmock can track down all of them now that *he* knows it.

SHERLOCK: No. No. I cracked *this* code; all the smugglers have to do is pick up another book.

SHAN: Without you – without your assistance – we would not have found passage into London. You have my thanks.

M: GRATITUDE IS MEANINGLESS

M: IT IS ONLY THE EXPECTATION OF FURTHER FAVOURS

SHAN: We did not anticipate ... we did not know this man would come – this Sherlock Holmes. And now your safety is compromised.

M: THEY CANNOT TRACE THIS BACK TO ME

SHAN: I will not reveal your identity.

M: I AM CERTAIN.

**The Great Game**

SHERLOCK: Just tell me what happened, from the beginning.

BERWICK: We’d been to a bar – a nice place – and, er, I got chattin’ with one of the waitresses, and Karen weren’t ’appy with that, so ... when we get back to the ’otel, we end up havin’ a bit of a ding-dong, don’t we? She was always gettin’ at me, sayin’ I weren’t a real man.

SHERLOCK: *Wasn’t* a real man.

BERWICK: What?

SHERLOCK: It’s not “weren’t”; it’s “wasn’t.”

BERWICK: Oh.

SHERLOCK: Go on.

BERWICK: Well, then I dunno how it happened, but suddenly there’s a knife in my hands. And, you know, me old man was a butcher, so I know how to handle knives. He learned us how to cut up a beast.

SHERLOCK: “Taught.”

BERWICK: What?

SHERLOCK: *Taught* you how to cut up a beast.

BERWICK: Yeah, well, then-then I done it.

SHERLOCK: “Did it.”

BERWICK: *Did* it! *Stabbed* her ... over and over and over, and I looked down and she weren’t ...

*wasn’t* movin’ no more.... *any* more. You’ve gotta help me. I dunno how it happened, but it was an accident. I swear. You’ve gotta *help* me, Mr Holmes! Everyone says you’re the best. Without you, I’ll get hung for this.

SHERLOCK: No, no, no, Mr Berwick, not at all. *Hanged*, yes.

JOHN: What the *hell* are you doing?

SHERLOCK: Bored.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Bored!

JOHN: No ...

SHERLOCK: Bored! Bored! Don’t know what’s got into the criminal classes. Good job I’m not one of them.

JOHN: So you take it out on the wall.

SHERLOCK: Ah, the wall had it coming.

JOHN: What about that Russian case?

SHERLOCK: Belarus. Open and shut domestic murder. Not worth my time.

JOHN: Ah, shame(!) Anything in? I’m starving. Oh, f... It’s a head. A severed head!

SHERLOCK: Just tea for me, thanks.

JOHN: No, there’s a head in the fridge.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: A bloody head!

SHERLOCK: Well, where *else* was I supposed to put it? You don’t mind, do you? I got it from Bart’s morgue. I’m measuring the coagulation of saliva after death. I see you’ve written up the taxi driver case.

JOHN: Uh, yes.

SHERLOCK: “A Study in Pink.” Nice(!)

JOHN: Well, you know, pink lady, pink case, pink phone – there *was* a lot of pink. Did you like it?

SHERLOCK: Erm, no.

JOHN: Why not? I thought you’d be flattered.

SHERLOCK: Flattered? “Sherlock sees through everything and everyone in seconds. What’s incredible, though, is how spectacularly ignorant he is about some things.”

JOHN: Now hang on a minute. I didn’t mean that in a ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, you meant “spectacularly ignorant” in a *nice* way(!) Look, it doesn’t matter to me who’s Prime Minister ...

JOHN: I know ...

SHERLOCK: ... or who’s sleeping with who ...

JOHN: Whether the Earth goes round the Sun ...

SHERLOCK: Not that again. It’s not *important*.

JOHN: Not impor... It’s primary school stuff. *How* can you not know that?

SHERLOCK: Well, if I ever did, I’ve deleted it.

JOHN: “Deleted it”?

SHERLOCK: Listen. This is my hard drive, and it only makes sense to put things in there that are useful ... *really* useful. Ordinary people fill their heads with all kinds of rubbish, and that makes it hard to get at the stuff that matters. Do you see?

JOHN: But it’s the *solar system!*

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

JOHN: Out. I need some air. ’Scuse me, Mrs ...

MRS HUDSON: Oh, sorry, love!

JOHN: Sorry.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! Have you two had a little domestic? Ooh, it’s a bit nippy out there. He should have wrapped himself up a bit more.

SHERLOCK: Look at that, Mrs Hudson. Quiet, calm, peaceful. Isn’t it *hateful*?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I’m sure something’ll turn up, Sherlock. A nice murder – that’ll cheer you up.

SHERLOCK: Can’t come too soon.

MRS HUDSON: Hey. What’ve you done to my bloody wall?! I’m putting this on your rent, young man!

SARAH: Morning!

JOHN: Oh, mor... Morning.

SARAH: See? Told you you should’ve gone with the lilo.

JOHN: No, no, no, it’s fine. I-I slept fine. It’s very kind of you.

SARAH: Well, maybe next time I’ll let you kip at the end of my bed, you know.

JOHN: What about the time after that?

NEWSREADER: Experts are hailing it as the artistic find of the century.: The last time ...

SARAH: So, d’you want some breakfast?

JOHN: Love some.

SARAH: Yeah, well you’d better make it yourself, ’cause I’m gonna have a shower!

NEWSREADER: ... it fetched over twenty million pounds. This one is anticipated to do even better. Back now to our main story. There’s been a massive explosion in central London. As yet, there are no reports of any casualties, and the police are unable to say if there is any suspicion of terrorist involvement.

JOHN: Sarah!

NEWSREADER: Police have issued an emergency number for friends and relatives ...

JOHN: Sarah! Sorry – I’ve got to run.

JOHN: ’Scuse me, can I get through? ’Scuse me. Can I go through? I live over there. Sherlock. Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: I saw it on the telly. Are you okay?

SHERLOCK: Hmm? What? Oh, yeah. Fine. Gas leak, apparently. I can’t.

MYCROFT: “Can’t”?

SHERLOCK: The stuff I’ve got on is just too big. I can’t spare the time.

MYCROFT: Never mind your usual trivia. This is of national importance.

SHERLOCK: How’s the diet?

MYCROFT: *Fine*. Perhaps *you* can get through to him, John.

JOHN: What?

MYCROFT: I’m afraid my brother can be very intransigent.

SHERLOCK: If you’re so keen, why don’t *you* investigate it?

MYCROFT: No-no-no-no-no. I can’t possibly be away from the office for any length of time – not with the Korean elections so ... Well, you don’t need to know about that, do you? Besides, a case like this – it requires ... legwork.

SHERLOCK: How’s Sarah, John? How was the lilo?

MYCROFT: Sofa, Sherlock. It was the sofa.

SHERLOCK: Oh yes, of course.

JOHN: *How ...?* Oh, never mind.

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

JOHN: I’m never bored.

MYCROFT: Good! That’s good, isn’t it? Andrew West, known as Westie to his friends. A civil servant, found dead on the tracks at Battersea Station this morning with his head smashed in.

JOHN: Jumped in front of a train?

MYCROFT: Seems the logical assumption.

JOHN: But ...?

MYCROFT: “But”?

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

MYCROFT: The M.O.D. is working on a new missile defence system – the Bruce-Partington Programme, it’s called. The plans for it were on a memory stick.

JOHN: That wasn’t very clever.

MYCROFT: It’s not the only copy.

JOHN: Oh.

MYCROFT: But it *is* secret. And missing.

JOHN: *Top* secret?

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

SHERLOCK: I’d like to see you try.

MYCROFT: Think it over. Goodbye, John. See you *very* soon.

JOHN: Why’d you lie? You’ve got nothing on – not a single case. That’s why the wall took a pounding. Why did you tell your brother you were busy?

SHERLOCK: Why shouldn’t I?

JOHN: Oh! Oh, I see. Sibling rivalry. Now we’re getting somewhere.

SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes. Of course. How could I refuse? Lestrade. I’ve been summoned. Coming?

JOHN: If you want me to.

SHERLOCK: Of course. I’d be lost without my blogger.

LESTRADE: You like the funny cases, don’t you? The surprising ones.

SHERLOCK: Obviously.

LESTRADE: You’ll love *this*. That explosion ...

SHERLOCK: Gas leak, yes?

LESTRADE: No.

SHERLOCK: No?

LESTRADE: No. Made to *look* like one.

JOHN: What?

LESTRADE: Hardly anything left of the place except a strong box – a *very* strong box – and inside it was this.

SHERLOCK: You haven’t opened it?

LESTRADE: It’s addressed to you, isn’t it? We’ve X-rayed it. It’s not booby-trapped.

SHERLOCK: How reassuring(!) Nice stationery. Bohemian.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: From the Czech Republic. No fingerprints?

LESTRADE: No.

SHERLOCK: She used a fountain pen. A Parker Duofold – iridium nib.

JOHN: “She”?

SHERLOCK: Obviously.

JOHN: Obviously(!) But that’s – that’s the phone, the pink phone.

LESTRADE: What, from the Study in Pink?

SHERLOCK: Well, obviously it’s not the same phone but it’s supposed to look like ... The Study in Pink? You read his blog?

LESTRADE: Course I read his blog! We *all* do. D’you *really* not know that the Earth goes round the Sun?

SHERLOCK: It isn’t the same phone. This one’s brand new. Someone’s gone to a lot of trouble to make it *look* like the same phone, which means your blog has a far wider readership.

VOICE ALERT: You have one new message.

JOHN: Is that it?

SHERLOCK: No. That’s *not* it.

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

SHERLOCK: It’s a warning.

JOHN: A warning?

SHERLOCK: Some secret societies used to send dried melon seeds, orange pips, things like that. Five pips. They’re warning us it’s gonna happen again. And I’ve seen this place before.

JOHN: H-hang on. *What’s* gonna happen again?

SHERLOCK: *Boom!*

SHERLOCK: *Mrs Hudson!*

MRS HUDSON: You had a look, didn’t you, Sherlock, when you first came to see about your flat.

SHERLOCK: The door’s been opened recently.

MRS HUDSON: No, can’t be. That’s the only key. I can’t get anyone interested in this flat. It’s the damp, I expect. That’s the curse of basements. I had a place once when I was first married. Black mould all up the walls ... Oh! Men!

JOHN: Shoes. He’s a bomber, remember.

SHERLOCK: Hello?

WOMAN’s VOICE: H-hello ... sexy.

SHERLOCK: Who’s this?

WOMAN’s VOICE: I’ve ... sent you ... a little puzzle ... just to say hi.

SHERLOCK: Who’s talking? Why are you crying?

WOMAN’s VOICE: I-I’m not ... crying ... I’m typing ... and this ... stupid ... bitch ... is reading it out.

SHERLOCK: The curtain rises.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Nothing.

JOHN: No, what did you mean?

SHERLOCK: I’ve been expecting this for some time.

WOMAN: Twelve hours to solve ... my puzzle, Sherlock ... or I’m going ... to be ... so naughty.

JOHN: So, who d’you suppose it was?

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: The woman on the phone – the crying woman.

SHERLOCK: Oh, she doesn’t matter. She’s just a hostage. No lead there.

JOHN: For God’s sake, I wasn’t thinking about leads.

SHERLOCK: You’re not going to be much use to her.

JOHN: Are-are they *trying* to trace it, trace the call?

SHERLOCK: The bomber’s too smart for that. Pass me my phone.

JOHN: Where is it?

SHERLOCK: Jacket. *Careful.*

JOHN: Text from your brother.

SHERLOCK: Delete it.

JOHN: Delete it?

SHERLOCK: Missile plans are out of the country now. Nothing we can do about it.

JOHN: Well, Mycroft thinks there is. He’s texted you eight times. Must be important.

SHERLOCK: Then why didn’t he cancel his dental appointment?

JOHN: His what?

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

JOHN: Try and remember there’s a woman here who might die.

SHERLOCK: What for? This hospital’s full of people dying, Doctor. Why don’t you go and cry by *their* bedside and see what good it does them? Ah!

MOLLY: Any luck?

SHERLOCK: Oh, yes!

JIM: Oh, sorry. I didn’t ...

MOLLY: Jim! Hi! Come in! Come in! Jim, this is Sherlock Holmes.

JIM: Ah!

MOLLY: And, uh ... sorry.

JOHN: John Watson. Hi.

JIM: Hi. So *you’re* Sherlock Holmes. Molly’s told me all about you. You on one of your cases?

MOLLY: Jim works in I.T. upstairs. That’s how we met. Office romance.

SHERLOCK: Gay.

MOLLY: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Nothing. Um, hey.

JIM: Hey. Sorry! Sorry! Well, I’d better be off. I’ll see you at The Fox, ’bout six-ish?

MOLLY: Yeah!

JIM: ’Bye.

MOLLY: ’Bye.

JIM: It was nice to meet you.

JOHN: You too.

MOLLY: What d’you mean, gay? We’re together.

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

MOLLY: Two and a half.

SHERLOCK: Nuh, three.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

MOLLY: He’s *not* gay. Why d’you have to spoil ...? He’s *not*.

SHERLOCK: With that level of personal grooming?

JOHN: Because he puts a bit of product in his hair? *I* put product in my hair.

SHERLOCK: You *wash* your hair. There’s a difference. No-no – tinted eyelashes; clear signs of taurine cream around the frown lines; those tired clubber’s eyes. Then there’s his underwear.

MOLLY: His *underwear*?

SHERLOCK: Visible above the waistline – *very* visible; very particular brand. That, plus the *extremely* suggestive fact that he just left his number under this dish here ... and I’d say you’d better break it off now and save yourself the pain.

JOHN: Charming. Well done.

SHERLOCK: Just saving her time. Isn’t that kinder?

JOHN: “Kinder”? No, no, Sherlock. *That* wasn’t kind.

SHERLOCK: Go on, then.

JOHN: Mmm?

SHERLOCK: You know what I do. Off you go.

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Go on.

JOHN: I’m not gonna stand here so you can humiliate me while I try and disseminate ...

SHERLOCK: An outside eye, a second opinion. It’s very useful to me.

JOHN: Yeah, right(!)

SHERLOCK: *Really.*

JOHN: Fine. I dunno – they’re just a pair of shoes. Trainers.

SHERLOCK: Good.

JOHN: Umm ... they’re in good nick. I’d say they were pretty new ... except the sole has been well-worn, so the owner must have had them for a while. Uh, they’re very eighties – probably one of those retro designs.

SHERLOCK: You’re on *sparkling* form. What else?

JOHN: Well, they’re quite big, so a man’s.

SHERLOCK: But ...?

JOHN: But there’s traces of a name inside in felt-tip. Adults don’t write their names inside their shoes, so these belonged to a kid.

SHERLOCK: Excellent. What else?

JOHN: Uh ... that’s it.

SHERLOCK: That’s it?

JOHN: How did I do?

SHERLOCK: Well, John; *really* well. I mean, you missed almost everything of importance, but, um, you know ... The owner loved these. Scrubbed them clean, whitened them where they got discoloured. Changed the laces three ... no, *four* times. Even so, there are traces of his flaky skin where his fingers have come into contact with them, so he suffered from eczema. Shoes are well-worn, more so on the inside, which means the owner had weak arches. British-made, twenty years old.

JOHN: Twenty years?

SHERLOCK: They’re not retro – they’re original. Limited edition: two blue stripes, nineteen eighty-nine.

JOHN: But there’s still mud on them. They look *new*.

SHERLOCK: Someone’s kept them that way. Quite a bit of mud caked on the soles. Analysis shows it’s from Sussex, with London mud overlaying it.

JOHN: How do you know?

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

JOHN: So what happened to him?

SHERLOCK: Something bad. He *loved* those shoes, remember. He’d never leave them filthy. Wouldn’t leave them go unless he had to. So: a child with big feet gets ... Oh.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Carl Powers.

JOHN: Sorry, who?

SHERLOCK: Carl Powers, John.

JOHN: What is it?

SHERLOCK: It’s where I began.

SHERLOCK: Nineteen eighty-nine, a young kid – champion swimmer – came up from Brighton for a school sports tournament; drowned in the pool. Tragic accident. You wouldn’t remember it. Why should you?

JOHN: But *you* remember.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Something fishy about it?

SHERLOCK: Nobody thought so – nobody except me. I was only a kid myself. I read about it in the papers.

JOHN: Started young, didn’t you?

SHERLOCK: The boy, Carl Powers, had some kind of fit in the water, but by the time they got him out it was too late. But there was something wrong; something I couldn’t get out of my head.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: His shoes.

JOHN: What about them?

SHERLOCK: They weren’t there. I made a fuss; I tried to get the police interested, but nobody seemed to think it was important. He’d left all the rest of his clothes in his locker, but there was no sign of his shoes ... until now.

JOHN: Can I help? I want to help. There’s only five hours left. It’s your brother. He’s texting *me* now. How does he know my number?

SHERLOCK: Must be a root canal.

JOHN: Look, he did say ‘national importance.’

SHERLOCK: How quaint.

JOHN: What is?

SHERLOCK: *You* are. Queen and country.

JOHN: You can’t just ignore it.

SHERLOCK: I’m not ignoring it. Putting my best man onto it right now.

JOHN: Right. Good. Who’s that?

MYCROFT: John. How nice. I was hoping you wouldn’t be long. How can I help you?

JOHN: Thank you. Um, well, I was wanting to ... um, your brother sent me to collect more facts about the stolen plans, the missile plans.

MYCROFT: Did he?

JOHN: Yes. He’s investigating now. He’s, er, investigating away. Um, I just wondered what else you can tell me about the dead man.

MYCROFT: Uh, twenty-seven; a clerk at Vauxhall Cross – er, MI6. He was involved in the Bruce-Partington Programme in a minor capacity. Security checks A-OK; no known terrorist affiliations or sympathies ... Last seen by his fiancée at ten thirty yesterday evening.

WESTIE: Lucy, love, I’ve gotta go out. I’ve gotta see someone.

LUCY: Westie!

JOHN: Right. He was found at Battersea, yes? So he got on the train.

MYCROFT: No.

JOHN: What?

MYCROFT: He had an Oyster card ... but it hadn’t been used.

JOHN: Must have bought a ticket.

MYCROFT: There was no ticket on the body.

JOHN: Then ...

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

JOHN: He-he’s fine, yes. Oh, and-and *it* is going ... *very* well. It’s, um, you know – he’s completely focussed on it.

SHERLOCK: Poison.

MRS HUDSON: What you going on about?

SHERLOCK: Clostridium botulinum! It’s one of the deadliest poisons on the planet! Carl Powers!

JOHN: Oh, wait, are you saying he was murdered?

SHERLOCK: Remember the shoelaces?

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: The boy suffered from eczema. It’d be the easiest thing in the world to introduce the poison into his medication. Two hours later he comes up to London, the poison takes effect, paralyses the muscles and he drowns.

JOHN: What – how-how come the autopsy didn’t pick that up?

SHERLOCK: It’s virtually undetectable. Nobody would have been looking for it. But there were still tiny traces of it left inside the trainers from where he put the cream on his feet. That’s why they had to go.

JOHN: So how do we let the bomber know ...

SHERLOCK: Get his attention ...

JOHN: Mm-hm.

SHERLOCK: ... stop the clock.

JOHN: The killer kept the shoes all these years.

SHERLOCK: Yes. Meaning ...

JOHN: He’s our bomber.

WOMAN: Well done, you. Come and get me.

SHERLOCK: Where *are* you? Tell us where you are.

LESTRADE: She lives in Cornwall. Two men broke in wearing masks, forced her to drive to the car park and decked her out in enough explosives to take down a house. Told her to phone *you*. She had to read out from this pager.

SHERLOCK: And if she deviated by one word, the sniper would set her off.

JOHN: Or if you hadn’t solved the case.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Elegant.

JOHN: “Elegant”?

LESTRADE: But what was the point? Why would anyone *do* this?

SHERLOCK: Oh – I can’t be the only person in the world that gets bored.

VOICE ALERT: You have one new message.

JOHN: Four pips.

SHERLOCK: First test passed, it would seem. Here’s the second. It’s abandoned, wouldn’t you say?

LESTRADE: I’ll see if it’s been reported.

DONOVAN: Freak, it’s for you.

SHERLOCK: Hello?

YOUNG MAN: It’s okay that you’ve gone to the police.

SHERLOCK: Who is this? Is this you again?

YOUNG MAN: But don’t rely on them. Clever you, guessing about Carl Powers. I never liked him. Carl laughed at me, so I stopped him laughing.

SHERLOCK: And you’ve stolen another voice, I presume.

YOUNG MAN: This is about you and me.

SHERLOCK: Who *are* you? What’s that noise?

YOUNG MAN: The sounds of life, Sherlock. But don’t worry ... I can soon fix that. You solved my last puzzle in nine hours. This time you have eight.

LESTRADE: Okay ... Great. We’ve found it.

LESTRADE: The car was hired yesterday morning by an Ian Monkford. Banker of some kind; City boy. Paid in cash. Told his wife he was going away on a business trip, but he never arrived.

DONOVAN: You’re still hanging round him.

JOHN: Yeah, well ...

DONOVAN: Opposites attract, I suppose.

JOHN: No, we’re not ...

DONOVAN: You should get yourself a hobby – stamps, maybe. Model trains. Safer.

LESTRADE: Before you ask, yes, it’s Monkford’s blood. The DNA checks out.

SHERLOCK: No body.

DONOVAN: Not yet.

SHERLOCK: Get a sample sent to the lab. Mrs Monkford?

MRS MONKFORD: Yes. Sorry, but I’ve already spoken with two policemen.

JOHN: No, we’re not from the police; we’re ...

SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes. Very old friend of your husband’s. We, um ... we grew up together.

MRS MONKFORD: I’m sorry, who? I don’t think he ever mentioned you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, he *must* have done. This is ... this is horrible, isn’t it? I mean, I just can’t believe it. I only saw him the other day. Same old Ian – not a care in the world.

MRS MONKFORD: Sorry, but my husband has been depressed for months. Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK: Really strange that he hired a car. Why would he do that? It’s a bit suspicious, isn’t it?

MRS MONKFORD: No, it isn’t. He forgot to renew the tax on the car, that’s all.

SHERLOCK: Oh, well, that was Ian! That was Ian all over!

MRS MONKFORD: No it wasn’t.

SHERLOCK: Wasn’t it? Interesting.

MRS MONKFORD: Who was I talking to?

JOHN: Why did you lie to her?

SHERLOCK: People don’t like telling you things, but they love to contradict you. Past tense, did you notice?

JOHN: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: I referred to her husband in the past tense. She joined in. Bit premature – they’ve only just found the car.

JOHN: You think she murdered her husband?

SHERLOCK: Definitely not. That’s not a mistake a murderer would make.

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

DONOVAN: Fishing! Try fishing!

JOHN: Where now?

SHERLOCK: Janus Cars. Just found this in the glove compartment.

EWERT: Can’t see how I can help you gentlemen.

JOHN: Mr Monkford hired the car from you yesterday.

EWERT: Yeah. Lovely motor. Mazda RX-8. Wouldn’t mind one of them myself!

SHERLOCK: Is that one?

EWERT: No, they’re all Jags. Yeah, I can see you’re not a car man, eh?

SHERLOCK: But, er, surely *you* can afford one – a Mazda, I mean?

EWERT: Yeah, it’s a fair point. But you know how it is: it’s like working in a sweetshop. Once you start picking at the liquorice allsorts, when does it all stop, eh?

JOHN: But you didn’t know Mr Monkford?

EWERT: No, he was just a client. Came in here and hired one of my cars. No idea what happened to him. Poor sod.

SHERLOCK: Nice holiday, Mr Ewert?

EWERT: Eh?

SHERLOCK: You’ve been away, haven’t you?

EWERT: Oh, the-the ... No, it’s, er, sunbeds, I’m afraid, yeah. Too busy to get away. My wife would love it, though – bit of sun.

SHERLOCK: Have you got any change for the cigarette machine?

EWERT: What?

SHERLOCK: Well, I noticed one on the way in and I haven’t got any change. I’m *gasping*.

EWERT: Um, well ... Hmm. No, sorry.

SHERLOCK: Oh well. Thank you very much for your time, Mr Ewert. You’ve been *very* helpful. Come on, John.

JOHN: I-I’ve got change if you still want to, uh ...

SHERLOCK: Nicotine patches, remember? I’m doing well.

JOHN: So what was *that* all about?

SHERLOCK: I needed to look inside his wallet.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: Mr Ewert’s a liar.

SHERLOCK: Hello?

YOUNG MAN: The clue’s in the name. Janus Cars.

SHERLOCK: Why would you be giving me a clue?

YOUNG MAN: Why does anyone do anything? Because I’m bored. We were *made* for each other, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Then talk to me in your own voice.

YOUNG MAN: Patience.

SHERLOCK: How much blood was on that seat, would you say?

LESTRADE: How much? About a pint.

SHERLOCK: Not ‘about.’ *Exactly* a pint. That was their first mistake. The blood’s definitely Ian Monkford’s but it’s been frozen.

LESTRADE: Frozen?

SHERLOCK: There are clear signs. I think Ian Monkford gave a pint of his blood some time ago and that’s what they spread on the seats.

JOHN: *Who* did?

SHERLOCK: Janus Cars. The clue’s in the name.

JOHN: The god with two faces.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: They provide a very special service. If you’ve got any kind of a problem – money troubles, bad marriage, whatever – Janus Cars will help you disappear. Ian Monkford was up to his eyes in some kind of trouble – financial, at a guess; he’s a banker. Couldn’t see a way out. But if he were to vanish, if the car he hired was found abandoned with his blood all over the driver’s seat ...

JOHN: So where is he?

SHERLOCK: Colombia.

LESTRADE: *Colombia*?!

SHERLOCK: Mr Ewert of Janus Cars had a twenty thousand Colombian peso note in his wallet ... Quite a bit of change, too. He told us he hadn’t been abroad recently, but when I asked him about the cars, I could see his tan line clearly. No-one wears a shirt on a sunbed. That, plus his arm.

LESTRADE: His arm?

SHERLOCK: Kept scratching it. Obviously irritating him, and bleeding. Why? Because he’d recently had a booster jab. Hep-B, probably. Difficult to tell at that distance. Conclusion: he’d just come back from settling Ian Monkford into his new life in Colombia. Mrs Monkford cashes in the life insurance and she splits it with Janus Cars.

JOHN: M-*Mrs* Monkford?

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

YOUNG MAN: He says you can come and fetch me. Help. Help me, please.

SHERLOCK: Feeling better?

JOHN: Mmm. You realise we’ve hardly stopped for breath since this thing started? Has it occurred to you ...?

SHERLOCK: Probably.

JOHN: No – has it occurred to you that the bomber’s playing a game with you? The envelope; breaking into the other flat; the dead kid’s shoes – it’s all meant for you.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I know.

JOHN: Is it him, then? Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: Perhaps. That could be anybody.

JOHN: Well, it *could* be, yeah. Lucky for you, I’ve been more than a little unemployed.

SHERLOCK: How d’you mean?

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

CONNIE: Thank you, Tyra! Doesn’t she look lovely, everybody, *now*? Anyway, speaking of silk purses and sows’ ears ...

SHERLOCK: Hello?

OLD WOMAN: This one ... is a bit ... defective. Sorry. She’s blind. This is ... a funny one. I’ll give you ... twelve hours.

SHERLOCK: Why are you doing this?

OLD WOMAN: I like ... to watch you ... dance.

CONNIE: ... and I see you’re back to your bad habits.

NEWS READER: ... continuing into the sudden death of the popular TV personality, Connie Prince. Miss Prince, famous for her make-over programmes, was found dead two days ago by her brother in the house they shared in Hampstead ...

LESTRADE: Connie Prince, fifty-four. She had one of those make-over shows on the telly. Did you see it?

SHERLOCK: No.

LESTRADE: Very popular. She was going places.

SHERLOCK: Not any more. So: dead two days. According to one of her staff, Raoul de Santos, she cut her hand on a rusty nail in the garden. Nasty wound. Tetanus bacteria enters the bloodstream – good night Vienna.

JOHN: I suppose.

SHERLOCK: Something’s wrong with this picture.

LESTRADE: Eh?

SHERLOCK: Can’t be as simple as it seems, otherwise the bomber wouldn’t be directing us towards it. Something’s wrong. John?

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: The cut on her hand: it’s deep; would have bled a lot, right?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: But the wound’s clean – *very* clean, and fresh. How long would the bacteria have been incubating inside her?

JOHN: Eight, ten days. The cut was made later.

LESTRADE: After she was dead?

SHERLOCK: Must have been. The only question is, how did the tetanus enter the dead woman’s system? You want to help, right?

JOHN: Of course.

SHERLOCK: Connie Prince’s background – family history, everything. Give me data.

JOHN: Right.

LESTRADE: There’s something else that we haven’t thought of.

SHERLOCK: Is there?

LESTRADE: Yes. Why is he *doing* this, the bomber? If this woman’s death was suspicious, why point it out?

SHERLOCK: Good Samaritan.

LESTRADE: ... who press-gangs suicide bombers?

SHERLOCK: *Bad* Samaritan.

LESTRADE: I’m – I’m serious, Sherlock. Listen: I’m cutting you slack here; I’m trusting you – but out there somewhere, some poor bastard’s covered in Semtex and is just waiting for you to solve the puzzle. So just tell me: what are we dealing with?

SHERLOCK: Something new.

SHERLOCK: Connection, connection, connection. There *must* be a connection. Carl Powers, killed twenty years ago. The bomber *knew* him; *admitted* that he knew him. The bomber’s iPhone was in stationery from the Czech Republic. First hostage from Cornwall; the second from London; the third from Yorkshire, judging by her accent. What’s he doing – working his way round the world? Showing off?

OLD WOMAN: You’re enjoying this, aren’t you? Joining the ... dots. Three hours: boom ... boom.

KENNY: We’re devastated. Of *course* we are.

RAOUL: Can I get you anything, sir?

JOHN: Er, no. No, thanks.

KENNY: Raoul is my rock. I don’t think I could have managed. We didn’t always see eye to eye, but my sister was very dear to me.

JOHN: And – and to the public, Mr Prince.

KENNY: Oh, she was adored. I’ve seen her take girls who looked like the back end of Routemasters and turn them into princesses. Still, it’s a relief in a way to know that she’s beyond this vale of tears.

JOHN: Absolutely.

SHERLOCK: Great. ... Thank you. Thanks again.

MRS HUDSON: It was a real shame. I liked her. She taught you how to do your colours.

LESTRADE: Colours?

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

LESTRADE: Who was that?

SHERLOCK: Home Office.

LESTRADE: Home Office?

SHERLOCK: Well, Home Secretary, actually. Owes me a favour.

MRS HUDSON: She was a pretty girl but she messed about with herself too much. They *all* do these days. People can hardly move their faces. It’s silly, isn’t it?! Did you ever see her show?

SHERLOCK: Not until now.

CONNIE: You look *pasty*, love!

KENNY: Ah. Rained every day but one!

MRS HUDSON: That’s the brother. No love lost there, if you can believe the papers.

SHERLOCK: So I gather. I’ve just been having a very fruitful chat with people who loved this show. Fan sites – indispensible for gossip.

CONNIE: There’s really only one thing we can do with that ensemble, don’t you think, girls? Off! Off! Off! Off!

JOHN: It’s more common than people think. The tetanus is in the soil, people cut themselves on rose bushes, garden forks, that sort of thing. If left un... treated ...

KENNY: I don’t know what I’m going to *do* now.

JOHN: Right.

KENNY: I mean, she’s left me this place, which is lovely ... but it’s not the same without her.

JOHN: Th-that’s why my paper wanted to get the, um, the full story straight from the horse’s mouth. You sure it’s not too soon?

KENNY: No.

JOHN: Right.

KENNY: You fire away.

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Hi. Look, get over here quickly. I think I’m onto something. You’ll need to pick up some stuff first. You got a pen?

SHERLOCK: I’ll remember.

JOHN: That’ll be him.

KENNY: What?

SHERLOCK: Ah, Mr Prince, isn’t it?

KENNY: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Very good to meet you.

KENNY: Yes; thank you.

SHERLOCK: So sorry to hear about ...

KENNY: Yes, yes, very kind.

JOHN: Shall we, er ... You were right. The bacteria got into her another way.

SHERLOCK: Oh yes?

JOHN: Yes.

KENNY: Right. We all set?

JOHN: Um, yes. Can you ...?

KENNY: Not too close. I’m raw from crying.

SHERLOCK: Oh, who’s this?

KENNY: Sekhmet. Named after the Egyptian goddess.

SHERLOCK: How nice(!) Was she Connie’s?

KENNY: Yes. Little present from yours truly.

JOHN: Sherlock? Uh, light reading?

SHERLOCK: Oh, um ... Two point eight.

KENNY: Bloody hell. What do you think you’re playing at?!

SHERLOCK: Sorry.

KENNY: You’re like Laurel and bloody Hardy, you two. What’s going on?

JOHN: Actually, I think we’ve *got* what we came for. Excuse us.

KENNY: What?

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: We’ve got deadlines.

KENNY: But you’ve not taken anything!

JOHN: Yes! Ooh, yes!

SHERLOCK: You think it was the cat. It wasn’t the cat.

JOHN: What? No, yes. Yeah, it *is*. It *must* be. It’s how they got the tetanus into her system. Its paws stink of disinfectant.

SHERLOCK: Lovely idea.

JOHN: No, he coated it onto the paws of her cat. It’s a new pet – bound to be a bit jumpy around her. A scratch is almost inevitable. She wouldn’t have ...

SHERLOCK: I thought of it the minute I saw the scratches on her arm, but it’s too random and too clever for the brother.

JOHN: He murdered his sister for her money.

SHERLOCK: Did he?

JOHN: Didn’t he?

SHERLOCK: No. It was revenge.

JOHN: Revenge? Who wanted revenge?

SHERLOCK: Raoul, the houseboy. Kenny Prince was the butt of his sister’s jokes, week in, week out, a virtual bullying campaign. Finally he had enough; fell out with her badly. It’s all on the website. She threatened to disinherit Kenny. Raoul had grown accustomed to a certain lifestyle, so ...

JOHN: No, wait, wait. Wait a second. What about the disinfectant, then, on the cat’s claws?

SHERLOCK: Raoul keeps a very clean house. You came through the kitchen door, saw the state of that floor, scrubbed to within an inch of its life. *You* smell of disinfectant now. No, the cat doesn’t come into it. Raoul’s internet records do, though. Hope we can get a cab from here.

SHERLOCK: Raoul de Santos is your killer. Kenny Prince’s houseboy. Second autopsy shows it wasn’t tetanus that poisoned Connie Prince – it was botulinum toxin. We’ve been here before. Carl Powers? Tut-tut. Our bomber’s repeated himself.

LESTRADE: So how’d he do it?

SHERLOCK: Botox injection.

LESTRADE: Botox?

SHERLOCK: Botox is a diluted form of botulinum. Among other things, Raoul de Santos was employed to give Connie her regular facial injections. My contact at the Home Office gave me the complete records of Raoul’s internet purchases. He’s been bulk ordering Botox for months. Bided his time, then upped the strength to a fatal dose.

LESTRADE: You sure about this?

SHERLOCK: I’m sure.

LESTRADE: All right – my office.

JOHN: Hey, Sherlock. How long?

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: How long have you known?

SHERLOCK: Well, this one was quite simple, actually, and like I said, the bomber repeated himself. *That* was a mistake.

JOHN: No, but Sherl... The hostage... the *old* woman. She’s been there all this time.

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

SHERLOCK: Hello?

OLD WOMAN: *Help* me.

SHERLOCK: Tell us where you are. Address.

OLD WOMAN: He was so ... His voice ...

SHERLOCK: No, no, no, no. Tell me nothing about him. *Nothing.*

OLD WOMAN: He sounded so ... soft.

SHERLOCK: Hello?

LESTRADE: Sherlock?

JOHN: What’s happened?

NEWS READER: The explosion, which ripped through several floors, killing twelve people ...

JOHN: Old block of flats.

NEWS READER: ... is said to have been caused by a faulty gas main. A spokesman from the utilities company ...

JOHN: *He* certainly gets about.

SHERLOCK: Well, obviously I lost that round – although technically I did solve the case. He killed the old lady because she started to describe him. Just once, he put himself in the firing line.

JOHN: What d’you mean?

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

JOHN: What ... like the Connie Prince murder – he-he arranged that? So people come to him wanting their crimes fixed up, like booking a holiday?

SHERLOCK: Novel.

JOHN: Huh.

SHERLOCK: Taking his time this time.

JOHN: Anything on the Carl Powers case?

SHERLOCK: Nothing. All the living classmates check out spotless. No connection.

JOHN: Maybe the killer was older than Carl?

SHERLOCK: The thought had occurred.

JOHN: So why’s he doing this, then – playing this game with you? D’you think he wants to be caught?

SHERLOCK: I think he wants to be distracted.

JOHN: I hope you’ll be very happy together.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, what?

JOHN: There are lives at stake, Sherlock – actual *human* lives... Just – just so I know, do you care about that at all?

SHERLOCK: Will caring about them help save them?

JOHN: Nope.

SHERLOCK: Then I’ll continue not to make that mistake.

JOHN: And you find that easy, do you?

SHERLOCK: Yes, very. Is that news to you?

JOHN: No. No.

SHERLOCK: I’ve disappointed you.

JOHN: That’s good – that’s a good deduction, yeah.

SHERLOCK: *Don’t* make people into heroes, John. Heroes don’t exist, and if they did, I wouldn’t be one of them. Excellent! View of the Thames. South Bank – somewhere between Southwark Bridge and Waterloo. You check the papers; I’ll look online ... Oh, you’re angry with me, so you won’t help. Not much cop, this caring lark.

JOHN: Archway suicide.

SHERLOCK: Ten a penny.

JOHN: Two kids stabbed in Stoke Newington. Ah. Man found on the train line – Andrew West.

SHERLOCK: Nothing! It’s me. Have you found anything on the South Bank between Waterloo Bridge and Southwark Bridge?

LESTRADE: D’you reckon this is connected, then? The bomber?

SHERLOCK: *Must* be. Odd, though ... he hasn’t been in touch.

LESTRADE: But we must assume that some poor bugger’s primed to explode, yeah?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

LESTRADE: Any ideas?

SHERLOCK: Seven ... so far.

LESTRADE: Seven?!

JOHN: He’s dead about twenty-four hours – maybe a bit longer. Did he drown?

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

JOHN: Yes, I’d agree. There’s quite a bit of bruising around the nose and mouth. More bruises here and here.

SHERLOCK: Fingertips.

JOHN: In his late thirties, I’d say. Not in the best condition.

SHERLOCK: He’s been in the river a long while. The water’s destroyed most of the data. But I’ll tell you one thing: that lost Vermeer painting’s a fake.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: We need to identify the corpse. Find out about his friends and associates ...

LESTRADE: Wait-wait-wait-wait-wait. What painting? What are you – what are you on about?

SHERLOCK: It’s all over the place. Haven’t you seen the posters? Dutch Old Master, supposed to have been destroyed centuries ago; now it’s turned up. Worth thirty million pounds.

LESTRADE: Okay. So what has *that* got to do with the stiff?

SHERLOCK: *Everything*. Have you ever heard of the Golem?

LESTRADE: Golem?

JOHN: It’s a horror story, isn’t it? What are you saying?

SHERLOCK: Jewish folk story. A gigantic man made of clay. It’s also the name of an assassin – real name Oskar Dzundza – one of the deadliest assassins in the world. *That* is his trademark style.

LESTRADE: So this is a hit?

SHERLOCK: Definitely. The Golem squeezes the life out of his victims with his bare hands.

LESTRADE: But what has this gotta do with that painting? I don’t see ...

SHERLOCK: You do *see* – you just don’t *observe*.

JOHN: All right, all right, girls, calm down. Sherlock? D’you wanna take us through it?

SHERLOCK: What do we know about this corpse? The killer’s not left us with much – just the shirt and the trousers. They’re pretty formal – maybe he was going out for the night, but the trousers are heavy-duty, polyester, nasty, same as the shirt – cheap. They’re both too big for him, so some kind of standard-issue uniform. Dressed for work, then. What *kind* of work? There’s a hook on his belt for a walkie-talkie.

LESTRADE: Tube driver?

JOHN: Security guard?

SHERLOCK: More likely. That’ll be borne out by his backside.

LESTRADE: Backside?!

SHERLOCK: Flabby. You’d think that he’d led a sedentary life, yet the soles of his feet and the nascent varicose veins in his legs show otherwise. So, a lot of walking *and* a lot of sitting around. Security guard’s looking good. And the watch helps, too. The alarm shows he did regular night shifts.

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

SHERLOCK: No-no-no, the buttons are stiff, hardly touched. He set his alarm like that a long time ago. His routine never varied. But there’s something else. The killer must have been interrupted, otherwise he would have stripped the corpse completely. There was some kind of badge or insignia on the shirt front that he tore off, suggesting the dead man worked somewhere recognisable, some kind of institution. Found this inside his trouser pockets. Sodden by the river but still recognisably ...

JOHN: Tickets?

SHERLOCK: Ticket *stubs*. He worked in a museum or gallery. Did a quick check – the Hickman Gallery has reported one of its attendants as missing. Alex Woodbridge. Tonight they unveil the re-discovered masterpiece. Now why would anyone want to pay the Golem to suffocate a perfectly ordinary gallery attendant? Inference: the dead man knew something about it – something that would stop the owner getting paid thirty million pounds. The picture’s a fake.

JOHN: Fantastic.

SHERLOCK: Meretricious.

LESTRADE: And a Happy New Year!

JOHN: Poor sod.

LESTRADE: I’d better get my feelers out for this Golem character.

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

LESTRADE: Who?

SHERLOCK: Me.

SHERLOCK: Why hasn’t he phoned? He’s broken his pattern. Why? Waterloo Bridge.

JOHN: Where now? The Gallery?

SHERLOCK: In a bit.

JOHN: The Hickman’s contemporary art, isn’t it? Why have they got hold of an Old Master?

SHERLOCK: Dunno. Dangerous to jump to conclusions. Need data. Stop! You wait here. I won’t be a moment.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

HOMELESS GIRL: Change? Any change?

SHERLOCK: What for?

HOMELESS GIRL: Cup of tea, of course.

SHERLOCK: Here you go – fifty.

HOMELESS GIRL: Thanks.

JOHN: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: Investing. Now we go to the Gallery. Have you got any cash?

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

JOHN: Okay.

JULIE: We’d been sharing about a year. Just sharing.

JOHN: Mmm. May I?

JULIE: Yeah.

JOHN: Sorry. Stargazer, was he?

JULIE: God, yeah. Mad about it. It’s all he ever did in his spare time. He was a nice guy, Alex. I liked him. He was, er, never much of a one for hoovering.

JOHN: What about art? Did he know anything about that?

JULIE: It was just a job, you know?

JOHN: Hmm. Has anyone else been round asking about Alex?

JULIE: No. We had a break-in, though.

JOHN: Hmm? When?

JULIE: Last night. There was nothing taken. Oh – there *was* a message left for Alex on the landline.

JOHN: Who was it from?

JULIE: Well, I can play it for you if you like. I’ll get the phone.

JOHN: Please.

WOMAN’s VOICE: Oh, should I speak now? Alex? Love, it’s Professor Cairns. Listen, you were right. You were bloody right! Give us a call when ...

JOHN: Professor Cairns?

JULIE: No, no idea, sorry.

JOHN: Mmm. Can I try and ring back?

JULIE: Well, no good. I mean, I’ve had other calls since – sympathy ones, you know.

MISS WENCESLAS: Don’t you have something to do?

SHERLOCK: Just admiring the view.

MISS WENCESLAS: Yes. Lovely. Now get back to work. We open tonight.

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t it bother you?

MISS WENCESLAS: What?

SHERLOCK: That the painting’s a fake.

MISS WENCESLAS: What?

SHERLOCK: It’s a fake. It *has* to be. It’s the only possible explanation. You’re in charge, aren’t you, Miss Wenceslas?

MISS WENCESLAS: Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK: Alex Woodbridge knew that the painting was a fake, so somebody sent the Golem to take care of him. Was it *you*?

MISS WENCESLAS: Golem? What the hell are you talking about?

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

MISS WENCESLAS: It’s not a fake.

SHERLOCK: It *is* a fake. Don’t know why, but there’s something wrong with it. There *has* to be.

MISS WENCESLAS: What the hell are you on about? You know, I could have you sacked on the spot.

SHERLOCK: Not a problem.

MISS WENCESLAS: No?

SHERLOCK: No. I don’t work here, you see. Just popped in to give you a bit of friendly advice.

MISS WENCESLAS: How did you get in?

SHERLOCK: Please.

MISS WENCESLAS: I want to know.

SHERLOCK: The art of disguise is knowing how to hide in plain sight.

MISS WENCESLAS: Who *are* you?

SHERLOCK: Sherlock Holmes.

MISS WENCESLAS: Am I supposed to be impressed?

SHERLOCK: You *should* be. Have a nice day!

LUCY: He wouldn’t. He just wouldn’t.

JOHN: Well, stranger things have happened.

LUCY: Westie wasn’t a traitor. It’s a horrible thing to say!

JOHN: I’m sorry, but you must understand that’s ...

LUCY: That’s what they think, isn’t it, his bosses?

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

LUCY: *Everyone’s* got debts; and Westie wouldn’t wanna clear them by selling out his country.

JOHN: Can you, um, can you tell me exactly what happened that night?

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

JOHN: And you’ve no idea who?

JOE: Oh, hi, Luce. You okay, love?

LUCY: Yeah.

JOE: Who’s this?

JOHN: John Watson. Hi.

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

JOE: You with the police?

JOHN: Uh, sort of, yeah.

JOE: Well, tell ’em to get off their arses, will you? It’s bloody ridiculous.

JOHN: I’ll do my best. Well, er, thanks very much for your help; and again, I’m very, very sorry.

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

HOMELESS GIRL: Spare change? Any spare change?

JOHN: Alex Woodbridge didn’t know anything special about art.

SHERLOCK: And?

JOHN: And ...

SHERLOCK: Is that it? No habits, hobbies, personality?

JOHN: No, give us a chance! He was an amateur astronomer.

SHERLOCK: Hold that cab.

HOMELESS GIRL: Spare change, sir?

SHERLOCK: Don’t mind if I do.

JOHN: Can you wait here?

SHERLOCK: Fortunately, I *haven’t* been idle. Come on.

SHERLOCK: Beautiful, isn’t it?

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

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t mean I can’t appreciate it.

JOHN: Listen: Alex Woodbridge had a message on the answerphone at his flat – a Professor Cairns?

SHERLOCK: This way.

JOHN: Nice(!) Nice part of town. Er, any time you wanna explain.

SHERLOCK: Homeless network – really is indispensible.

JOHN: Homeless network?

SHERLOCK: My eyes and ears all over the city.

JOHN: Oh, that’s clever. So you scratch their backs and ...

SHERLOCK: Yes, then I disinfect myself.

JOHN: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Come on!

JOHN: What’s he doing sleeping rough?

SHERLOCK: Well, he has a very distinctive look. He has to hide somewhere where tongues won’t wag – much.

JOHN: Oh shi...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: I wish I’d ...

SHERLOCK: Don’t mention it. No, no, no, *no*! It’ll take us *weeks* to find him again.

JOHN: Or not. I have an idea where he might be going.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: I told you: someone left Alex Woodbridge a message. There can’t be *that* many Professor Cairns in the book. Come on.

NARRATOR: Jupiter, the fifth planet in our solar system and the largest. Jupiter is a gas giant. Planet Earth would fit into it eleven times.

CAIRNS: Yes, we know that.

NARRATOR: Titan is the largest moon.

CAIRNS: Come on, Neptune, where’re you hiding?

NARRATOR: Many are actually long dead ...

CAIRNS: Tom? Is that you?

NARRATOR: ... exploded into supernovas. ... discovered by Urbain Le Verrier in eighteen forty-six.

CAIRNS: Oh my God!

NARRATOR: ... composed mainly of hydrogen. Their light takes so long to reach us ...

SHERLOCK: *Golem!*

NARRATOR: ... many are actually long-dead, exploded into supernovas.

SHERLOCK: John!

JOHN: I can’t see him. I’ll go round. I’ll go!

SHERLOCK: Who are you working for this time, Dzundza?

JOHN: Golem! Let him go, or I *will* kill you.

NARRATOR: ... long dead, exploded into supernovas.

SHERLOCK: It’s a fake. It *has* to be.

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

SHERLOCK: It’s a very *good* fake, then. You *know* about this, don’t you? This is *you*, isn’t it?

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

SHERLOCK: The painting is a fake. It’s a fake. That’s why Woodbridge and Cairns were killed. Oh, come on. Proving it’s just the detail. The painting is a fake. I’ve solved it. I’ve figured it out. It’s a fake! That’s the answer. That’s why they were killed. Okay, I’ll prove it. Give me time. Will you give me time?

BOY’s VOICE: Ten ...

LESTRADE: It’s a kid. Oh, God, it’s a *kid*!

JOHN: What did he say?

SHERLOCK: “Ten.”

BOY’s VOICE: Nine ...

SHERLOCK: It’s a countdown. He’s giving me time.

LESTRADE: Jesus!

SHERLOCK: The painting is a fake, but how can I prove it? How? *How?*

BOY’s VOICE: Eight ...

SHERLOCK: This kid will die. *Tell* me why the painting is a fake. *Tell me!*

BOY’s VOICE: Seven ...

SHERLOCK: No, shut up. Don’t say anything. It only works if I figure it out. Must be possible. Must be staring me in the face.

BOY’s VOICE: Six ...

JOHN: Come *on*.

SHERLOCK: Woodbridge knew, but *how*?

BOY’s VOICE: Five ...

LESTRADE: It’s speeding up!

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Oh!

BOY’s VOICE: Four ...

SHERLOCK: In the planetarium! You heard it too. Oh, that is brilliant! That is gorgeous!

BOY’s VOICE: Three ...

JOHN: *What’s* brilliant? *What* is?

SHERLOCK: This is beautiful. I love this!

BOY’s VOICE: Two ...

LESTRADE: *Sherlock!*

SHERLOCK: The Van Buren Supernova!

BOY’s VOICE: Please. Is somebody there? Somebody help me!

SHERLOCK: There you go. Go find out where he is and pick him up. The Van Buren Supernova, so-called. Exploding star, only appeared in the sky in eighteen fifty-eight.

JOHN: So how could it have been painted in the sixteen forties? Oh. Oh Sherl...

SHERLOCK: You know, it’s interesting. Bohemian stationery, an assassin named after a Prague legend, and *you*, Miss Wenceslas. This whole case has a distinctly Czech feeling about it. Is that where this leads? What are we looking at, Inspector?

LESTRADE: Well, um, criminal conspiracy, fraud, accessory after the fact at the very least. The murder of the old woman, all the people in the flats ...

MISS WENCESLAS: I didn’t know *anything* about that! *All* those things! *Please* believe me. I just wanted my share – the thirty million. I found a little old man in Argentina. Genius. I mean, really: brushwork immaculate, could fool anyone.

SHERLOCK: Hmm!

MISS WENCESLAS: Well, *nearly* anyone. But I didn’t know how to go about convincing the world the picture was genuine. It was just an idea – a spark which he blew into a flame.

SHERLOCK: Who?

MISS WENCESLAS: I don’t know. It’s true! I mean, it took a long time, but eventually I was put in touch with people ... *his* people. Well, there was never any real contact; just messages ... whispers.

SHERLOCK: And did those whispers have a *name*?

MISS WENCESLAS: Moriarty.

JOHN: So this is where West was found?

TUBE GUARD: Yeah.

JOHN: Uh-huh.

TUBE GUARD: You gonna be long?

JOHN: I might be.

TUBE GUARD: You with the police, then?

JOHN: Sort of.

TUBE GUARD: I hate ’em.

JOHN: The police?

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

JOHN: Well, that’s *one* way of looking at it.

TUBE GUARD: I mean it. It’s all right for them. It’s over in a split second – strawberry jam all over the lines. What about the drivers, hmm? They’ve gotta live with it, haven’t they?

JOHN: Yeah, speaking of strawberry jam, there’s no blood on the line. Has it been cleaned off?

TUBE GUARD: No, there wasn’t that much.

JOHN: You said his head was smashed in.

TUBE GUARD: Well, it was, but there wasn’t much blood.

JOHN: Okay.

TUBE GUARD: Well, I’ll leave you to it then. Just give us a shout when you’re off.

JOHN: Right.

JOHN: Right: so, uh, Andrew West got on the train somewhere – or *did* he? There’s no ticket on the body. Then how did he end up here?

SHERLOCK: Points.

JOHN: Yes!

SHERLOCK: Knew you’d get there eventually. West wasn’t killed here; that’s why there was so little blood.

JOHN: How long have you been following me?

SHERLOCK: Since the start. You don’t think I’d give up on a case like this just to spite my brother, do you? Come on. Got a bit of burglary to do.

SHERLOCK: The missile defence plans haven’t left the country, otherwise Mycroft’s people would have heard about it. Despite what people think, we do still have a Secret Service.

JOHN: Yeah, I know. I’ve met them.

SHERLOCK: Which means whoever stole the memory stick can’t sell it or doesn’t know what to do with it. My money’s on the latter. We’re here.

JOHN: Where?

JOHN: Sherlock! What if there’s someone in?

SHERLOCK: There isn’t.

JOHN: Jesus! Where are we?

SHERLOCK: Oh, sorry, didn’t I say? Joe Harrison’s flat.

JOHN: Joe ...?

SHERLOCK: Brother of West’s fiancée. *He* stole the memory stick; killed his prospective brother-in-law.

JOHN: Then why’d he do it?

SHERLOCK: Let’s ask him.

JOHN: Don’t. *Don’t.*

JOE: It wasn’t meant to ... God. What’s Lucy gonna say? Jesus.

JOHN: Why did you kill him?

JOE: It was an accident. I *swear* it was.

SHERLOCK: But stealing the plans for the missile defence programme wasn’t an accident, was it?

JOE: I started dealing drugs. I mean, the bike thing’s a great cover, right? I dunno – I dunno how it started; I just got out of my depth. I owed people thousands – *serious* people. Then at Westie’s engagement do, he starts talking about his job. I mean, usually he’s so careful; but that night after a few pints he really opened up. He told me about these missile plans – beyond top secret. He showed me the memory stick; he waved it in front of me. You hear about these things getting lost, ending up on rubbish tips and what-not. And there it was, and I thought ... well, I thought it could be worth a fortune. It was pretty easy to get the thing off him, he was so plastered. Next time I saw him, I could tell by the look on his face that he knew.

WESTIE: I know you took it.

JOE: What are you doin’ ’ere?

WESTIE: What have you done with it?

JOE: What are you talking about?

WESTIE: What have you done with the plans?

JOHN: What happened?

JOE: I *was* gonna call an ambulance, but it was too late. I just didn’t have a clue what to do, so I dragged him in ’ere, and I just sat in the dark, thinking.

SHERLOCK: When a neat little idea popped into your head. Carrying Andrew West way away from here. His body would have gone on for ages if the train hadn’t met a stretch of track that curved.

JOHN: And points.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: D’you still have it, then? The memory stick?

SHERLOCK: Fetch it for me – if you wouldn’t mind. Distraction over, the game continues.

JOHN: Well, maybe *that’s* over, too. We’ve heard nothing from the bomber.

SHERLOCK: Five pips, remember, John? It’s a countdown. We’ve only had four.

SHERLOCK: No, no, *no*! Of *course* he’s not the boy’s father! Look at the turn-ups on his jeans!

JOHN: Knew it was dangerous.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: Getting you into crap telly.

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Not a patch on Connie Prince.

JOHN: Have you given Mycroft the memory stick yet?

SHERLOCK: Yep. He was over the moon. Threatened me with a knighthood – again.

JOHN: You know, I’m still waiting.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: For you to admit that a little knowledge of the solar system and you’d have cleared up the fake painting a lot quicker.

SHERLOCK: Didn’t do *you* any good, did it?

JOHN: No, but I’m not the world’s only consulting detective.

SHERLOCK: True.

JOHN: I won’t be in for tea. I’m going to Sarah’s. There’s still some of that risotto left in the fridge.

SHERLOCK: Mm!

JOHN: Uh, milk. We need milk.

SHERLOCK: I’ll get some.

JOHN: Really?!

SHERLOCK: Really.

JOHN: And some beans, then?

SHERLOCK: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: Brought you a little getting-to-know-you present. Oh, that’s what it’s all been for, hasn’t it? All your little puzzles; making me dance – all to distract me from *this.*

JOHN: Evening. This is a turn-up, isn’t it, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: John. What the hell ...?

JOHN: Bet you never saw *this* coming. What ... would you like me ... to make him say ... next? Gottle o’ geer ... gottle o’ geer ... gottle o’ geer.

SHERLOCK: Stop it.

JOHN: Nice touch, this: the pool where little Carl died. I stopped him. I can stop John Watson too. Stop his heart.

SHERLOCK: Who *are* you?

VOICE: I gave you my number. I thought you might call.

JIM: Is that a British Army Browning L9A1 in your pocket ... or are you just pleased to see me?

SHERLOCK: Both.

JIM: Jim Moriarty. Hi! Jim? Jim from the hospital? Oh. Did I really make such a fleeting impression? But then, I suppose, that *was* rather the point. Don’t be silly. Someone else is holding the rifle. I don’t like getting my hands dirty. I’ve given you a glimpse, Sherlock, just a teensy glimpse of what I’ve got going on out there in the big bad world. I’m a specialist, you see ... like you!

SHERLOCK: “Dear Jim. Please will you fix it for me to get rid of my lover’s nasty sister?” “Dear Jim. Please will you fix it for me to disappear to South America?”

JIM: Just so.

SHERLOCK: Consulting criminal. Brilliant.

JIM: Isn’t it? No-one ever gets to me – and no-one ever will.

SHERLOCK: *I* did.

JIM: You’ve come the closest. Now you’re in my way.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

JIM: Didn’t mean it as a compliment.

SHERLOCK: Yes you did.

JIM: Yeah, okay, I did. But the flirting’s over, Sherlock ... Daddy’s had enough now! I’ve shown you what I can do. I cut loose all those people, all those little problems, even thirty million quid just to get you to come out and play. So take this as a friendly warning, my dear. Back off. Although I have *loved* this – this little game of ours. Playing Jim from I.T. Playing gay. Did you like the little touch with the underwear?

SHERLOCK: People have died.

JIM: That’s what people *DO!*

SHERLOCK: I *will* stop you.

JIM: No you won’t.

SHERLOCK: You all right?

JIM: You can talk, Johnny-boy. Go ahead.

SHERLOCK: Take it.

JIM: Huh? Oh! That! The missile plans! Boring! I could have got them anywhere.

JOHN: Sherlock, run!

JIM: *Good*! *Very* good.

JOHN: If your sniper pulls that trigger, Mr Moriarty, then we both go up.

JIM: Isn’t he sweet? I can see why you like having him around. But then people do get so sentimental about their pets. They’re so touchingly loyal. But, *oops!* You’ve rather shown your hand there, Doctor Watson. Gotcha! Westwood! D’you know what happens if you don’t leave me alone, Sherlock, to *you*?

SHERLOCK: Oh, let me guess: I get killed.

JIM: Kill you? N-no, don’t be obvious. I mean, I’m gonna kill you anyway some day. I don’t wanna rush it, though. I’m saving it up for something special. No-no-no-no-no. If you don’t stop prying, I’ll *burn* you. I’ll burn the *heart* out of you.

SHERLOCK: I have been reliably informed that I don’t have one.

JIM: But we both know that’s not *quite* true. Well, I’d better be off. Well, so nice to have had a proper chat.

SHERLOCK: What if I was to shoot you now – right now?

JIM: Then you could cherish the look of surprise on my face. ’Cause I’d be surprised, Sherlock; really I would. And just a teensy bit disappointed. And of course you wouldn’t be able to cherish it for very long. Ciao, Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Catch ... you ... later.

JIM: No you won’t!

SHERLOCK: All right? Are you all right?

JOHN: Yeah-yeah, I’m fine. I’m fine. Sherlock. Sh-*Sherlock*! Jesus. Oh, Christ. Are *you* okay?

SHERLOCK: Me? Yeah, I’m fine, I’m fine. Fine. That, er ... *thing* that you, er, that you did – that, um ... you offered to do. That was, um ... good.

JOHN: I’m glad no-one saw that.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

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

SHERLOCK: People do little else.

JOHN: Oh ...

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

SHERLOCK: Probably my answer has crossed yours.

**A Scandal in Belgravia**

JIM: D’you mind if I get that?

SHERLOCK: No, no, please. You’ve got the rest of your life.

JIM: Hello? ... Yes, of *course* it is. What do you want? SAY THAT AGAIN! Say that again, and know that if you’re lying to me, I will find you and I will ssssskin you. Wait. Sorry. Wrong day to die.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Did you get a better offer?

JIM: You’ll be hearing from me, Sherlock. So if you have what you say you have, I will make you rich. If you don’t, I’ll make you into shoes.

JOHN: What happened there?

SHERLOCK: Someone changed his mind. The question is: who?

IRENE: Well now. Have you been wicked, Your Highness?

SULTRY FEMALE VOICE: Yes, Miss Adler.

SHERLOCK: What are you typing?

JOHN: Blog.

SHERLOCK: About?

JOHN: Us.

SHERLOCK: You mean me.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: Well, you’re typing a lot. Right then. So, what have we got?

MAN: My wife seems to be spending a very long time at the office.

SHERLOCK: Boring.

WOMAN: I think my husband might be having an affair.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

CREEPY GUY: She’s not my real aunt. She’s been replaced – I *know* she has. I *know* human ash.

SHERLOCK: Leave.

BUSINESSMAN: We are prepared to offer any sum of money you care to mention for the recovery of these files.

SHERLOCK: Boring.

GEEKY YOUNG MAN: We have this website. It explains the true meaning of comic books, ’cause people miss a lot of the themes. But then all the comic books started coming true.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Interesting.

SHERLOCK: ‘Geek Interpreter.’ What’s that?

JOHN: It’s the title.

SHERLOCK: What does it need a title for?

SHERLOCK: Do people actually read your blog?

JOHN: Where d’you think our clients come from?

SHERLOCK: I have a website.

JOHN: In which you enumerate two hundred and forty different types of tobacco ash. Nobody’s reading your website. Right then: dyed blonde hair; no obvious cause of death except for these speckles, whatever they are.

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God’s sakes!

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: “The Speckled Blonde”?!

LITTLE GIRL: They wouldn’t let us see Granddad when he was dead. Is that ’cause he’d gone to heaven?

SHERLOCK: People don’t really go to heaven when they die. They’re taken to a special room and burned.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

LESTRADE: There was a plane crash in Dusseldorf yesterday. Everyone dead.

SHERLOCK: Suspected terrorist bomb. We do watch the news.

JOHN: You said, “Boring,” and turned over.

LESTRADE: Well, according to the flight details, this man was checked in on board. Inside his coat he’s got a stub from his boarding pass, napkins from the flight, even one of those special biscuits. Here’s his passport stamped in Berlin Airport. So this man should have died in a plane crash in Germany yesterday but instead he’s in a car boot in Southwark.

JOHN: Lucky escape(!)

LESTRADE: Any ideas?

SHERLOCK: Eight, so far. Okay, four ideas. Maybe *two* ideas.

SHERLOCK: No, no, no, don’t mention the *unsolved* ones.

JOHN: People want to know you’re human.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JOHN: ’Cause they’re interested.

SHERLOCK: No they’re not. *Why* are they?

JOHN: Look at that. One thousand, eight hundred and ninety-five.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, what?

JOHN: I re-set that counter last night. This blog has had nearly two thousand hits in the last eight hours. This is your living, Sherlock – not two hundred and forty different types of tobacco ash.

SHERLOCK: Two hundred and forty-three.

SHERLOCK: So, what’s this one? “Belly Button Murders”?

JOHN: “The Navel Treatment”?

SHERLOCK: Eurgh!

LESTRADE: There’s a lot of press outside, guys.

SHERLOCK: Well, they won’t be interested in us.

LESTRADE: Yeah, that was before you were an internet phenomenon. A couple of them specifically wanted photographs of you two.

SHERLOCK: For God’s sake! John. Cover your face and walk fast.

LESTRADE: Still, it’s good for the public image, a big case like this.

SHERLOCK: I’m a private detective. The last thing I need is a public image.

IRENE: Hello. I think it’s time, don’t you?

MRS HUDSON: Ooh dear! Thumbs!

MAN: The door was ... the door was ...

MRS HUDSON: Boys! You’ve got another one! Ooh!

SHERLOCK: Tell us from the start. *Don’t* be boring.

PHIL: Hey! Are you okay? Excuse me! Are you all right?

POLICE OFFICER: Sir. Phone call for you.

CARTER: Carter.

LESTRADE: Have you heard of Sherlock Holmes?

CARTER: Who?

LESTRADE: Well, you’re about to meet him now. This is *your* case. It’s entirely up to you. This is just friendly advice, but give Sherlock five minutes on your crime scene and listen to everything that he has to say. And as far as possible, try not to punch him.

POLICE OFFICER: Okay. Sir, this gentleman says he needs to speak to you.

CARTER: Yes, I know. Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: John Watson. Are you set up for Wi-Fi?

JOHN: You realise this is a tiny bit humiliating?

SHERLOCK: It’s okay, I’m fine. Now, show me to the stream.

JOHN: I didn’t really mean for you.

SHERLOCK: Look, this is a six. There’s no point in my leaving the flat for anything less than a seven. We agreed. Now, go back. Show me the grass.

JOHN: When did we agree that?

SHERLOCK: We agreed it yesterday. Stop! Closer.

JOHN: I wasn’t even at home yesterday. I was in Dublin.

SHERLOCK: Well, it’s hardly *my* fault you weren’t listening. SHUT UP!

JOHN: D’you just carry on talking when I’m away?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know. How often are you away? Now, show me the car that backfired.

JOHN: It’s there.

SHERLOCK: That’s the one that made the noise, yes?

JOHN: Yeah. And if you’re thinking gunshot, there wasn’t one. He wasn’t shot; he was killed by a single blow to the back of the head from a blunt instrument which then magically disappeared along with the killer. That’s gotta be an eight at least.

CARTER: You’ve got two more minutes, then I want to know more about the driver.

SHERLOCK: Oh, forget him. He’s an idiot. Why else would he think himself a suspect?

CARTER: *I* think he’s a suspect!

SHERLOCK: Pass me over.

JOHN: All right, but there’s a Mute button and I *will* use it.

SHERLOCK: Up a bit! I’m not talking from down ’ere!

JOHN: Okay, just take it, take it.

SHERLOCK: Having driven to an isolated location and successfully committed a crime without a single witness, why would he then call the police and consult a detective? Fair play?(!)

CARTER: He’s trying to be clever. It’s over-confidence.

SHERLOCK: Did you *see* him? Morbidly obese, the undisguised halitosis of a single man living on his own, the right sleeve of an internet porn addict and the breathing pattern of an untreated heart condition. Low self-esteem, tiny IQ and a limited life expectancy – and you think he’s an audacious criminal mastermind?! Don’t worry – this is just stupid.

PHIL: What did you say? Heart *what*?

SHERLOCK: Go to the stream.

CARTER: What’s in the stream?

SHERLOCK: Go and see.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock! You weren’t answering your doorbell!

PLUMMER: His room’s through the back. Get him some clothes.

SHERLOCK: Who the hell are you?

PLUMMER: Sorry, Mr Holmes. You’re coming with us.

JOHN: Sherlock, what’s going on? What’s happening? I’ve lost him. I don’t know what ...

POLICE OFFICER: Doctor Watson?

JOHN: Yeah.

POLICE OFFICER: It’s for you.

JOHN: Okay, thanks.

POLICE OFFICER: Uh, no, sir. The helicopter.

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

SHERLOCK: Oh, I know *exactly* where I’m going.

JOHN: Are you wearing any pants?

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Okay. At Buckingham Palace, fine. Oh, I’m seriously fighting an impulse to steal an ashtray. What are we doing here, Sherlock? Seriously, what?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know.

JOHN: Here to see the Queen?

SHERLOCK: Oh, apparently yes.

MYCROFT: Just once, can you two behave like grown-ups?

JOHN: We solve crimes, I blog about it and he forgets his pants, so I wouldn’t hold out too much hope.

SHERLOCK: I was in the middle of a case, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: What, the hiker and the backfire? I glanced at the police report. Bit obvious, surely?

SHERLOCK: Transparent.

MYCROFT: Time to move on, then. We are in Buckingham Palace, the very heart of the British nation. Sherlock Holmes, put your trousers on.

SHERLOCK: What for?

MYCROFT: Your client.

SHERLOCK: And my client is?

EQUERRY: Illustrious ... in the extreme. And remaining – I have to inform you – entirely anonymous. Mycroft!

MYCROFT: Harry. May I just apologise for the state of my little brother?

EQUERRY: Full-time occupation, I imagine. And this must be Doctor John Watson, formerly of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

JOHN: Hello, yes.

EQUERRY: My employer is a tremendous fan of your blog.

JOHN: Your employer?

EQUERRY: Particularly enjoyed the one about the aluminium crutch.

JOHN: Thank you!

EQUERRY: And Mr Holmes the younger. You look taller in your photographs.

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

MYCROFT: This is a matter of national importance. Grow up.

SHERLOCK: Get off my sheet!

MYCROFT: Or what?

SHERLOCK: Or I’ll just walk away.

MYCROFT: I’ll let you.

JOHN: Boys, please. Not here.

SHERLOCK: Who. Is. My. *Client*?

MYCROFT: Take a look at where you’re standing and make a deduction. You are to be engaged by the highest in the land. Now *for God’s sake ...* put your clothes on!

MYCROFT: I’ll be mother.

SHERLOCK: And there is a whole childhood in a nutshell.

EQUERRY: My employer has a problem.

MYCROFT: A matter has come to light of an extremely delicate and potentially criminal nature, and in this hour of need, dear brother, your name has arisen.

SHERLOCK: Why? You have a police force of sorts, even a marginally Secret Service. Why come to me?

EQUERRY: People do come to you for help, don’t they, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Not, to date, anyone with a Navy.

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

JOHN: You don’t trust your own Secret Service?

MYCROFT: Naturally not. They all spy on people for money.

EQUERRY: I do think we have a timetable.

MYCROFT: Yes, of course. Um ... What do you know about this woman?

SHERLOCK: Nothing whatsoever.

MYCROFT: Then you should be paying more attention. She’s been at the centre of two political scandals in the last year, and recently ended the marriage of a prominent novelist by having an affair with both participants separately.

SHERLOCK: You know I don’t concern myself with trivia. Who is she?

MYCROFT: Irene Adler, professionally known as The Woman.

JOHN: Professionally?

MYCROFT: There are many names for what she does. She prefers ‘dominatrix.’

SHERLOCK: Dominatrix.

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

SHERLOCK: Sex doesn’t alarm me.

MYCROFT: How would you know? She provides – shall we say – recreational scolding for those who enjoy that sort of thing and are prepared to pay for it. These are all from her website.

SHERLOCK: And I assume this Adler woman has some compromising photographs.

EQUERRY: You’re very quick, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Hardly a difficult deduction. Photographs of whom?

EQUERRY: A person of significance to my employer. We’d prefer not to say any more at this time.

JOHN: You can’t tell us anything?

MYCROFT: I can tell you it’s a young person. A young *female* person.

SHERLOCK: How many photographs?

MYCROFT: A considerable number, apparently.

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

MYCROFT: Yes, they do.

SHERLOCK: And I assume in a number of compromising scenarios.

MYCROFT: An imaginative range, we are assured.

SHERLOCK: John, you might want to put that cup back in your saucer now.

EQUERRY: Can you help us, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: How?

EQUERRY: Will you take the case?

SHERLOCK: What case? Pay her, now and in full. As Miss Adler remarks in her masthead, “Know when you are beaten.”

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

SHERLOCK: Oh, a power play. A power play with the most powerful family in Britain. Now that *is* a dominatrix. Ooh, this is getting rather fun, isn’t it?

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Where is she?

MYCROFT: Uh, in London currently. She’s staying ...

SHERLOCK: Text me the details. I’ll be in touch by the end of the day.

EQUERRY: Do you really think you’ll have news by then?

SHERLOCK: No, I think I’ll have the photographs.

EQUERRY: One can only hope you’re as good as you seem to think.

SHERLOCK: I’ll need some equipment, of course.

MYCROFT: Anything you require. I’ll have it sent to ...

SHERLOCK: Can I have a box of matches?

EQUERRY: I’m sorry?

SHERLOCK: Or your cigarette lighter. Either will do.

EQUERRY: I don’t smoke.

SHERLOCK: No, I know *you* don’t, but your employer does.

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

SHERLOCK: I’m not the Commonwealth.

JOHN: And that’s as modest as he gets. Pleasure to meet you.

SHERLOCK: Laters!

JOHN: Okay, the smoking. How did you know?

SHERLOCK: The evidence was right under your nose, John. As ever, you see but do not observe.

JOHN: Observe what?

SHERLOCK: The ashtray.

IRENE: Kate! We’re going to have a visitor. I’ll need a bit of time to get ready.

KATE: A long time?

IRENE: Ages!

JOHN: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: Going into battle, John. I need the right armour. No.

IRENE: Nah.

KATE: Works for me.

IRENE: Everything works on you.

JOHN: So, what’s the plan?

SHERLOCK: We know her address.

JOHN: What, just ring her doorbell?

SHERLOCK: Exactly. Just here, please.

JOHN: You didn’t even change your clothes.

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

JOHN: Are we here?

SHERLOCK: Two streets away, but this’ll do.

JOHN: For what?

SHERLOCK: Punch me in the face.

KATE: Shade?

IRENE: Blood.

JOHN: Punch you?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Punch me, in the face. Didn’t you hear me?

JOHN: I *always* hear ‘punch me in the face’ when you’re speaking, but it’s usually sub-text.

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God’s sakes.

JOHN: Ow!

SHERLOCK: Thank you. That was – that was ...

SHERLOCK: Okay! I think we’re done now, John.

JOHN: You wanna remember, Sherlock: I was a soldier. I killed people.

SHERLOCK: You were a doctor!

JOHN: *I had bad days!*

KATE: What are you gonna wear?

IRENE: My battle dress.

KATE: Ooh! Lucky boy! Hello?

SHERLOCK: Ooh! Um, sorry to disturb you. Um, I’ve just been attacked, um, and, um, I think they ... they took my wallet and, um, and my phone. Umm, please could you help me?

KATE: I can phone the police if you want.

SHERLOCK: Thank you, thank you! Could you, please? Oh, would you ... would you mind if I just waited here, just until they come? Thank you. Thank you so much. Thank you. Er, ooh!

JOHN: I – I saw it all happen. It’s okay, I’m a doctor. Now, have you got a first aid kit?

KATE: In the kitchen. Please.

SHERLOCK: Oh! Thank you!

IRENE: Hello. Sorry to hear that you’ve been hurt. I don’t think Kate caught your name.

SHERLOCK: I’m so sorry. I’m ...

IRENE: Oh, it’s always hard to remember an alias when you’ve had a fright, isn’t it? There now – we’re *both* defrocked ... Mr Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Miss Adler, I presume.

IRENE: Look at those cheekbones. I could cut myself slapping that face. Would you like me to try?

JOHN: Right, this should do it. I’ve missed something, haven’t I?

IRENE: Please, sit down. Oh, if you’d like some tea I can call the maid.

SHERLOCK: I had some at the Palace.

IRENE: I know.

SHERLOCK: Clearly.

JOHN: I had a tea, too, at the Palace, if anyone’s interested.

IRENE: D’you know the big problem with a disguise, Mr Holmes? However hard you try, it’s always a self-portrait.

SHERLOCK: You think I’m a vicar with a bleeding face?

IRENE: No, I think you’re damaged, delusional and believe in a higher power. In your case, it’s yourself. Oh, and *somebody* loves you. Why, if *I* had to punch that face, I’d avoid your nose and teeth too.

JOHN: Could you put something on, please? Er, anything at all. A napkin.

IRENE: Why? Are you feeling exposed?

SHERLOCK: I don’t think John knows where to look.

IRENE: No, I think he knows *exactly* where. I’m not sure about *you*.

SHERLOCK: If I wanted to look at naked women I’d borrow John’s laptop.

JOHN: You *do* borrow my laptop.

SHERLOCK: I confiscate it.

IRENE: Well, never mind. We’ve got better things to talk about. Now tell me – I need to know. How was it done?

SHERLOCK: What?

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

SHERLOCK: That’s not why I’m here.

IRENE: No, no, no, you’re here for the photographs but that’s never gonna happen, and since we’re here just chatting anyway ...

JOHN: That story’s not been on the news yet. How do you know about it?

IRENE: I know one of the policemen. Well, I know what he *likes*.

JOHN: Oh. And you like policemen?

IRENE: I like detective stories – *and* detectives. Brainy’s the new sexy.

SHERLOCK: Positionofthecar ... Er, the position of the car relative to the hiker at the time of the backfire. That and the fact that the death blow was to the back of the head. That’s all you need to know.

IRENE: Okay, tell me: how was he murdered?

SHERLOCK: He wasn’t.

IRENE: You don’t think it was murder?

SHERLOCK: I *know* it wasn’t.

IRENE: How?

SHERLOCK: The same way that I know the victim was an excellent sportsman recently returned from foreign travel and that the photographs I’m looking for are in this room.

IRENE: Okay, but how?

SHERLOCK: So they *are* in this room. Thank you. John, man the door. Let no-one in. Two men alone in the countryside several yards apart, and one car.

IRENE: Oh. I – I thought you were looking for the photos now.

SHERLOCK: No, no. Looking takes ages. I’m just going to find them but you’re moderately clever and we’ve got a moment, so let’s pass the time. Two men, a car, and nobody else. The driver’s trying to fix his engine. Getting nowhere. And the hiker’s taking a moment, looking at the sky. Watching the birds? Any moment now, something’s gonna happen. What?

IRENE: The hiker’s going to die.

SHERLOCK: No, that’s the result. What’s going to *happen*?

IRENE: I don’t understand.

SHERLOCK: Oh, well, try to.

IRENE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because you cater to the whims of the pathetic and take your clothes off to make an impression. Stop boring me and think. It’s the new sexy.

IRENE: The car’s going to backfire.

SHERLOCK: There’s going to be a loud noise.

IRENE: So, what?

SHERLOCK: Oh, noises are important. Noises can tell you everything. For instance ... Thank you. On hearing a smoke alarm, a mother would look towards her child. Amazing how fire exposes our priorities. *Really* hope you don’t have a baby in here. All right, John, you can turn it off now. I said you can turn it off now.

JOHN: Give me a minute. Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Should always use gloves with these things, you know. Heaviest oil deposit’s always on the first key used – that’s quite clearly the three – but after that the sequence is almost impossible to read. I’d say from the make that it’s a six digit code. Can’t be your birthday – no disrespect but clearly you were born in the eighties; the eight’s barely used, so ...

IRENE: I’d tell you the code right now but you know what? I already have. *Think.*

NEILSON: Hands behind your head. On the floor. Keep it still.

JOHN: Sorry, Sherlock.

NEILSON: Ms Adler, on the floor.

SHERLOCK: Don’t you want me on the floor too?

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

SHERLOCK: American. Interesting. Why would *you* care?

NEILSON: Sir, the safe, *now*, please.

SHERLOCK: I don’t know the code.

NEILSON: We’ve been listening. She said she told you.

SHERLOCK: Well, if you’d been listening, you’d know she *didn’t*.

NEILSON: I’m assuming I missed something. From your reputation, I’m assuming you *didn’t*, Mr Holmes.

JOHN: For God’s sake. *She’s* the one who knows the code. Ask her.

NEILSON: Yes, sir. She also knows the code that automatically calls the police and sets off the burglar alarm. I’ve learned not to trust this woman.

IRENE: Mr Holmes doesn’t ...

NEILSON: Shut up. One more word out of you – just one – and I will decorate that wall with the insides of your head. That, for me, will not be a hardship. Mr Archer. At the count of three, shoot Doctor Watson.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I don’t have the code.

NEILSON: One.

SHERLOCK: I don’t know the code.

NEILSON: Two.

SHERLOCK: She didn’t tell me. I don’t know it!

NEILSON: I’m prepared to believe you any second now. Three.

SHERLOCK: No, stop!

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

SHERLOCK: Vatican cameos. D’you mind?

IRENE: Not at all.

JOHN: He’s dead.

IRENE: Thank you. You were very observant.

JOHN: Observant?

IRENE: I’m flattered.

SHERLOCK: Don’t be.

JOHN: Flattered?

SHERLOCK: There’ll be more of them. They’ll be keeping a eye on the building.

JOHN: We should call the police.

SHERLOCK: Yes. On their way.

JOHN: For God’s sake!

SHERLOCK: Oh shut up. It’s quick. Check the rest of the house. See how they got in. Well, that’s the knighthood in the bag.

IRENE: Ah. And that’s mine.

SHERLOCK: All the photographs are on here, I presume.

IRENE: I have copies, of course.

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

IRENE: Who said I’m selling?

SHERLOCK: Well, why would *they* be interested? Whatever’s on the phone, it’s clearly not just photographs.

IRENE: That camera phone is my life, Mr Holmes. I’d die before I let you take it. It’s my protection.

JOHN: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: It *was.*

JOHN: Must have come in this way.

SHERLOCK: Clearly.

JOHN: It’s all right. She’s just out cold.

IRENE: Well, God knows she’s used to that. There’s a back door. Better check it, Doctor Watson.

JOHN: Sure.

SHERLOCK: You’re very calm. Well, your booby trap did just kill a man.

IRENE: He would have killed me. It was self defence in advance.

SHERLOCK: What? What is that? What ...?

IRENE: Give it to me. Now. Give it to me.

SHERLOCK: No.

IRENE: *Give* it to me.

SHERLOCK: No.

IRENE: Oh, for goodness’ sake. Drop it. I ... said ... drop it. Ah. Thank you, dear. Now tell that sweet little posh thing the pictures are safe with me. They’re not for blackmail, just for insurance. Besides, I might want to see her again. Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. It’s been a pleasure. Don’t spoil it. This is how I want you to remember me. The woman who beat you. Goodnight, Mr Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: Jesus. What are you doing?

IRENE: He’ll sleep for a few hours. Make sure he doesn’t choke on his own vomit. It makes for a very unattractive corpse.

JOHN: What’s this? What have you given him? Sherlock!

IRENE: He’ll be fine. I’ve used it on loads of my friends.

JOHN: Sherlock, can you hear me?

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

JOHN: For what? What are you talking about?

IRENE: The key code to my safe.

JOHN: What was it?

IRENE: Shall I tell him? My measurements.

IRENE: Got it! Oh, shush now. Don’t get up. I’ll do the talking. So the car’s about to backfire ... and the hiker, he’s staring at the sky. Now, you said he could be watching birds but he wasn’t, was he? He was watching another kind of flying thing. The car backfires and the hiker turns to look ... which was his big mistake. By the time the driver looks up, the hiker’s already dead. What he doesn’t see is what killed him because it’s already being washed downstream. An accomplished sportsman recently returned from foreign travel with ... a boomerang. You got that from one look? *Definitely* the new sexy.

SHERLOCK: I ... I ...

IRENE: Hush now. It’s okay. I’m only returning your coat.

SHERLOCK: John? John!

JOHN: You okay?

SHERLOCK: How did I get here?

JOHN: Well, I don’t suppose you remember much. You weren’t making a lot of sense. Oh, I should warn you: I think Lestrade filmed you on his phone.

SHERLOCK: Where is she?

JOHN: Where’s who?

SHERLOCK: The woman. That woman.

JOHN: What woman?

SHERLOCK: *The* woman. The *woman* woman!

JOHN: What, Irene Adler? She got away. No-one saw her. She wasn’t here, Sherlock. What are you ...? What ...? No, no, no, no. Back to bed. You’ll be fine in the morning. Just sleep.

SHERLOCK: Of course I’ll be fine. I *am* fine. I’m absolutely fine.

JOHN: Yes, you’re great. Now I’ll be next door if you need me.

SHERLOCK: Why would I need you?

JOHN: No reason at all.

SHERLOCK: The photographs are perfectly safe.

MYCROFT: In the hands of a fugitive sex worker.

SHERLOCK: She’s not interested in blackmail. She wants ... protection for some reason. I take it you’ve stood down the police investigation into the shooting at her house?

MYCROFT: How can we do anything while she has the photographs? Our hands are tied.

SHERLOCK: She’d applaud your choice of words. You see how this works: that camera phone is her “Get out of jail free” card. You have to leave her alone. Treat her like royalty, Mycroft.

JOHN: Though not the way *she* treats royalty. What was that?

SHERLOCK: Text.

JOHN: But what was that noise?

SHERLOCK: Did you know there were other people after her too, Mycroft, before you sent John and I in there? CIA-trained killers, at an excellent guess.

JOHN: Yeah, *thanks* for that, Mycroft.

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

MYCROFT: Oh, shut up, Mrs Hudson.

SHERLOCK: MYCROFT!

JOHN: OI!

MYCROFT: Apologies.

MRS HUDSON: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Though do, in fact, shut up.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh. It’s a bit rude, that noise, isn’t it?

SHERLOCK: There’s nothing you can do and nothing she *will* do as far as I can see.

MYCROFT: I can put maximum surveillance on her.

SHERLOCK: Why bother? You can follow her on Twitter. I believe her user name is “TheWhipHand.”

MYCROFT: Yes. Most amusing. ’Scuse me. Hello.

JOHN: Why does your phone make that noise?

SHERLOCK: What noise?

JOHN: *That* noise – the one it just made.

SHERLOCK: It’s a text alert. It means I’ve got a text.

JOHN: Hmm. Your texts don’t usually make that noise.

SHERLOCK: Well, somebody got hold of the phone and apparently, as a joke, personalised their text alert noise.

JOHN: Hmm. So every time they text you ...

SHERLOCK: It would seem so.

MRS HUDSON: Could you turn that phone down a bit? At my time of life, it’s ...

JOHN: I’m wondering who could have got hold of your phone, because it would have been in your coat, wouldn’t it?

SHERLOCK: I’ll leave you to your deductions.

JOHN: I’m not stupid, you know.

SHERLOCK: Where *do* you get that idea?

MYCROFT: Bond Air is go, that’s decided. Check with the Coventry lot. Talk later.

SHERLOCK: What else does she have? Irene Adler. The Americans wouldn’t be interested in her for a couple of compromising photographs. There’s more. *Much* more. Something big’s coming, isn’t it?

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

SHERLOCK: Oh, *will* I?

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

SHERLOCK: Do give her my love.

MRS HUDSON: Lovely! Sherlock, that was lovely!

JOHN: Marvellous!

MRS HUDSON: I wish you could have worn the antlers!

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

JOHN: Mrs H.

SHERLOCK: No thank you, Sarah.

JOHN: Uh, no, no, no, no, no. He’s not good with names.

SHERLOCK: No-no-no, I can get this. No, Sarah was the doctor; and then there was the one with the spots; and then the one with the nose; and then ... who was after the boring teacher?

JEANETTE: Nobody.

SHERLOCK: Jeanette! Ah, process of elimination. Oh, dear Lord.

MOLLY: Hello, everyone. Sorry, hello. Er, it said on the door just to come up.

SHERLOCK: Oh, everybody’s saying hullo to each other. How wonderful(!)

JOHN: Let me, er ... holy Mary!

LESTRADE: Wow!

MOLLY: Having a Christmas drinkies, then?

SHERLOCK: No stopping them, apparently.

MRS HUDSON: It’s the one day of the year where the boys have to be nice to me, so it’s almost worth it!

JOHN: Have a seat.

SHERLOCK: John?

JOHN: Mmm?

LESTRADE: Molly? Want a drink?

SHERLOCK: The counter on your blog: still says one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

JOHN: Ooh, no! Christmas is cancelled!

SHERLOCK: And you’ve got a photograph of me wearing that hat!

JOHN: People like the hat.

SHERLOCK: No they don’t. *What* people?

MOLLY: How’s the hip?

MRS HUDSON: Ooh, it’s atrocious, but thanks for asking.

MOLLY: I’ve seen much worse, but then I do post-mortems.

MOLLY: Oh, God. Sorry.

SHERLOCK: Don’t make jokes, Molly.

MOLLY: No. Sorry. Thank you. I wasn’t expecting to see you. I thought you were gonna be in Dorset for Christmas.

LESTRADE: That’s first thing in the morning, me and the wife. We’re back together. It’s all sorted.

SHERLOCK: No, she’s sleeping with a P.E. teacher.

MOLLY: And John. I hear you’re off to your sister’s, is that right?

JOHN: Yeah.

MOLLY: Sherlock was complaining. ... saying.

JOHN: First time ever, she’s cleaned up her act. She’s off the booze.

SHERLOCK: Nope.

JOHN: Shut up, Sherlock.

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

MOLLY: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: In fact, you’re seeing him this very night and giving him a gift.

JOHN: Take a day off.

LESTRADE: Shut up and have a drink.

SHERLOCK: Oh, come on. Surely you’ve all seen the present at the top of the bag – perfectly wrapped with a bow. All the others are slapdash at best. It’s for someone special, then. The shade of red echoes her lipstick – either an unconscious association or one that she’s deliberately trying to encourage. Either way, Miss Hooper has lurrrve on her mind. The fact that she’s serious about him is clear from the fact she’s giving him a gift at all. That would suggest long-term hopes, however forlorn; and that she’s seeing him tonight is evident from her make-up and what she’s wearing. Obviously trying to compensate for the size of her mouth and breasts ...

MOLLY: You always say such horrible things. Every time. Always. *Always.*

SHERLOCK: I am sorry. Forgive me. Merry Christmas, Molly Hooper.

MOLLY: No! That wasn’t ... I – I didn’t ...

SHERLOCK: No, it was me.

LESTRADE: My God, really?!

MOLLY: What?!

SHERLOCK: My *phone.*

JOHN: Fifty-seven?

SHERLOCK: Sorry, what?

JOHN: Fifty-seven of those texts – the ones I’ve heard.

SHERLOCK: Thrilling that you’ve been counting. ’Scuse me.

JOHN: What – what’s up, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: I said excuse me.

JOHN: D’you ever reply?

MYCROFT: Oh dear Lord. We’re not going to have Christmas phone calls now, are we? Have they passed a new law?

SHERLOCK: I think you’re going to find Irene Adler tonight.

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

SHERLOCK: No, I mean you’re going to find her dead.

JOHN: You okay?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

MYCROFT: The only one that fitted the description. Had her brought here – your home from home.

SHERLOCK: You didn’t need to come in, Molly.

MOLLY: That’s okay. Everyone else was busy with ... Christmas. The face is a bit, sort of, bashed up, so it might be a bit difficult. That’s her, isn’t it?

SHERLOCK: Show me the rest of her. That’s her.

MYCROFT: Thank you, Miss Hooper.

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

MYCROFT: Just the one.

SHERLOCK: Why?

MYCROFT: Merry Christmas.

SHERLOCK: Smoking indoors – isn’t there one of those ... one of those law things?

MYCROFT: We’re in a morgue. There’s only so much damage you can do. How did you know she was dead?

SHERLOCK: She had an item in her possession, one she said her life depended on. She chose to give it up.

MYCROFT: Where is this item now?

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

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

SHERLOCK: This is *low* tar.

MYCROFT: Well, you barely knew her.

SHERLOCK: Huh! Merry Christmas, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: And a happy New Year. He’s on his way. Have you found anything?

JOHN: No. Did he take the cigarette?

MYCROFT: Yes.

JOHN: Shit. He’s coming. Ten minutes.

MRS HUDSON: There’s nothing in the bedroom.

JOHN: Looks like he’s clean. We’ve tried all the usual places. Are you sure tonight’s a danger night?

MYCROFT: No, but then I never am. You have to stay with him, John.

JOHN: I’ve got plans.

MYCROFT: No.

JOHN: Mycroft. M... I am really sorry.

JEANETTE: You know, my friends are so wrong about you.

JOHN: Hmm?

JEANETTE: You’re a *great* boyfriend.

JOHN: Okay, that’s good. I mean, I always *thought* I was great.

JEANETTE: And Sherlock Holmes is a very lucky man.

JOHN: Jeanette, please.

JEANETTE: No, I mean it. It’s heart-warming. You’ll do anything for him – and he can’t even tell your girlfriends apart.

JOHN: No, *I’ll* do anything for you. Just tell me what it is I’m not doing. *Tell* me!

JEANETTE: Don’t make me compete with Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN: I’ll walk your dog for you. Hey, I’ve said it now. I’ll even walk your dog ...

JEANETTE: I don’t *have* a dog!

JOHN: No, because that was ... the last one. Okay.

JEANETTE: Jesus!

JOHN: I’ll call you.

JEANETTE: No!

JOHN: Okay.

MRS HUDSON: That really wasn’t very good, was it?

JOHN: Oh, hi. You okay?

SHERLOCK: Hope you didn’t mess up my sock index this time.

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

JOHN: You composing?

SHERLOCK: Helps me to think.

JOHN: What are you thinking about?

SHERLOCK: The counter on your blog is still stuck at one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

JOHN: Yeah, it’s faulty. Can’t seem to fix it.

SHERLOCK: Faulty – or you’ve been hacked and it’s a message.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Just faulty.

JOHN: Right. Right. Well, I’m going out for a bit. Listen: has he ever had *any* kind of ... girlfriend, boyfriend, a relationship, ever?

MRS HUDSON: I don’t know.

JOHN: How can we not know?

MRS HUDSON: He’s Sherlock. How will we *ever* know what goes on in that funny old head?

JOHN: Right. See ya.

WOMAN: John?

JOHN: Yeah. Hello. Hello!

WOMAN: So, any plans for New Year tonight?

JOHN: Er, nothing fixed. Nothing I couldn’t heartlessly abandon. You have any ideas?

WOMAN: One.

JOHN: You know, Mycroft could just phone me, if he didn’t have this bloody stupid power complex.

JOHN: Couldn’t we just go to a café? Sherlock doesn’t follow me everywhere.

WOMAN: Through there. He’s on his way. You were right – he thinks it’s Mycroft.

JOHN: He’s writing sad music; doesn’t eat; barely talks – only to correct the television. I’d say he was heartbroken but, er, well, he’s Sherlock. He does all that anyw...

IRENE: Hello, Doctor Watson.

JOHN: Tell him you’re alive.

IRENE: He’d come after me.

JOHN: *I’ll* come after you if you don’t.

IRENE: Mmm, I believe you.

JOHN: You were dead on a slab. It was definitely you.

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

JOHN: And I bet you know the record-keeper.

IRENE: I know what he likes, and I needed to disappear.

JOHN: Then how come *I* can see you, and I don’t even want to?

IRENE: Look, I made a mistake. I sent something to Sherlock for safe-keeping and now I need it back, so I need your help.

JOHN: No.

IRENE: It’s for his own safety.

JOHN: So’s this: tell him you’re alive.

IRENE: I can’t.

JOHN: Fine. I’ll tell him, and I still won’t help you.

IRENE: What do I say?

JOHN: What do you *normally* say? You’ve texted him a *lot.*

IRENE: Just the usual stuff.

JOHN: There is no ‘usual’ in this case.

IRENE: “Good morning”; “I like your funny hat”; “I’m sad tonight. Let’s have dinner” ... “You looked sexy on ‘Crimewatch.’ Let’s have dinner”; “I’m not hungry, let’s have dinner”.

JOHN: You ... *flirted* with Sherlock Holmes?!

IRENE: *At* him. He never replies.

JOHN: No, Sherlock *always* replies – to *everything*. He’s Mr Punchline. He will outlive God trying to have the last word.

IRENE: Does that make me special?

JOHN: ... I don’t know. Maybe.

IRENE: Are you jealous?

JOHN: We’re not a couple.

IRENE: Yes you are. There ... “I’m not dead. Let’s have dinner.”

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

IRENE: Well, I *am*. Look at us both. I don’t think so, do you?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Don’t snivel, Mrs Hudson. It’ll do nothing to impede the flight of a bullet. What a tender world that would be.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, please, sorry, Sherlock.

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

SHERLOCK: Then why don’t you ask for it?

MRS HUDSON: Sher...

NEILSON: I’ve been asking this one. She doesn’t seem to know anything. But you know what I’m asking for, don’t you, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: I believe I do.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, please, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: First, get rid of your boys.

NEILSON: Why?

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

NEILSON: You two, go to the car.

SHERLOCK: Then get into the car and drive away. Don’t try to trick me. You know who I am. It doesn’t work. Next, you can stop pointing that gun at me.

NEILSON: So you can point a gun at me?

SHERLOCK: I’m unarmed.

NEILSON: Mind if I check?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I insist.

MRS HUDSON: Don’t do anything.

SHERLOCK: Moron.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, thank you.

SHERLOCK: You’re all right now, you’re all right.

MRS HUDSON: Yes.

JOHN: What’s going on? Jeez. What the hell is happening?

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson’s been attacked by an American. I’m restoring balance to the universe.

JOHN: Oh, Mrs Hudson, my God. Are you all right? Jesus, what have they done to you?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I’m just being so silly.

JOHN: No, no.

SHERLOCK: Downstairs. Take her downstairs and look after her.

JOHN: All right, it’s all right. I’ll have a look at that.

MRS HUDSON: I’m fine, I’m fine.

JOHN: Are you gonna tell me what’s going on?

SHERLOCK: I expect so. Now go. Lestrade. We’ve had a break-in at Baker Street. Send your least irritating officers and an ambulance. Oh, no-no-no-no-no, we’re fine. No, it’s the, uh, it’s the burglar. He’s got himself rather badly injured. Oh, a few broken ribs, fractured skull ... suspected punctured lung. He fell out of a window.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh, it stings. Ooh. That was right on my bins.

LESTRADE: And exactly how many times *did* he fall out the window?

SHERLOCK: It’s all a bit of a blur, Detective Inspector. I lost count.

JOHN: She’ll have to sleep upstairs in our flat tonight. We need to look after her.

MRS HUDSON: No.

SHERLOCK: Of course, but she’s fine.

JOHN: No, she’s not. Look at her. She’s got to take some time away from Baker Street. She can go and stay with her sister. Doctor’s orders.

SHERLOCK: Don’t be absurd.

JOHN: She’s in shock, for God’s sake, and all over some bloody stupid camera phone. Where is it, anyway?

SHERLOCK: Safest place I know.

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

SHERLOCK: Thank you. Shame on you, John Watson.

JOHN: Shame on *me*?!

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson leave Baker Street? England would fall.

JOHN: Where is it now?

SHERLOCK: Where no-one will look.

JOHN: Whatever’s on that phone is more than just pictures.

SHERLOCK: Yes, it is.

JOHN: So, she’s alive then. How are we feeling about that?

SHERLOCK: Happy New Year, John.

JOHN: Do you think you’ll be seeing her again?

MOLLY: Is that a phone?

SHERLOCK: It’s a camera phone.

MOLLY: And you’re X-raying it?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I am.

MOLLY: Whose phone is it?

SHERLOCK: A woman’s.

MOLLY: Your girlfriend?

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

MOLLY: Well, we all do silly things.

SHERLOCK: Yes. They *do*, don’t they? *Very* silly. She sent this to my address, and she loves to play games.

MOLLY: She does?

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: We have a client.

JOHN: What, in your bedroom?! Ohhh.

SHERLOCK: So who’s after you?

IRENE: People who want to kill me.

SHERLOCK: Who’s that?

IRENE: Killers.

JOHN: It would help if you were a tiny bit more specific.

SHERLOCK: So you faked your own death in order to get ahead of them.

IRENE: It worked for a while.

SHERLOCK: Except you let John know that you were alive, and therefore me.

IRENE: I knew *you’d* keep my secret.

SHERLOCK: *You* couldn’t.

IRENE: But you *did*, didn’t you? Where’s my camera phone?

JOHN: It’s not here. We’re not stupid.

IRENE: Then what have you done with it? If they’ve guessed you’ve got it, they’ll be watching you.

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

IRENE: I need it.

JOHN: Well, we can’t just go and get it, can we? Molly Hooper. She could collect it, take it to Bart’s; then one of your homeless network could bring it here, leave it in the café, and one of the boys downstairs could bring it up the back.

SHERLOCK: Very good, John. Excellent plan, with intelligent precautions.

JOHN: Thank you. So, why don’t ... Oh, for ...

SHERLOCK: So what do you keep on here – in general, I mean?

IRENE: Pictures, information, anything I might find useful.

JOHN: What, for blackmail?

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

SHERLOCK: So how do you acquire this information?

IRENE: I told you – I misbehave.

SHERLOCK: But you’ve acquired something that’s more danger than protection. Do you know what it is?

IRENE: Yes, but I don’t understand it.

SHERLOCK: I assumed. Show me. The passcode.

IRENE: It’s not working.

SHERLOCK: No, because it’s a duplicate that I had made, into which you’ve just entered the numbers one oh five eight. I assumed you’d choose something more specific than that but, um, thanks anyway.

IRENE: I *told* you that camera phone was my life. I know when it’s in my hand.

SHERLOCK: Oh, you’re rather good.

IRENE: You’re not so bad.

JOHN: Hamish. John Hamish Watson – just if you were looking for baby names.

IRENE: There was a man – an MOD official. I knew what he liked. One of the things he liked was showing off. He told me this email was going to save the world. He didn’t know it, but I photographed it. He was a bit tied up at the time. It’s a bit small on that screen – can you read it?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

IRENE: A code, obviously. I had one of the best cryptographers in the country take a look at it – though he was mostly upside down, as I recall. Couldn’t figure it out. What can *you* do, Mr Holmes? Go on. Impress a girl.

SHERLOCK: There’s a margin for error but I’m pretty sure there’s a Seven Forty-Seven leaving Heathrow tomorrow at six thirty in the evening for Baltimore. Apparently it’s going to save the world. Not sure how that can be true but give me a moment; I’ve only been on the case for eight seconds. Oh, come on. It’s not code. These are seat allocations on a passenger jet. Look ... There’s no letter ‘I’ because it can be mistaken for a ‘1’; no letters past ‘K’ – the width of the plane is the limit. The numbers always appear randomly and not in sequence but the letters have little runs of sequence all over the place – families and couples sitting together. Only a Jumbo is wide enough to need the letter ‘K’ or rows past fifty-five, which is why there’s always an upstairs. There’s a row thirteen, which eliminates the more superstitious airlines. Then there’s the style of the flight number – zero zero seven – that eliminates a few more; and assuming a British point of origin, which would be logical considering the original source of the information and assuming from the increased pressure on you lately that the crisis is imminent, the only flight that matches all the criteria and departs within the week is the six thirty to Baltimore tomorrow evening from Heathrow Airport. Please don’t feel obliged to tell me that was remarkable or amazing. John’s expressed the same thought in every possible variant available to the English language.

IRENE: I would have you right here on this desk until you begged for mercy twice.

SHERLOCK: John, please can you check those flight schedules; see if I’m right?

JOHN: Uh-huh. I’m on it, yeah.

SHERLOCK: I’ve never begged for mercy in my life.

IRENE: Twice.

JOHN: Uh, yeah, you’re right. Uh, flight double oh seven.

SHERLOCK: What did you say?

JOHN: You’re right.

SHERLOCK: No, no, no, after that. What did you say after that?

JOHN: Double oh seven. Flight double oh seven.

SHERLOCK: Double oh seven, double oh seven, double oh seven, double oh seven ... something ... something connected to double oh seven ... What? Double oh seven, double oh seven, what, what, something, *what*?

MYCROFT: Bond Air is go. Bond Air is go. ... Bond Air is go.

MYCROFT: Bond Air is go, that’s decided. Check with the Coventry lot.

SHERLOCK: Coventry.

IRENE: I’ve never been. Is it nice?

SHERLOCK: Where’s John?

IRENE: He went out a couple of hours ago.

SHERLOCK: I was just talking to him.

IRENE: He *said* you do that. What’s Coventry got to do with anything?

SHERLOCK: It’s a story, probably not true. In the Second World War, the Allies knew that Coventry was going to get bombed because they’d broken the German code but they didn’t want the Germans to *know* that they’d broken the code, so they let it happen anyway.

IRENE: Have you ever had anyone?

SHERLOCK: Sorry?

IRENE: And when I say “had,” I’m being indelicate.

SHERLOCK: I don’t understand.

IRENE: Well, I’ll be delicate then. Let’s have dinner.

SHERLOCK: Why?

IRENE: Might be hungry.

SHERLOCK: I’m not.

IRENE: Good.

SHERLOCK: Why would I want to have dinner if I wasn’t hungry?

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

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock!

IRENE: Too late.

SHERLOCK: That’s not the end of the world; that’s Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock, this man was at the door. Is the bell still not working? He shot it.

SHERLOCK: Have you come to take me away *again*?

PLUMMER: Yes, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Well, I decline.

PLUMMER: I don’t think you do.

SHERLOCK: There’s going to be a bomb on a passenger jet. The British and American governments know about it but rather than expose the source of that information they’re going to let it happen. The plane will blow up. Coventry all over again. The wheel turns. *Nothing* is ever new.

SHERLOCK: Well, you’re lookin’ all better. How ya feelin’?

NEILSON: Like putting a bullet in your brain ... sir. They’d pin a medal on me if I did ... sir.

MYCROFT: The Coventry conundrum. What do you think of my solution? The flight of the dead.

SHERLOCK: The plane blows up mid-air. Mission accomplished for the terrorists. Hundreds of casualties, but nobody dies.

MYCROFT: Neat, don’t you think? You’ve been stumbling round the fringes of this one for ages – or were you too bored to notice the pattern?

LITTLE GIRL: They wouldn’t let us see Granddad when he was dead.

CREEPY GUY: She’s not my real aunt. I *know* human ash.

MYCROFT: We ran a similar project with the Germans a while back, though I believe one of our passengers didn’t make the flight. But that’s the deceased for you – late, in every sense of the word.

SHERLOCK: How’s the plane going to fly? Of course: unmanned aircraft. Hardly new.

MYCROFT: It *doesn’t* fly. It will *never* fly. This entire project is cancelled. The terrorist cells have been informed that we know about the bomb. We can’t fool them now. We’ve lost everything. One fragment of one email, and months and years of planning finished.

SHERLOCK: Your MOD man.

MYCROFT: That’s all it takes: one lonely naïve man desperate to show off, and a woman clever enough to make him feel special.

SHERLOCK: Hmm. You should screen your defence people more carefully.

MYCROFT: I’m not talking about the MOD man, Sherlock; I’m talking about *you.* The damsel in distress. In the end, are you really so obvious? Because this was textbook: the promise of love, the pain of loss, the joy of redemption; then give him a puzzle ... and watch him dance.

SHERLOCK: Don’t be absurd.

MYCROFT: Absurd? How quickly did you decipher that email for her? Was it the full minute, or were you really *eager* to impress?

IRENE: I think it was less than five seconds.

MYCROFT: I drove you into her path. I’m sorry. I didn’t know.

IRENE: Mr Holmes, I think we need to talk.

SHERLOCK: So do I. There are a number of aspects I’m still not quite clear on.

IRENE: Not you, Junior. You’re done now. There’s more ... loads more. On this phone I’ve got secrets, pictures and scandals that could topple your whole world. You have no idea how much havoc I can cause and exactly one way to stop me – unless you want to tell your masters that your biggest security leak is your own little brother.

MYCROFT: We have people who can get into this.

IRENE: I tested that theory for you. I let Sherlock Holmes try it for six months. Sherlock, dear, tell him what you found when you X-rayed my camera phone.

SHERLOCK: There are four additional units wired inside the casing, I suspect containing acid or a small amount of explosive. Any attempt to open the casing will burn the hard drive.

IRENE: Explosive. It’s more me.

MYCROFT: Some data is always recoverable.

IRENE: Take that risk?

MYCROFT: You have a passcode to open this. I deeply regret to say we have people who can extract it from you.

IRENE: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: There will be two passcodes: one to open the phone, one to burn the drive. Even under duress you can’t know which one she’s given you and there will be no point in a second attempt.

IRENE: He’s good, isn’t he? I should have him on a leash – in fact, I *might.*

MYCROFT: We destroy this, then. *No-one* has the information.

IRENE: Fine. Good idea ... unless there are lives of British citizens depending on the information you’re about to burn.

MYCROFT: Are there?

IRENE: Telling you would be playing fair. I’m not playing any more. A list of my requests; and some ideas about my protection once they’re granted. I’d say it wouldn’t blow much of a hole in the wealth of the nation – but then I’d be lying. I imagine you’d like to sleep on it.

MYCROFT: Thank you, yes.

IRENE: Too bad. Off you pop and talk to people.

MYCROFT: You’ve been very ... thorough. I wish our lot were half as good as you.

IRENE: I can’t take all the credit. Had a bit of help. Oh, Jim Moriarty sends his love.

MYCROFT: Yes, he’s been in touch. Seems desperate for my attention ... which I’m sure can be arranged.

IRENE: I had all this stuff, never knew what to do with it. Thank God for the consultant criminal. Gave me a lot of advice about how to play the Holmes boys. D’you know what he calls you? The Ice Man ... and the Virgin. Didn’t even ask for anything. I think he just likes to cause trouble. Now *that’s* my kind of man.

MYCROFT: And here you are, the dominatrix who brought a nation to its knees. Nicely played.

SHERLOCK: No.

IRENE: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: I said no. *Very* very close, but no. You got carried away. The game was too elaborate. You were enjoying yourself too much.

IRENE: No such thing as too much.

SHERLOCK: Oh, enjoying the thrill of the chase is fine, craving the distraction of the game – I sympathise entirely – but sentiment? Sentiment is a chemical defect found in the losing side.

IRENE: Sentiment? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK: You.

IRENE: Oh dear God. Look at the poor man. You don’t actually think I was interested in you? Why? Because you’re the great Sherlock Holmes, the clever detective in the funny hat?

SHERLOCK: No. Because I took your pulse. Elevated; your pupils dilated. I imagine John Watson thinks love’s a mystery to me but the chemistry is incredibly simple, and very destructive. When we first met, you told me that disguise is always a self-portrait. How true of you: the combination to your safe – your measurements; but this ... this is far more intimate. This is your heart ... and you should *never* let it rule your head. You could have chosen any random number and walked out of here today with everything you’ve worked for ... but you just couldn’t resist it, could you? I’ve always assumed that love is a dangerous disadvantage ... *Thank* you for the final proof.

IRENE: Everything I said: it’s not real. I was just playing the game.

SHERLOCK: I know. And this is just losing. There you are, brother. I hope the contents make up for any inconvenience I may have caused you tonight.

MYCROFT: I’m certain they will.

SHERLOCK: If you’re feeling kind, lock her up; otherwise let her go. I doubt she’ll survive long without her protection.

IRENE: Are you expecting me to beg?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

IRENE: Please. You’re right. I won’t even last six months.

SHERLOCK: Sorry about dinner.

JOHN: You don’t smoke.

MYCROFT: I also don’t frequent cafés.

JOHN: This the file on Irene Adler?

MYCROFT: Closed forever. I am about to go and inform my brother – or, if you prefer, *you* are – that she somehow got herself into a witness protection scheme in America. New name, new identity. She will survive – and thrive – but he will never see her again.

JOHN: Why would he care? He despised her at the end. Won’t even mention her by name – just “the Woman.”

MYCROFT: Is that loathing, or a salute? One of a kind; the one woman who matters.

JOHN: He’s not like that. He doesn’t *feel* things that way ... I don’t think.

MYCROFT: My brother has the brain of a scientist or a philosopher, yet he elects to be a detective. What might we deduce about his heart?

JOHN: I don’t know.

MYCROFT: Neither do I ... but initially he wanted to be a pirate.

JOHN: He’ll be okay with this witness protection, never seeing her again. He’ll be fine.

MYCROFT: I agree. That’s why I decided to *tell* him that.

JOHN: Instead of what?

MYCROFT: She’s dead. She was captured by a terrorist cell in Karachi two months ago and beheaded.

JOHN: It’s definitely her? She’s done this before.

MYCROFT: I was thorough – *this* time. It would take Sherlock Holmes to fool me, and I don’t think he was on hand, do you? So ... what should we tell Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Clearly you’ve got news. If it’s about the Leeds triple murder, it was the gardener. Nobody noticed the earring.

JOHN: Hi. Er, no, it’s, um ... it’s about Irene Adler.

SHERLOCK: Oh? Something happened? Has she come back?

JOHN: No, she’s, er ... I just bumped into Mycroft downstairs. He had to take a call.

SHERLOCK: Is she back in London?

JOHN: No. She’s, er ... She’s in America.

SHERLOCK: America?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm. Got herself on a witness protection scheme, apparently. Dunno how she swung it, but, er, well, you know.

SHERLOCK: I know what?

JOHN: Well, you won’t be able to see her again.

SHERLOCK: Why would I want to see her again?

JOHN: Didn’t say you did.

SHERLOCK: Is that her file?

JOHN: Yes. I was just gonna take it back to Mycroft. Do you want to ...?

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Hmm. Listen, actually ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, but I *will* have the camera phone, though.

JOHN: There’s nothing on it any more. It’s been stripped.

SHERLOCK: I know, but I ... I’ll still have it.

JOHN: I’ve gotta give this back to Mycroft. You can’t keep it. Sherlock, I *have* to give this to Mycroft. It’s the government’s now. I couldn’t even give ...

SHERLOCK: Please. Thank you.

JOHN: Well, I’d better take this back.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Did she ever text you again, after ... all that?

SHERLOCK: Once, a few months ago.

JOHN: What did she say?

SHERLOCK: “Goodbye, Mr Holmes.”

JOHN: Huh.

SHERLOCK: When I say run, *run*!

SHERLOCK: The Woman. *The* Woman.

**The Hounds of Baskerville**

GRACE: Oh, hello. Are you all right? What is it, dear? Are you lost?

SHERLOCK: Well, that was tedious.

JOHN: You went on the Tube like that?!

SHERLOCK: None of the cabs would take me.

SHERLOCK: Nothing?

JOHN: Military coup in Uganda.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

JOHN: Another photo of you with the, er ... Oh, um, Cabinet reshuffle.

SHERLOCK: Nothing of importance? *Oh, God!* John, I need some. *Get* me some.

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Get me some.

JOHN: No. Cold turkey, we agreed, no matter what. Anyway, you’ve paid everyone off, remember? No-one within a two mile radius’ll sell you any.

SHERLOCK: Stupid idea. Whose idea was that? *Mrs Hudson!*

JOHN: Look, Sherlock, you’re doing really well. Don’t give up now.

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

JOHN: Can’t help, sorry.

SHERLOCK: I’ll let you know next week’s lottery numbers. Oh, it was worth a try.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh!

SHERLOCK: My secret supply. What have you done with my secret supply?

MRS HUDSON: Eh?

SHERLOCK: Cigarettes! What have you done with them? Where are they?

MRS HUDSON: You know you never let me touch your things! Ooh, chance would be a fine thing.

SHERLOCK: I thought you *weren’t* my housekeeper.

MRS HUDSON: I’m not. How about a nice cuppa, and perhaps you could put away your harpoon.

SHERLOCK: I need something *stronger* than tea. Seven per *cent* stronger. You’ve been to see Mr Chatterjee again.

MRS HUDSON: Pardon?

SHERLOCK: Sandwich shop. That’s a new dress, but there’s flour on the sleeve. You wouldn’t dress like that for baking.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Thumbnail: tiny traces of foil. Been at the scratch cards again. We all know where *that* leads, don’t we? Mmm: ‘Kasbah Nights.’ Pretty racy for first thing on a Monday morning, wouldn’t you agree? I’ve written a little blog on 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, I really don’t.

JOHN: What the bloody hell was all that about?

SHERLOCK: You don’t understand.

JOHN: Go after her and apologise.

SHERLOCK: Apologise?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

SHERLOCK: Oh, John, I envy you so much.

JOHN: You envy me?

SHERLOCK: Your mind: it’s so placid, straightforward, barely used. Mine’s like an engine, racing out of control; a rocket tearing itself to pieces trapped on the launch pad. I need a case!

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

SHERLOCK: That was this morning! When’s the next one?

JOHN: Nothing on the website?

SHERLOCK: “Dear Mr 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 Bluebell disappeared, it turned luminous ... “like a fairy” according to little Kirsty; then the next morning, Bluebell was gone! Hutch still locked, no sign of a forced entry ... Ah! What am I saying? This is brilliant! Phone Lestrade. Tell him there’s an escaped rabbit.

JOHN: Are you serious?

SHERLOCK: It’s this, or Cluedo.

JOHN: Ah, no! We are *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: Well, it was the only possible solution.

JOHN: It’s not in the rules.

SHERLOCK: Then the rules are wrong!

JOHN: Single ring.

SHERLOCK: Maximum pressure just under the half second.

JOHN and SHERLOCK: Client.

PRESENTER: Dartmoor. It’s always been a place of myth and legend, but is there something else lurking out here – something very real? Because Dartmoor’s also home to one of the government’s most secret of operations ... the chemical and biological weapons research centre which is said to be even more sensitive than Porton Down. Since the end of the Second World War, there’ve been persistent stories about the Baskerville experiments: 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. But the real question is: are all of them still inside?

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

SHERLOCK: What did you see?

HENRY: Oh. I ... I was just about to say.

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

HENRY: Yes. Sorry, yes, of course. ’Scuse me.

JOHN: In your own time.

SHERLOCK: But quite quickly.

HENRY: Do you know Dartmoor, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: No.

HENRY: It’s an amazing place. It’s like nowhere else. It’s sort of ... bleak but beautiful.

SHERLOCK: Mmm, not interested. Moving on.

HENRY: We used to go for walks, after my mum died, my dad and me. Every evening we’d go out onto the moor.

SHERLOCK: Yes, good. Skipping to the night that your dad was violently killed. Where did that happen?

HENRY: There’s a place – it’s... it’s a sort of local landmark called Dewer’s Hollow. That’s an ancient name for the Devil.

SHERLOCK: So?

JOHN: Did you see the Devil that night?

HENRY: Yes. It was huge. Coal-black fur, with red eyes. It got him, tore at him, tore him apart. I can’t remember anything else. They found me the next morning, just wandering on the moor. My dad’s body was never found.

JOHN: Hmm. Red eyes, coal-black fur, enormous: dog? Wolf?

SHERLOCK: Or a genetic experiment.

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; about the type of monsters they were breeding there. People used to laugh at him. At least the TV people took me seriously.

SHERLOCK: And, I assume, did wonders for Devon tourism.

JOHN: Yeah ... Henry, whatever *did* happen to your father, it was twenty years ago. Why come to us now?

HENRY: I’m not sure you can help me, Mr Holmes, since you find it all so funny.

SHERLOCK: Because of what happened last night.

JOHN: Why, what happened last night?

HENRY: How ... how do you know?

SHERLOCK: I didn’t know; I noticed. You came up from Devon on the first available train this morning. You had a disappointing breakfast and a cup of black coffee. The girl in the seat across the aisle fancied you. Although you were initially keen, you’ve now changed your mind. You are, however, *extremely* anxious to have your first cigarette of the day. Sit down, Mr Knight, and do *please* smoke. I’d be delighted.

HENRY: How on earth did you notice all that?!

JOHN: It’s not important ...

SHERLOCK: Punched-out holes where your ticket’s been checked ...

JOHN: Not now, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Oh *please*. I’ve been cooped up in here for ages.

JOHN: You’re just showing off.

SHERLOCK: Of *course*. I *am* a show-off. That’s what we *do.* The train napkin that you used to mop up the spilled coffee: the strength of the stain shows that you didn’t take milk. There are traces of ketchup on it and round your lips and on your sleeve. Cooked breakfast – or the nearest thing those trains can manage. Probably a sandwich.

HENRY: How did you know it was disappointing?

SHERLOCK: Is there any other type of breakfast on a train? The girl – female handwriting’s quite distinctive. Wrote her phone number down on the napkin. I can tell from the angle she wrote at that she was sat across from you on the other side of the aisle. Later – after she got off, I imagine – you used the napkin to mop up your spilled coffee, accidentally smudging the numbers. You’ve been over the last four digits yourself with another pen, so you wanted to keep the number. Just now, 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 one on the train; no time to roll one before you got a cab here. It’s just after nine fifteen. You’re desperate. The first train from Exeter to London leaves at five forty-six a.m. You got the first one possible, so something important must have happened last night. Am I wrong?

HENRY: No. You’re right. You’re completely, exactly right. Bloody hell, I heard you were quick.

SHERLOCK: It’s my job. Now shut up and smoke.

JOHN: Um, Henry, your parents both died and you were, what, seven years old?

HENRY: I know. That ... my ...

JOHN: That must be a ... quite a trauma. Have you ever thought that maybe you invented this story, this ... to account for it?

HENRY: That’s what Doctor 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 what happened when you went back to Dewer’s Hollow last night, Henry? You went there on the advice of your 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: Yes, 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: Man’s or a woman’s?

HENRY: Neither. They were ...

SHERLOCK: Is that it? Nothing else. Footprints. Is that all?

HENRY: Yes, but they were ...

SHERLOCK: No, sorry, Doctor Mortimer wins. Childhood trauma masked by an invented memory. Boring! Goodbye, Mr Knight. Thank you for smoking.

HENRY: No, but what about the footprints?

SHERLOCK: Oh, they’re probably paw prints; could be anything, therefore nothing. Off to Devon with you; have a cream tea on me.

HENRY: Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!

SHERLOCK: Say that again.

HENRY: I found the footprints; they were ...

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

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

SHERLOCK: I’ll take the case.

JOHN: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Thank you for bringing this to my attention. It’s very promising.

JOHN: No-no-no, sorry, *what*? A minute ago, footprints were boring; now they’re very promising?

SHERLOCK: It’s *nothing* to do with footprints. As ever, John, you weren’t listening. Baskerville: ever heard of it?

JOHN: Vaguely. It’s very hush-hush.

SHERLOCK: Sounds like a good place to start.

HENRY: Ah! You’ll come down, then?

SHERLOCK: No, I can’t leave London at the moment. Far too busy. Don’t worry – putting my best man onto it. Always rely on John to send me the relevant data, as he never understands a word of it himself.

JOHN: What are you talking about, you’re busy? You don’t have a case! A minute ago you were complaining ...

SHERLOCK: Bluebell, John! I’ve got Bluebell! The case of the vanishing, glow-in-the-dark rabbit! NATO’s in uproar.

HENRY: Oh, sorry, no, you’re not coming, then?

JOHN: Okay. Okay.

SHERLOCK: I don’t need those any more. I’m going to Dartmoor. You go on ahead, Henry. We’ll follow later.

HENRY: Er, sorry, so you *are* coming?

SHERLOCK: Twenty year old disappearance; a monstrous hound? I wouldn’t miss this for the world!

MRS HUDSON: ... cruise together. You had *no* intention of taking me on it ...

JOHN: Oh! Looks like Mrs Hudson finally got to the wife in Doncaster.

SHERLOCK: Mmm. Wait ’til she finds out about the one in Islamabad. Paddington Station, please.

JOHN: There’s Baskerville. That’s Grimpen Village. So that must be ... yeah, it’s Dewer’s Hollow.

SHERLOCK: What’s that?

JOHN: Hmm? Minefield? Technically Baskerville’s an army base, so I guess they’ve always been keen to keep people out.

SHERLOCK: Clearly.

FLETCHER: ... three times 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!

SHERLOCK: I’m cold.

HENRY: That part doesn’t change.

MORTIMER: What *does*?

HENRY: Oh, there’s something else. It-it’s a word. “Liberty.”

MORTIMER: Liberty?

HENRY: There’s another word. “In.” I-N. “Liberty In.” What do you think it means?

GARY: Eh, sorry we couldn’t do a double room for you boys.

JOHN: That’s fine. We-we’re not ... There you go.

GARY: Oh, ta. I’ll just get your change.

JOHN: Ta.

GARY: There you go.

JOHN: I couldn’t help noticing on the map of the moor: a skull and crossbones.

GARY: Oh that, aye.

JOHN: Pirates?!

GARY: Eh, no, no. The Great Grimpen Minefield, they call it.

JOHN: Oh, right.

GARY: It’s not what you think. It’s the Baskerville testing site. It’s been going for eighty-odd years. I’m not sure anyone really knows what’s there any more.

JOHN: Explosives?

GARY: Oh, not just explosives. Break into that place and – if you’re *lucky* – you just get blown up, so they say ... in case you’re planning on a nice wee stroll.

JOHN: Ta. I’ll remember.

GARY: Aye. No, it buggers up tourism a bit, so thank God for the demon hound! Did you see that show, that documentary?

JOHN: Quite recently, yeah.

GARY: Aye. God bless Henry Knight and his monster from hell.

JOHN: Ever seen it – the hound?

GARY: Me? No. Fletcher has. He runs the walks – the Monster Walks for the tourists, you know? He’s seen it.

JOHN: That’s handy for trade.

GARY: I’m just saying we’ve been rushed off our feet, Billy.

BILLY: Yeah. Lots of monster-hunters. Doesn’t take much these days. One mention on Twitter and oomph. We’re out of WKD.

GARY: All right.

BILLY: What with the monster and that ruddy prison, I don’t know how we sleep nights. Do you, Gary?

GARY: Like a baby.

BILLY: That’s not true. He’s a snorer.

GARY: Hey, wheesht!

BILLY: Is yours a snorer?

JOHN: ... Got any crisps?

FLETCHER: Yeah ... No. All right? Right. Take care. ’Bye.

SHERLOCK: Mind if I join you? It’s not true, is it? You haven’t actually seen this ... hound thing.

FLETCHER: 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.

JOHN: I called Henry ...

SHERLOCK: Bet’s off, John, sorry.

JOHN: What?

FLETCHER: Bet?

SHERLOCK: My plan needs darkness. Reckon we’ve got another half an hour of light ...

FLETCHER: Wait, wait. What bet?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I bet John here fifty quid that you couldn’t prove you’d seen the hound.

JOHN: Yeah, the guys in the pub said you could.

FLETCHER: Well, you’re gonna lose your money, mate.

SHERLOCK: Yeah?

FLETCHER: Yeah. I’ve seen it. Only about a month ago, up at the Hollow. It was foggy, mind – couldn’t make much out.

SHERLOCK: I see. No witnesses, I suppose.

FLETCHER: No, but ...

SHERLOCK: Never are.

FLETCHER: Wait ... There.

SHERLOCK: Is that it? It’s not exactly proof, is it? Sorry, John. I win.

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! Is it 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: 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 ’em as far as I could spit.

SHERLOCK: Is that the best you’ve got?

FLETCHER: I had a mate once who worked for the MOD. One weekend we were meant to go fishin’ but he never showed up – well, not ’til late. 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 wanna see again. *Terrible* things.” He’d been sent to some secret Army place – Porton Down, maybe; maybe Baskerville, or somewhere else. In the labs there – the really *secret* labs, he said he’d seen ... terrible things. Rats as big as dogs, he said, and dogs ... dogs the size of horses.

JOHN: Er, we did say fifty? Ta.

SECURITY GUARD: Pass, please. Thank you.

JOHN: You’ve got ID for Baskerville. How?

SHERLOCK: It’s not specific to this place. It’s my brother’s. Access all areas. I, um ... acquired it ages ago, just in case.

JOHN: Brilliant(!)

SHERLOCK: What’s the matter?

JOHN: We’ll get caught.

SHERLOCK: No we won’t – well, not just yet.

JOHN: Caught in five minutes. “Oh, hi, we just thought we’d come and have a wander round your top secret weapons base.” “Really? Great! Come in – kettle’s just boiled.” That’s if we don’t get shot.

SECURITY DOG HANDLER: Clear.

SECURITY GUARD: Thank you very much, sir.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SECURITY GUARD: Straight through, sir.

JOHN: Mycroft’s name *literally* opens doors!

SHERLOCK: I’ve told you – he practically *is* the British government. I reckon we’ve got about twenty minutes before they realise something’s wrong.

LYONS: What is it? Are we in trouble?

SHERLOCK: “Are we in trouble, *sir*?”

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: Well, I hope not, Corporal, I hope not.

LYONS: It’s just we don’t get inspected here, you see, sir. It just doesn’t happen.

JOHN: Ever heard of a spot check? Captain John Watson, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

LYONS: Sir. Major Barrymore won’t be pleased, sir. He’ll want to see you both.

JOHN: I’m afraid we won’t have time for that. We’ll need the full tour right away. Carry on. That’s an *order*, Corporal.

LYONS: Yes, sir.

SHERLOCK: Nice touch.

JOHN: Haven’t pulled rank in ages.

SHERLOCK: Enjoy it?

JOHN: Oh yeah.

SHERLOCK: How many animals do you keep down here?

LYONS: Lots, sir.

SHERLOCK: Any ever escape?

LYONS: They’d have to know how to use that lift, sir. We’re not breeding them *that* clever.

SHERLOCK: Unless they have help.

FRANKLAND: Ah, and you are?

LYONS: Sorry, Doctor Frankland. I’m just showing these gentlemen around.

FRANKLAND: Ah, new faces, huh? Nice. Careful you don’t get stuck here, though. I only came to fix a tap!

JOHN: How far down does that lift go?

LYONS: Quite a way, sir.

JOHN: Mmm-hmm. And what’s down there?

LYONS: Well, we have to keep the bins *somewhere*, sir. This way please, gentlemen.

JOHN: So what exactly is it that you do here?

LYONS: I thought you’d know, sir, this being an inspection.

JOHN: Well, I’m not an expert, am I?

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

JOHN: But mostly weaponry?

LYONS: Of one sort or another, yes.

JOHN: Biological, chemical ...?

LYONS: One war ends, another begins, sir. New enemies to fight. We have to be prepared.

STAPLETON: Okay, Michael, let’s try Harlow Three next time.

LYONS: Doctor Stapleton.

SHERLOCK: 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, Doctor Stapleton. What’s your role at Baskerville?

JOHN: Er, accorded *every* courtesy, isn’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.

STAPLETON: I have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies. I like to mix things up – genes, mostly; now and again actual fingers.

SHERLOCK: Stapleton. I *knew* I knew your name.

STAPLETON: I doubt it.

SHERLOCK: People say there’s no such thing as coincidence. What dull lives they must lead.

STAPLETON: Have you been talking to my daughter?

SHERLOCK: Why did Bluebell have to die, Doctor 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: Well, I think we’ve seen enough for now, Corporal. Thank you so much.

LYONS: That’s it?

SHERLOCK: That’s it. It’s this way, isn’t it?

STAPLETON: Just a minute!

JOHN: Did we just break into a military base to investigate a rabbit?

SHERLOCK: Twenty-three minutes. Mycroft’s getting slow.

FRANKLAND: Hello ... again.

LYONS: Er, um, Major ...

BARRYMORE: This is bloody outrageous. Why wasn’t I told?

JOHN: Major Barrymore, is it? Yes, well, good. Very good. We’re very impressed, aren’t we, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Deeply; hugely.

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

SHERLOCK: I’m so sorry, Major.

BARRYMORE: Inspections?!

SHERLOCK: New policy. Can’t remain unmonitored forever. Goodness knows *what* you’d get up to. Keep walking.

LYONS: Sir! ID unauthorised, sir.

BARRYMORE: What?

LYONS: I’ve just had the call.

BARRYMORE: Is that right? Who are you?

JOHN: Look, there’s obviously been some kind of mistake.

BARRYMORE: Clearly not Mycroft Holmes.

JOHN: Computer error, Major. It’ll all have to go in the report.

BARRYMORE: What the *hell’s* going on?!

FRANKLAND: It’s all right, Major. I know *exactly* who these gentlemen are.

BARRYMORE: You do?

FRANKLAND: Yeah. I’m getting a little slow on faces but Mr Holmes here isn’t someone I expected to show up in this place.

SHERLOCK: Ah, well ...

FRANKLAND: Good to see you again, Mycroft. I had the honour of meeting Mr Holmes at the W.H.O. conference in ... Brussels, was it?

SHERLOCK: Vienna.

FRANKLAND: Vienna, that’s it. This is Mr Mycroft Holmes, Major. There’s obviously been a mistake.

BARRYMORE: On your head be it, Doctor Frankland.

FRANKLAND: I’ll show them out, Corporal.

LYONS: Very well, sir.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

FRANKLAND: This is about Henry Knight, isn’t it? I *thought* so. I knew he wanted help but I didn’t realise he was going to contact Sherlock Holmes! Oh, don’t worry. I know who you really are. I’m never off your website. Thought you’d be wearing the hat, though.

SHERLOCK: That wasn’t my hat.

FRANKLAND: I hardly recognise him without the hat!

SHERLOCK: It wasn’t my hat.

FRANKLAND: I love the blog too, Doctor Watson.

JOHN: Oh, cheers!

FRANKLAND: The, er, the Pink thing ...

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

FRANKLAND: ... and that one about the aluminium crutch!

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: You know Henry Knight?

FRANKLAND: Well, I knew his dad better. He had all sorts of mad theories about this place. Still, he was a good friend. Listen, I can’t really talk now. Here’s my, er, cell number. If I could help with Henry, give me a call.

SHERLOCK: I never did ask, Doctor Frankland. What exactly is it that you do here?

FRANKLAND: Oh, Mr Holmes, I would love to tell you – but then, of course, I’d have to kill you!

SHERLOCK: That would be tremendously ambitious of you. Tell me about Doctor Stapleton.

FRANKLAND: Never speak ill of a colleague.

SHERLOCK: Yet you’d speak well of one, which you’re clearly omitting to do.

FRANKLAND: I *do* seem to be, don’t I?

SHERLOCK: I’ll be in touch.

FRANKLAND: Any time.

JOHN: So?

SHERLOCK: So?

JOHN: What was all that about the rabbit? Oh, please, can we not do this, this time?

SHERLOCK: Do what?

JOHN: You being all mysterious with your cheekbones and turning your coat collar up so you look cool.

SHERLOCK: ... I don’t do that.

JOHN: Yeah you do.

JOHN: So, the email from Kirsty – the, er, 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 that Doctor Stapleton performs secret genetic experiments on animals. The question is: has she been working on something deadlier than a rabbit?

JOHN: To be fair, that is quite a wide field.

HENRY: Hi.

JOHN: Hi.

HENRY: Come in, come in.

JOHN: This is, uh ... Are you, um ... rich?

HENRY: Yeah.

JOHN: Right.

HENRY: It’s-it’s a couple of words. It’s what I keep seeing. “Liberty” ...

JOHN: Liberty.

HENRY: “Liberty” and ... “in.” It’s just that. Are you finished?

JOHN: Mmm. Mean anything to you?

SHERLOCK: “Liberty in death” – isn’t that the expression? The only true freedom.

HENRY: What now, then?

JOHN: Sherlock’s got a plan.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

HENRY: Right.

SHERLOCK: We take you back out onto the moor ...

HENRY: Okay ...

SHERLOCK: ... and see if anything attacks you.

JOHN: What?!

SHERLOCK: That should bring things to a head.

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

SHERLOCK: Mmm.

JOHN: *That’s* your plan? Brilliant(!)

SHERLOCK: Got any better ideas?

JOHN: That’s not a plan.

SHERLOCK: Listen, if there *is* a monster out there, John, there’s only one thing to do: find out where it lives.

JOHN: Sher... U ... M ... Q ... R ... A. U, M, Q, R, A. Umqra? Sherlock ... Sherlock ... Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Met a friend of yours.

HENRY: What?

SHERLOCK: Doctor Frankland.

HENRY: Oh, right. Bob, yeah.

SHERLOCK: 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: Well, mates are mates, aren’t they? I mean, look at you and John.

SHERLOCK: What about us?

HENRY: Well, I mean, he’s a pretty straightforward bloke, and you ... They agreed never to talk about work, Uncle Bob and my dad. Dewer’s Hollow.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

HENRY: Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Did you see it?

JOHN: Did you hear that?

HENRY: We saw it. We *saw* it.

SHERLOCK: No. I didn’t see anything.

HENRY: What? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK: I didn’t. See. Anything.

HENRY: Look, he must have seen it. I saw it – he must have. He *must* have. I can’t ... Why? Why? Why would he say that? It-it-it-it it *was* there. It *was.*

JOHN: Henry, Henry, I need you to sit down, try and relax, please.

HENRY: I’m okay, I’m okay.

JOHN: Listen, I’m gonna give you something to help you sleep, all right?

HENRY: This is good news, John. It’s-it’s-it’s good. I’m not crazy. There *is* a hound, there ... there *is*. And Sherlock – he saw it too. No matter what he said, he saw it.

JOHN: Well, he is in a pretty bad way. He’s manic, totally convinced there’s some mutant super-dog roaming the moors. And there isn’t, though, is there? ’Cause if people knew how to make a mutant super-dog, we’d know. They’d be for *sale*. I mean, that’s how it works. Er, listen: er, on the moor I saw someone signalling. Er, Morse – I *guess* it’s Morse. Doesn’t seem to make much sense. Er, U, M, Q, R, A. Does that mean ... anything ... So, okay, what have we got? We know there’s footprints, ’cause Henry found them; so did the tour guide bloke. We all heard something. Maybe we should just look for whoever’s got a big dog.

SHERLOCK: Henry’s right.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I saw it too.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I saw it too, John.

JOHN: Just ... just a minute. You saw what?

SHERLOCK: A hound, out there in the Hollow. A gigantic hound.

JOHN: Um, look, Sherlock, we have to be rational about this, okay? Now you, of all people, can’t just ... Let’s just stick to what we know, yes? Stick to the facts.

SHERLOCK: Once you’ve ruled out the impossible, whatever remains – however improbable – must be true.

JOHN: What does that mean?

SHERLOCK: Look at me. I’m afraid, John. Afraid.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Always been able to keep myself distant ... divorce myself from ... *feelings*. But look, you see ... body’s betraying me. Interesting, yes? Emotions. The grit on the lens, the fly in the ointment.

JOHN: Yeah, all right, Spock, just ... take it easy. You’ve been pretty wired lately, you know you have. I think you’ve just gone out there and got yourself a bit worked up.

SHERLOCK: Worked ... up?

JOHN: It was dark and scary ...

SHERLOCK: Me?! There’s nothing wrong with me.

JOHN: Sherlock ... Sher...

SHERLOCK: *THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME!* *DO YOU UNDERSTAND?* You want me to prove it, yes? We’re looking for a dog, yes, a great big dog, that’s your brilliant theory. Cherchez le chien. Good, excellent, yes, where shall we start? How about them? 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 exactly what we’re looking for.

JOHN: Oh, Sherlock, for God’s sake ...

SHERLOCK: Look at the jumper he’s wearing. Hardly worn. Clearly he’s uncomfortable in it. Maybe it’s because of the material; more likely the hideous pattern, suggesting it’s a present, 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 he’s trying to economise on his own food.

JOHN: Well, maybe he’s just not hungry.

SHERLOCK: No, small plate. Starter. He’s practically licked it clean. She’s nearly finished her pavlova. If she’d treated him, he’d have had as much as he wanted. He’s hungry all right, and not well-off – you can tell that by the state of his cuffs and shoes. “How d’you know she’s his mother?” Who else would give him a Christmas present like that? Well, it could be an aunt or an elder sister, but mother’s more likely. Now, he *was* a fisherman. Scarring pattern on his hands, very distinctive – fish hooks. They’re all quite old now, which suggests he’s been unemployed for some time. Not much industry in this part of the world, so he’s turned to his widowed mother for help. “Widowed?” Yes, obviously. She’s got a man’s wedding ring on a chain round her neck – clearly her late husband’s and too big for her finger. She’s well-dressed but her jewellery’s cheap. She could afford better, but she’s kept it – it’s sentimental. Now, the dog ... tiny little hairs all over the leg from where it gets a little bit too friendly, but no hairs above the knees, suggesting it’s a small dog, probably a terrier. In fact it *is* – a West Highland terrier called Whisky. “How the hell do you know that, Sherlock?” ’Cause she was 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 *am* fine, in fact I’ve never been better, so just *Leave. Me. Alone.*

JOHN: Yeah. Okay. Okay. And why would you listen to me? I’m just your friend.

SHERLOCK: I don’t have *friends*.

JOHN: Naah. Wonder why?

WOMAN’s VOICE: Oh! Mr Selden! You’ve done it again!

MAN’s VOICE: Oh, I keep catching it with my belt.

JOHN: Oh, God. Sh...

JOHN: So? Ooh, you’re a bad man.

MORTIMER: That’s so mean!

JOHN: Um, more wine, Doctor?

MORTIMER: Are you trying to get me drunk, Doctor?

JOHN: The thought never occurred!

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

JOHN: Ooh! Where did I go wrong?

MORTIMER: When you started asking me about my patients.

JOHN: Well, you see, I am one of Henry’s oldest friends.

MORTIMER: Yeah, and he’s one of my patients, so I can’t talk about him.

JOHN: Mmm.

MORTIMER: Although he has *told* me about all his oldest friends. Which one are you?

JOHN: A new one? Okay, what about his father? He wasn’t one of your patients. Wasn’t he some sort of conspiracy nutter ... theorist?

MORTIMER: You’re only a nutter if you’re wrong.

JOHN: Mmm. And was he wrong?

MORTIMER: I should think so!

JOHN: But he got fixated on Baskerville, didn’t he? With what they were doing in there ... Couldn’t Henry have gone the same way, started imagining a hound?

MORTIMER: Why d’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 ... and because I have another friend who might be having the same problem.

FRANKLAND: Doctor Watson!

JOHN: Hi.

FRANKLAND: Hello. How’s the investigation going?

JOHN: Hello.

MORTIMER: What? Investigation?

FRANKLAND: Didn’t you know? Don’t you read the blog? Sherlock Holmes!

JOHN: It’s ...

MORTIMER: Sherlock who?

JOHN: No, it’s ...

FRANKLAND: Private detective! This is his PA!

JOHN: PA?

FRANKLAND: Well, *live-in* PA.

JOHN: Perfect(!)

MORTIMER: Live-in.

JOHN: This is Doctor Mortimer, Henry’s therapist.

FRANKLAND: Oh, hello. Bob Frankland. Listen, tell Sherlock I’ve been keeping an eye on Stapleton. Any time he wants a little chat ... right?

JOHN: Mmm. Oh.

MORTIMER: Why don’t you buy *him* a drink? I think he likes you.

SHERLOCK: Morning! Oh, how are you feeling?

HENRY: I’m ... I didn’t sleep very well.

SHERLOCK: That’s a shame. Shall I make you some coffee? Oh look, you’ve got damp!

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?

SHERLOCK: It’s odd, isn’t it? Strange choice of words – archaic. It’s why I took the case. “Mr Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound.” Why say “hound”?

HENRY: I don’t know! I ...

SHERLOCK: Actually, I’d better skip the coffee.

SHERLOCK: Did you, er, get anywhere with that Morse code?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: U, M, Q, R, A, wasn’t it? UMQRA.

JOHN: Nothing.

SHERLOCK: U.M.Q...

JOHN: Look, forget it. It’s ... I thought I was on to something. I wasn’t.

SHERLOCK: Sure?

JOHN: Yeah.

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

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Too bad. Did you get any information?

JOHN: You being funny now?

SHERLOCK: Thought it might break the ice a bit.

JOHN: Funny doesn’t suit you. I’d stick to ice.

SHERLOCK: John ...

JOHN: It’s fine.

SHERLOCK: No, wait. What happened last night ... Something happened to me; something I’ve not really experienced before ...

JOHN: Yes, you said: fear. Sherlock Holmes got scared. You said.

SHERLOCK: No-no-no, it was more than that, John. It was doubt. I felt doubt. I’ve *always* been able to trust my senses, the evidence of my own eyes, until last night.

JOHN: You can’t actually believe that you saw some kind of monster.

SHERLOCK: No, I *can’t* believe that. But I did see it, so the question is: how? *How?*

JOHN: Yes. Yeah, right, good. So you’ve got something to go on, then? Good luck with that.

SHERLOCK: Listen, what I said before, John. I meant it. I don’t have friends. I’ve just got *one.*

JOHN: Right.

SHERLOCK: John? John! You are amazing! You are fantastic!

JOHN: Yes, all right! You don’t have to overdo it.

SHERLOCK: You’ve never been the most luminous of people, but as a conductor of light you are unbeatable.

JOHN: Cheers. ... What?

SHERLOCK: Some people who aren’t geniuses have an amazing ability to stimulate it in others.

JOHN: Hang on – you were saying “Sorry” a minute ago. Don’t spoil it. Go on: what have I done that’s so bloody stimulating? Yeah?

SHERLOCK: But what if it’s not a word? What if it is individual letters?

JOHN: You think it’s an acronym?

SHERLOCK: *Absolutely* no idea but ... What the hell are *you* doing here?

LESTRADE: Well, nice to see you too(!) I’m on holiday, would you believe?

SHERLOCK: No, I wouldn’t.

LESTRADE: Hullo, John.

JOHN: Greg!

LESTRADE: I heard you were in the area. What are 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’ve told you: I’m on holiday.

SHERLOCK: You’re brown as a nut. You’re clearly just *back* from your ‘holidays.’

LESTRADE: Yeah, well I fancied another one.

SHERLOCK: Oh, this is Mycroft, isn’t it?

LESTRADE: No, look ...

SHERLOCK: Of *course* it is! One mention of Baskerville and he sends down my handler to ... to spy on me incognito. Is that why you’re calling yourself Greg?

JOHN: That’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 could be just the man we want.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JOHN: Well, I’ve not been idle, Sherlock. I think I might have found something. Here. Didn’t know if it was relevant; starting to look like it might be. That is an awful lot of meat for a vegetarian restaurant.

SHERLOCK: Excellent.

JOHN: Nice scary inspector from Scotland Yard who can put in a few calls might come in very handy. Shop!

JOHN: What’s this?

SHERLOCK: Coffee. I made coffee.

JOHN: You *never* make coffee.

SHERLOCK: I just did. Don’t you want it?

JOHN: You don’t have to keep apologising. Thanks. Mm. I don’t take sugar ...

LESTRADE: These records go back nearly two months.

JOHN: That’s nice. That’s good.

LESTRADE: Is that when you had the idea, after the TV show went out?

BILLY: It’s me. It was me. I’m sorry, Gary – I couldn’t help it. I had a bacon sandwich at Cal’s wedding and one thing just led to another ...

LESTRADE: Nice try.

GARY: Look, we were just trying to give things a bit of a boost, you know? A great big dog run wild up on the moor – it was heaven-sent. It was like us having our own Loch Ness Monster.

LESTRADE: Where do you keep it?

GARY: There’s an old mineshaft. It’s not too far. It was all right there.

SHERLOCK: “Was”?

GARY: We couldn’t control the bloody thing. It was vicious. And then, a month ago, Billy took him to the vet and, er ... you know.

JOHN: It’s dead?

GARY: Put down.

BILLY: Yeah. No choice. So it’s over.

GARY: It was just a joke, you know?

LESTRADE: Yeah, hilarious(!) You’ve nearly driven a man out of his mind.

JOHN: You 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. Appeals to his ... his ...

JOHN: ... Asperger’s?

LESTRADE: So, you believe him about having the dog destroyed?

SHERLOCK: No reason not to.

LESTRADE: Well, hopefully there’s no harm done. Not quite sure what I’d charge him with anyway. I’ll have a word with the local Force. Right, that’s that, then. Catch you later. I’m enjoying this! It’s nice to get London out of your lungs!

JOHN: So that was their dog that people saw out on the moor?

SHERLOCK: Looks like it.

JOHN: But that wasn’t what *you* saw. That wasn’t just an ordinary dog.

SHERLOCK: No. It was immense, had burning red eyes and it was glowing, John. Its whole body was glowing. I’ve got a theory but I need to get back into Baskerville to test it.

JOHN: How? Can’t pull off the ID trick again.

SHERLOCK: Might not have to. Hello, brother dear. How *are* you?

SECURITY GUARD: Afternoon, sir. If you could turn the engine off. Thank you.

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

JOHN: Right.

SHERLOCK: Which means you’ll have to start the search for the hound.

JOHN: Okay.

SHERLOCK: In the labs; Stapleton’s first. Could be dangerous.

BARRYMORE: Oh, 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 of anything so bizarre.

SHERLOCK: You’re to give me twenty-four hours. It’s what I’ve ... negotiated.

BARRYMORE: 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 you expect to find here anyway.

SHERLOCK: Perhaps the truth.

BARRYMORE: About what? Oh, I see. The big coat should have told me. You’re one of the conspiracy lot, aren’t you? Well, then, go ahead, seek them out: the monsters, the death rays, the aliens.

SHERLOCK: Have you got any of those? Oh, just wondering.

BARRYMORE: A couple. Crash landed here in the sixties. We call them Abbott and Costello. Good luck, Mr Holmes.

HENRY: Oh, *God*!

JOHN: Oh, no! Jesus! Ow! Come on. What the f...? Hello? No, come on, come on. No, you ... Don’t be ridiculous, pick up. Oh, dammit! Right. Oh sh... Okay ... It’s here. It’s in here with me.

SHERLOCK: Where are you?

JOHN: Get me out, Sherlock. You have got to get me out. The big lab: the first lab that we saw.

SHERLOCK: John? John?

JOHN: Now, Sherlock. *Please*.

SHERLOCK: All right, I’ll find you. Keep talking.

JOHN: I can’t. It’ll hear me.

SHERLOCK: *Keep talking*. What are you seeing? John?

JOHN: Yes, I’m here.

SHERLOCK: What can you see?

JOHN: I don’t know. I don’t know, but I can hear it, though. Did you hear that?

SHERLOCK: Stay calm, stay calm. Can you see it? Can you *see* it?

JOHN: No. I can... I *can* see it. It’s here. It’s here.

SHERLOCK: Are you all right? John ...

JOHN: Jesus Christ ... It was the hound, Sherlock. It was here. I swear it, Sherlock. It must ... It must ... Did ... did ... did you see it? You *must* have!

SHERLOCK: It’s all right. It’s okay now.

JOHN: *NO IT’S NOT! IT’S NOT OKAY! I saw it. I was wrong!*

SHERLOCK: Well, let’s not jump to conclusions.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: What did you see?

JOHN: I told you: I saw the hound.

SHERLOCK: Huge; red eyes?

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Glowing?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I made up the bit about glowing. You saw what you expected to see because I *told* you. You have been drugged. We have *all* been drugged.

JOHN: Drugged?

SHERLOCK: Can you walk?

JOHN: ’Course I can walk.

SHERLOCK: Come on, then. It’s time to lay this ghost.

STAPLETON: Oh. Back again? What’s on your mind this time?

SHERLOCK: Murder, Doctor Stapleton. Refined, cold-blooded murder. Will *you* tell little Kirsty what happened to Bluebell or shall I?

STAPLETON: Okay. What do you want?

SHERLOCK: Can I borrow your microscope?

STAPLETON: Are you *sure* you’re okay? You look very peaky.

JOHN: No, I’m all right.

STAPLETON: It was the GFP gene from a jellyfish, in case you’re interested.

JOHN: What?

STAPLETON: In the rabbits.

JOHN: Mmm, right, yes.

STAPLETON: Aequoria Victoria, if you really want to know.

JOHN: 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 then. You can trust me – I’m a doctor. What else have you got hidden away up here?

STAPLETON: Listen: if you can imagine it, someone is probably doing it somewhere. Of *course* they are.

JOHN: And cloning?

STAPLETON: Yes, of course. Dolly the Sheep, remember?

JOHN: Human cloning?

STAPLETON: Why not?

JOHN: What about animals? Not sheep ... 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.

SHERLOCK: It’s not there!

JOHN: Jesus!

SHERLOCK: Nothing there! Doesn’t make any sense.

STAPLETON: What were you expecting to find?

SHERLOCK: A drug, of course. There has to be a drug – a hallucinogenic or a deliriant of some kind. There’s no trace of anything in the sugar.

JOHN: Sugar?

SHERLOCK: The sugar, yes. It’s a simple process of elimination. I saw the hound – saw it as my imagination expected me to see it: a genetically engineered monster. But I knew I couldn’t believe the evidence of my own eyes, so there were seven possible reasons for it, the most possible being narcotics. Henry Knight – he saw it too but you didn’t, John. You didn’t see it. Now, we have eaten and drunk exactly the same things since we got to Grimpen apart from one thing: you don’t take sugar in your coffee.

JOHN: I see. So ...

SHERLOCK: I took it from Henry’s kitchen – his sugar. It’s perfectly all right.

JOHN: But maybe it’s not a drug.

SHERLOCK: No, it *has* to be a drug. But how did it get into our systems. *How?* There has to be something ... something ... ah, something ... something buried deep. Get out.

STAPLETON: What?

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

STAPLETON: Your what?

JOHN: He’s not gonna be doing much talking for a while. We may as well go.

STAPLETON: His what?

JOHN: Oh, his mind palace. It’s a memory technique – a sort of mental map. You plot a map with a location – it doesn’t have to be a real place – and then you deposit memories there that ... Theoretically, you can never forget anything; all you have to do is find your way back to it.

STAPLETON: So this imaginary location can be anything – a house or a street.

JOHN: Yeah.

STAPLETON: But he said “palace.” He said it was a *palace*.

JOHN: Yeah, well, he would, wouldn’t he?

HENRY: Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. I am so ... I am so sorry. I am so sorry.

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Yeah, I’m on it.

SHERLOCK: Project HOUND. Must have read about it and stored it away. An experiment in a CIA facility in Liberty, Indiana. H, O, U, N, D.

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

JOHN: Well, there must be an override and password.

STAPLETON: I imagine so, but that’d be Major Barrymore’s.

SHERLOCK: Password, password, password. He sat here when he thought it up. Describe him to me.

STAPLETON: You’ve seen him.

SHERLOCK: But *describe* him.

STAPLETON: Er, he’s a bloody martinet, a throw-back, the sort of man they’d have sent into Suez.

SHERLOCK: Good, excellent. Old-fashioned, traditionalist; not the sort that would use his children’s names as a password. He loves his job; proud of it and this is work-related, so what’s at eye level? Books. Jane’s Defence Weekly – bound copies. Hannibal; Wellington; Rommel; Churchill’s “History of the English-Speaking Peoples” – all four volumes. Churchill – well, he’s fond of Churchill. Copy of “The Downing Street Years”; one, two, three, four, five separate biographies of Thatcher. Mid 1980s at a guess. Father and son: Barrymore senior. Medals: Distinguished Service Order.

JOHN: That date? I’d say Falklands veteran.

SHERLOCK: Right. So Thatcher’s looking a more likely bet than Churchill.

STAPLETON: So that’s the password?

SHERLOCK: No. With a man like Major Barrymore, only first name terms would do.

STAPLETON: HOUND.

JOHN: Jesus.

SHERLOCK: Project HOUND: a new deliriant drug which rendered its users incredibly suggestible. They wanted to use it as an anti-personnel weapon to totally disorientate the enemy using fear and stimulus; but they shut it down and hid it away in 1986.

STAPLETON: Because of what it did to the subjects they tested it on.

SHERLOCK: 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: Those names mean anything to you?

STAPLETON: No, not a thing.

SHERLOCK: Five principal scientists, twenty years ago. Maybe our friend’s somewhere in the back of the picture – someone who was old enough to be there at the time of the experiments in 1986 ... Maybe somebody who says *“cell phone”* because of time spent in America. You remember, John?

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

FRANKLAND: Here’s my, er, cell number.

SHERLOCK: He gave us his number in case we needed him.

STAPLETON: Oh my God. Bob Frankland. But Bob doesn’t even work on ... I mean, he’s a virologist. This was *chemical* warfare.

SHERLOCK: It’s where he started, though ... and he’s never lost the certainty, the obsession that that drug really could work. Nice of him to give us his number. Let’s arrange a little meeting.

JOHN: Hello? Who’s this?

MORTIMER: You’ve got to find Henry.

JOHN: It’s Louise Mortimer. Louise, what’s wrong?

MORTIMER: Henry was ... was remembering; then ... he tried ... He’s got a gun. He went for the gun and tried to ...

JOHN: What?

MORTIMER: He’s gone. You’ve got to stop him. I don’t know what he might do.

JOHN: Where-where are you?

MORTIMER: His house. I’m okay, I’m okay.

JOHN: Right: stay there. We’ll get someone to you, okay?

SHERLOCK: Henry?

JOHN: He’s attacked her.

SHERLOCK: Gone?

JOHN: Mmm.

SHERLOCK: There’s only one place he’ll go to: back to where it all started. Lestrade. Get to the Hollow. ... Dewer’s Hollow, now. And bring a gun.

HENRY: I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, Dad.

SHERLOCK: No, Henry, no! No!

HENRY: Get back. Get – get away from me!

JOHN: Easy, Henry. Easy. Just relax.

HENRY: I know what I am. I know what I tried to do!

JOHN: Just put the gun down. It’s okay.

HENRY: No, no, I know what I am!

SHERLOCK: Yes, I’m sure you do, Henry. It’s all been explained to you, hasn’t it – explained *very* carefully.

HENRY: What?

SHERLOCK: Someone needed to keep you quiet; needed to keep you as a child to reassert the dream that you’d both clung on to, because you had started to remember. Remember now, Henry. You’ve *got* to remember what happened here when you were a little boy.

HENRY: I thought it had got my dad – the hound. I thought ... Oh Je... oh Jesus, I don’t – *I don’t know any more!*

JOHN: No, Henry! Henry, for God’s sake!

SHERLOCK: Henry, remember. “Liberty In.” Two words; two words a frightened little boy saw here twenty years ago. You’d started to piece things together, remember what *really* happened here that night. It wasn’t an animal, was it, Henry? Not a monster. A *man.* You couldn’t cope. You were just a child, so you rationalised it into something very different. But then you started to remember, so you had to be stopped; driven out of your mind so that no-one would believe a word that you said.

LESTRADE: Sherlock!

JOHN: Okay, it’s okay, mate.

HENRY: But we saw it: the hound, last night. We s... we, we, we *did*, we saw ...

SHERLOCK: Yeah, but there *was* a dog, Henry, leaving footprints, scaring witnesses, but it was nothing more than an ordinary dog. We both saw it – saw it as our drugged minds wanted us to see it. Fear and stimulus; that’s how it works. But there never was any monster.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

HENRY: No. No, no, no, no!

SHERLOCK: Henry, Henry ...

JOHN: Sherlock ... Henry!

LESTRADE: Shit!

JOHN: Greg, are you seeing this? Right: he is not drugged, Sherlock, so what’s that? *What is it?!*

SHERLOCK: All right! It’s still here ... but it’s just a dog. Henry! It’s nothing more than an ordinary dog!

LESTRADE: Oh my *God.* Oh, Christ!

SHERLOCK: No! It’s not you! *You’re not here!* The fog.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: It’s the fog! The drug: it’s in the fog! Aerosol dispersal – that’s what it said in those records. Project HOUND – it’s the fog! A chemical minefield!

FRANKLAND: For God’s sake, kill it! Kill it!

SHERLOCK: Look at it, Henry.

HENRY: No, no, no!

SHERLOCK: Come on, *look* at it!

HENRY: It’s just ... You bastard. You *bastard!* Twenty years! Twenty years of my life making no sense! Why didn’t you just kill me?!

SHERLOCK: Because dead men get listened to. He needed to do more than kill you. He had to discredit every word you ever said about your father, and he had the means right at his feet – a chemical minefield; pressure pads in the ground dosing you up every time that you came back here. 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: *Timing.*

SHERLOCK: Not good?

HENRY: No, no, it’s – it’s okay. It’s fine, because this means ... this means that my dad was *right.* He found something out, didn’t he, and that’s why you’d killed him – because he was *right*, and he’d found you right in the middle of an experiment.

SHERLOCK: Frankland! Frankland!

LESTRADE: Come on, keep up!

SHERLOCK: It’s no use, Frankland!

JOHN: Mmm. Thanks, Billy.

SHERLOCK: So they didn’t have it put down, then – 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!

SHERLOCK: Oh.

JOHN: Listen: what happened to me in the lab?

SHERLOCK: D’you want some sauce with that?

JOHN: I mean, I hadn’t been to the Hollow, so how come I heard those things in there? Fear and stimulus, you said.

SHERLOCK: You must have been dosed with it elsewhere, when you went to the lab, maybe. You saw those pipes – pretty ancient, leaky as a sieve; and they were carrying the gas, so ... Um, ketchup, was it, or brown ...?

JOHN: Hang on: you thought it was in the sugar. You were *convinced* it was in the sugar.

SHERLOCK: Better get going, actually. There’s a train that leaves in half an hour, so if you want ...

JOHN: Oh God. It was you. *You* locked me in that bloody lab.

SHERLOCK: I *had* to. It was an experiment.

JOHN: An *experiment*?!

SHERLOCK: Shhh.

JOHN: I was terrified, Sherlock. I was scared to death.

SHERLOCK: I thought that 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 – well, *literally.*

JOHN: It’s in here with me.

SHERLOCK: All right. Keep talking. I’ll find you. Keep talking!

JOHN: I can’t, it’ll hear me.

SHERLOCK: Tell me what you’re seeing!

JOHN: I don’t know, but I can hear it now.

SHERLOCK: Well, I knew what effect it had had on a superior mind, so I needed to try it on an average one. You know what I mean.

JOHN: But it wasn’t *in* the sugar.

SHERLOCK: No, well, I wasn’t to know you’d already been exposed to the gas.

JOHN: So you got it wrong.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Mmm. You were wrong. It wasn’t in the sugar. You got it *wrong*.

SHERLOCK: A bit. It won’t happen again.

JOHN: Any long-term effects?

SHERLOCK: None at all. You’ll be fine once you’ve excreted it. We all will.

JOHN: Think I might have taken care of that already. Where’re you going?

SHERLOCK: Won’t be a minute. Gotta see a man about a dog.

MYCROFT: All right. Let him go.

**The Reichenbach Fall**

ELLA: Why today?

JOHN: D’you want to hear me say it?

ELLA: Eighteen months since our last appointment.

JOHN: D’you read the papers?

ELLA: Sometimes.

JOHN: Mmm, and you watch telly? You *know* why I’m here. I’m here because ...

ELLA: What happened, John?

JOHN: Sher...

ELLA: You need to get it out.

JOHN: My best friend ... Sherlock Holmes ... is dead.

GALLERY DIRECTOR: *Falls of the Reichenbach*, Turner’s masterpiece, thankfully recovered owing to the prodigious talent of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. A small token of our gratitude.

SHERLOCK: Diamond cufflinks. All my cuffs have buttons.

JOHN: He means thank you.

SHERLOCK: Do I?

JOHN: Just say it.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

JOHN: Hey.

FATHER: Back together with my family after my terrifying ordeal; and we have one person to thank for my deliverance – Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Tie pin. I don’t wear ties.

JOHN: Shh.

LESTRADE: Peter Ricoletti: number one on Interpol’s Most Wanted list since 1982. But we got him; and there’s one person we have to thank for giving us the decisive leads ... with all his customary diplomacy and tact(!)

JOHN: Sarcasm.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

LESTRADE: We all chipped in.

SHERLOCK: Oh!

FIRST REPORTER: Put the hat on!

SECOND REPORTER: Put the hat on!

LESTRADE: Yeah, Sherlock, put it on!

JOHN: Just get it over with.

SHERLOCK: “Boffin.” “Boffin Sherlock Holmes.”

JOHN: Everybody gets *one*.

SHERLOCK: One what?

JOHN: Tabloid nickname: ‘SuBo’; ‘Nasty Nick.’ Shouldn’t worry – I’ll probably get one soon.

SHERLOCK: Page five, column six, first sentence. Why is it always the hat photograph?

JOHN: “*Bachelor* John Watson”?

SHERLOCK: What sort of hat is it anyway?

JOHN: “Bachelor”? What the hell are they implying?

SHERLOCK: Is it a cap? Why has it got two fronts?

JOHN: It’s a deerstalker. “Frequently seen in the company of bachelor John Watson ...”

SHERLOCK: You stalk a deer with a hat? What are you gonna do – throw it?

JOHN: “... *confirmed* bachelor John Watson”!

SHERLOCK: Some sort of death frisbee?

JOHN: Okay, this is too much. We need to be more careful.

SHERLOCK: It’s got flaps ... ear flaps. It’s an *ear* hat, John. What do you mean, “more careful”?

JOHN: I mean this isn’t a deerstalker now; it’s a Sherlock Holmes hat. I mean that you’re not exactly a *private* detective any more. You’re this far from famous.

SHERLOCK: Oh, it’ll pass.

JOHN: It’d *better* pass. The press *will* turn, Sherlock. They always turn, and they’ll turn on *you*.

SHERLOCK: It really bothers you.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: What people say.

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: About me? I don’t understand – why would it upset *you*?

JOHN: Just try to keep a low profile. Find yourself a *little* case this week. Stay out of the news.

JOHN: It’s your phone.

SHERLOCK: Mm. Keeps doing that.

JOHN: So, did you just talk to him for a really long time?

SHERLOCK: Oh. Henry Fishgard never committed suicide. Bow Street Runners: missed everything.

JOHN: Pressing case, is it?(!)

SHERLOCK: They’re all pressing ’til they’re solved.

SECURITY MAN: Put this in your bag, please. Excuse me, sir. Any metal objects – keys, mobile phones? You can go through. Thank you.

SURVEILLANCE MAN 1: Fancy a cuppa, then, mate?

SURVEILLANCE MAN 2: Yeah, why not?

BANK DIRECTOR: Gilts at seven; Dutch telecoms in freefall. Thank you, Harvey.

PRISON GOVERNOR: What do you say: refuse them all parole and bring back the rope(!) Let’s begin.

VOICE: This is an emergency. Please leave the building.

SECURITY GUARD: Sir, I’m gonna have to ask you to leave.

DONOVAN: Sir, there’s been a break-in.

LESTRADE: Not our division.

DONOVAN: You’ll want it.

BANK DIRECTOR: The vault!

LESTRADE: Hacked into the Tower of bloody London security?! How?! Tell them we’re already on our way.

DONOVAN: There’s been another one; another break-in. Bank of England!

PRISON WARDER: Sir, security’s down, sir. It’s failing!

LESTRADE: What is it now?

DONOVAN: Pentonville Prison!

LESTRADE: Oh no!

JIM: No rush.

JOHN: I’ll get it, shall I? Here.

SHERLOCK: Not now, I’m busy.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Not *now*.

JOHN: He’s back.

LESTRADE: That glass is tougher than anything.

SHERLOCK: Not tougher than crystallised carbon. He used a diamond.

JOHN: Ready?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Get in. Remember ...

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Remember ...

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Remember what they told you: don’t try to be clever ...

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: ... and *please*, just keep it simple and brief.

SHERLOCK: God forbid the star witness at the trial should come across as intelligent.

JOHN: ‘Intelligent,’ fine; let’s give ‘smart-arse’ a wide berth.

SHERLOCK: I’ll just be myself.

JOHN: Are you listening to me?!

ITN REPORTER: ... here today standing outside ...

SKY NEWS REPORTER: ... This is the trial of the century ...

BBC NEWS REPORTER: ... the trial of James Moriarty ...

SKY NEWS REPORTER: ... James Moriarty, earlier today accused of attempt...

ITN REPORTER: ... of attempting to steal the Crown Jewels ...

BBC NEWS REPORTER: ... at the Old Bailey we have Reichenbach Hero Sherlock Holmes ...

JIM: Would you mind slipping your hand into my pocket? Thanks.

TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT: Crown versus Moriarty – please proceed to Court Ten.

KITTY: You’re him.

SHERLOCK: Wrong toilet.

KITTY: I’m a *big* fan.

SHERLOCK: Evidently.

KITTY: I read your cases; follow them all. Sign my shirt, would you?

SHERLOCK: There are two types of fans.

KITTY: Oh?

SHERLOCK: “Catch me before I kill again” – Type A ...

KITTY: Uh-huh. What’s Type B?

SHERLOCK: “Your bedroom’s just a taxi ride away.”

KITTY: Guess which one I am.

SHERLOCK: Neither.

KITTY: Really?

SHERLOCK: No. You’re not a fan at all. Those marks on your forearm: edge of a desk. You’ve been typing in a hurry, probably. Pressure on; facing a deadline.

KITTY: That all?

SHERLOCK: And there’s a smudge of ink on your wrist; and a bulge in your left jacket pocket.

KITTY: Bit of a giveaway.

SHERLOCK: The smudge is deliberate, to see if I’m as good as they say I am. Hmm. Oil-based, used in newspaper print, but drawn on with an index finger; *your* finger.

KITTY: Hmm!

SHERLOCK: Journalist. Unlikely you’d get your hands dirty at the press. You put that there to test me.

KITTY: Wow, I’m liking you!

SHERLOCK: You mean I’d make a great feature: “Sherlock Holmes – the man beneath the hat.”

KITTY: Kitty ... Riley. Pleased to meet you.

SHERLOCK: No. I’m just saving you the trouble of asking. No, I won’t give you an interview; no, I don’t want the money.

KITTY: You and John Watson – just platonic? Can I put you down for a “no” there, as well? There’s all sorts of gossip in the press about you. Sooner or later you’re gonna need someone on your side ... someone to set the record straight.

SHERLOCK: And you think you’re the girl for that job, do you?

KITTY: I’m smart, and you can trust me, totally.

SHERLOCK: Smart, okay: investigative journalist. Good. Well, look at me and tell me what you see. If you’re that skilful, you don’t need an interview. You can just *read* what you need. No? Okay, my turn. I look at you and I see someone who’s still waiting for their first big scoop so that their editor will notice them. You’re wearing an expensive skirt but it’s been re-hemmed twice; only posh skirt you’ve got. And your nails: you can’t afford to do them that often. I see someone who’s hungry. I don’t see smart, and I *definitely* don’t see trustworthy, but I’ll give you a quote if you like – three little words. You ... repel ... me.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: A “consulting criminal.”

SHERLOCK: Yes.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: Your words. Can you expand on that answer?

SHERLOCK: James Moriarty is for hire.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: A tradesman?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: But not the sort who’d fix your heating.

SHERLOCK: No, the sort who’d plant a bomb or stage an assassination, but I’m sure he’d make a pretty decent job of your boiler.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: Would you describe him as ...

SHERLOCK: Leading.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: What?

SHERLOCK: Can’t do that. You’re leading the witness. He’ll object and the judge will uphold.

JUDGE: Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Ask me how. *How* would I describe him? What opinion have I formed of him? Do they not teach you this?

JUDGE: Mr Holmes, we’re fine without your help.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: *How* would you describe this man – his character?

SHERLOCK: First mistake. James Moriarty isn’t a man at all – he’s a spider; a spider at the centre of a web – a criminal web with a thousand threads and he knows precisely how each and every single one of them dances.

PROSECUTING BARRISTER: And how long ...

SHERLOCK: No, no, don’t-don’t do that. That’s really not a good question.

JUDGE: Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: How long have I known him? Not really your best line of enquiry. We met twice, five minutes in total. I pulled a gun; he tried to blow me up. I felt we had a special something.

JUDGE: Miss Sorrel, are you seriously claiming this man is an expert, after knowing the accused for just five minutes?

SHERLOCK: Two minutes would have made me an expert. Five was ample.

JUDGE: Mr Holmes, that’s a matter for the jury.

SHERLOCK: Oh, really? One librarian; two teachers; two high-pressured jobs, probably the City. The foreman’s a medical secretary, trained abroad judging by her shorthand.

JUDGE: Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK: Seven are married and two are having an affair – with each other, it would seem! Oh, and they’ve just had tea and biscuits. Would you like to know who ate the wafer?

JUDGE: Mr Holmes. You’ve been called here to answer Miss Sorrel’s questions, not to give us a display of your intellectual prowess. Keep your answers brief and to the point. Anything else will be treated as contempt. Do you think you could survive for just a few minutes *without showing off*?

JOHN: What did I say? I said, “Don’t get clever.”

SHERLOCK: I can’t just turn it on and off like a tap. Well?

JOHN: Well what?

SHERLOCK: You were there for the whole thing, up in the gallery, start to finish.

JOHN: Like you said it would be. He sat on his backside, never even stirred.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty’s not mounting any defence.

JOHN: Bank of England, Tower of London, Pentonville. Three of the most secure places in the country and six weeks ago Moriarty breaks in, no-one knows how or why. All we know is ...

SHERLOCK: ... he ended up in custody.

JOHN: Don’t do that.

SHERLOCK: Do what?

JOHN: The look.

SHERLOCK: Look?

JOHN: You’re doing the look again.

SHERLOCK: Well, I can’t see it, can I? It’s my face.

JOHN: Yes, and it’s doing a thing. You’re doing a “we both know what’s really going on here” face.

SHERLOCK: Well, we *do*.

JOHN: No. *I* don’t, which is why I find The Face so annoying.

SHERLOCK: If Moriarty wanted the Jewels, he’d have them. If he wanted those prisoners free, they’d be out on the streets. The only reason he’s still in a prison cell right now is because he *chose* to be there. Somehow this is part of his scheme.

JUDGE: Mr Crayhill, can we have your first witness?

DEFENDING BARRISTER: Your Honour, we’re not calling any witnesses.

JUDGE: I don’t follow. You’ve entered a plea of Not Guilty.

DEFENDING BARRISTER: Nevertheless, my client is offering no evidence. The defence rests.

SHERLOCK/JUDGE: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. James Moriarty stands accused of several counts of attempted burglary, crimes which – if he’s found guilty – will elicit a very long custodial sentence; and yet his legal team has chosen to offer no evidence whatsoever to support their plea. I find myself in the unusual position of recommending a verdict wholeheartedly. You must find him guilty.

SHERLOCK: Guilty.

JUDGE: You *must* find him guilty.

CLERK: They’re coming back.

JOHN: That’s six minutes.

CLERK: Surprised it took them *that* long, to be honest. There’s a queue for the loo. Have you reached a verdict on which you all agree?

JOHN: Not Guilty. They found him Not Guilty. No defence, and Moriarty’s walked free. Sherlock. Are you listening? He’s out. You-you *know* he’ll be coming after you. Sher...

SHERLOCK: Most people knock. But then you’re not most people, I suppose. Kettle’s just boiled.

JIM: Johann Sebastian would be appalled. May I?

SHERLOCK: Please.

JIM: You know when he was on his death bed, Bach, he heard his son at the piano playing one of his pieces. The boy stopped before he got to the end ...

SHERLOCK: ... and the dying man jumped out of his bed, ran straight to the piano and finished it.

JIM: Couldn’t cope with an unfinished melody.

SHERLOCK: Neither can you. That’s why you’ve come.

JIM: But be honest: you’re just a tiny bit pleased.

SHERLOCK: What, with the verdict?

JIM: With *me ...* back on the streets. Every fairytale needs a good old-fashioned villain. You need me, or you’re nothing. Because we’re just alike, you and I – except you’re boring. You’re on the side of the angels.

SHERLOCK: Got to the jury, of course.

JIM: I got into the Tower of London; you think I can’t worm my way into twelve hotel rooms?

SHERLOCK: Cable network.

JIM: Every hotel bedroom has a personalised TV screen ... and every person has their pressure point; someone that they want to protect from harm. Easy-peasy.

SHERLOCK: So how’re you going to do it ... *burn me*?

JIM: Oh, that’s the problem – the final problem. Have you worked out what it is yet? What’s the final problem? I did tell you ... but did you listen? How hard do you find it, having to say “I don’t know”?

SHERLOCK: I dunno.

JIM: Oh, that’s clever; that’s very clever; *awfully* clever. Speaking of clever, have you told your little friends yet?

SHERLOCK: Told them what?

JIM: Why I broke into all those places and never took anything.

SHERLOCK: No.

JIM: But *you* understand.

SHERLOCK: Obviously.

JIM: Off you go, then.

SHERLOCK: You want me to tell you what you already know?

JIM: No; I want you to *prove* that you know it.

SHERLOCK: You didn’t take anything because you don’t *need* to.

JIM: Good.

SHERLOCK: You’ll never need to take anything ever again.

JIM: Very good. Because ...?

SHERLOCK: Because nothing ... *nothing* in the Bank of England, the Tower of London or Pentonville Prison could possibly match the value of the key that could get you into all three.

JIM: I can open any door anywhere with a few tiny lines of computer code. No such thing as a private bank account now – they’re all mine. No such thing as secrecy – I *own* secrecy. Nuclear codes – I could blow up NATO in alphabetical order. In a world with locked rooms, the man with the key is king; and honey, you should *see* me in a crown.

SHERLOCK: You were advertising all the way through the trial. You were showing the world what you can do.

JIM: And you were helping. Big client list: rogue governments, intelligence communities ... terrorist cells. They all want me. Suddenly, I’m Mr Sex.

SHERLOCK: If you could break any bank, what do you care about the highest bidder?

JIM: I don’t. I just like to watch them all competing. “Daddy loves *me* the best!” Aren’t ordinary people adorable? Well, you know: you’ve got John. I should get myself a live-in one.

SHERLOCK: Why *are* you doing all of this?

JIM: It’d be so funny.

SHERLOCK: You don’t want money or power – not really. What *is* it all for?

JIM: I want to solve the problem – *our* problem; the final problem. It’s gonna start very soon, Sherlock: the fall. But don’t be scared. Falling’s just like flying, except there’s a more permanent destination.

SHERLOCK: Never liked riddles.

JIM: Learn to. Because I owe you a fall, Sherlock. I ... *owe* ... you.

JOHN: Er, excuse me. Um, I’m looking for Mycroft Holmes. Would you happen to know if he’s around at all? Can you not hear me? Yes, all right. Anyone? Anyone at all know where Mycroft Holmes is? I’ve been asked to meet him here. No takers? Right. Am I invisible? Can you actually see me? Ah, thanks, gents. I’ve been asked to meet Mycroft Holm... What the ...? Hey!

MYCROFT: Tradition, John. Our traditions define us.

JOHN: So total silence is traditional, is it? You can’t even say, “Pass the sugar.”

MYCROFT: Three-quarters of the diplomatic service and half the government front bench all sharing one tea trolley. It’s for the best, believe me. They don’t want a repeat of 1972. But we can talk in here.

JOHN: You read this stuff?

MYCROFT: Caught my eye.

JOHN: Mmm-hmm.

MYCROFT: Saturday: they’re doing a big exposé.

JOHN: I’d love to know where she got her information.

MYCROFT: Someone called Brook. Recognise the name?

JOHN: School friend, maybe?

MYCROFT: Of Sherlock’s? But that’s not why I asked you here.

JOHN: Who’s that?

MYCROFT: Don’t know him?

JOHN: No.

MYCROFT: Never seen his face before?

JOHN: Umm ...

MYCROFT: He’s taken a flat in Baker Street, two doors down from you.

JOHN: Hmm! I was *thinking* of doing a drinks thing for the neighbours.

MYCROFT: Not sure you’ll want to. Sulejmani. Albanian hit squad. Expertly-trained killer living less than twenty feet from your front door.

JOHN: It’s a great location. Jubilee line’s handy.

MYCROFT: John ...

JOHN: What’s it got to do with me?

MYCROFT: Dyachenko, Ludmila.

JOHN: Um, actually, I think I *have* seen her.

MYCROFT: Russian killer. She’s taken the flat opposite.

JOHN: Okay ... I’m sensing a pattern here.

MYCROFT: In fact, *four* top international assassins relocate to within spitting distance of two hundred and twenty-one B. Anything you care to share with me?

JOHN: I’m moving?!

MYCROFT: It’s not hard to guess the common denominator, is it?

JOHN: You think this is Moriarty?

MYCROFT: He promised Sherlock he’d come back.

JOHN: If this was Moriarty, we’d be dead already.

MYCROFT: If not Moriarty, then who?

JOHN: Why don’t you talk to Sherlock if you’re so concerned about him? Oh God, don’t tell me.

MYCROFT: Too much history between us, John. Old scores; resentments.

JOHN: Nicked all his Smurfs? Broke his Action Man? Finished.

MYCROFT: We both know what’s coming, John. Moriarty is obsessed. He’s sworn to destroy his only rival.

JOHN: So you want me to watch out for your brother because he won’t accept your help.

MYCROFT: If it’s not too much trouble.

MAN: ’Scuse, mate.

JOHN: Oh. Sherlock, something weird ... What’s going on?

SHERLOCK: Kidnapping.

LESTRADE: Rufus Bruhl, the ambassador to the U.S.

JOHN: He’s in Washington, isn’t he?

LESTRADE: Not him – his children, Max and Claudette, age seven and nine. They’re at St Aldate’s.

DONOVAN: Posh boarding place down in Surrey.

LESTRADE: The school broke up; all the other boarders went home – just a few kids remained, including those two.

DONOVAN: The kids have vanished.

LESTRADE: The ambassador’s asked for you personally.

DONOVAN: The Reichenbach Hero.

LESTRADE: Isn’t it great to be working with a celebrity(!)

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER: It’s all right.

LESTRADE: Miss Mackenzie, House Mistress. Go easy.

SHERLOCK: Miss Mackenzie, you’re in charge of pupil welfare, yet you left this place wide open last night. What are you: an idiot, a drunk or a criminal? Now quickly, *tell* me!

MISS MACKENZIE: All the doors and windows were properly bolted. No-one – not even me – went into their room last night. You have to believe me!

SHERLOCK: I do. I just wanted you to speak quickly. Miss Mackenzie will need to breathe into a bag now.

JOHN: Six grand a term, you’d expect them to keep the kids safe for you. You said the other kids had all left on their holidays?

LESTRADE: They were the only two sleeping on this floor. Absolutely no sign of a break-in. The intruder must have been hidden inside some place.

SHERLOCK: Show me where the brother slept. The boy sleeps there every night, gazing at the only light source outside in the corridor. He’d recognise every shape, every outline, the silhouette of everyone who came to the door.

LESTRADE: Okay, so ...

SHERLOCK: So someone approaches the door who he *doesn’t* recognise, an intruder. Maybe he can even see the outline of a weapon. What would he do in the precious few seconds before they came into the room? How would he use them if not to cry out? This little boy; this particular little boy ... who reads all of those spy books. What would he do?

JOHN: He’d leave a sign?

SHERLOCK: Get Anderson.

SHERLOCK: Linseed oil.

ANDERSON: Not much use. Doesn’t lead us to the kidnapper.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant, Anderson.

ANDERSON: Really?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Brilliant impression of an idiot. The floor.

JOHN: He made a trail for us!

SHERLOCK: The boy was made to walk ahead of them.

JOHN: On, what, tiptoe?

SHERLOCK: Indicates anxiety; a gun held to his head. The girl was pulled beside him, dragged sideways. He had his left arm cradled about her neck.

ANDERSON: That’s the end of it. We don’t know *where* they went from here. Tells us nothing after all.

SHERLOCK: You’re right, Anderson – nothing. Except his shoe size, his height, his gait, his walking pace.

JOHN: Having fun?

SHERLOCK: Starting to.

JOHN: Maybe don’t do the smiling. Kidnapped children?

JOHN: But how did he get past the CCTV? If all the doors were locked ...

SHERLOCK: He walked in when they *weren’t* locked.

JOHN: But a stranger can’t just walk into a school like that.

SHERLOCK: Anyone can walk in *anywhere* if they pick the right moment. Yesterday – end of term, parents milling around, chauffeurs, staff. What’s one more stranger among that lot? He was waiting for them. All he had to do was find a place to hide.

SHERLOCK: Molly!

MOLLY: Oh, hello. I’m just going out.

SHERLOCK: No you’re not.

MOLLY: I’ve got a lunch date.

SHERLOCK: Cancel it. You’re having lunch with me.

MOLLY: What?

SHERLOCK: Need your help. It’s one of your old boyfriends – we’re trying to track him down. He’s been a bit naughty!

JOHN: It’s Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: Course it’s Moriarty.

MOLLY: Er, Jim actually wasn’t even my boyfriend. We went out three times. I ended it.

SHERLOCK: Yes, and then he stole the Crown Jewels, broke into the Bank of England and organised a prison break at Pentonville. For the sake of law and order, I suggest you avoid all future attempts at a relationship, Molly.

SHERLOCK: Oil, John. The oil in the kidnapper’s footprint – it’ll lead us to Moriarty. All the chemical traces on his shoe have been preserved. The sole of the shoe is like a passport. If we’re lucky we can see everything that he’s been up to. I need that analysis.

MOLLY: Alkaline.

SHERLOCK: Thank you, John.

MOLLY: Molly.

SHERLOCK: Yes. I ... owe ... you. Glycerol molecule. What *are* you?

MOLLY: What did you mean, “I owe you”? You said, “I owe you.” You were muttering it while you were working.

SHERLOCK: Nothing. Mental note.

MOLLY: You’re a bit like my dad. He’s dead. No, sorry.

SHERLOCK: Molly, *please* don’t feel the need to make conversation. It’s really not your area.

MOLLY: When he was ... dying, he was always cheerful; he was lovely – except when he thought no-one could see. I saw him once. He looked sad.

SHERLOCK: Molly ...

MOLLY: *You* look sad ... when you think he can’t see you. Are you okay? And don’t just say you are, because I know what that means, looking sad when you think no-one can see you.

SHERLOCK: But *you* can see me.

MOLLY: I don’t count. What I’m trying to say is that, if there’s anything I can do, anything you need, anything at all, you can have *me.* No, I just mean ... I mean if there’s anything you need ... It’s fine.

SHERLOCK: What-what-what could I need from you?

MOLLY: Nothing. I dunno. You could probably say thank you, actually.

SHERLOCK: ... Thank you.

MOLLY: I’m just gonna go and get some crisps. Do you want anything? It’s okay, I know you don’t.

SHERLOCK: Well, actually, maybe I’ll ...

MOLLY: I know you don’t.

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: This envelope that was in her trunk. There’s another one.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: On our doorstep. Found it today. Yes, and look at that. Look at that. Exactly the same seal.

SHERLOCK: Breadcrumbs.

JOHN: Uh-huh. It was there when I got back.

SHERLOCK: A little trace of breadcrumbs; hardback copy of fairy tales. Two children led into the forest by a wicked father follow a little trail of breadcrumbs.

JOHN: That’s “Hansel and Gretel.” What sort of kidnapper leaves clues?

SHERLOCK: The sort that likes to boast; the sort that thinks it’s all a game. He sat in our flat and he said these exact words to me ...

SHERLOCK/JIM: All fairytales need a good old-fashioned villain.

SHERLOCK: The fifth substance: it’s part of the tale. The witch’s house.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: The glycerol molecule. PGPR!

JOHN: What’s that?

SHERLOCK: It’s used in making chocolate.

LESTRADE: This fax arrived an hour ago. What have you got for us?

SHERLOCK: Need to find a place in the city where all five of these things intersect.

LESTRADE: Chalk, asphalt, brick dust, vegetation ... What the hell is this? Chocolate?

SHERLOCK: I think we’re looking for a disused sweet factory.

LESTRADE: We need to narrow that down. A sweet factory with asphalt?

SHERLOCK: No. No-no-no. Too general. Need something more specific. Chalk; chalky clay – that’s a far thinner band of geology.

LESTRADE: Brick dust?

SHERLOCK: Building site. Bricks from the 1950s.

LESTRADE: There’s *thousands* of building sites in London.

SHERLOCK: I’ve got people out looking.

LESTRADE: So have I.

SHERLOCK: Homeless network – faster than the police. Far more relaxed about taking bribes. John. Rhododendron ponticum. It matches. Addlestone.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: There’s a mile of disused factories between the river and the park. It matches everything.

LESTRADE: Right, come on. Come *on!*

DONOVAN: You, look over there. Look *everywhere*. Okay, spread out, please. *Spread out.*

LESTRADE: Look in there. Quietly. *Quietly.*

SHERLOCK: This was alight moments ago. They’re still here. Sweet wrappers. What’s he been feeding you? Hansel and Gretel. Mercury.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: The papers: they’re painted with mercury. Lethal. The more of the stuff they ate ...

JOHN: It was killing them.

SHERLOCK: But it’s not enough to kill them on its own. Taken in large enough quantities, eventually it *would* kill them. He didn’t need to be there for the execution. Murder by remote control. He could be a thousand miles away. The hungrier they got, the more they ate ... the faster they died. Neat.

JOHN: Sherlock.

DONOVAN: Over here! I’ve got you. Don’t worry.

DONOVAN: Right, then. The professionals have finished. If the amateurs wanna go in and have their turn ...

LESTRADE: Now, remember, she’s in shock and she’s just seven years old, so anything you can do to ...

SHERLOCK: ... not be myself.

LESTRADE: Yeah. Might be helpful.

SHERLOCK: Claudette, I ... No-no, I know it’s been hard for you ... Claudette, listen to me ...

LESTRADE: Out. *Get out!*

JOHN: Makes no sense.

LESTRADE: The kid’s traumatised. Something about Sherlock reminds her of the kidnapper.

JOHN: So what’s she said?

DONOVAN: Hasn’t uttered another syllable.

JOHN: And the boy?

LESTRADE: No, he’s unconscious; still in intensive care. Well, don’t let it get to you. *I* always feel like screaming when you walk into a room! In fact, so do *most* people. Come on.

DONOVAN: Brilliant work you did, finding those kids from just a footprint. It’s really amazing.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

DONOVAN: Unbelievable.

JOHN: Ah. You okay?

SHERLOCK: Thinking. This is *my* cab. You get the next one.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: You might talk.

*LESTRADE*: *What the hell is this? Chocolate?*

*SHERLOCK*: *I think we’re looking for a disused sweet factory.*

*LESTRADE*: *Get out!*

LESTRADE: Problem?

VOICEOVER: This is a stunning evening wear set from us here at London Taxi Shopping.

SHERLOCK: Can you turn this off, please?

VOICEOVER: As you can see, the set comprises of a beautiful ...

SHERLOCK: Can you turn this *off* ...

JIM: Hullo. Are you ready for the story? This is the story of Sir Boast-a-lot.

DONOVAN: The footprint. It’s all he has. A footprint.

LESTRADE: Yeah, well, you know what he’s like – CSI Baker Street.

DONOVAN: Well, *our* boys couldn’t have done it.

LESTRADE: Well, that’s why we need *him*. He’s *better*.

DONOVAN: That’s one explanation.

LESTRADE: And what’s the other?

JIM: Sir Boast-a-lot was the bravest and cleverest knight at the Round Table, but soon the other knights began to grow tired of his stories about how brave he was and how many dragons he’d slain ... And soon they began to wonder ... ‘Are Sir Boast-a-lot’s stories even true?’

DONOVAN: Only *he* could have found that evidence.

JIM: Oh, no.

DONOVAN: And then the girl screams her head off when she sees him – a man she has never seen before ... unless she *had* seen him before.

LESTRADE: Wh-what’s your point?

DONOVAN: You *know* what my point is. You just don’t wanna think about it.

JIM: So one of the knights went to King Arthur and said ... ‘I don’t *believe* Sir Boast-a-lot’s stories. He’s just a big old liar who makes things up to make himself look good.’

LESTRADE: You’re not *seriously* suggesting he’s involved, are you?

ANDERSON: I think we have to entertain the possibility.

JIM: And then even the King began to wonder ... But that wasn’t the end of Sir Boast-a-lot’s problem. No. That wasn’t the *final* problem. The End.

SHERLOCK: Stop the cab! *Stop the cab!* What *was* that? What *was* that?

JIM: No charge.

MAN: Look out!

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

JOHN: Sherlock!

JOHN: That ... it’s him. It’s him. Sulejmani or something. Mycroft showed me his file. He’s a big Albanian gangster lives two doors down from us.

SHERLOCK: He died because I shook his hand.

JOHN: What d’you mean?

SHERLOCK: He saved my life but he couldn’t touch me. Why?

SHERLOCK: Four assassins living right on our doorstep. They didn’t come here to kill me; they have to keep me alive. I’ve got something that all of them want, but if one of them approaches me ...

JOHN: ... the others kill them before they can get it.

SHERLOCK: All of the attention is focussed on me. There’s a surveillance web closing in on us right now.

JOHN: So what have you got that’s so important?

SHERLOCK: We need to ask about the dusting.

SHERLOCK: Precise details: in the last week, what’s been cleaned?

MRS HUDSON: Well, Tuesday I did your lino ...

SHERLOCK: No, in here, *this* room. This is where we’ll find it – any break in the dust line. You can put back anything but dust. Dust is eloquent.

MRS HUDSON: What’s he on about?

SHERLOCK: Cameras. We’re being watched.

MRS HUDSON: What? Cameras? Here? I’m in my nightie!

SHERLOCK: No, Inspector.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: The answer’s no.

LESTRADE: But you haven’t heard the question!

SHERLOCK: You want to take me to the station. Just saving you the trouble of asking.

LESTRADE: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: The scream?

LESTRADE: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Who was it? Donovan? I bet it was Donovan. Am I somehow responsible for the kidnapping? Ah, Moriarty is smart. He planted that doubt in her head; that little nagging sensation. You’re going to have to be strong to resist. You can’t kill an idea, can you? Not once it’s made a home ... there.

LESTRADE: Will you come?

SHERLOCK: One photograph – that’s his next move. Moriarty’s game: first the scream, then a photograph of me being taken in for questioning. He wants to destroy me inch by inch. It is a game, Lestrade, and not one I’m willing to play. Give my regards to Sergeant Donovan. They’ll be deciding.

JOHN: Deciding?

SHERLOCK: Whether to come back with a warrant and arrest me.

JOHN: You think?

SHERLOCK: Standard procedure.

JOHN: Should have gone with him. People’ll think ...

SHERLOCK: I don’t care what people think.

JOHN: You’d care if they thought you were stupid, or wrong.

SHERLOCK: No, that would just make *them* stupid or wrong.

JOHN: Sherlock, I don’t want the world believing you’re ...

SHERLOCK: That I am what?

JOHN: A fraud.

SHERLOCK: You’re worried they’re right.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: You’re worried they’re right about me.

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: That’s why you’re so upset. You can’t even entertain the possibility that they might be right. You’re afraid that you’ve been taken in as well.

JOHN: No I’m not.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty is playing with your mind too. Can’t you *see* what’s going on?

JOHN: No, I know you’re for real.

SHERLOCK: A hundred percent?

JOHN: Well, nobody could fake being such an annoying dick *all* the time.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Sherlock Holmes?

LESTRADE: Yes, sir.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: That bloke that’s been in the press.

LESTRADE: Mmm-hmm.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: I thought he was some sort of private eye.

LESTRADE: He is.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: We’ve been consulting with him – that’s what you’re ... you’re telling me? Not used him on any proper cases, though, have we?

LESTRADE: Well, one or two.

ANDERSON: Or twenty or thirty.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: What?

LESTRADE: Look, I’m not the only senior officer who did this. Gregson ...

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Shut up! An amateur detective given access to all sorts of classified information, and now he’s a suspect in a case!

LESTRADE: With all due respect, sir ...

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: You’re a bloody idiot, Lestrade! Now go and fetch him in right now! Do it.

LESTRADE: Are you proud of yourselves?

ANDERSON: Well, what if it’s not just this case? What if he’s done this to us every single time?

JOHN: So, still got *some* friends on the Force. It’s Lestrade. Says they’re all coming over here right now, queuing up to slap on the handcuffs: every single officer you ever made feel like a tit, which is a lot of people.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, sorry, am I interrupting? Some chap delivered a parcel. I forgot. Marked ‘Perishable’ – I had to sign for it. Funny name. German, like the fairytales.

SHERLOCK: Burnt to a crisp.

JOHN: What does it mean?

VOICE: Police!

MRS HUDSON: I’ll go.

DONOVAN: Sherlock ...

LESTRADE: Evening, Mrs Hudson.

DONOVAN: We need to talk to you!

MRS HUDSON: Don’t barge in like that!

JOHN: Have you got a warrant? Have you?

LESTRADE: Leave it, John.

MRS HUDSON: Really! Manners!

LESTRADE: Sherlock Holmes, I’m arresting you on suspicion of abduction and kidnapping.

JOHN: He’s not resisting.

SHERLOCK: It’s all right, John.

JOHN: He’s not resisting. No, it’s *not* all right. This is ridiculous.

LESTRADE: Get him downstairs now.

JOHN: You know you don’t have to do ...

LESTRADE: Don’t try to interfere, or I shall arrest you too.

JOHN: You done?

DONOVAN: Oh, I said it.

JOHN: Mmm-hmm?

DONOVAN: First time we met.

JOHN: Don’t bother.

DONOVAN: “Solving crimes won’t be enough. One day he’ll cross the line.” Now, ask yourself: what sort of man would kidnap those kids just so he can impress us all by finding them?

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Donovan.

DONOVAN: Sir.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Got our man?

DONOVAN: Er, yes, sir.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Looked a bit of a *weirdo*, if you ask me. Often are, these vigilante types. What are *you* looking at?

POLICE OFFICER: Are you all right, sir?

SHERLOCK: Joining me?

JOHN: Yeah. Apparently it’s against the law to chin the Chief Superintendant.

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Bit awkward, this.

JOHN: Huh. No-one to bail us.

SHERLOCK: I was thinking more about our imminent and daring escape.

RADIO DISPATCHER: All units to two-seven.

JOHN: What?

RADIO DISPATCHER: All units to two ...

SHERLOCK: Ladies and gentlemen, will you all please get on your knees? *NOW* would be good!

LESTRADE: Do as he says!

JOHN: Just-just so you’re aware, the gun is his idea. I’m just a ... you know ...

SHERLOCK: ... my hostage.

JOHN: Hostage! Yes, that works – *that* works(!) So what now?

SHERLOCK: Doing what Moriarty wants – I’m becoming a fugitive. Run.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT: Get after him, Lestrade!

SHERLOCK: Take my hand.

JOHN: Now people will *definitely* talk. The gun!

SHERLOCK: Leave it!

JOHN: Sherlock, wait! We’re going to need to coordinate.

SHERLOCK: Go to your right.

JOHN: Huh?

SHERLOCK: Go to your right. Everybody *wants* to believe it – that’s what makes it so clever. A lie that’s preferable to the truth. All my brilliant deductions were just a sham. No-one feels inadequate – Sherlock Holmes is just an ordinary man.

JOHN: What about Mycroft? He could help us.

SHERLOCK: A big family reconciliation? Now’s not really the moment.

JOHN: Sher... Sherlock. We’re being followed. I *knew* we couldn’t outrun the police.

SHERLOCK: That’s not the police. It’s one of my new neighbours from Baker Street. Let’s see if he can give us some answers.

JOHN: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: We’re going to jump in front of that bus.

JOHN: What?!

SHERLOCK: Tell me what you want from me. *Tell* me.

ASSASSIN: He left it at your flat.

SHERLOCK: Who?

ASSASSIN: Moriarty.

SHERLOCK: What?

ASSASSIN: The computer keycode.

SHERLOCK: Of course. He’s selling it – the programme he used to break into the Tower. He planted it when he came around. It’s a game-changer. It’s a key – it can break into *any* system and it’s sitting in our flat right now. That’s why he left that message telling everyone where to come. “Get Sherlock.” We need to get back into the flat and search.

JOHN: CID’ll be camped out. Why plant it on you?

SHERLOCK: It’s another subtle way of smearing my name. Now I’m best pals with all those criminals.

JOHN: Yeah, well, have you seen this? A kiss and tell. Some bloke called Rich Brook. Who is he?

SHERLOCK: Too late to go on the record?

SHERLOCK: Congratulations. The truth about Sherlock Holmes. The scoop that everybody wanted and you got it. Bravo(!)

KITTY: I gave you your opportunity. I wanted to be on your side, remember? You turned me down, so ...

SHERLOCK: And then, behold, someone turns up and spills all the beans. How *utterly* convenient. Who is Brook? Oh, come on, Kitty. No-one trusts the voice at the end of a telephone. There are all those furtive little meetings in cafés; those sessions in the hotel room where he gabbled into your dictaphone. How do you know that you can trust him? A man turns up with the Holy Grail in his pockets. What were his credentials?

JIM: Darling, they didn’t have any ground coffee so I just got normal ... You said that they wouldn’t find me here. You said that I’d be safe here.

KITTY: You *are* safe, Richard. I’m a witness. He wouldn’t harm you in front of witnesses.

JOHN: So *that’s* your source? Moriarty is Richard Brook?!

KITTY: Of *course* he’s Richard Brook. There *is* no Moriarty. There never *has* been.

JOHN: What are you talking about?

KITTY: Look him up. Rich Brook – an actor Sherlock Holmes hired to be Moriarty.

JIM: Doctor Watson, I know you’re a good man. Don’t ... don’t h... Don’t hurt me.

JOHN: No, you are Moriarty! He’s Moriarty! We’ve *met*, remember? *You were gonna blow me up!*

JIM: I’m sorry. I’m sorry. He paid me. I needed the work. I’m an actor. I was out of work. I’m sorry, okay?

JOHN: Sherlock, you’d better ... explain ... because I am not getting this.

KITTY: Oh *I’ll* ... I’ll be doing the explaining – in print. It’s all here – conclusive proof. You invented James Moriarty, your nemesis.

JOHN: Invented him?

KITTY: Mmm-hmm. Invented all the *crimes*, actually – and to cap it all, you made up a master villain.

JOHN: Oh, don’t be ridiculous!

KITTY: *Ask* him. He’s right here! Just ask him. Tell him, Richard.

JOHN: Look, for God’s sake, this man was on *trial*!

KITTY: Yes ... and you paid him; paid him to take the rap. Promised you’d rig the jury. Not exactly a West End role, but I’ll bet the money was good. But not so good he didn’t want to sell his story.

JIM: I *am* sorry. I *am*. I *am* sorry.

JOHN: So-so this is the story that you’re gonna publish. The big conclusion of it all: Moriarty’s an actor?!

JIM: He *knows* I am. I have proof. I have proof. Show him, Kitty! Show him something!

JOHN: Yeah, *show* me something.

JIM: I’m on TV. I’m on kids’ TV. I’m The Storyteller. I’m ... I’m The Storyteller. It’s on DVD. Just tell him. It’s all coming out now. It’s all over. Just tell them. Just tell them. *Tell him!* It’s all over now ... NO! Don’t you touch me! Don’t you lay a finger on me!

SHERLOCK: Stop it. *Stop it NOW!*

JIM: Don’t hurt me!

JOHN: Don’t let him get away!

KITTY: Leave him alone!

SHERLOCK: No, no, no. He’ll have back-up.

KITTY: D’you know what, Sherlock Holmes? I look at you now and I can *read* you. And you ... repel ... *me.*

JOHN: Can he do that? Completely change his identity; make you the criminal?

SHERLOCK: He’s got my whole life story. That’s what you do when you sell a big lie; you wrap it up in the truth to make it more palatable.

JOHN: Your word against his.

SHERLOCK: He’s been sowing doubt into people’s minds for the last twenty-four hours. There’s only one thing he needs to do to complete his game, and that’s to ...

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Something I need to do.

JOHN: What? Can I help?

SHERLOCK: No – on my own.

SHERLOCK: You’re wrong, you know. You *do* count. You’ve *always* counted and I’ve always trusted you. But you *were* right. I’m not okay.

MOLLY: Tell me what’s wrong.

SHERLOCK: Molly, I think I’m going to die.

MOLLY: What do you need?

SHERLOCK: If I wasn’t everything that you think I am – everything that *I* think I am – would you still want to help me?

MOLLY: What do you need?

SHERLOCK: You.

JOHN: She has *really* done her homework, Miss Riley – things that only someone close to Sherlock could know.

MYCROFT: Ah.

JOHN: Have you *seen* your brother’s address book lately? Two names: yours and mine, and Moriarty didn’t get this stuff from me.

MYCROFT: John ...

JOHN: So how does it work, then, your relationship? D’you go out for a coffee now and then, eh, you and Jim? Your own brother, and you blabbed about his entire life to this maniac.

MYCROFT: I never inten... I never dreamt ...

JOHN: So *this* ...th-th-this ... is what you were trying to tell me, isn’t it: “Watch his back, ’cause I’ve made a mistake.” How did you meet him?

MYCROFT: People like him: we know about them; we watch them. But James Moriarty ... the most dangerous criminal mind the world has ever seen, and in his pocket the ultimate weapon: a keycode. A few lines of computer code that could unlock *any* door.

JOHN: And you abducted him to try and find the keycode?

MYCROFT: Interrogated him for weeks.

JOHN: And?

MYCROFT: He wouldn’t play along. He just sat there, staring into the darkness. The only thing that made him open up ... *I* could get him to talk ... just a little, but ...

JOHN: ... in return you had to offer him Sherlock’s life story. So one big lie – Sherlock’s a fraud – but people *will* swallow it because the rest of it’s true. Moriarty wanted Sherlock destroyed, right? And *you* have given him the perfect ammunition.

MYCROFT: John ... I’m sorry.

JOHN: Oh, please ...

MYCROFT: Tell him, would you?

JOHN: Got your message.

SHERLOCK: The computer code is key to this. If we find it, we can use it – beat Moriarty at his own game.

JOHN: What d’you mean, “use it”?

SHERLOCK: He used it to create a false identity, so we can use it to break into the records and destroy Richard Brook.

JOHN: And bring back Jim Moriarty again.

SHERLOCK: Somewhere in 221B, somewhere – on the day of the verdict – he left it hidden.

JOHN: Uh-huh. What did he touch?

SHERLOCK: An apple. Nothing else.

JOHN: Did he write anything down?

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Yeah, speaking. Er, what? What happened? Is she okay? Oh my God. Right, yes, I’m coming.

SHERLOCK: What is it?

JOHN: Paramedics. Mrs Hudson – she’s been shot.

SHERLOCK: What? How?

JOHN: Well, probably one of the killers you managed to attract ... Jesus. *Jesus*. She’s dying, Sherlock. Let’s go.

SHERLOCK: You go. I’m busy.

JOHN: Busy?

SHERLOCK: Thinking. I need to think.

JOHN: You need to ...? Doesn’t she mean *anything* to you? You once half killed a man because he laid a finger on her.

SHERLOCK: She’s my landlady.

JOHN: She’s dying ... You *machine.* Sod this. Sod this. You stay here if you want, on your own.

SHERLOCK: Alone is what I have. Alone protects me.

JOHN: No. *Friends* protect people.

JIM: Ah. Here we are at last – you and me, Sherlock, and our problem – the final problem. Stayin’ alive! It’s so boring, isn’t it? It’s just ... *staying.* All my life I’ve been searching for distractions. You were the best distraction and now I don’t even have *you*. Because I’ve beaten you. And you know what? In the end it was easy. It was easy. Now I’ve got to go back to playing with the ordinary people. And it turns out *you’re* ordinary just like all of them. Ah well. Did you almost start to wonder if I was real? Did I nearly get you?

SHERLOCK: Richard Brook.

JIM: Nobody seems to get the joke, but you do.

SHERLOCK: Of course.

JIM: Attaboy.

SHERLOCK: Rich Brook in German is Reichen Bach – the case that made my name.

JIM: Just tryin’ to have some fun. Good. You got that too.

SHERLOCK: Beats like digits. Every beat is a one; every rest is a zero. Binary code. That’s why all those assassins tried to save my life. It was hidden on me; hidden inside my head – a few simple lines of computer code that can break into any system.

JIM: I told all my clients: last one to Sherlock is a sissy.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but now that it’s up here, I can use it to alter all the records. I can kill Rich Brook and bring back Jim Moriarty.

JIM: No, no, no, no, no, this is too easy. This is too easy. There *is* no key, DOOFUS! Those digits are meaningless. They’re utterly meaningless. You don’t really think a couple of lines of computer code are gonna crash the world around our ears? I’m disappointed. I’m disappointed in you, ordinary Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: But the rhythm ...

JIM: “Partita number one.” Thank you, Johann Sebastian Bach.

SHERLOCK: But then how did ...

JIM: Then how did I break into the Bank, to the Tower, to the Prison? Daylight robbery. All it takes is some willing participants. I knew you’d fall for it. That’s your weakness – you always want everything to be clever. Now, shall we finish the game? One final act. Glad you chose a tall building – nice way to do it.

SHERLOCK: Do it? Do – do what? Yes, of course. My suicide.

JIM: “Genius detective proved to be a fraud.” I read it in the paper, so it must be true. I love newspapers. Fairytales. And pretty Grimm ones too.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, God, John! You made me jump!

JOHN: But ...

MRS HUDSON: Is everything okay now with the police? Has, um, Sherlock sorted it all out?

JOHN: Oh my God. Taxi! Taxi! No, no, no, no, police! ... Sort of.

MAN: Oh, thanks, mate – thanks a lot(!)

SHERLOCK: I can still prove that you created an entirely false identity.

JIM: Oh, just kill yourself. It’s a lot less effort. Go on. For me. Pleeeeeease?

SHERLOCK: You’re insane.

JIM: You’re just getting that now? Okay, let me give you a little extra incentive. Your friends will die if you don’t.

SHERLOCK: John.

JIM: Not just John. Everyone.

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson.

JIM: *Everyone.*

SHERLOCK: Lestrade.

JIM: Three bullets; three gunmen; three victims. There’s no stopping them now. Unless my people see you jump. You can have me arrested; you can torture me; you can do anything you like with me; but nothing’s gonna prevent them from pulling the trigger. Your only three friends in the world will die ... unless ...

SHERLOCK: ... unless I kill myself – complete your story.

JIM: You’ve gotta admit that’s sexier.

SHERLOCK: And I die in disgrace.

JIM: Of *course*. That’s the *point* of this. Oh, you’ve got an audience now. Off you pop. Go on. I *told* you how this ends. Your death is the only thing that’s gonna call off the killers. *I’m* certainly not gonna do it.

SHERLOCK: Would you give me ... one moment, please; one moment of privacy? Please?

JIM: Of course. What? What is it? What did I miss?

SHERLOCK: “*You’re* not going to do it.” So the killers *can* be called off, then – there’s a recall code or a word or a number. I don’t have to die ... if I’ve got you.

JIM: Oh! You think you can *make* me stop the order? You think *you* can make me do that?

SHERLOCK: Yes. So do you.

JIM: Sherlock, your big brother and all the King’s horses couldn’t make me do a thing I didn’t want to.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but I’m not my brother, remember? I am you – prepared to do anything; prepared to burn; prepared to do what ordinary people won’t do. You want me to shake hands with you in hell? I shall not disappoint you.

JIM: Naah. You *talk* big. Naah. You’re ordinary. You’re ordinary – you’re on the side of the angels.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I may be on the side of the angels, but don’t think for one second that I am one of them.

JIM: No, you’re not. I see. You’re not ordinary. No. You’re me. You’re me! *Thank* you! Sherlock Holmes. Thank you. *Bless* you. As long as I’m alive, you can save your friends; you’ve got a way out. Well, good luck with that.

LESTRADE: Yes, sir, thank you. ’Bye.

JOHN: Hello?

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Hey, Sherlock, you okay?

SHERLOCK: Turn around and walk back the way you came now.

JOHN: No, I’m coming in.

SHERLOCK: Just do as I ask. Please.

JOHN: Where?

SHERLOCK: Stop there.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Okay, look up. I’m on the rooftop.

JOHN: Oh God.

SHERLOCK: I ... I ... I can’t come down, so we’ll ... we’ll just have to do it like this.

JOHN: What’s going on?

SHERLOCK: An apology. It’s all true.

JOHN: Wh-what?

SHERLOCK: Everything they said about me. I invented Moriarty.

JOHN: Why are you saying this?

SHERLOCK: I’m a fake.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: The newspapers were right all along. I want you to tell Lestrade; I want you to tell Mrs Hudson, and Molly ... in fact, tell anyone who will listen to you that I created Moriarty for my own purposes.

JOHN: Okay, shut up, Sherlock, shut up. The first time we met ... the *first time we met*, you knew all about my sister, right?

SHERLOCK: Nobody could be that clever.

JOHN: *You* could.

SHERLOCK: I researched you. Before we met I discovered everything that I could to impress you. It’s a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN: No. All right, stop it now.

SHERLOCK: No, stay *exactly* where you are. Don’t move.

JOHN: All right.

SHERLOCK: Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please, will you do this for me?

JOHN: Do what?

SHERLOCK: This phone call – it’s, er ... it’s my note. It’s what people do, don’t they – leave a note?

JOHN: Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK: Goodbye, John.

JOHN: No. Don’t.

JOHN: No. *SHERLOCK!* Sher... Sherlock, Sherlock ... I’m a doctor, let me come through. Let me come through, please. No, he’s my friend. He’s my friend. Please. *Please*, let me just ... Nggh, Jesus, no. God, no.

ELLA: There’s stuff that you wanted to say ... but didn’t say it.

JOHN: Yeah.

ELLA: Say it now.

JOHN: No. Sorry. I can’t.

MRS HUDSON: There’s all the *stuff*, all the science equipment. I left it all in boxes. I don’t know what needs doing. I thought I’d take it to a school. Would you ...?

JOHN: I can’t go back to the flat again – not at the moment. I’m angry.

MRS HUDSON: It’s okay, John. There’s nothing unusual in that. That’s the way he made *everyone* feel. All the marks on my table; and the *noise* – firing guns at half past one in the morning!

JOHN: Yeah.

MRS HUDSON: Bloody specimens in my fridge. Imagine – keeping bodies where there’s food!

JOHN: Yes.

MRS HUDSON: And the fighting! Drove me up the wall with all his carryings-on!

JOHN: Yeah, listen: I-I’m not actually *that* angry, okay?

MRS HUDSON: Okay. I’ll leave you alone to, erm ... you know.

JOHN: Um ... mmm. You ... you told me once that you weren’t a hero. Umm ... there were times I didn’t even think you were *human*, but let me tell you this: you were the best man, and the most human ... human being that I’ve ever known and no-one will ever convince me that you told me a lie, and so ... There. I was *so* alone, and I owe you so much. Okay. No, please, there’s just one more thing, mate, one more thing: one more miracle, Sherlock, for me. Don’t ... be ... dead. Would you do ...? Just for me, just stop it. Stop this.

**Many Happy Returns**

WOMAN: You bastard!

LESTRADE: A breakaway sect of Buddhist warrior monks infiltrated by a blonde drug smuggler?! That never really happened!

ANDERSON: A-A blonde drug smuggler who was exposed by an abbot with unusual powers of observation and deduction!

LESTRADE: A blonde woman hiding amongst bald monks? That wouldn’t exactly take Sherlock Holmes!

ANDERSON: Well, perhaps it did.

LESTRADE: He’s dead. I’m sorry. I wish he wasn’t, but he really is dead and gone.

ANDERSON: Well, how d’you explain this? Sighting number two: Incident at New Delhi.

LESTRADE: You haven’t been titling these?

INSPECTOR PRAKESH: After that it was simply a matter of tracking down the killer, which I did by working out the depth to which the chocolate Flake had sunk into the victim’s ice-cream cone. My friend! Will you not take any of the credit? This was all down to you.

LESTRADE: Clever man, Inspector Prakesh.

ANDERSON: Oh, for ...! What police inspector could have made that deduction?

LESTRADE: Oh, thank you(!)

ANDERSON: You remember how Sherlock never took the credit when he solved all of *your* cases?

LESTRADE: He *didn’t* solve all of my cases!

ANDERSON: He’s out there. He’s hiding. But he can’t stop himself from getting involved. It’s so obviously him, if you know how to spot the signs!

LESTRADE: The Klein Brothers, the Tower House thing, the Kensington Ripper – I solved all those myself!

ANDERSON: Well, you got Tower House wrong.

LESTRADE: No I didn’t!

ANDERSON: Yep, you did. Okay, sighting number three ... the Mysterious Juror.

FOREMAN: Nun, wie wir alle wissen, wurde diese Jury unter höchst ungewöhnlichen Umständen zusammengerufen. Aber ich muss Sie jetzt auf ein Urteil drängen. Ist Herr Trephoff schuldig oder nicht schuldig am Mord seiner Frau?

[Translation as subtitled: As we all know this jury was convened under highly unusual circumstances, but now I must press you for a judgment. Is Herr Trepoff guilty or not guilty of the murder of his wife?]

FEMALE JUROR 1: Nicht schuldig. [Not guilty.]

FEMALE JUROR 2: Nicht schuldig.

MALE JUROR 1: Nicht schuldig.

MALE JUROR 2: Nicht schuldig.

FEMALE JUROR 3: Nicht schuldig.

MALE JUROR 3: Nicht schuldig.

MALE JUROR 4: Nicht schuldig.

FEMALE JUROR 4: Nicht schuldig.

MALE JUROR 5: Nicht schuldig.

FEMALE JUROR 5: Nicht schuldig.

FOREMAN: Nun? [Well?]

ANDERSON: It had to be him! There’s no-one else it can be! Do you not see?

LESTRADE: I see that you lost a good job fantasising about a dead man coming back to life, and I know why you want that to happen. But it’s never gonna. Okay ... I’m gonna go and see an old friend. You take care, okay? I’ll put a word in – see if they won’t review your case.

ANDERSON: Just look at the map, though. He’s getting closer. It’s like he’s coming back.

JOHN: It’s good to see you, Greg.

LESTRADE: And you.

JOHN: Have a seat.

LESTRADE: So, how’ve you been?

JOHN: Er, yeah, good. Yeah. Much better. Er, so what’s in the, er ...?

LESTRADE: Oh, that, yeah. That’s, er, that’s some stuff from my office – some stuff of Sherlock’s, actually. I probably should have thrown it out, but I didn’t know if ...

JOHN: No, fine, yeah.

LESTRADE: Yeah, there’s-there’s-there’s something here. Um, wasn’t sure whether I should have kept it in. You remember the video message he made for your birthday? Oh, I had to practically threaten him. This is the uncut version. It’s quite funny.

JOHN: Oh, right.

LESTRADE: Maybe I shouldn’t have brought it.

JOHN: Don’t worry. It’s okay. Probably won’t even watch it.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Was that supposed to happen – the light going down? Yeah, okay.

SHERLOCK: Oh, er, mmm. So, what do I, what do I, what d’you want me to do at the end? Shall I, um ...? Smile and wink. I do that sometimes. I’ve no idea why. People *seem* to like it – humanises me.

LESTRADE: Fine. Whatever.

SHERLOCK: *Why* am I doing this, again?

LESTRADE: You’re gonna miss the dinner.

SHERLOCK: Of *course* I’m gonna miss dinner. There’ll be *people.* How can John be having a birthday dinner? All his friends hate him. You only have to look at their faces. I wrote an essay on suppressed hatred in close proximity based entirely on his friends. On reflection, it probably wasn’t a very good choice of gift. *What* was my excuse again?

LESTRADE: You said you had a thing.

SHERLOCK: Ah, right, yes! That’s right. A thing.

LESTRADE: You might wanna elaborate.

SHERLOCK: No, no, no. Only lies have detail. Right, I just ... I need a moment to, um, figure out what I’m going to do.

JOHN: *I* can tell you what you can do. You can stop being dead.

SHERLOCK: Okay. Okay, I’m ready now. Hallo, John. I’m sorry I’m not there at the moment. I’m very busy. However, many happy returns. Oh, and don’t worry. I’m going to be with you again *very* soon.

ANDERSON: He’s coming back.

**The Empty Hearse**

JOHN: *Sherlock*!

SHERLOCK: It’s a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN: No. All right, stop it now.

SHERLOCK: No, stay *exactly* where you are. Don’t move.

JOHN: All right.

SHERLOCK: Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please, will you do this for me?

JOHN: Do what?

SHERLOCK: This phone call – it’s ... it’s my note. It’s what people do, don’t they? Leave a note?

JOHN: Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK: Goodbye, John.

JOHN: No. Don’t. *Sherlock*!

DERREN: John. John. Look at me. Look at me. And *sleep*! Right the way down, right the way deep, right the way sound asleep. That’s right. That’s good – keeping my voice just there in the centre of your head and floating all the way around you. And you will awaken in three, two, one ... zero.

JOHN: Let me come through, please. He’s my friend.

LESTRADE: Bollocks!

ANDERSON: No-no-no-no! It’s obvious! That’s how he did it! It’s obvious!

LESTRADE: Derren Brown?! Let it go. Sherlock’s dead.

ANDERSON: *Is* he?

LESTRADE: There was a body. It was him. It was *definitely* him. Molly Hooper laid him out.

ANDERSON: No, she’s lying. It was Jim Moriarty’s body with a mask on!

LESTRADE: A mask?! A bungee rope, a mask, Derren Brown. Two years, and the theories keep getting more stupid. How many more’ve you got for me today?

ANDERSON: Well, you know the paving slabs in that whole area – even the exact ones that he landed on – you know they were all ...

LESTRADE: Guilt. That’s all this is. You pushed us all into thinking that Sherlock was a fraud, you and Donovan. You did this, and it killed him, and he’s staying dead. Do you honestly believe that if you have enough stupid theories, it’s gonna change what really happened?

ANDERSON: I believe in Sherlock Holmes.

LESTRADE: Yeah, well that won’t bring him back.

REPORTER 1: ... that after extensive police investigations, Richard Brook *did* indeed prove to be the creation of James Moriarty ...

REPORTER 2: ... amidst unprecedented scenes, there was uproar in court as Sherlock Holmes was vindicated and cleared of all suspicion ...

REPORTER 3: ... but sadly, all this comes too late for the detective who became something of a celebrity two years ago ...

REPORTER 1: ... Questions are now being asked as to why police let matters get so far.

REPORTER 2: Sherlock Holmes fell to his death from the top of London’s Bart’s Hospital. Although he left no note, friends say it’s unlikely he was able to cope with ...

LESTRADE: Well then. Absent friends. Sherlock.

ANDERSON: Sherlock.

LESTRADE: And may God rest his soul.

TORTURER: You broke in here for a reason. Just tell us why and you can sleep. Remember sleep? What?

SOLDIER: Well? What did he say?

TORTURER: He said that I used to work in the navy, where I had an unhappy love affair.

SOLDIER: What?

TORTURER: ... that the electricity isn’t working in my bathroom; and that my wife is sleeping with our next door neighbour! And? The coffin maker! And? And? If I go home now, I’ll catch them at it! I knew it! I *knew* there was something going on!

SOLDIER: So, my friend. Now it’s just you and me. You have no idea the trouble it took to find you. Now listen to me. There’s an underground terrorist network active in London and a massive attack is imminent. Sorry, but the holiday is over, brother dear. Back to Baker Street, Sherlock Holmes.

BOY: Penny for the guy? Oi, mate! Penny for the guy?

SECOND BOY: Penny for the guy, mate?

FIRST BOY: Penny for the guy?

JOHN: That was the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever done.

SHERLOCK: And you invaded Afghanistan!

MYCROFT: You *have* been busy, haven’t you? Quite the busy little bee.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty’s network – took me two years to dismantle it.

MYCROFT: And you’re confident you have?

SHERLOCK: The Serbian side was the last piece of the puzzle.

MYCROFT: Yes. You got yourself in deep there ... with Baron Maupertuis. Quite a scheme.

SHERLOCK: Colossal.

MYCROFT: Anyway, you’re safe now.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

MYCROFT: A small ‘thank you’ wouldn’t go amiss.

SHERLOCK: What for?

MYCROFT: For wading in. In case you’d forgotten, fieldwork is not my natural milieu.

SHERLOCK: “Wading in”? You sat there and watched me being beaten to a pulp.

MYCROFT: I got you out.

SHERLOCK: No – *I* got me out. Why didn’t you intervene sooner?

MYCROFT: Well, I couldn’t risk giving myself away, could I? It would have ruined everything.

SHERLOCK: You were enjoying it.

MYCROFT: Nonsense.

SHERLOCK: *Definitely* enjoying it.

MYCROFT: Listen: do you have any idea what it was like, Sherlock, going ‘under cover,’ smuggling my way into their ranks like that? The *noise*; the *people*.

SHERLOCK: I didn’t know you spoke Serbian.

MYCROFT: I didn’t, but the language has a Slavic root, frequent Turkish and German loan words. Took me a couple of hours.

SHERLOCK: Hmm – you’re slipping.

MYCROFT: Middle age, brother mine. Comes to us all.

MRS HUDSON: Oh no – you don’t take it, do you?

JOHN: No.

MRS HUDSON: You forget a little thing like that.

JOHN: Yes.

MRS HUDSON: You forget *lots* of little things, it seems.

JOHN: Uh-huh.

MRS HUDSON: Not sure about that. Ages you.

JOHN: Just trying it out.

MRS HUDSON: Well, it ages you.

JOHN: Look ...

MRS HUDSON: I’m not your mother. I’ve no right to expect it ...

JOHN: No ...

MRS HUDSON: ... but just *one* phone call, John. Just one phone call would have done.

JOHN: I know.

MRS HUDSON: After all we went through.

JOHN: Yes. I *am* sorry.

MRS HUDSON: Look, I understand how difficult it was for you after ... after ...

JOHN: I just let it slide, Mrs Hudson. I let it *all* slide. And it just got harder and harder to pick up the phone somehow. D’you know what I mean?

MYCROFT: I need you to give this matter your full attention, Sherlock. Is that quite clear?

SHERLOCK: What do you think of this shirt?

MYCROFT: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: I will find your underground terror cell, Mycroft. Just put me back in London. I need to get to know the place again, breathe it in – feel every quiver of its beating heart.

NOT-ANTHEA: One of our men *died* getting this information. All the chatter, all the traffic, concurs there’s going to be a terror strike on London – a big one.

SHERLOCK: And what about John Watson?

MYCROFT: John?

SHERLOCK: Mmm. Have you seen him?

MYCROFT: Oh, yes – we meet up every Friday for fish and chips(!) I’ve kept a weather eye on him, of course. You haven’t been in touch at all, to prepare him?

SHERLOCK: No. Well, we’ll have to get rid of *that*.

MYCROFT: “We”?

SHERLOCK: He looks ancient. I can’t be seen to be wandering around with an old man.

MRS HUDSON: I couldn’t face letting it out. He never liked me dusting.

JOHN: No, I know.

MRS HUDSON: So, why now? What changed your mind?

JOHN: Well, I’ve got some news.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, God. Is it serious?

JOHN: What? No – no, I’m not ill. I’ve, er, well, I’m ... moving on.

MRS HUDSON: You’re emigrating.

JOHN: Nope. Er, no – I’ve, er ... I’ve met someone.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, lovely!

JOHN: Yeah. We’re getting married ... well, I’m gonna ask, anyway.

MRS HUDSON: So soon after Sherlock?

JOHN: Well, yes.

MRS HUDSON: What’s his name?

JOHN: It’s a woman.

MRS HUDSON: A *woman*?!

JOHN: Yes, of *course* it’s a woman.

MRS HUDSON: You really *have* moved on, haven’t you?

JOHN: Mrs Hudson! How many times ...? Sherlock was not my boyfriend.

MRS HUDSON: Live and let live – that’s my motto.

JOHN: Listen to me: *I am not gay!*

SHERLOCK: I think I’ll surprise John. He’ll be delighted!

MYCROFT: You think so?

SHERLOCK: Hmm. I’ll pop into Baker Street. Who knows – jump out of a cake.

MYCROFT: Baker Street? He isn’t there any more. Why *would* he be? It’s been two years. He’s got on with his life.

SHERLOCK: *What* life? I’ve been away. Where’s he going to be tonight?

MYCROFT: How would *I* know?

SHERLOCK: You *always* know.

MYCROFT: He has a dinner reservation in the Marylebone Road. Nice little spot. They have a few bottles of the 2000 Saint-Emilion ... though I prefer the 2001.

SHERLOCK: I think maybe I’ll just drop by.

MYCROFT: You know, it is just possible that you won’t be welcome.

SHERLOCK: No it isn’t. Now, where is it?

MYCROFT: Where’s what?

SHERLOCK: You *know* what.

ANTHEA: Welcome back, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Thank you ... blud.

MAITRE D’: Sir, may I help you?

SHERLOCK: Your wife just texted you. Possibly her contractions have started.

WAITRESS: ’Scuse me, sir.

SHERLOCK: Sorry! I’m so, so sorry! Please, let me just go to the kitchen and, er, dry that off for you. Finished with that, sir? Allow me to take it for you. Madam, can I suggest you look at this menu? It’s, er, completely identical. Can I ’elp you with anything, sir?

JOHN: Hi, yeah. I’m looking for a bottle of champagne – a good one.

SHERLOCK: Mmm! Well, these are all excellent vintages.

JOHN: Er, it’s not really my area. What do you suggest?

SHERLOCK: Well, you cannot possibly go wrong, but, erm, if you’d like my personal recommendation ...

JOHN: Mm-hm.

SHERLOCK: ... this last one on the list is a favourite of mine. It is – you might, in fact, say – like a face from ze past.

JOHN: Great. I’ll have that one, please.

SHERLOCK: It is familiar, but, er, with the quality of *surprise!*

JOHN: Well, er, surprise me.

SHERLOCK: Certainly endeavouring to, sir.

MARY: Sorry that took so long. You okay?

JOHN: Yeah, yeah. Me? Fine. I am *fine.*

MARY: Now then, what did you want to ask me?

JOHN: More wine?

MARY: No, I’m good with water, thanks.

JOHN: Right.

MARY: So ...

JOHN: Er, so ... Mary. Listen, erm ... I know it hasn’t been long ... I mean, I know we haven’t known each other for a long time ...

MARY: Go on.

JOHN: Yes, I will. As you know, these last couple of years haven’t been easy for me; and meeting you ... Yeah, meeting you has been the best thing that could have possibly happened.

MARY: I agree.

JOHN: What?

MARY: I agree I’m the best thing that could have happened to you. Sorry.

JOHN: Well, no. That’s, um ... So ... if you’ll have me, Mary, could you see your way, um ...

if you could see your way to ...

SHERLOCK: Sir, I think you’ll find this vintage exceptionally to your liking. It ’as all the qualities of the old, with some of the colour of the new.

JOHN: No, sorry, not now, please.

SHERLOCK: Like a gaze from a crowd of strangers ... suddenly one is aware of staring into ze face of an old friend.

JOHN: No, look, seriously ... could you just ...

SHERLOCK: Interesting thing, a tuxedo. Lends distinction to friends, and anonymity to waiters.

MARY: John? John, what is it? What?

SHERLOCK: Well, short version ... Not Dead. Bit mean, springing it on you like that, I know. Could have given you a heart attack, probably still will. But in my defence, it was very funny. Okay, it’s not a great defence.

MARY: Oh no! You’re ...

SHERLOCK: Oh yes.

MARY: Oh, my God.

SHERLOCK: Not quite.

MARY: You died. You jumped off a roof.

SHERLOCK: No.

MARY: You’re *dead*!

SHERLOCK: No. I’m quite sure. I checked. Excuse me. Does, er, does yours rub off, too?

MARY: Oh my God, oh my God. Do you have *any* idea what you’ve done to him?

SHERLOCK: Okay, John, I’m suddenly realising I probably owe you some sort of an apology.

MARY: All right, just ... John? Just keep ...

JOHN: Two years. Two years. I thought ... I thought ... you were dead. Hmm? Now, you let me grieve, hmm? How could you do that? *How?*

SHERLOCK: Wait – before you do anything that you might regret ... um, one question. Just let me ask one question. Um ... Are you really gonna keep that?!

SHERLOCK: I calculated that there were thirteen possibilities once I’d invited Moriarty onto the roof. I wanted to avoid dying if at all possible. The first scenario involved hurling myself into a parked hospital van filled with washing bags. Impossible. The angle was too steep. Secondly, a system of Japanese wrestling ...

JOHN: You know, for a genius you can be remarkably thick.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: I don’t *care* how you faked it, Sherlock. I wanna know *why*.

SHERLOCK: *Why*? Because Moriarty had to be stopped. Oh. ‘Why’ as in ... I see. Yes. ‘Why?’ That’s a little more difficult to explain.

JOHN: I’ve got all night.

SHERLOCK: Actually, um, that was mostly Mycroft’s idea.

JOHN: Oh, so it’s your *brother’s* plan?

MARY: Oh, he would have needed a confidant ...

SHERLOCK: Mm-hm.

MARY: Sorry.

JOHN: But he was the only one? The only one who knew?

SHERLOCK: Couple of others. It was a very elaborate plan – it *had* to be. The next of the thirteen possibilities ...

JOHN: Who else? Who else knew? *Who?*

SHERLOCK: Molly.

JOHN: Molly?

MARY: John.

SHERLOCK: Molly Hooper – and *some* of my homeless network, and that’s all.

JOHN: Okay. Okay. So just your brother, and Molly Hooper, and a hundred tramps.

SHERLOCK: No! Twenty-five at most.

SHERLOCK: Seriously, it’s not a joke? You’re-you’re really keeping this?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: You’re sure?

JOHN: Mary likes it.

SHERLOCK: Mmmmmm, no she doesn’t.

JOHN: She does.

SHERLOCK: She doesn’t.

JOHN: Oh! Brilliant.

MARY: I’m sorry. Oh, I’m sorry – I didn’t know how to tell you.

JOHN: No, no, this is charming(!)I’ve really missed this(!) *One Word*, Sherlock. That is *all* I would have needed. One word to let me know that you were alive.

SHERLOCK: I’ve nearly been in contact *so* many times, but ... I worried that, you know, you might say something indiscreet.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Well, you know, let the cat out of the bag.

JOHN: Oh, so this is *my* fault?!

MARY: Oh, God!

JOHN: Why am I the only one who thinks that this is wrong – the only one reacting like a human being?!

SHERLOCK: *Over*-reacting.

JOHN: “Over-reacting”?!

MARY: John!

JOHN: “Over-reacting.” So you fake your own death ...

SHERLOCK: Shh!

JOHN: ... and you waltz in ’ere large as bloody life ...

SHERLOCK: Shh!

JOHN: ... but I’m not supposed to have a problem with that, no, because Sherlock Holmes thinks it’s a perfectly OKAY THING TO DO!

SHERLOCK: Shut up, John! I don’t want *everyone* knowing I’m still alive!

JOHN: Oh, so it’s still a secret, is it?

SHERLOCK: Yes! It’s still a secret. Promise you won’t tell anyone.

JOHN: Swear to God!

SHERLOCK: London is in danger, John. There’s an imminent terrorist attack and I need your help.

JOHN: My help?

SHERLOCK: You *have* missed this. Admit it. The thrill of the chase, the blood pumping through your veins, just the two of us against the rest of the world ...

SHERLOCK: I don’t understand. I said I’m sorry. Isn’t that what you’re supposed to do?

MARY: Gosh. You don’t know anything about human nature, do you?

SHERLOCK: Mmm, nature? No. Human? ... No.

MARY: I’ll talk him round.

SHERLOCK: You will?

MARY: Oh yeah.

JOHN: Mary.

JOHN: Can you believe his nerve?

MARY: I like him.

JOHN: What?

MARY: I like him.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Those things’ll kill you.

LESTRADE: Ooh, you bastard!

SHERLOCK: It’s time to come back. You’ve been letting things slide, Graham.

LESTRADE: Greg!

SHERLOCK: Greg.

RADIO: ... with an anti-terrorism bill *this* important, the government feels duty-bound to push through the legislation with all due expe...

SHERLOCK: No, stay *exactly* where you are.

JOHN: Where are you?

SHERLOCK: Don’t move. Keep your eyes fixed on me.

JOHN’s VOICE: What-what’s happening? What’s going on?

SHERLOCK: Please, will you do this for me? *Please.*

JOHN: Do what?

SHERLOCK: This phone call – it’s my note. That’s what people do, don’t they? Leave a note.

JOHN’s VOICE: Leave a note when?

SHERLOCK: Goodbye, John.

JOHN’s VOICE: No ... *Sherlock!*

JIM: Oh-ho!

ANDERSON: *What?!* Are you out of your mind?!

LAURA: I don’t see why not. It’s just as plausible as some of *your* theories.

ANDERSON: Look, if you’re not going to take it seriously, Laura, you can ...

LAURA: I *do* take it seriously. I don’t think we should wear hats.

ANDERSON: I founded *‘The Empty Hearse’* so like-minded people could meet, discuss theories ... Sherlock’s still out there. I’m convinced of it.

LAURA: Oh my God. Oh. My. God!

MARY: “His movements were so silent. So furtive, he reminded me of a trained bloodhound picking out a scent.”

JOHN: You what?

MARY: “I couldn’t help thinking what an amazing criminal he’d make if he turned his talents against the law.”

JOHN: Don’t read that.

MARY: The famous blog, finally!

JOHN: Come on – that’s ...

MARY: ... ancient history, yes, I know. But it’s *not*, though, is it, because he’s ... What *are* you doing?!

JOHN: Having a wash.

MARY: You’re shaving it off.

JOHN: Well, you hate it.

MARY: *Sherlock* hates it.

JOHN: Apparently *everyone* hates it.

MARY: Are you gonna see him again?

JOHN: No – I’m going to work.

MARY: Oh. And after work, are you gonna see him again? Cor, I dunno – six months of bristly kisses for me, and then His Nibs turns up ...

JOHN: I don’t shave for Sherlock Holmes.

MARY: Oh! You should put that on a T-shirt!

JOHN: Shut up.

MARY: Or what?

JOHN: Or I’ll marry you.

SHERLOCK: London. It’s like a great cesspool into which all kinds of criminals, agents and drifters are irresistibly drained. Sometimes it’s not a question of ‘Who?’; it’s a question of ‘Who Knows?’ If this man cancels his papers ... I need to know. If this woman leaves London without putting her dog into kennels, I need to know. There are certain people – they are markers. If they start to move, I’ll know something’s up – like rats deserting a sinking ship.

MYCROFT: All very interesting, Sherlock, but the terror alert has been raised to Critical.

SHERLOCK: Boring. Your move.

MYCROFT: We have solid information. An attack *is* coming.

SHERLOCK: “Solid information.” A secret terrorist organisation’s planning an attack – that’s what secret terrorist organisations *do*, isn’t it? It’s their version of golf.

MYCROFT: An agent gave his life to tell us that.

SHERLOCK: Oh, well, perhaps he shouldn’t have done. He was obviously just trying to show off.

MYCROFT: None of these markers of yours is behaving in any way suspiciously? Your move.

SHERLOCK: No, Mycroft, but you have to trust me. I’ll find the answer. It’ll be in an odd phrase in an online blog, or an unexpected trip to the countryside, or a misplaced Lonely Hearts ad. Your move.

MYCROFT: I’ve given the Prime Minister my personal assurance you’re on the case.

SHERLOCK: I *am* on the case. We’re *both* on the case. Look at us right now.

MYCROFT: Oh, bugger!

SHERLOCK: Oopsie! Can’t handle a broken heart – how *very* telling.

MYCROFT: Don’t be smart.

SHERLOCK: That takes me back. “Don’t be smart, Sherlock. *I’m* the smart one.”

MYCROFT: I *am* the smart one.

SHERLOCK: I used to think I was an idiot.

MYCROFT: *Both* of us thought you were an idiot, Sherlock. We had nothing else to go on ’til we met other children.

SHERLOCK: Oh, yes. *That* was a mistake.

MYCROFT: Ghastly. What *were* they thinking of?

SHERLOCK: *Probably* something about trying to make friends.

MYCROFT: Oh yes. *Friends.* Of course, you go in for that sort of thing now.

SHERLOCK: And you don’t? Ever?

MYCROFT: If *you* seem slow to me, Sherlock, can you imagine what *real* people are like? I’m living in a world of goldfish.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but I’ve been away for two years.

MYCROFT: So?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I don’t know. I thought perhaps you might have found yourself a ... goldfish.

MYCROFT: Change the subject – now!

SHERLOCK: Rest assured, Mycroft – whatever this underground network of yours is up to, the secret will reside in something seemingly insignificant or bizarre.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh!

MYCROFT: Speaking of which ...

MRS HUDSON: I can’t believe it. I just can’t believe it! Him – sitting in his chair again! Oh, isn’t it wonderful, Mr Holmes?

MYCROFT: I can barely contain myself(!)

SHERLOCK: Oh, he really *can*, you know.

MRS HUDSON: He’s secretly pleased to see you underneath all that ...

MYCROFT: Sorry – which of us?

MRS HUDSON: *Both* of you.

SHERLOCK: Let’s play something different.

MYCROFT: Why are we playing games?

SHERLOCK: Well, London’s terror alert has been raised to Critical. I’m just passing the time. Let’s do deductions. Client left this while I was out. What d’you reckon?

MYCROFT: I’m busy.

SHERLOCK: Oh, go on. It’s been an *age.*

MYCROFT: I always win.

SHERLOCK: Which is why you can’t resist.

MYCROFT: I find nothing irresistible in the hat of a well-travelled anxious sentimental unfit creature of habit with appalling halitosis ... Damn.

SHERLOCK: Isolated, too, don’t you think?

MYCROFT: Why would he be isolated?

SHERLOCK: “He”?

MYCROFT: Obviously.

SHERLOCK: Why? Size of the hat?

MYCROFT: Don’t be silly. Some women have large heads too. No – he’s recently had his hair cut. You can see the little hairs adhering to the perspiration stains on the inside.

SHERLOCK: Some women have short hair, too.

MYCROFT: Balance of probability.

SHERLOCK: Not that you’ve ever spoken to a woman with short hair – or, you know, a *woman*.

MYCROFT: Stains show he’s out of condition, and he’s sentimental because the hat has been repaired three, four ...

SHERLOCK: Five times. Very neatly. The cost of the repairs exceeds the cost of the hat, so he's mawkishly attached to it, but it’s more than that. One, perhaps two, patches would indicate sentimentality, but five? Five’s excessive behaviour. Obsessive compulsive.

MYCROFT: Hardly. Your client left it behind. What sort of an obsessive compulsive would do that? The earlier patches are extensively sun-bleached, so he’s worn it abroad – in Peru.

SHERLOCK: Peru?

MYCROFT: This is a chullo – the classic headgear of the Andes. It’s made of alpaca.

SHERLOCK: No.

MYCROFT: No?

SHERLOCK: Icelandic sheep wool. Similar, but very distinctive *if* you know what you’re looking for. I’ve written a blog on the varying tensile strengths of different natural fibres.

MRS HUDSON: I’m sure there’s a crying need for that.

SHERLOCK: You said he was anxious.

MYCROFT: The bobble on the left side has been badly chewed, which shows he’s a man of a nervous disposition but ...

SHERLOCK: ... but also a creature of habit because he hasn’t chewed the bobble on the right.

MYCROFT: Precisely.

SHERLOCK: Brief sniff of the offending bobble tells us everything we need to know about the state of his breath. Brilliant(!)

MYCROFT: Elementary.

SHERLOCK: But you’ve missed his isolation.

MYCROFT: I don’t see it.

SHERLOCK: Plain as day.

MYCROFT: Where?

SHERLOCK: There for all to see.

MYCROFT: Tell me.

SHERLOCK: Plain as the nose on your ...

MYCROFT: *Tell* me.

SHERLOCK: Well, anybody who wears a hat as stupid as this isn’t in the habit of hanging around other people, is he?

MYCROFT: Not at all. Maybe he just doesn’t mind being different. He doesn’t necessarily have to be isolated.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

MYCROFT: I’m sorry?

SHERLOCK: He’s different – so what? Why would he mind? You’re quite right. Why would *anyone* mind?

MYCROFT: ... I’m not lonely, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: How would you know?

MYCROFT: Yes. Back to work if you don’t mind. Good morning.

SHERLOCK: Right. Back to work.

MARY: Mr Summerson.

JOHN: Right.

MARY: Undescended testicle.

JOHN: ... Right.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Mm?

MRS HUDSON: Talk to John.

SHERLOCK: I tried talking to him. He made his position quite clear.

JOHN: Just relax, Mr Summerson.

MRS HUDSON: What did he say?

SHERLOCK: F...

JOHN: Cough.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh dear!

JOHN: Hi.

MARY: Er, Mrs Reeves. Thrush.

JOHN: Right.

MOLLY: You wanted to see me?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Molly?

MOLLY: Yes?

SHERLOCK: Would you ... Would you like to ...

MOLLY: ... have dinner?

SHERLOCK: ... solve crimes?

MOLLY: Ooh.

JOHN: Absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, Mrs Reeves. It’s very common ... but I’m recommending a course of ...

SHERLOCK: ... monkey glands. But enough about Professor Presbury. Tell us more about *your* case, Mr Harcourt.

MOLLY: Are you sure about this?

SHERLOCK: Absolutely.

MOLLY: Should I be making notes?

SHERLOCK: If it makes you feel better.

MOLLY: It’s just that that’s what John says *he* does, so if I’m being John ...

SHERLOCK: You’re not being John – you’re being yourself.

MR HARCOURT: Well, absolutely no one should have been able to empty that bank account other than myself and Helen.

SHERLOCK: Why didn’t you assume it was your wife?

MR HARCOURT: Because I’ve always had total faith in her.

SHERLOCK: No – it’s because *you* emptied it. Weight loss, hair dye, Botox; affair. Lawyer. Next!

MARY: This is Mr Blake. Piles.

JOHN: Mr Blake, hi.

SHERLOCK: And your pen pal’s emails just stopped, did they? And you really thought he was the one, didn’t you? The love of your life? Stepfather posing as online boyfriend.

MOLLY: What?!

SHERLOCK: Breaks it off, breaks her heart. She swears off relationships, stays at home – he still has her wage coming in. Mr Windibank, you have been a complete and utter ...

JOHN: ... piss pot. It’s nothing to worry about. Just a small infection by the sound of it. Er, Doctor Verner is your usual GP, yes?

MR SZIKORA: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. He looked after me, man and boy. I run a little shop, just on the corner of Church Street.

JOHN: Oh, right.

MR SZIKORA: Er, magazines, DVDs. Brought along a few little beauties that might interest you. “Tree Worshippers.” Oh, that’s a corker. It’s *very* saucy. “British Birds.” Same sort of thing.

JOHN: I’m fine, thanks.

MR SZIKORA: “The Holy War.” Sounds a bit dry, I know, but there’s a nun with all these holes in her habit ...

JOHN: Jesus. Sherlock ...

MR SZIKORA: Huh?

JOHN: ... what do you want?

MR SZIKORA: Huh?

JOHN: Have you come to torment me?

MR SZIKORA: What are you talking about?

JOHN: “What are you talking ...” What, d’you think I’m gonna be fooled by this bloody beard?

MR SZIKORA: Are you crazy?!

JOHN: It’s not as good as your French. Not as good as your French. It’s not even a good disguise, Sherlock! Where’d you get it from? A bloody joke ... sh-shop ...? Oh my God. I am *so* sorry. Oh my God. Please for... It’s fine.

LESTRADE: This one’s got us all baffled.

SHERLOCK: Mmm. I don’t doubt it.

MOLLY: What is it? You’re on to something, aren’t you?

SHERLOCK: Mm, maybe.

JOHN’s VOICE: SHOW OFF.

SHERLOCK: Shut up, John.

MOLLY: What?

SHERLOCK: Hmm? Nothing.

MARY: Hello.

JOHN: Mmm.

MARY: You sure?

JOHN: I’m sure.

MARY: Okay. I’m late for Cath. I’ll see you later.

JOHN: ’Bye.

MARY: ’Bye.

LESTRADE: This gonna be your new arrangement, is it?

SHERLOCK: Just giving it a go.

LESTRADE: Right. So, John?

SHERLOCK: Not really in the picture any more.

MOLLY: Trains?

SHERLOCK: Trains.

MOLLY: Male, forty to fifty. Ooh, sorry, did you want to be ...?

SHERLOCK: Er, no, please. Be my guest.

JOHN: You jealous?

SHERLOCK: *Shut up!*

MOLLY: Doesn’t make sense.

LESTRADE: What doesn’t?

MOLLY: This skeleton – it’s ... it can’t be any more than ...

SHERLOCK and MOLLY: ... six months old.

MOLLY: Wow!

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

LESTRADE: “How I Did It” by Jack the Ripper?!

SHERLOCK: Mm-hm.

MOLLY: It’s impossible!

SHERLOCK: Welcome to my world.

JOHN’s VOICE: SMART ARSE

SHERLOCK: Get out. I won’t insult your intelligence by explaining it to you.

LESTRADE: No, please – insult away!

JOHN’s VOICE: You forgot to put your collar up

SHERLOCK: The-the-the corpse is-is six months old; it’s dressed in a shoddy Victorian outfit from a museum. It’s been displayed on a dummy for many years in a case facing south-east judging from the fading of the fabric. It was sold off in a fire-damage sale ... a week ago.

LESTRADE: So the whole thing was a fake.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

LESTRADE: Looked so promising.

SHERLOCK: Facile.

MOLLY: Why would someone go to all that trouble?

SHERLOCK: Why indeed, John?

HOWARD: Oh. Thanks for hanging on to it.

SHERLOCK: No problem. So, what’s this all about, Mr Shilcott?

HOWARD: My girlfriend’s a big fan of yours.

SHERLOCK: Girlfriend?! Sorry. Do go on.

HOWARD: I like trains.

SHERLOCK: Yyyes.

HOWARD: I work on the Tube, on the District Line, and part of my job is to wipe the security footage after it’s been cleared. I was just whizzing through and, er, I found something a bit bizarre. Now, this was a week ago. The last train on the Friday night, Westminster station, and this man gets into the last car.

MOLLY: “Car”?

HOWARD: They’re cars, not carriages. It’s a legacy of the early American involvement in the Tube system.

SHERLOCK: He said he liked trains.

MOLLY: Hmm!

HOWARD: And the next stop ... St James’s Park station ... and ... I thought you’d like it. He gets into the last car at Westminster, the *only* passenger ... and the car is empty at St James’s Park station. Explain *that*, Mr Holmes.

MOLLY: Couldn’t he have just jumped off?

HOWARD: There’s a safety mechanism that prevents the doors from opening in transit. But there’s something else. The driver of that train hasn’t been to work since. According to his flatmate, he’s on holiday. Came into some money.

SHERLOCK: Bought off?

MOLLY: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: So if the driver of the train was in on it, then the passenger *did* get off.

HOWARD: There’s nowhere he could go. It’s a straight run on the District Line between the two stations. There’s no side tunnels, no maintenance tunnels – nothing on *any* map. *Nothing*. The train never stops, and the man vanishes. Good, innit?!

SHERLOCK: I know that face.

JOHN: ’Scuse *you.*

SHERLOCK: The journey between those stations usually takes five minutes. That journey took *ten* minutes – ten minutes to get from Westminster to St James’s Park. So I’m going to need maps – lots of maps, older maps, all the maps.

MOLLY: Right.

SHERLOCK: Fancy some chips?

MOLLY: What?

SHERLOCK: I know a fantastic fish shop just off the Marylebone Road. The owner always gives me extra portions.

MOLLY: Did you get him off a murder charge?

SHERLOCK: No – I helped him put up some shelves.

MOLLY: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

MOLLY: What was today about?

SHERLOCK: Saying thank you.

MOLLY: For what?

SHERLOCK: Everything you did for me.

MOLLY: It’s okay. It was my pleasure.

SHERLOCK: No, I mean it.

MOLLY: I don’t mean ‘pleasure.’ I mean, I didn’t mind. I wanted to.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty slipped up. He made a mistake. Because the one person he thought didn’t matter at all to me was the one person that mattered the most. You made it all possible. But you can’t do *this* again, can you?

MOLLY: I had a lovely day. I’d love to – I just ... um ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, congratulations, by the way.

MOLLY: He’s not from work. We met through friends, the old-fashioned way. He’s nice. We ... he’s got a dog ... we-we go to the pub on weekends and he ... I’ve met his mum and dad and his friends and all his family. I’ve no idea why I’m telling you this.

SHERLOCK: I hope you’ll be very happy, Molly Hooper. You deserve it. After all, not *all* the men you fall for can turn out to be sociopaths(!)

MOLLY: No?

SHERLOCK: No.

MOLLY: Maybe it’s just my type.

MARY: Oh, Mrs Hudson. Sorry – I-I think someone’s got John – John Watson.

MRS HUDSON: Hang on! Who are you?

MARY: Oh, I’m his fiancée.

MRS HUDSON: Ah!

SHERLOCK: Mary? What’s wrong?

MARY: Someone sent me this. At first I thought it was just a Bible thing, you know, spam, but it’s not. It’s a skip-code.

SHERLOCK: First word, then every third. Save ... John ... Watson. Now!

MARY: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: St James the Less. It’s a church. Twenty minutes by car. Did you drive here?

MARY: Er, yes.

SHERLOCK: It’s too slow. It’s too slow.

MARY: Sherlock, what are we waiting for?

SHERLOCK: This.

MARY: What does it mean? What are they going to do to him?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know.

SHERLOCK: Damn!

POLICE OFFICER: Oi! Oi! You can’t go down there!

MAN: No. It’s not gonna work. Bit damp. I’ll get something to help it along, yeah?

ZOE: He doesn’t like it, Daddy.

DAD: Eh?

ZOE: Guy Fawkes – he doesn’t like it!

DAD: Stay back, Zoe. Back. Now.

MARY: What does it mean?

SHERLOCK: Oh my God.

JOHN: *Help!*

SHERLOCK: Jump off! Move! Move! Move! Move! Move! John!

MARY: John! Get out, John!

JOHN: *Help!*

SHERLOCK: John? John!

MARY: John.

SHERLOCK: Hey, John.

WOMAN: ... which wasn’t the way I’d put it at all. Silly woman. Anyway, it was then that I first noticed it was missing. I said, “Have you checked down the back of the sofa?” He’s *always* losing things down the back of the sofa, aren’t you, dear?

MAN: ’Fraid so.

WOMAN: Keys, small change, sweeties. Especially his glasses.

MAN: Glasses.

WOMAN: Blooming things. I said, “Why don’t you get a chain – wear ’em round your neck?” And he says, “What – like Larry Grayson?”

MAN: Larry Grayson.

SHERLOCK: So did you find it eventually, your lottery ticket?

WOMAN: Well, yes, thank goodness. We caught the coach on time after all. We managed to see, er, St Paul’s, the Tower ... but they weren’t letting anyone in to Parliament. Some big debate going on.

SHERLOCK: John!

JOHN: Sorry – you’re busy.

SHERLOCK: Er, no-no-no, they were just leaving.

WOMAN: Oh, were we?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: No, no, if you’ve got a case ...

SHERLOCK: No, not a case, no-no-no. Go. ’Bye.

WOMAN: Yeah, well, we’re here ’til Saturday, remember.

SHERLOCK: Yes, great, wonderful. Just get out.

WOMAN: Well, give us a ring.

SHERLOCK: Very nice, yes, good. Get *out.*

WOMAN: I can’t tell you how glad we are, Sherlock. All that time people thinking the worst of you. We’re just *so* pleased it’s all over.

MAN: Ring up more often, won’t you?

SHERLOCK: Mm-hm.

MAN: She *worries*.

WOMAN: Promise?

SHERLOCK: Promise. Oh, for God... Sorry about that.

JOHN: No, it’s fine. Clients?

SHERLOCK: ... Just my parents.

JOHN: Your parents?

SHERLOCK: In town for a few days.

JOHN: *Your* parents?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft promised to take them to a matinee of *“Les Mis.”* Tried to talk *me* into doing it.

JOHN: Those were your parents?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Well ... That is not what I ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: I-I mean they’re just ... so ... ordinary.

SHERLOCK: It’s a cross I have to bear.

JOHN: Did *they* know, too?

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: That you spent the last two years playing hide and seek.

SHERLOCK: Maybe.

JOHN: Ah! So *that’s* why they weren’t at the funeral.

SHERLOCK: Sorry. Sorry *again*.

JOHN: Mm.

SHERLOCK: Sorry. See you’ve shaved it off, then.

JOHN: Yeah. Wasn’t working for me.

SHERLOCK: Mm, I’m glad.

JOHN: What, you didn’t like it?

SHERLOCK: No. I prefer my doctors clean-shaven.

JOHN: That’s not a sentence you hear every day!

SHERLOCK: How are you feeling?

JOHN: Yeah, not bad. Bit ... smoked.

SHERLOCK: Right.

JOHN: Last night – who did that? And why did they target *me*?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know.

JOHN: Is it someone trying to get to you through me? Is it something to do with this terrorist thing you talked about?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know. I can’t see the pattern. It’s too nebulous. Why would an agent give his life to tell us something incredibly insignificant? That’s what’s strange.

JOHN: “Give his life”?

SHERLOCK: According to Mycroft. There’s an underground network planning an attack on London – that’s all we know. These are my rats, John.

JOHN: Rats?

SHERLOCK: My markers: agents, low-lifes, people who might find themselves arrested or their diplomatic immunity suddenly rescinded. If one of them starts acting suspiciously, we know something’s up. Five of them are behaving perfectly normally, but the sixth ...

JOHN: I know him, don’t I?

SHERLOCK: Lord Moran, peer of the realm, Minister for Overseas Development. Pillar of the establishment.

JOHN: Yes!

SHERLOCK: He’s been working for North Korea since 1996.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: He’s the Big Rat. Rat Number One. And he’s just done something *very* suspicious indeed.

JOHN: Yeah, that’s ... odd. There’s nowhere he could have got off?

SHERLOCK: Not according to the maps.

JOHN: Mm.

SHERLOCK: There’s something – something, *something* I’m missing, something staring me in the face.

JOHN: Any idea who they are – this underground network? Intelligence must have a-a list of the most obvious ones.

SHERLOCK: Our rat’s just come out of his den.

JOHN: Al-Qaeda; the IRA have been getting restless again – maybe they’re gonna make an appearance ...

SHERLOCK: Yes, yes, yes, yes, *YES*! I’ve been an idiot – a blind *idiot*!

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Oh, that’s good. That could be *brilliant*.

JOHN: What are you on about?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft’s intelligence – it’s not nebulous at all. It’s specific – *incredibly* specific.

JOHN: *What* do you mean?

SHERLOCK: Not an underground network, John. It’s an *Underground* network.

JOHN: Right. ... What?

SHERLOCK: Sometimes a deception is so audacious, so outrageous that you can’t see it even when it’s staring you in the face. Look – seven carriages leave Westminster ... but only *six* carriages arrive at St James’s Park.

JOHN: But that’s ... I ... it’s-it’s impossible.

SHERLOCK: Moran didn’t disappear – the entire Tube compartment did. The driver must have diverted the train and then detached the last carriage.

JOHN: Detached it where?! You said there was nothing between those stations.

SHERLOCK: Not on the maps, but once you eliminate all the other factors, the only thing remaining must be the truth. That carriage vanished, so it must be *somewhere*.

JOHN: But *why*, though? Why detach it in the first place?

SHERLOCK: It vanishes between St James’s Park and Westminster. Lord Moran vanishes. You’re kidnapped and nearly burned to death at a fireworks par... What’s the date, John – today’s date?

JOHN: Hmm? November the ... My God.

SHERLOCK: Lord Moran – he’s a peer of the realm. Normally he’d sit in the House. Tonight there’s an all-night sitting to vote on the new anti-terrorism Bill. But he won’t be there. Not tonight. Not the fifth of November.

JOHN: “Remember, remember.”

SHERLOCK: “Gunpowder treason and plot.”

HOWARD: There’s nothing down there, Mr Holmes, I told you. No sidings, no ghost stations.

SHERLOCK: There *has* to be. Check again.

JOHN: Look – this whole area is a big mess of old and new stuff. Charing Cross is made up of bits of older stations like Trafalgar Square, Strand ...

SHERLOCK: No, it’s none of those. We’ve accounted for those. St Margaret’s Street, Bridge Street, Sumatra Road, Parliament Street ...

HOWARD: Hang on, hang on. Sumatra Road. You mentioned Sumatra Road, Mr Holmes. There *is* something. I *knew* it rang a bell. Where is it? There *was* a station down there.

JOHN: Well, why isn’t it on the maps?

HOWARD: ’Cause it was closed before it ever opened.

JOHN: What?

HOWARD: They built the platforms, even the staircases, but it all got tied up in legal disputes, so they never built the station on the surface.

SHERLOCK: It’s right underneath the Palace of Westminster.

JOHN: And so what’s down there? A bomb? Oh ...

NEWSREADER: With many commentators saying the vote on the terrorism Bill will be too close to call, MPs are now making their way into the Chamber for what the government is calling the most important vote of this parliament. Over now to our ...

MALE VOICE: What freedoms exactly are we protecting if we start spying on our own people? This is an Orwellian measure on a scale unprecedented ...

JOHN: So it’s a bomb, then? A Tube carriage is carrying a bomb.

SHERLOCK: Must be.

JOHN: Right.

SHERLOCK: What are you doing?

JOHN: Calling the police.

SHERLOCK: What? No!

JOHN: Sherlock, this isn’t a game. They need to evacuate Parliament.

SHERLOCK: They’ll get in the way. They always do. This is cleaner, more efficient.

JOHN: And illegal.

SHERLOCK: A bit. What are you doing?

JOHN: Coming.

SHERLOCK: I don’t understand.

JOHN: Well, *that’s* a first!

SHERLOCK: There’s nowhere else it could be. Oh!

JOHN: What? Hang on. Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: That’s ... Isn’t it live?

SHERLOCK: Perfectly safe as long as we avoid touching the rails.

JOHN: ’Course, yeah(!) Avoid the rails. Great(!)

SHERLOCK: This way.

JOHN: You sure?

SHERLOCK: Sure.

JOHN: Ah. Look at that.

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Hmm? Demolition charges. It’s empty. There’s nothing.

SHERLOCK: Isn’t there? This is the bomb.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: It’s not *carrying* explosives. The whole compartment *is* the bomb.

JOHN: We need bomb disposal.

SHERLOCK: There may not be time for that now.

JOHN: So what do we do?

SHERLOCK: I have no idea.

JOHN: Well, think of something.

SHERLOCK: Why d’you think *I* know what to do?

JOHN: Because you’re Sherlock Holmes. You’re as clever as it gets.

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t mean I know how to defuse a giant bomb. What about you?

JOHN: I wasn’t in bomb disposal. I’m a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK: And a soldier, as you keep reminding us all.

JOHN: Can’t-can’t we rip the timer off, or something?

SHERLOCK: That would set it off.

JOHN: You see? You *know* things.

SHERLOCK: Er ...

JOHN: My God!

SHERLOCK: Er ...

JOHN: Why didn’t you call the police?

SHERLOCK: Please just ...

JOHN: Why do you *never* call the police?

SHERLOCK: Well, it’s no use now.

JOHN: So you *can’t* switch the bomb off. You *can’t* switch the bomb off and you didn’t call the police.

SHERLOCK: Go, John. Go now.

JOHN: There’s no *point* now, is there, because there’s not enough time to get away; and if we don’t do this ... other people will *die*! Mind Palace.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: Use your Mind Palace.

SHERLOCK: How will *that* help?

JOHN: You’ve salted away every fact under the sun!

SHERLOCK: Oh, and you think I’ve just got “How To Defuse A Bomb” tucked away in there somewhere?

JOHN: *Yes!*

SHERLOCK: Maybe.

JOHN: *Think.* Think. Please think. *Think!* Oh my God. This is it.

SHERLOCK: Um, er ...

JOHN: Oh my God.

SHERLOCK: Turn that off. Oh God! Er, um, er ... I’m sorry.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I can’t ... I can’t do it, John. I don’t know how. Forgive me?

JOHN: *What*?

SHERLOCK: Please, John, forgive me ... for all the hurt that I caused you.

JOHN: No, no, no, no, no, no. This is a trick.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Another one of your bloody tricks.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: You’re just trying to make me say something nice.

SHERLOCK: Not this time.

JOHN: It’s just to make you look good even though you behaved like ... I wanted you not to be dead.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, be careful what you wish for. If I hadn’t come back, you wouldn’t be standing there and ... you’d still have a future ... with Mary.

JOHN: Yeah. I know. Look, I find it difficult. I find it difficult, this sort of stuff.

SHERLOCK: I know.

JOHN: You were the best and the wisest man ... that I have ever known. Yes, of *course* I forgive you.

SHERLOCK: The criminal network Moriarty headed was vast. Its roots were everywhere like a cancer, so we came up with a plan. Mycroft fed Moriarty information about me. Moriarty in turn gave us hints – just hints – as to the extent of his web. We let him go ... because it was important to let him believe he had the upper hand. And then I sat back and watched Moriarty destroy my reputation bit by bit. I had to make him believe he’d beaten me, utterly defeated me, and then he’d show his hand. There were thirteen likely scenarios once we were up on that roof. Each of them were rigorously worked out and given a code name. It wasn’t just my reputation that Moriarty needed to bury – I had to die.

JIM: You can have me arrested ... you can torture me; you can do anything you like with me ... but nothing’s gonna prevent them from pulling the trigger. Your only three friends in the world will die ... unless ...

SHERLOCK: ... unless I kill myself – complete your story.

JIM: You’ve gotta admit that’s sexier.

SHERLOCK: But the one thing I didn’t anticipate was just how far Moriarty was prepared to go. I suppose that *was* obvious, given our first meeting at the swimming pool – his death wish. I knew I didn’t have long. I contacted my brother; set the wheels in motion. And then everyone got to work.

SHERLOCK: It’s a trick. Just a magic trick.

JOHN: All right, stop it now.

SHERLOCK: No, stay *exactly* where you are. Don’t move.

JOHN: All right.

SHERLOCK: Keep your eyes fixed on me. Please, will you do this for me?

SHERLOCK: It was vital that John stayed just where I put him. That way, his view was blocked by the ambulance station.

JOHN: *SHERLOCK!*

SHERLOCK: I needed to hit the airbag – which I did. Speed was paramount. The airbag needed to be got out of the way just as John cleared the station. But we needed him to see a body. That’s where Molly came in. Like figures on a weather clock, we went one way, John went the other. Then our well-timed cyclist ... put John briefly out of action ... giving me time to switch places with the corpse on the pavement. The rest was just window dressing. And one final touch ... a squash ball under the armpit. Apply enough pressure and it momentarily cuts off the pulse.

JOHN: Let me come through, please.

WOMAN: It’s all right ...

JOHN: No, he’s my friend.

WOMAN: It’s all right, it’s all right.

JOHN: No, he’s my friend. He’s my friend. Please, let me just check ...

SHERLOCK: Everything was anticipated; every eventuality allowed for. It worked ... perfectly.

ANDERSON: Molly? Molly Hooper? She *was* in on it?

SHERLOCK: Yes. You remember the little girl who was abducted by Moriarty?

LESTRADE: Get out!

SHERLOCK: You assumed she reacted like that because I was her kidnapper. But I deduced Moriarty must have found someone who looked very like me to plant suspicion, and that that man – whoever he was – had to be got out of the way as soon as his usefulness ended. That meant there was a corpse in a morgue somewhere that looked just like me.

ANDERSON: Clever.

SHERLOCK: Molly found the body, faked the records, and I provided the other coat. I’ve got lots of coats.

ANDERSON: And what about the sniper aiming at John?

SHERLOCK: Mycroft’s men intervened before he could take the shot. He was invited to reconsider.

MYCROFT: Is it done? Good.

ANDERSON: And your homeless network?

SHERLOCK: As I explained, the whole street was closed off ... like a scene from a play. Neat, don’t you think?

ANDERSON: Hmm.

SHERLOCK: What?

ANDERSON: Not the way *I’d* have done it.

SHERLOCK: Oh really?

ANDERSON: No, I’m not saying it’s not clever, but ...

SHERLOCK: What?

ANDERSON: ... Bit ... disappointed.

SHERLOCK: Everyone’s a critic. Anyway, that’s not why I came.

ANDERSON: No?

SHERLOCK: No. I think you *know* why I’m here, Phillip. “How I Did It” by Jack the Ripper?

ANDERSON: Didn’t you think it was intriguing?

SHERLOCK: Lurid. A case so sensational, you hoped I’d be interested. But you overdid it, Phillip – you and your little ‘fan club.’

ANDERSON: I just couldn’t live with myself, knowing that I’d driven you to ...

SHERLOCK: But you didn’t. You were always right. I wasn’t dead.

ANDERSON: No. No, and everything’s okay now, isn’t it?

SHERLOCK: Yeah. Of course you’ve wasted police time, perverted the course of justice, risked distracting me from a massive terrorist assault that could have both destroyed Parliament *and* caused the death of hundreds of people.

ANDERSON: Oh, God. Oh, God, I’m sorry, Sherlock. I’m so sorry. Hang on. That doesn’t make sense. How could you be sure John would stand on that exact spot? I mean, what if he’d moved? Hey – how did you do it all so quickly? What if the bike hadn’t hit him? And anyway, why are you telling me all this? If you’d pulled that off, I’m the *last* person you’d tell the truth ... Sherlock Holmes! Sherlock!

JOHN: You ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, your face!

JOHN: ... *utter* ...

SHERLOCK: Your face!

JOHN: You ...

SHERLOCK: I totally had you.

JOHN: You *cock*! I knew it! I knew it! You f...

SHERLOCK: Oh, those things you said – such sweet things! I-I never knew you cared(!)

JOHN: I *will* kill you if you ever breathe a word of this ...

SHERLOCK: Scout’s honour.

JOHN: ... to *anyone*. You *KNEW!*

SHERLOCK: Ahh.

JOHN: You knew how to turn it off!

SHERLOCK: There’s an Off switch.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: There’s *always* an Off switch. Terrorists can get into *all* sorts of problems unless there’s an Off switch.

JOHN: So why did you let me go through all that?

SHERLOCK: I didn’t lie altogether. I’ve absolutely *no* idea how to turn any of these silly little lights off. Oh!

JOHN: And you *did* call the police.

SHERLOCK: *’Course* I called the police.

JOHN: I’m definitely gonna kill you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, please(!) Killing me – that’s *so* two years ago.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: Sherlock, *please*. I *beg* of you. You can take over at the interval.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I’m sorry, brother dear, but you made a promise. There’s *nothing* I can do to help.

MYCROFT: But you don’t understand the pain of it – the horror!

JOHN: Come on. You’ll have to go down. They want the story.

SHERLOCK: In a minute.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I’m really pleased, Mary. Have you set a date?

MARY: Er, well we thought May.

MRS HUDSON: Oh! Spring wedding!

MARY: Yeah. Well, once we’ve actually *got* engaged.

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: We were interrupted last time.

JOHN: Yeah.

LESTRADE: Well, I can’t wait.

MARY: You will be there, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Weddings – not really my thing.

MOLLY: Hello, everyone.

JOHN: Hey, Molly.

MOLLY: This is Tom. Tom, this is everyone.

TOM: Hi.

LESTRADE: Hi.

TOM: It’s really nice to meet you all. Hi.

JOHN: Wow. Yeah, hi. I’m John. Good to meet you.

SHERLOCK: Ready?

JOHN: Ready.

LESTRADE: Champagne?

MOLLY: Yes. Thanks.

TOM: Thank you.

MRS HUDSON: Sit down, love.

TOM: Oh, thanks.

LESTRADE: So, um, is it serious, you two?

MOLLY: Yeah! I’ve moved on!

JOHN: Did you, er ...?

SHERLOCK: I’m not saying a word.

JOHN: No, best not. I’m still waiting.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: Why did they try and kill me? If they knew *you* were on to them, why go after *me* – put *me* in the bonfire?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know. I don’t *like* not knowing. Unlike the nicely embellished fictions on your blog, John, real life is rarely so neat. I don’t know who was behind all this, but I *will* find out, I promise you.

JOHN: Don’t pretend you’re not enjoying this.

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JOHN: Being back. Being a hero again.

SHERLOCK: Oh, don’t be stupid.

JOHN: You’d have to be an idiot not to see it. You *love* it.

SHERLOCK: Love what?

JOHN: Being Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: I don’t even know what that’s supposed to mean.

JOHN: Sherlock, you *are* gonna tell me how you did it? *How* you jumped off that building and survived?

SHERLOCK: You know my methods, John. I am *known* to be indestructible.

JOHN: No, but seriously. When you were dead, I went to your grave.

SHERLOCK: I should hope so.

JOHN: I made a little speech. I actually spoke to you.

SHERLOCK: I know. I was there.

JOHN: I asked you for one more miracle. I asked you to stop being dead.

SHERLOCK: I heard you. Anyway, time to go and be Sherlock Holmes.

**The Sign of Three**

LESTRADE: They just walked out of there!

DONOVAN: Yeah, I know. I was sort of sitting next to you.

LESTRADE: The *whole* Waters family! They just walked right out of there!

DONOVAN: Again, I was in the room.

LESTRADE: How do they always manage that?

DONOVAN: They’re good.

LESTRADE: They’re greedy, and they’ll do it again, and next time we’re gonna catch ’em in the act.

DONOVAN: *How*?

DONOVAN: No good?

LESTRADE: They *always* know we’re coming. *How* do they always know?

DONOVAN: They’re good. They work at it.

LESTRADE: They’re never gonna stop.

DONOVAN: Well, neither are we.

DONOVAN: Greg!

LESTRADE: *In the act!* The only way we’re gonna do this! *In. The. Act!*

LESTRADE: You still blocking it?

DONOVAN: Yeah. Very efficiently hacked. They must be bloody pleased with themselves.

LESTRADE: They *must* be! Right then?

DONOVAN: Oh, no! No, *you’ve* gotta make the arrest. This one’s yours, boss.

LESTRADE: You’ve never called me ‘boss’ before.

DONOVAN: Ah, well, look what happens when you’re good!

LESTRADE: You know how most days *aren’t* good days? This is a good day.

DONOVAN: Not for the Waters family. Okay: ten men on the roof; all exits covered; the bank’s closed, so there are no hostages to worry about ...

LESTRADE: Sorry, no, go on, go on.

DONOVAN: Um, we’ve got the tunnel entrance covered; and Davies, Willard and Christie are heading up our Response on Mafeking Road.

LESTRADE: Sorry, I’d better get this.

DONOVAN: It’s *him*, isn’t it?

LESTRADE: I-I, I have to go.

DONOVAN: What?!

LESTRADE: *You* make the arrest.

DONOVAN: No way!

LESTRADE: Sorry. You’ll be fine. I’m-I’m-I’m cool with this.

DONOVAN: Jones’ll get all the credit if you leave now! You *know* he will!

LESTRADE: Yeah, but d... It doesn’t matter. I have to go.

LESTRADE: What’s going on?

SHERLOCK: This is hard.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: Really hard. Hardest thing I’ve ever had to do. Have you any funny stories about John?

LESTRADE: *What*?!

SHERLOCK: I need anecdotes. Didn’t go to any trouble, did you?

SHERLOCK: Shut up, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON: I haven’t said a word.

SHERLOCK: You’re formulating a question. It’s physically painful watching you thinking.

MRS HUDSON: I thought it was you playing.

SHERLOCK: It *was* me playing. I am composing.

MRS HUDSON: You were *dancing*.

SHERLOCK: I was road-testing.

MRS HUDSON: You what?

SHERLOCK: Why are you here?

MRS HUDSON: I’m bringing you your morning tea. You’re not usually awake.

SHERLOCK: You bring me tea in the morning?

MRS HUDSON: Well, where d’you *think* it came from?!

SHERLOCK: I don’t know. I just thought it sort of *happened*.

MRS HUDSON: Your mother has a lot to answer for.

SHERLOCK: Mm, I know. I have a list. Mycroft has a *file.*

MRS HUDSON: So – it’s the big day, then!

SHERLOCK: *What* big day?

MRS HUDSON: The wedding! John and Mary getting married!

SHERLOCK: Two people who currently live together are about to attend church, have a party, go on a short holiday and then carry on living together. What’s big about that?

MRS HUDSON: It changes people, marriage.

SHERLOCK: Mmm, no it doesn’t.

MRS HUDSON: Well, you wouldn’t understand ’cause you always live alone.

SHERLOCK: Your husband was executed for double murder. You’re hardly an advert for companionship.

MRS HUDSON: Marriage changes you as a person, in ways that you can’t imagine.

SHERLOCK: As does lethal injection.

MRS HUDSON: My best friend, Margaret – she was my chief bridesmaid. We were going to be best friends forever, we always said that; but I hardly saw her after that.

SHERLOCK: Aren’t there usually biscuits?

MRS HUDSON: I’ve run out.

SHERLOCK: Have the shops?

MRS HUDSON: She cried the whole day, saying, “Ooh, it’s the end of an era.”

SHERLOCK: I’m sure the shop on the corner is open.

MRS HUDSON: She was probably right, really. I remember she left early. I mean, who leaves a wedding early? So sad.

SHERLOCK: Mmm. Anyway, you’ve got things to do.

MRS HUDSON: No, not really. I’ve got plenty of time to ...

SHERLOCK: *Biscuits.*

MRS HUDSON: I really am going to have a word with your mother.

SHERLOCK: You can if you like. She understands very little. Right, then. Into battle.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Congratulations! Okay, hold it there – I wanna get this shot of the newlyweds. Er, just the bride and groom, please.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Oh, sorry.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Okay – three, two, one, cheese!

JANINE: The famous Mr Holmes! I’m very pleased to meet you. But no sex, okay?

SHERLOCK: Um, sorry?

JANINE: You don’t have to look so scared. I’m only messing. Bridesmaid, best man ... It’s a bit traditional.

SHERLOCK: Is it?

JANINE: But not obligatory(!)

SHERLOCK: If that’s the sort of thing you’re looking for ... the man over there in blue is your best bet. Recently divorced doctor with a ginger cat ... a barn conversion ... and a history of erectile dysfunction. Reviewing that information, possibly *not* your best bet.

JANINE: Yeah, maybe not.

SHERLOCK: Sorry – there was one more deduction there than I was expecting.

JANINE: Mr Holmes ... you’re going to be incredibly useful.

MARY: Hello. Lovely to meet you. How are you?

MAN: You look beautiful, Mary.

MARY: Thank you!

MAN: Congratulations.

MARY: David!

DAVID: Mary. Congratulations. You look, um, very nice. John, congratulations. You’re a lucky man.

JOHN: Thank you.

MARY: Um, er, David, this is Sherlock.

DAVID: Um, yeah. We’ve, um, we’ve met.

DAVID: So, what exactly are my duties as an usher?

SHERLOCK: Let’s talk about Mary, first.

DAVID: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I think you know what. You went out with her for two years.

DAVID: A-ages ago. We’re j... we’re just good friends now.

SHERLOCK: Is that a fact? Whenever she tweets, you respond within five minutes regardless of time or current location, suggesting you have her on text alert. In all your Facebook photographs of the happy couple, Mary takes centre frame whereas John is always partly or entirely excluded.

DAVID: You can’t assume from that I’ve still got some kind of interest in Mary.

SHERLOCK: You volunteered to be a shoulder to cry on on no less than three separate occasions. Do you have anything to say in your defence? I think from now on we’ll downgrade you to ‘casual acquaintance.’ No more than three planned social encounters a year, and always in John’s presence. I have your contact details. I will be monitoring.

DAVID: They’re right about you. You’re a bloody psychopath.

SHERLOCK: High-functioning sociopath ... with your number.

MARY: Hello! Pleased to see you.

WOMAN: Congratulations.

JOHN: Thanks for coming, thank you.

MARY: Hello, Archie!

SHERLOCK: Mm, yes, um, well done in the service, Archie.

MUM: He’s really come out of his shell. I don’t know *how* you did it.

SHERLOCK: Um ...

SHERLOCK: Basically it’s a cute smile to the bride’s side, cute smile to the groom’s side and then the rings.

ARCHIE: No.

SHERLOCK: And you have to wear the outfit.

ARCHIE: No.

SHERLOCK: You really *do* have to wear the outfit.

ARCHIE: What for?

SHERLOCK: Grown-ups like that sort of thing.

ARCHIE: Why?

SHERLOCK: ... I don’t know. I’ll ask one.

ARCHIE: You’re a detective.

SHERLOCK: Yep.

ARCHIE: Have you solved any murders?

SHERLOCK: Sure. Loads.

ARCHIE: Can I see?

SHERLOCK: Yeah, all right.

ARCHIE: What’s all the stuff in his eye?

SHERLOCK: Maggots.

ARCHIE: Cool!

SHERLOCK: Mm!

MUM: He said you had some pictures for him, as a treat.

SHERLOCK: Er, yes ... if he’s good.

ARCHIE: Beheadings.

SHERLOCK: Lovely little village.

MUM: Hmm? What did you say?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Nice.

JOHN: Oh, d’you want ...?

MARY: I’m starving.

JOHN: Thanks.

MARY: Had to lose so much weight to get into this dress.

JANINE: *He’s* nice.

SHERLOCK: Traces of *two* leading brands of deodorant, both advertised for their strength, suggestive of a chronic body odour problem manifesting under stress.

JANINE: Okay, done there. What about his friend?

SHERLOCK: Long-term relationship, compulsive cheat.

JANINE: Seriously?

SHERLOCK: Waterproof cover on his smartphone. Yet his complexion doesn’t indicate outdoor work. Suggests he’s in the habit of taking his phone into the shower with him, which means he often receives texts and emails he’d rather went unseen.

JANINE: Can I keep you?

SHERLOCK: D’you like solving crimes?

JANINE: Do you have a vacancy?

MARY: So, Harry?

JOHN: Er, no. No show.

MARY: Darling, I’m so sorry.

JOHN: It was a bit of a punt asking her, I suppose. Still, free bar – wouldn’t have been a good mix. Oh, God, wow!

MARY: Oh, G... Is that ...?

JOHN: He came!

SHERLOCK: So that’s him. Major Sholto.

MARY: Uh-huh.

SHERLOCK: If they’re such good friends, why does he barely even mention him?

MARY: He mentions him all the time to me. He never shuts up about him.

SHERLOCK: About *him*?

MARY: Mm-hmm. Urgh. I chose this wine. It’s bloody awful.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but it’s definitely *him* that he talks about?

MARY: Mm-hmm.

JOHN: I’m very, very glad to see you, sir. I know you don’t really do this sort of thing.

SHOLTO: Well, I do for old friends, Watson ... John. It’s good to see you.

JOHN: You too.

SHOLTO: Civilian life suiting you, then?

JOHN: Er, er, yes, well ... I think so, sir.

SHOLTO: No more need for the trick cyclist?

JOHN: No, I-I go now and then. Sort of a top-up. Therapy can be very helpful. Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO: Oh, way out in the middle of nowhere. You wouldn’t know it.

SHERLOCK: I’ve never even heard him say his name.

MARY: Well, he’s almost a recluse – you know, since ...

SHERLOCK: Yes.

MARY: I didn’t think he’d show up at all. John says he’s the most unsociable man he’s ever met.

SHERLOCK: *He* is? *He’s* the most unsociable?

MARY: Mm.

SHERLOCK: Ah, *that’s* why he’s bouncing round him like a puppy.

MARY: Oh, Sherlock! Neither of us were the first, you know.

SHERLOCK: Stop smiling.

MARY: It’s my wedding day!

MYCROFT: Yes, what, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Why are you out of breath?

MYCROFT: Filing.

SHERLOCK: Either I’ve caught you in a compromising position or you’ve been working out again. I favour the latter.

MYCROFT: What do you want?

SHERLOCK: I need your answer, Mycroft, as a matter of urgency.

MYCROFT: “Answer”?

SHERLOCK: Even at the eleventh hour it’s not too late, you know.

MYCROFT: Oh, Lord.

SHERLOCK: Cars can be ordered, private jets commandeered.

MYCROFT: Today. It’s today, isn’t it? No, Sherlock, I will not be coming to the “night do,” as you so poetically put it.

SHERLOCK: What a shame. Mary and John will be extremely d...

MYCROFT: ... delighted not to have me hanging around.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I don’t know. There should always be a spectre at the feast.

MYCROFT: So, this is it, then. The big day. I suppose I’ll be seeing a lot more of you from now on.

SHERLOCK: What do you mean?

MYCROFT: Just like old times.

SHERLOCK: No, I don’t understand.

MYCROFT: Well, it’s the end of an era, isn’t it? John and Mary – domestic bliss.

SHERLOCK: No, no, no – I prefer to think of it as the beginning of a new chapter. *What*?

MYCROFT: Nothing!

SHERLOCK: I know that silence. *What*?

MYCROFT: Well, I’d better let you get back to it. You have a big speech, or something, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: *What*?

MYCROFT: Cake, karaoke ... *mingling*.

SHERLOCK: Mycroft!

MYCROFT: This is what people do, Sherlock – they get married. I warned you: don’t get involved.

SHERLOCK: Involved? I’m not involved.

MYCROFT: No.

SHERLOCK: John asked me to be his best man. How could I say no?

MYCROFT: Absolutely!

SHERLOCK: I’m not involved!

MYCROFT: I believe you! Really, I do! Have a *lovely* day, and do give the happy couple my best.

SHERLOCK: I will.

MYCROFT: Oh, by the way, Sherlock – do you remember Redbeard?

SHERLOCK: I’m not a child any more, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: No, of course you’re not. Enjoy not getting involved, Sherlock.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Pray silence for the best man.

SHERLOCK: Ladies and gentlemen, family and friends ... and ... erm ... others. Er ... w... A-a-also ...

MOLLY: Greg.

LESTRADE: Molly.

MOLLY: I just had a thought.

LESTRADE: Is that a brain?!

MOLLY: What if John asks Sherlock to be his best man?

LESTRADE: Well, he *will*, won’t he? He’s bound to.

MOLLY: Exactly.

LESTRADE: So?

MOLLY: So he’ll have to make a speech in front of people. There’ll be actual people there, actually listening.

LESTRADE: Well, what’s the worst that could happen?

MOLLY: Helen Louise probably wondered the same.

LESTRADE: Helen Louise?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, hallo, dear.

MOLLY: I was just thinking. If-if John *does* ask Sherlock ...

MRS HUDSON: What, the speech, dear? No, it’ll be fine.

MOLLY: It-it’s not just the speech, though, is it?

JOHN: Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, hello, darling!

JOHN: You all right? I was – I was coming to see Sherlock, and I thought you were ...

MRS HUDSON: Go!

JOHN: ... possibly dying.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, sorry!

JOHN: What’s wrong?

MRS HUDSON: The-the telegrams!

JOHN: Sorry, what?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, sorry, dear!

JOHN: *Telegrams.*

SHERLOCK: Right, um ... First things first. Telegrams. Well, they’re not actually telegrams. We just *call* them telegrams. I don’t know why. Wedding tradition. ... because we don’t have enough of that already, apparently. “To Mr and Mrs Watson. So sorry I’m unable to be with you on your special day. Good luck and best wishes, Mike Stamford.”

JOHN: Ah, Mike.

MARY: Ahh!

SHERLOCK: “To John and Mary. All good wishes for your special day. With love and many big ... big squishy cuddles, from Stella and Ted.” “Mary – lots of love, ... poppet ... Oodles of love and heaps of good wishes from CAM.Wish your family could have seen this.”

JOHN: Hey. Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Um, “special day” ... “very special day” ... “love” ... “love” ... “love” ... “love” ... “lo...”; bit of a theme – you get the general gist. People are basically *fond.*  John Watson. My friend, John Watson. John. When John first broached the subject of being best man, I was confused.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: What was that noise downstairs?

JOHN: Er, it was Mrs Hudson laughing.

SHERLOCK: Sounded like she was torturing an owl.

JOHN: Yeah. Well, it was laughter.

SHERLOCK: Could have been both.

JOHN: Busy?

SHERLOCK: Just occupying myself. Sometimes, it’s *so-o-o* hard not smoking. Oh.

JOHN: Mm-hmm. Mind if I interrupt?

SHERLOCK: Er, be my guest. Tea?

JOHN: Er ... So. The big question.

SHERLOCK: Mm-hm.

JOHN: The best man.

SHERLOCK: The best man?

JOHN: What do you think?

SHERLOCK: Billy Kincaid.

JOHN: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Billy Kincaid, the Camden Garrotter. Best man I ever knew. Vast contributions to charity, never disclosed. Personally managed to save three hospitals from closure and ran the best and safest children’s homes in north England. Yes, every now and again there’d be some garrottings, but stacking up the lives saved *against* the garrottings, on balance I’d say ...

JOHN: For my wedding! For me. I need a best man.

SHERLOCK: Oh, right.

JOHN: Maybe not a garrotter.

SHERLOCK: Gavin?

JOHN: Who?

SHERLOCK: Gavin Lestrade? He’s a man, and good at it.

JOHN: It’s *Greg*. And he’s not my best friend.

SHERLOCK: Oh, Mike Stamford, I see. Well, he’s nice, um, though I’m not sure how well he’d cope with all ...

JOHN: No, Mike’s great, but *he’s* not my best friend. Look, Sherlock, this is the biggest and most important day of my life.

SHERLOCK: Well ...

JOHN: No, it *is*! It *is*, and I want to be up there with the *two* people that I love and care about most in the world.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: So, Mary Morstan ...

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: ... and ... you.

SHERLOCK: I confess at first I didn’t realise he was asking me. When finally I understood, I expressed to him that I was both flattered and ... surprised.

SHERLOCK: I explained to him that I’d never expected this request and I was a little daunted in the face of it.

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: I nonetheless promised that I would do my very best to accomplish a task which was – for me – as demanding and difficult as any I had ever contemplated. Additionally, I thanked him for the trust he’d placed in me and indicated that I was, in some ways, very close to being ... moved by it.

JOHN: That’s getting a bit scary now.

SHERLOCK: It later transpired that I had said *none* of this out loud.

SHERLOCK: So, in fact ... You-you mean ...

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: I’m your ... best ...

JOHN: ... man.

SHERLOCK: ... friend?

JOHN: Yeah, *’course* you are. *’Course* you’re my best friend. Well, how was *that*?

SHERLOCK: Surprisingly okay.

JOHN: So you’ll have to make a speech, of course.

SHERLOCK: Done that. ... Done that ... Done that bit ... Done that bit ... Done that bit ... Hmm ... I’m afraid, John, I can’t congratulate you. All emotions, and in particular love, stand opposed to the pure, cold reason I hold above all things. A wedding is, in my considered opinion, nothing short of a celebration of all that is false and specious and irrational and sentimental in this ailing and morally compromised world. Today we honour the death-watch beetle that is the doom of our society and, in time – one feels certain – our entire species. But anyway ... let’s talk about John.

JOHN: Please.

SHERLOCK: If I burden myself with a little help-mate during my adventures, it is not out of sentiment or caprice – it is that he has many fine qualities of his own that he has overlooked in his obsession with me. Indeed, any reputation I have for mental acuity and sharpness comes, in truth, from the extraordinary contrast John so selflessly provides. It is a fact, I believe, that brides tend to favour exceptionally plain bridesmaids for their big day. There is a certain analogy there, I feel. ... and contrast is, after all, God’s own plan to enhance the beauty of his creation or it *would* be if God were not a ludicrous fantasy designed to provide a career opportunity for the family idiot. The point I’m *trying* to make is that I am the most unpleasant, rude, ignorant and all-round obnoxious arsehole that anyone could possibly have the misfortune to meet. I am dismissive of the virtuous ... unaware of the beautiful ... and uncomprehending in the face of the happy. So if I didn’t understand I was being asked to be best man, it is because I never expected to be anybody’s best friend. Certainly not the best friend of the bravest and kindest and wisest human being I have ever had the good fortune of knowing. John, I am a ridiculous man ... redeemed only by the warmth and constancy of your friendship. But, as I’m apparently your best friend, I cannot congratulate you on your choice of companion. Actually, now I *can.* Mary, when I say you deserve this man, it is the highest compliment of which I am capable. John, you have endured war, and injury, and tragic loss ... so sorry again about that last one ... so know this: today you sit between the woman you have made your wife and the man you have saved – in short, the two people who love you most in all this world. And I know I speak for Mary as well when I say we will *never* let you down, and we have a lifetime ahead to prove that.

JOHN: If I try and hug him, stop me.

MARY: Certainly not.

SHERLOCK: Ah, yes. Now on to some funny stories about John ... What’s wrong? What happened? Why are you all doing that? John?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Did I do it wrong?

JOHN: No, you didn’t. Come here.

SHERLOCK: I haven’t finished yet.

JOHN: Yeah, I know, I know.

SHERLOCK: So, on to some funny stories ...

JOHN: Can you – can you wait ’til I sit down?

SHERLOCK: So, on to some funny stories about John. If you could all just cheer up a bit, that would ... be better. On we go. So, for funny stories one has to look no further than John’s blog.

JOHN: Here we go.

SHERLOCK: The record of our time together. Of course, he does tend to romanticise things a bit, but then, you know ... he’s a romantic. We’ve tackled some strange cases: the Hollow Client ...

SHERLOCK: ... the Poison Giant ...

SHERLOCK: Get down, John!

SHERLOCK: We’ve had some frustrating cases ...

JOHN: What *is* that?

SHERLOCK: A French decathlete found completely out of his mind, surrounded by one thousand, eight hundred and twelve matchboxes – all empty except this one.

JOHN: And what’s in that one?

SHERLOCK: The inexplicable.

SHERLOCK: ... ‘touching’ cases ...

JOHN: She’s going to ring the doorbell. Oh, no. She’s changed her mind. No, she’s gonna do it ... No, she’s leaving. She’s leaving. ... Oh, she’s coming back.

SHERLOCK: She’s a client. She’s boring. I’ve seen those symptoms before.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHERLOCK: Oscillation on the pavement always means there’s a love affair.

SHERLOCK: ... and of *course* I have to mention the elephant in the room.

SHERLOCK: But we want something ... very particular for this special day, don’t we? The Bloody Guardsman.

SHERLOCK: Need to work on your half of the church, Mary. Looking a bit thin.

MARY: Ah, orphan’s lot. Friends – that’s all I have. Lots of friends.

SHERLOCK: Schedule the organ music to begin at precisely 11.48.

MARY: But the rehearsal’s not for another two weeks. Just calm down.

SHERLOCK: Calm? I *am* calm. I’m *extremely* calm.

MARY: Let’s get back to the reception, come on. John’s cousin. Top table?

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Hates you. Can’t even bear to think about you.

MARY: Seriously?

SHERLOCK: Second class post, cheap card ... bought at a petrol station. Look at the stamp: three attempts at licking. She’s obviously unconsciously retaining saliva.

MARY: Ah. Let’s stick her by the bogs.

SHERLOCK: Oh yes.

MARY: Who *else* hates me? Oh great – thanks(!)

JOHN: Priceless painting nicked. Looks interesting.

MARY: Table four ...

SHERLOCK: Done.

JOHN: “My husband is three people.”

MARY: Table five.

SHERLOCK: Major James Sholto. Who he?

MARY: Oh, John’s old commanding officer. I don’t think he’s coming.

JOHN: He’ll be there.

MARY: Well, he needs to RSVP, then.

JOHN: He’ll *be* there.

MARY: Mmm ...

JOHN: “My husband is three people.” It’s interesting. Says he has three distinct patterns of moles on his skin.

SHERLOCK: Identical triplets – one in half a million births. Solved it without leaving the flat. Now, serviettes. Swan, or Sydney Opera House?

MARY: Where’d you learn to do that?!

SHERLOCK: Many unexpected skills required in the field of criminal investigation ...

MARY: Fibbing, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: I once broke an alibi by demonstrating the exact severity of ...

MARY: I’m not John. I can tell when you’re fibbing.

SHERLOCK: Okay – I learned it on YouTube.

MARY: Opera House, please. Ooh, hang on. I’m buzzing. Hello? Oh, hi, Beth! Yeah, yeah, don’t see why not.

JOHN: Actually, if that’s Beth, it’s probably for me too. Hang on. He knows we don’t have a friend called Beth. He’s gonna figure out that it’s code.

MARY: He’s YouTube-ing serviettes.

JOHN: He’s thorough.

MARY: He’s terrified.

JOHN: *’Course* he’s not.

MARY: Right, you know when you’re scared of something, you start wishing it sooner just to get it all going? That’s what he’s doing.

JOHN: Why would he be scared that we’re getting married? It’s not gonna change anything – we’ll still do stuff.

MARY: Well, you need to *prove* it to him. I told you to find him a new case.

JOHN: I’m trying.

MARY: You need to run him, okay? Show him it’s still the good old days.

SHERLOCK: That just sort of ... happened.

JOHN: Sherlock, um ... mate ... I-I’ve ... I’ve smelled eighteen different perfumes; I’ve sampled ... nine different slices of cake which all tasted identical; I *like* the bridesmaids in purple ...

SHERLOCK: Lilac.

JOHN: ... lilac. Um, there are no more decisions left to make. I don’t even understand the decisions that we *have* made. I’m faking opinions and it’s exhausting, so please, before she comes back ... pick something. *Anything*. Pick one.

SHERLOCK: Pick what?

JOHN: A case. Your Inbox is bursting. Just ... get me out of here.

SHERLOCK: You want to go out on a case? N-now?

JOHN: Please, Sherlock, for me.

SHERLOCK: Don’t you worry about a thing. I’ll get you out of this. Oh.

BAINBRIDGE: “Dear Mr Holmes, My name is Bainbridge. I’m a Private in Her Majesty’s Household Guard. I’m writing to you about a personal matter ... one I don’t care to bring before my superiors – it would sound so trivial – but I think someone’s stalking me. I’m used to tourists – it’s part of the job – but this is different. Someone’s watching me.He’s taking pictures of me *every* day.Don’t want to mention it to the major, but it’s really preying on my mind.”

SHERLOCK: Uniform fetishist. “All the nice girls like a soldier.”

JOHN: It’s “sailor.” And Bainbridge thinks his stalker is a bloke. Let’s go and investigate. Please?

SHERLOCK: “Elite Guard.”

JOHN: Forty enlisted men and officers.

SHERLOCK: Why this *particular* Grenadier? Curious.

JOHN: *Now* you’re talking.

SHERLOCK: Okay.

MARY: ’Bye.

JOHN: Er, we’re just going to ... I need, um, Sherlock to help me choose some, er, socks.

SHERLOCK: ... ties.

MARY: Why don’t we go with socks?

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: I mean, you’ve got to get the right ones.

JOHN: Exactly – to go with my ...

SHERLOCK: ... tie.

JOHN: ... outfit.

MARY: That’ll take a while, right?

JOHN: My coat in there?

MARY: Yes!

SHERLOCK: Just going to take him out for a bit – run him.

MARY: I know. You *said* you’d find him a case!

SHERLOCK: Mm.

JOHN: Come on, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Coming. Taxi!

PARADE SERGEANT: Company, halt! ... Right turn!

JOHN: We’re here to see Private Stephen Bainbridge.

DUTY SERGEANT: He’s on duty right now, sir ... but I’ll certainly let him know when he’s free.

SHERLOCK: And when will that be?

DUTY SERGEANT: Another hour.

SHERLOCK: Do you think they give them classes?

JOHN: Classes?

SHERLOCK: How to resist the temptation to scratch their behinds?

JOHN: Afferent neurons in the peripheral nervous system. Bum itch.

SHERLOCK: Oh! So why don’t you see him any more?

JOHN: Who?

SHERLOCK: Your previous commander, Sholto.

JOHN: *“Previous* commander.”

SHERLOCK: I meant “ex.”

JOHN: “Previous” suggests that I currently *have* a commander.

SHERLOCK: Which you don’t.

JOHN: Which I don’t.

SHERLOCK: ’Course you don’t. He was decorated, wasn’t he? A war hero.

JOHN: Not to everyone. He led a team of crows into battle.

SHERLOCK: “Crows”?

JOHN: New recruits. It’s standard procedure; break the new boys in – but it went wrong. They all died; he was the only survivor. The press and the families gave him hell. He gets more death threats than *you*.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I wouldn’t count on that.

JOHN: Why have you suddenly taken an interest in another human being?

SHERLOCK: I’m ... chatting. Won’t be trying *that* again.

JOHN: Changing the subject completely ... you know it won’t alter anything, right, me and Mary, getting married? We’ll still be doing all this.

SHERLOCK: Oh, good.

JOHN: If you were worrying.

SHERLOCK: Wasn’t worried.

JOHN: See, the thing about Mary – she has completely turned my life around; changed everything. But, for the record, over the last few years there are two people who have done that ... and the other one is ... a complete dickhead.

REED: Can I ask what this is in connection with?

JOHN: Private Bainbridge contacted us about a personal matter, sir.

REED: Nothing’s personal when it concerns my troops. What do you really want?

JOHN: I’m here on a legitimate enquiry.

REED: Press? Digging for some bloody Royal story or something?

JOHN: No, sir, I’m Captain John Watson, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers.

REED: Retired. You could be a used car salesman now, for all I know.

DUTY SERGEANT: Bainbridge! Gentleman here to see you! Bainbridge!

REED: I *know* you, don’t I?

JOHN: Hmm?

REED: I’ve seen you in the papers. Hang around with that detective – the one with the silly hat. What the hell does Bainbridge want with a detective?

JOHN: I’m afraid I’m not at liberty to say.

REED: You’re not at liberty to say?! He’s a soldier in my regiment – I’ll be damned if he’s going to get up to cloak and dagger nonsense like this.

DUTY SERGEANT: Sir ... Sir.

REED: What’s going on?

DUTY SERGEANT: It’s Bainbridge, sir. He’s dead.

REED: My God!

JOHN: Ah, no, let me take a look, sir. I’m a doctor.

REED: What? Sergeant, arrest this man.

JOHN: What? No-no! I’m a – I’m a doctor.

REED: Oh, you’re a doctor now, too. Sergeant ...

JOHN: Let me examine him, *please*!

SERGEANT: Sir, caught this one snooping around.

REED: Is that what this was all about? Distracting me so that *this* man could get in here and kill Bainbridge?

JOHN: Don’t be ...

SHERLOCK: Kill him with what? Where’s the weapon?

REED: What?

SHERLOCK: Where’s the weapon? Go on, search me. No weapon.

JOHN: Bainbridge was on parade. He came off duty five minutes ago. When’s this supposed to have happened?

REED: You obviously stabbed him before he got into the shower.

SHERLOCK: No.

REED: *No*?!

SHERLOCK: He’s soaking wet and there’s still shampoo in his hair. He got into the shower and *then* someone stabbed him.

DUTY SERGEANT: The cubicle was locked from the inside, sir. I had to break it open.

REED: You must have climbed over the top.

SHERLOCK: Well then I’d be soaking wet *too*, wouldn’t I?

JOHN: Major, please. I’m John Watson, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. Three years in Afghanistan, a veteran of Kandahar, Helmand, and *Bart’s bloody Hospital.* Let me examine this body. Thank you.

DUTY SERGEANT: Suicide?

SHERLOCK: No. The weapon again – no knife.

JOHN: Hmm. There is a wound to the abdomen – incredibly fine.

SHERLOCK: Man stabbed to death. No murder weapon. Door locked from the inside. Only one way in or out of here.

JOHN: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Mmm?

JOHN: He’s still breathing.

DUTY SERGEANT: Oh my God.

SHERLOCK: What do we do?

JOHN: Give me your scarf.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: *Quickly, now.* Call an ambulance.

SERGEANT: What?

JOHN: Call an ambulance now. *Do it!* Nurse, press here – hard.

SHERLOCK: “Nurse”?

JOHN: Yeah, I’m making do. Keep pressure on that wound. Stephen. Stephen, stay with me.

SHERLOCK: Private Bainbridge had just come off guard duty. He’d stood there for hours, plenty of people watching, nothing apparently wrong. He came off duty and within minutes was nearly dead from a wound in his stomach, but there was no weapon. Where did it go? Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you to consider this: a murderer who can walk through walls, a weapon that can vanish – but in all of this there is only one element which can be said to be truly remarkable. Would anyone like to make a guess? Come on, come on, there is actually an element of Q and A to all of this. Scotland Yard. Have *you* got a theory? Yeah, you. You’re a detective – broadly speaking. Got a theory?

LESTRADE: Er, um, if the, uh, if the, if-if-if, if the blade was, er, propelled through the, um ... grating in the air vent ... maybe a-a ballista or a – or a – or a catapult. Erm, somebody tiny could-could crawl in there. So, yeah, we’re loo... we’re looking for a-a-a-a dwarf.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant.

LESTRADE: Really?

SHERLOCK: No. Next!

TOM: He stabbed himself.

SHERLOCK: Hello? Who was that? Tom. Got a theory?

TOM: Um ... attempted suicide, with a blade made of compacted blood and bone; broke after piercing his abdomen ... like a meat ... dagger.

SHERLOCK: A meat dagger.

TOM: Yes.

MOLLY: Sit. Down.

SHERLOCK: No. There was *one* feature, and *only* one feature, of interest in the whole of this baffling case, and quite frankly it was the usual. John Watson – who, while I was trying to solve the murder, instead saved a life. There *are* mysteries worth solving and stories worth telling. The best and bravest man I know – and on top of that he actually knows how to do stuff. ... except wedding planning and serviettes – he’s rubbish at those.

JOHN: True!

SHERLOCK: The case itself remains the most ingenious and brilliantly-planned murder – or attempted murder – I’ve ever had the pleasure to encounter; the most perfect locked-room mystery of which I am aware. However, I’m not just here to praise John – I’m also here to embarrass him, so let’s move on to some ...

LESTRADE: No-no, wait, so how was it ... how was it done?

SHERLOCK: How was *what* done?

LESTRADE: The stabbing.

SHERLOCK: I’m afraid I don’t know. I didn’t solve that one. That’s ... It can happen sometimes. It’s very ... very disappointing. Embarrassment leads me on to the stag night. Of course there’s hours of material here, but I’ve cut it down to the really good bits.

MOLLY: Murder scenes? Locations of ... murders?

SHERLOCK: Mmmm, pub crawl – themed.

MOLLY: Yeah, but why-why can’t you just do Underground stations?

SHERLOCK: Lacks the personal touch. We’re going to go for a drink in every street where we ...

MOLLY: ... every street where you found a corpse! Delightful(!) Where do *I* come in?

SHERLOCK: Don’t want to get ill. That would ruin it – spoil the mood.

MOLLY: You’re a graduate chemist. Can’t you just work it out?

SHERLOCK: I lack the practical experience.

MOLLY: Meaning you think I like a drink.

SHERLOCK: Occasionally.

MOLLY: That I’m a drunk.

SHERLOCK: No. No! You look ... well.

MOLLY: I am.

SHERLOCK: How’s ... Tom?

MOLLY: Not a sociopath.

SHERLOCK: Still? Good.

MOLLY: And we’re having quite a lot of sex.

SHERLOCK: Okay. I want you to calculate John’s ideal intake, and mine, to remain in the sweet spot the whole evening. Light-headed, good ...

MOLLY: Urinating in wardrobes, bad.

SHERLOCK: Hmm.

SHERLOCK: Two, er ... beers, please.

BARMAN: Pints?

SHERLOCK: Four hundred and forty-three point seven millilitres.

JOHN: Ah... What, are we on a schedule?

SHERLOCK: You’ll thank me.

JOHN: Cheers.

SHERLOCK: Cheers.

SHERLOCK: Over there.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Toilets. Any second now, you’re going to ...

JOHN: Hang on. Tell me after – I need the loo.

SHERLOCK: Mmm, on schedule.

JOHN: Eh?

SHERLOCK: Nothing – go! How long?

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: Your visit. If you could estimate approximate volume discharged ...

JOHN: Stop talking now.

JOHN: Ooh, er ... Quick, one more. He mustn’t see. Ta. There you go. Cheers.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: I know ash! Don’t – Tell – Me – I – *Don’t*!

JOHN: Oh ... All right, enough! That’s ... Stand up straight. Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Ashtray. I know ashtray.

SHERLOCK: I have an international reputation. Do *you* have an international reputation?

JOHN: No, I don’t have an international reputation.

SHERLOCK: No. And I can’t even remember what for. Sss... Crime ... something or other.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh! What are *you* doing back? I thought you were going to be out late.

SHERLOCK: Ah, Hudders. What time is it?

MRS HUDSON: You’ve only been out two hours.

JOHN: Am I a vegetable?

SHERLOCK: You, or the thing?

JOHN: Funny!

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

JOHN: Come on.

SHERLOCK: No, you’re not a vegetable.

JOHN: It’s your go.

SHERLOCK: Errr ... am I human?

JOHN: Sometimes.

SHERLOCK: Can’t have ‘sometimes.’ Has to be, um ...

JOHN: Yes, you’re human.

SHERLOCK: ... ‘yes’ or ‘no.’ ... Okay. And am I a man?

JOHN: Yep.

SHERLOCK: Tall?

JOHN: Not as tall as people think.

SHERLOCK: Hmm. Nice?

JOHN: Ish.

SHERLOCK: Clever?

JOHN: I’d say so.

SHERLOCK: You would? Mmm, am I important?

JOHN: To s-some people.

SHERLOCK: Do “people” ... like me?

JOHN: Er, no, they don’t. You tend to rub ’em up the wrong way.

SHERLOCK: Okay. Am I the current King of England?

JOHN: Are you ...? You know we don’t *have* a king?

SHERLOCK: Don’t we?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Your go.

JOHN: I don’t mind. Am I a woman?

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: Am I ... pretty? *This.*

SHERLOCK: Err ... Er, beauty is a construct based entirely on childhood impressions, influences and role models.

JOHN: Yeah, but am I a pretty lady?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know who you are. I don’t know who you’re supposed to be.

JOHN: You picked the name!

SHERLOCK: Ah, but I picked it at random from the papers.

JOHN: You’re not really getting the hang of this game, are you, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: So I am human, I’m not as tall as people think I am ... I’m-I’m nice-ish ... clever, important to some people, but I tend to rub them up the wrong way. Got it.

JOHN: Go on, then.

SHERLOCK: I’m *you*, aren’t I?

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! Client!

JOHN: Hallo.

SHERLOCK: Hallo!

JOHN: Come on.

TESSA: Which one of you is Sherlock Holmes?

TESSA: I don’t ... a lot ... I mean, I don’t ... date all that much ... and ... he seemed ... *nice*, you know? We seemed to automatically connect. We had one night – dinner, such interesting conversation. It was ... lovely. To be honest, I’d love to have gone further ... but I thought, ‘No, this is special. Let’s take it slowly ... exchange numbers.’ He said he’d get in touch and then ... Maybe he wasn’t quite as keen as I was ... but I – I just thought ... at least he’d call to say that we were finished. I went round there, to his flat. No trace of him. Mr Holmes ... I honestly think I had dinner ... with a ghost. Mr Holmes? With a *ghost*, Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK: Boring, boring, boring – no! *Fascinating!* John – *John*! Wake up! Apologies about my ... you know ... thing. Rude. Rude!

TESSA: I checked with the landlord, and the man who lived there *died*. Heart attack. And there *we* are, having dinner one week on. And I found this thing online, sort of chatroom thing ... for girls who think they’re dating men from the spirit world.

SHERLOCK: Don’t worry. I’ll find him in ten minutes. *What’s* your dog’s name?

JOHN: Yeah, I’m there if you want it.

SHERLOCK: John! Wake up! We’re meant to ... The game’s ... *something.*

JOHN: ... on.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, that, that!

TESSA: Okay!

JOHN: Ohhh, it’s nice! Nice place.

TESSA: See anything?

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

TESSA: Any clues, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Oh, errrrrr ... I’m just gonna whip this out. Mm-hmm?

TESSA: You all right?

JOHN: Hmm? Yeah. He’s clueing.

TESSA: What?

JOHN: He’s ... hmm? He’s clueing for looks.

TESSA: Mr Holmes? Mr Holmes?!

LANDLORD: I’m calling the police.

TESSA: Oh, no ...

SHERLOCK: Whoa, whoa, *whoa*!

TESSA: This is a famous detective. It’s Sherlock Holmes and his partner, John Hamish Watson.

SHERLOCK: What d’you think you’re doing? Don’t compromise the integrity of the ...

JOHN: ... crime scene!

SHERLOCK: Yeah, that.

LESTRADE: Wakey-wakey!

JOHN: Oh my God. Greg. Is that Greg?

LESTRADE: Get up. I’m gonna put you two in a taxi. Managed to square things with the desk sergeant. What a couple of lightweights! You couldn’t even make it to closing time!

JOHN: Can you whisper?

LESTRADE: NOT REALLY! Come on.

JOHN: Well, thanks for a ... you know ... an evening.

SHERLOCK: It was awful.

JOHN: Yeah. I was gonna pretend, but it *was, truly.*

SHERLOCK: That woman, Tessa.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Dated a ghost. The most interesting case for months. What a *wasted* opportunity.

JOHN: ... Okay.

MRS HUDSON: How are you feeling?

JOHN: Mmm.

MRS HUDSON: It’s just like old times, having you back here. Thought I’d make your favourite, one last time.

JOHN: Mm. Don’t sound so ... final about it. I *will* be visiting, you know.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh, I’ve heard that one before!

JOHN: Mm, no, it’s different now, though, isn’t it? It’s different to when we thought we’d lost him.

MRS HUDSON: Well, marriage changes everything, John.

JOHN: Does it?

MRS HUDSON: Yeah. You might not think it, but it does. It’s a different phase in your life. You meet new people ’cause you’re a couple ...

JOHN: Mmm.

MRS HUDSON: ... and then you just ... let your old friends slip away.

JOHN: It won’t be like that.

MRS HUDSON: Well, if you’ve found the right one – the person that you click with – it’s the best thing in the world.

JOHN: Well, I have. I *know* I have.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I’m sure. She’s lovely!

JOHN: Yeah. *I* think so. What about you?

MRS HUDSON: Me?

JOHN: Did you think you’d found the right one when you married Mr Hudson?

MRS HUDSON: No! It was just a whirlwind thing for us. I knew it wouldn’t work, but I just got sort of swept along.

JOHN: Right.

MRS HUDSON: And then we moved to Florida. We had a *fantastic* time, but of course I didn’t know what he was up to. The drugs.

JOHN: Drugs?

MRS HUDSON: He was running ... um, oh God, what d’you call it? Um, a ... cartel. Got in with a really bad crowd.

JOHN: Right.

MRS HUDSON: And then I found out about all the other women. I didn’t have a clue! So, when he was actually arrested for blowing someone’s head off ... it was quite a relief, to be honest.

JOHN: ... Right.

MRS HUDSON: It was purely physical between me and Frank. We couldn’t keep our hands off each other. I know: there was one night ...

JOHN: Hang on – was that ... Sherlock?

MRS HUDSON: Is it?

JOHN: That’s Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: There are going to be others.

JOHN: Others?

SHERLOCK: Victims, women. Most ghosts tend to haunt a single house – this ghost, however, is willing to commute, look.

SHERLOCK: Mmmmmm, not you. Not you. Not you. Not you. Not you.

*[Transcriber’s note*: *Your humble transcriber is so anally obsessed with the accuracy of her transcripts that normally she would type every single instance of what follows, carefully counting every “Not you” and the location of the woman to whom Sherlock says it. However, it would probably make for very boring reading and so for speed, convenience and the nurturing of very sore typing fingers, suffice it to say that this scene continues for a long time, with Sherlock dismissing woman after woman, each of whom sits down.]*

SHERLOCK: Hi.

WOMAN: Gail.

SECOND WOMAN: Charlotte.

THIRD WOMAN: Robyn.

FOURTH WOMAN: Vicky.

SHERLOCK: How did you meet?

GAIL: Came up to me in a pub.

CHARLOTTE: Same gym as me.

ROBYN: We just got chatting on the bus.

VICKY: Online.

SHERLOCK: Name?

GAIL: Told you.

SHERLOCK: *His* name.

GAIL: Oscar.

CHARLOTTE: Mike.

ROBYN: Terry.

VICKY: Um, “love\_monkey.”

SHERLOCK: Your place?

ALL FOUR WOMEN: His place.

SHERLOCK: Address?

*[The four women simultaneously recite four different addresses. Your transcriber isn’t so anal as to try and decipher what each of them says.]*

GAIL: Nothing happened. It was just ... very romantic.

SHERLOCK: Four women in four nights. He must have *something* special.

GAIL: He was very charming.

CHARLOTTE: He listened.

ROBYN: He was sweet.

VICKY: He had a *lovely* ...

JOHN: You okay? Let your food go cold. Mrs Hudson’ll play hell.

SHERLOCK: Not now, John. Sorry about that.

VICKY: He had a *lovely* manner.

SHERLOCK: Different names, different addresses. Describe him.

GAIL: Short blond hair.

CHARLOTTE: Dark hair – long.

ROBYN: Ginger. I like gingers.

VICKY: Couldn’t tell. He had a mask on.

SHERLOCK: He’s stealing the identity of corpses ... getting the names from the Obituary columns. All single men. He’s using the dead man’s flat under the assumption it’ll be empty for a while. Free love nest.

GAIL: I feel sick.

ROBYN: It’s *gruesome*.

CHARLOTTE: That’s awful.

VICKY: Clever!

TESSA: Bastard!

SHERLOCK: Hello, Tessa. Meanwhile, back to business. No-one wants to use a dead man’s home. Least not until it’s been cleared. So, he disguises himself, steals the man’s home, steals his identity.

JOHN: But only for one night. Then he’s gone.

SHERLOCK: He’s not a ghost, John. He’s a *mayfly*. He lives for a day. So – what was it he was looking for? Job.

GAIL: Gardener.

CHARLOTTE: Cook.

TESSA: Private nurse.

ROBYN: I do security work.

VICKY: Maid.

SHERLOCK: Obvious. You all work for the same person! No, not the same employer. *Damn.* Come on. We can do this. Ideal night out.

GAIL: Clay pigeon shooting.

CHARLOTTE: Line dancing.

TESSA: Pictures?

ROBYN: Wine in front of the telly.

VICKY: *Dungeon.*

SHERLOCK: Make-up.

GAIL: Clarins.

CHARLOTTE: No. 7.

TESSA: Maybelline.

ROBYN: Nothing special.

VICKY: Whatever’s cheap.

SHERLOCK: Perfume.

GAIL: Chanel.

CHARLOTTE: Chanel.

TESSA: Chanel.

ROBYN: Chanel.

VICKY: Estée Lauder.

SHERLOCK: Ideal man?

TESSA: George Clooney?

SHERLOCK: Oh, no.

GAIL: Home-loving.

CHARLOTTE: He’d have to like cuddling.

ROBYN: Caring.

VICKY: Ten things. One: someone who isn’t competitive with other men. Two: someone who isn’t constantly trying to define himself by his masculinity ...

SHERLOCK: There’s a unifying factor. There *has* to be. None of you reported anything stolen. Security guard, gardener, cook, maid, private nurse. He’s romancing his way up a pecking order, somebody’s pecking order. Come on, *think.* Unless ... Do you have a secret you’ve never told anyone?

ALL FIVE WOMEN: No.

SHERLOCK: *Gotcha.*

JOHN: What d’you mean?

SHERLOCK: *Everyone* has secrets, and they all replied too quickly.

GAIL: Gotta go.

CHARLOTTE: See ya.

SHERLOCK: No!

ROBYN: Bye-bye.

SHERLOCK: Wait!

VICKY: Sorry, sexy. Some secrets have to stay secret.

TESSA: Enjoy the wedding.

SHERLOCK: Why? *Why* would he date all of those women and not return their calls?

JOHN: You’re missing the obvious, mate.

SHERLOCK: Am I?

JOHN: He’s a man.

SHERLOCK: But why would he change his identity?

JOHN: Maybe he’s married.

SHERLOCK: Ohh.

SHERLOCK: Married. Obvious, really. Our Mayfly Man was trying to escape the suffocating chains of domesticity ... and instead of endless nights in watching the telly or going to barbecues with awful dreadful boring people he couldn’t stand, he used his wits, cleverness and powers of disguise ... to play the field. He was ... On second thoughts I *probably* should have told you about the Elephant in the Room. However, it does help to further illustrate how invaluable John is to me. I can read a crime scene the way he can understand a human being. I used to think that’s what made me special – quite frankly, I still do. But a word to the wise: should any of you require the services of either of us, *I* will solve your murder, but it takes John Watson to save your life. Trust me on that – I should know. He’s saved mine so many times, and in so many ways. This blog is the story of two men and their frankly ridiculous adventures ... of murder, mystery and mayhem. But from now on, there’s a new story – a *bigger* adventure. Ladies and gentlemen, pray charge your glasses and be upstanding. Today begin the adventures of Mary Elizabeth Watson and John Hamish Watson. The two reasons why every single one of us is ...

SHERLOCK: *What* did you say? You said, “John *Hamish* Watson.” You *said* that. You said, “Hamish.”

SHERLOCK: ... whoa, *whoa*!

TESSA: This is a famous detective. It’s Sherlock Holmes and his partner, John Hamish Watson.

SHERLOCK: How did you know? How did *you* know his middle name? He never tells *anyone*. He *hates* it.

SHERLOCK: “John *H*. Watson”?

JOHN: Yep.

SHERLOCK: Henry?

JOHN: Shut up.

SHERLOCK: Humphrey?

JOHN: *Shut* up.

SHERLOCK: Higgins?

JOHN: Go. Away.

SHERLOCK: Took him *years* to confide in me.

JOHN: That’s my birth certificate.

SHERLOCK: Yep.

SHERLOCK: And The Woman – she knew.

JOHN: Hamish. John Hamish Watson – just if you were looking for baby names.

SHERLOCK: God knows where *she* is. Out of my head. I am *busy.* There’s only one time that name’s been made public.

JOHN: Does it *have* to be on the invitation?

MARY: It’s your name. It’s traditional.

SHERLOCK: It’s funny.

TESSA: Enjoy the wedding.

TESSA: Enjoy the wedding.

SHERLOCK: The *wedding*. You knew about the wedding; more importantly, you’d seen a wedding *invitation*. Now barely a hundred people had seen that invitation. The Mayfly Man only saw five women. For one person to be in both groups ... *could* be a coincidence.

MYCROFT: Oh, Sherlock. What do we say about coincidence?

SHERLOCK: The universe is rarely so lazy.

MYCROFT: So, the balance of probability is ...?

SHERLOCK: Someone went to great lengths to find out something about this wedding.

MYCROFT: What great lengths?

SHERLOCK: They lied, assumed false identities.

MYCROFT: Which suggests ...?

SHERLOCK: Criminal intent.

MYCROFT: Also suggests ...?

SHERLOCK: Intelligence, planning.

MYCROFT: Clearly. But more importantly ...?

SHERLOCK: The Mayfly Man. The Mayfly Man is ...

SHERLOCK: ... here today. Ooh, sorry. I ...

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Another glass, sir?

SHERLOCK: Thank you, yes. Thank you, yes.

MYCROFT: Something is going to happen – right here.

SHERLOCK: Now, where were we?

MYCROFT: Could be any second. You have control of the room.

SHERLOCK: Ah, yes. Raising glasses and standing up. Very good. Thank you.

MYCROFT: Don’t lose it.

SHERLOCK: And down again. Ladies and gentlemen, people tell you not to milk a good speech – get off early, leave ’em laughing. Wise advice I’ll certainly try to bear in mind. But for now ... part two. Part two is more action-based. I’m gonna ... walk around, shake things up a bit. Who’d *go* to a wedding? That’s the question. Who would bother to go to any lengths to get themselves to a wedding? Well, *everyone.* Weddings are *great*! Love a wedding.

MARY: What’s he doing?

JOHN: Something’s wrong.

SHERLOCK: And John’s great, too! Haven’t said that enough. Barely scratched the surface. I could go on all night about the depth and complexity of his ... jumpers ... and he can cook. Does ... a ... thing ... thing with peas ... once. Might not be peas. Might not be *him*. But he’s got a great singing voice ... or *somebody* does. Ahh, too many, too many, too many, too *many*! Sorry. Too many jokes about John! Now, er ...

MYCROFT: Criminal intent.

SHERLOCK: Where was I? Ah, yes ...

MYCROFT: Extraordinary lengths.

SHERLOCK: Speech! Speech. Let’s talk about ...

MYCROFT: All of which is suggestive of ...?

SHERLOCK: ... murder. Sorry, did I say ‘murder’? I meant to say ‘marriage’ – but, you know, they’re quite similar procedures when you think about it. The participants tend to know each other, and it’s over when one of them’s *dead.* In fairness, murder is a lot quicker, though. Janine! What about this one? Acceptably hot? More importantly, his girlfriend’s wearing brand-new uncomfortable underwear ... and hasn’t bothered to pick this thread off the top of his jacket ... or point out the grease smudge on the back of his neck. Currently, he’s going home alone. Also, he’s a comics and sci-fi geek. They’re always tremendously grateful – really put the hours in. Geoff, the gents. The loos, now, please.

LESTRADE: It’s *Greg*.

SHERLOCK: The loos, please.

LESTRADE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I don’t know. Maybe it’s your *turn.*

LESTRADE: Yeah, actually, now you mention it ...

JOHN: Sherlock, any chance of a – an end date for this speech? Gotta cut the cake.

SHERLOCK: Oh! Ladies and gentlemen, can’t stand it when *I* finally get the chance to speak for once, Vatican Cameos.

MARY: What did he say? What’s that mean?

JOHN: Battle stations. Someone’s gonna die.

MARY: What?!

MYCROFT: Narrow it down. Narrow it down. Narrow. It. *Down.*

SHERLOCK: *No!* *No!* Not you! *Not* you! *You.* It’s always you. John Watson, you keep me right.

JOHN: What do I do?

SHERLOCK: Well, you’ve already done it. Don’t solve the murder. Save the life. Sorry. Off-piste a bit. Back now. Phew! Let’s play a game. Let’s play Murder.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Imagine someone’s going to get murdered at a wedding. Who exactly would you pick?

MRS HUDSON: I think *you’re* a popular choice at the moment, dear.

SHERLOCK: If someone could move Mrs Hudson’s glass just slightly out of reach, that would be *lovely*. More importantly, who could you *only* kill at a wedding? Most people you can kill *any* old place. As a mental exercise, I’ve *often* planned the murder of friends and colleagues. Now John I’d poison. Sloppy eater – dead easy. I’ve given him chemicals and compounds – that way, he’s never even noticed. He missed a whole Wednesday once, didn’t have a clue. Lestrade’s so easy to kill, it’s a *miracle* no-one’s succumbed to the temptation. I’ve got a pair of keys to my brother’s house – I could easily break in there and *asphyxiate* him. ... if, if the whim arose.

TOM: He’s pissed, isn’t he? Ow!

SHERLOCK: So, once again, *who* could you only kill *here*? Clearly it’s a rare opportunity, so it’s someone who doesn’t get out much. Someone for whom a planned social encounter known about months in advance is an exception. Has to be a unique opportunity. And since killing someone in public is difficult ... killing them in private isn’t an option. Someone who lives in an inaccessible or unknown location, then. Someone private, perhaps, obsessed with personal security. Possibly someone under threat.

SHERLOCK: Major James Sholto. Who he?

MARY: I don’t think he’s coming.

JOHN: He’ll *be* there.

JOHN: Where are you living these days?

SHOLTO: Oh, way out in the middle of nowhere.

JOHN: The press and the families gave him hell. He gets more death threats than *you.*

SHERLOCK: Ooh! A recluse, small household staff.

SHERLOCK: Job.

GAIL: Gardener.

CHARLOTTE: Cook.

TESSA: Private nurse.

VICKY: Maid.

SHERLOCK: High turnover for additional security.

ROBYN: I do security work.

SHERLOCK: Probably all signed confidentiality agreements.

SHERLOCK: Do you have a secret you’ve never told anyone?

ALL THE WOMEN: No.

SHERLOCK: There is another question that remains, however – a big one, a *huge* one: how would you do it? How would you kill someone in public? There has to be a way. This has been planned.

ARCHIE: Mr Holmes! Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK: Oh, hello again, Archie. What’s *your* theory? Get this right and there’s a headless nun in it for you.

ARCHIE: The invisible man could do it.

SHERLOCK: The who, the what, the why, the when, the where?

ARCHIE: The invisible man with the invisible knife. The one who tried to kill the Guardsman.

SHERLOCK: Oh, not just planned. Planned and rehearsed. Ladies and gentlemen, there will now be a short interlude. The bride and groom!

GUESTS: The bride and groom.

SHERLOCK: Major Sholto’s going to be murdered. I don’t know how or by whom, but it’s going to happen. ’Scuse me, coming through! Consulting!

JOHN: Stay here.

MARY: Please be careful.

JOHN: ’Scuse me. Coming through! ’Scuse me.

MARY: Sorry, one more. Whoops! So sorry! Thank you!

JOHN: *How* can you not remember which room? You remember everything.

SHERLOCK: I have to delete *something*!

MARY: Two oh seven.

SHERLOCK: Major Sholto? Major Sholto! *Major Sholto*!

SHOLTO: If someone’s about to make an attempt on my life, it won’t be the first time. I’m ready.

JOHN: Major, let us in.

MARY: Kick the door down.

SHOLTO: I really wouldn’t. I have a gun in my hand and a lifetime of unfortunate reflexes.

SHERLOCK: You’re not safe in there. Whoever’s after you, we know that a locked room doesn’t stop him.

SHOLTO: “The invisible man with the invisible knife.”

SHERLOCK: I don’t know how he does it, so I can’t stop him, and that means he’ll do it again.

SHOLTO: Solve it, then.

SHERLOCK: I – I’m sorry?

SHOLTO: You’re the famous Mr Holmes. Solve the case. On you go.

SHOLTO: Tell me how he did it and I’ll open the door.

JOHN: *Please*, this is no time for games. Just let us in! You’re in danger!

SHOLTO: So are you, so long as you’re here. Please, leave me. Despite my reputation, I *really* don’t approve of collateral damage.

MARY: Solve it.

SHERLOCK: Sorry?

MARY: Solve it, and he’ll open the door, like he said.

SHERLOCK: If I couldn’t solve it before, how can I solve it *now*?

MARY: Because it *matters* now.

SHERLOCK: What are you talking about? What’s she talking about? Get your wife under control.

JOHN: She’s right.

SHERLOCK: Oh, *you’ve* changed!

JOHN: No, she *is.* Shut up. You are *not* a puzzle-solver – you never have been. You’re a drama queen. Now, there is a man in there about to die. “The game is on.” *Solve* it!

SHERLOCK: Though, in fairness, he’s a drama queen too.

MARY: Yeah, I know.

SHERLOCK: Major Sholto, no-one’s coming to kill you. I’m afraid you’ve already been killed several hours ago.

SHOLTO: What did you say?

SHERLOCK: Don’t take off your belt.

SHOLTO: My belt?

SHERLOCK: His belt, yes. Bainbridge was stabbed hours before we even saw him, but it was through his belt. *Tight* belt, worn high on the waist. Very easy to push a small blade through the fabric and you wouldn’t even feel it.

JOHN: The-the belt would bind the flesh together when it was tied tight ...

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: ... and when you took it off ...

SHERLOCK: Delayed action stabbing. All the time in the world to create an alibi. Major Sholto?

SHOLTO: So – I was to be killed by my uniform. How appropriate.

MARY: He solved the case, Major. You’re supposed to open the door now. A deal is a deal.

SHOLTO: I’m not even supposed to *have* this any more. They gave me special dispensation to keep it. I couldn’t imagine life out of this uniform. I suppose – given the circumstances – I don’t *have* to. When so many want you dead, it hardly seems good manners to argue.

JOHN: Whatever you’re doing in there, James, *stop it, right now*. I will kick this door down.

SHOLTO: Mr Holmes, you and I are similar, I think.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I think we are.

SHOLTO: There’s a proper time to die, isn’t there?

SHERLOCK: Of *course* there is.

SHOLTO: And one should embrace it when it comes – like a soldier.

SHERLOCK: Of *course* one should, but not at John’s *wedding*. We wouldn’t *do* that, would we – you and me? We would *never* do that to John Watson.

JOHN: I’m gonna break it down.

MARY: No, wait, wait, you won’t have to.

JOHN: Hmm?

SHOLTO: I believe I am in need of medical attention.

JOHN: I believe I am your doctor.

SHERLOCK: One, two, three; der, der, der ... Ahh, pretty good.

JANINE: Ooh!

SHERLOCK: Just ... hold your nerve on your turning.

JANINE: Why do we have to rehearse?

SHERLOCK: Because we are about to dance together in public, and *your* skills are appalling!

JANINE: Well, you’re a good teacher.

SHERLOCK: Mmm.

JANINE: And you’re a brilliant dancer.

SHERLOCK: I’ll let you in on something, Janine.

JANINE: Go on, then.

SHERLOCK: I *love* dancing. I’ve *always* loved it.

JANINE: Seriously?

SHERLOCK: Watch out.

JANINE: Ooh! Woah!

SHERLOCK: Never really comes up in crime work but, um, you know, I live in hope of the right case.

JANINE: I wish you weren’t ... whatever it is you are.

SHERLOCK: I know.

JOHN: Well, *glad* to see you’ve pulled, Sherlock, what with murderers running riot at my wedding.

SHERLOCK: *One* murder... – one *nearly* murderer. Loves to exaggerate. You should try living with him.

LESTRADE: Sherlock? Got him for you.

SHERLOCK: Ah, the photographer. Excellent! Thank you. Er, may I have a look at your camera?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Er ... what’s this about? I was halfway home!

SHERLOCK: You should have driven faster. Ah, yes. *Yes*, very good. There, you see? *Perfect.*

LESTRADE: What is? You gonna tell us?

SHERLOCK: Try looking yourself.

JOHN: Um, look for what? Is the murderer in these photographs?

SHERLOCK: It’s not what’s *in* the photographs; it’s what’s *not* in them – not in *any* of them.

JOHN: Sherlock? The showing-off thing: we’ve discussed it before.

SHERLOCK: There is always a man at a wedding who is not in any photograph but can go anywhere, and even carry an equipment bag around with him if he likes, and you never even see his face. You only ever see ... the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER: What are you doing? What *is* this?

SHERLOCK: Jonathan Small, today’s substitute wedding photographer – known to us as the Mayfly Man. His brother was one of the raw recruits killed in that incursion. Jonny sought revenge on Sholto, worked his way through Sholto’s staff, found what he needed ... an invitation to a wedding – the one time Sholto would have to be out in public. So, he made his plan ... and rehearsed the murder ... making sure of every last detail. Brilliant, ruthless, almost certainly a monomaniac – though, in fairness, his photographs *are* actually quite good. Everything you need’s on that. You probably ought to ... arrest him or something.

JANINE: Do you *always* carry handcuffs?

SHERLOCK: Down, girl.

MARY: Come on, quick!

SMALL: It’s not *me* you should be arresting, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Oh, *I* don’t do the arresting. I just farm that out.

SMALL: Sholto – *he’s* the killer, not me. I should have killed him quicker. I shouldn’t have tried to be clever.

SHERLOCK: You should have driven faster.

LESTRADE: Right ...

MARY: Really?!

JANINE: *Yeah!*

SHERLOCK: Ladies and gentlemen, just, er, one last thing before the evening begins properly. Apologies for earlier. A crisis arose and was dealt with. More importantly, however, today we saw two people make vows. I’ve never made a vow in my life, and after tonight I never will again. So, here in front of you all, my first and last vow. Mary and John: whatever it takes, whatever happens, from now on I swear I will *always* be there, *always*, for all three of you. Er, I’m sorry, I mean, I mean two of you. All *two* of you. *Both* of you, in fact. I’ve just miscounted. Anyway, it’s time for dancing. Play the music again, please, thank you. Okay, everybody, just dance. Don’t be shy! Dancing, please! Very good! Sorry, that was one more deduction than I was really expecting.

MARY: “Deduction”?

SHERLOCK: Increased appetite ...

MARY: Starving.

SHERLOCK: ... change of taste perception ...

MARY: Urgh. I chose this wine. It’s bloody awful.

SHERLOCK: ... and you were sick this morning. You assumed it was just wedding nerves. You got angry with me when I mentioned it to you. All the signs are there.

MARY: “The signs”?

SHERLOCK: The signs of three.

MARY: What?!

SHERLOCK: Mary, I think you should do a pregnancy test. W... th... the statistics for the first trimester are ...

JOHN: Shut up. Just ... shut up.

SHERLOCK: Sorry.

JOHN: How did *he* notice before me? I’m a bloody doctor.

SHERLOCK: It’s your day off.

JOHN: It’s *your* day off!

SHERLOCK: Stop-stop panicking.

JOHN: I’m not panicking.

MARY: I’m pregnant – *I’m* panicking.

SHERLOCK: Don’t panic. None of you panic. Absolutely no reason to panic.

JOHN: Oh, and you’d know, of course?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I *would*. You’re already the best parents in the world. Look at all the practice you’ve had!

JOHN: What practice?

SHERLOCK: Well, you’re hardly gonna need *me* around now that you’ve got a *real* baby on the way.

JOHN: You all right?

MARY: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Dance.

JOHN: Mm?

SHERLOCK: Both of you, now, go dance. We can’t just stand here. People will wonder what we’re talking about.

JOHN: Right.

MARY: And what about you?

JOHN: Well, we can’t all three dance. There *are* limits!

SHERLOCK: Yes, there are.

MARY: Come on, husband. Let’s go.

JOHN: This isn’t a waltz, is it?

SHERLOCK: Don’t worry, Mary, I *have* been tutoring him.

JOHN: He *did*, you know. Baker Street, behind closed curtains. Mrs Hudson came in one time. Don’t know how *those* rumours started!

**His Last Vow**

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

MAGNUSSEN: Charles Augustus Magnussen.

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

MAGNUSSEN: The *British* Prime Minister?

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

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

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

MAGNUSSEN: Because I was invited.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Can you recall the subjects under discussion?

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

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

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

GARVIE: That’s not what I meant. That is not in *any* way ...

LADY SMALLWOOD: Mr Magnussen, can you recall an occasion when your remarks could have influenced government policy or the Prime Minister’s thinking in any way?

MAGNUSSEN: No.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Are you sure?

MAGNUSSEN: I have an excellent memory.

ATTENDANT: Your car’s waiting outside, sir. See you tomorrow.

MAGNUSSEN: May I join you?

LADY SMALLWOOD: I don’t think it’s appropriate.

MAGNUSSEN: It isn’t.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Mr Magnussen, outside the enquiry we can have no contact, no communication at all. Please don’t do that.

MAGNUSSEN: In 1982 your husband corresponded with Helen Catherine Driscoll.

LADY SMALLWOOD: That was before I knew him.

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

LADY SMALLWOOD: Will you please move your hand?

MAGNUSSEN: “I long, my darling, to know the touch of your ... body.”

LADY SMALLWOOD: I know what was in the letters.

MAGNUSSEN: She was fifteen.

LADY SMALLWOOD: She looked older.

MAGNUSSEN: Oh, she looked *delicious*. We have photographs, too – the ones she sent him. Yum yum.

LADY SMALLWOOD: He was unaware of her age. He met her only once before the letters began. When he discovered the truth, he stopped immediately. *Those* are the facts.

MAGNUSSEN: Facts are for history books. I work in news.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Your hand is sweating.

MAGNUSSEN: Always, I’m afraid. I have a condition.

LADY SMALLWOOD: It’s disgusting.

MAGNUSSEN: Ah, I’m used to it. The whole world is wet to my touch.

LADY SMALLWOOD: I will call someone. I will have you removed.

MAGNUSSEN: What is that? Claire de la Lune? A bit young for you, isn’t it? You want to hit me now? *Could* you, still? You’re an old lady now. Perhaps you should settle for calling someone. Well? Go on. No? Because now there are consequences. I have the letters and therefore I have you.

LADY SMALLWOOD: This is blackmail.

MAGNUSSEN: Of course it isn’t blackmail. This is ... ownership.

LADY SMALLWOOD: You do not own me.

MAGNUSSEN: Claire de la Lune. It never tastes like it smells, does it? Lady Smallwood’s bill is on me. See to it.

ATTENDANT: Yes, Mr Magnussen.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Oh, God.

CHAUFFEUR: You all right, ma’am?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Fine, yes. Magnussen. *No-one* stands up to him. No-one dares. No-one even *tries.* There isn’t a man or woman in England capable of stopping that disgusting creature ...

CHAUFFEUR: Ma’am?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Turn the car around. We’re going back into town. Turn around.

CHAUFFEUR: Where are we going, ma’am?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Baker Street.

SHERLOCK: Seen a lot of injuries, then? Violent deaths?

JOHN: Enough for a lifetime.

SHERLOCK: Wanna see some more?

JOHN: Oh, *God*, yes.

SHERLOCK: The game is on.

WOMAN: I know it’s early. Really, I’m sorry.

MARY: Is that Kate?

JOHN: Y-yeah, it’s Kate.

MARY: Invite her in?

JOHN: Er, sorry, yes. D-d’you wanna come in, Kate?

MARY: Hey ...

MARY: It’s all right.

JOHN: There you go.

MARY: It’s Isaac.

JOHN: Ah, your husband.

MARY: Son.

JOHN: Son, yeah.

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

MARY: The usual.

JOHN: He’s the drugs one, yeah?

MARY: Er, yeah, nicely put, John.

JOHN: Look, is it Sherlock Holmes you want? Because I’ve not seen him in ages.

MARY: About a month.

KATE: Who’s Sherlock Holmes?

MARY: See? That *does* happen.

KATE: There’s a – a place they all go to, him and his ... friends. They all ... do whatever they do ... shoot up, whatever you call it.

JOHN: Where is he?

KATE: It’s a house. It’s a dump. I mean, it’s practically falling down.

JOHN: No, the address. Where, exactly?

MARY: Seriously?

JOHN: Why not? She’s not going to the police. Someone’s got to get him.

MARY: Why you?

JOHN: I’m being neighbourly.

MARY: Since when?

JOHN: Since now. Since this exact minute.

MARY: Why are you being so ...?

JOHN: What?

MARY: I dunno. What’s the matter with you?

JOHN: There is *nothing* the matter with me. Imagine I said that without shouting.

MARY: I’m trying.

JOHN: No, you can’t come. You’re pregnant.

MARY: You can’t *go*. I’m pregnant.

MARY: What is that?!

JOHN: It’s a tyre lever.

MARY: *Why?*

JOHN: ’Cause there were loads of smackheads in there, and one of them might need help with a tyre. If there’s any trouble, just go. I’ll be fine.

MARY: Er, John, John, John, John. It is a *tiny* bit sexy.

JOHN: Yeah, I know. Hello?

BILL: What d’you want?

JOHN: ’Scuse me.

BILL: Naah, naah, you can’t come in ’ere!

JOHN: I’m looking for a friend. A very specific friend – I’m not just browsing.

BILL: You’ve gotta go. No-one’s allowed ’ere.

JOHN: Isaac Whitney. You seen him? I’m asking you if you’ve seen Isaac Whitney, and now you’re showing me a knife. Is it a clue?

JOHN: Are you doing a mime?

BILL: Go. Or I’ll cut you.

JOHN: Ooh, not from there. Let me help. Now, concentrate. Isaac Whitney.

BILL: Okay, you asked for it.

JOHN: Right. Are you concentrating yet?

BILL: You broke my arm!

JOHN: No, I sprained it.

BILL: It feels squishy! Is it supposed to feel squishy? Feel that!

JOHN: Yeah, it’s a sprain. I’m a doctor – I know how to sprain people. Now *where* is Isaac Whitney?

BILL: I don’t know! Maybe upstairs.

JOHN: There you go. Wasn’t that easy?

BILL: No. It’s really sore. You’re mental, you are.

JOHN: No. Just used to a better class of criminal. Isaac? Isaac Whitney? Isaac? Hello, mate. Sit up for me? Sit up.

ISAAC: Doctor Watson?

JOHN: Yep.

ISAAC: Where am I?

JOHN: The arse-end of the universe with the scum of the Earth. Look at me.

ISAAC: Have you come for me?

JOHN: D’you think I know a lot of people here?! Hey, all right?

SHERLOCK: Ah, hello, John. Didn’t expect to see you here. Did you come for me, too?

MARY: Hallo, Isaac.

ISAAC: Mrs Watson, can I – can I get in, please?

MARY: Yes, of course, get in. Where’s John?

ISAAC: They’re ’avin’ a fight.

MARY: *Who* is?

SHERLOCK: For God’s sakes, John! I’m on a case!

JOHN: A month – that’s all it took. *One.*

SHERLOCK: I’m working.

JOHN: Sherlock Holmes in a drug den! How’s *that* gonna look?

SHERLOCK: I’m undercover.

JOHN: No you’re not!

SHERLOCK: Well, I’m not *now*!

MARY: *In.* Both of you, *quickly.*

BILL: Please. Can *I* come? I think I’ve got a broken arm.

MARY: No. Go away.

JOHN: No, let him.

MARY: Why?

JOHN: Yeah, just get in. It’s a sprain.

MARY: Anyone else? I mean, we’re taking everybody home, are we?

BILL: All right, Shezza?

JOHN: “Shezza”?

SHERLOCK: I *was* undercover.

MARY: Seriously – “Shezza,” though?!

JOHN: We’re not going home. We’re going to Bart’s. I’m calling Molly.

MARY: Why?

JOHN: Because Sherlock Holmes needs to pee in a jar.

JOHN: Well? Is he clean?

MOLLY: Clean? How *dare* you throw away the beautiful gifts you were born with? And how *dare* you betray the love of your friends? Say you’re sorry.

SHERLOCK: Sorry your engagement’s over – though I’m fairly grateful for the lack of a ring.

MOLLY: Stop it. Just stop it.

JOHN: If you were anywhere near this kind of thing again, you could have called, you could have talked to me.

SHERLOCK: *Please* do relax. This is all for a case.

JOHN: A ca... What kind of case would need you doing this?

SHERLOCK: I might as well ask you why you’ve started cycling to work.

JOHN: No. We’re not playing this game.

SHERLOCK: Quite recently, I’d say. You’re very determined about it.

JOHN: Not interested.

BILL: *I* am. Ow.

MARY: Oh, sorry. You moved. But it *is* just a sprain.

BILL: Yeah. Somebody ’it me.

MARY: Huh?

BILL: Eh, just some guy.

JOHN: Yeah, probably just an addict in need of a fix.

SHERLOCK: Yes. I think, in a way, it was.

BILL: Is it his shirt?

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

BILL: Well, it’s the creases, innit? The two creases down the front. It’s been recently folded but it’s not new. Must have dressed in a hurry this morning ... so *all* your shirts must be kept like that. But why? Maybe ’cause you cycle to work every morning, shower when you get there an’ then dress in the clothes you brought with you. You keep your shirts folded ... ready to pack.

SHERLOCK: Not bad.

BILL: An’ I further deduce ... you’ve only started recently, because you’ve got a bit of chafing.

SHERLOCK: No – he’s *always* walked like that. Remind me – what’s your name again?

BILL: They call me The Wig.

SHERLOCK: No they don’t.

BILL: Well, they-they call me Wiggy.

SHERLOCK: Nope.

BILL: Bill. Bill Wiggins.

SHERLOCK: Nice observational skills, *Billy.* Ah! *Finally*.

MOLLY: “Finally” what?

BILL: Good news?

SHERLOCK: Oh, *excellent* news – the *best.* There’s every chance that my drug habit might hit the newspapers. The game is on. Excuse me for a second.

SHERLOCK: You’ve heard of Charles Augustus Magnussen, of course.

JOHN: Yeah. Owns some newspapers – ones I don’t read.

SHERLOCK: Hang on – weren’t there other people?

JOHN: Mary’s taking the boys home; I’m taking *you*. We did discuss it.

SHERLOCK: People were talking, none of them me. I must have filtered.

JOHN: I noticed.

SHERLOCK: I have to filter out a lot of witless babble. I’ve got Mrs Hudson on semi-permanent mute. *What* is my brother doing here?

JOHN: So I’ll just pay, then, shall I?

SHERLOCK: He’s straightened the knocker. He always corrects it. He’s OCD. Doesn’t even *know* he’s doing it.

JOHN: Why’d you do that?

SHERLOCK: Do what?

JOHN: Nothing.

MYCROFT: Well, then, Sherlock. Back on the sauce?

SHERLOCK: What are you doing here?

JOHN: *I* phoned him.

MYCROFT: The siren call of old habits. How very like Uncle Rudy – though, in many ways, cross-dressing would have been a wiser path for you.

SHERLOCK: *You* phoned him.

JOHN: *’Course* I bloody phoned him.

MYCROFT: *’Course* he bloody did. Now, save me a little time. Where should we be looking?

SHERLOCK: “We”?

ANDERSON’s VOICE: Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: For *God’s* sake! Anderson.

ANDERSON: I’m sorry, Sherlock. It’s for your own good.

BENJI: Oh, that’s *him*, isn’t it? You said he’d be taller.

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

SHERLOCK: I do not *have* a drug habit.

JOHN: Hey, what happened to my chair?

SHERLOCK: It was blocking my view to the kitchen.

JOHN: Well, it’s good to be missed(!)

SHERLOCK: Well, you were gone. I saw an opportunity.

JOHN: No, you saw the kitchen.

MYCROFT: What have you found so far? Clearly nothing.

SHERLOCK: There’s nothing *to* find.

MYCROFT: Your bedroom door is shut. You haven’t been home all night. So, why would a man who has never knowingly closed the door without the direct orders of his mother bother to do so on this occasion?

SHERLOCK: Okay, *stop*! Just stop. Point made.

JOHN: Jesus, Sherlock.

MYCROFT: Have to phone our parents, of course, in Oklahoma. Won’t be the first time that your substance abuse has wreaked havoc with their line-dancing.

SHERLOCK: This is not what you think. This is for a case.

MYCROFT: What case could possibly justify this?

SHERLOCK: Magnussen. Charles Augustus Magnussen.

MYCROFT: That name you think you may have just heard – you were mistaken. If you ever mention hearing that name in this room, in this context, I guarantee you – on behalf of the British security services – that materials will be found on your computer hard drives resulting in your immediate incarceration. Don’t reply – just look frightened and scuttle. I hope I won’t have to threaten you as well.

JOHN: Well, I think we’d both find *that* embarrassing.

MYCROFT: Magnussen is not your business.

SHERLOCK: Oh, you mean he’s *yours*.

MYCROFT: You may consider him under my protection.

SHERLOCK: I consider you under his thumb.

MYCROFT: If you go against Magnussen, then you will find yourself going against *me*.

SHERLOCK: Okay. I’ll let you know if I notice. Er, what was I going to say? Oh, yeah. Bye-bye.

MYCROFT: Unwise, brother mine.

SHERLOCK: Brother mine, don’t appal me when I’m high.

JOHN: Mycroft, don’t say another word. Just go. He could snap you in two, and right now I am slightly worried that he might. Don’t speak. Just leave. Oh. Er, Magnussen?

SHERLOCK: What time is it?

JOHN: About eight.

SHERLOCK: I’m meeting him in three hours. I need a bath.

JOHN: It’s for a case, you said?

SHERLOCK: Yep.

JOHN: What sort of case?

SHERLOCK: Too big and dangerous for any sane individual to get involved in.

JOHN: You trying to put me off?

SHERLOCK: God, no. Trying to recruit you. And stay out of my bedroom.

JANINE: Oh, John, hi. How are you?

JOHN: Janine?

JANINE: Sorry. Not dressed. Has everybody gone? I heard shouting.

JOHN: Yes, they’re gone.

JANINE: God, look at the time. I’ll be late. Sounded like an argument. Was it Mike?

JOHN: Mike?

JANINE: Mike, yeah. His brother, Mike. They’re always fighting.

JOHN: Mycroft.

JANINE: Do people actually call him that?!

JOHN: Yeah.

JANINE: Huh! Oh, could you be a love and put some coffee on?

JOHN: ... Sure, right, yeah.

JANINE: Thanks. Ooh, how’s Mary? How’s married life?

JOHN: She’s fine. We’re both fine, yeah.

JANINE: Oh, it’s over there now. Where’s Sherl?

JOHN: Sherl! He’s just having a bath. I’m sure he’ll be out in a minute.

JANINE: Oh, like he ever is!

JOHN: Yeah(!)

JANINE: Morning! Room for a little one?!

SHERLOCK: Morning.

JANINE: Ooh!

SHERLOCK: So – it’s just a guess but you’ve probably got some questions.

JOHN: Yyyyeah, one or two, pretty much.

SHERLOCK: Naturally.

JOHN: You have a *girlfriend*?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I have. Now, Magnussen. Magnussen is like a shark – it’s the only way I can describe him. Have you ever been to the shark tank at the London Aquarium, John – stood up close to the glass? Those floating flat faces, those dead eyes ... That’s what he is. I’ve dealt with murderers, psychopaths, terrorists, serial killers. None of them can turn my stomach like Charles Augustus Magnussen.

JOHN: Yes, you have.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, what?

JOHN: You have a girlfriend.

SHERLOCK: What? Yes! Yes, I’m going out with Janine. I thought that was *fairly* obvious.

JOHN: Yes. Well ... yes. But I mean you, you, you ... are in a relationship?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I am.

JOHN: You and Janine?

SHERLOCK: Mmm, yes. Me and Janine.

JOHN: Care to elaborate?

SHERLOCK: Well, we’re in a good place. It’s, um ... very affirming.

JOHN: You got that from a book.

SHERLOCK: *Everyone* got that from a book.

JANINE: Okay, you two bad boys, behave yourselves. And you, Sherl, you’re gonna have to tell me where you were last night.

SHERLOCK: Working.

JANINE: “Working.” Of course. I’m the only one who really knows what you’re like, remember?

SHERLOCK: Don’t you go letting on.

JANINE: I might just, actually. I haven’t told Mary about this. I kind of wanted to surprise her.

JOHN: Yeah, you probably will.

JANINE: But we should have you two over for dinner really soon!

SHERLOCK: Yeah!

JANINE: *My* place, though – not the scuzz-dump!

JOHN: Great, yeah! *Dinner*! Yeah.

JANINE: Oh, I’d better dash. It was brilliant to see you!

JOHN: You too.

SHERLOCK: Have a lovely day. Call me later.

JANINE: I might do. I *might* call you – unless I meet someone prettier(!) Solve me a crime, Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: You know Magnussen as a newspaper owner, but he’s *so* much more than that. He uses his power and wealth to gain information. The more he acquires, the greater his wealth and power. I’m not exaggerating when I say that he knows the critical pressure point on every person of note or influence in the whole of the Western world and probably beyond. He is the Napoleon of blackmail ... and he has created an unassailable architecture of forbidden knowledge. Its name ... is Appledore.

JOHN: Dinner.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, what, dinner?

JOHN: Me and Mary, coming for dinner ... with ... wine and ... sitting.

SHERLOCK: Seriously? I’ve just told you that the Western world is *run* from this house ... and you want to talk about *dinner*?

JOHN: Fine, talk about the house.

SHERLOCK: It is the greatest repository of sensitive and dangerous information anywhere in the world ... the Alexandrian Library of secrets and scandals – and *none* of it is on a computer. He’s smart – computers can be hacked. It’s all on hard copy in vaults ... underneath that house; and as long as it is, the personal freedom of *anyone* you’ve ever met is a fantasy.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! Oh, that was the doorbell. Couldn’t you hear it?

SHERLOCK: It’s in the fridge. It kept ringing.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, that’s not a *fault*, Sherlock!

JOHN: Who is it?

MRS HUDSON: Mr Holmes said you can go right up.

SHERLOCK: Oh, go ahead.

SECURITY MAN: Sir?

JOHN: Can I have a moment?

SHERLOCK: Oh, he’s fine.

JOHN: Er, I ... right. I should probably tell you ... Okay, I ... That. And ... Doesn’t mean I’m *not* pleased to see you.

SHERLOCK: I can vouch for this man. He’s a doctor. If you know who I am, then you know who *he* is ... *don’t* you, Mr Magnussen? I understood we were meeting at *your* office.

MAGNUSSEN: This *is* my office. Well, it is *now.*

SHERLOCK: Mr Magnussen, I have been asked to intercede with you by Lady Elizabeth Smallwood on the matter of her husband’s letters. Some time ago you ... put pressure on her concerning those letters. She would like those letters back. Obviously the letters no longer have any practical use to you, so with that in mind ... Something I said?

MAGNUSSEN: No, no. I-I was reading. There’s rather a lot. “Redbeard.” Sorry. S-sorry. You were probably talking?

SHERLOCK: I ... I was trying to explain that I’ve been asked to act on behalf of ...

MAGNUSSEN: Bathroom?

SECURITY MAN: Along from the kitchen, sir.

MAGNUSSEN: Okay.

SHERLOCK: I’ve been asked to negotiate the return of those letters. I’m aware you do not make copies of sensitive documents ...

MAGNUSSEN: Is it like the rest of the flat?

SECURITY MAN: Sir?

MAGNUSSEN: The bathroom?

SECURITY MAN: Er, yes, sir.

MAGNUSSEN: Maybe not, then.

SHERLOCK: Am I acceptable to you as an intermediary?

MAGNUSSEN: Lady Elizabeth Smallwood. I *like* her.

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

MAGNUSSEN: She’s English, with a spine. Best thing about the English ... you’re *so* domesticated. All standing around, apologising ... keeping your little heads down. You can do what you like here. No-one’s ever going to stop you. A nation of herbivores. I’ve interests all over the world but, er, everything starts in England. If it works here ... I’ll try it in a *real* country. The United Kingdom, huh? Petri dish to the Western world. Tell Lady Elizabeth I might need those letters, so I’m keeping them. Goodbye. Anyway ... they’re funny.

JOHN: *Jesus!*

SHERLOCK: Did you notice the one extraordinary thing he did?

JOHN: Wh... There *was* a moment that kind of stuck in the mind, yeah.

SHERLOCK: Exactly – when he showed us the letters.

JOHN: ... Okay.

SHERLOCK: So he’s brought the letters to London – so no matter *what* he says, he’s ready to make a deal. Now, Magnussen only makes a deal once he’s established a person’s weaknesses – the ‘pressure point,’ he calls it. So, clearly he believes I’m a drug addict and no serious threat. *And*, of course, because he’s in town tonight, the letters will be in his safe in his London office while he’s out to dinner with the Marketing Group of Great Britain from seven ’til ten.

JOHN: How-how do you know his schedule?

SHERLOCK: Because I do. Right – I’ll see you tonight. I’ve got some shopping to do.

JOHN: What’s tonight?

SHERLOCK: I’ll text instructions.

JOHN: Yeah, I’ll text *you* if I’m available.

SHERLOCK: You are! I checked!

SHERLOCK: Don’t bring a gun.

JOHN: Why would I bring a gun?

SHERLOCK: Or a knife, or a tyre lever. Probably best not to do any arm-spraining, but we’ll see how the night goes.

JOHN: You’re just assuming I’m coming along?

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

JOHN: It’s actually *four* pounds.

SHERLOCK: Mary and I think seven. See you later. Hatton Garden.

NEWSREADER: And breaking news now. John Garvie MP has been arrested today on charges of corruption. This follows an investigation ...

SHERLOCK: Magnussen’s office is on the top floor, just below his private flat ... but there are fourteen levels of security between us and him ... two of which aren’t even legal in this country. Want to know how we’re going to break in?

JOHN: Is that what we’re doing?

SHERLOCK: Of *course* it’s what we’re doing. Magnussen’s private lift. It goes straight to his penthouse and office. Only *he* uses it ... and only *his* key card calls the lift. Anyone else even tries, security is automatically informed. Standard key card for the building. Nicked it yesterday. Only gets us as far as the canteen. Here we go, then. If I was to use this card on that lift now, what happens?

JOHN: Er, the alarms would go off and you’d be dragged away by security.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: Get taken to a small room somewhere and your head kicked in.

SHERLOCK: Do we really need so much colour?

JOHN: It passes the time.

SHERLOCK: But if I do *this ...* If you press a key card against your mobile phone for long enough, it corrupts the magnetic strip. The card stops working. It’s a common problem – never put your key card with your phone. What happens if I use the card now?

JOHN: It still doesn’t work.

SHERLOCK: But it doesn’t read as the *wrong* card now. It registers as corrupted. But if it’s corrupted, how do they know it’s not Magnussen?

JOHN: Huh.

SHERLOCK: Would they risk dragging *him* off?

JOHN: Probably not.

SHERLOCK: So what do they do? What do they *have* to do?

JOHN: Check if it’s him or not.

SHERLOCK: There’s a camera at eye height to the right of the door. A live picture of the card user is relayed directly to Magnussen’s personal staff in his office – the only people trusted to make a positive ID. ... at this hour, almost certainly his PA.

JOHN: S-so how’s that help us?

SHERLOCK: Human error. I’ve been shopping. Here we go, then.

JOHN: You realise you don’t exactly look like Magnussen.

SHERLOCK: Which, in this case, is a considerable advantage.

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

JOHN: Hang on – was that ...? That ...!

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

JANINE: I can’t! You *know* I can’t. Don’t be silly.

SHERLOCK: Don’t make me do it out here. Not ... in front of everyone.

JANINE: Do what in front of everyone?

SHERLOCK: You see? As long as there’s people, there’s always a weak spot.

JOHN: That was Janine.

SHERLOCK: Yes, of *course* it was Janine. She’s Magnussen’s PA. That’s the whole point.

JOHN: Did you just get engaged to break into an office?

SHERLOCK: Yeah. Stroke of luck, meeting her at your wedding. You can take some of the credit.

JOHN: Je-Jesus! Sherlock, she loves you.

SHERLOCK: Yes. Like I said – human error.

JOHN: What are you gonna do?

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

JOHN: So what will you tell her?

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

JOHN: So where did she go?

SHERLOCK: It’s a bit rude. I just proposed to her.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Did she faint? Do they *really* do that?

JOHN: It’s a blow to the head. She’s breathing. Janine?

SHERLOCK: Another in here. Security.

JOHN: Does he need help?

SHERLOCK: Ex-con. White supremacist, by the tattoo, so who cares? Stick with Janine.

JOHN: Janine, focus on my voice now. Can you hear me? Hey. They must still be here.

SHERLOCK: So’s Magnussen. His seat’s still warm. He should be at dinner but he’s still in the building. Upstairs!

JOHN: We should call the police.

SHERLOCK: During our own burglary?! You’re really not a natural at this, are you? No, wait, shh! Perfume – not Janine’s. Claire-de-la-lune. Why do I know it?

JOHN: Mary wears it.

SHERLOCK: No, not Mary. Somebody else.

JOHN: Sherlock!

MAGNUSSEN: What-what-what would your husband think, eh? He ... your lovely husband, upright, honourable ... so English. What-what would he say to you now? Nej, nej! [No, no!] You’re-you’re doing this to protect him from the truth ... but is this protection he would want?

SHERLOCK: Additionally, if you’re going to commit murder, you might consider changing your perfume ... Lady Smallwood.

MAGNUSSEN: Sorry. Who? That’s ... not ... Lady Smallwood, Mr Holmes.

MARY: Is John with you?

SHERLOCK: He’s, um ...

MARY: Is John *here*?

SHERLOCK: He-he’s downstairs.

MAGNUSSEN: So, what do you do now? Kill us both?

SHERLOCK: Mary, whatever he’s got on you, let me help.

MARY: Oh, Sherlock, if you take one more step I swear I will kill you.

SHERLOCK: No, Mrs Watson. You won’t.

MARY: I’m sorry, Sherlock. Truly am.

SHERLOCK: Mary?

MOLLY: It’s not like it is in the movies. There’s not a great big spurt of blood and you go flying backwards. The impact isn’t spread over a wide area. It’s tightly focussed, so there’s little or no energy transfer. You stay still ... and the bullet pushes through. You’re almost certainly going to die, so we need to focus. I said ... *focus.* It’s all well and clever having a Mind Palace, but you’ve only three seconds of consciousness left to use it. So, come on – what’s going to kill you?

SHERLOCK: Blood loss.

MOLLY: Exactly. So, it’s all about one thing now. Forwards, or backwards? We need to decide which way you’re going to fall.

ANDERSON: One hole, or two?

SHERLOCK: Sorry?

MOLLY: Is the bullet still inside you ... or is there an exit wound? It’ll depend on the gun.

SHERLOCK: That one, I think. Or that one.

MYCROFT: Oh, for God’s sake, Sherlock. It doesn’t matter about the gun. Don’t be stupid. You always were so stupid. Such a disappointment.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: I’m not stupid.

MYCROFT: You’re a *very* stupid little boy. Mummy and Daddy are very cross ... because it doesn’t matter about the gun.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Why not?

MYCROFT: You saw the whole room when you entered it. What was directly behind you when you were murdered?

YOUNG SHERLOCK: I’ve not been murdered *yet*.

MYCROFT: Balance of probability, little brother. If the bullet had passed through you, what would you have heard?

SHERLOCK: The mirror shattering.

MYCROFT: You *didn’t*. Therefore ...?

SHERLOCK: The bullet’s still inside me.

ANDERSON: So, we need to take him down backwards.

MOLLY: I agree. Sherlock ... you need to fall on your back.

ANDERSON: Right now, the bullet is the cork in the bottle.

MOLLY: The bullet itself is blocking most of the blood flow.

ANDERSON: But any pressure or impact on the entrance wound could dislodge it.

MOLLY: Plus, on your back, gravity’s working for us. Fall now.

SHERLOCK: What the hell is that? What’s happening?

MOLLY: You’re going into shock. It’s the next thing that’s going to kill you.

SHERLOCK: What do I do?

MYCROFT: Don’t go into shock, obviously. Must be *something* in this ridiculous memory palace of yours that can calm you down.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: ... calm you down.

MYCROFT: *Find* it. The East Wind is coming, Sherlock. It’s coming to *get* you.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: It’s coming to get you.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: *Find* it.

SHERLOCK: Hello, Redbeard. Here, boy. Come on! Come to me. It’s okay. It’s all right.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Come on! It’s me! It’s me, come on!

SHERLOCK: Come on!

YOUNG SHERLOCK: *Good* boy! Clever boy!

SHERLOCK: Hello, Redbeard. They’re putting *me* down too, now. It’s no fun, is it? Redbeard.

MOLLY: Without the shock, you’re going to feel the pain. There’s a hole ripped through you. Massive internal bleeding. You *have* to control the *pain*.

SHERLOCK: *Control!* Control! Control. You. You never felt pain, did you? Why did you never feel *pain*?

JIM: You *always* feel it, Sherlock. But you don’t have to fear it! Pain. Heartbreak. *Loss.* *Death*. It’s *all* good. It’s *all* good.

JOHN’s VOICE: Sherlock?

JOHN: Sherlock? Can you hear me? What happened?

MAGNUSSEN: He got shot.

JOHN: Jesus. Sherlock! Oh, my ... Who shot him?

OPERATOR: Emergency. Which service do you require?

JIM: ♪ It’s raining, it’s pouring. Sherlock is boring ... I’m laughing, I’m crying ... Sherlock is dying. ♪

JOHN: Sherlock. We’re losing you. Sherlock?

JIM: Come on, Sherlock. Just *die*, why can’t you? One little push, and off you pop. You’re gonna love being dead, Sherlock. No-one *ever* bothers you. Mrs Hudson will cry; and Mummy and Daddy will cry ... and The Woman will cry; and John will cry buckets and buckets. It’s him that I worry about the most. That *wife*! You’re letting him down, Sherlock. John Watson is definitely in danger.

JIM: Oh, you’re not getting better, are you? Was it something I said, huh?

SHERLOCK: *John*!

JIM: *SHERLOCK!*

SHERLOCK: John!

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: *Mary.*

JOHN: Mary.

MARY: Hey.

JOHN: He’s only bloody woken up! He’s pulled through.

MARY: Really?! Seriously?

JOHN: Oh, *you*, Mrs Watson ... you’re in big trouble.

MARY: Really? Why?

JOHN: His first word when he woke up? “Mary”!

MARY: Ahh!

MARY: You don’t tell him. Sherlock? You don’t tell John.

MAGNUSSEN: Bad girl. Bad, *bad* girl.

MARY: Look at me – and tell me you’re not gonna tell him.

JANINE: I’m buying a cottage. I made a lot of money out of you, mister. Nothing hits the spot like revenge for profits.

SHERLOCK: You didn’t give these stories to Magnussen, did you?

JANINE: God, no – one of his rivals. He was spittin’! Sherlock Holmes, you are a back-stabbing, heartless, manipulative bastard.

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

JANINE: So we’re good, then!

SHERLOCK: Yeah, of course. Where’s the cottage?

JANINE: Sussex Downs.

SHERLOCK: Hmm, nice.

JANINE: It’s gorgeous. There’s beehives, but I’m getting rid of those. Aw, hurts, does it? Probably wanna restart your morphine. I might have fiddled with the taps.

SHERLOCK: *How* much more revenge are you gonna need?

JANINE: Just the occasional top-up. Dream come true for you, this place. They actually attach the drugs *to* you!

SHERLOCK: Not good for working.

JANINE: You won’t be working for a while, Sherl. You lied to me. You lied and lied.

SHERLOCK: I exploited the fact of our connection.

JANINE: *When*?!

SHERLOCK: Hmm?

JANINE: Just *once* would have been nice.

SHERLOCK: Oh. I was waiting until we got married.

JANINE: That was never gonna happen! Got to go. I’m not supposed to keep you talking. And also I have an interview with *The One Show* and I haven’t made it up yet. Just one thing. You shouldn’t have lied to me. I know what kind of man you are ... but we could have been friends. I’ll give your love to John and Mary.

MARY: You don’t tell him. You don’t tell John.

SHERLOCK: So ... Mary Watson. Who *are* you? Mary Watson.

JOHN: Dunno how much sense you’ll get out of him. He’s drugged up, so he’s pretty much babbling. Oh, they won’t let you use that in here, you know.

LESTRADE: No, I’m not gonna use the phone. I just wanna take a video.

JOHN: Oh, Jesus.

MARY: So where would he go?

JOHN: Oh, *Christ* knows. Try finding Sherlock in London.

LESTRADE: He’s got three known bolt holes ... Parliament Hill, Camden Lock and Dagmar Court.

MYCROFT: *Five* known bolt holes. There’s the blind greenhouse in Kew Gardens and the leaning tomb in Hampstead Cemetery.

MOLLY: Just the spare bedroom. ... Well ... *my* bedroom. We agreed he needs the space.

MRS HUDSON: Behind the clock face of Big Ben.

JOHN: I think he was probably joking.

MRS HUDSON: No! I don’t think so!

ANDERSON: Leinster Gardens. That’s his number one bolt hole. It’s top-top secret.

BENJI: He only knows about it ’cause he stalked him one night.

ANDERSON: *Followed*!

BENJI: Followed, yeah.

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

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

JOHN: Or protecting them.

LESTRADE: Protecting the shooter? Why?

JOHN: Well, protecting *someone*, then. But why would he care? He’s *Sherlock*. Who would he bother protecting?

LESTRADE: Call me if you hear anything. Don’t hold out on me, John. *Call* me, okay?

JOHN: Yeah. Yeah, right.

LESTRADE: Good night, then.

MRS HUDSON: Oh ... ’Bye, then. John? Need a cuppa.

JOHN: Mrs Hudson ... wh-why does Sherlock think that I’ll be moving back in here?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, yes, he’s put your chair back again, hasn’t he? That’s nice! Looks much better. John, what’s wrong? Tell me. John? That’s *your* phone, isn’t it? It’s Sherlock, John. It’s Sherlock. John! You *have* to answer it!

HOMELESS MAN: Spare any change, love?

MARY: No.

HOMELESS MAN: Oh, come on, love. Don’t be like all the rest.

BILL: Rule One of looking for Sherlock ’olmes ... ’e finds *you.*

MARY: You’re working for Sherlock now.

BILL: Keeps me off the streets, dunnit?

MARY: Well ... *no.* Where are you?

SHERLOCK: Can’t you see me?

MARY: Well, what am I looking for?

SHERLOCK: The lie – the lie of Leinster Gardens – hidden in plain sight. Hardly anyone notices. People live here for years and never see it, but if you *are* what I think you are, it’ll take you less than a minute. The houses, Mary. Look at the houses.

MARY: How did you know I’d come here?

SHERLOCK: I knew you’d talk to the people no-one else would bother with.

MARY: I thought I was being clever.

SHERLOCK: You’re *always* clever, Mary. I was relying on that. I planted the information for you to find.

MARY: Ohh.

SHERLOCK: Thirty seconds.

MARY: What am I looking at?

SHERLOCK: No door knobs, no letter box ... painted windows. Twenty-three and twenty-four Leinster Gardens ... the empty houses. They were demolished years ago to make way for the London Underground, a vent for the old steam trains. Only the very front section of the house remains. It’s just a façade. Remind you of anyone, Mary? A façade. Sorry. I never *could* resist a touch of drama. Do come in. It’s a little cramped.

MARY: Do you own this place?

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

MARY: What do you want, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Mary Morstan was stillborn in October 1972. Her gravestone is in Chiswick Cemetery where – five years ago – you acquired her name and date of birth and thereafter her identity. That’s why you don’t have ‘friends’ from before that date.

SHERLOCK: Need to work on your half of the church, Mary. Looking a bit thin.

MARY: Ah, orphan’s lot. Friends – that’s all I have.

SHERLOCK: It’s an old enough technique, known to the kinds of people who can recognise a skip-code on sight ...

MARY: At first I thought it was just a Bible thing, you know, spam, but it’s not. It’s a skip-code.

SHERLOCK: ... have extraordinarily retentive memories ...

JOHN: *How* can you not remember which room? You remember everything.

SHERLOCK: I have to delete *something*!

MARY: Two oh seven.

MARY: You were very slow.

SHERLOCK: How good a shot *are* you?

MARY: How badly do you want to find out?

SHERLOCK: If I die here, my body will be found in a building with your face projected on the front of it. Even Scotland Yard could get *somewhere* with that. I want to know how good you are. *Go on*. Show me. The doctor’s wife must be a *little* bit bored by now. May I see?

MARY: It’s a dummy. I suppose it was a fairly obvious trick.

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

MARY: *What* case?

SHERLOCK: Yours. Why didn’t you come to me in the first place?

MARY: Because John can’t ever know that I lied to him. It would break him and I would lose him forever – and, Sherlock, I will *never* let that happen. *Please ...* understand. There is nothing in this world that I would not do to stop that happening.

SHERLOCK: Sorry. Not *that* obvious a trick. Now talk, and sort it out. Do it quickly.

MYCROFT: Oh, dear God, it’s only two o’clock. It’s been Christmas Day for at least a *week* now. How can it only be two o’clock? I’m in agony.

MRS HOLMES: Mikey, is this *your* laptop?

MYCROFT: On which depends the security of the free world, yes ... and you’ve got potatoes on it.

MRS HOLMES: Well, you shouldn’t leave it lying around if it’s so important.

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

MRS HOLMES: We are here because Sherlock is home from hospital and we are *all* very happy.

MYCROFT: Am *I* happy too? I haven’t checked.

MRS HOLMES: Behave, Mike.

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

BILL: Mrs Holmes?

MRS HOLMES: Oh! Thank you, dear. Not absolutely sure why you’re here.

SHERLOCK: *I* invited him.

BILL: I’m his protégé, Mrs ’olmes. When ’e dies, I get all his stuff, an’ ’is job.

SHERLOCK: No.

BILL: Oh. Well, I help out a bit.

SHERLOCK: Closer.

BILL: If ’e *does* get murdered or something ...

SHERLOCK: Probably stop talking now.

BILL: Okay.

MYCROFT: *Lovely* when you bring your friends round(!)

MRS HOLMES: *Stop* it, you. Somebody’s put a bullet in my boy ... and if I ever find out who, I shall turn absolutely monstrous. Ah. This was for Mary. I’ll be back in a minute.

MRS HOLMES: Ah, Mary. There you are. Cup of tea. Now, if Father starts making little humming noises, just give him a little poke. That usually does it.

MARY: Did *you* write this?

MRS HOLMES: Oh, that silly old thing. You mustn’t read that. Mathematics must seem *terribly* fatuous now! Now, no humming, you!

MR HOLMES: Complete flake, my wife, but happens to be a genius.

MARY: She was a mathematician?

MR HOLMES: Gave it all up for children. I could never bear to argue with her. I’m something of a moron myself. But she’s ... unbelievably hot!

MARY: Oh my God. You’re the *sane* one, aren’t you?!

MR HOLMES: Aren’t *you*?!

JOHN: Oh. Sorry. I-I just, er ...

MR HOLMES: Oh. Er-er, do you two need a moment?

JOHN: If you don’t mind.

MR HOLMES: No, of course not. I’ll-I’ll go and see if I can help with ... something or another. Those two. They all right?

SHERLOCK: Well, you know – they’ve had their ups and downs.

SHERLOCK: Baker Street. *Now.*

MRS HUDSON: John. Mary! Oh, Sherlock! Oh, good gracious, you look *terrible*.

SHERLOCK: Get me some morphine from your kitchen. I’ve run out.

MRS HUDSON: I don’t have any morphine!

SHERLOCK: Then what *exactly* is the point of you?

MRS HUDSON: What *is* going on?

JOHN: *Bloody* good question.

SHERLOCK: The Watsons are about to have a domestic, and fairly quickly, I hope, because we’ve got work to do.

JOHN: Oh, I have a better question. Is *everyone* I’ve ever met a psychopath?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Good that we’ve settled that. Anyway, we ...

JOHN: *SHUT UP!*

MRS HUDSON: Oh!

JOHN: And *stay* shut up, because this is *not* funny. Not this time.

SHERLOCK: I didn’t say it was funny.

JOHN: You. What have I ever done ... hmm? ... my whole life ... to deserve you?

SHERLOCK: *Everything.*

JOHN: Sherlock, I’ve told you ... shut up.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I mean it, seriously. *Everything* – everything you’ve ever done is what you did.

JOHN: Sherlock, one more word and you will not need morphine.

SHERLOCK: You were a doctor who went to war. You’re a man who couldn’t stay in the suburbs for more than a month without storming a crack den and beating up a junkie. Your best friend is a sociopath who solves crimes as an alternative to getting high. That’s me, by the way. Hello. Even the landlady used to run a drug cartel.

MRS HUDSON: It was my *husband’s* cartel. I was just typing.

SHERLOCK: *And* exotic dancing.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock Holmes, if you’ve been YouTube-ing ...

SHERLOCK: John, you are addicted to a certain lifestyle. You’re abnormally attracted to dangerous situations and people ... so is it *truly* such a surprise that the woman you’ve fallen in love with conforms to that pattern?

JOHN: But she wasn’t supposed to *be* like that. Why is she like that?

SHERLOCK: Because you *chose* her.

JOHN: Why is everything ... *always ... MY FAULT*?!

MRS HUDSON: Oh, the neighbours!

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

JOHN: My lying wife?

SHERLOCK: No. What is she?

JOHN: And the woman who’s carrying my child who has lied to me since the day I met her?

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

JOHN: Okay. *Your* way. *Always* your way. Sit.

MARY: Why?

JOHN: Because that’s where they sit. ... the people who come in here with their stories. Th-the clients – that’s all *you* are now, Mary. You’re a client. This is where you sit and talk ... and this is where we sit and listen, then we decide if we want you or not.

JOHN: So, are you okay?

MARY: Oh! Are we doing conversation today? It really is Christmas(!) Now? Seriously? Months of silence and we’re gonna do *this ... now*?

SHERLOCK: ‘A.G.R.A.’ What’s that?

MARY: Er ... my initials. Everything about who I was is on there. If you love me, don’t read it in front of me.

JOHN: Why?

MARY: Because you won’t love me when you’ve finished ... and I don’t want to see that happen. How much d’you know already?

SHERLOCK: By your skill set, you are – or *were* – an intelligence agent. Your accent is currently English but I suspect you are not. You’re on the run from something; you’ve used your skills to disappear; Magnussen knows your secret, which is why you were going to kill him; and I assume you befriended Janine ... in order to get close to him.

MARY: Oh – *you* can talk!

JOHN: Ohhh. *Look* at you two. *You* should have got married.

MARY: The stuff Magnussen has on me, I would go to prison for the rest of my life.

JOHN: So you were just gonna kill him.

MARY: People like Magnussen *should* be killed. That’s why there are people like me.

JOHN: Perfect(!) So that’s what you were? An assassin? How could I *not* see that?

MARY: You *did* see that. *...* and you married me. Because he’s right. It’s what you like.

SHERLOCK: So ... *Mary ...* any documents that Magnussen has concerning yourself, you want ... extracted and returned.

MARY: Why would you help me?

SHERLOCK: Because ... you saved my life.

JOHN: Sor-sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: When I happened on you and Magnussen ... you had a problem. More specifically, you had a witness.

MAGNUSSEN: What do you do now? Kill both of us?

SHERLOCK: The solution, of course, was simple. Kill us both and leave. However, sentiment got the better of you. One precisely-calculated shot to incapacitate me ... in the hope that it would bide you more time to negotiate my silence. Of course, you couldn’t shoot Magnussen. On the night that both of us broke into the building, your own husband would become a suspect, so ... you calculated ... that Magnussen ... would use the fact of your involvement rather than sharing the information with the police ... as is his M.O. ... and then you left the way you came. Have I missed anything?

JOHN: How did she save your life?

SHERLOCK: She phoned the ambulance.

JOHN: *I* phoned the ambulance.

SHERLOCK: She phoned first.

OPERATOR: Emergency. Which service do you require?

SHERLOCK: You didn’t find me for another five minutes. Left to you, I would have died. The average arrival time for a London ambulance is ...

PARAMEDIC: Did somebody call an ambulance?

SHERLOCK: ... eight minutes. Did you bring any morphine? I asked on the phone.

PARAMEDIC: We were told there was a shooting.

SHERLOCK: There *was*, last week ... but I believe I’m bleeding internally and my pulse is very erratic. You may need to re-start my heart on the way.

JOHN: Come on, Sherlock. Come on, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: John? John – Magnussen is all that matters now. You can trust Mary. She saved my life.

JOHN: She shot you.

SHERLOCK: Er, mixed messages, I grant you.

JOHN: Sherlock? Sherlock. All right, take him. Got him?

MARY: So, have you read it?

JOHN: W-would you come here a moment?

MARY: No. Tell me. Have you?

JOHN: *Just ...* come here.

MARY: No, I’m fine.

JOHN: I’ve thought long and hard about what I want to say to you. These are prepared words, Mary. I’ve chosen these words with care.

MARY: Okay.

JOHN: The problems of your past are *your* business. The problems of your future ... are my privilege. It’s all I have to say. It’s all I need to know. No, I didn’t read it.

MARY: You don’t even know my name.

JOHN: Is ‘Mary Watson’ good enough for you?

MARY: Yes! Oh my God, yes.

JOHN: Then it’s good enough for me, too.

MARY: Oh!

JOHN: All this does not mean that I’m not still basically pissed off with you.

MARY: I know, I know.

JOHN: I am *very* pissed off, and it *will* come out now and then.

MARY: I know, I know, I know.

JOHN: You can mow the sodding lawn from now on.

MARY: I *do* mow the lawn.

JOHN: No, I do it loads.

MARY: You really don’t.

JOHN: I choose the baby’s name.

MARY: Not a chance.

JOHN: Okay.

MYCROFT: I’m glad you’ve given up on the Magnussen business.

SHERLOCK: Are you?

MYCROFT: I’m still curious, though. He’s hardly your usual kind of puzzle. Why do you ... hate him?

SHERLOCK: Because he attacks people who are different and preys on their secrets. Why don’t *you*?

MYCROFT: He never causes too much damage to anyone important. He’s far too intelligent for that. He’s a business-man, that’s all, and occasionally useful to us. A necessary evil – not a dragon for you to slay.

SHERLOCK: A dragon slayer. Is that what you think of me?

MYCROFT: No. It’s what you think of yourself.

MRS HOLMES: Are you two smoking?

MYCROFT: No!

SHERLOCK: It was Mycroft.

MYCROFT: I have, by the way, a job offer I should like you to decline.

SHERLOCK: I decline your kind offer.

MYCROFT: I shall pass on your regrets.

SHERLOCK: What was it?

MYCROFT: MI6 – they want to place you back into Eastern Europe. An undercover assignment that would prove fatal to you in, I think, about six months.

SHERLOCK: Then why don’t you want me to take it?

MYCROFT: It’s tempting ... but on balance you have more utility closer to home.

SHERLOCK: Utility(!) How do *I* have utility?

MYCROFT: “Here be dragons.” This isn’t agreeing with me. I’m going in.

SHERLOCK: You need *low* tar. You still smoke like a beginner.

MYCROFT: Also, your loss would break my heart.

SHERLOCK: What the *hell* am I supposed to say to that?!

MYCROFT: “Merry Christmas”?

SHERLOCK: You *hate* Christmas.

MYCROFT: Yes. Perhaps there was something in the punch.

SHERLOCK: Clearly. Go and have some more.

MARY: So you realise that, er, Sherlock got us out here to see his mum and dad for a reason?

JOHN: His lovely mum and dad. A fine example of married life. I get that. That is the thing with Sherlock – it’s always the unexpected. Oi. Oi. Mary? Jesus Christ. Mary? Sit down. Mary, can you hear me?

SHERLOCK: Don’t drink Mary’s tea. Oh, or the punch.

JOHN: Sherlock? Did you just drug my pregnant wife?

SHERLOCK: Don’t worry. Wiggins is an excellent chemist.

BILL: I calculated your wife’s dose meself. Won’t affect the little one. I’ll keep an eye on ’er.

SHERLOCK: He’ll monitor their recovery. It’s more or less his day job.

JOHN: What the hell have you done?

SHERLOCK: ... A deal with the devil.

MAGNUSSEN: Shouldn’t you be in hospital?

SHERLOCK: I *am* in hospital. This is the canteen.

MAGNUSSEN: Is it?

SHERLOCK: In my opinion, yes. Have a seat.

MAGNUSSEN: Thank you.

SHERLOCK: I’ve been thinking about you.

MAGNUSSEN: I’ve been thinking about *you*.

SHERLOCK: Really? I want to see Appledore, where you keep all the secrets, all the files, everything you’ve got on everyone. I want you to invite me.

MAGNUSSEN: What makes you think I’d be so careless?

SHERLOCK: Oh, I think you’re a lot more ‘careless’ than you let on.

MAGNUSSEN: Am I?

SHERLOCK: It’s the dead-eye stare that gives it away. Except it’s not dead-eyed, is it? You’re reading. Portable Appledore. How does it work? Built-in flash drive? 4G wireless? They’re just ordinary spectacles.

MAGNUSSEN: Yes – they are. You underestimate me, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Impress me, then. Show me Appledore.

MAGNUSSEN: Everything’s available for a price. Are you making me an offer?

SHERLOCK: A Christmas present.

MAGNUSSEN: And what are you giving me for Christmas, Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: My brother.

JOHN: Oh, Jesus. Sherlock ... *please* tell me you haven’t just gone out of your mind.

SHERLOCK: I’d rather keep you guessing. Ah. There’s our lift.

SHERLOCK: Coming?

JOHN: *Where*?

SHERLOCK: D’you want your wife to be safe?

JOHN: Yeah, of *course* I do.

SHERLOCK: Good, because this is going to be *incredibly* dangerous. One false move and we’ll have betrayed the security of the United Kingdom and be in prison for high treason. Magnussen is quite simply the most dangerous man we’ve ever encountered, and the odds are comprehensively stacked against us.

JOHN: But it’s *Christmas.*

SHERLOCK: I feel the same. Oh, you mean it’s *actually* Christmas. Did you bring your gun as I suggested?

JOHN: *Why* would I bring my gun to your parents’ house for Christmas dinner?!

SHERLOCK: Is it in your coat?

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Off we go, then.

JOHN: Where are we going?

SHERLOCK: Appledore.

MAGNUSSEN: I would offer you a drink but it’s very rare and expensive.

SHERLOCK: Oh. It *was* you.

MAGNUSSEN: Yes, of course. Very hard to find a pressure point on you, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: Mm.

MAGNUSSEN: The drugs thing I never believed for a moment. Anyway, you wouldn’t care if it was exposed, would you? But look how you care about John Watson. Your damsel in distress.

JOHN: You ... put me in a fire ... for leverage?

MAGNUSSEN: Oh, I’d never let you burn, Doctor Watson. I had people standing by. I’m not a murderer ... unlike your wife. Let me explain how leverage works, Doctor Watson. For those who understand these things, Mycroft Holmes is the most powerful man in the country. Well ... apart from me. Mycroft’s pressure point is his junkie detective brother, Sherlock. And Sherlock’s pressure point is his best friend, John Watson. John Watson’s pressure point is his wife. I own John Watson’s wife ... I own Mycroft. *He’s* what I’m getting for Christmas.

SHERLOCK: It’s an exchange, not a gift.

MAGNUSSEN: Forgive me, but ... I already seem to have it.

SHERLOCK: It’s password protected. In return for the password, you will give me any material in your possession pertaining to the woman I know as Mary Watson.

MAGNUSSEN: Oh, she’s bad, that one. So many dead people. You should see what I’ve seen.

JOHN: I don’t *need* to see it.

MAGNUSSEN: You might enjoy it, though. *I* enjoy it.

SHERLOCK: Then why don’t you *show* us?

MAGNUSSEN: Show you Appledore? The secret vaults? Is that what you want?

SHERLOCK: I *want* everything you’ve got on Mary.

MAGNUSSEN: You know, I honestly expected something good.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I think you’ll find the contents of that laptop ...

MAGNUSSEN: ... include a GPS locator. By now, your brother will have noticed the theft, and security services will be converging on this house. Having arrived ... they’ll find top secret information in my hands ... and have every justification to search my vaults. They will discover further information of this kind and I’ll be imprisoned. *You* will be exonerated, and restored to your smelly little apartment to solve crimes with Mr and Mrs Psychopath. Mycroft has been looking for this opportunity for a long time. He’ll be a very, *very* proud big brother.

SHERLOCK: The fact that you know it’s going to happen isn’t going to stop it.

MAGNUSSEN: Then why am I smiling? Ask me.

JOHN: Why are you smiling?

MAGNUSSEN: Because Sherlock Holmes has made one *enormous* mistake which will destroy the lives of everyone he loves ... and everything he holds dear. Let me show you the Appledore vaults. The entrance to my vaults. This is where I keep you all.

JOHN: Okay – so where are the vaults, then?

MAGNUSSEN: Vaults? *What* vaults? There are no vaults beneath this building. They’re all in here. The Appledore vaults are my Mind Palace. You know about Mind Palaces, don’t you, Sherlock? How to store information so you never forget it – by picturing it. I just sit here, I close my eyes ... and down I go to my vaults. I can go anywhere inside my vaults ... my memories. I’ll look at the files on Mrs Watson. Mmm, ah. This is one of my favourites. Oh, it’s so exciting. All those wet jobs for the CIA. Ooh! She’s gone a bit ... freelance now. Bad girl.Ohh!Ah, she is so wicked. I can really see why you like her. You see?

JOHN: So there are no documents. You don’t actually have anything here.

MAGNUSSEN: Oh, sometimes I send out for something ... if I really need it ... but mostly I just remember it all.

JOHN: I don’t understand.

MAGNUSSEN: You should have that on a T-shirt.

JOHN: You just remember it all?

MAGNUSSEN: It’s all about knowledge. *Everything* is. Knowing is owning.

JOHN: But if you just *know* it, then you don’t have proof.

MAGNUSSEN: Proof? What would I need proof for? I’m in news, you moron. I don’t have to prove it – I just have to print it. Speaking of news, you’ll both be heavily featured tomorrow – trying to sell state secrets to me. Let’s go outside. They’ll be here shortly. Can’t wait to see you arrested.

JOHN: Sherlock, do we have a plan? Sherlock.

MAGNUSSEN: They’re taking their time, aren’t they?

JOHN: I still don’t understand.

MAGNUSSEN: And there’s the *back* of the T-shirt.

JOHN: You just *know* things. How does *that* work?

MAGNUSSEN: I just *love* your little soldier face. I’d like to punch it. Bring it over here a minute. Come on. For Mary. Bring me your face. Lean forward a bit and stick your face out. Please? Now, can I flick it? Can I flick your face? I just *love* doing this. I could do it all day. It works like this, John. I know who Mary hurt and killed. I know where to find people who hate her. I know where they live; I know their phone numbers. All in my Mind Palace – *all* of it. I could phone them right now and tear your whole life down – and I *will* ... unless you let me flick your face. This is what I do to people. This is what I do to whole countries ... just because I *know.* Can I do your eye now? See if you can keep it open, hmm? Come on. For Mary. Keep it open.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Let him. I’m sorry. Just ... let him.

MAGNUSSEN: Come on. Eye open. It’s difficult, isn’t it? Janine managed it once. She makes the funniest noises.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: Sherlock Holmes and John Watson. Stand away from that man.

MAGNUSSEN: Here we go, Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK: To clarify: Appledore’s vaults only exist in your mind, nowhere else, just there.

MAGNUSSEN: They’re not real. They never *have* been.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: Sherlock Holmes and John Watson. Step *away.*

MAGNUSSEN: It’s fine! They’re harmless!

POLICE OFFICER: Target is not armed. I repeat, target is not armed.

JOHN: Sherlock, what do we do?

MAGNUSSEN: *Nothing*! There’s nothing to be done! Oh, I’m not a villain. I have no evil plan. I’m a businessman, acquiring assets. *You* happen to be one of them! Sorry. No chance for you to be a hero *this* time, Mr Holmes.

MYCROFT’s VOICE: Sherlock Holmes and John Watson, stand away from that man. Do it *now*.

SHERLOCK: Oh, *do* your research. I’m not a hero ... I’m a high-functioning sociopath. *Merry Christmas!*

POLICE OFFICER: Man down, man down.

SHERLOCK: Get away from me, John! Stay well back!

JOHN: *Christ*, Sherlock!

MYCROFT: Stand fire! Do not fire on Sherlock Holmes! *Do not fire!*

JOHN: Oh, *Christ*, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Give my love to Mary. Tell her she’s safe now.

MYCROFT: Oh, Sherlock. What have you done?

MYCROFT: As my colleague is fond of remarking, this country sometimes needs a blunt instrument. Equally, it sometimes needs a dagger – a scalpel wielded with precision and without remorse. There will always come a time when we need Sherlock Holmes.

SIR EDWIN: If this is some expression of familial sentiment ...

MYCROFT: Don’t be absurd. I am not given to outbursts of brotherly compassion. You know what happened to the *other* one. In any event, there is no prison in which we could incarcerate Sherlock without causing a riot on a daily basis. The alternative, however ... would require your approval.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Hardly merciful, Mr Holmes.

MYCROFT: Regrettably, Lady Smallwood, my brother is a murderer.

SHERLOCK: You *will* look after him for me, won’t you?

MARY: Oh ... don’t worry. I’ll keep him in trouble.

SHERLOCK: That’s my girl. Since this is likely to be the last conversation I’ll have with John Watson ... would you mind if we took a moment?

JOHN: So, here we are.

SHERLOCK: William Sherlock Scott Holmes.

JOHN: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: That’s the whole of it – if you’re looking for baby names.

JOHN: No, we’ve had a scan. We’re pretty sure it’s a girl.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Okay.

JOHN: Yeah. Actually, I can’t think of a single thing to say.

SHERLOCK: No, neither can I.

JOHN: The game is over.

SHERLOCK: The game is never over, John ... but there may be some new players now. It’s okay. The East Wind takes us all in the end.

JOHN: What’s that?

SHERLOCK: It’s a story my brother told me when we were kids. The East Wind – this terrifying force that lays waste to all in its path. It seeks out the unworthy ... and plucks them from the Earth. That was generally *me*.

JOHN: Nice(!)

SHERLOCK: He was a rubbish big brother.

JOHN: So what about you, then? Where are you actually going now?

SHERLOCK: Oh, some undercover work in Eastern Europe.

JOHN: For how long?

SHERLOCK: Six months, my brother estimates. He’s never wrong.

JOHN: And then what?

SHERLOCK: Who knows? John, there’s something ... I should say; I-I’ve *meant* to say always and then never have. Since it’s unlikely we’ll ever meet again, I might as well say it now. Sherlock is actually a girl’s name.

JOHN: It’s not.

SHERLOCK: It was worth a try.

JOHN: We’re not naming our daughter after you.

SHERLOCK: I think it could work. To the very best of times, John.

COMMENTATOR: Smith brings it inside. This looks good. Cassandra comes in for a shot ... Oh, he missed it!

CUSTOMER: Oi! What’s up with the telly? There’s something wrong with the telly, mate!

ANOTHER CUSTOMER: Give it a whack, then!

CUSTOMER: Who’s that?

VOICE: Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

VOICE: Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

VOICE: Did you miss me?

LADY SMALLWOOD: How is this possible?

SIR EDWIN: We don’t know, but it’s on every screen in the country – every screen simultaneously.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Has the Prime Minister been told? And Mycroft?

MYCROFT: But that’s not possible. That is simply not possible.

JOHN: What’s happened?

MAN’s VOICE: Sir? It’s your brother.

SHERLOCK: Mycroft?

MYCROFT’s VOICE: Hello, little brother. How is the exile going?

SHERLOCK: I’ve only been *gone* four minutes.

MYCROFT: Well, I certainly hope you’ve learned your lesson. As it turns out, you’re needed.

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God’s sake. Make up your mind. Who needs me this time?

VOICE: Did you miss me? Did you miss me? Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

VOICE: Did you miss me? Did you miss me? Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

MYCROFT: *England.*

MARY: But he’s dead. I mean, you told me he was dead, Moriarty.

JOHN: Absolutely. He blew his own brains out.

MARY: So how can he be back?

JOHN: Well, if he *is* ... he’d better wrap up warm. There’s an East Wind coming.

JIM: Miss me?

**The Abominable Bride**

WATSON: The second Afghan War brought honours and promotion to many... but for me it meant nothing but misfortune and disaster.

SOLDIER: You all right, Captain?

WATSON: I returned to England with my health irretrievably ruined and my future bleak. Under such circumstances, I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the Empire are drained.

STAMFORD: Watson! Stamford. Remember? We were at Bart’s together.

WATSON: Yes, of course. Stamford.

STAMFORD: Good Lord! Where have you been? You’re as thin as a rake!

WATSON: I made it home. Many weren’t so lucky.

STAMFORD: So what now?

WATSON: Hmm? I need a place to live. Somewhere decent, and an affordable price. It’s not easy.

STAMFORD: You know, you’re the second person to say that to me today.

WATSON: Hmm? Who was the first?

WATSON: Good Lord!

STAMFORD: It’s an experiment, apparently. Beating corpses to establish how long after death bruising is still possible.

WATSON: Is there a medical point to that?

STAMFORD: Not sure.

WATSON: Neither am I. So, where’s this friend of yours, then?

STAMFORD: Excuse me!

WATSON: I do hope we’re not interrupting.

HOLMES: You’ve been in Afghanistan, I perceive.

STAMFORD: Doctor Watson, Mr Sherlock ...

HOLMES: Excellent reflexes. You’ll do.

WATSON: I’m sorry?

HOLMES: I have my eye on a suite of rooms near Regent’s Park. Between us we could afford them.

WATSON: Rooms? Who said anything about rooms?

HOLMES: I did. I mentioned to Stamford this morning I was in need of a fellow lodger. Now he appears after lunch in the company of a man of military aspect with a tan and recent injury, both suggestive of the campaign in Afghanistan and an enforced departure from it. The conclusion seemed inescapable.

HOLMES: We’ll finalise the details tomorrow evening. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a hanging in Wandsworth and I’d hate them to start without me.

WATSON: A hanging?

HOLMES: I take a professional interest. I also play the violin and smoke a pipe. I presume that’s not a problem?

WATSON: Er, no, well ...

HOLMES: And you’re clearly acclimatised to never getting to the end of a sentence. We’ll get along splendidly. Tomorrow evening, seven o’clock, then. Oh, and the name is Sherlock Holmes and the address is two hundred and twenty-one B Baker Street.

STAMFORD: Yes. He’s always been like that.

NEWS VENDOR: Papers! Papers! Papers! Papers!

WATSON: Here. How’s ‘The Blue Carbuncle’ doing?

NEWS VENDOR: Very popular, Doctor Watson. Is there gonna be a proper murder next time?

WATSON: I’ll have a word with the criminal classes.

NEWS VENDOR: If you wouldn’t mind. Is that ’im? Is ’e in there?

WATSON: No. No, no, not at all. Ah, good day to you.

CABBIE: Walk on.

NEWS VENDOR: Merry Christmas, Mr Holmes!

MRS HUDSON: Mr Holmes, I do wish you’d let me know when you’re planning to come home.

HOLMES: I hardly knew myself, Mrs Hudson. That’s the trouble with dismembered country squires – they’re notoriously difficult to schedule.

BILLY: What’s in there?

WATSON: Never mind.

HOLMES: Thank you.

BILLY: Did you catch a murderer, Mr Holmes?

HOLMES: Caught the murderer; still looking for the legs. Think we’ll call it a draw.

MRS HUDSON: And I notice you’ve published another of your stories, Doctor Watson.

WATSON: Yes. Did you enjoy it?

MRS HUDSON: No.

WATSON: Oh?

MRS HUDSON: I never enjoy them.

WATSON: Why not?

MRS HUDSON: Well, I never say anything, do I? According to you, I just show people up the stairs and serve you breakfasts.

WATSON: Well, within the narrative, that is – broadly speaking – your function.

MRS HUDSON: My what?!

HOLMES: Don’t feel singled out, Mrs Hudson. I’m hardly in the dog one.

WATSON: “The dog one”?!

MRS HUDSON: I’m your landlady, not a plot device.

WATSON: Do you mean ‘The Hound of the Baskervilles’?!

MRS HUDSON: And you make the room so drab and dingy.

WATSON: Oh, blame it on the illustrator. He’s out of control. I’ve had to grow this moustache just so people’ll recognise me.

WATSON: Over the many years it has been my privilege to record the exploits of my remarkable friend, Mr Sherlock Holmes, it has sometimes been difficult to choose which of his many cases to set before my readers. Some are still too sensitive to recount ... whilst others are too recent in the minds of the public. But in all our many adventures together, no case pushed my friend to such mental and physical extremes as that of The Abominable Bride. Good Lord!

HOLMES: Mrs Hudson, there is a woman in my sitting room! Is it intentional?

MRS HUDSON: She’s a client! Said you were out; insisted on waiting.

WATSON: Would you, er, care to sit down?

HOLMES: Didn’t you ask her what she wanted?

MRS HUDSON: *You* ask her!

HOLMES: Well, why didn’t *you* ask her?

MRS HUDSON: How could I, what with me not talking and everything?

HOLMES: Oh, for God’s sake. Give her some lines. She’s perfectly capable of starving us. Good afternoon. I’m Sherlock Holmes. This is my friend and colleague, Doctor Watson. You may speak freely in front of him, as he rarely understands a word.

WATSON: Holmes.

HOLMES: However, before you do, allow me to make some trifling observations. You have an impish sense of humour which currently you’re deploying to ease a degree of personal anguish. You have recently married a man of a seemingly kindly disposition who has now abandoned you for an unsavoury companion of dubious morals. You have come to this agency as a last resort in the hope that reconciliation may still be possible.

WATSON: Good Lord, Holmes!

HOLMES: All of this is, of course, perfectly evident from your perfume.

WATSON: Her perfume?

HOLMES: Yes, her perfume, which brings insight to me and disaster to you.

WATSON: How so?

HOLMES: Because I recognised it and you did not.

WATSON: Mary!

MRS WATSON: John.

WATSON: Why, in God’s name, are you pretending to be a client?

MRS WATSON: Because I could think of no other way to see my husband, Husband.

WATSON: It was an affair of international intrigue.

MRS WATSON: It was a murdered country squire.

WATSON: Nevertheless, matters were pressing.

MRS WATSON: I don’t mind you going, my darling. I mind you leaving me behind!

WATSON: But what could you *do*?!

MRS WATSON: Oh, what do *you* do except wander round, taking notes, looking surprised ...

HOLMES: Enough! The stage is set, and the curtain rises. We are ready to begin.

MRS WATSON: Begin what?

HOLMES: Sometimes, to solve a case, one must first solve another.

WATSON: Oh, you have a case, then, a new one?

HOLMES: An old one. Very old. I shall have to go deep.

WATSON: Deep? Into what?

HOLMES: Myself. Lestrade! Do stop loitering by the door and come in.

LESTRADE: How did you know it was me?

HOLMES: The regulation tread is unmistakeable; lighter than Jones, heavier than Gregson.

LESTRADE: I-I-I just came up. Mrs Hudson didn’t seem to be talking.

HOLMES: I fear she’s branched into literary criticism by means of satire. It is a distressing trend in the modern landlady. What brings you here in your off-duty hours?

LESTRADE: How’d you know I’m off-duty?

HOLMES: Well, since your arrival you’ve addressed over forty percent of your remarks to my decanter. Watson, give the inspector what he so clearly wants.

WATSON: So, Lestrade, what can we do for you?

LESTRADE: Oh, I’m not here on business. I just thought I’d ... drop by.

WATSON: A social call?

LESTRADE: Yeah, of course, just to wish you the compliments of the season. Merry Christmas?

HOLMES: Merry Christmas.

WATSON: Merry Christmas.

MRS WATSON: Merry Christmas.

HOLMES: Thank God that’s over. Now, Inspector, what strange happening compels you to my door but embarrasses you to relate?

LESTRADE: Who said anything happened?

HOLMES: *You* did, by every means short of actual speech.

WATSON: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, Holmes? You have misdiagnosed.

HOLMES: Then correct me, Doctor.

WATSON: He didn’t *want* a drink ... he *needed* one. He’s not embarrassed; he’s afraid.

HOLMES: My Boswell is learning. They do grow up so fast. Watson, restore the courage of Scotland Yard. Inspector, do sit down.

LESTRADE: I’m-I’m not afraid, exactly.

HOLMES: Fear is wisdom in the face of danger. It is nothing to be ashamed of.

LESTRADE: Thank you.

HOLMES: From the beginning, then.

BRIDE: You!

GILES: No! Please!

BRIDE: You?!

HOLMES: A moment. When was this?

LESTRADE: Yesterday morning.

HOLMES: The bride’s face. How was it described?

LESTRADE: White as death ... mouth like a crimson wound.

HOLMES: Poetry or truth?

LESTRADE: Many would say they’re the same thing.

HOLMES: Yes, idiots. Poetry or truth?

LESTRADE: I saw her face myself. Afterwards.

HOLMES: After what?

BRIDE: You! Or me?

HOLMES: Really, Lestrade. A woman blows her own brains out in public and you need help identifying the guilty party. I fear Scotland Yard has reached a new low.

LESTRADE: That’s not why I’m here.

HOLMES: I surmise.

WATSON: What was her name, the bride?

LESTRADE: Emelia Ricoletti. Yesterday was her wedding anniversary. The police, of course, were called, and her body taken to the morgue.

HOLMES: Standard procedure. Why are you telling us what may be presumed?

LESTRADE: Because of what happened next. Limehouse, just a few hours later. Thomas Ricoletti, Emelia Ricoletti’s husband.

HOLMES: Presumably on his way to the morgue to identify her remains.

LESTRADE: As it turned out, he was saved the trip.

BRIDE: ♪ Do not forget me ... Do not forget me ... Remember the maid ...

RICOLETTI: Who are you?

BRIDE: ♪ The maid of the mill. ♪

RICOLETTI: Why are you doing this? Just tell me who you are!

BRIDE: You recognise our song, my dear? I sang it at our wedding.

RICOLETTI: Emelia?! You’re dead. You can’t be here. You died.

BRIDE: Am I not beautiful, Thomas? As beautiful as the day you married me?

PC RANCE: What the hell’s all this about?

BRIDE: What does it look like, my handsome friend? It’s a shotgun wedding.

HOLMES: ’Til death us do part. Twice, in this case.

WATSON: Extraordinary.

MRS WATSON: Impossible!

HOLMES: Superb! Suicide as street theatre; murder by corpse. Lestrade, you’re spoiling us. Watson, your hat and coat.

WATSON: Where are we going?

HOLMES: To the morgue. There’s not a moment to lose ... which one can so rarely say of a morgue.

MRS WATSON: And am I just to sit here?

WATSON: Not at all, my dear. We’ll be hungry later! Holmes, just one thing? Tweeds, in a morgue?

HOLMES: Needs must when the devil drives, Watson.

LESTRADE: Ma’am.

MRS WATSON: I’m part of a campaign, you know.

LESTRADE: Oh yeah? Campaign?

MRS WATSON: Votes for Women.

LESTRADE: And are you – are you for or against?

MRS WATSON: Get out.

MRS HUDSON: Ooh-ooh! Oh. Have they gone off again, have they? I dunno – what a life those gentlemen lead.

MRS WATSON: Yes. Those *gentlemen*.

MRS HUDSON: Oh, never you mind. Ooh, almost forgot. That came for you.

MRS WATSON: Oh! Mrs Hudson, tell my husband I’ll be home late. I have some urgent business.

MRS HUDSON: Is everything all right?

MRS WATSON: Oh, you know, just a ... friend in need.

MRS HUDSON: Oh dear. What friend?

MRS WATSON: *England.*

MRS HUDSON: Well, that’s not very specific!

HOLMES: Who’s on mortuary duty?

LESTRADE: You *know* who.

HOLMES: *Always* him.

HOLMES: Please tell me which idiot did this!

ANDERSON: It’s for everyone’s safety.

WATSON: This woman is dead. Half her head is missing! She’s not a threat to anyone!

ANDERSON: Tell that to her husband. He’s under a sheet over there.

HOLMES: Whatever happened in Limehouse last night, I think we can safely assume it wasn’t the work of a dead woman.

ANDERSON: Stranger things have happened.

HOLMES: Such as?

ANDERSON: Well ... strange things.

WATSON: You’re speaking like a child.

HOLMES: This is clearly a man’s work. Where is he?

THE NEW ARRIVAL: Holmes.

HOLMES: Hooper.

HOOPER: You – back to work. So, come to astonish us with your magic tricks, I suppose.

HOLMES: Is there anything to which you would like to draw my attention?

HOOPER: Nothing at all, Mr Holmes. You may leave any time you like.

LESTRADE: Doctor Hooper, I asked Mr Holmes to come here. Co-operate. That’s an order.

HOOPER: There are two ‘features of interest,’ as you are always saying in Doctor Watson’s stories.

HOLMES: I *never* say that.

WATSON: You do, actually, quite a lot.

HOOPER: First of all, this is *definitely* Emelia Ricoletti. She has been categorically identified. Beyond a doubt it is her.

WATSON: Then who was that in Limehouse last night?

HOOPER: That was *also* Emelia Ricoletti.

WATSON: It can’t have been. She was dead. She was here.

HOOPER: She was positively identified by her own husband seconds before he died. He had no reason to lie. He could hardly be mistaken.

LESTRADE: The cabbie knew her too. There’s no question it’s her.

WATSON: But she can’t have been in two places at the same time, can she?

HOLMES: No, Watson. One place is strictly the limit for the recently deceased.

WATSON: Holmes, could it have been twins?

HOLMES: No.

WATSON: Why not?

HOLMES: Because it’s never twins.

LESTRADE: Emelia was not a twin, nor did she have any sisters. She had one older brother who died four years ago.

WATSON: Maybe it was a secret twin.

HOLMES: A what?

WATSON: A secret twin?

WATSON: Hmm? You know? A twin that nobody knows about? This whole thing could have been planned.

HOLMES: Since the moment of conception? How breathtakingly prescient of her! It is *never* twins, Watson.

WATSON: Then what’s *your* theory?

HOLMES*:* More to the point, what’s *your* problem?

LESTRADE: I-I don’t understand. What ...

HOLMES: Why were you so frightened? Nothing so far has justified your assault on my decanter, and why have you allowed a dead woman to be placed under arrest?

HOOPER: Ah. That would be the other feature of interest.

WATSON: Ah. A smear of blood on her finger. That could have happened any number of ways.

HOOPER: Indeed. There’s one other thing. It wasn’t there earlier.

LESTRADE: And neither was that.

WATSON: Holmes!

HOLMES*:* Gun in the mouth; a bullet through the brain; back of the head blown clean off. How could he survive?

WATSON: She, you mean.

HOLMES*:* I’m sorry?

WATSON: Not “he,” “she.”

HOLMES*:* Yes, yes, of course. Well, thank you all for a fascinating case. I’ll send you a telegram when I’ve solved it. Watson?

WATSON: Er, the gunshot wound was obviously the cause of death, but there are clear indicators of consumption. Might be worth a post mortem. We need all the information we can get.

HOOPER: Oh, isn’t *he* observant now that Daddy’s gone?

WATSON*:* I *am* observant in some ways, just as Holmes is quite blind in others.

HOOPER: Really?

WATSON*:* Yes. Really. Amazing what one has to do to get ahead in a *man’s* world.

ANDERSON: What’s he saying that for?

HOOPER*:* Get back to work.

WATSON: Well, Holmes? Surely you must have some theory.

HOLMES: Not yet. These are deep waters, Watson. *Deep* waters. And I shall have to go deeper still.

WATSON: It was not for several months that we were to pick up the threads of this strange case again; and then under very unexpected circumstances.

LESTRADE: Five of them now, all the same, every one of ’em.

HOLMES*:* Hush, please. This is a matter of supreme importance.

LESTRADE: What is?

HOLMES: The obliquity of the ecliptic. I have to understand it.

LESTRADE: What is it?

HOLMES: I don’t know. I’m still trying to understand it.

LESTRADE: I thought you understood everything.

HOLMES: Of course not. That would be an appalling waste of brain space. I specialise.

LESTRADE: Then what’s so important about this?

HOLMES*:* What’s so important about five boring murders?

LESTRADE: They’re *not* boring! Five men dead! Murdered in their own homes; rice on the floor, like at a wedding; and the word “YOU” written in blood on the wall! Uh, it’s-it’s *her*! It’s-it’s the Bride. Somehow she’s risen again!

HOLMES*:* Solved it.

LESTRADE: You *can’t* have solved it!

HOLMES*:* Of *course* I’ve solved it. It’s perfectly simple. The Incident of the Mysterious Mrs Ricoletti, the Killer from Beyond the Grave, has been widely reported in the popular press. Now people are disguising their own dull little murders as the work of a ghost to confuse the impossibly imbecilic Scotland Yard. There you are: solved. Pay Mrs Hudson a visit on your way out. She likes to feel involved.

LESTRADE: You sure?

HOLMES: Certainly. Go away. Watson! I’m ready. Get your hat and boots. We have an important appointment.

LESTRADE: Didn’t Doctor Watson move out a few months ago?

HOLMES: He did, didn’t he? Who have I been talking to all this time?

LESTRADE: Well, speaking on behalf of the impossibly imbecilic Scotland Yard, that chair is definitely empty.

HOLMES: It is, isn’t it? Works surprisingly well, though. I actually thought he was improving.

WATSON: Ah. Where have you been?

JANE: Sorry, sir. I’m rather behind my time this morning.

WATSON: Are you incapable of boiling an egg? The fires are rarely lit; there is dust everywhere; and you almost destroyed my boots scraping the mud off them. If it wasn’t my wife’s business to deal with the staff, I would talk to you myself. Where *is* my wife?

JANE: Begging your pardon, sir, but the mistress has gone out.

WATSON: Out? At this hour of the morning?

JANE: Yes, sir. Did you not know that, sir?

WATSON: Where did she go? She’s always out these days.

JANE Not unlike yourself ... sir.

WATSON: I’m sorry?

JANE: Just observing, sir.

WATSON: Well, that’s quite enough. Nobody asked you to be observant.

JANE: Sorry, sir. I just meant you’re hardly ever home together any more, sir.

WATSON: You are dangerously close to impertinence. I shall have a word with my wife to have a word with *you*.

JANE: Very good, sir. And when will you be seeing her?

WATSON: Now listen ...

JANE: Ooh, I nearly forgot, sir. Er, a telegram came for you.

WATSON: You forgot?!

JANE: No, I *nearly* forgot.

WATSON*:* What have you been doing all morning?

JANE: Reading your new one in The Strand, sir.

WATSON: Did you enjoy it?

JANE: Why do you never mention *me*, sir?

WATSON: Go away.

WATSON: The what of the what?

HOLMES: The obliquity of the ecliptic.

WATSON: “Come at once,” you said. I assumed it was important.

HOLMES: It is. It’s the inclination of the Earth’s equator to the path of the sun on the celestial plane.

WATSON: Have you been swotting up?

HOLMES: Why would I do that?

WATSON: To sound clever.

HOLMES: I *am* clever.

WATSON: Oh, I see.

HOLMES: You see what?

WATSON: I deduce we’re on our way to see someone cleverer than you.

HOLMES*:* Shut up.

HOLMES:    Good morning, Wilder. Is my brother in?

WILDER:     Naturally sir. It’s breakfast time.

HOLMES:     The Stranger’s Room?

WILDER:     Yes, sir.

HOLMES:     This gentleman is my guest.

WILDER:     Ah Yes! Dr Watson, of course. Enjoyed ‘The Blue Carbuncle’, sir.

WATSON:    Thank you. I...am...glad ...you...liked it. You are very...ugly.

WILDER:     I beg your pardon?

WATSON:    Ugly. What you said about ‘The Blue Fishmonger’. Very ugly... I am glad you liked my potato.

HOLMES:     Yes. Needs work, Watson. Too much time spent on dancing lessons.

WATSON*:* Sorry, what? Oh.

MYCROFT HOLMES: To anyone who wishes to study mankind, this is the spot.

HOLMES: Handy, really, as your ever-expanding backside is permanently glued to it. Good morning, brother mine.

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* Sherlock. Doctor Watson.

WATSON: You look ... well, sir.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Really? I rather thought I looked enormous.

WATSON: Well, now you mention it, this level of consumption is *incredibly* injurious to your health. Your heart ...

HOLMES: No need to worry on that score, Watson.

WATSON: No?

HOLMES: There’s only a large cavity where that organ should reside.

MYCROFT HOLMES: It’s a family trait.

HOLMES: Oh, I wasn’t being critical.

WATSON: If you continue like this, sir, I give you five years at the most.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Five? We thought three, did we not, Sherlock?

HOLMES: I’m still inclined to four.

MYCROFT HOLMES: As ever, you see but you do not observe. Note the discolouration in the whites of my eyes, the visible rings of fat around the corneas ...

HOLMES: Yes, you’re right. I’m changing my bet to three years, four months and eleven days.

WATSON: A *bet*?!

HOLMES: I understand your disapproval, Watson, but if he’s feeling competitive it is perfectly within his power to die early.

MYCROFT HOLMES: That’s a risk you’ll have to take.

WATSON: You’re gambling with your own life?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Why not? It’s so much more exciting than gambling with others’.

HOLMES*:* Three years flat if you eat that plum pudding.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Done!

MYCROFT HOLMES: I expected to see you a few days ago about the Manor House case. I thought you might be a little out of your depth there.

HOLMES*:* No. I solved it.

MYCROFT HOLMES: It was Adams, of course.

HOLMES: Yes, it was Adams.

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* Murderous jealousy. He’d written a paper for the Royal Astronomical Society on the obliquity of the ecliptic, and then read another that seemed to surpass it.

HOLMES: I know. I read it.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Did you understand it?

HOLMES*:* Yes, of *course* I understood it. It was perfectly simple.

MYCROFT HOLMES: No – did you understand the murderous jealousy? It is no easy thing for a great mind to contemplate a still greater one.

HOLMES: Did you summon me here just to humiliate me?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Yes. Of course not, but it is by far the greater pleasure.

HOLMES: Then would you mind explaining exactly why you *did* summon ...

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* Our way of life is under threat from an invisible enemy, one that hovers at our elbow on a daily basis. These enemies are everywhere, undetected and unstoppable.

WATSON: Socialists?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Not socialists, Doctor, no.

WATSON: Anarchists?

MYCROFT HOLMES: No.

WATSON: The French? The suffragists?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Is there any large body of people you’re *not* concerned about?

HOLMES: Doctor Watson is endlessly vigilant. Elaborate.

MYCROFT HOLMES: No. Investigate. This is a conjecture of mine and I need you to confirm it. I’m sending you a case.

WATSON: The Scots.

HOLMES: *Scots*?!

MYCROFT HOLMES: Are you aware of recent theories concerning what is known as ‘paranoia’?

WATSON: Ooh, sounds Serbian.

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* A woman will call on you – Lady Carmichael. I want you to take her case.

WATSON: But these enemies: how are we to defeat them if you won’t tell us about them?

MYCROFT HOLMES: We *don’t* defeat them. We must certainly lose to them.

WATSON: Why?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Because they are right, and we are wrong.

HOLMES: Lady Carmichael’s case – what is it?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Oh, rest assured, it has features of interest.

HOLMES: I never really say that.

WATSON: You really do.

HOLMES*:* And you’ve solved it already, I assume?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Only in my head. I need you for the, er ... legwork.

WATSON: Why not just tell us your solution?

MYCROFT HOLMES: Where would be the sport in that? Will you do it, Sherlock? I can promise you a superior distraction.

HOLMES: On one condition. Have another plum pudding.

MYCROFT HOLMES: There’s one on the way.

HOLMES*:* Two years, eleven months and four days.

MYCROFT HOLMES: It’s getting exciting now! Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock. Thank you, Wilder.

WILDER: Also, Mr Melas to see you, Mr Holmes.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Ah. Give me five minutes. I have a wager to win. Better make that fifteen. Tick tock.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Mr Holmes, I have come here for advice.

HOLMES: That is easily got.

LADY CARMICHAEL: And help.

HOLMES: Not always so easy.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Something has happened, Mr Holmes – something ... unusual and ... terrifying.

HOLMES: Then you are in luck.

LADY CARMICHAEL: ‘Luck’?

HOLMES*:* Those are my specialisms. This is really very promising.

WATSON: Holmes ...

HOLMES: Please do tell us what has so distressed you.

LADY CARMICHAEL: I – I thought long and hard as to what to do, but then, er, it occurred to me that my husband was an acquaintance of your brother and that, perhaps through him ... The fact is, I’m not sure this comes within your purview, Mr Holmes.

HOLMES: No?

LADY CARMICHAEL: Lord help me, I think it may be a matter for a priest.

SIR EUSTACE: And what does your morning threaten, my dear? A vigorous round of embroidering? An exhausting appointment at the milliner’s?

LADY CARMICHAEL: I hope you are teasing, Eustace. What is it? Eustace? Daniel, Sophie, go out and play.

SOPHIE: But Mama ...

LADY CARMICHAEL: Do as I tell you. Quickly, now. Eustace! What does this mean?

SIR EUSTACE*:* Death.

LADY CARMICHAEL: What?

SIR EUSTACE: It means death. Er, nothing. It’s, er, it’s nothing. I was mistaken.

LADY CARMICHAEL: My dear, you’ve gone quite pale.

SIR EUSTACE: It’s nothing.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Eustace ...

HOLMES: Did you keep the envelope?

LADY CARMICHAEL: My husband destroyed it ...... but it was blank. No name or address of any kind.

HOLMES: Tell me: has Sir Eustace spent time in America?

LADY CARMICHAEL: No.

HOLMES: Not even before your marriage?

LADY CARMICHAEL: Well, not to my knowledge.

HOLMES: Hmm. Pray continue with your fascinating narrative.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Well, that incident took place last Monday morning. It was two days later, on the Wednesday, that my husband first saw her.

WATSON: Who?

LADY CARMICHAEL: Eustace?

SIR EUSTACE: She’s come for me, Louisa. Oh, God help me, my sins have found me out.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Who’s come for you? Eustace, you’re frightening me.

SIR EUSTACE: Look! *Look!* Don’t you see her?

LADY CARMICHAEL: No, no. I see no-one.

SIR EUSTACE: Gone.

LADY CARMICHAEL: You keep so many secrets from me. Is this another? Who have you seen?

SIR EUSTACE: It was *her*. It was the *Bride.*

HOLMES: And you saw nothing?

LADY CARMICHAEL: Nothing.

HOLMES: Did your husband describe ...

LADY CARMICHAEL: Nothing – until this morning.

LADY CARMICHAEL*:* Eustace! Eustace?! Eustace? Eustace! Ah! Blast! Eustace! Where are you? It’s me!

BRIDE*:* ♪ Do not forget me, Do not forget me ... Remember the maid, The maid of the mill. ♪

LADY CARMICHAEL: Who are you? I demand you speak! Who are you? Eustace! Speak to me! In the name of God!

SIR EUSTACE: She’s ... she’s Emelia Ricoletti.*:* No. Not you. No! Please!

BRIDE: This night, Eustace Carmichael, you ... will ... *die.*

WATSON*:* Holmes?

HOLMES: Hush, Watson.

WATSON*:* But Emelia Ricoletti, the Bride!

LADY CARMICHAEL: You know the name.

HOLMES: You must forgive Watson. He has an enthusiasm for stating the obvious which borders on mania. May I ask: how *is* your husband this morning?

LADY CARMICHAEL: He refuses to speak about the matter. Obviously I have urged him to leave the house.

HOLMES: No, no! He must stay exactly where he is.

LADY CARMICHAEL: Well, you don’t think he’s in danger?

HOLMES: Oh no, somebody definitely wants to kill him, but that’s good for us. You can’t set a trap without bait.

LADY CARMICHAEL: My husband is not *bait*, Mr Holmes.

HOLMES: No. But he *could* be if we play our cards right. Now, listen: you must go home immediately. Doctor Watson and I will follow on the next train. There’s not a moment to lose. Sir Eustace is to die tonight.

WATSON: Holmes!

HOLMES: ... and we should ... probably avoid that.

WATSON: *Definitely.*

HOLMES: *Definitely* avoid that.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Little brother has taken the case, of course. I now rely on you to keep an eye on things, but he must never suspect you of working for me. Are you clear on that, Watson?

MRS WATSON: You can rely on me, Mr Holmes.

WATSON: You don’t suppose ...

HOLMES: I don’t, and neither should you.

WATSON: You don’t know what I was going to say.

HOLMES*:* You were about to suggest there may be some supernatural agency involved in this matter, and I was about to laugh in your face.

WATSON: But the Bride! Holmes, Emelia Ricoletti, *again*. A dead woman, walking the Earth!

HOLMES: You amaze me, Watson.

WATSON: I do?

HOLMES: Since when have you had any kind of imagination?

WATSON: Perhaps since I convinced the reading public that an unprincipled drug addict is some kind of gentleman hero.

HOLMES: Yes, now you come to mention it, that *was* quite impressive. You may, however, rest assured there are no ghosts in this world ... save those we make for ourselves.

WATSON*:* Sorry, what did you say? Ghosts we make for ourselves? What do you mean?

SIR EUSTACE: Somnambulism.

WATSON: I beg your pardon?

SIR EUSTACE: I sleepwalk, that’s all. It’s a common enough condition. I thought you were a doctor. The whole thing was a bad dream.

WATSON: Including the contents of the envelope you received?

SIR EUSTACE: Well, that’s a grotesque joke.

WATSON: Well, that’s not the impression you gave your wife, sir.

SIR EUSTACE: She’s an hysteric, prone to fancies.

HOLMES: No.

SIR EUSTACE: I’m sorry? What did you say?

HOLMES*:* I said no, she’s not an hysteric. She’s a highly intelligent woman of rare perception.

SIR EUSTACE: My wife sees terror in an orange pip.

HOLMES*:* Your wife can see worlds where no-one else can see anything of value whatsoever.

SIR EUSTACE: Can she really? And how do you ‘deduce’ that, Mr Holmes?

HOLMES: She married *you.* I assume she was capable of finding a reason. I’ll do my best to save your life tonight, but first it would help if you would explain your connection to the Ricoletti case.

SIR EUSTACE*:* Ricoletti?

HOLMES: Yes. In detail, please.

SIR EUSTACE*:* I’ve never heard of her.

HOLMES: Interesting. I didn’t mention she was a woman. We’ll show ourselves out. I hope to see you again in the morning.

SIR EUSTACE: You will not!

HOLMES: Then sadly I shall be solving your murder. Good day.

WATSON: Well, you tried.

HOLMES: Will you see that Lady Carmichael receives this? Thank you. Good afternoon.

FOOTMAN: Yes, sir.

WATSON: What was that?

HOLMES: Lady Carmichael will sleep alone tonight, on the pretence of a violent headache. All the doors and windows of the house will be locked.

WATSON: Ah, you think the spectre ... er, the Bride will attempt to lure Sir Eustace outside again?

HOLMES*:* Certainly. Why else the portentous threat? “This night you will die.”

WATSON: Well, he won’t follow her, surely?

HOLMES: It’s difficult to say quite *what* he’ll do. Guilt is eating away at his soul.

WATSON: Guilt? About what?

HOLMES: Something in his past. The orange pips were a reminder.

WATSON*:* Not a joke.

HOLMES: Not at all. Orange pips are a traditional warning of avenging death, originating in America. Sir Eustace knows this only too well, just as he knows why he is to be punished.

WATSON *hat:* Something to do with Emelia Ricoletti.

HOLMES: I presume. We all have a past, Watson.

WATSON: Hmm.

HOLMES: Ghosts – they are the shadows that define our every sunny day. Sir Eustace knows he’s a marked man. There’s something more than murder he fears. He believes he is to be dragged to Hell by the risen corpse of the late Mrs Ricoletti.

WATSON: That’s a lot of nonsense, isn’t it?

HOLMES: *God*, yes. Did you bring your revolver?

WATSON: What good would that be against a ghost?

HOLMES: Exactly. Did you bring it?

WATSON: Yeah, of course.

HOLMES: Then come, Watson, come. The game is afoot!

HOLMES: Get down, Watson, for heaven’s sake!

WATSON*:* Sorry. Cramp. Is the, er, lamp still burning?

HOLMES Yes. There goes Sir Eustace.And Lady Carmichael. The house sleeps.

WATSON: Mmm, good *God*, this is the longest night of my life.

HOLMES: Have patience, Watson.

WATSON: Only midnight. You know, it’s rare for us to sit together like this.

HOLMES: I should hope so. It’s murder on the knees.

WATSON: Hmm. Two old friends, just talking, chewing the fat ... man to man. She’s a remarkable woman.

HOLMES: Who?

WATSON: Lady Carmichael.

HOLMES: The fair sex is your department, Watson. I’ll take your word for it.

WATSON: No, you liked her. A “woman of rare perception.”

HOLMES: And admirably high arches. I noticed them as soon as she stepped into the room.

WATSON: Huh. She’s far too good for *him*.

HOLMES: You think so?

WATSON: No, *you* think so. I could tell.

HOLMES: On the contrary, I have no view on the matter.

WATSON: Yes you have.

HOLMES*:* Marriage is not a subject upon which I dwell.

WATSON: Well, why not?

HOLMES: What’s the matter with you this evening?

WATSON*:* That watch that you’re wearing: there’s a photograph inside it. I glimpsed it once ... I believe it is of Irene Adler.

HOLMES*:* You didn’t ‘glimpse’ it. You waited ’til I had fallen asleep and *looked* at it.

WATSON: Yes, I did.

HOLMES: You seriously thought I wouldn’t notice?

WATSON: Irene Adler.

HOLMES: Formidable opponent; a remarkable adventure.

WATSON: A very nice photograph.

HOLMES: Why are you talking like this?

WATSON: Why are *you* so determined to be alone?

HOLMES: Are you quite well, Watson?

WATSON: Is it such a curious question?

HOLMES: From a Viennese alienist, no; from a retired Army surgeon, most certainly.

WATSON: Holmes, against absolutely no opposition whatsoever, I am your closest friend.

HOLMES: I concede it.

WATSON: I am currently attempting to have a perfectly *normal* conversation with you.

HOLMES*:* Please don’t.

WATSON*:* Why do you need to be alone?

HOLMES: If you are referring to romantic entanglement, Watson – which I rather fear you are – as I have often explained before, all emotion is abhorrent to me. It is the grit in a sensitive instrument ...

HOLMES and WATSON*:* ... the crack in the lens.

WATSON: Yes.

HOLMES: Well, there you are, you see? I’ve said it all before.

WATSON: No, I *wrote* all that. You’re quoting yourself from The Strand Magazine.

HOLMES: Well, exactly.

WATSON: No, those are *my* words, not yours! That is the version of you that I present to the public: the brain without a heart; the calculating machine. I write all of that, Holmes, and the readers lap it up, but I do not believe it.

HOLMES: Well, I’ve a good mind to write to your editor.

WATSON: You are a living, breathing man. You’ve lived a life; you have a past.

HOLMES: A what?!

WATSON: Well, you must have had ...

HOLMES: Had what?

WATSON: You know.

HOLMES: No.

WATSON: Experiences.

HOLMES: Pass me your revolver. I have a sudden need to use it.

WATSON: Damn it, Holmes, you are flesh and blood. You have feelings. You have ... you *must* have ... impulses.

HOLMES*:* Dear Lord. I have never been so impatient to be attacked by a murderous ghost.

WATSON: As your friend – as someone who ... worries about you – what made you like this?

HOLMES: Oh, Watson. Nothing made me. I made me. Redbeard?

WATSON: Good God! What are we to do?

HOLMES*:* Why don’t we have a chat? Mrs Ricoletti, I believe. Pleasant night for the time of year, is it not?

WATSON: It cannot be true, Holmes. It *cannot*!

HOLMES: No, it can’t.

WATSON: Is it locked?

HOLMES*:* As per instructions.

WATSON: That was a window breaking, wasn’t it?

HOLMES: There’s only one broken window we need concern ourselves with. Stay in here, Watson.

WATSON: What? No!

HOLMES: All the doors and windows to the house are locked. This is their only way out. I need you here.

WATSON: But the sound was so close, it *had* to be from this side of the house.

HOLMES: Stay here!

LADY CARMICHAEL: You promised to keep him safe. You promised! You ... You promised!

WATSON: You’re human, I know that. You must be. Little use, us standing here in the dark. After all, this is the nineteenth century.

BRIDE*:* Do not forget me. Do not forget me.

HOLMES: Watson!

WATSON*:* She’s there! She’s down there!

HOLMES: Don’t tell me you abandoned your post.

WATSON: What? Holmes, she’s there! I saw her!

HOLMES: Empty, thanks to you! Our bird is flown.

WATSON: No! No, Holmes, it wasn’t what you think. I saw her – the ghost.

HOLMES*:* THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!

WATSON: What happened? Where is Sir Eustace?

HOLMES: Dead.

LESTRADE: You really mustn’t blame yourself, you know.

HOLMES: No, you’re quite right.

WATSON: I’m glad you’re seeing sense.

HOLMES: Watson is equally culpable. Between us, we’ve managed to botch this whole case. I gave an undertaking to protect that man; now he’s lying there with a dagger in his breast.

WATSON*:* In fact, you gave an undertaking to investigate his murder.

HOLMES: In the confident expectation I would not have to.

LESTRADE: Anything you can tell us, Doctor?

WATSON: Well, he’s been stabbed with considerable force.

LESTRADE: It’s a man, then.

WATSON: Possibly.

LESTRADE: A very keen blade, so it could conceivably have been a woman.

WATSON*:* In theory, yes, but we *know* who it was. I saw her.

HOLMES: Watson.

WATSON: I saw the ghost with my own eyes.

HOLMES: You saw *nothing*. You saw what you were supposed to see.

WATSON: You said yourself: I have no imagination.

HOLMES: Then use your brain, such as it is, to eliminate the impossible – which in this case is the ghost – and observe what remains – which in *this* case is a solution so blindingly obvious, even Lestrade could work it out.

LESTRADE: Thank you(!)

HOLMES*:* Forget spectres from the otherworld. There is only one suspect with motive and opportunity. They might as well have left a note.

LESTRADE: They *did* leave a note.

HOLMES*:* And then there’s the matter of the other broken window.

LESTRADE: *What* other broken window?

HOLMES: Precisely. There *isn’t* one. The only broken window in this establishment is the one that Watson and I entered through, yet prior to that we distinctly heard the sound of *What* did you just say?

LESTRADE: Sorry?

HOLMES: About a note. What did you just say?

LESTRADE: I said the murderer *did* leave a note.

HOLMES: No they didn’t.

LESTRADE: There’s a message tied to the dagger. You must have seen it!

HOLMES*:* There’s no message.

LESTRADE: Yes!

HOLMES: There was no message when I found the body.

WATSON: Holmes? What is it?

MYCROFT HOLMES: *Do* you?

HOLMES: Do I what? How did you get that? I left it at the crime scene.

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* ‘Crime scene’? Where do you pick up these extraordinary expressions? *Do* you miss him?

HOLMES: Moriarty is dead.

MYCROFT HOLMES: And yet.

HOLMES: His body was never recovered.

MYCROFT HOLMES: To be expected when one pushes a maths professor over a waterfall. Pure reason toppled by sheer melodrama: your life in a nutshell.

HOLMES*:* ‘Where do you pick up these extraordinary expressions?’ Have you put on weight?

MYCROFT HOLMES: You saw me only yesterday. Does that seem possible?

HOLMES*:* No.

MYCROFT HOLMES*:* Yet here I am, increased. What does that tell the foremost criminal investigator in England?

HOLMES*:* In England?

MYCROFT HOLMES: You’re in deep, Sherlock, deeper than you ever intended to be. Have you made a list?

HOLMES: Of what?

MYCROFT HOLMES: *Everything.* We will need a list. Good boy.

HOLMES: No. I haven’t finished yet.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Moriarty may beg to differ.

HOLMES: He’s trying to distract me, to derail me.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Yes. He’s the crack in the lens, the fly in the ointment ... the virus in the data.

HOLMES: I *have* to finish this.

MYCROFT HOLMES: If Moriarty has risen from the Reichenbach cauldron, he *will* seek you out.

HOLMES: I’ll be waiting.

MYCROFT HOLMES: Yes. I’m very much afraid you will.

MRS HUDSON: Two days he’s been like that.

LESTRADE: Has he eaten?

MRS HUDSON*:* Oh, not a morsel.

LESTRADE: Press are having a ruddy field day. There’s still reporters outside.

MRS HUDSON: They’ve been there all the time. I can’t get rid of them. I’ve been rushed off my feet making tea.

LESTRADE: Why d’you make ’em tea?

MRS HUDSON: I don’t know. I just sort of do.

LESTRADE: He said there’s only one suspect and then he just walks away, and now he won’t explain.

MRS HUDSON: Which is strange, because he *likes* that bit.

LESTRADE: Said it was so simple, *I* could solve it.

MRS HUDSON: I’m sure he was exaggerating.

LESTRADE: What’s he doing, do you think?

MRS HUDSON: He says he’s waiting.

LESTRADE: For what?

MRS HUDSON: The devil. I wouldn’t be surprised. We get all sorts here.

LESTRADE: Well, wire me if there’s any change.

MRS HUDSON: Yeah.

MORIARTY: Everything I have to say has already crossed your mind.

HOLMES*:* And possibly my answer has crossed yours.

MORIARTY: Like a bullet. It’s a dangerous habit, to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one’s dressing gown. Or are you just pleased to see me?

HOLMES: You’ll forgive me for taking precautions.

MORIARTY: I’d be offended if you didn’t. Obviously I’ve returned the courtesy. I like your rooms. They smell so ... manly.

HOLMES: I’m sure you’ve acquainted yourself with them before now.

MORIARTY: Well, you *are* always away on your little adventures for The Strand. Tell me: does the illustrator travel with you? Do you have to pose ... during your deductions?

HOLMES*:* I’m aware of all six occasions you have visited these apartments during my absence.

MORIARTY: I know you are. By the way, you have a surprisingly comfortable bed. Did you know that dust is largely composed of human skin?

HOLMES: Yes.

MORIARTY: Doesn’t taste the same, though. You want your skin fresh ... just a little crispy.

HOLMES*:* Won’t you sit down?

MORIARTY: That’s all people really are, you know: dust waiting to be distributed. And it gets everywhere ... in every breath you take, dancing in every sunbeam, all used-up people.

HOLMES*:* Fascinating, I’m sure. Won’t you sit ...

MORIARTY*:* People, people, people. Can’t keep anything shiny. D’you mind if I fire this, just to clean it out? Exactly. Let’s stop playing. We don’t need toys to kill each other. Where’s the intimacy in that?

HOLMES: Sit down.

MORIARTY: Why? What do you want?

HOLMES*:* You chose to come here.

MORIARTY: Not true. You know that’s not true. What do you want, Sherlock?

HOLMES: The truth.

MORIARTY: That. Truth’s boring. You didn’t expect *me* to turn up at the scene of the crime, did you? Poor old Sir Eustace. He got what was coming to him.

HOLMES: But you couldn’t have killed him.

MORIARTY*:* Oh, so what? Does it matter? Stop it. Stop this. You don’t care about Sir Eustace, *or* the Bride or *any* of it. There’s only one thing in this whole business that you find interesting.

HOLMES*:* I know what you’re doing.

MORIARTY*:* The Bride put a gun in her mouth and shot the back of her head off, and then she came back. Impossible. But she did it, and you need to know how. *How* ... don’t you? It’s tearing your world apart not knowing.

HOLMES*:* You’re trying to stop me ... to distract me, derail me.

MORIARTY: Because doesn’t this remind you of another case? Hasn’t this all happened before? There’s nothing new under the sun. What was it? What was it? What was that case? Huh? D’you remember? It’s on the tip of my tongue. It’s on the tip of my tongue.

HOLMES*:* It’s on the tip of my tongue.

MORIARTY*:* It’s on the tip ... of my tongue.

HOLMES*:* For the sake of Mrs Hudson’s wallpaper, I must remind you that one false move with your finger and you will be dead.

MORIARTY: Ed ith the noo thethy.

HOLMES*:* I’m sorry?

MORIARTY: Dead ... is the new sexy. Well, I’ll tell you what: *that* rather blows the cobwebs away.

HOLMES*:* How can you be alive?

MORIARTY: How do I look, huh? Huh? You can be honest. Is it noticeable?

HOLMES*:* You blew your own brains out. How could you survive?

MORIARTY*:* Well, maybe I could back-comb.

HOLMES: I saw you die. *Why* aren’t you dead?

MORIARTY*:* Because it’s not the fall that kills you, Sherlock. Of all people, you should know that. It’s not the fall. It’s never the fall. It’s the *landing.*

DIAMOND: We’ve landed, sir. We’ve landed.

SHERLOCK*:* No, no, no, not now, not now. No, no, no, not now, not now.

CAPTAIN: I trust you had a pleasant flight, sir.

MYCROFT: Well, a somewhat shorter exile than we’d imagined, brother mine, although adequate given your levels of OCD.

SHERLOCK: I have to go back!

MYCROFT: What?

SHERLOCK: I was ... I was nearly there! I nearly had it!

MYCROFT: What on earth are you talking about?

JOHN: Go back where? You didn’t get very far.

SHERLOCK: Ricoletti and his abominable wife! Don’t you understand?

MARY: No, of course we don’t. You’re not making any sense, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: It was a case, a famous one from a hundred years ago, lodged in my hard drive. She seemed to be dead but then she came back.

JOHN: What, like Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: Shot herself in the head, *exactly* like Moriarty.

MARY*:* But you’ve only just been told. We’ve only just found out. He’s on every TV screen in the country.

SHERLOCK*:* Yes? So? It’s been five minutes since Mycroft called. What progress have you made? What have you been doing?

JOHN*:* More to the point, what have *you* been doing?

SHERLOCK: I’ve been in my Mind Palace, of course ...

JOHN: Of course(!)

SHERLOCK: ... running an experiment: how would I have solved the crime if I’d been there in 1895?

MYCROFT: Oh, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: I had all the details perfect.I was there, all of it, everything! I was immersed.

MYCROFT*:* Of *course* you were.

MARY*:* You’ve been reading John’s blog – the story of how you met.

SHERLOCK*:* Helps me if I see myself through his eyes sometimes. I’m so much cleverer.

MYCROFT*:* You really think anyone’s believing you?

JOHN: No, he can do this. I’ve seen it – the Mind Palace. It’s like a whole world in his head.

SHERLOCK*:* Yes, and I need to get back there.

MYCROFT: The Mind Palace is a memory technique. I know what it can do; and I know what it most certainly cannot.

SHERLOCK: Maybe there are one or two things that I know that you don’t.

MYCROFT*:* Oh, there *are.* Did you make a list?

SHERLOCK: You’ve put on weight. That waistcoat’s clearly newer than the jacket ...

MYCROFT: Stop this. Just *stop* it. *Did you make a list?*

SHERLOCK: Of what?

MYCROFT: Everything, Sherlock. Everything you’ve taken.

JOHN: No, it’s not that. He goes into a sort of trance. I’ve seen him do it.

MYCROFT*:* We have an agreement, my brother and I, ever since that day. Wherever I find him ... whatever back alley or doss house ... there will always be a list.

JOHN: He couldn’t have taken all of that in the last five minutes.

MYCROFT: He was high before he got on the plane.

MARY*:* He didn’t *seem* high.

MYCROFT*:* Nobody deceives like an addict.

SHERLOCK: I’m not an addict. I’m a user. I alleviate boredom and occasionally heighten my thought processes.

JOHN: For God’s sake! This could kill you! You could die!

SHERLOCK: Controlled usage is not usually fatal, and abstinence is not immortality.

MYCROFT: What are you doing?

MARY: Emelia Ricoletti – I’m looking her up.

MYCROFT: Ah, I suppose we should. I have access to the top level of the MI5 archive ...

MARY: Yep, that’s where I’m looking.

MYCROFT: What do you think of MI5’s security?

MARY*:* I *think* it would be a good idea. Emelia Ricoletti. Unsolved ... like he says.

SHERLOCK*:* Could you all just shut up for five minutes? I have to go back. I was nearly there before you stepped on and starting yapping away.

JOHN: ‘Yapping’? Sorry – did we interrupt your session?

MYCROFT*:* Sherlock, listen to me.

SHERLOCK*:* No. It only encourages you.

MYCROFT: I’m not angry with you ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, that’s a relief. I was *really* worried. No, hold on. I really wasn’t.

MYCROFT: I was there for you before. I’ll be there for you again. I’ll *always* be there for you. This was *my* fault.

SHERLOCK*:* It was nothing to *do* with you.

MYCROFT*:* A week in a prison cell. I should have realised.

SHERLOCK: Realised *what*?

MYCROFT: That in your case, solitary confinement is locking you up with your worst enemy.

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God’s sake.

JOHN*:* Morphine or cocaine?

SHERLOCK: What did you say?

JOHN: I didn’t say anything.

SHERLOCK: No, you did. You said ...

SHERLOCK/JOHN: Which is it today – morphine or cocaine?

SHERLOCK/WATSON: Holmes?

WATSON*:* Morphine or cocaine? Which is it today? *Answer* me, damn it!

HOLMES: Moriarty was here.

WATSON: Moriarty’s dead.

HOLMES: I was on a jet.

WATSON: A what?

HOLMES*:* You were there, and Mycroft.

WATSON: You haven’t left these rooms, Holmes. You ... haven’t ... moved. Now, tell me, morphine or cocaine?

HOLMES*:* Cocaine. A seven percent solution. Would you care to try it?

WATSON*:* No, but I would quite like to find every ounce of the stuff in your possession and pour it out of the window.

HOLMES*:* I should be inclined to stop you.

WATSON: Then you would be reminded ... *quite* forcibly ... which of us is a soldier and which of us a drug addict.

HOLMES: You’re not a soldier. You are a doctor.

WATSON*:* No, an *Army* doctor, which means I could break every bone in your body, while naming them.

HOLMES: My dear Watson, you are allowing emotion to cloud your judgement.

WATSON*:* Never on a case. You promised me. Never on a case.

HOLMES: No, I just said that in one of your stories.

WATSON: Listen. I’m happy to play the fool for you. I will run along behind you like some halfwit, making you look clever, if that’s what you need, but dear *God above* ... you will hold yourself to a higher standard.

HOLMES: Why?

WATSON: Because people need you to.

HOLMES: What people? Why? Because of your idiot stories?

WATSON: *Yes*, because of my idiot stories.

BILLY*:* Mr Holmes! Mr Holmes! Telegram, Mr Holmes!

WATSON: What is it? What’s wrong?

HOLMES: It’s Mary.

WATSON: Mary? What about her?

HOLMES: It’s entirely possible she’s in danger.

WATSON: Danger?

HOLMES: There’s not a moment to lose.

WATSON: Is this the cocaine talking? What danger could Mary be in? I’m sure she’s just visiting with friends.

HOLMES*:* Come on!

WATSON: What is happening? Are you even in a fit state?

HOLMES: For Mary, of course. Never doubt that, Watson. Never that.

WATSON: Holmes!

HOLMES*:* I’m fine!

WATSON*:* Not that one. This one.

HOLMES: Why?

WATSON: You’re Sherlock Holmes. Wear the damn hat. Cab? *Cab*!

WATSON: So, tell me. Where is she? You *must* tell me. What’s going on?

HOLMES*:* Oh, good old Watson! How would we fill the time if you didn’t ask questions?

JOHN: Sherlock, *tell* me where my bloody wife is, you pompous prick, or I’ll punch your lights out!

WATSON: Holmes! Where is she?

HOLMES: A desanctified church. She thinks she’s found the solution, and for no better reason than that, she’s put herself in the path of considerable danger. What an *excellent* choice of wife.

WATSON: What the devil?!

MRS WATSON*:* I’ve found them.

WATSON*:* What *is* all this, Mary?

MRS WATSON: This is the heart of it *all*, John, the heart of the conspiracy.

WATSON*:* Great *God*, what is this place? And what the *devil* are you doing here?

MRS WATSON: I’ve been making enquiries. Mr Holmes asked me.

WATSON: Holmes, how could you?!

MRS WATSON: No, not *him*. The clever one. It seemed obvious to me that this business could not be managed alone. My theory is that Mrs Ricoletti had help – help from her friends.

HOLMES: Bravo, Mary. ‘The clever one’?

MRS WATSON: Oh.

WATSON*:* I thought I was losing you. I thought perhaps we were neglecting each other.

HOLMES: Well, you’re the one who moved out.

WATSON*:* I was talking to Mary. You’re working for Mycroft?

MRS WATSON: He likes to keep an eye on his mad sibling.

HOLMES: And he had a spy to hand. Has it never occurred to you that your wife is excessively skilled for a nurse?

MRS WATSON: Of *course* it hasn’t. Because he knows what a nurse is capable of. When did it occur to *you*?

HOLMES: Only now, I’m afraid.

MRS WATSON*:* Must be difficult being the slow little brother.

HOLMES: Time I sped up. Enough chatter. Let’s concentrate.

MRS WATSON: Yes, all right. What’s all this about? What do they want to accomplish?

HOLMES: Why don’t we go and find out? Sorry. I could never resist a gong. Or a touch of the dramatic.

MRS WATSON: Never have guessed(!)

HOLMES*:* Though it seems you share my enthusiasm in that regard. Excellent. Superlative theatre. I applaud the spectacle. Emelia Ricoletti shot herself, then apparently returned from the grave and killed her husband. So, how was it done? Let’s take the events in order. Mrs Ricoletti gets everyone’s attention in very efficient fashion.

BRIDE*:* *You! You?!* Or me?

HOLMES: She places one of the revolvers in her mouth while actually firing the other into the ground. An accomplice sprays the curtains with blood ... and thus her apparent suicide is witnessed by the frightened crowd below. A substitute corpse bearing a strong resemblance to Mrs Ricoletti takes her place and is later transported to the morgue. A grubby little suicide of little interest to Scotland Yard. Meanwhile the real Mrs Ricoletti slips away. Now comes the *really* clever part. Mrs Ricoletti persuaded a cab driver – someone who knew her – to intercept her husband outside his favourite opium den. The perfect stage for a perfect drama.

RICOLETTI: Who are you? What do you want? Emelia?!

MAN*:* Help!

HOLMES: A perfect positive identification.

MAN*:* Murder! Murder!

HOLMES: The late Mrs Ricoletti has returned from the grave ... and with a little skilled make-up and you have nothing less than the wrath of a vengeful ghost. There was only one thing left to do.

EMELIA: Swiftly now. No tears.

HOLMES*:* All that remained was to substitute the real Mrs Ricoletti for the corpse in the morgue. This time, should anyone attempt to identify her ... it would be positively, absolutely her.

MRS WATSON: But why would she do that – die to prove a point?

HOLMES: Every great cause has martyrs; every war has suicide missions – and make no mistake, this is war. One half of the human race at war with the other. The invisible army hovering at our elbow, attending to our homes, raising our children, ignored, patronised, disregarded, not allowed so much as a vote. ... but an army nonetheless, ready to rise up in the best of causes, to put right an injustice as old as humanity itself. So, you see, Watson, Mycroft *was* right. This is a war we *must* lose.

WATSON: She was dying.

HOLMES: *Who* was?

WATSON: Emelia Ricoletti. There were clear signs of consumption. I doubt she was long for this world.

HOLMES: So she decided to make her death count. She was already familiar with the secret societies of America and was able to draw on their methods of fear and intimidation to publicly – *very* publicly – confront Sir Eustace Carmichael with the sins of his past.

FEMALE VOICE*:* He knew her out in the States. Promised her everything ... marriage, position – and then he had his way with her and threw her over, left her abandoned and penniless.

HOLMES: Hooper!

HOOPER: Holmes.

WATSON: For the record, Holmes, she didn’t have *me* fooled.

JANE: Why do you never mention *me*, sir?

JANINE: Emelia thought that she’d found happiness with Ricoletti, but he was a brute too. Emelia Ricoletti was our friend. You have no idea how that bastard treated her.

WATSON: But ... the Bride, Holmes. We saw her.

HOLMES: Yes, Watson, we did. But the sound of breaking glass? Not a window. Just an old theatrical trick.

WATSON: It cannot be true, Holmes! It *cannot*!

HOLMES: No, it can’t.

HOLMES: It’s called Pepper’s Ghost. A simple reflection, in glass, of a living breathing person. Their only mistake was breaking the glass when they removed it. Look around you. This room is *full* of Brides. Once she had risen, *anyone* could be her. The avenging ghost – a legend to strike terror into the heart of any man with malicious intent; a spectre to stalk those unpunished brutes whose reckoning is long overdue. A league of furies awakened. The women I ... *we* have lied to, betrayed ... the women we have ignored ... and disparaged. Once the idea exists, it cannot be killed. This is the work of a single-minded person, someone who knew first-hand about Sir Eustace’s mental cruelty. A dark secret, kept from all but her closest friends ... including Emelia Ricoletti ... the woman her husband wronged all those years before. If one disregards the ghost, there *is* only one suspect. Isn’t that right, Lady Carmichael? One small detail doesn’t quite make sense to me, however. Why engage me to prevent a murder you intended to commit? Hmm?

MORIARTY’s VOICE: It doesn’t quite make sense; this doesn’t quite make sense. Of *course* it doesn’t make sense. It’s not real. Oh, Sherlock. Peekaboo.

HOLMES: No. No, not you. It *can’t* be you.

MORIARTY: I mean, come on, be serious. Costumes, the gong. Speaking as a criminal mastermind, we don’t really have gongs, or special outfits.

JOHN/WATSON: What the *hell* is going on?

MORIARTY: Is this silly enough for you yet? Gothic enough? Mad enough, even for you? It doesn’t make sense, Sherlock, because it’s not real. *None* of it.

JOHN/WATSON: What’s he talking about?

MORIARTY*:* This is all in your mind.

JOHN’s VOICE: Sherlock.

WATSON’s VOICE: Holmes!

MORIARTY*:* You’re dreaming.

MARY: Is he dreaming?

MYCROFT*:* And there he is. Thought we’d lost you for a moment. May I just check: is this what you mean by “controlled usage”?

SHERLOCK*:* Mrs Emelia Ricoletti. I need to know where she was buried.

MYCROFT: What, a hundred and twenty years ago?!

SHERLOCK*:* Yes.

MYCROFT: That would take weeks to find, if those records even exist. Even with *my* resources ...

MARY*:* Got it.

JOHN: I don’t get it. How is this relevant?

SHERLOCK: I need to know I was right, then I’ll be sure.

MARY: You mean how Moriarty did it?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: But none of that really happened. It was in your head.

SHERLOCK: My investigation was the fantasy. The crime happened exactly as I explained.

MARY: The stone was erected by a group of her friends.

MYCROFT: I don’t know what you think you’ll find here.

SHERLOCK: I need to try!

SHERLOCK: Mrs Ricoletti *was* buried here, but what happened to the other one, the corpse they substituted for her after the so-called suicide?

JOHN: They’d move it. Of course they would.

SHERLOCK: But where?

JOHN: Well, not *here*!

SHERLOCK: But that ... that’s *exactly* what they must have done. The conspirators had someone on the inside. They found a body, just like Molly Hooper found a body for *me* when I ... Yeah, well, we don’t need to go into all that again, do we?

JOHN: You’re not seriously gonna do this?

SHERLOCK: It’s why we came here! I *need* to know.

JOHN*:* Spoken like an addict.

SHERLOCK*:* This is *important* to me!

JOHN*:* No – this is you needing a fix.

SHERLOCK: John ...

JOHN: Moriarty’s back. We have a case! We have a real-life problem right now.

SHERLOCK: Getting to that! It’s next on the list! Just let me do this.

JOHN: No, everyone always *lets* you do whatever you want. That’s how you got *in* this state.

SHERLOCK*:* John, *please* ...

JOHN: I’m not playing this time, Sherlock, not any more. When you’re ready to go to work, give me a call. I’m taking Mary home.

MARY*:* You’re what?

JOHN: Mary’s taking me home.

MARY: Better.

MYCROFT: He’s right, you know.

SHERLOCK: So *what* if he’s right? He’s *always* right. It’s boring. Will you help me?

MYCROFT: Cherchez la femme.

SHERLOCK: Urgh!

MYCROFT: Oh dear. The cupboard is bare.

SHERLOCK: They must have buried it underneath. They must have buried it underneath the coffin.

LESTRADE: Bad luck, Sherlock. Maybe they got rid of the body in another way.

MYCROFT: More than likely. At any rate, it was a *very* long time ago. We do have slightly more pressing matters to hand, little brother. Moriarty, back from the dead?

VOICE: Do not forget me. Do not forget me.

HOLMES: Oh, I see. Still not awake, am I?

MORIARTY: Too deep, Sherlock. Way too deep. Congratulations. You’ll be the first man in history to be buried in his own Mind Palace.

HOLMES: The setting’s a shade melodramatic, don’t you think?

MORIARTY: For you and me? Not at all.

HOLMES: What *are* you?

MORIARTY: You *know* what I am. I’m Moriarty. The Napoleon of crime.

HOLMES*:* Moriarty’s dead.

MORIARTY: Not in your mind. I’ll never be dead there. You once called your brain a hard drive. Well, say hello to the virus. This is how we end, you and I. Always here, always together.

HOLMES: You have a magnificent brain, Moriarty. I admire it. I concede it may be even be the equal of my own.

MORIARTY: I’m touched. I’m honoured.

HOLMES: But when it comes to the matter of unarmed combat on the edge of a precipice ... you’re going in the water ... short-arse.

MORIARTY: Oh, you think you’re so big and strong, Sherlock! Not with me! I am your *WEAKNESS*! I keep you *DOWN*! Every time you *STUMBLE*, every time you *FAIL*, when you’re *WEAK* ... I ... AM ... *THERE!* No. Don’t try to fight it. *LIE BACK AND LOSE!* Shall we go over together? It has to be together, doesn’t it? At the end, it’s always just *you ... AND ME!*

WATSON: Professor, if you wouldn’t mind stepping away from my friend. I do believe he finds your attention a shade annoying.

MORIARTY: That’s not fair. There’s two of you!

WATSON: There’s *always* two of us. Don’t you read The Strand? On your knees, Professor. Hands behind your head.

HOLMES: Thank you, John.

WATSON: Since when do you call me John?

HOLMES: You’d be surprised.

WATSON: No I wouldn’t. Time you woke up, Sherlock. I’m a storyteller. I know when I’m *in* one.

HOLMES: Of *course*. Of *course* you do, John.

WATSON: So what’s he like? The other me, in the other place?

HOLMES: Smarter than he looks.

WATSON: Pretty damned smart, then.

HOLMES: Pretty damned smart.

MORIARTY: Urgh. Why don’t you two just elope, for God’s sake?

WATSON: Impertinent!

HOLMES: Offensive.

WATSON: Actually ... would you mind?

HOLMES: Not at all. It *was* my turn.

HOLMES: Quite so.

WATSON: So, how *do* you plan to wake up?

HOLMES: Ohhh, I should think like this.

WATSON: Are you sure?

HOLMES: Between you and me, John, I *always* survive a fall.

WATSON: But how?

HOLMES: Elementary, my dear Watson.

SHERLOCK: Miss me?

JOHN: Sherlock? You all right?

SHERLOCK: Yes, of *course* I am. Why wouldn’t I be?

MARY: ’Cause you probably just OD’d. You should be in hospital.

SHERLOCK: No time. I have to go to Baker Street now. Moriarty’s back.

MYCROFT: I almost hope he *is*, if it’ll save you from this.

SHERLOCK: No need for that now. Got the real thing. I have work to do.

MYCROFT: Sherlock. Promise me?

SHERLOCK: What are you still doing here? Shouldn’t you be off getting me a pardon or something, like a *proper* big brother?

MYCROFT: Doctor Watson? Look after him ... please?

JOHN: Sherlock, hang on. Explain. Moriarty’s alive, then?

SHERLOCK: I never said he was alive. I said he was *back*.

MARY: So he’s dead.

SHERLOCK: Of *course* he’s dead. He blew his own brains out. No-one survives that. I just went to the trouble of an overdose to prove it. Moriarty is dead, no question. But more importantly ... I know *exactly* what he’s going to do next.

WATSON*:* Flying machines; these, er, telephone contraptions ... What sort of lunatic fantasy is that?

HOLMES: It was simply my conjecture of what a future world might look like, and how you and I might fit inside it. From a drop of water, a logician should be able to infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara.

WATSON: Or a Reichenbach.

HOLMES: Have you written up your account of the case?

WATSON: Yes.

HOLMES: Hmm. Modified to put it down as one of my rare failures, of course?

WATSON: Of course.

HOLMES: “The Adventure of ... the Invisible Army.” “The League of Furies”? “The Monstrous Regiment.”

WATSON: I rather thought ... “The Abominable Bride.”

HOLMES*:* A trifle lurid.

WATSON: It’ll sell. It’s got proper murders in it, too.

HOLMES: You’re the expert.

WATSON: As for your own tale, are you sure it’s still just a seven percent solution that you take? I think you may have increased the dosage.

HOLMES: Perhaps I *was* being a little fanciful ... but perhaps such things could come to pass. In any case, I know I would be very much at home in such a world.

WATSON: Don’t think *I* would be.

HOLMES: I beg to differ. But then I’ve always known I was a man out of his time.

**The Six Thatchers**

MYCROFT: What you’re about to see is classified beyond top secret. Is that quite clear? Don’t minute any of this. Once beyond these walls, you must never speak of it. A D-notice has been slapped on the entire incident. Only those within this room – code names Antarctica, Langdale, Porlock and Love – will ever know the whole truth. As far as everyone else is concerned, going to the Prime Minister and way beyond, Charles Augustus ... Are you *tweeting*?!

SHERLOCK: No.

MYCROFT: Well, that’s what it looks like.

SHERLOCK: Of course I’m not tweeting. Why would I be tweeting?

MYCROFT: Give me that.

SHERLOCK: What? No. Get off. What are you doing? Get off. What ...?

MYCROFT: Give it here. “Back on terra firma.”

SHERLOCK: Don’t read them out.

MYCROFT: “Free as a bird.”

SHERLOCK: God, you’re such a spoilsport.

MYCROFT: Will you take this matter seriously, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: I *am* taking it seriously. What makes you think I’m not taking it seriously?

MYCROFT: “Hashtag OhWhatABeautifulMorning.”

SHERLOCK: Look, not so long ago I was on a mission that meant certain death – *my* death – and now I’m back, in a nice warm office with my big brother and ... Are those ginger nuts?

MYCROFT: Oh, God.

SHERLOCK: *Love* ginger nuts.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Our doctor said you were clean.

SHERLOCK: I am, utterly. No need for stimulants now, remember? I have work to do.

SIR EDWIN: You’re high as a kite!

SHERLOCK: Natural high, I assure you. *Totally* natural. I’m just ... ♪ glad to be aliiiiiive! ♪ What shall we do next? What’s your name?

VIVIAN: Vi-Vivian.

SHERLOCK: What would *you* do, Vivian?

VIVIAN: Pardon?

SHERLOCK: Well, it’s a lovely day. Go for a stroll? Make a paper aeroplane? Have an ice lolly?

VIVIAN: Ice lolly, I suppose.

SHERLOCK: Ice lolly it is! What’s your favourite?

VIVIAN: Well, really, I shouldn’t ...

SHERLOCK: Go on.

VIVIAN: Do they still do Mivvis?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Mr Holmes.

MYCROFT and SHERLOCK: Yes?

LADY SMALLWOOD: We do need to get on.

MYCROFT: Yes, of course.

SHERLOCK: Do your research. I’m not a hero. I’m a high functioning sociopath. ... sociopath. ... sociopath. I see. Who *is* supposed to have shot him, then?

SIR EDWIN: Some over-eager squaddie with an itchy trigger finger, that’s who.

SHERLOCK: That’s not what happened at all.

MYCROFT: It is now.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Remarkable. How did you do it?

SIR EDWIN: We have some very talented people working here. If James Moriarty can hack every TV screen in the land, rest assured we have the tech to, er ... doctor a bit of security footage. That is now the official version; the version anyone we want to will see.

LADY SMALLWOOD: No need to go to the trouble of getting some sort of official pardon. You’re off the hook, Mr Holmes. You’re home and dry.

SHERLOCK: Okay, cheers.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Obviously there’s unfinished business. Moriarty.

SHERLOCK: I told you. Moriarty’s dead.

LADY SMALLWOOD: You say he filmed that video message before he died.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

LADY SMALLWOOD: You also say you know what he’s going to do next. What does that mean?

SIR EDWIN: Perhaps that’s all there is to it. Perhaps he was just trying to frighten you.

SHERLOCK: No, no. He would never be that disappointing. He’s planned something; something long-term; something that would take effect if he never made it off that rooftop alive. Posthumous revenge. No – better than that. Posthumous *game.*

LADY SMALLWOOD: We brought you back to deal with this. What are you going to do?

SHERLOCK: Wait.

LADY SMALLWOOD: “Wait”?!

SHERLOCK: Of *course* wait. I’m the target. Targets wait. Look – whatever’s coming, whatever he’s lined up, I’ll know when it begins. I always know when the game is on. D’you know why?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because I love it.

SHERLOCK: There was once a merchant in the famous market at Baghdad. One day he saw a stranger looking at him in surprise ... and he knew that the stranger was Death. Pale and trembling, the merchant fled the marketplace and made his way many, many miles to the city of Samarra, for there he was sure Death could not find him. But when at last he came to Samarra, the merchant saw, waiting for him, the grim figure of Death. “Very well,” said the merchant. “I give in. I am yours.But tell me: why did you look surprised when you saw me this morning in Baghdad?” “Because,” said Death, “I had an appointment with you tonight – in Samarra.”

SHERLOCK: If this gets any better, I’m gonna get *two* knives.

JOHN: It pays to advertise.

MARY: So, what about Moriarty, then?

SHERLOCK: Ooh, I have a plan. I’m going to monitor the underworld – every quiver of the web will tell me when the spider makes his move.

JOHN: Basically your ‘plan’ is just to sit there solving crimes like you always do.

SHERLOCK: Awesome, isn’t it?!

FEMALE CLIENT: He drowned, Mr Holmes. That’s what we *thought* but when they opened up his lungs ...

MARY: Yes?

FEMALE CLIENT: Sand.

SHERLOCK: Superficial.

SHERLOCK: Come back! It’s the wrong thumb!

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: It’s never twins.

SHERLOCK: Hopkins, arrest Wilson. Dimmock, look in the lymph nodes.

HOPKINS: Wilson?!

DIMMOCK: Lymph nodes?!

MARY: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Yes. You may have nothing but a limbless torso but there’ll still be traces of ink left in the lymph nodes under the armpits. If your mystery corpse had tattoos, the signs’ll be there.

DIMMOCK: Bloody hell! Is that a guess?

SHERLOCK: I never guess.

MARY: Sherlock ...

HOPKINS: So he’s the killer? The canary trainer?

SHERLOCK: *’Course* he’s the killer.

HOPKINS: Didn’t see *that* coming.

SHERLOCK: Hm, naturally.

JOHN: Sherlock, you can’t go on spinning plates like this.

SHERLOCK: That’s it! The place was spinning.

SHERLOCK: The heart medication you are taking is known to cause bouts of amnesia.

Mr FENTIMAN: Yes, um ... I think so. Why?

SHERLOCK: Because the fingerprints on your brother’s neck are your own.

JOHN: A jellyfish?!

SHERLOCK: I know.

JOHN: You can’t arrest a jellyfish!

SHERLOCK: Well, you could try.

JOHN: We *did* try. Oh God.

SHERLOCK: Mary?

JOHN: Fifty-nine missed calls.

SHERLOCK: We’re in a lot of trouble.

MARY: Ow! Oh my God. Oh my God!

JOHN: Relax. It’s got two syllables ...

MARY: I’m a nurse, darling. I think I know what to do.

JOHN: Come on then, come on.

MARY: Re...

JOHN: ...lax.

MARY: No, just drive! Please, God, just drive! God, drive!

JOHN: Sherlock. *Mary*!

SHERLOCK: That’s it, Mary. Re...

MARY: Don’t you start.

SHERLOCK: ...lax.

MARY: John? John, I think you have to pull over.

JOHN: Mary, Mary ...

MARY: *Pull Over*!

SHERLOCK: Oh my God.

MRS HUDSON: Has that come out? They never come out when I take them!

MOLLY: Let’s have a look.

MRS HUDSON: Aww. She’s so beautiful.

MOLLY: Have another go.

MRS HUDSON: What about a name?

JOHN: Catherine.

MARY: Uh, yeah, we’ve gone off that.

JOHN: Have we?

MARY: Yeah.

JOHN: Oh.

SHERLOCK: Well, you know what *I* think.

JOHN and MARY: It’s not a girl’s name.

JOHN: Molly, Mrs H. We would love you to be godparents.

MOLLY: Oh!

JOHN: If you ...

MOLLY: Really?

MRS HUDSON: So lovely!

JOHN: And, uh ... you, too, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: You too what?

JOHN: Godfather? We’d like you to be godfather.

SHERLOCK: God is a ludicrous fiction dreamt up by inadequates who abnegate all responsibility to an invisible magic friend.

JOHN: Yeah, but there’ll be cake. Will you do it?

SHERLOCK: I’ll get back to you.

VICAR: Father, we ask you to send your blessings on this water and sanctify it for our use this day, in Christ’s name. Now, what name have you given your daughter?

MARY: Rosamund Mary.

SHERLOCK: Rosamund?

MOLLY: Means ‘rose of the world.’ Rosie for short. Didn’t you get John’s text?

SHERLOCK: No. I delete his texts. I delete *any* text that begins, ‘Hi.’

MOLLY: *No* idea why people think you’re incapable of human emotion. Sorry. Phone.

VICAR: And now, godparents ... are you ready to help the parents of this child in their duties as Christian parents?

MOLLY and MRS HUDSON: We are.

SIRI: Sorry, I didn’t catch that. Please repeat the question.

SHERLOCK: As ever, Watson, you see but do not observe. To you, the world remains an impenetrable mystery whereas, to me, it is an open book. Hard logic versus romantic whimsy. That is your choice. You fail to connect actions to their consequences. Now, for the last time ... if you want to keep the rattle ... do not *throw* the rattle, hm?

JOHN: All right. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. I’d better finish this, hadn’t I?

LESTRADE: Hey.

JOHN: Afternoon. He says you’ve got a good one, Greg.

LESTRADE: Oh yeah. It was David Welsborough’s fiftieth birthday.

DAVID: God, fifty! Where did it go?! I know for a fact I was only twenty-one this time last week!

EMMA: Yeah, well that’s impossible, ’cause that’s before you met me and ...

DAVID: Well, no ...

THE WELSBOROUGHS: ... there never was such a time!

EMMA: She’s looking at me disapprovingly again.

DAVID: No, she’s just jealous.

EMMA: Yeah, well, I think we both are.

DAVID: Ooh.

EMMA: No, no, David. Come on, you promised.

DAVID: Oh, no ... Oh, it’s a Skype call.

EMMA: Oh, then, that’s ... must be Charlie. At least he’s phoning, I suppose.

DAVID: Oh, look! Hello!

CHARLIE: Hey, Dad! Happy birthday! Sorry to miss your party but, uh ... travel broadens the mind, right?

DAVID: No, picture’s frozen.

CHARLIE: Yeah, signal’s rubbish, but I can still hear you.

DAVID: Why-why is it rubbish? Where are you?

EMMA: How is he? Is he eating? Ask him if he’s eating.

DAVID: No, shh.

MAN’s VOICE: David! Emma!

DAVID: No, no, hang on a sec. I’ll-I’ll find somewhere quieter. So, Charlie, where are you? ... Are you there?

CHARLIE: Sorry, I’m here. I’m just a bit ...

DAVID: You all right?

CHARLIE: It’s nothing. Probably just the altitude.

DAVID: Altitude?

CHARLIE: I’m in Tibet! Didn’t you see the mountains?

DAVID: Look, never mind mountains. Your mother wants to know if you’re eating properly.

CHARLIE: Listen, Dad, could you do me a favour?

DAVID: What?

CHARLIE: Could you just check something on my car?

DAVID: Your car?!

CHARLIE: It’s to settle a bet. The guys here don’t believe I’ve got a Power Ranger stuck to the bonnet. Could you take a photo and send it?

DAVID: Er, yes, I can do that. All done. You got it? ... Charlie?

LESTRADE: A week later ...

JOHN: Yeah?

LESTRADE: ... something really weird happens. Drunk driver – he’s totally smashed, the cops are chasing him ... and he turns into the drive of the Welsborough house to try and get away. Unfortunately ... The drunk guy survived; they managed to pull him out, but when they put the fire out and examined the parked car ...

JOHN: Whose body?

LESTRADE: Charlie Welsborough, the son.

JOHN: What?

LESTRADE: The son who was in Tibet. DNA all checks out. The night of the party, the car’s empty, then a week later the dead boy’s found at the wheel. Yeah, I *thought* it’d tickle you.

JOHN: Have you got a lab report?

LESTRADE: Yeah, Charlie Welsborough’s the son of a Cabinet minister ... so I’m under a lot of pressure to get results.

SHERLOCK: Who cares about that? Tell me about the seats.

JOHN: The seats?

SHERLOCK: Yes. The car seats. Made of vinyl ... two different types of vinyl present. Was it his own car?

LESTRADE: Yeah. Not flash – he was a student.

SHERLOCK: Well, *that’s* suggestive.

LESTRADE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Vinyl’s cheaper than leather.

LESTRADE: Er, yeah, right.

JOHN: There’s something else.

SHERLOCK: Yes?

JOHN: According to this, Charlie Welsborough had already been dead for a week.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: The body in the car – dead for a week.

SHERLOCK: Oh, this *is* a good one. Is it my birthday? You want help?

LESTRADE: Yes, please.

SHERLOCK: One condition.

LESTRADE: Okay.

SHERLOCK: Take all the credit. It gets boring if I just solve them all.

LESTRADE: Yeah, you *say* that, but then John blogs about it and you get all the credit anyway.

JOHN: Yeah, he’s got a point.

LESTRADE: Which makes me look like some kind of prima donna who insists on getting credit for something he didn’t do.

JOHN: Oh, I think you’ve hit a sore spot, Sherlock.

LESTRADE: ... like I’m some kind of credit junkie.

JOHN: *Definitely* a sore spot.

LESTRADE: So *you* take all the glory, thanks ...

SHERLOCK: Okay.

LESTRADE: ... thanks all the same. Look, just solve the bloody thing, will you? It’s driving me nuts.

SHERLOCK: Anything you say, Giles. Just kidding. What is it?

JOHN: Greg.

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: *Greg.*

SHERLOCK: Oh.

JOHN: It’s obvious, though, isn’t it, what happened?

SHERLOCK: John, you amaze me. You know what happened?

JOHN: Not a clue. It’s just you normally say that at this point.

SHERLOCK: Mm. Well, then ... let’s help you solve your little problem, Greg.

LESTRADE: You hear that?

JOHN: I know!

LESTRADE: So how’s it going then, fatherhood?

JOHN: Oh, good, great! Yeah, amazing.

LESTRADE: Getting any sleep?

JOHN: Christ, no.

LESTRADE: You’re at the beck and call of a screaming, demanding baby, woken up at all hours to obey his every whim. Must feel very different.

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry, what?

JOHN: Yes, well, you know how it is. All you do is clean up their mess, pat them on the head.

SHERLOCK: Are you two having a little joke?

JOHN: *Never* a word of thanks. Can’t even tell people’s faces apart.

SHERLOCK: This is a joke, isn’t it?

LESTRADE: Then it’s all, ‘Ooh, aren’t you clever? You’re so, so clever!’

SHERLOCK: Is it about me?

LESTRADE: I think he needs winding.

JOHN: You know, I think that really might be it.

SHERLOCK: No, don’t get it.

LESTRADE: Charlie’s family are pretty cut up about it, as you’d expect, so go easy on them, yeah?

SHERLOCK: You know me.

MARY: Hey, hello!

LESTRADE: Yeah.

JOHN: Got ’em, don’t worry. Pampers; the cream you can’t get from Boots.

MARY: Yeah, never mind about that. Where are you now? At the dead boy’s house?

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: And what does *he* think? Any theories?

JOHN: Uh, well, I texted you the details.

MARY: Yeah, two different types of vinyl.

JOHN: Hey!

SHERLOCK: How do you know about that?

MARY: Oh, you’d be amazed at what a receptionist picks up. They know *everything*!

SHERLOCK: Solved it, then?

MARY: I’m working on it.

SHERLOCK: Oh, Mary, motherhood’s slowing you down.

MARY: Pig!

SHERLOCK: Keep trying.

MARY: So, what about it, then? What, an empty car that suddenly has a week-old corpse in it? And what are you gonna call this one?

JOHN: Ooh, the ... uh, The Ghost Driver.

SHERLOCK: Don’t give it a title.

JOHN: People like the titles.

SHERLOCK: I *hate* the titles.

JOHN: Give the people what they want.

SHERLOCK: No, never do that. People are stupid.

MARY: Uh, *some* people.

SHERLOCK: *All* people are stupid. ... *Most* people.

LESTRADE: Bizarre enough, though, isn’t it, to be him? I mean, it’s right up your strasse.

SHERLOCK: Mr and Mrs Welsborough. I really am most terribly sorry to hear about your daughter.

JOHN: Son.

SHERLOCK: Son.

LESTRADE: Mr and Mrs Welsborough, this is Mr Sherlock Holmes.

DAVID: Thank you very much for coming. We’ve heard a great deal about you. If anyone can throw any light into this darkness, surely it will be you.

SHERLOCK: Well, I believe that I ... can.

DAVID: But Charlie was our whole world, Mr Holmes. I ...

JOHN: Sherlock?

DAVID: Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Sorry. You were saying?

DAVID: Well, Charlie was our whole world, Mr Holmes. I ... I don’t think we’ll ever get over this.

SHERLOCK: No, shouldn’t think so. So sorry. Will you excuse me a moment? I just ...

JOHN: I’ll just, um ... Now what’s wrong?

SHERLOCK: Not sure. I just ... ‘By the pricking of my thumbs.’

JOHN: Seriously? You?!

SHERLOCK: Intuitions are not to be ignored, John. They represent data processed too fast for the conscious mind to comprehend. What is this?

DAVID: Oh, it’s a sort of shrine, I suppose, really. Bit of a fan of Mrs T. Big hero of mine when I was getting started.

SHERLOCK: Right, yes. Who?

DAVID: What?

SHERLOCK: Who-*who* is this?

DAVID: Are you serious?

JOHN: Sherlock.

DAVID: It’s ... it’s Margaret Thatcher, the first female prime minister of this country.

SHERLOCK: Right. Prime Minister?

DAVID: Mm. Leader of the government.

SHERLOCK: Right. Female?

JOHN: For God’s sake. You know perfectly well who she is. Why are you playing for time?

SHERLOCK: It’s the gap. Look at the gap. It’s wrong. Everything else is perfectly ordered, managed ... This whole thing’s verging on OCD. My respects. This figurine is routinely repositioned after the cleaner’s been in. This picture’s straightened every day, yet this ugly gap remains. Something’s missing from here, but only recently.

DAVID: Yes, a ...

SHERLOCK: ... plaster bust.

DAVID: ... plaster bust.

EMMA: Oh, for God’s sake. It got broken. What the hell has this got to do with Charlie?

SHERLOCK: Rug!

EMMA: What?

SHERLOCK: Well, how *could* it get broken? The only place for it to fall is the floor, and there is a big thick rug.

EMMA: Does it matter?

JOHN: Mrs Welsborough, my apologies. It is worth letting him do this.

EMMA: Is your friend quite mad?

JOHN: No, he’s an arsehole, but it’s an easy mistake.

DAVID: Look, no, we had a break-in. Some little bastard smashed it to bits. We found the remains out there in the porch.

SHERLOCK: The porch where we came in?

DAVID: How anybody could hate her so much, they’d go to the trouble of smashing her likeness ...

SHERLOCK: I’m no expert but, er, *possibly* her face? Why didn’t he smash all the others? Perfect opportunity, and look at that one. She’s smiling in that one.

EMMA: Oh, Inspector, this is clearly a waste of time. I mean, if there’s nothing more ..

SHERLOCK: I know what happened to your son.

EMMA: You do?

SHERLOCK: It’s quite simple. Superficial, to be blunt. But first, tell me: the night of the break-in. This room was in darkness?

DAVID: Well, yes.

SHERLOCK: And the porch where it was smashed: I noticed the motion sensor was damaged, so I assume it’s permanently lit.

LESTRADE: How’d you notice that?

SHERLOCK: I lack the arrogance to ignore details. I’m not the police.

JOHN: So you’re saying he smashed it where he could see it.

SHERLOCK: Exactly.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: Dunno. Wouldn’t be fun if I knew.

EMMA: Mr Holmes, *please*.

SHERLOCK: It was your fiftieth birthday, Mr Welsborough; of course you were disappointed that your son hadn’t made it back from his gap year. After all, he was in Tibet.

DAVID: Yes.

SHERLOCK: No.

DAVID: No?

SHERLOCK: The first part of your conversation was, in fact, pre-recorded video. Easily arranged.

DAVID: It’s a Skype call.

SHERLOCK: The trick was meant to be a surprise.

DAVID: Trick?

SHERLOCK: Obviously.

CHARLIE: Could you take a photo and send it?

SHERLOCK: There were two types of vinyl in the burnt-out remains of the car. One the actual passenger seat; the other a good copy. Well, good enough. Effectively a costume.

DAVID: You’re joking.

SHERLOCK: No, I’m not. What he wanted was for you to get close enough to the car so he could spring the surprise.

DAVID: Oh my God!

CHARLIE: Surprise!

SHERLOCK: That’s when it happened. I can’t be certain, of course, but I think Charlie must have suffered some sort of a seizure. You said he’d felt unwell?

DAVID: You all right?

CHARLIE: It’s nothing. Probably just the altitude.

SHERLOCK: He died there and then. No-one had any cause to go near his car, so there he remained in the driver’s seat hidden until ... When the two cars were examined, the fake seat had melted in the fire, revealing Charlie, who’d been sitting there quite dead for a week.

EMMA: Oh, God!

LESTRADE: Poor kid.

SHERLOCK: Really, I’m so sorry, Mr Welsborough, Mrs Welsborough. This is where it was smashed.

LESTRADE: That was *amazing*.

SHERLOCK: What?

LESTRADE: The car, the kid.

SHERLOCK: Ancient history. Why are you still talking about it?

JOHN: What’s so important about a broken bust of Margaret Thatcher?

SHERLOCK: Can’t stand it. Never can. There’s a loose thread in the world.

JOHN: Yeah, doesn’t mean you have to pull on it.

SHERLOCK: What kind of a life would that be? Besides, I have the strangest feeling.

JIM: Miss me?

SHERLOCK: That’s mine. You two take a ... bus.

JOHN: Why?

SHERLOCK: I need to concentrate, and I don’t want to hit you. The Mall, please.

MYCROFT: I met her once.

SHERLOCK: Thatcher?

MYCROFT: Rather arrogant, I thought.

SHERLOCK: *You* thought that?!

MYCROFT: I know! Why am I looking at this?

SHERLOCK: That’s her. John and Mary’s baby.

MYCROFT: Oh, I see. Yes. Looks very ... fully functioning.

SHERLOCK: Is that *really* the best you can do?

MYCROFT: Sorry. I’ve never been very good with them.

SHERLOCK: Babies?

MYCROFT: Humans.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty. Did he have any connection with Thatcher? Any interest in her?

MYCROFT: Why on earth would he?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know. You tell *me*.

MYCROFT: In the last year of his life, James Moriarty was involved with four political assassinations, over seventy assorted robberies and terrorist attacks, including a chemical weapons factory in North Korea, and had latterly shown some interest in tracking down the Black Pearl of the Borgias – which is still missing, by the way, in case you feel like applying yourself to something practical.

SHERLOCK: It’s a *pearl*. Get another one. There’s something important about this. I’m sure. Maybe it’s Moriarty. Maybe it’s not. But *something’s* coming.

MYCROFT: Are you having a premonition, brother mine?

SHERLOCK: The world is woven from billions of lives, every strand crossing every other. What we call premonition is just movement of the web. If you could attenuate to every strand of quivering data, the future would be entirely calculable, as inevitable as mathematics.

MYCROFT: Appointment in Samarra.

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

MYCROFT: The merchant who can’t outrun Death. You always hated that story as a child. Less keen on predestination back then.

SHERLOCK: I’m not sure I like it now.

MYCROFT: You wrote your own version, as I remember. Appointment in *Sumatra*. The merchant goes to a different city and is perfectly fine.

SHERLOCK: Goodnight, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: Then he becomes a pirate, for some reason.

SHERLOCK: Keep me informed.

MYCROFT: Of what?

SHERLOCK: Absolutely no idea.

VOICE: Ammo! Ammo!

LESTRADE: Oh, hi, Stella.

HOPKINS: Greg.

LESTRADE: You, uh ... you, um ...

HOPKINS: Uh, yeah. He’s just got a client, so ...

LESTRADE: R-right, right, right. Uh, so see a lot of each other, do you?

HOPKINS: It’s nothing. I mean, it’s nothing serious.

LESTRADE: No, no.

HOPKINS: I just pop round every now and again for a chat.

LESTRADE: Yeah, ’course.

HOPKINS: I mean, he loves a really tricky case.

LESTRADE: Yeah, he does! So, what you here for?

HOPKINS: Well, uh, Interpol think the Borgia Pearl trail leads back to London, so ...

LESTRADE: The Borgia Pearl. Are they ... they still after that, are they?

HOPKINS: Yeah. So how did, uh, you two first meet?

LESTRADE: Oh, it was a-a case about, um, ten years ago nobody could figure out. There was an old lady found dead in a sauna.

HOPKINS: Oh yeah? How’d she die?

LESTRADE: Hypothermia.

HOPKINS: What?

LESTRADE: I know! But then I met Sherlock. It was *so* simple, the way ...

SHERLOCK: Will you two *please* keep it down?

LESTRADE: Sorry.

HOPKINS: Sorry.

SHERLOCK: Now, you haven’t always been in life insurance, have you? You started out in manual labour. Oh, don’t bother being astonished. Your right hand’s almost an entire size bigger than your left. Hard manual work does that.

KINGSLEY: I was a carpenter, uh, like me dad.

SHERLOCK: And you’re trying to give up smoking, unsuccessfully, and you once had a Japanese girlfriend that meant a lot to you but now you feel indifferent about.

KINGSLEY: How the hell ...? Ah. E-cigarettes.

SHERLOCK: Not just that – ten individual e-cigarettes. Now, if you just wanted to smoke indoors, you would have invested in one of those irritating electronic pipe things, but you’re convinced you can give up, so you don’t want to buy a pipe because that means you’re not serious about quitting, so instead you buy individual cigarettes, always sure that each will be your last. Anything to add, John? John?

JOHN: Er, yeah, yeah, listening.

SHERLOCK: What *is* that?

JOHN: That is ... me. Well, it’s a me-substitute.

SHERLOCK: Don’t be so hard on yourself. You know I value your little contributions.

JOHN: Yeah? It’s been there since nine this morning.

SHERLOCK: Has it? Where were you?

JOHN: Helping Mrs H with her Sudoku.

KINGSLEY: What about my girlfriend?

SHERLOCK: What?

KINGSLEY: You said I had an ex.

SHERLOCK: You’ve got a Japanese tattoo in the crook of your elbow in the name ‘Akako.’ It’s obvious you’ve tried to have it removed.

KINGSLEY: But surely that means I wanna forget her, not that I’m indifferent.

SHERLOCK: If she’d really hurt your feelings, you would have had the word obliterated, but the first attempt wasn’t successful and you haven’t tried again, so it seems you can live with the slightly blurred memory of Akako, hence the indifference.

KINGSLEY: Sorry. I-I thought you’d done something clever. No, no. Ah, but now you’ve explained it, it’s dead simple, innit?

SHERLOCK: I’ve withheld this information from you until now, Mr Kingsley, but I think it’s time you knew the truth.

KINGSLEY: What d’you mean?

SHERLOCK: Have you ever wondered if your wife was a little bit out of your league?

KINGSLEY: Well ...

SHERLOCK: You thought she was having an affair. I’m afraid it’s far worse than that. Your wife is a spy.

KINGSLEY: What?!

SHERLOCK: That’s right. Her real name is Greta Bengtsdotter. Swedish by birth and probably the most dangerous spy in the world. She’s been operating deep undercover for the past four years now as your wife for one reason only: to get near the American embassy which is across the road from your flat. Tomorrow the US president will be at the embassy as part of an official state visit. As the president greets members of staff, Greta Bengtsdotter, disguised as a twenty-two stone cleaner, will inject the president in the back of the neck with a dangerous new drug hidden inside a secret compartment inside her padded armpit. This drug will then render the president entirely susceptible to the will of their new master, none other than James Moriarty.

KINGSLEY: What?!

SHERLOCK: Moriarty will then use the president as a pawn to destabilise the United Nations General Assembly which is due to vote on a nuclear non-proliferation treaty, tipping the balance in favour of a first strike policy against Russia. This chain of events will then prove unstoppable, thus precipitating ... World War Three.

JOHN: Are you serious?

SHERLOCK: No, of course not. His wife left him because his breath stinks and he likes to wear her lingerie.

KINGSLEY: I don’t! Just the bras.

SHERLOCK: Get out.

JOHN: So. What’s this all about, then?

SHERLOCK: Having fun.

JOHN: Fun?

SHERLOCK: While I can.

JOHN: Mm-hm.

HOPKINS: Uh, Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Borgia Pearl, boring, go.

HOPKINS: Uh, but, uh ...

SHERLOCK: Go! Oh, this had better be good.

LESTRADE: Oh, I think you’ll like it.

JOHN: That is the bust, isn’t it? The one that was broken.

LESTRADE: No, it isn’t. It’s another one; different owner, different part of town. You were right! This is a ... this is a thing. Something’s going on. What’s wrong? I thought you’d be pleased.

SHERLOCK: I *am* pleased.

LESTRADE: You don’t *look* pleased.

SHERLOCK: This is my game face. And the game is on.

LESTRADE: Another two have been smashed since the Welsborough one: one belonging to Mr Mohandes Hassan ...

JOHN: Identical busts?

LESTRADE: Yeah; and this one to a Doctor Barnicot in Holborn. Three in total. God knows who’d wanna do something like this.

JOHN: Yeah, well some people have that complex, don’t they – an idée fixe. They obsess over one thing and they can’t let it go.

SHERLOCK: No, no good. There were other images of Margaret ... Margaret?

JOHN: You know who she is.

SHERLOCK: ... Thatcher present at the first break-in. Why would a monomaniac fixate on just one? Ooh.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: Blood. Quite a bit of it, too. Was there any injury at the crime scene?

LESTRADE: Nah.

SHERLOCK: Then our suspect must have cut themselves breaking the bust. Come on.

LESTRADE: Holborn?

SHERLOCK: Lambeth.

LESTRADE: Lambeth? Why?

SHERLOCK: To see Toby.

JOHN: Ah, right. *Who*?

SHERLOCK: You’ll see.

JOHN: Right. You coming?

SHERLOCK: No. He’s got a lunch date with a brunette forensic officer that he doesn’t want to be late for.

LESTRADE: Who told you?

SHERLOCK: The right sleeve of your jacket ... plus the formaldehyde mixed with your cologne ... and your *complete* inability to stop looking at your watch. Have a good time.

LESTRADE: I will.

SHERLOCK: Trust me, though, she’s not right for you.

LESTRADE: What?

SHERLOCK: She’s not the one.

LESTRADE: Well, thank you, Mystic Meg(!)

JOHN: How’d you work all that out?

SHERLOCK: She’s got three children in Rio that he doesn’t know about.

JOHN: Are you just making this up?

SHERLOCK: Possibly.

JOHN: Who’s Toby?

SHERLOCK: There’s a kid I know, hacker, *brilliant* hacker, one of the world’s best. He got himself into serious trouble with the Americans a couple of years ago. He hacked into the Pentagon’s security system, and I managed to get him off the charge. Therefore he owes me a favour.

JOHN: So, how does that help us?

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: Toby the hacker.

SHERLOCK: Toby’s not the hacker.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: All right, Craig?

CRAIG: All right, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Craig’s got a dog!

JOHN: So I see.

SHERLOCK: Good boy!

MARY: Hiya!

JOHN: Mary, what are you ...? No, we-we agreed we would never bring Rosie out on a case.

MARY: No, exactly, so ... don’t wait up. Hey, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Hey.

JOHN: But ... Mary, what are you doing here?

SHERLOCK: She’s better at this than you.

JOHN: Better?

SHERLOCK: So I texted her.

JOHN: Hang on. Mary’s better than me?

SHERLOCK: Well, she *is* a retired super-agent with a terrifying skill set. Of *course* she’s better.

JOHN: Yeah, okay.

SHERLOCK: Nothing personal.

JOHN: What, so I’m supposed to just go home now, am I?

MARY: Oh, what do you think, Sherlock? Shall we take him with us?

SHERLOCK: John or the dog?

JOHN: Ha-ha, that’s funny.

MARY: John.

SHERLOCK: Well ...

MARY: He’s handy and loyal.

JOHN: That’s hilarious.

SHERLOCK: Mm.

JOHN: Is it too early for a divorce?

MARY: Aww!

SHERLOCK: Barnicot’s house, then. Anyone up for a trudge? Keep up. He’s fast.

JOHN: He’s not moving.

SHERLOCK: He’s thinking.

JOHN: He’s *really* not moving.

SHERLOCK: Slow but sure, John; not dissimilar to yourself.

JOHN: You just like this dog, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: Well, I like *you*.

MARY: He’s still not moving.

SHERLOCK: Fascinating.

SHERLOCK: Well? What do you make of it?

MARY: They were looking for something.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but it wasn’t a burglar. They came specifically for that Thatcher bust. Why? Clever.

MARY: Well, if you were wounded and you knew you were leaving a trail, where *would* you go?

JOHN: Like hiding a tree in a forest.

SHERLOCK: Or blood in a butchers’. Never mind, Toby. Better luck next time, hm? This is it, though. This is the one. I can feel it.

JOHN: Not Moriarty?

SHERLOCK: It *has* to be him. It’s too bizarre; it’s too baroque. It’s designed to beguile me, tease me, lure me in. At *last* – a noose for me to put my neck into.

MARY: You should have seen the state of the front room. It was like ‘The Exorcist.’

JOHN: Hm! Was Rosie’s head spinning round?

MARY: No. Just the projectile vomiting.

JOHN: Nice(!)

MARY: Hm! No, you’d think we’d have noticed when she was born.

JOHN: Hm? Noticed what?

MARY: The little ‘666’ on her forehead.

JOHN: That’s ‘The Omen.’

MARY: So?

JOHN: Well, you said it was like ‘The Exorcist.’ They’re two different things. She can’t be the Devil *and* the Antichrist.

MARY: Yeah, can’t she? Coming, darling. Mummy’s coming. Oh, what are you doing?! What are you doing?! Come here!

CRAIG: Have you heard of that thing, in Germany?

SHERLOCK: You’re going to have to be more specific, Craig.

CRAIG: ‘Ostalgie.’ People who miss the old days under the Communists. People are weird, aren’t they?

SHERLOCK: Mm.

CRAIG: According to this, there’s quite a market for Cold War memorabilia – Thatcher, Reagan, Stalin. Time’s a great leveller, innit? Thatcher’s like – I dunno – Napoleon now.

SHERLOCK: Yes, fascinating, irrelevant. Where exactly did they come from?

CRAIG: I’ve got into the records of the suppliers – Gelder & Co. Seems they’re from Georgia.

SHERLOCK: Where exactly?

CRAIG: Uh, Tbilisi. Batch of six. One to Welsborough; one to Hassan; one to Doctor Barnicot. *Two* to Miss Orrie Harker ... one to a Mr Jack Sandeford of Reading.

SHERLOCK: Lestrade, another one?

LESTRADE: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Harker or Sandeford?

LESTRADE: Harker. And it’s murder this time.

SHERLOCK: Hm, that perks things up a bit.

LESTRADE: Defensive wounds on her face and hands. Throat cut – sharp blade.

SHERLOCK: The same thing inside the house? The bust?

LESTRADE: Two of them this time.

SHERLOCK: Interesting. That batch of statues was made in Tbilisi several years ago – limited edition of six.

LESTRADE: And now someone’s wandering about destroying ’em all. Makes no sense. What’s the point?

SHERLOCK: No, they’re not destroying them. That’s not what’s happening.

LESTRADE: Yes it is.

SHERLOCK: Well, it *is* what’s happening, but it’s not the point. I’ve been slow; far too slow.

LESTRADE: Well, I’m *still* being slow over here, so if you wouldn’t mind ...

SHERLOCK: Slow but lucky; *very* lucky. And since they smashed both busts, our luck might just hold. Jack Sandeford of Reading is where I’m going next. Congratulations, by the way.

LESTRADE: I’m sorry?

SHERLOCK: Well, you’re about to solve a big one.

LESTRADE: Yeah, until John publishes his blog.

SHERLOCK: Yeah. ’Til then, basically.

SANDEFORD: That’s enough now, love. Daddy has things to do, I’m afraid. And you need to get to bed! Come on!

SHERLOCK: Wouldn’t it be much simpler to take out your grievances at the polling station? You were on the run; nowhere to hide your precious cargo. You find yourself in a workshop. Plaster busts of The Iron Lady drying. It’s clever, very clever. But now you’ve met me, and you’re not so clever, are you?

THE INTRUDER: Who are you?

SHERLOCK: My name is Sherlock Holmes.

THE INTRUDER: Goodbye, Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: You’re out of time. Tell me about your boss, Moriarty.

THE INTRUDER: Who?

SHERLOCK: I know it’s him. It *must* be him.

THE INTRUDER: You think you understand. You understand *nothing*.

SHERLOCK: Well, before the police come in and spoil things, why don’t we just enjoy the moment? Let me present Interpol’s number one case. Too tough for them; too boring for me. The Black Pearl of the Borgias. It’s not possible. How could she ...?

*MARY: Everything about who I was is on there.*

*JOHN: The problems of your past are your business. The problems of your future are my privilege.*

SHERLOCK: I don’t understand. She ... she destroyed it.

THE INTRUDER: “She.” You *know* her. You *do*, don’t you? You *know* the bitch. She betrayed me; betrayed us all.

SHERLOCK: Mary. This is about *Mary*.

THE INTRUDER: Is that what she’s calling herself now, eh?

LESTRADE: Armed police! You’re surrounded!

THE INTRUDER: Give it to me. *Give it to me!*

LESTRADE: Come out slowly. I wanna see your hands above your head.

THE INTRUDER: Nobody shoots me! Anyone shoots, I kill this man!

LESTRADE: Lay down your weapon. Do it now!

THE INTRUDER: I’m leaving this place. If no-one follows me, no-one dies.

LESTRADE: Lay down your weapon!

THE INTRUDER: You’re policemen. I’m a professional. Tell her she’s a dead woman. She’s a dead woman walking.

SHERLOCK: She’s my friend, and she’s under my protection. Who are you?

THE INTRUDER: I’m the man ... who’s gonna kill your friend. Who’s Sherlock Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Not a policeman.

AMBASSADOR: What do *you* think? Mate in two?

SOLDIER *(in Georgian)*: I will shoot you.

HUSBAND: Don’t antagonise them, darling.

AMBASSADOR: Oh, what else is there to do? Chess palls after three months. *Everything* palls.

HUSBAND: They’ll send someone soon.

AMBASSADOR: “They”? Who are “they”? Seems to me we’ve put an awful lot of faith in “they.” Well, I’ve got something “they” would dearly love if only we could get out of here. I’ve got Ammo.

HUSBAND: Ammo?

MARY: Madam Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR: What took you so long?

MARY: Can’t get the staff.

OPERATIVE: Everyone out! Now!

AGRA OPERATIVE: To your left!

THAT MAN: What now? What do we do?

MARY: We die.

SHERLOCK: Well?

LESTRADE: He can’t have got far. We’ll have him in a bit.

SHERLOCK: I very much doubt it.

LESTRADE: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because I think he used to work with Mary.

SOLDIER *(in Russian)*: I tell you, bitch, I will shoot!

GOLD TEETH MAN: Ammo. Ammo. Ammo. Ammo. Ammo. Ammo-o-o-o-o.

GUARD: He passed out again. It’s no fun when they pass out. We’ll come back later.

GOLD TEETH MAN: What would he do if he knew, huh? About the English woman?

GUARD: What would *you* do to a traitor? Maybe we’ll tell him one day. If he lives that long.

SHERLOCK: I am an idiot. I know nothing.

MARY: Well, I’ve been telling you that for ages! That was quite a text you sent me. What’s going on, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: I was so convinced it was Moriarty, I couldn’t see what was right under my nose. I expected a pearl.

MARY: Oh my God. That’s a ...

SHERLOCK: Yes, it’s an AGRA memory stick like you gave John, except this one belongs to someone else. Who?

MARY: I don’t know. We-we all had one, but the others w... Well, haven’t you even looked at it yet?

SHERLOCK: I glanced at it, but I’d prefer to hear it from you.

MARY: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because I’ll know the truth when I hear it.

MARY: Oh, Sherlock. There were four of us. Agents.

SHERLOCK: Not just agents.

MARY: Polite term. Alex; Gabriel; me; and Ajay. There was absolute trust between us. The memory sticks guaranteed it. We all had one, each containing aliases, our background, everything. We could never be betrayed because we had everything we needed to destroy the other.

SHERLOCK: Who employed you?

MARY: Anyone who paid well. I mean, we were at the top of our game for years, and then it all ended. There was a coup in Georgia. The British embassy in Tbilisi was taken over; lots of hostages. We got the call to go in, get them out. There was a change of plan, a last-minute adjustment.

SHERLOCK: Who from?

MARY: I don’t know. Just another voice on the phone, and a code word, “Ammo.”

SHERLOCK: “Ammo”?

MARY: Like ‘ammunition.’ We went in, but then something went wrong. Something went really wrong. That was six years ago. Feels like forever. I was the only one that made it out.

SHERLOCK: No.

MARY: What?

SHERLOCK: I met someone tonight: the same someone who’s looking for the sixth Thatcher.

MARY: Oh my God. That’s Ajay. That’s him. What, he’s alive?

SHERLOCK: Yeah, very much so.

MARY: I don’t believe it! This is amazing! I thought I was the only one. I thought I was the only one who got out. Where is he? I need to see him *now*!

SHERLOCK: Before you gave it to John, did you keep your memory stick safe?

MARY: Yeah, of course. It was our insurance. Above all, they mustn’t fall into enemy hands.

SHERLOCK: So Ajay survived as well, and now he’s looking for the memory stick he managed to hide with all of AGRA’s old aliases on it. But why?

MARY: I don’t know!

SHERLOCK: Tbilisi was six years ago. Where’s he been? Mary, I’m sorry to tell you this, but he wants you dead.

MARY: Sorry, no, no, ’cause we-we were family.

SHERLOCK: Families fall out. The memory stick is the easiest way to track you down. You’re the only other survivor. It must be *you* that he wants, and he’s already killed looking for the Thatcher bust.

MARY: Well, he’s just trying to find me. He survived. That’s all that matters!

SHERLOCK: I heard it from his own mouth. “Tell her she’s a dead woman walking.”

MARY: Why would he want to kill me?

SHERLOCK: He said you betrayed him.

MARY: Oh, no, no, that’s insane.

SHERLOCK: Well, it’s what he believes.

MARY: I suppose I was always afraid this might happen; that something in my past would come back to haunt me one day.

SHERLOCK: Yes, well he’s a very *tangible* ghost.

MARY: God, I just wanted a bit of peace, and I *really* thought I had it.

SHERLOCK: No. Mary, you *do*. I made a vow, remember? To look after the three of you.

MARY: Sherlock the dragon slayer.

SHERLOCK: Stay close to me and I will keep you safe from him. I promise you.

MARY: There’s something I think you should read.

SHERLOCK: What is it?

MARY: I hoped I wouldn’t have to do this.

SHERLOCK: What are you ...? Mary.

MARY: There you go.

SHERLOCK: Oh, no.

MARY: It’s all right. It’s for the best, believe me.

SHERLOCK: No.

MARY: You just look after them ’til I get back. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.

CHILD’S VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below / The old beech tree? ♪

MYCROFT: Agra? A city on the banks of the river Yamuna in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh, India. It is three hundred and seventy-eight kilometres west of the state capital, Lucknow ...

SHERLOCK: What are you, Wikipedia?

MYCROFT: Yes.

SHERLOCK: AGRA is an acronym.

MYCROFT: Oh, good. I love an acronym. All the best secret societies have them.

SHERLOCK: Team of agents, the best. But you know all that.

MYCROFT: Of *course* I do. Go on.

SHERLOCK: One of them, Ajay, is looking for Mary, *also* one of the team.

MYCROFT: Indeed? Well, that’s news to me.

SHERLOCK: *Is* it? He’s already killed looking for that memory stick. AGRA always worked for the highest bidder. I thought that might include you.

MYCROFT: Me?

SHERLOCK: Well, I mean the British government or whatever government you’re currently propping up.

MYCROFT: AGRA were very reliable; then came the Tbilisi incident. They were sent in to free the hostages but it all went horribly wrong. And that was that. We stopped using freelancers.

SHERLOCK: Your initiative?

MYCROFT: My initiative. Freelancers are too woolly; too messy. I don’t like loose ends – not on my watch.

SHERLOCK: There was something else; a detail, a code word.

MYCROFT: “AMMO”?

SHERLOCK: It’s all I’ve got.

MYCROFT: Little enough.

SHERLOCK: Could you do some digging, as a favour?

MYCROFT: You don’t have many favours left.

SHERLOCK: Then I’m calling them all in.

MYCROFT: And if you *can* find who’s after her and neutralise them, what then? You think you can go on saving her forever?

SHERLOCK: Of course.

MYCROFT: Is that sentiment talking?

SHERLOCK: No. It’s *me*.

MYCROFT: Difficult to tell the difference these days.

SHERLOCK: *Told* you: I made a promise, a vow.

MYCROFT: All right. I’ll see what I can do. But remember this, brother mine: agents like Mary tend not to reach retirement age. They *get* retired in a pretty permanent sort of way.

SHERLOCK: Not on my watch.

MARY: My darling. I need to tell you this because you mustn’t hate me for going away.

MARY: Pardon me. I can hear a squeaking. Can *you* hear a squeaking?

PASSENGER: No.

MARY: Only I watched a documentary on the Discovery Channel. “Why Planes Fail.” Did you see it?

PASSENGER: Can’t say I did.

MARY: Oh, truly terrifying. Swore I would *never* fly again, yet here I am!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Everything okay, madam?

MARY: No! No, no, it’s not, but then what’s the use in complaining? I hear a squeaking. Probably the wing’ll come off, is all.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Everything’s fine, I promise you. Just relax.

MARY: Oh, okay, relax. She said relax.

PASSENGER: Did you have a nice time? In London?

MARY: It was okay, I guess, but did somebody hide the sun? Did you lose it in the war?

MARY: I gave myself permission to have an ordinary life. I’m not running. I promise you that. I just need to do this in my own way.

MARY: Oh God. I’m s... I-I don’t feel so good. Oh my God.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Everything okay, madam?

MARY: I think I’m dying. I don’t feel so good.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: You’re all right.

MARY: Oh ... you’re sweet. You have a very kind face. God will smile on you.

MARY: ... but I don’t want you and Sherlock hanging off my gun arm. I’m sorry, my love. I know you’ll try to find me, but there is no point. Every move is random and not even Sherlock Holmes can anticipate the roll of a dice. I need to move the target far, far away from you and Rosie, and then I’ll come back, my darling. I *swear* I will.

MALE VOICE: Not like this, my friend. You haven’t got a chance, not a chance. I’ve got you where I want you. Give in! Give in! I will destroy you. You’re completely at my mercy.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Mr Baker. Well, that completes the set.

MALE VOICE: No it does not.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Well, who else am I missing?

KARIM: Master Bun. It’s not a set without him. How many more times, Mr Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: Maybe it’s because I’m not familiar with the concept. Oh, hi, Mary.

KARIM: What concept?

SHERLOCK: Happy families. Nice trip?

MARY: How the f...

SHERLOCK: Please, Mary. There is a child present.

MARY: How did you get in here?!

SHERLOCK: Karim let me in.

KARIM: Hello.

SHERLOCK: Karim, would you be so kind as to fetch us some tea?

KARIM: Sure.

SHERLOCK: Thank you.

KARIM: Nice to meet you, missus.

MARY: No, I-I-I mean how did you find me?

SHERLOCK: I’m Sherlock Holmes.

MARY: No, *really*, though, how? Every movement I made was entirely random; every new personality just on the roll of a dice!

SHERLOCK: Mary, no human action is ever truly random. An advanced grasp of the mathematics of probability mapped onto a thorough apprehension of human psychology and the known dispositions of any given individual can reduce the number of variables considerably. I myself know of at least fifty-*eight* techniques to refine this seemingly *infinite* array of randomly generated possibilities down to the smallest number of feasible variables. But they’re really difficult, so instead I just ... stuck a tracer on the inside of the memory stick.

MARY: Oh, you bastard! You bastard!

SHERLOCK: I know, but your face!

MARY: “The mathematics of probability”?!

SHERLOCK: You believed that.

MARY: “Feasible variables”!

SHERLOCK: Yes. I started to run out about then.

MARY: In the *memory stick*!

JOHN: Yeah, that was *my* idea.

JOHN: AGRA.

MARY: Yes.

JOHN: Mm-hm. You said it was your initials.

MARY: In a way, that was true.

JOHN: In a way? So many lies.

MARY: I’m so sorry.

JOHN: I don’t just mean you.

MARY: What?

JOHN: Alex, Gabriel, Ajay ... You’re ‘R.’ Rosamund.

MARY: Rosamund Mary. I always liked ‘Mary.’

JOHN: Yeah, me too. I *used* to.

MARY: I ju... I didn’t know what else to do.

JOHN: You could have stayed. You could have talked to me. That’s what couples are *supposed* to do: work things through.

MARY: Yes. Yes, of course.

JOHN: Mary, I may not be a *very* good man, but I think I’m a bit better than you give me credit for, most of the time.

MARY: *All* the time. You’re always a good man, John. I’ve never doubted that. You never judge; you never complain. I don’t deserve you. I ... All I ever wanted to do was keep you and Rosie safe, that’s all.

SHERLOCK: I will keep you safe. But it has to be in London. It’s my city; I know the turf. Come home and everything will be all right, I promise you. *Get down!*

AJAY: Hello again.

MARY: Ajay?

AJAY: Oh, you remember me. I’m touched.

MARY: Look, I thought you were dead, believe me, I did.

AJAY: I’ve been looking forward to this for longer than you can imagine.

MARY: I swear to you, I thought you were dead. I thought I was the only one who got out.

SHERLOCK: How did you find us?

AJAY: By following you, Sherlock Holmes. I mean, you’re clever – you found *her* – but I found *you*, so perhaps *not* so clever. And now here we are, at last. Touché.

JOHN: Listen: whatever you *think* you know, we can talk about this. We can work it out.

AJAY: She thought I was dead. I might as well have been.

MARY: It was always just the four of us, always, remember?

AJAY: Oh yeah.

MARY: So why d’you want to kill me?

AJAY: D’you know how long they kept me prisoner; what they did to me? They tortured Alex to death. I can still hear the sound of his back breaking. But you, you – where were you?

MARY: That day at the embassy, I escaped.

AJAY: Oh, yeah.

MARY: But I lost sight of you too, so *you* explain: where were *you*?

AJAY: Oh, I got out ... for a while. Long enough to hide my memory stick. I didn’t want that to fall into their hands. *I* was loyal, you see; loyal to my friends. But they took me, tortured me. Not for information. Not for anything except fun. Oh, they thought I’d give in, die, but I didn’t. I lived, and eventually they forgot about me just rotting in a cell somewhere. Six years they kept me there, until one day I saw my chance. Oh, and I-I made them pay. You know, all the time I was there, I just kept picking up things – little whispers, laughter, gossip: how the clever agents had been betrayed. Brought down by *you*.

MARY: Me? You know I’ll kill you too. You know I *will*, Ajay.

AJAY: What, you think I care if I die? I’ve dreamed of killing you every night for six years ... of squeezing the life out of your treacherous, lying throat.

MARY: I swear to you, Ajay.

SHERLOCK: What did you hear, Ajay? When you were a prisoner, what *exactly* did you hear?

AJAY: What did I hear? Ammo. Every day as they tore into me. Ammo. Ammo. Ammo. Ammo. We were betrayed!

SHERLOCK: And they said it was her?

AJAY: *You* betrayed us!

SHERLOCK: They said her *name*?

AJAY: Yeah, they said it was the English woman.

MARY: *No!* No!

SHERLOCK: The English woman. That’s all he heard. Naturally he assumed it was Mary.

MYCROFT: Couldn’t this wait until you’re back?

SHERLOCK: No, it’s not over. Ajay said that they’d been betrayed. The hostage takers *knew* AGRA were coming. There was only a voice on the phone, remember, and a code word.

MYCROFT: Ammo, yes, you said.

SHERLOCK: How’s your Latin, brother dear?

MYCROFT: My *Latin*?

SHERLOCK: Amo, amas, amat.

MYCROFT: I love, you love, he loves. What ...?

SHERLOCK: Not ‘ammo’ as in ‘ammunition’ but ‘amo,’ meaning ...?

MYCROFT: You’d better be right, Sherlock.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Bloody thing. What’s going on?

SIR EDWIN: I’m very sorry, Lady Smallwood. Your security protocols have been temporarily rescinded.

LADY SMALLWOOD: What?!

JOHN’s VOICE: So many lies. I don’t just mean you.

JOHN: Oh, sh...

WOMAN: Hello.

JOHN: Ah. Hello.

WOMAN: I like your daisy!

JOHN: Thank you, yeah. It’s not really me, though, I don’t think.

WOMAN: No?

JOHN: No.

WOMAN: Shame.

JOHN: No, it’s too floral for me. I’m more of a knackered-with-weary-old-eyes kind of guy.

WOMAN: Well, *I* think they’re nice. Nice eyes.

JOHN: Thank you!

WOMAN: Look, look ... I don’t normally do this but, um ...

JOHN: But you’re gonna.

WOMAN: Yeah!

JOHN: What’s this?

WOMAN: This is *me*.

JOHN: Thank you. Cheers.

WOMAN: Yeah, okay, ’bye!

JOHN: ’Bye.

MARY: No, you’d think we’d have noticed when she was born.

JOHN: Hm? Noticed what?

MARY: The little ‘666’ on her forehead.

JOHN: That’s ‘The Omen.’

MARY: So?

JOHN: Well, you said it was like ‘The Exorcist.’ They’re two different things. She can’t be the Devil *and* the Antichrist.

MARY: Yeah, can’t she? Coming, darling. I’m coming. Oh, what are you doing?! What are you doing?! Come on. It’s okay. Oh, you’re not gonna stop crying, are you? I know: shall we go see Daddy? Let’s go and see Daddy! Daddy’s here. It’s okay, Rosie.

JOHN: I’ll take her.

MARY: Yeah.

JOHN: Yeah, I may as well get up now.

MARY: Hey, baby, it’s Daddy! It’s your daddy!

JOHN: Come here, Rose.

MARY: Yeah!

JOHN: Come here, darling. It’s all right.

MARY: Ah, thank you.

LADY SMALLWOOD: This is absolutely ridiculous and you know it. How many more times?

MYCROFT: Six years ago you held the brief for foreign operations, code name “Love.”

LADY SMALLWOOD: And you’re basing all this on a code name? On a whispered voice on the telephone? Come on, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: You were the conduit for AGRA. Every assignment, every detail, they got from you.

LADY SMALLWOOD: It was my job.

MYCROFT: Then there was the Tbilisi incident. AGRA went in.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Yes.

MYCROFT: And they were betrayed.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Not by me. Mycroft, we’ve known each other a long time. I promise you, I haven’t the foggiest idea what all this is about. *You* wound up AGRA and all the other freelancers. I haven’t done any of the things you’re accusing me of. Not one. Not. One.

JOHN: D’you think she’ll like bedtime stories? I’d like to do those.

MARY: Yeah?!

JOHN: Yeah, I just make a series of gurgling noises at the moment – although she does seem to enjoy ’em.

MARY: Well, I’ll have to give that a go! Got a lot to catch up on.

*AJAY: You think you understand. You understand nothing.*

*MYCROFT: Code names Antarctica, Langdale, Porlock and Love ...*

*MARY: You’d be amazed what a receptionist picks up. They know everything.*

*AJAY: They said it was the English woman.*

*MYCROFT: Don’t minute any of this.*

*MARY: They know everything.*

MARY: You don’t make it easy, do you?

JOHN: What d’you mean?

MARY: Well, being ... being so perfect.

JOHN: Mary ... I-I need to tell you ...

MARY: Hang on. Can you tell me later?

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: Great.

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: Well, no, we can’t just go.

JOHN: Rosie.

MARY: Yeah.

JOHN: Uh, you go.

MARY: No!

JOHN: I’ll, um, come as soon as I’ve found someone. Mrs Hudson.

MARY: Corfu ’til Saturday. Molly.

JOHN: Uh, yeah, I’ll try.

MARY: Well, we should both stay and wait for her.

JOHN: You know that’s not gonna happen. If there’s more to this case, you’re the one who needs to see it.

MARY: Yeah, okay. You win.

TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT: Ladies and gentlemen, the Aquarium will be closing in five minutes. Please make your way to the exit. Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Your office said I’d find you here.

VIVIAN: This was always my favourite spot for agents to meet. We’re like them: ghostly, living in the shadows.

SHERLOCK: Predatory.

VIVIAN: Well, it depends which side you’re on. Also, we have to keep moving or *we* die.

SHERLOCK: Nice location for the final act. Couldn’t have chosen it better myself. But then I never *could* resist a touch of the dramatic.

VIVIAN: I just come here to look at the fish. I knew this would happen one day. It’s like that old story.

SHERLOCK: I really am a very busy man. Would you mind cutting to the chase?

VIVIAN: You’re very sure of yourself, aren’t you?

SHERLOCK: With good reason.

VIVIAN: There was once a merchant in a famous market in Baghdad.

SHERLOCK: I really have never liked this story.

VIVIAN: I’m just like the merchant in the story. I thought I could outrun the inevitable. I’ve always been looking over my shoulder; always expecting to see the grim figure of ...

MARY: ... Death.

SHERLOCK: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hey.

SHERLOCK: John?

MARY: On his way.

SHERLOCK: Let me introduce Amo.

MARY: *You* were Amo? You were the person on the phone that time?

SHERLOCK: Using AGRA as her private assassination unit.

MARY: Why did you betray us?

VIVIAN: Why does anyone do anything?

SHERLOCK: Oh, let me guess. Selling secrets?

VIVIAN: Well, it would be churlish to refuse. Worked very well for a few years. I bought a nice cottage in Cornwall on the back of it. But the ambassador in Tbilisi found out. I thought I’d had it. Then she was taken hostage in that coup. I couldn’t believe my luck! That bought me a little time.

SHERLOCK: But then you found out your boss had sent AGRA in.

VIVIAN: Very handy. They were always such reliable killers.

SHERLOCK: What you didn’t know, Mary, was that this one also tipped off the hostage-takers.

VIVIAN: Lady Smallwood gave the order, but I sent another one to the terrorists with a nice little clue about her code name should anyone have an enquiring mind. Seemed to do the trick.

MARY: And you thought your troubles were over.

VIVIAN: I was tired; tired of the mess of it all. I just wanted some peace, some clarity. The hostages were killed, AGRA too ... or so I thought. My secret was safe. But apparently not. Just a little peace. That’s all *you* wanted too, wasn’t it? A family, home. Really, I understand. So just let me get out of here, right? Let me just walk away. I’ll vanish. I’ll go forever. What d’you say?

MARY: After what you did?!

SHERLOCK: Mary, no!

MARY: Okay.

JOHN: London Aquarium. ... *Yes*, now.

VIVIAN: I was never a field agent. I always thought I’d be rather good.

SHERLOCK: Well, you handled the operation in Tbilisi very well.

VIVIAN: Thanks.

SHERLOCK: ... for a secretary.

VIVIAN: What?

SHERLOCK: Can’t have been easy all those years, sitting in the back keeping your mouth shut when you knew you were cleverer than most of the people in the room.

VIVIAN: I didn’t do this out of jealousy!

SHERLOCK: No? Same old drudge, day in, day out, never getting out there where all the excitement was. Just back to your little flat on Wigmore Street. They’ve taken up the pavement outside the Post Office there. The local clay on your shoes is very distinctive. Yes, your *little* flat.

VIVIAN: How do you know?

SHERLOCK: Well, on your salary it would have to be modest and you spent all the money on that cottage, didn’t you, and what are you, widowed or divorced? Wedding ring’s at least thirty years old and you’ve moved it to another finger. That means you’re sentimentally attached to it but you’re not still married. I favour widowed, given the number of cats you share your life with.

MARY: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Two Burmese and a tortoiseshell, judging by the cat hairs on your cardigan. A divorcee’s more likely to look for a new partner; a widow to fill the void left by her dead husband.

MARY: Sherlock, don’t.

SHERLOCK: Pets do that, or so I’m told, and there’s clearly no-one new in your life, otherwise you wouldn’t be spending your Friday nights in an aquarium. That probably accounts for the drink problem, too: the slight tremor in your hand ... the red wine stain ghosting your top lip. So *yes*. I say jealousy *was* your motive after all – to prove how good you are ... to make up for the inadequacies of your *little* life.

MYCROFT: Well, Mrs Norbury. I must admit this is unexpected.

SHERLOCK: Vivian Norbury, who outsmarted them all. All except Sherlock Holmes. There’s no way out.

VIVIAN: So it would seem. You’ve seen right through me, Mr Holmes.

SHERLOCK: It’s what I do.

VIVIAN: Maybe I *can* still surprise you.

LESTRADE: Come on. Be sensible.

VIVIAN: No, I don’t think so. Surprise.

SHERLOCK: Everything’s fine. It’s gonna be okay. Get an ambulance. It’s all right, it’s all right.

JOHN: *Mary!*

MARY: John!

JOHN: Mary? Mary?

JOHN: Stay with me. Stay with me.

MARY: Oh, come on.

JOHN: No, don’t worry. Don’t worry.

MARY: Oh, come on, Doctor, you can do better than that.

JOHN: Come on, Mary. Mary, come on.

MARY: God, John, I think this is it.

JOHN: No-no-no-no, it’s not.

MARY: You made me so happy. You gave me everything I could ever, ever ...

JOHN: Shh-shh.

MARY: ... want.

JOHN: Mary, Mary ...

MARY: Look after Rosie. Promise me.

JOHN: I promise.

MARY: No.

JOHN: Yes, I promise.

MARY: *Promise* me.

JOHN: I promise. I promise.

MARY: Hey, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Yes?

MARY: I ... so like you. Did I ever say?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes, y-you did.

MARY: I’m sorry ... for shooting you that time. I’m really sorry.

SHERLOCK: It’s-it’s all right.

MARY: I think we’re even now, okay?

SHERLOCK: Okay.

JOHN: Mary. Mary.

MARY: I think we’re even; definitely ev... even. You ... You were my whole world. Being Mary Watson ... was the only life worth living.

JOHN: Mary.

MARY: Thank you.

JOHN: Mary. Don’t you dare. You made a vow. You *swore* it. Mary.

ELLA: You’ve been having dreams. A recurring dream? D’you want to talk about it? This is a two-way relationship, you know. The whole world has come crashing down around you. Everything’s hopeless, irretrievable. I know that’s what you must feel, but I can only help you if you completely open yourself up to me.

SHERLOCK: That’s not really my style. I need to know what to do.

ELLA: Do?

SHERLOCK: About John.

MYCROFT: Put me through to Sherrinford, please. ... Yes, I’ll wait.

MRS HUDSON: Nothing will ever be the same again, will it?

SHERLOCK: I’m afraid it won’t.

MRS HUDSON: We’ll have to rally round, I expect. Do our bit. Look after little Rosie.

SHERLOCK: Just going to, um ... look through these things. There might be a case.

MRS HUDSON: A case? Oh. You’re not up to it, are you?

SHERLOCK: Work is the best antidote to sorrow, Mrs Hudson.

MRS HUDSON: Yes, yes, I expect you’re right. I’ll make some tea, shall I?

SHERLOCK: Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON: Yes, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: If you ever think I’m becoming a bit ... full of myself, cocky or ... over-confident ...

MRS HUDSON: Yes?

SHERLOCK: ... would you just say the word ‘Norbury’ to me, would you?

MRS HUDSON: Norbury.

SHERLOCK: Just that. I’d be very grateful. What’s this?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, I brought that up. It was mixed up with my things. Oh God. Is that ...

SHERLOCK: Must be.

MRS HUDSON: Oh!

SHERLOCK: I *knew* it wouldn’t end like this. I *knew* Moriarty made plans.

MARY: *Thought* that would get your attention.

MRS HUDSON: Oh!

MARY: So, this is in case ... in case the day comes. If you are watching this, I’m ... probably dead. I hope I can have an ordinary life, but who knows? Nothing’s certain; nothing’s written. My old life – it was full of consequences. The danger was the fun part, but you can’t outrun that forever. You need to remember that, so ... I’m giving you a case, Sherlock. Might be the hardest case of your career. When I’m ... gone – *if* I’m gone – I need you to do something for me.

MOLLY: Hi.

SHERLOCK: I just ... wondered how things were going and ... and if there was anything I could do.

MOLLY: It’s, uh, it’s from John.

SHERLOCK: Right.

MOLLY: You don’t need to read it now. I’m sorry, Sherlock. He says ... Jo-John said if you were to come round asking after him, offering to help ...

SHERLOCK: Yes?

MOLLY: He ... said he’d r... that he’d rather have anyone but you. Anyone.

MARY: I’m giving you a case, Sherlock. When I’m gone – *if* I’m ... gone – I need you to do something for me. Save John Watson. Save him, Sherlock. Save him.

SHERLOCK: When does the path we walk on lock around our feet? When does the road become a river with only one destination? Death waits for us all in Samarra. But can Samarra be avoided?

MARY: Go to Hell, Sherlock.

**The Lying Detective**

WOMAN: Tell me about your morning. Start from the beginning.

JOHN: I woke up.

THERAPIST: How did you sleep?

JOHN: I didn’t. I don’t.

THERAPIST: You just said you woke up.

JOHN: I stopped lying down.

THERAPIST: Alone?

JOHN: Of course alone.

THERAPIST: I meant Rosie, your daughter.

JOHN: Uh, she’s with friends.

THERAPIST: Why?

JOHN: Can’t always cope ... and, uh, last night wasn’t ... good.

THERAPIST: That’s understandable.

JOHN: Is it? Why? *Why* is it understandable? Why does everything have to be understandable? Why can’t, um, some things be *un*acceptable and-and we just *say* that?

THERAPIST: I only mean it’s okay.

JOHN: I’m letting my daughter down. How the hell is that okay?

THERAPIST: You just lost your wife.

JOHN: And Rosie just lost her mother.

THERAPIST: You are holding yourself to an unreasonable standard.

JOHN: No, I’m failing to.

THERAPIST: So there is no-one you talk to, confide in?

JOHN: No-one. ... Oh, I’m picking up Rosie this afternoon, after I’ve seen my therapist. Got a new one; seeing her today.

MARY: Are you gonna tell her about me?

JOHN: No.

MARY: Why not?

JOHN: ’Cause I can’t.

MARY: Why *not*?

JOHN: Because I can’t ... you *know* I can’t. She thinks you’re dead.

MARY: John, you’ve got to remember. It’s important. I *am* dead. *Please*, for your own sake and for Rosie’s. This isn’t real. I’m dead. John. Look at me.

JOHN: Hm.

MARY: I’m not here. You *know* that, don’t you?

JOHN: Okay, I’ll see you later.

THERAPIST: Is there anything you’re not telling me?

JOHN: No.

THERAPIST: What are you looking at?

JOHN: Nothing.

THERAPIST: You keep glancing to my left.

JOHN: Oh, I suppose I was just ... looking away.

THERAPIST: There is a difference between looking away and looking *to*. I tend to notice these things.

JOHN: I’m sure.

THERAPIST: Now I am reminding you of your friend, I think.

JOHN: It’s not necessarily a good thing.

THERAPIST: Do you talk to Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: I haven’t seen him. No-one’s seen him. He’s locked himself away in his flat. God knows *what* he’s up to.

THERAPIST: Do you blame him?

JOHN: I don’t blame ... I don’t think about him.

THERAPIST: Has he attempted to make contact with you?

JOHN: No.

THERAPIST: How can you be sure? He might have tried.

JOHN: No, if Sherlock Holmes wants to get in touch, that’s not something you can fail to notice.

THERAPIST: Well, now ... won’t you introduce me?

SMITH: Hello, thank you, thank you.

FAITH: Hello.

CORNELIA: Mr Smith? Whenever you’re ready.

SMITH: Uh, the charity fun...

SMITH: Now, please.

CORNELIA: Bring them through.

SMITH: It’s difficult having such good friends. Friends are people you want to share with. Friends and ... family. What’s the very worst thing you can do to your very best friends?

IVAN: Something on your mind?

SMITH: Yes, Ivan. Oh, yes.

IVAN: Whatever you tell us stays in this room. I think I speak for everyone.

FAITH: Well? What *is* the worst thing you could do?

SMITH: Tell them your darkest secret. Because if you tell them and they decide they’d rather not know, you can’t take it back. You can’t unsay it. Once you’ve opened your heart, you can’t close it again. I’m kidding! Of *course* you can. Well, everyone, please, roll up your right sleeves. Roll up your right sleeves. Come on. Oh, i-it’s, uh, it’s a bit of insurance.

FAITH: I don’t understand. What is that?

IVAN: TD12. One of ours.

FAITH: One of yours?

IVAN: We make it, my company – TD12. Sells mainly to dentists and hospitals for minor surgical procedures. Interferes with ... the memory.

SMITH: The memory, yes! I-I-I want to thank you, Ivan, for allowing me to use it.

IVAN: Well, I didn’t exactly know who you were going to be using it on.

FAITH: You mean you didn’t ask?

SMITH: Is everyone ready?

FAITH: No.

SMITH: Please, roll up your sleeves. Come on – roll up!

THE OTHER FEMALE GUEST: This is obscene.

SMITH: All I’m doing, Faith, dear ... is getting something off my chest ... without getting it on yours. What you’re about to hear me say may horrify you, but you will forget it. If you think about it, civilisation has always depended on a measure of elective ignorance. These drip feeds will keep the drug in your bloodstreams at exactly the right levels. Nothing that is happening to you now will stay with you for more than a few minutes. I’m afraid that some of the memories you’ve had up to this point might also be ... corrupted. I’m going to share something with you now; something personal and of importance to me. I have a need to confess, but you – I think – might have a need to forget. By the end of this, you’ll be free to go. And don’t worry – by the time you’re back in the outside world, you will not remember any of what you’ve heard.

FAITH: Ignorance is bliss.

SMITH: Well, what’s wrong with bliss?! Some of you know each other and some of you don’t. Please, be aware that one of you is a high-ranking police officer. One of you is a member of the judiciary. One of you sits on the board of a prominent broadcaster. Two of you work for me and one of you, of course, is my lovely daughter, Faith. You are the people I need to hear me. I have made millions, for myself, for the people round this table, for millions of people I’ve never even met. There are charities that I support who wouldn’t exist without me. If life is a balance sheet – and I think it is – well, I believe I’m in credit! But I have a situation that needs to be ... managed ... I have a problem ... and there is only one way that I can solve it.

FAITH: And what’s that?

SMITH: I’m terribly sorry. I need to kill someone.

FAITH: Who?

IVAN: Were we in a meeting? Was there a meeting?

SMITH: I need to kill someone. ... Faith. My dear, dear child.

FAITH: I can’t remember. Can’t remember who you’re gonna kill.

SMITH: Dear, in five minutes you won’t even remember why you were crying. The others are all fine.

FAITH: I know.

SMITH: You know, they’ve gone down the pub. It’s all on me. Oh, Faith. Don’t you think *I* should take that? It’s only going to upset you.

FAITH: Three years ago my father told me he wanted to kill someone. One word, Mr Holmes ... and it changed my world forever. Just one word.

SHERLOCK: What word?

FAITH: A name.

SHERLOCK: What name?

FAITH: I can’t remember. I can’t remember who my father wanted to kill ... and I don’t know if he ever did it.

SHERLOCK: Well, you’ve changed. You no longer top up your tan and your roots are showing. Letting yourself go?

FAITH: Do *you* ever look in the mirror and want to see someone else?

SHERLOCK: No. Do you own an American car?

FAITH: I’m sorry?

SHERLOCK: No, not American; left-hand drive, that’s what I mean.

FAITH: No. Why-why do you ask?

SHERLOCK: Not sure, actually. Probably just noticed something.

FAITH: Are you okay?

SHERLOCK: Oh, of *course* you don’t own a car. You don’t *need* one, do you, living in isolation, no human contact, no visitors.

FAITH: Okay, how do you know that?

SHERLOCK: It’s all here, isn’t it? Look. Cost-cutting’s clearly a priority for you. Look at the size of your kitchen: teeny-tiny. Must be a bit annoying when you’re such a keen cook.

FAITH: I don’t understand.

SHERLOCK: Hang on a minute ... I was looking out of the window. Why was I doing that?

FAITH: I don’t know!

SHERLOCK: Me either. Must have had a reason. It’ll come back to me. Presumably you downsized when you ... when you left your job ... and maybe when you ended your relationship.

FAITH: You can’t know that.

SHERLOCK: ’Course I can. There wasn’t anything physical going on, was there? Quite some time, in fact. There, see? It’s obvious.

FAITH: You can’t tell things like that from a piece of paper.

SHERLOCK: Think I just did, didn’t I? I’m sure that was me.

FAITH: *How*?

SHERLOCK: Dunno. Just sort of ... happens, really. It’s ... like a reflex. I can’t stop it. Coat.

FAITH: I don’t *have* a coat.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, that’s what I just noticed. I wonder why?

WIGGINS: Who you talkin’ to?

SHERLOCK: Piss off.

FAITH: So what do you think?

SHERLOCK: Of what?

FAITH: My case.

SHERLOCK: Oh, it’s way too weird for me. Go to the police; they’re really excellent at dealing with this complicated sort of stuff. Tell them I sent you; that ought to get a reaction. Night-night.

FAITH: Please. I have no-one else to turn to.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but I’m very busy at the moment. I have to drink a cup of tea.

WIGGINS: Is “cup of tea” code?

SHERLOCK: It’s a cup of tea.

WIGGINS: Because you might prefer some ... “coffee.”

FAITH: You’re my last hope.

SHERLOCK: Really? That’s bad luck, isn’t it? Goodnight. Go away.

WIGGINS: *What’s* bad luck?

SHERLOCK: Stop talking. It makes me aware of your existence.

WIGGINS: I always ’ave bad luck. It’s congenital.

SHERLOCK: Handbag.

WIGGINS: That’s not rude. Congenital: it just means ...

SHERLOCK: Handbag! Stop. Wait! Your life is not your own. Keep your hands off it, do you hear me? Off it.  *Off* it.

FAITH: Sorry? What? What are you talking about?

SHERLOCK: Your skirt.

FAITH: My skirt?

SHERLOCK: Look at the hem of it! That’s what I noticed. Sorry, I’m ... still catching up with my brain. It’s terribly fast. Those markings. Do you see them? You only get marks like that by trapping the hem of your skirt in a car door but they’re on the left-hand side, so you weren’t driving; you were in the passenger seat.

FAITH: I came in a taxi.

SHERLOCK: There *is* no taxi waiting in the street outside. That’s what I checked when I went to the window. And you’ve got all the way to the door and not made any move to phone for one, and *look* at you. You didn’t even bring a coat – in this rain? Now, well, that might mean nothing, except for the angle of the scars on your left forearm; you know, under that sleeve that you keep pulling down.

FAITH: Y-you never saw them.

SHERLOCK: No, I didn’t, so thank you for confirming my hypothesis. Don’t really need to check that the angle’s consistent with self-harm, do I?

FAITH: No.

SHERLOCK: Then you can keep your scars. I want to see your handbag.

FAITH: Why?

SHERLOCK: It’s too heavy. You said I was your last hope and now you’re going out into the night with no plan on how you’re getting home ... and a gun. Chips.

FAITH: Chips?

SHERLOCK: You’re suicidal. You’re allowed chips, trust me. It’s about the only perk.

MRS HUDSON: Sherlock? Are you going out?

SHERLOCK: I *think* I remember the way. It’s through there, isn’t it?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, you’re in no state. *Look* at you.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, I’ve got a friend with me, so ...

MRS HUDSON: What friend?

SHERLOCK: ’Bye!

MRS HUDSON: Oh!

SHERLOCK: Come on.

SMITH: I’m Culverton Smith, and in this election year I’ll be voting ...

MYCROFT: For God’s sake. I was talking to the Prime Minister.

MAN: I am sorry, Mr Holmes. It’s your brother. He’s left his flat.

MYCROFT: Was it on fire?

SMITH: Even when I’m on the road, I still like quality food.

SHERLOCK: You see the fold in the middle? For the first few months you kept this hidden, folded inside a book. Must have been a tightly packed shelf, going by the severity of the crease. So obviously you were keeping it hidden from someone living in the same house at a level of intimacy where privacy could not be assumed. Conclusion: relationship. Not any more, though. There’s a pinprick at the top of the paper. For the past few months it’s been on open display on a wall. Conclusion: relationship is over. The paper’s been exposed to steam and a variety of cooking smells ... so it must have been on display in the kitchen. *Lots* of different spices. You’re suicidal, alone and strapped for cash, yet you’re still cooking to impress. You’re keen, then. The kitchen is the most public room in any house, but since any visitor could be expected to ask about a note like this, I have to assume you don’t have any. You’ve isolated yourself.

FAITH: Amazing.

SHERLOCK: I know.

FAITH: I meant the chips.

SHERLOCK: Hm. Let’s go for a walk.

MARY: You should answer it.

JOHN: It’s Mycroft.

MARY: Might be about Sherlock.

JOHN: Of *course* it’s about Sherlock. *Everything*’s about Sherlock.

FAITH: How did you know my kitchen was tiny?

SHERLOCK: Look at the fading pattern on the paper. It’s not much but it’s enough to know your kitchen window faces east. Now, kitchen noticeboards ... By instinct we place them at eye level where there’s natural light. Now look: the sun’s only struck the bottom two thirds ... but the line is straight, so that means we know the paper is facing the window. But because the top section is unaffected ... we know the sunlight can only be entering the room at a steep angle. If the sunlight was able to penetrate the room when the sun was lower in the sky ... then the paper would be equally faded top to bottom. But no. It only makes it when the sun is at its zenith, so I’m betting that you live in a narrow street on the ground floor. Now, if steeply angled sunlight manages to hit eye level on the wall opposite the window, then what do we know about the room? The room’s small.

FAITH: Oh. Big Brother is watching you!

SHERLOCK: Literally.

LADY SMALLWOOD: We can keep tabs. You didn’t have to come in.

MYCROFT: I was talking to the Prime Minister.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Oh, I see.

MYCROFT: What’s he doing? Why’s he just wandering about like a fool?

LADY SMALLWOOD: She died, Mycroft. He’s probably still in shock.

MYCROFT: Everybody dies. It’s the one thing human beings can be relied upon to do. How can it still come as a surprise to people?

LADY SMALLWOOD: You sound cross. Am I going to be taken away by security again?

MYCROFT: I have, I think, apologised extensively.

LADY SMALLWOOD: You haven’t made it up to me.

MYCROFT: And how am I supposed to do that?

FAITH: Sex.

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

FAITH: Sex. How did you know I wasn’t ... getting any?

SHERLOCK: It’s all about the blood. This one comes from the very first night. You can see the pen marks over it. I think you discovered that pain stimulated your memory, so you tried it again later. I’m no expert, but I assume that since your lover failed to notice an increasing number of scars over a period of months, that the relationship was no longer intimate.

FAITH: How do you know he didn’t notice?

SHERLOCK: Oh, well, because he would have done something about it.

FAITH: Would he?

SHERLOCK: Wouldn’t he? Isn’t that what you people do?

FAITH: Well, *that’s* interesting.

SHERLOCK: What is?

FAITH: The way you think.

SHERLOCK: Superbly?

FAITH: Sweetly.

SHERLOCK: I’m not sweet; I’m just high. This way.

FAITH: What? We just came that way.

SHERLOCK: I know. It’s a plan.

FAITH: *What* plan?

MYCROFT: What is it? What-what now?

AGENT: Sorry. Um, traced his route on the map.

MYCROFT: Is he with someone?

AGENT: Not sure. We keep losing visual. Mostly we’re tracking his phone.

SMITH: Don’t call us; we’ll call...

JOHN: I’m trying to sleep. Can you stop ringing my damn phone?

MYCROFT: Sherlock has left his flat for the first time in a week, so I’m having him tracked.

JOHN: Nice. It’s very touching how you can hijack the machinery of the state to look after your own family. Can I go to sleep now?

MYCROFT: Sherlock gone rogue is a legitimate security concern. The fact that I’m his brother changes absolutely nothing. It didn’t the last time and I assure you it won’t with ... with Sherlock.

JOHN: Sorry, what?

MYCROFT: Please phone me if he gets in contact. Thank you.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Do you still speak to Sherrinford?

MYCROFT: I get regular updates.

LADY SMALLWOOD: And?

MYCROFT: Sherrinford is secure.

FAITH: Are we gonna walk all night?

SHERLOCK: Possibly. It’s a long word.

FAITH: What is?

SHERLOCK: “Bollocks.”

EVAN DAVIS: Culverton Smith. All this charity work: what’s in it for you?

SMITH: We must be careful not to burn our bridges.

SHERLOCK: D’you know why I’m going to take your case? Because of the one impossible thing you’ve said.

FAITH: What impossible thing?

SHERLOCK: You said your life turned on one word.

FAITH: Yes: the name of the person my father wanted to kill.

SHERLOCK: *That’s* the impossible thing. Just that, right there.

FAITH: What’s impossible?

SHERLOCK: Names aren’t one word. They’re always at least two. Sherlock Holmes; Faith Smith; Santa Claus; Winston Churchill; Napoleon Bonaparte. Actually, just ‘Napoleon’ would do.

FAITH: Or Elvis?

SHERLOCK: Well, I think we can rule both of them out as targets.

FAITH: Okay, I got it wrong, then. It wasn’t only one word; it can’t have been.

SHERLOCK: And you remember quite distinctly that your whole life turned on *one* word, so that happened, I don’t doubt it, but how can that word be a name – a name you instantly recognised that tore your world apart?

FAITH: Okay, well, how?

SHERLOCK: No idea. Yet. But I don’t work for free.

FAITH: D’you take cash?

SHERLOCK: Not cash, no. “Taking your own life.” Interesting expression. Taking it from who? Oh, once it’s over, it’s not *you* who’ll miss it. Your own death is something that happens to everybody else. Your life is not your own. Keep your hands off it.

FAITH: You’re not what I expected. You’re ...

SHERLOCK: What ... what am I?

FAITH: Nicer.

SHERLOCK: Than who?

FAITH: Anyone.

CHILD’s VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down be... ♪

SHERLOCK: Sorry, I ... Faith? Faith?

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: You said your life turned on one word. A name can’t be one word.

MOLLY’s VOICE: ... if you were to come round asking after him, that he’d rather have anyone but you. Anyone.

FAITH’s VOICE: You’re not what I expected.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: What ... what am I?

FAITH’s VOICE: Nicer.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Than who?

FAITH: Anyone.

MARY’s VOICE: Don’t think anyone else is going to save him, because there isn’t anyone.

FAITH’s VOICE: Anyone.

MOLLY’s VOICE: Anyone.

FAITH’s VOICE: Anyone.

MOLLY’s VOICE: Anyone.

MARY’s VOICE: Anyone.

SMITH: I have a situation ... that needs to be managed. There’s only one way that I can solve it.

FAITH: And what’s that?

SMITH: I need to kill someone.

FAITH: Who?

SHERLOCK: Who?

SMITH: Anyone!

SHERLOCK: Of course! He doesn’t want to kill one person; he wants to kill *anyone*. He’s a serial killer!

SMITH: Anyone.

SHERLOCK: He could be.

SMITH: *Anyone*.

SHERLOCK: Why not? Why shouldn’t he be?

DRIVER: Hey, you! What’s the matter with you?

SMITH’s VOICE: Anyone!

DRIVER: Do you know where you are? Are you drunk?

WIGGINS: Shezza.

SHERLOCK: What are you doing here?

WIGGINS: What were *you* doing in the middle of a bloody street?

SHERLOCK: You should be at Baker Street.

WIGGINS: I *am*. So are you. They found your address; they brought you here. You’ve ’ad too much ... an’ that’s *me* sayin’ this.

SMITH: Kill.

WIGGINS’ VOICE: Sherlock.

SMITH: *Anyone*.

MOLLY’s VOICE: Anyone.

SHERLOCK: They’re always poor ... and lonely, and strange. But those are only the ones we *catch*.

WIGGINS: *Who* do we catch?

SHERLOCK: Serial killers. What if you were *rich* and ... *powerful* and *necessary*.

SMITH: *Anyone.*

SHERLOCK: What if ... you had the compulsion to kill, and money? *What then*?

THERAPIST: Well, now ... won’t you introduce me?

POLICE OFFICER: Right, you there. Stop right where you are.

MRS HUDSON: Huh? What? Oh, John ...

JOHN: Mrs Hudson ...

POLICE OFFICER: Do you have any idea what speed you were going at?

MRS HUDSON: Well, of *course* not. I was on the phone. Oh ... it’s for you, by the way.

POLICE OFFICER: For me?

MRS HUDSON: It’s the government.

POLICE OFFICER: The what?!

JOHN: What’s going on? What’s wrong?

POLICE OFFICER: Hello?

MYCROFT’s VOICE: My name is Mycroft Holmes and I am speaking to you from the Cabinet Office.

JOHN: Look at the state of you! Mrs H, what have you been doing?! What’s happened?

MRS HUDSON: It’s Sherlock! You’ve no idea what I’ve been through!

SHERLOCK: Wait!

WIGGINS: I’m out of ’ere.’e’s lost it.

SHERLOCK: *Where is it*?!

WIGGINS: ’e’s totally gone!

SHERLOCK *“*Once more unto the breach, dear friends ... once more! Or close the wall up with our English dead! ... set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide. Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit to his full height! On, on, you noblest English whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof! And *you*, good yeoman, whose limbs were made in England, show us *here* the mettle of your pasture which I doubt *not*, for there is none of you so mean and base that hath not noble lustre in your eyes! I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, *straining* upon the start! The game’s afoot.” Oh, hello. Can I have a cup of tea?

JOHN: Did you call the police?

MRS HUDSON: Of *course* I didn’t call the police. I’m not a civilian!

MRS HUDSON: These pictures ... they’re that man on the telly, aren’t they?

SHERLOCK: What pictures?

MRS HUDSON: They’re everywhere.

SHERLOCK: Oh, *these* pictures! Oh, you can see them too. That’s good.

THERAPIST: Culverton Smith. This, I think, is relevant from this morning. He’s publicly accused Mr Smith of being a serial killer.

JOHN: Christ! Sherlock on Twitter. He really *has* lost it.

MRS HUDSON: Don’t you *dare* make jokes. Don’t you *dare*. I was terrified!

SHERLOCK Cup of tea! Oh, for goodness’ sakes. What’s the *matter* with you? *Are you having an earthquake?!*

MRS HUDSON: You need to see him, John. You need to *help* him!

JOHN: Nope.

MRS HUDSON: He *needs* you!

JOHN: Somebody else. Not me. Not now.

MRS HUDSON: Now you just listen to me for once in your stupid life. I *know* Mary’s dead and I *know* your heart is broken, but if Sherlock Holmes dies too, who will you have then? Because I tell you something, John Watson. You will not have me.

JOHN: Have you spoken to Mycroft, Molly, uh, anyone?

MRS HUDSON: They don’t matter. You do. Would you just see him? *Please*, John. Or just take a look at him as a doctor? I know you’d change your mind if you did.

JOHN: Yeah, look, okay, maybe, if I get a chance.

MRS HUDSON: D’you promise?

JOHN: I’ll try, if I’m in the area.

MRS HUDSON: Promise me?

JOHN: I promise.

MRS HUDSON: Thank you! Well? On you go. Examine him!

MRS HUDSON: Right, then, mister. Now I need your handcuffs. I happen to know there’s a pair in the salad drawer. I’ve borrowed them before. Oh, get over yourself. You’re not my first smackhead, Sherlock Holmes.

SHERLOCK: The woman’s out of control. I asked for a cup of tea!

JOHN: How did you get him in the boot?

MRS HUDSON: The boys from the café.

SHERLOCK: They dropped me. *Twice*.

MRS HUDSON: And d’you know *why* they dropped you, dear? Because they *know* you.

SHERLOCK: Who’s this one? Is this a new person? I’m against new people.

THERAPIST: Excuse me for a moment.

JOHN: She’s my therapist.

SHERLOCK: Awesome! D’you do block bookings?

JOHN: Whose car is that?

MRS HUDSON: That’s my car.

JOHN: How can that be your car?!

MRS HUDSON: Oh, for God’s sake! I’m the widow of a drug dealer, I own property in central London ... and for the last bloody time, John, I’m not your housekeeper.

THERAPIST: I’m so sorry. I answered your phone. You were busy. I think you’ll want to take it.

JOHN: Uh, yes, hello?

SMITH: Is this Doctor John Watson?

JOHN: Yeah. Who’s this?

SMITH: Culverton Smith. You’ve probably heard of me.

JOHN: Uh, well, yes.

SHERLOCK: Get me a fresh glass of water, please. This one’s filthy.

SMITH: I mean, I’m aware of this morning’s developments.

JOHN: Yes. I’m sure he was being ... hilarious. Sorry, did you say *all* still meeting?

SMITH: You, me and Mr Holmes. I’ve sent a car; should be outside. Mr Holmes gave me an address.

JOHN: Well, he couldn’t have given you *this* one. It’s ...

MAN STANDING OUTSIDE: When you’re ready.

JOHN: When did Sherlock give you this address?

SMITH: Two weeks ago.

JOHN: Two weeks?

SMITH: Yes. Two weeks.

JOHN: How did you know where to find me?

MRS HUDSON: Oh, Sherlock told me. He’s not so difficult when you’ve got a gun on him.

JOHN: How did you know? How? On Monday I decided to get a new therapist. Tuesday afternoon, I chose her. Wednesday morning I booked today’s session. Now, today is Friday. So two weeks ago – two weeks before you were abducted at gunpoint and brought here against your will ... *over* a week before *I* even thought of coming here – you knew exactly where you’d need to be picked up for lunch?

SHERLOCK: Really? I correctly anticipated the responses of people I know well to scenarios I devised? Can’t *everyone* do that?

MRS HUDSON: How?

SHERLOCK: Except the boot. The boot was *mean*.

JOHN: Never mind how. He’s *dying* to tell us that. I want to know *why*.

SHERLOCK: Because Mrs Hudson’s right. I’m burning up. I’m at the bottom of a pit and I’m still falling and I’m *never* climbing out. I need you to know, John – I need you to see that up here ... I’ve still got it, so when I tell you that this ... is the most dangerous, the most *despicable* human being that I have *ever* encountered; when I tell you that this-this *monster must* be ended, *please* remember where you’re standing, because ... you’re standing *exactly* where I said you would be two weeks ago. I’m a mess; I’m in hell; but I am *not* wrong, not about him.

JOHN: So what has all this got to do with me?

SHERLOCK: That creature, that rotting *thing*, is a living breathing coagulation of human evil, and if the only thing I ever do in this world is drive him out of it, then my life will not have been wasted. *Look* at me. Can’t do it, not now. Not alone.

JOHN: Yeah, well, they’re real enough, I suppose.

SHERLOCK: Why would I be faking?

JOHN: Because you’re a liar. You lie all the time. It’s like your mission.

SHERLOCK: I have been many things, John, but when have I *ever* been a malingerer?

JOHN: You pretended to be dead for two years!

SHERLOCK: ... Apart from that?

JOHN: Listen, before I do anything, I need to know what state you’re in.

SHERLOCK: Well, you’re a doctor. Examine me.

JOHN: No, I need a second opinion.

SHERLOCK: Oh, John, calm down. When have you ever managed two opinions? You’d fall over.

JOHN: I need the one person who – unlike me – learned to see through your bullshit long ago.

SHERLOCK: Who’s that, then? I’m sure I would have noticed.

JOHN: The last person *you’d* think of. I want you to be examined by Molly Hooper. D’you hear me? I said Molly Hooper.

SHERLOCK: You’re *really* not gonna like this.

JOHN: Like what?

MOLLY: Um, hel-hello. Is, uh ... I’m sorry, Sh-Sherlock asked me to come.

JOHN: What, two weeks ago?

MOLLY: Yeah. About two weeks.

SHERLOCK: If you’d like to know *how* I predict the future ...

JOHN: I don’t care how.

SHERLOCK: Okay. Fully equipped ambulance; Molly can examine me on the way. It’ll save time. Ready to go, Molly?

MOLLY: Oh, well ...

SHERLOCK: Just tell me when to cough. Hope you remembered my coat.

MOLLY: Wh... I... Sorry. I didn’t know that you were gonna be here. Absolutely no idea what’s going on.

JOHN: Sherlock’s using again.

MOLLY: Oh God. But, um, a-are you sure?

JOHN: No. It’s *Sherlock*. Of *course* I’m not sure. Just check him out.

MRS HUDSON: Is Molly the right person to be doing medicals? She’s more used to dead people. It’s bound to lower your standards.

JOHN: I don’t know. I don’t know *anything* any more. Mrs Hudson. As ever, you are amazing.

MRS HUDSON: No! You’re going to have to buck up a bit, John. You know that, don’t you? The game is on!

JOHN: I’ll do my best.

MRS HUDSON: Anything you need, any time, just ask. Anything at all!

JOHN: Thank you. Sometimes, can I borrow your car?

MRS HUDSON: No.

JOHN: Okay.

MARY: He knew you’d get a new therapist after I died because you’d need to change everything. That’s just what you’re like.

JOHN: Thanks.

MARY: You keep your weekends for Rosie, so you needed to see someone during working hours. Because you’re an idiot, you don’t want anyone at the surgery knowing you’re in therapy, so that restricts you to lunchtime sessions with someone reasonably close. You found four men and one woman, and you are *done* with the world being explained to you by a man. Who isn’t?! So all he needed to do was find the first available lunchtime appointment with a female therapist within cycling distance of your surgery. My God, he knows you.

JOHN: No he doesn’t.

MARY: I’m in your head, John. You’re disagreeing with yourself.

DRIVER: You ready, sir?

JOHN: Yes, I am.

MARY: He *is* the cleverest man in the world, but he’s not a monster.

JOHN: Yeah, he is.

MARY: Yeah, okay, all right, he *is*. Urgh! But he’s *our* monster.

SMITH: I’m a killer. You *know* I’m a killer. But did you know I’m a s...

DIRECTOR: Cut there. What was that? Was that a light?

SMITH: Oh, was that me? Er, was I too good, huh?

CORNELIA: He’s here.

JOHN: Well? How is he?

SHERLOCK: Basically fine.

MOLLY: I’ve seen healthier people on the slab.

SHERLOCK: Yeah but, to be fair, you work with murder victims. They tend to be quite young.

MOLLY: Not funny.

SHERLOCK: *Little* bit funny.

MOLLY: If you keep taking what you’re taking at the rate you’re taking it, you’ve got weeks.

SHERLOCK: Exactly, weeks. Let’s not get ahead of ourselves.

MOLLY: For Christ’s sake, Sherlock, it’s not a game!

SHERLOCK: I’m worried about you, Molly. You seem very stressed.

MOLLY: I’m stressed; you’re dying.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, well, I’m ahead, then. Stress can ruin *every* day of your life. Dying can only ruin one.

JOHN: So this *is* real? You’ve *really* lost it. You’re actually out of control.

SHERLOCK: When have I *ever* been that?

JOHN: Since the day I met you.

SHERLOCK: Oh, clever boy. I’ve missed you fumbling ’round the place.

JOHN: I thought this was some kind of ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: ... trick.

SHERLOCK: ’Course it’s not a trick. It’s a *plan*.

SMITH: Mr Holmes!

SHERLOCK: Thirty feet and closing: the most significant undetected serial killer in British criminal history. Help me bring him down.

JOHN: What ... what plan?

SHERLOCK: I’m not telling you.

JOHN: Why not?

SHERLOCK: Because you won’t like it.

SMITH: Mr Holmes! I don’t do handshakes. It’ll have to be a hug.

SHERLOCK: I know.

SMITH: Oh, Sherlock. Oh, Sherlock! What can I say? Thanks to you ... we’re, uh, we’re everywhere!

MALE REPORTER: Mr Holmes, how did Culverton talk you into this?

SMITH: Well, he-he’s a detective. Maybe I just confessed! Come on. Now, it’s a ... it’s a new kind of breakfast cereal.

MALE REPORTER: Mr Holmes, can you put on the hat?

JOHN: Yeah, he doesn’t really wear the hat.

SMITH: Kids will be getting two of their five-a-day before they’ve even left home!

CORNELIA: Sherlock’s been amazing for us.

SMITH: Breakfast has got to be cool.

CORNELIA: We’re beyond viral.

SMITH: And you know what makes it cool when you’re a kid?

JOHN: What, sorry? Beyond what?

SMITH: *Dangerous.*

DIRECTOR: Set; and action!

SMITH: I’m a killer. You *know* I’m a killer. But did you know ... I’m a cereal killer?! Mm!

DIRECTOR: And cut there. Thank you.

SMITH: We should bag that up, sell it. Make money for that on eBay. I could make more if you like. Any time you like.

JOHN: Has it occurred to you – anywhere in your drug-addled brain – that you’ve just been played?

SHERLOCK: Oh, yes.

JOHN: For an ad campaign.

SHERLOCK: Brilliant, isn’t it?

JOHN: Brilliant?

SHERLOCK: Safest place to hide. Plain sight.

CORNELIA: Mr Holmes? Culverton wants to know if you’re okay going straight to the hospital.

JOHN: Hospital?

CORNELIA: Culverton’s doing a visit. The kids would love to meet you both. I think he sort of promised.

SHERLOCK: Oh, okay.

CORNELIA: If you’d just like to come this way.

JOHN: So ... what *are* we doing here? What’s the point?

SHERLOCK: I needed a hug.

SMITH: What do you think, Mr Holmes? ‘Cereal’ killer.

SHERLOCK: It’s funny ’cause it’s true!

SMITH: See you at the hospital.

SHERLOCK: Oh, you can have this back now.

SMITH: Have what back?

SHERLOCK: Thanks for the hug. Oh, I sent and deleted a text. You might get a reply but I doubt it.

SMITH: It’s password protected.

SHERLOCK: Please!

SMITH: We’re going to have endless fun, Mr Holmes, aren’t we?

SHERLOCK: Oh no. No, not endless.

JOHN: Need another hit, do you?

SHERLOCK: I can wait until the hospital.

NURSE CORNISH: You involved much?

JOHN: Sorry?

NURSE CORNISH: Um, with Mr Holmes – Sherlock and all his cases?

JOHN: Uh, yeah. I’m John Watson.

NURSE CORNISH: Okay.

JOHN: *Doctor* Watson.

NURSE CORNISH: I love his blog, don’t you?

JOHN: *His* blog?

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, don’t you read it?

JOHN: You mean *my* blog.

SHERLOCK: Say what you like about addiction; the day is *full* of highlights.

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, Mr Holmes. You feeling better?

SHERLOCK: Psychedelic!

NURSE CORNISH: I was just saying I love your blog.

SHERLOCK: Great. I ...

JOHN: It’s *my* blog.

SHERLOCK: It is. He writes the blog.

NURSE CORNISH: It’s yours?

JOHN: Yes.

NURSE CORNISH: You write Sherlock’s blog?

JOHN: Yes.

NURSE CORNISH: It’s ... gone downhill a little bit, hasn’t it? Oh, it’s this way, then.

NURSE: Oh, my God; I love your blog!

SHERLOCK: You’re welcome!

SMITH: Right, here he comes, the internet ’tec! You all know Sherlock Holmes!

SHERLOCK: Hello!

SMITH: Oh, and Doctor Watson, of course. Mr Holmes. I was wondering – well ... we *all* were, weren’t we? – maybe you could tell us about some of your cases.

SHERLOCK: No.

JOHN: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Yes! Absolutely, yes. The main feature of interest in the field of criminal investigation is not the sensational aspects of the crime itself, but rather the iron chain of reasoning, from cause to effect, that reveals – step by step – the solution. That’s the only truly remarkable aspect of the entire affair. Now, I will share with you the facts and evidence as they were available to me, and in this very room you will all attempt to solve the case of Blessington the Poisoner.

JOHN: I think you slightly gave away the ending.

SHERLOCK: There were five main suspects ...

JOHN: One of them called Blessington.

SHERLOCK: ... but it’s more about *how* he did it.

JOHN: Poison?

SHERLOCK: Okay. Drearcliff House. Remember that one, John? One murder, *ten* suspects.

JOHN: Ten, yeah.

SHERLOCK: *All* of them guilty.

JOHN: Sherlock ...

SHERLOCK: Uh, wh-wh-wh-what did you call that one, John? Um, something to do with murder at the zoo.

JOHN: Yeah, I called it Murder at the Zoo.

SHERLOCK: Or-or was it The Case of the Killer Orang-Utan?

MARY: He should be wearing the hat. The kids’d *love* the hat.

SHERLOCK: So, any more questions?

SEVERAL OF THE KIDS: No.

ONE OF THE KIDS: I don’t think so.

SHERLOCK: No?

SMITH: Mr Holmes?

SHERLOCK: Good, then I’ll ...

SMITH: How do you catch a serial killer?

SHERLOCK: Same way you catch any other killer.

SMITH: No, but m-most killers kill someone they know. You’re looking for a murderer in a tiny social grouping.

NURSE CORNISH: Um, Mr Smith. Um, I’m-I’m just, er, wondering. Maybe this isn’t a suitable subject for the children.

SMITH: Nurse Cornish. How long have you been with us now?

NURSE CORNISH: Seven years.

SMITH: Seven years. Okay. Serial killers choose their victims at random. Surely that must make it more difficult?

SHERLOCK: *Some* of them advertise.

SMITH: Do they really?

SHERLOCK: Serial killing is an expression of power, ego, a signature in human destruction. Ultimately, for *full* satisfaction, it requires plain sight. Additionally, serial killers are easily profiled. They tend to be social outcasts, educationally sub-normal.

SMITH: No-no-no-no-no-no. You’re just talking about the ones you *know*, the ones you’ve *caught*. But hello, dummy, you only catch the dumb ones. Now, imagine if the *Queen* wanted to kill some people. What would happen then? All that power, all that money. Sweet little government dancing attendance. A whole country just to keep her warm and ... and fat. Hm. We all love the Queen, don’t we? And I bet she’d love you lot!

JOHN: Uh, it-it’s all right, everyone. I can personally assure you that Sherlock Holmes is not about to arrest the Queen.

SMITH: Well, of course not! Not Her Majesty! Money, power, fame. Some things make you untouchable. God save the Queen! She could open a slaughterhouse and we’d all probably pay the entrance fee!

JOHN: No-one’s untouchable.

SMITH: No-one? Look at you all! So gloomy! Can’t you take a joke? The Queen! If the Queen was a serial killer, I’d be the first person she’d tell! We have that kind of friendship! A big round of applause for Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson! Come on! Wonderful! Thank you so much for coming. Thank you.

SHERLOCK: Where are we going now?

SMITH: I want to show you my favourite room.

SHERLOCK: No, let’s go in here. So you’ve had another one of your little meetings.

SMITH: Oh, it’s just a monthly top-up. Confession is good for the soul ... providing you can delete it.

JOHN: What’s TD12?

SHERLOCK: It’s a memory inhibitor.

SMITH: Bliss.

JOHN: Bliss?

SMITH: Opt-in ignorance. Makes the world go round.

SHERLOCK: Anyone ever ‘opt’ to remember?

SMITH: Some people take the drip out, yeah. Some people have the same ... urges. Huh ... come on. Wasting time.

SHERLOCK: Indeed. You have – I estimate – twenty minutes left.

SMITH: Sorry?

SHERLOCK: I sent a text from your phone, remember? It was read almost immediately. Factoring in a degree of shock, an emotional decision and a journey time based on the associated address, I’d say that your life as you know it has twenty minutes left to run. Well, no, seventeen and a half, to be precise but I rounded up for dramatic effect, so please *do* show us your favourite room. It’ll give you a chance to say ... goodbye.

SMITH: Come along.

MARY’s VOICE: The game is on. Do you still miss me?

SMITH: Speaking of serial killers, you know who’s my favourite?

SHERLOCK: Other than yourself?

SMITH: H. H. Holmes. Relative of yours?

SHERLOCK: Not as far as I know.

SMITH: You should check. What an idiot. Everyone out.

SAHEED: Mr Smith, we’re actually in the middle of something.

SMITH: Saheed, isn’t it?

SAHEED: Saheed, yes.

SMITH: How long have you been working here now?

SAHEED: Four years.

SMITH: Four years. Well, that’s a *long* time, isn’t it? Four years.

SAHEED: Okay, everyone. Five minutes?

SMITH: Come back in ten. Saheed. This time, knock.

JOHN: How can you do that? I mean, how-how are you even allowed in here?

SMITH: Oh, I-I can go anywhere I like. Anywhere at all.

JOHN: They gave you keys?

SMITH: They presented ’em to me. There was a ceremony. You can watch that on YouTube. Home Secretary was there.

SHERLOCK: So, your favourite room: the mortuary.

SMITH: What d’you think?

SHERLOCK: Tough crowd.

SMITH: Oh, I don’t know. No, I’ve always found ’em quite pliable.

JOHN: *Don’t* do that.

SMITH: She’s fine. She’s dead. H. H. Holmes loved the dead. He mass-produced ’em.

SHERLOCK: Serial killer, active during the Chicago Fair.

SMITH: D’you know what he did? He built a hotel, a special hotel, just to kill people. You know, with a hanging room, gas chamber, specially adapted furnace. You know, like Sweeney Todd ... without the pies! Stupid. So stupid.

JOHN: Why stupid?

SMITH: Well, all that effort. You don’t build a beach if you want to hide a pebble; you just find a beach! And if you wanna hide a murder, or wanna hide lots and *lots* of murders, just find a ... hospital.

JOHN: Can we be clear? Are you confessing?

SMITH: To what?

JOHN: The way you’re talking ...

SMITH: Oh, sorry. Yes. You mean, am I a serial killer, or am I just trying to mess with your funny little head? Well, it’s true. I do like to mess with people ... and yes, I am a *bit* creepy, but that’s just my U.S.P. I use it to sell breakfast cereal. But am I what he says I am? Is that what you’re asking?

JOHN: Yes.

SMITH: Hm. Well, let me ask you this. Are you *really* a doctor?

JOHN: Yeah, of course I am.

SMITH: Well, no, a *medical* doctor, you know. Not just feet, or media studies or something.

JOHN: I’m a doctor.

SMITH: Are you serious? No, really, *are* you? Are you ... are you *actually* serious? I’ve played along with this joke. It’s not funny any more. No ... *look* at him. Go ahead, *look* at him, *Doctor* Watson! Hm? Oh, no, *I’ll* lay it out for you. There are two possible explanations for what’s going on ’ere. Either I’m a serial killer ... or Sherlock Holmes is off his tits on drugs, hm? Delusional paranoia about a-a public personality? That’s not so special. It’s not even new! I think you need to, er, tell your faithful little friend how you’re wasting his time because you’re too high to know what’s real any more.

SHERLOCK: I apologise. I-I-I’ve miscalculated. I forgot to factor in the traffic! Nineteen and a half minutes. Ah, the footsteps you’re about to hear will be *very* familiar to you, not least because there’ll be three impacts rather than two. The third, of course, will be the end of a walking cane. Your daughter Faith’s walking cane.

SMITH: And why would *she* be here?

SHERLOCK: You invited her. You sent her a text – or-or-or technically *I* sent her a text but she’s not to know. Ah, let’s see if I can recall. “Faith... I can stand it no longer, I’ve confessed... to my crimes. Please forgive me!”

SMITH: Why would that have any effect? You don’t know her.

SHERLOCK: Oh, but I do. I spent a whole evening with her. We had chips. I think she liked me.

SMITH: You don’t know Faith. You simply do not.

SHERLOCK: I know you care about her deeply. I know you invited her to one of your special board meetings. You care what she thinks. You maintain an *impressive* façade. I think it’s about to break.

LESTRADE: Did you know?

SHERLOCK: She came to Baker Street.

SMITH: No she didn’t.

JOHN: Of *course* I didn’t.

SHERLOCK: She came to see me because she was scared of her daddy.

SMITH: *Never* happened. Is this another one of your drug-fuelled fantasies?

LESTRADE: You didn’t see him take the scalpel?

JOHN: *Nobody* saw him.

LESTRADE: So you didn’t know what was about to happen.

JOHN: Of *course* I didn’t know.

SHERLOCK: Well, let’s see, shall we? Faith, stop loitering at the door and come in! This is your father’s favourite room. Come and meet his best friends.

FAITH: Dad? What’s happening? What was that text? Are you having one of your jokes? Who are you?

SHERLOCK: Who the hell are *you*?

SMITH: Sherlock Holmes! Surely you recognise him.

FAITH: Oh my God!

SMITH: Mm!

FAITH: Sherlock Holmes! I love your blog.

SHERLOCK: You’re not her. You’re not the woman who came to Baker Street.

FAITH: Um, well, no. Never been there.

LESTRADE: Well, there must have been *some* build-up. He didn’t just suddenly *do* it.

JOHN: Look, I didn’t know he had the bloody scalpel.

SHERLOCK: Sorry, I’m not sure I completely understand.

FAITH: U-understand what?

SMITH: Well, I thought you two were-were old friends!

FAITH: No! We’ve never met.

SMITH: Oh, dear! Oh!

FAITH: Have we?

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: So who came to my flat?

FAITH: Well, it wasn’t me.

SMITH: Oh, no!

SHERLOCK: You ... look ... different.

FAITH: I wasn’t there.

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Who came to my flat?

FAITH: I’m sorry, Mr Holmes, but ... I don’t think I’ve ever been anywhere near your flat.

SMITH: Oh, dear! Oh, no!

*WIGGINS: Who you talkin’ to?*

*MRS HUDSON: What friend?*

*PAST-FAITH: Anyone.*

SMITH: Oh no!

*SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Faith?*

SHERLOCK: God.

JOHN: Sherlock. Sherlock? Are you all right? Sherlock, are you okay?

SHERLOCK: Watch him. He’s got a knife.

SMITH: I’ve got a what?!

SHERLOCK: You’ve got a scalpel! You picked it up from that table. I saw you take it.

SMITH: I certainly did not!

SHERLOCK: Look behind his back!

SMITH: What?

SHERLOCK: I *saw* you take it! I *saw* you!

SMITH: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

JOHN: Whoa-whoa-whoa. Whoa, Sherlock, d’you wanna put that down?

FAITH: Oh my God.

SHERLOCK: Stop laughing at me.

SMITH: I’m not laughing!

JOHN: He’s not laughing, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

JOHN: *Sherlock*!

LESTRADE: Ohh, Christ! I keep wondering if we should have seen it coming.

JOHN: Not long ago, he shot Charles Magnussen in the face. We *did* see it coming. We *always* saw it coming. But it was *fun*.

LESTRADE: Come in.

POLICE OFFICER: Sir. You probably want to see this.

FEMALE NEWSREADER: Harold Chorley reporting earlier today. Mr Smith stated he had no interest in bringing charges.

SMITH: I’m a fan of Sherlock Holmes. I’m a *big* fan. I don’t really know what happened today. To be honest, I don’t think I’d be standing here now if it wasn’t for Doctor Watson.

SHERLOCK: STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

JOHN: *Sherlock*! Stop it! Stop It Now!

FEMALE REPORTER: Is it true he’s being treated in your hospital?

SMITH: It’s not actually my hospital ... Well, it is a *little* bit my hospital ... Uh, but I can promise you this: he’s going to get the best of care. I might even move him to my favourite room.

NEWSREADER: Culverton Smith earlier today. In Nottingham ...

LESTRADE: He’s right, you know. You probably saved his life.

JOHN: What are you doing?! *Wake up!*

JOHN: I really hit him, Greg. Hit him hard.

JOHN: Is this ... a game? A bloody game?

SMITH: Please. Please, please, please, no violence. Thank you, Doctor Watson. But I don’t think he’s a danger any more. Leave him be.

SHERLOCK: No, it’s-it’s okay. Let him do what he wants. He’s entitled. I killed his wife.

JOHN: Yes, you did.

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, hi. Just in to say hello?

JOHN: No. I’m just in to say goodbye.

NURSE CORNISH: I’m sure he’ll pull through. And yeah, he’s made a terrible mess of himself, but he’s awfully strong, so must look on the bright side.

JOHN: Hm. Well ... Parting gift.

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, that’s nice. A walking stick.

JOHN: Yeah, it was mine from ... a long time ago.

NURSE CORNISH: Hello? Ward seventy-three. Oh, uh, Doctor Watson?

JOHN: Hm?

NURSE CORNISH: It’s for you.

JOHN: Hello, Mycroft.

MYCROFT: There’s a car downstairs.

MARY: You know, he should definitely have worn the hat.

JOHN: Still thinking about Sherlock?

MARY: No! *You* are.

JOHN: Got your disapproving face on.

MARY: Well, seeing as I’m inside your head, I think we can call that self-loathing.

MYCROFT: Where *is* she? Where’s Mrs Hudson?

AGENT: She’ll be up in a moment.

JOHN: Uh, uh, what are you doing?

MYCROFT: Have you noticed the kitchen? It’s practically a meth lab. I’m trying to establish exactly what drove Sherlock off the rails. Any ideas?

JOHN: Are these spooks? Uh, are you using spooks now to look after your family? Hang on – are they tidying?

MYCROFT: Sherlock is a security concern. The fact that I’m his brother changes nothing.

JOHN: Yeah, you said that before.

MARY: Ask him.

MYCROFT: Why fixate on Culverton Smith? He’s had his obsessions before, of course, but this goes a bit further than setting a mantrap for Father Christmas.

MARY: *Do* it. Ask him.

MYCROFT: Spending all night talking to a woman who wasn’t even there.

MARY: Oh, shut up, you.

JOHN: Mycroft, last time when we were on the phone ...

MYCROFT: No-no-no-no, stop. I detest conversation in the past tense.

JOHN: You said the fact that you were his brother made no difference.

MYCROFT: It doesn’t.

JOHN: You said it didn’t the last time and it wouldn’t with Sherlock, so who *was* it the last time? Who were you talking about?

MARY: Attaboy.

MYCROFT: Nobody. I ... misspoke.

MARY: He’s lying.

JOHN: You’re lying.

MYCROFT: I assure you I’m not.

MARY: He really is lying.

JOHN: Sherlock’s not your only brother. There’s another one, isn’t there?

MYCROFT: No.

JOHN: Jesus! A secret brother! What, is he locked up in a tower or something?

MRS HUDSON: Mycroft Holmes! What are all these dreadful people doing in my house?

MYCROFT: Mrs Hudson, I apologise for the interruption. As you know, my brother has embarked on a programme of self-destruction remarkable even by *his* standards, and I am endeavouring to find out what triggered it.

MRS HUDSON: And that’s what you’re all looking for?

MYCROFT: Quite so.

MRS HUDSON: What’s on his mind?

MYCROFT: So to speak.

MRS HUDSON: And you’ve had all this time?

MYCROFT: Time being something of which we don’t have an infinite supply ... so if we could be about our business?

MRS HUDSON: You are ... you’re-you’re so funny, you are!

MYCROFT: Mrs Hudson?

MRS HUDSON: He thinks you’re clever. Poor old Sherlock; always going on about you. I mean, he *knows* you’re an idiot, but that’s okay ’cause you’re a lovely doctor ... but he has no idea what an idiot *you* are!

MYCROFT: Is this merely stream-of-consciousness abuse, or are you attempting to make a point?

MRS HUDSON: You want to know what’s bothering Sherlock? Easiest thing in the world; anyone can do it.

MYCROFT: I know his thought processes better than any other human being, so *please* try to understand ...

MRS HUDSON: He’s not about *thinking*, not Sherlock.

MYCROFT: Of *course* he is.

MRS HUDSON: No, no. He’s more ... emotional, isn’t he? Unsolved case: shoot the wall. Pew! Pew! Unmade breakfast: karate the fridge! Unanswered question ... Well, what does he do with anything he can’t answer, John, every time?

JOHN: He stabs it.

MRS HUDSON: Anything he can’t find the answer for: ... bang! ... it’s up there. I keep telling him: if he was any good as a detective, *I* wouldn’t need a new mantel.

MARY’s VOICE: If you’re watching this, I’m ... probably dead.

JOHN: Okay, no. S-stop that now, please.

MRS HUDSON: Everybody out, now. All of you. This is *my* house ... this is *my* friend ... and that’s his departed wife. Anyone who stays here a minute longer is admitting to me personally they do not have a single *spark* of human decency. Get out of my house, you *reptile*.

SMITH: You’ve been ages waking up. I watched you. It’s quite lovely in its way. Take it easy. It’s okay. Don’t want to rush this. You’re Sherlock Holmes.

MARY: I’m giving you a case, Sherlock. Might be the hardest case of your career. When I’m ... gone – *if* I’m gone – I need you to do something for me. Save John Watson. Save him, Sherlock.

MRS HUDSON: John, if you want to watch this later ...

MARY: Save him. Don’t think anyone else is going to save him, because there isn’t anyone. It’s up to you. Save him. But I do think you’re gonna need a little bit of help with that, because you’re not exactly good with people, so here’s a few things you need to know about the man we both love – and more importantly what you’re going to need to do to save him.

SHERLOCK: How did you get in?

SMITH: Policeman outside, you mean? Come on. Can’t you guess?

SHERLOCK: Secret door.

SMITH: I built this whole wing. Kept firing the architect and builders so no-one knew quite h-how it all fitted together. I can slip in and out anywhere I like, you know ... when I get the urge.

SHERLOCK: H. H. Holmes.

SMITH: Murder castle, but done right. I have a question for you. Why are you here? It’s like you walked into my den and laid down in front of me. Why?

SHERLOCK: You know why I’m here.

SMITH: I’d like to hear you say it. Say it for me, please.

SHERLOCK: I want you to kill me.

MRS HUDSON: John! My car.

SHERLOCK: If you increase the dosage four or five times ... toxic shock should shut me down within about an hour.

SMITH: Then I restore the settings. Everyone assumes it was a fault, or you just gave up the ghost.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

SMITH: You’re rather good at this. Before we start ... tell me how you feel.

SHERLOCK: I feel scared.

SMITH: Be more specific. You only get to do this the once.

SHERLOCK: I’m ... scared of dying.

SMITH: You wanted this, though.

SHERLOCK: I have ... reasons.

SMITH: But you don’t actually *want* to die.

SHERLOCK: No.

SMITH: Good. Say that for me. Say it.

SHERLOCK: I don’t want to die.

SMITH: And again.

SHERLOCK: I don’t want to die.

SMITH: Once more for luck.

SHERLOCK: I don’t want to die. I don’t ... don’t want to die.

SMITH: Lovely. Here it comes.

JOHN: Please, I don’t think he’s safe.

LESTRADE’s VOICE: No, he’s fine. I’ve got a man on the door. What-what do you think’s happened?

JOHN: I don’t know! Something! Mary left a message.

LESTRADE: *What* message?

MARY: John Watson never accepts help, not from *anyone*. Not ever. But here’s the thing: he never *refuses* it. So, here’s what you are going to do.

SMITH: So tell me: why are we doing this? To what do I owe the pleasure?

SHERLOCK: I wanted to hear your confession; needed to know I was right.

SMITH: But why do you need to die?

SHERLOCK: The mortuary; your favourite room. You talk to the dead. You make your confession to them.

POLICE OFFICER: Sorry, sir, what? What do you mean? I think the door’s jammed.

NURSE CORNISH: Oh, has that door locked itself again? Yeah, it’s always doing that.

MARY: You can’t save John because he won’t *let* you. He won’t allow himself to be saved. The only way to save John ... is to make him save *you*.

SHERLOCK: Why do you do it?

SMITH: Why do I kill? It’s-It’s not about hatred or-or revenge. I’m not a dark person. It’s ... Killing human beings ... it just makes me ... incredibly happy. You know i-i-in films when-when you see dead people pretending to be dead and it’s just living people lying down? That’s not what dead people look like. Dead people look like *things*. I like to make people into *things*. Then you can own them. You know what? I’m getting a little impatient. Take a big breath if you want.

MARY: Go to Hell, Sherlock. Go right into Hell, and make it look like you mean it.

SMITH: Murder is a very difficult addiction to manage. People don’t realise how much work goes into it. You have to be careful ... but if-if you’re rich or famous and *loved*, it’s amazing what people are prepared to ignore. There’s always someone desperate, about to go missing ... and *no-one* wants to suspect murder if it’s easier to suspect something else! I just have to ration myself; choose the right heart to stop.

MARY: Go and pick a fight with a bad guy. Put yourself in harm’s way.

SMITH: Please, maintain eye contact. Maintain eye contact. Maintain eye contact. Please. I like to watch it ... happen.

MARY: If he thinks you need him, I *swear* ...

SMITH: And off we ... pop.

MARY: ... he *will* be there.

POLICE OFFICER: Mr Holmes! You okay?

JOHN: What were you doing to him? *What* were you *doing*?!

SMITH: He’s in distress! I-I’m helping him!

JOHN: Restrain him, *now*. Do it.

SMITH: I was trying to help him!

JOHN: Sherlock, what was he doing to you?

SHERLOCK: Suffocating me, overdosing me.

JOHN: On what?

SHERLOCK: Saline.

JOHN: Saline?

SHERLOCK: Yeah, saline.

JOHN: What d’you mean, saline?

SHERLOCK: Well obviously I got Nurse Cornish to switch the bags. She’s a big fan, you know? *Loves* my blog.

JOHN: You’re okay?

SHERLOCK: No-no, of *course* I’m not okay. Malnourished, double kidney failure, and frankly I’ve been off my tits for weeks. What kind of a doctor *are* you? I got my confession, though, didn’t I?

SMITH: Huh! I don’t recall making any confession.

JOHN: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

SMITH: What would I be confessing *to*?

SHERLOCK: You can listen to it later.

SMITH: But there is no confession to listen to! Oh, Mr Holmes. I-I don’t know if this is relevant, but we found three potential recording devices in the pockets of your coat. Um, all your possessions were searched. Sorry.

SHERLOCK: Must be something comforting about the number three. People always give up after three.

JOHN: What? What is it? What? ... You cock.

SHERLOCK: Yeah.

JOHN: Utter, utter cock.

SHERLOCK: Heard you the first time.

JOHN: So how-how does it open?

SHERLOCK: Screw the top.

JOHN: Two weeks ago?

SHERLOCK: Three.

JOHN: I’m *that* predictable?

SHERLOCK: No. I’m just a cock.

SMITH: It’s funny, I ... I never realised confessing would be so enjoyable. I sh-should have done it sooner.

LESTRADE: We’ll carry on tomorrow.

SMITH: Well, w-w-we could carry on now. I’m-I’m not tired. There’s *loads* more.

LESTRADE: Tomorrow.

SMITH: You know, I am gonna be so famous now.

LESTRADE: You’re already famous.

SMITH: Yeah, but with *this* ... I can break America.

SHERLOCK: I had, of course, several other backup plans. Trouble is, I couldn’t remember what they were. And, of course, I hadn’t really anticipated that I’d hallucinated meeting his daughter.

MARY: Basically he trashed himself on drugs so that you’d help him ... so that you’d have something to do, something doctory. You get that now, though?

SHERLOCK: Still a bit troubled by the daughter. Did seem very real, and she gave me information I couldn’t have acquired elsewhere.

JOHN: But she wasn’t ever here?

SHERLOCK: Interesting, isn’t it? I have theorised before that if one could attenuate to every available data stream in the world simultaneously, it would be possible to anticipate and deduce almost *anything*.

JOHN: Hm. So you dreamed up a magic woman who told you things you didn’t know.

MARY: Well, it sounds about right to me. *Possibly* I’m biased.

SHERLOCK: Perhaps the drugs opened certain doors in my mind. I’m intrigued.

JOHN: Oh, I know you are ... which is why we’re all taking it in turns to keep you off the sweeties.

SHERLOCK: I thought we were just hanging out.

JOHN: Molly’ll be here in twenty minutes.

SHERLOCK: Oh, I do think I can last twenty minutes without supervision.

JOHN: Well, if you’re sure.

MARY: Christ, John, stay. *Talk*!

JOHN: Uh, sorry, it’s just, um, you know, Rosie.

SHERLOCK: Yes, of course, Rosie.

MARY: Go and solve a crime together. Make him wear the hat!

JOHN: You’ll be okay for twenty minutes?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Yes! Sorry, I-I wasn’t thinking of Rosie.

JOHN: No problem.

SHERLOCK: I should, uh, come and see her soon.

JOHN: Yes.

MARY: Actually, he *should* wear the hat as a special tribute to me. I’m dead. I would *really* appreciate it.

SHERLOCK: Oh, by the way, the recordings will probably be inadmissible.

JOHN: Sorry, what?

SHERLOCK: Well, technically, it’s entrapment so it might get thrown out as evidence. Not that that matters; apparently he can’t stop confessing.

JOHN: That’s good.

SHERLOCK: Yeah. Are you okay?

JOHN: Uh, what, am I ... no, no, I’m *not* okay. I’m never gonna be okay ... but we’ll just have to accept that. It is what it is; and what it is is ... shit.

MARY: John, do better.

JOHN: Hm. You didn’t kill Mary. Mary died saving your life. It was her choice. No-one made her do it. No-one could ever make her do *anything* ... but the point is: you did not kill her.

SHERLOCK: In saving my life, she conferred a value on it. It is a currency I do not know how to spend.

JOHN: It is what it is. Uh, I’m tomorrow, six ’til ten. I’ll see you then.

SHERLOCK: Looking forward to it.

JOHN: Yeah.

MARY: That noise: that’s a text alert noise.

JOHN: What was that?

SHERLOCK: Mm? What was what?

MARY: That’s the text alert of Irene Adler. She’s the scary mad one, right?

JOHN: That noise.

SHERLOCK: What noise?

MARY: But she’s dead. Ooh, I bet she *isn’t* dead! I bet he saved her! Oh my God! Oh, the posh boy loves the dominatrix! He’s never knowingly under-clichéd, is he?

SHERLOCK: John?

JOHN: I’m gonna make a deduction.

SHERLOCK: Oh, okay. That’s good.

JOHN: And if my deduction is right, you’re gonna be honest and tell me, okay?

SHERLOCK: Okay. Though I should mention that it is possible for any given text alert to become randomly attached to a ...

JOHN: Happy birthday.

SHERLOCK: Thank you, John. That’s ... very kind of you.

JOHN: *Never* knew when your birthday was.

SHERLOCK: Well, now you do.

JOHN: Seriously, we’re not gonna talk about this?

SHERLOCK: Talk about what?

JOHN: I mean, how does it work?

SHERLOCK: How does *what* work?

JOHN: You and The Woman. D’you go to a discreet Harvester sometimes? Is there a ... night of passion in High Wycombe?

SHERLOCK: Oh, for God’s sakes. I don’t text her back.

JOHN: Why not?! You bloody *moron*! She’s *out* there ... she *likes* you, and she’s alive ... and do you have the first idea how lucky you are? Yes, she’s a lunatic, she’s a criminal, she’s *insanely* dangerous – trust you to fall for a sociopath ...

MARY: Oh, married an assassin!

JOHN: ... but she’s ... you know ...

SHERLOCK: What?

JOHN: Just text her back.

SHERLOCK: Why?

JOHN: Because High Wycombe is better than you are currently equipped to understand.

SHERLOCK: I once caught a triple poisoner in High Wycombe.

JOHN: That’s only the beginning, mate.

SHERLOCK: As I think I have explained to you *many* times before, romantic entanglement, while fulfilling for other people ...

JOHN: ... would complete you as a human being.

SHERLOCK: That doesn’t even mean anything.

JOHN: Just text her. Phone her. Do *something* while there’s still a chance, because that chance doesn’t last forever. Trust me, Sherlock: it’s gone before you know it. Before you know it. She was wrong about me.

SHERLOCK: Mary? How so?

JOHN: She thought that if you put yourself in harm’s way I’d ... I’d rescue you or something. But I didn’t – not ’til she told me to. And that’s how this works. That’s what you’re missing. She taught me to be the man she already thought I was. Get yourself a piece of that.

SHERLOCK: Forgive me, but you are doing yourself a disservice. I have known many people in this world but made few friends, and I can safely say ...

JOHN: I cheated on her. No clever comeback? I cheated on you, Mary. There was a woman on the bus, and I had a plastic daisy in my hair. I’d been playing with Rosie. And this girl just smiled at me. That’s all it was; it was a smile. We texted constantly. You wanna know when? Every time you left the room, that’s when. When you were feeding our daughter; when you were stopping her from crying – *that’s* when. That’s all it was, just texting. But I wanted more. And d’you know something? I still do. I’m not the man you thought I was; I’m not that guy. I never could be. But that’s the point. That’s the whole point. Who you thought I was is the man who I *want* to be.

MARY: Well, then ... John Watson ... Get the hell on with it.

SHERLOCK: It’s okay.

JOHN: It’s *not* okay.

SHERLOCK: No. But it is what it is.

SHERLOCK: So Molly’s going to meet us at this ‘cake place.’

JOHN: Well, it’s your birthday. Cake is obligatory.

SHERLOCK: Oh, well. Suppose a sugar high’s some sort of substitute.

JOHN: Behave.

SHERLOCK: Right then. You know ... it’s not my place to say but ... it *was* just texting. People text. Even *I* text. *Her*, I mean. Woman. Bad idea; try not to, but, you know, sometimes. It’s not a pleasant thought, John, but I have this terrible feeling, from time to time, that we might all just be human.

JOHN: Even you?

SHERLOCK: No. Even *you*.

JOHN: Cake?

SHERLOCK: Cake. Oh, um ...

JOHN: What? What is it? What’s wrong? Seriously?!

SHERLOCK: I’m Sherlock Holmes. I wear the damn hat. Isn’t that right, Mary?

THERAPIST: You seem so much better, John.

JOHN: Yeah, I ... I am. I *think* I am. Not *all* day; not *every* day, but, uh, you know.

THERAPIST: It is what it is?

JOHN: Yeah.

THERAPIST: And Rosie?

JOHN: Oh, beautiful, perfect, unprecedented in the history of children. That’s not *my* bias; that’s scientific fact.

THERAPIST: Good. And Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN: Back to normal.

SHERLOCK: Get *out*!

MALE CLIENT: She’s possessed by the Devil! I swear my wife is channeling Satan!

SHERLOCK: Yes, boring. Go away!

WIFE: I’m *not* channelling Satan!

SHERLOCK: Why *not*, given your immediate alternative?

THERAPIST: What about his brother?

JOHN: Mycroft? He’s fine.

MYCROFT: So, you’re off now? I won’t see you for a week?

LADY SMALLWOOD Just spending it at home ... unless *she* calls.

MYCROFT: The P.M.

LADY SMALLWOOD: Here.

MYCROFT: What’s this?

LADY SMALLWOOD: My number.

MYCROFT: I already *have* your number.

LADY SMALLWOOD: My *private* number.

MYCROFT: Why would I need that?

LADY SMALLWOOD: I don’t know. Maybe you’d like a drink some time.

MYCROFT: Of what?

LADY SMALLWOOD: Up to you. Call me.

JOHN: I mean, obviously ‘normal’ and ‘fine’ are both relative terms when it comes to Sherlock and Mycroft.

THERAPIST: Obviously.

SHERLOCK: She *was* real.

THERAPIST: I didn’t mean Mycroft. I meant the other one.

JOHN: Wh-*which* other one?

THERAPIST: You know – the secret one.

JOHN: Oh, that was just something I ... I said. I’m sure there’s ... How did you know about that? I didn’t tell you that.

THERAPIST: You *must* have done.

JOHN: I really didn’t.

THERAPIST: Well, maybe Sherlock told me.

JOHN: No, you’ve met Sherlock exactly once. In this room. He was off his head.

THERAPIST: Oh, no, no. I-I-I met him before that.

JOHN: When?

THERAPIST: We spent a night together. It was lovely. We had chips. You’re not what I expected, Mr Holmes. You’re ... nicer. Culverton gave me Faith’s original note. A mutual friend put us in touch. Did Sherlock ever tell you about the note? I added some deductions for Sherlock. He was ... quite good. But ... he didn’t get the *big* one. In fairness, though, he does have excellent taste in chips.

JOHN: What’s that?

THERAPIST: What’s what?

JOHN: The flower in your hair: it’s like I had on the bus.

THERAPIST: You looked *very* sweet. But then ... you have such nice eyes. Amazing the times a man doesn’t really look at your face. Oh, you can hide behind a sexy smile, or a walking cane ... or just be a therapist, talking about *you* *all* the time. Oh, *please* don’t go anywhere. I’m sure the therapist who actually lives here wouldn’t want blood on the carpet. Oh, hang on, it’s fine. She’s in a sack in the airing cupboard.

JOHN: Who are you?

THERAPIST: Isn’t it obvious? Haven’t you guessed? I’m Eurus.

JOHN: Eurus?

THERAPIST/EURUS: Silly name, isn’t it? Greek. Means the East Wind. My parents loved silly names, like Eurus ... or Mycroft ... or Sherlock. Oh, *look* at him. Didn’t it ever occur to you – not even once – that Sherlock’s secret brother might just be Sherlock’s secret sister? Huh. He’s making a funny face. I think I’ll put a hole in it.

**The Final Problem**

GIRL: Mummy? Mummy! Wake up! Wake up! Mummy! Wake up! Help me, please. I’m on a plane and everyone’s asleep. Help me!

VOICE: Hello. My name’s Jim Moriarty. Welcome ... to the final problem.

LEONARD: You know I could arrest you?

VELMA: What for?

LEONARD: Wearing a dress like that.

VELMA: Would you like me to take it off?

LEONARD: Then I’d *really* have to press charges.

VELMA: Press away. Isn’t that how they got started?

LEONARD: Who?

VELMA: Adam and Eve.

LEONARD: Oh, them.

VELMA: And *that* turned out okay.

LEONARD: You think so? I thought it was supposed to be the beginning of all human misery.

VELMA: Now, what was all that about arresting me?

LEONARD: Well, maybe not arresting you.

VELMA: No?

LEONARD: I could just keep you under close watch.

VELMA: *Very* close?

LEONARD: Uh-huh.

VELMA: Shame. I was looking forward to putting myself into the hands of the authorities.

LEONARD: You were?

VELMA: Fingerprinting ... being searched ... thoroughly.

VOICE: Mycroft. Mycroft.

MYCROFT: Why don’t you come out and show yourself? I don’t have time for this.

CHILD’s VOICE: We have time, brother dear. All the time in the world. Mycroft!

MYCROFT: Who are you?

VOICE: You *know* who!

MYCROFT: Impossible.

VOICE: *Nothing’s* impossible. You of all people know that. Coming to get you! There’s an East Wind coming, Mycroft! Coming to get you!

MYCROFT: You can’t have got out! You *can’t*!

CHILD’s VOICE: No use, Mycroft. There’s no defence ... and nowhere to hide.

MYCROFT: Sherlock? Help me!

SHERLOCK: Experiment complete. Conclusion: I have a sister.

MYCROFT: This was you? All of this was *you*?

SHERLOCK: Conclusion two: my sister – Eurus, apparently – has been incarcerated from an early age in a secure institution controlled by my brother. Hey, bro!

MYCROFT: Why would you do this ... this *pantomime*? *Why?*

SHERLOCK: Conclusion three: you are *terrified* of her!

MYCROFT: You have no idea what you’re dealing with. *None* at all.

JOHN: New information: she’s out.

MYCROFT: That’s not possible.

SHERLOCK: It’s more than possible. She was John’s therapist.

JOHN: Shot me during a session.

SHERLOCK: Only with a tranquilliser.

JOHN: Mm. We still had ten minutes to go.

SHERLOCK: Well, we’ll see about a refund. Right, you two. Wiggins has got your money by the gate. Don’t spend it all in one crack den. Oh, I hope we didn’t spoil your enjoyment of the movie.

MYCROFT: You’re just *leaving*?

SHERLOCK: Well, we’re not staying *here*. Eurus is coming and, uh, someone’s disabled all your security. Sleep well!

MYCROFT: Doctor Watson. Why would he do that to me? That was insane!

JOHN: Uh, yes. Well, *someone* convinced him that you wouldn’t tell the truth unless you were actually wetting yourself.

MYCROFT: “Someone”?

JOHN: Probably me.

MYCROFT: So that’s it, is it? You’re just going?

JOHN: Well, don’t worry. There’s a place for people like you – the desperate, the terrified, the ones with nowhere else to run.

MYCROFT: *What* place?

JOHN: Two two one B Baker Street. See you in the morning. If there’s a queue, join it!

MYCROFT: For God’s sake! This is not one of your idiot cases.

JOHN: You might wanna close that window. There *is* an East Wind coming.

MRS HUDSON: You have to sit in the chair. They won’t talk to you unless you sit in the chair. It’s the rules.

MYCROFT: I’m not a client.

SHERLOCK: Then get out.

MYCROFT: She’s not going to stay there, is she?

MRS HUDSON: Would you like a cup of tea?

MYCROFT: Thank you.

MRS HUDSON: The kettle’s over there.

MYCROFT: So what happens now? Are you going to make deductions?

SHERLOCK: You’re going to tell the truth, Mycroft, pure and simple.

MYCROFT: Who was it said, “Truth is rarely pure, and never simple”?

SHERLOCK: I don’t know and I don’t care. So there were three of us. I know that now. You, me, and ... Eurus. A sister I can’t remember. Interesting name, Eurus. It’s Greek, isn’t it?

JOHN: Mm. Yeah, uh, literally ‘the god of the East Wind.’

MYCROFT: Yes.

SHERLOCK: “The East Wind is coming, Sherlock.” You used that to scare me.

MYCROFT: No.

SHERLOCK: You turned my sister into a ghost story.

MYCROFT: Of *course* I didn’t. I monitored you.

JOHN: You what?

MYCROFT: Memories can resurface; wounds can re-open. The roads we walk have demons beneath ... and yours have been waiting for a very long time. I never bullied you. I used – at discrete intervals – potential trigger words to update myself as to your mental condition. I was looking after you.

SHERLOCK: Why can’t I remember her?

MYCROFT: This is a private matter.

SHERLOCK: John stays.

MYCROFT: This is family.

SHERLOCK: That’s why he stays.

JOHN: So there were three Holmes kids. What was the age gap?

MYCROFT: Seven years between myself and Sherlock; one year between Sherlock and Eurus.

JOHN: Middle child. Explains a lot. So did she have it too?

MYCROFT: Have what?

JOHN: The deduction thing.

MYCROFT: “The deduction thing”?

JOHN: ... Yes.

MYCROFT: More than you can know.

JOHN: Enlighten me.

MYCROFT: You realise I’m the smart one?

SHERLOCK: As you never cease to announce.

MYCROFT: ... but Eurus, she was incandescent even then. Our abilities were professionally assessed more than once. I was remarkable, but Eurus was described as an era-defining genius, beyond Newton.

SHERLOCK: Then why don’t I remember her?

MYCROFT: You *do* remember her, in a way. Every choice you ever made; every path you’ve ever taken – the man you are today ... is your memory of Eurus. She was different from the beginning. She knew things she should never have known ... as if she was somehow aware of truths beyond the normal scope.

EURUS: You look funny grown up.

JOHN: What’s wrong?

MYCROFT: Sorry. The memories are disturbing.

SHERLOCK: What do you mean? Examples.

MYCROFT: They found her with a knife once. She seemed to be cutting herself. Mother and Father were terrified. They thought it was a suicide attempt. But when I asked Eurus what she was doing, she said ...

EURUS: I wanted to see how my muscles worked.

JOHN: Jesus!

MYCROFT: So I asked her if she felt pain, and she said ...

EURUS: Which one’s pain?

SHERLOCK: What happened?

MYCROFT: Musgrave. The ancestral home, where there was always honey for tea ... and Sherlock played among the funny gravestones.

JOHN: Funny how?

WOMAN’s VOICE: Come on, you lot!

MYCROFT: They weren’t real. The dates were all wrong. An architectural joke which fascinated Sherlock.

CHILD’s VOICE: ♪ ... who will find me / Deep down below the old beech tree? ♪

SHERLOCK: Help succour me now ...

SHERLOCK and MYCROFT: ... the East winds blow.

SHERLOCK: Sixteen by six ...

MYCROFT: ... and under we go. You’re starting to remember.

SHERLOCK: Fragments.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard! Redbeard!

JOHN: Redbeard?

ADULT SHERLOCK: He was my dog.

MYCROFT: Eurus took Redbeard and locked him up somewhere no-one could find him.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard!

MYCROFT: ... and she refused to say where he was. She’d only repeat that song; her little ritual.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Redbeard!

MYCROFT: We begged and begged her to tell us where he was ... but she said ...

YOUNG EURUS’ VOICE: The song is the answer.

MYCROFT: But the song made no sense.

EURUS: ♪ ... brother, and under we go. ♪

SHERLOCK: What happened to Redbeard?

MYCROFT: We never found him. But she started calling him “Drowned Redbeard,” so we made our assumptions. Sherlock was traumatised. Natural, I suppose – he was, in the early days, an emotional child; but after that he was different, so changed. Never spoke of it again. In time, he seemed to forget that Eurus had ever even existed.

JOHN: How could he forget? She was living in the same house.

MYCROFT: No. They took her away.

JOHN: Why? You don’t lock up a child because a dog goes missing.

MYCROFT: Quite so. It was what happened immediately afterwards.

MR HOLMES: She knows where he is!

MRS HOLMES: We can’t make her tell us. We can’t make her do *anything*.

MYCROFT: After that, our sister had to be taken away.

SHERLOCK: Where?

MYCROFT: Oh, some suitable place – or so everyone thought. Not suitable enough, however. She died there.

JOHN: How?

MYCROFT: She started another fire, one which she did not survive.

SHERLOCK: This is a lie.

MYCROFT: Yes. It is also a kindness. This is the story I told our parents to spare them further pain, and to account for the absence of an identifiable body.

SHERLOCK: And no doubt to prevent their further interference.

MYCROFT: Well, that too, of course. The depth of Eurus’ psychosis and the extent of her abilities couldn’t hope to be contained in any ordinary institution. Uncle Rudy took care of things.

SHERLOCK: Where is she, Mycroft? Where’s our sister?

MYCROFT: There’s a place called Sherrinford; an island. It’s a secure and very secretive installation whose sole purpose is to contain what we call ‘the uncontainables.’ The demons beneath the road – this is where we trap them. Sherrinford is more than a prison or an asylum; it is a fortress built to keep the rest of the world safe from what is inside it. Heaven may be a fantasy for the credulous and the afraid, but I can give you a map reference for Hell. That’s where our sister has been since early childhood. She hasn’t left – not for a single day. Whoever you both met, it *can’t* have been her.

VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below / The old beech tree? / Help succour me now / The East Wind’s blowing / Sixteen by six, brother / And under we go. ♪

MYCROFT: Keep back! Keep as still as you can!

JOHN: What is it?

VOICE: ♪ My soul seeks / The shade of my willow’s bloom ... ♪

SHERLOCK: It’s a drone.

JOHN: Yeah, I can see that. What’s it carrying?

SHERLOCK: What’s that silver thing on top of it, Mycroft?

MYCROFT: It’s a DX-707. I’ve authorised the purchase of quite a number of these. Colloquially it is known as “the patience grenade.”

JOHN: “Patience”?

MYCROFT: The motion sensor has activated. If any of us move, the grenade will detonate.

SHERLOCK: How powerful?

MYCROFT: It will certainly destroy this flat and kill anyone in it. Assuming walls of reasonable strength, your neighbours should be safe, but as it’s landed on the floor, I am moved to wonder if the café below is open.

SHERLOCK: It’s Sunday morning, so it’s closed.

JOHN: What about Mrs Hudson?

SHERLOCK: Going by her usual routine, I estimate she has another two minutes left.

JOHN: She keeps the vacuum cleaner at the back of the flat.

MYCROFT: So?

JOHN: So, safer there when she’s putting it away? Look, we have to move eventually. We should do it when she’s safest.

SHERLOCK: When the vacuum stops, we give her eight seconds to get to the back of the flat. She’s fast when she’s cleaning. Then we move. What’s the trigger response time? Once we’re mobile, how long before detonation?

MYCROFT: We have a maximum of three seconds to vacate the blast radius.

SHERLOCK: John and I will take the windows; you take the stairs. Help get Mrs Hudson out too.

MYCROFT: Me?

SHERLOCK: You’re closer.

MYCROFT: You’re faster.

SHERLOCK: Speed differential won’t be as critical as the distance.

MYCROFT: Yes, agreed.

JOHN: She’s further away. She’s moving to the back.

SHERLOCK: I estimate we have a minute left. Is a phone call possible?

MYCROFT: Phone call?

SHERLOCK: John has a daughter. He may wish to say goodbye.

MYCROFT: I’m sorry, Doctor Watson. Any movement will set off the grenade. I hope you understand.

JOHN: Oscar Wilde.

MYCROFT: What?

JOHN: *He* said, “The truth is rarely pure, and never simple.” It’s from ‘The Importance of Being Earnest.’ We did it in school.

MYCROFT: So did we. Now I recall. I was Lady Bracknell.

SHERLOCK: Yeah. You were great.

MYCROFT: You really think so?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I really do.

MYCROFT: Well, that’s good to know. I’ve always wondered.

SHERLOCK: Good luck, boys. Three, two, one, go!

RADIO: And now the shipping forecast, issued by the Met Office on behalf of the Maritime Coastguard Agency at 05:05. Thames, Dover ...

VINCE: Go on, son, get it up. Better out than in.

BEN: Is it always like this?

VINCE: Nah.

BEN: Thank God.

VINCE: Usually it’s *much* worse!

BEN: Might go and work in a bank! Is that an ’elicopter?

VINCE: Nah, not in this weather.

RADIO: ... Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea, Shannon, Malin, Sherrinford. Sherrinford. Sherrinford.

BEN: You hear that?

RADIO: Sherrinford.

BEN: I never ’eard that one before. Sherrinford?

VINCE: Forget you ever ’eard it.

BEN: What?

VINCE: Sometimes when we’re out in these waters, we get that message. Just forget about it.

BEN: Yeah, but we’ve never ...

VINCE: Just ... Who the ’ell are you?

SHERLOCK: My name’s Sherlock Holmes.

BEN: The detective!

SHERLOCK: The pirate.

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray, this is a restricted area, repeat, restricted area. You are off course. Are you receiving? Golf Whiskey X-ray, you are off course. Are you receiving?

JOHN’s VOICE: Yeah, receiving you. This is a distress call, repeat, distress call. We’re in trouble here.

TECHNICIAN: Golf Whiskey X-ray, what is your situation? Golf Whiskey X-ray? Where are you now?

JOHN’s VOICE: We’re headed for the rocks. We’re going to hit.

TECHNICIAN: Governor to the Control Room.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Lockdown in progress. Lockdown in progress. Please proceed to designated Red stations. Please proceed to designated Red stations.

BEN: No, hold it! Wait, wait, wait, wait!

GUARD: Oi! In the sand! In the sand!

GOVERNOR: I need to speak to Mycroft.

SIR EDWIN: He’s in hospital. There was an explosion.

GOVERNOR: Put me through to the hospital.

SIR EDWIN: He’s not conscious. He’s severely injured. No-one is even confident he’s going to pull through.

GOVERNOR: Where’s his brother? Where’s Sherlock Holmes?

SIR EDWIN: Missing.

GOVERNOR: No, he’s not. He’s here.

TECHNICIAN: Sir, we found two more from the boat.

FISHERMAN: He stole our boat! Him an’ another fella, with guns!

GOVERNOR: Where’d you find them?

GUARD: North side of the island, sir.

GOVERNOR: Holding cell, *now*.

GUARD: Right, sir.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Lockdown in progress.

FISHERMAN: This is a mistake. I’m the victim ’ere. This man stole my boat. ’e’s a pirate.

JOHN: Yeah, I really am.

GOVERNOR: Please, sit down.

FISHERMAN: I-I don’t even know who ’e is!

GOVERNOR: He’s Doctor John Watson, formerly of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. What are you doing here?

JOHN: It’s a hospital. Any work?

GOVERNOR: It’s not a hospital. I want eyes on Eurus Holmes. Go straight to the Special Unit, deploy Green and Yellow Shift on my authority.

GUARD: Sir.

GOVERNOR: I’m sparing your blushes because we’re supposed to be on the same side; and frankly, this is embarrassing.

JOHN: Ooh, doing a cavity search?

GOVERNOR: The true art of disguise, according to your famous friend, is not being looked at. But I *am* looking at you, aren’t I, Mr Holmes?

FISHERMAN: Yes, you are.

JOHN: But that is sort of the point ... isn’t it? See, you *should* have been looking at the guy you just gave your pass to.

MYCROFT: That’s the trouble with uniforms and name badges. People stop looking at faces. You’d be better off with clown outfits. At least they’d be satirically relevant.

JOHN: Oh, you’ll find the real Landers on the north shore, tied up with two others.

GOVERNOR: *Two* others?

JOHN: Mm. Well, it was trial and error. We had to find the right waistband.

GOVERNOR: This is insane! This is unnecessary!

JOHN: No; your security is compromised and we don’t know who to trust.

GOVERNOR: And that justifies dressing up?

MYCROFT: Yes it does! It justifies dressing up or any damned thing I say it does. Now, listen to me: for your own physical safety do not speak, do not indulge in any non-verbal signals suggestive of internal thought. If the safety of my sister is compromised; if the *security* of my sister is compromised; if the *incarceration* of my sister is compromised – in short, if I find any indication my sister has left this island at any time, I swear to you, you will *not*. Say thank you to Doctor Watson.

GOVERNOR: Why?

MYCROFT: He talked me out of Lady Bracknell. This could have been very different. Are you in?

SHERLOCK: Just arriving at the Secure Unit. Explain.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Door opening.

MYCROFT: A prison within a prison. Eurus must be allowed the strict minimum of human interaction.

SHERLOCK: Why?

MYCROFT: Since you’re determined to meet her, you’re about to find out.

SHERLOCK: Eyes on Eurus Holmes. Governor’s orders.

MYCROFT: Answer yes or no. Has there ever been – against my express instructions – any attempt at a psychiatric evaluation of Eurus Holmes?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

MYCROFT: I presume the tapes are in my office?

GOVERNOR: *Your* office?

MYCROFT: Cast your mind back. It *used* to be yours.

GUARD: You ’aven’t been down ’ere before, ’ave you? “Silence of the Lambs,” basically.

SHERLOCK: You what?

GUARD: Keep your distance; stay at least three feet away from the glass an’ all that.

SHERLOCK: Why the headphones?

GUARD: She doesn’t stop playin’, sometimes for weeks.

SHERLOCK: Beautiful.

GUARD: Kills you in the end.

SHERLOCK: Aye. Still beautiful, though.

AUTOMATED VOICE: Door closing.

EURUS: Why am I here?

MAN’s VOICE: Why do you think you’re here?

EURUS: No-one ever tells me. Am I being punished?

MAN: You’ve been bad.

EURUS: There’s no such thing as ‘bad.’

MAN: What about good?

EURUS: Good and bad are fairytales. We have evolved to attach an emotional significance to what is nothing more than the survival strategy of the pack animal. We are conditioned to invest divinity in utility. Good isn’t really good, evil isn’t really wrong, and bottoms aren’t really pretty. You are a prisoner of your own meat.

MAN: Why aren’t you?

EURUS: I’m too clever.

EURUS: Did you bring it?

SHERLOCK: I’m sorry?

EURUS: My hairband. Did you bring it like I asked?

SHERLOCK: I’m not one of the ... I-I don’t work here.

EURUS: My special hairband.

SHERLOCK: I’m not one of your doctors.

EURUS: The one I made you steal, from Mummy. It was the last thing I said to you, remember, the day they took me away.

SHERLOCK: No.

EURUS: No?

SHERLOCK: No, we’ve spoken since then. You came round to my flat a few weeks back; you pretended to be a woman called Faith Smith. We had chips.

EURUS: Does this mean you *didn’t* bring my hairband?

SHERLOCK: How did you manage to get out of this place? How did you do that?

EURUS: Easy. Look at me.

SHERLOCK: I *am* looking at you.

EURUS: You can’t see it, can you? You try and try but you just can’t see; you can’t look.

SHERLOCK: See what?

EURUS: What do you think?

SHERLOCK: Beautiful.

EURUS: You’re not looking at it.

SHERLOCK: I meant your playing.

EURUS: Oh, the music. I never know if it’s beautiful or not; only if it’s right.

SHERLOCK: Often they’re the same thing.

EURUS: If they’re not always the same thing, what’s the point in beauty? Look at the violin.

SHERLOCK: I need to know how you escaped.

EURUS: Look at the violin.

SHERLOCK: It’s a Stradivarius.

EURUS: It’s a gift.

SHERLOCK: Who from?

EURUS: Me.

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS: You play, don’t you?

SHERLOCK: How did *you* know?

EURUS: How did I know? I *taught* you, don’t you remember? How can you not remember that?

SHERLOCK: Eurus, I don’t remember you at all.

EURUS: Interesting. Mycroft told me you’d rewritten your memories; he didn’t tell me you’d written me out completely.

SHERLOCK: What do you mean, “rewritten”?

EURUS: You still don’t know about Redbeard, do you? Oh. This is going to be such a good day.

EURUS: She smiles at you when you come home. Like a reflex.

GOVERNOR: Everyone we sent in there; it-it’s hard to describe. It’s ... it’s like she ...

MYCROFT: ... recruited them.

EURUS: Smiling is advertising.

GOVERNOR: Enslaved them.

MYCROFT: She’s been capable of that since she was five.

EURUS: Smiling is happiness.

MYCROFT: She’s an adult now. I warned you; I *ordered* you.

GOVERNOR: She’s clinically unique. We had to try.

MYCROFT: At what cost?

EURUS: Happiness is a pop song. Sadness is a poem.

MYCROFT: What cost? Tell me the worst thing that has happened.

GOVERNOR: She kept suggesting to Doctor Taylor that he should kill his family.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: He said it was like an earworm; couldn’t get her out of his head.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: He left.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: Killed himself.

MYCROFT: And?

GOVERNOR: ... his family.

EURUS: Are you going to cry? It’s okay if you cry.

MAN: I don’t need to cry.

EURUS: I can *help* you cry.

EURUS: Play for me.

SHERLOCK: I need to know how you got out of here.

EURUS: You know already. Look at me. Look and play. No, not Bach; you clearly don’t understand it. Play you.

SHERLOCK: Me?

EURUS: *You*. Oh! Have you had sex?

SHERLOCK: Why do you ask?

EURUS: The music. *I’ve* had sex.

SHERLOCK: How?

EURUS: One of the nurses got careless. I liked it. Messy, though. People are so breakable.

SHERLOCK: I take it he didn’t consent.

EURUS: He?

SHERLOCK: She?

EURUS: Afraid I didn’t notice in the heat of the moment and afterwards ... well, you couldn’t really tell. Is that vibrato or is your hand shaking?

MYCROFT: I warned you explicitly: no-one was to talk to her alone.

GOVERNOR: *You* spoke to her.

MYCROFT: I know what I’m doing!

GOVERNOR: You even brought her a visitor on Christmas Day.

MYCROFT: I took a calculated risk.

GOVERNOR: You gave her a Christmas present. Remember her Christmas present?

MYCROFT: I am aware of the dangers Eurus poses, and equipped to deal with them.

JOHN: What dangers?

MYCROFT: Eurus doesn’t just talk to people. She ... reprograms them. Anyone who spends time with her is automatically compromised.

EURUS: I’m only trying to help you. We can help each other. Helping someone is the best way you can help yourself.

MAN: I don’t trust you.

SHERLOCK: So clearly you remember *me*.

EURUS: I remember everything; every single thing. You just need a big enough hard drive.

JOHN’s VOICE: Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Not now.

JOHN’s VOICE: Vatican Cameos.

SHERLOCK: In a minute.

EURUS: Let’s continue. Did they tell you to keep three feet from the glass?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

EURUS: Be naughty. Step closer.

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS: Do it. Step closer.

SHERLOCK: Tell me what you remember.

EURUS: You, me, and Mycroft. Mycroft was quite clever. He could understand things if you went a bit slow but you ... you were my favourite.

SHERLOCK: Why was I your favourite?

EURUS: ’Cause I could make you laugh. I *loved* it when you laughed. Once I made you laugh all night. I thought you were going to burst. I was so happy. Then Mummy and Daddy had to stop me, of course.

SHERLOCK: Why?

EURUS: Well, turns out I got it wrong. Apparently, you were screaming.

SHERLOCK: Why was I screaming? Redbeard. I remember Redbeard.

EURUS: Do you, now?

SHERLOCK: Tell me what I don’t know.

EURUS: Touch the glass.

MYCROFT: I put my trust in you, my implicit trust. As governor of this institute ...

GOVERNOR: It’s obvious when it all started. Well, she was never the same after that Christmas. It’s as if you woke her up.

MYCROFT: That is entirely beside the point! You had your orders and failed to act on them.

JOHN: Listen to the tape.

MYCROFT: Sorry?

JOHN: Do it now. Listen.

MYCROFT: My sister’s methods of ...

JOHN: Just listen.

EURUS: You have *no* idea how I could help. Bring me your wife. I want to meet her.

MAN: I don’t need your help.

SHERLOCK: Redbeard was my dog. I know what happened to Redbeard.

EURUS: Oh, Sherlock, you know nothing. Touch the glass, and I’ll tell you the truth. I’ll touch it too, if you’re scared.

EURUS: I can fix her for you, and then I’ll give you her straight back, good as new. I promise.

MAN: That’s all? What you’re proposing is not ... it’s not right.

JOHN: *Everyone* who went in there got affected – “enslaved,” you said.

GOVERNOR: Yes.

JOHN: One after the other.

GOVERNOR: Yes.

MYCROFT: Doctor Watson, I think we’ve ...

JOHN: Shut up.

EURUS: Do you trust your wife?

JOHN: One question. That’s *your* voice, isn’t it?

EURUS: Do you really? Do you trust her?

GOVERNOR’s VOICE: You’ve got to stop saying these things.

JOHN: If Eurus has enslaved *you*, then who exactly is in charge of this prison?

GOVERNOR’s VOICE: It’s *completely* inappropriate.

GOVERNOR: I’m sorry.

JOHN: No.

GOVERNOR: Very, very sorry.

JOHN: No.

EURUS: You think it’s a trick. You look so ... unsure. You’re not used to being unsure, are you?

SHERLOCK: It’s more common than you’d think.

EURUS: Look at you. The man who sees through everything ... is exactly the man who doesn’t notice ... when there’s nothing to see through. Do you see how it was done? I know you like explanations.

SHERLOCK: Signs. You suspended the signs.

EURUS: And my voice? Throat mic. Puts me through the speakers. Don’t you think it’s clever? Simple but clever?

SHERLOCK: Transparent.

EURUS: Well, you do keep asking me how I got out of here. Like this. Get in here, all of you! Stop me killing him! No, no. Stop me in a minute.

VOICE: Red alert! Red alert! Big bad bouncy red alert!

GOVERNOR: Doctor Watson!

VOICE: Klingons attacking lower decks! Also, cowboys in black hats, and Darth Vader! Don’t be alarmed! *I’m* here now! *I’m* here now! Did you miss me? Did you miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me?

GOVERNOR: Mr Moriarty.

JIM: Big G. “Big G.” Means “governor.” Street speak. I’m a bit down with the kids, you know? I’m relatable that way. D’you like my boys? This one’s got more stamina, but he’s less caring in the afterglow.

GOVERNOR: This way, please.

JIM: Smell all that insane criminality. Do you have cannibals here?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

JIM: How many?

GOVERNOR: Three.

JIM: That’s good. People leave their bodies to science; I think cannibals would be so much more grateful. Ah.

JIM: Ahh. Isn’t that sweet?

MYCROFT: Won’t you sit down?

JIM: I wrote my own version of the nativity when I was a child. “The Hungry Donkey.” It was a bit gory but, if you’re gonna put a baby in a manger, you’re asking for trouble.

MYCROFT: You know what this place is, of course?

JIM: Of course. So am I under arrest again?

MYCROFT: You remain a person of interest, but until you commit a verifiable crime you are – I regret – at liberty.

JIM: Then why am I here?

MYCROFT: You’re a Christmas present.

JIM: Ah. How’d you want me?

MYCROFT: There is, in this facility, a prisoner whose intellectual abilities are of occasional use to the British government.

JIM: What, for, like, really difficult sums, long division, that sort of thing?

MYCROFT: She predicted the exact dates of the last three terrorist attacks on the British mainland after an hour on Twitter. *That* sort of thing. In return, however, she requires treats. Last year it was a violin.

JIM: This year?

MYCROFT: Five minutes’ unsupervised conversation ... with you.

JIM: Me?! With me?!

MYCROFT: She has noted your interest in the activities of my little brother.

JIM: So ... what’s she got to do ... with Sherlock Holmes? Whatever you’re about to tell me... I already know it’s gonna be ... *awesome*!

JIM: I’m your Christmas present. So what’s mine?

EURUS: Redbeard.

SHERLOCK: How are you?

JOHN: Bit of a lump.

SHERLOCK: True dat, but you have your uses.

JOHN: Did you see your sister?

SHERLOCK: Yes.

JOHN: How was that?

SHERLOCK: Family’s always difficult.

MYCROFT: Is this an occasion for banter?

SHERLOCK: Mm, case in point.

JOHN: Are we phoning someone?

SHERLOCK: Apparently.

JOHN: What’s *he* doing here?

SHERLOCK: As he is told. Eurus is in control.

GIRL: Help me. Please, I’m on a plane and everyone’s asleep. Help me!

JIM’s VOICE: Hello. My name’s Jim Moriarty. Welcome ... to the final problem.

SHERLOCK: It’s okay. He’s dead.

JOHN: He doesn’t *sound* dead.

JIM’s VOICE: This is a recorded announcement. Please say hullo to some very old friends of mine.

GIRL: Hello? I can hear you talking. Please help me! I’m on a plane and it’s going to crash!

MYCROFT: What is this? We can’t do this!

SHERLOCK: Do shut up, dear.

GIRL: Is someone there?

MYCROFT: Is this supposed to be a game?

SHERLOCK: Be quiet.

GIRL: Please help me!

SHERLOCK: Oh, hello. Um, try-try to stay calm. Just te-tell me what your name is.

GIRL: I’m not supposed to tell my name to strangers.

SHERLOCK: Of course not. Very good. But, um, I’ll tell you mine. My name is ... Hello?

EURUS: Oh dear. We seem to have lost the connection.

MYCROFT: How have you done this? How is *any* of this possible?

EURUS: You put me in here, Mycroft. You brought me my treats.

JOHN: What treats?

JIM: Clever Eurus! You go, girl!

JOHN: How can that be Moriarty?

EURUS: Oh, he recorded lots of little messages for me before he died. Loved it. Did you know his brother was a station master? I think he was always jealous.

SHERLOCK: The girl – where is she? Can I talk to her again?

EURUS: Poor little thing. Alone in the sky in a great big plane with nowhere to land. But where in the world is she? It’s a clever little puzzle. If you want to apply yourself to it, I can reconnect you; but first ...

GOVERNOR: That’s my wife. That’s my wife! Oh, God, that’s my wife!

EURUS: I’m going to shoot the governor’s wife.

GOVERNOR: Please, no. Please. Help her!

EURUS: ... in about a minute. Bang. Dead!

SHERLOCK: *Please* don’t do that.

EURUS: Well, you *can* stop me.

SHERLOCK: How?

EURUS: There’s a gun in the hatch. Take it. You want to save the governor’s wife? Choose either Doctor Watson or Mycroft to kill the governor.

GOVERNOR: Oh ... oh God!

EURUS: *You* can’t do it, Sherlock. If you do it, it won’t count. I’ll kill her anyway. It has to be your brother or your friend.

GOVERNOR: You have to do this. Eurus *will* kill her.

SHERLOCK: Doesn’t appear we have a choice.

EURUS: Right, then. Countdown starting.

MYCROFT: How long?

EURUS: No, no, no. The countdown is for me. Withholding the precise deadline will apply the emotional pressure more evenly. Where possible, please give me an explicit verbal indication of your anxiety levels. I can’t always read them from your behaviour.

MYCROFT: I can’t do this. Can’t. It’s murder.

GOVERNOR: This is not murder. This is saving my wife.

EURUS: I’m particularly focussed on internal conflicts, where strategising around a largely intuitive moral code appears to create a counter-intuitive result.

MYCROFT: I will not kill. I will not have blood on my hands.

EURUS: Yes, very good. Thank you.

GOVERNOR: Killing my wife is what you’re doing.

MYCROFT: No.

SHERLOCK: Okay, fine. John.

GOVERNOR: Doctor Watson. Are you married?

JOHN: I was.

GOVERNOR: What happened?

JOHN: She died.

GOVERNOR: What would you give to get her back? I mean, if you could, if it was possible? What would you do to save her? Eurus *will* kill me. *Please* save my wife.

EURUS: There will, I’m afraid, be regular prompts to create an atmosphere of urgency.

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick ... Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tock, tick-tock ...

JOHN: What’s your name?

GOVERNOR: David.

JOHN: And you’re sure about this, David?

GOVERNOR: ’Course I’m bloody sure.

EURUS: Nearly there.

JOHN: Right. D’you want to ... pray, or anything?

GOVERNOR: With Eurus Holmes in the world, who the hell would I pray to?

JOHN: You are a good man, and you are doing a good thing.

GOVERNOR: So are you.

JOHN: I’ll spend the rest of my life telling myself that.

GOVERNOR: *Please*! Oh, God!

JOHN: I know that you’re scared, but you should also be very proud.

GOVERNOR: Just do it. Be quick!

JIM: Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

EURUS: This is very good, Doctor Watson. I should have fitted you with a cardiograph.

JOHN: Goodbye, David.

JIM: Tock-tock-tock-tock-tock-tock-tock tick-tick-tick.

GOVERNOR: *Please!*

JOHN: I can’t. I’m sorry. I can’t do it.

SHERLOCK: I know. It’s all right.

JOHN: Stop! No, no, stop.

GOVERNOR: I’m sorry.

SHERLOCK: It’s all right.

GOVERNOR: I’m so sorry. Remember me.

SHERLOCK: No!

JOHN: No!

SHERLOCK: Are you all right?

EURUS: Interesting.

SHERLOCK: All right, there you go. You got what you wanted ... and he’s dead.

EURUS: Dead or alive ... he really wasn’t very interesting, but you three ... you three were wonderful. Thank you. You see what you did, Doctor Watson ... specifically because of your moral code ... because you don’t want blood on your hands, two people are dead instead of one.

JOHN: Two people?

EURUS: Yes. Sorry, hang on.

JOHN: Oh!

EURUS: What advantage did your moral code grant you? Is it not, in the end, selfish to keep one’s hands clean at the expense of another’s life?

JOHN: You didn’t have to kill her!

EURUS: The condition of her survival was that you or Mycroft had to kill her husband. This is an experiment. There *will* be rigour. Sherlock, pick up the gun. It’s your turn next. When I tell you to use it – and I will – remember what happened this time.

SHERLOCK: What if I don’t *want* a gun?

EURUS: Oh, the gun is intended as a mercy.

SHERLOCK: For whom?

EURUS: You.

SHERLOCK: How so?

EURUS: If someone else had to die, would you really want to do it with your bare hands? It would waste valuable time.

JOHN: Probably just take it.

SHERLOCK: There’s only one bullet left.

EURUS: You will only *need* one. But you *will* need it. Please, go through. There’s a few tasks for you, and a girl on a plane is getting very, *very* scared.

SHERLOCK: Treats?

MYCROFT: Yes. You know, a violin.

SHERLOCK: In exchange for ...?

MYCROFT: She’s very clever.

SHERLOCK: I’m beginning to think you’re *not*.

JIM’s VOICE: Come on now! Aaaaaall aboard! Choo-choo! Choo-choo!

SHERLOCK: Someone’s been redecorating.

JOHN: Is that allowed?

SHERLOCK: She’s literally taken over the asylum. We have more to worry about than her choice of colour scheme.

MYCROFT: Barely dry. Recent.

SHERLOCK: It’s for our benefit.

EURUS: As a motivator to your continued co-operation, I’m now reconnecting you.

JIM: Fasten your seatbelts! It’s gonna be a bumpy night.

GIRL’s VOICE: Are-are you still there?

SHERLOCK: Yes, hello? Hello. We’re still here. Can you hear us?

GIRL: Yes.

SHERLOCK: Everything’s gonna be all right. I just need you to tell me where you are. Outside, is it day or night?

GIRL: Night.

MYCROFT: That certainly narrows it down to half the planet.

SHERLOCK: What kind of a plane are you on?

GIRL: Um, I don’t know.

JOHN: Is it big or small?

GIRL: Big.

JOHN: Lots of people on it?

GIRL: Lots and lots, but they’re all asleep. I can’t wake them up.

SHERLOCK: Where did you take off from?

GIRL: Even the driver’s asleep.

SHERLOCK: No, I understand; but where did you come from? Where did the plane take off?

GIRL: My nan’s.

SHERLOCK: And where are you going?

GIRL: Home.

SHERLOCK: No, I mean what airport are you ...

EURUS: Enough for now. Time to play a *new* game. Look on the table in front of you. Open the envelope! If you want to speak to the girl again, *earn* yourself some phone time!

MYCROFT: This is inhuman; this is insane!

JOHN: Mycroft, we know.

EURUS: Six months ago, a man called Evans was murdered; unsolved except by me. He was shot from a distance of three hundred metres with this rifle. Now, if the police had any brains they’d realise there are three suspects, all brothers. Nathan Garrideb, Alex Garrideb and Howard Garrideb. All these photos are up-to-date, but which one pulled the trigger, Sherlock? Which one?

JOHN: What’s this? W-we’re supposed to solve this based on what?

SHERLOCK: This. This is all we get.

EURUS: Please, make use of your friends, Sherlock. I want to see you interact with people that you’re close to. Also, you may have to choose which one to keep.

SHERLOCK: What do you make of it?

MYCROFT: Am I being asked to prove my usefulness?

SHERLOCK: Yes, I should think you are.

MYCROFT: I will not be manipulated like this.

SHERLOCK: Fine. John? John?

JOHN: Yeah, I think I’ve seen one of these. It’s a buffalo gun. I’d say nineteen forties, old-fashioned sight, no crosshairs.

SHERLOCK: Glasses, glasses. Nathan wears glasses. Evans was shot from three hundred metres. Kickback from a gun with this calibre ... would be massive. No cuts, no scarring. Not Nathan, then. Who’s next?

MYCROFT: Well done, Doctor Watson. How useful you are. Do you have a suspicion we’re being made to compete?

JOHN: No, we’re not competing. There’s a plane in the air that’s gonna crash, so what we’re doing is actually trying to save a little girl. Today we have to be soldiers, Mycroft, soldiers ... and that means to *hell* with what happens to us.

MYCROFT: Your priorities do you credit.

JOHN: No, my priorities just got a woman killed.

EURUS: Now, as I understand it, Sherlock, you try to repress your emotions to refine your reasoning. I’d like to see how that works, so, if you don’t mind, I’m going to apply some context to your deductions.

MYCROFT: Oh, dear God.

EURUS: Two of the Garridebs work here as orderlies, so getting the third along really wasn’t too difficult. Once you bring in your verdict, let me know and justice will be done.

SHERLOCK: Justice?

JOHN: What will you do with them?

EURUS: Early release.

SHERLOCK: You’ll drop them into the sea.

EURUS: Sink, or swim.

JOHN: They’re tied up!

EURUS: Exactly! Now there is context. Please, continue with your deductions. I’m now focussing on the difference to your mental capacity a specified consequence can make.

MYCROFT: Why should we bother? What if we’re disinclined to play your games, little sister?

EURUS: I have – *if* you remember – provided you with some motivation.

GIRL’s VOICE: We’re going through the clouds, like cotton wool.

SHERLOCK: Oh. That’s nice. Try to tell me more about the plane.

GIRL: Why won’t my mummy wake up?

SHERLOCK: So it’s got to be one of the other two. Now, Howard. Howard’s a lifelong drunk. Pallor of his skin, terminal gin blossoms on his red nose ... and – terror notwithstanding – a bad case of the DTs. There’s no way *he* could have taken that shot from three hundred metres away. So that leaves us with Alex. Indentations on the temples suggest he habitually wears glasses. Frown lines suggest a lifetime of peering.

MYCROFT: He’s shortsighted, or he *was*. His recent laser surgery has done the trick.

SHERLOCK: Laser surgery?

MYCROFT: Look at his clothes. He’s made an effort.

JOHN: That’s *very* good.

SHERLOCK: Excellent. Suddenly he sees himself in quite a different light now that he’s dumped the specs. Even has a spray tan. But he’s clearly not used to his new personal grooming ritual. That can be told by the state of his fingernails and the fact that there’s hair growing in his ears. So it’s a superficial job, then. But he got his eyes fixed. His hands were steady. *He* pulled the trigger. *He* killed Evans.

EURUS: Are you ready to condemn the prisoner?

MYCROFT: Sherlock, we can’t do this.

SHERLOCK: The *plane*, remember?

EURUS: Sherlock? Are you ready?

SHERLOCK: Alex.

EURUS: *Say* it. Condemn him. Condemn him in the knowledge of what will happen to the man you name.

SHERLOCK: I condemn Alex Garrideb.

JIM’s VOICE: Mind the gap.

EURUS: Congratulations. You got the right one. Now, go through the door.

JOHN: You dropped the other two. Why?

EURUS: Interesting.

JOHN: WHY?

EURUS: Does it really make a difference, killing the innocent instead of the guilty? Let’s see.

JIM: The train has left the station!

EURUS: No. That felt pretty much the same.

SHERLOCK: John. Don’t let her distract you.

JOHN: Distract me?

SHERLOCK: Soldiers today.

EURUS: One more minute on the phone.

GIRL: Frightened. I’m really frightened.

SHERLOCK: It’s okay, don’t worry. I don’t have very long with you, so I just need you to tell me what you can see outside the plane.

GIRL: Just the sea. I can see the sea.

SHERLOCK: Are there ships on it?

GIRL: No ships. I can see lights in the distance.

SHERLOCK: Is it a city?

GIRL: I think so.

MYCROFT: She’s about to fly over a city in a pilotless plane. We’ll have to talk her through it.

JOHN: Through what?

GIRL: Hello? Are you still there?

SHERLOCK: Still here. Just give us a minute.

MYCROFT: Getting the plane away from any mainland, any populated areas. It *has* to crash in the sea.

JOHN: What about the girl?

MYCROFT: Well, obviously, Doctor Watson, she’s the one who’s going to crash it.

JOHN: No. W-we could help her land it.

MYCROFT: And if we fail, and she crashes into a city? How many will die then?

JOHN: How are we gonna get her to do that?

MYCROFT: I’m afraid we’re going to have to give her hope.

SHERLOCK: Is there really no-one there that can help you? Have you really, *really* checked?

GIRL: Everyone’s asleep. Will you help me?

SHERLOCK: We’re going to do everything that we can.

GIRL: I’m scared. I’m really scared.

SHERLOCK: It’s all right. I ...

EURUS: Now, back to the matter in hand. Coffin. Problem: someone is about to die. It will be – as I understand it – a tragedy. So many days not lived, so many words unsaid. Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

SHERLOCK: Yes, yes, yes, and this – I presume – will be their coffin.

EURUS: *Whose* coffin, Sherlock? Please, start your deductions. I will apply some context in a moment.

SHERLOCK: Well, allowing for the entirely pointless courtesy of headroom, I’d say this coffin is intended for someone of about five foot four. Makes it more likely to be a woman.

JOHN: Not a child?

SHERLOCK: A child’s coffin would be more expensive. This is in the lower price range, although still best available in that bracket.

JOHN: A lonely night on Google(!)

SHERLOCK: This is a practical and informed choice. Balance of probability suggests that this is for an unmarried woman distant from her close relatives. That much is suggested by the economy of choice. Acquainted with the process of death but unsentimental about the necessity of disposal. Also, the lining of the coffin ...

MYCROFT: Yes, very good, Sherlock, or we could just look at the name on the lid. Only it isn’t a name.

JOHN: So, it’s for somebody who loves somebody.

MYCROFT: It’s for somebody who loves Sherlock. This is all about you. Everything here. So who loves you? I’m assuming it’s not a long list.

JOHN: Irene Adler.

SHERLOCK: Don’t be ridiculous. Look at the coffin. Unmarried, practical about death, alone.

JOHN: Molly.

SHERLOCK: Molly Hooper.

EURUS: She’s perfectly safe, for the moment. Her flat is rigged to explode in approximately three minutes ... unless I hear the release code from her lips. I’m calling her on your phone, Sherlock. Make her say it.

JOHN: Say what?

EURUS: Obvious, surely?

JOHN: No.

SHERLOCK: Yes.

EURUS: Oh, one important restriction: you’re not allowed to mention in any way at all that her life is in danger. You may not – at any point – suggest that there is any form of crisis. If you do, I will end this session and her life. Are we clear?

JIM’s VOICE: Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tick.

SHERLOCK: What’s she doing?

MYCROFT: She’s making tea.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but why isn’t she answering her phone?

JOHN: You never answer *your* phone.

SHERLOCK: Yes, but it’s *me* calling.

MOLLY’s VOICE: Hi, this is Molly, at the dead centre of town. Leave a message.

EURUS: Okay, okay. Just one more time.

JOHN: Come on, Molly, pick up. Just bloody pick up.

MOLLY: Hello, Sherlock. Is this urgent, ’cause I’m not having a good day.

SHERLOCK: Molly, I just want you to do something very easy for me, and not ask why.

MOLLY: Oh, God. Is this one of your stupid games?

SHERLOCK: No, it’s not a game. I ... need you to help me.

MOLLY: Look, I’m not at the lab.

SHERLOCK: It’s not about that.

MOLLY: Well, quickly, then. Sherlock? What is it? What do you want?

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tick.

SHERLOCK: Molly, please, without asking why, just say these words.

MOLLY: What words?

SHERLOCK: I love you.

MOLLY: Leave me alone.

SHERLOCK: Molly, no, *please*, no, don’t hang up! Do *not* hang up!

EURUS: Calmly, Sherlock, or I *will* finish her right now.

MOLLY: Why are you doing this to me? Why are you making fun of me?

SHERLOCK: Please, I swear, you just have to listen to me.

EURUS: Softer, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Molly, this is for a case. It’s ... it’s a sort of experiment.

MOLLY: I’m not an experiment, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: No, I know you’re not an experiment. You’re my friend. We’re friends. But ... please. Just ... say those words for me.

MOLLY: Please don’t do this. Just ... just ... don’t do it.

SHERLOCK: It’s *very* important. I can’t say why, but I promise you it is.

MOLLY: I can’t say that. I can’t ... I can’t say that to you.

SHERLOCK: Of *course* you can. *Why* can’t you?

MOLLY: You *know* why.

SHERLOCK: No, I *don’t* know why.

MOLLY: Of course you do.

JIM: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tick-tick-tick ...

SHERLOCK: Please, just say it.

MOLLY: I can’t. Not to you.

SHERLOCK: Why?

MOLLY: Because ... because it’s true. Because ... it’s ... true, Sherlock. It’s *always* been true.

SHERLOCK: Well, if it’s true, just say it anyway.

MOLLY: You bastard.

SHERLOCK: Say it anyway.

MOLLY: *You* say it. Go on. You say it first.

SHERLOCK: What?

MOLLY: Say it. Say it like you mean it.

EURUS: Final thirty seconds.

SHERLOCK: I-I ... I love you. I love you. Molly? Molly, *please*.

MOLLY: I love you.

MYCROFT: Sherlock, however hard that was ...

SHERLOCK: Eurus, I won. I won. Come on, play fair. The girl on the plane: I need to talk to her. I won. I saved Molly Hooper.

EURUS: Saved her? From what? Oh, do be sensible. There were no explosives in her little house. Why would I be so clumsy? You *didn’t* win. You lost. Look what you did to her. Look what you did to yourself. All those complicated little emotions. I lost count. Emotional context, Sherlock. It destroys you *every* time. Now, please, pull yourself together. I need you at peak efficiency. The next one isn’t going to be so easy. In your own time.

JOHN: Sherlock?

SHERLOCK: No. No.

JOHN: Look, I know this is difficult and I know you’re being tortured, but you have got to keep it together.

SHERLOCK: This isn’t torture; this is vivisection. We’re experiencing science from the perspective of lab rats. Soldiers?

JOHN: Soldiers.

JIM: Tick-tock, tickets please!

SHERLOCK: Hey, sis, don’t mean to complain but this one’s empty. What happened? Did you run out of ideas?

EURUS: It’s not empty, Sherlock. You’ve still got the gun, haven’t you? I *told* you you’d need it, because only two can play the next game. Just two of you go on from here; your choice. It’s make-your-mind-up time. Whose help do you need the most – John or Mycroft? It’s an elimination round. You choose one and kill the other. You have to choose family or friend. Mycroft or John Watson?

JIM: Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

MYCROFT: Eurus, enough!

EURUS Not yet, I think. But nearly. Remember, there’s a plane in the sky, and it’s not going to land.

MYCROFT: Well?

SHERLOCK: Well, what?

MYCROFT: We’re not actually going to discuss this, are we? I’m sorry, Doctor Watson. You’re a fine man in many respects. Make your goodbyes and shoot him. *Shoot* him!

JOHN: What?

MYCROFT: Shoot Doctor Watson. There’s no question who has to continue from here. It’s us; you and me. Whatever lies ahead requires brainpower, Sherlock, not sentiment. Don’t prolong his agony; shoot him.

JOHN: Do I get a say in this?

MYCROFT: Today, we are soldiers. Soldiers die for their country. I regret, Doctor Watson, that privilege is now yours.

JOHN: Shit. He’s right. He is, in fact, right.

MYCROFT: Make it swift. No need to prolong his agony. Get it over with ... and we can get to work. God! I should have expected this. Pathetic. You always *were* the slow one ... the idiot. That’s why I’ve always despised you. You shame us all. You shame the family name. Now, for once in your life, do the right thing. Put this stupid little man out of all our misery. *Shoot* him.

SHERLOCK: Stop it.

MYCROFT: Look at him. What is he? Nothing more than a distraction; a little scrap of ordinariness for you to impress, to dazzle with your cleverness. You’ll find another.

SHERLOCK: Please, for God’s sake, just stop it.

MYCROFT: Why?

SHERLOCK: Because, on balance, even your Lady Bracknell was more convincing. Ignore everything he just said. He’s being kind. He’s trying to make it easy for me to kill him. Which is why this is going to be so much harder.

MYCROFT: You said you *liked* my Lady Bracknell.

JOHN: Sherlock. Don’t.

MYCROFT: It’s not your decision, Doctor Watson. Not in the face, though, please. I’ve promised my brain to the Royal Society.

SHERLOCK: Where would you suggest?

MYCROFT: Well ... I suppose there is a heart *somewhere* inside me. I don’t imagine it’s much of a target but ... why don’t we try for that?

JOHN: I won’t allow this.

MYCROFT: This is my fault. Moriarty.

SHERLOCK: Moriarty?

MYCROFT: Her Christmas treat: five minutes’ conversation with Jim Moriarty five years ago.

SHERLOCK: What did they discuss?

MYCROFT: Five minutes’ conversation ... unsupervised. Goodbye, brother mine. No flowers ... by request.

EURUS: Jim Moriarty thought you’d make this choice. He was *so* excited.

JIM: And here we are, at the end of the line. Holmes killing Holmes. This is where I get off.

SHERLOCK: Five minutes. It took her just *five minutes* to do all of this to us. Well, not on my watch.

EURUS: What are you doing?

SHERLOCK: A moment ago, a brave man asked to be remembered. I’m remembering the governor. Ten ...

EURUS: No, no, Sherlock.

SHERLOCK: Nine ... Eight ...

EURUS: You can’t!

SHERLOCK: Seven ...

EURUS: You don’t know about Redbeard yet.

SHERLOCK: Six ...

EURUS: Sherlock!

SHERLOCK: Five ...

EURUS: Sherlock, stop that at once!

SHERLOCK: Four ... Three ... Two ...

GIRL’s VOICE: Hello? Hello? Are you still there?

SHERLOCK: Yes. Yeah; no, I’m-I’m still here. I’m here.

GIRL: You went away. You said you’d help me and you went away.

SHERLOCK: Yes, I know. Well, I’m sorry about that. We-we-we must have got cut off. Um ... How-how-how long was I away?

GIRL: Hours. Hours and hours. Why don’t grown-ups tell the truth?

SHERLOCK: No, I-I *am* telling the truth. You can trust me.

GIRL: Where did you go?

SHERLOCK: I’m not completely sure. Um, now, I tell you what. You-you’ve got to be really, really brave for me. Can you go to the front of the plane? Can you do that?

GIRL: The front?

SHERLOCK: Yes. That’s right; the front.

GIRL: You mean where the driver is?

SHERLOCK: Yes, that’s it.

GIRL: Okay. I’m going.

SHERLOCK: Are you there yet?

JOHN: Yeah, I’m here.

SHERLOCK: John!

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: Where are you?

JOHN: I don’t know. I’ve just woken up. Where are you?

SHERLOCK: I’m in another cell. I just spoke to the girl on the plane again. We’ve been out for hours.

JOHN: What, she’s still up there?

SHERLOCK: Yes. The plane will keep flying until it runs out of fuel. Is Mycroft with you?

JOHN: I have no idea. I can hardly see anything. Mycroft? Mycroft?

SHERLOCK: Are *you* okay?

JOHN: Yeah.

SHERLOCK: All right. Well, just keep exploring. Tell me anything you can about where you are.

JOHN: The walls are rough. They’re rock, I guess.

SHERLOCK: What are you standing on?

JOHN: Uh, stone, I think. But listen: there’s about two feet of water. Chains. Yeah, my feet are chained up. I can feel something. Bones, Sherlock. There are bones in here.

SHERLOCK: What kind of bones?

JOHN: Uh, I dunno. S-small.

SHERLOCK: Redbeard.

GIRL’s VOICE: Who’s Redbeard?

SHERLOCK: Oh, hello. Are you at the front of the plane now?

GIRL: Yeah. I still can’t wake the driver up.

SHERLOCK: That’s all right. What can you see now?

GIRL: I can see a river. And there’s-there’s-there’s a big wheel.

SHERLOCK: All right. Well, you and I are going to have to drive this plane together. Just you and me.

GIRL: We are?

SHERLOCK: Yeah, there’s nothing to it. We just need to get in touch with some people on the ground. Now, um, can you see anything that looks like a radio?

GIRL: No.

SHERLOCK: That’s all right. Well, we ... keep looking. We’ve got plenty of time. What’s wrong?

GIRL: The whole plane’s shaking.

SHERLOCK: It’s just turbulence. It’s nothing to worry about.

GIRL: My ears hurt.

SHERLOCK: Does the river look like it’s getting closer?

GIRL: A-a little bit.

SHERLOCK: All right, then. That means you’re nearly home.

JOHN: Sherlock? I’m in a well. That’s where I am; I’m in the bottom of a well.

SHERLOCK: Why would there be a well in Sherrinford? Why is there a draught? Walls don’t contract after you’ve painted them. Not real ones. I’m home. Musgrave Hall.

EURUS: Me and Jim Moriarty, we got on like a house on fire ... which reminded me of home.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, it’s just an old building. I don’t care. The plane; tell me about the plane *NOW!*

EURUS: Sweet Jim. He was never very interested in being alive, especially if he could make more trouble being dead.

SHERLOCK: Yeah, still not interested. The *plane*!

EURUS: You *knew* he’d take his revenge. His revenge apparently is *me*.

SHERLOCK: Eurus, let me speak to the little girl on the plane and I’ll play any game you like.

EURUS: First find Redbeard. I’m letting the water in now. You don’t want me to drown another one of your pets, do you? At long last, Sherlock Holmes, it’s time to solve the Musgrave ritual. Your very first case! And the final problem. Oh. Bye-bye.

JOHN: Sherlock?

EURUS’ VOICE: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below ...

JOHN: Sherlock!

EURUS’ VOICE: ♪ The old beech tree? / Help succour me now ...

SHERLOCK: John.

EURUS’ VOICE: ♪ The East winds blow ...

SHERLOCK: John. John? Can you hear me? John!

EURUS’ VOICE: ♪ Sixteen by six, brother, and under we go ...

GIRL: Help me! Help me, please!

JOHN: Sherlock!

EURUS’ VOICE: ♪ Be not afraid ...

SHERLOCK: John.

JOHN: Yeah, it’s flooding. The well is flooding.

SHERLOCK: Try as long as possible not to drown.

JOHN: What?

SHERLOCK: I’m going to find you. I *am* finding you!

JOHN: Well, hurry up, please, because I don’t have long!

GIRL: It’s leaning over, the whole plane!

SHERLOCK: Eurus, you said the answer’s in the song but I went through the song line by line all those years ago and I found nothing. I couldn’t find *anything*. And there-there was a beech tree in the grounds and I dug. I dug and dug and dug and dug. Sixteen feet by six; sixteen yards; sixteen metres – and I found *nothing. No-one.*

JOHN: Sherlock?

EURUS: It was a clever little puzzle, wasn’t it? So why couldn’t you work it out, Sherlock?

JOHN: Sherlock? There’s something you need to know.

EURUS: Emotional context. And he-e-e-e-re it comes.

JOHN: Sherlock? The bones I found.

SHERLOCK: Yes? They’re dogs’ bones. That’s Redbeard.

JOHN: Mycroft’s been lying to you; to both of us. They’re not dogs’ bones.

EURUS: Remember Daddy’s allergy? What *was* he allergic to? What would he never let you have all those times you begged? Well, he’d *never* let you have a dog.

YOUNG SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Come on, Redbeard!

ADULT EURUS: What a funny little memory, Sherlock. You were upset ... so you told yourself a better story. But we never had a dog.

SHERLOCK: Victor.

EURUS: Now it’s coming.

SHERLOCK: Victor Trevor. We played pirates. I was Yellowbeard and he was ... he was Redbeard.

EURUS: You were inseparable. But I wanted to play too.

SHERLOCK: Oh. Oh God. What ... what did you do?

EURUS: ♪ I that am lost / Oh, who will find me / Deep down below / The old beech tree? ♪

VICTOR: *Please* let me out! Please, someone help me! *Please*.

YOUNG SHERLOCK: Come on, Redbeard!

SHERLOCK’s VOICE: Victor.

EURUS: Deep waters, Sherlock, all your life. In all your dreams. Deep waters.

SHERLOCK: You killed him. You killed my best friend.

EURUS: I never *had* a best friend. I had *no-one*.

YOUNG EURUS: Play with me, Sherlock! Play with me!

ADULT EURUS: No-one. No-one.

SHERLOCK: Okay. Okay, let’s play.

GIRL: Hello? Are you there?

SHERLOCK: Need your help. I’m trying to solve a puzzle.

GIRL: But what about the plane?

SHERLOCK: Well, the puzzle will save the plane. The wrong dates. She used the wrong dates on the gravestones as the key to the cipher and the cipher was the song.

JOHN: Is this *strictly* relevant?

SHERLOCK: Yes, it is. I’ll be with you in a minute.

GIRL: The lights are getting closer.

SHERLOCK: Hush, now. Working. Let’s number the words of the song. Then rearrange the numbered words to match the sequence on the gravestones. I ... am ... lost ... Help ... me ... brother ... Save ... My ... Life ... Before ... my ... Doom. I ... am ... Lost ... Without ... your ... love ... Save ... My ... soul ... seek ... my ... room. Oh God.

GIRL: We’re going to crash! I’m going to die!

SHERLOCK: I think it’s time you told me your real name.

GIRL: I’m not allowed to tell my name to strangers.

SHERLOCK: But I’m not a stranger, am I? I’m your brother. I’m here, Eurus.

EURUS: You’re playing with me, Sherlock. We’re playing the game.

SHERLOCK: The game, yes. I get it now. The song was never a set of directions.

EURUS: I’m in the plane, and I’m going to crash. And you’re going to save me.

SHERLOCK: Look how brilliant you are. Your mind has created the perfect metaphor. You’re high above us, all alone in the sky, and you understand everything except how to land. Now, I’m just an idiot, but I’m on the ground. I can bring you home.

EURUS: No. No, no. It’s too late now.

SHERLOCK: No it’s not. It’s not too late.

EURUS: Every time I close my eyes, I’m on the plane. I’m lost, lost in the sky and ... no-one can hear me.

SHERLOCK: Open your eyes. I’m here. You’re not lost any more. Now, you ... you just ... you just went the wrong way last time, that’s all. This time, get it right. Tell me how to save my friend. Eurus ... Help me save John Watson.

LESTRADE: I just spoke to your brother.

SHERLOCK: How is he?

LESTRADE: He’s a bit shaken up, that’s all. She didn’t hurt him; she just locked him in her old cell.

JOHN: What goes around comes around.

LESTRADE: Yeah. Give me a moment, boys.

SHERLOCK: Oh, um. Mycroft – make sure he’s looked after. He’s not as strong as he thinks he is.

LESTRADE: Yeah, I’ll take care of it.

SHERLOCK: Thanks, Greg.

LESTRADE: The helicopter ready?

POLICE OFFICER: Mm-hm.

LESTRADE: Let’s move her, then.

POLICE OFFICER: Is that him, sir? Sherlock Holmes?

LESTRADE: Fan, are you?

POLICE OFFICER: Well, he’s a great man, sir.

LESTRADE: No, he’s better than that. He’s a *good* one.

JOHN: You okay?

SHERLOCK: I said I’d bring her home. I can’t, can I?

JOHN: Well, you gave her what she was looking for: context.

SHERLOCK: Is that good?

JOHN: It’s not good, it’s not bad. It’s ... It is what it is.

MRS HOLMES: *Alive*?! For all these years? How is that even *possible*?!

MYCROFT: What Uncle Rudy began ... I thought it best to continue.

MRS HOLMES: I’m not asking how you did it, idiot boy, I’m asking how *could* you?

MYCROFT: I was trying to be kind.

MRS HOLMES: Kind?! Kind? You told us that our daughter was *dead*.

MYCROFT: Better that than tell you what she had become. I’m sorry.

MR HOLMES: Whatever she became, whatever she is now, Mycroft ... she remains our daughter.

MYCROFT: And my sister.

MRS HOLMES: Then you should have done better.

SHERLOCK: He did his best.

MRS HOLMES: Then he’s very limited.

MR HOLMES: Where is she?

MYCROFT: Back in Sherrinford; secure, this time. People have died. Without doubt she will kill again if she has the opportunity. There’s no possibility she’ll ever be able to leave.

MR HOLMES: When can we see her?

MYCROFT: There’s no point.

MRS HOLMES: How *dare* you say that?

MYCROFT: She won’t talk. She won’t communicate with anyone in any way. She has passed beyond our view. There are no words that can reach her now.

MRS HOLMES: Sherlock. Well? You were always the grown-up. What do we do now?

JOHN: Uh, yeah, I-I think you’d better get round here.

MARY: P.S. I know you two; and if I’m gone, I know what you could become ... because I know who you really are. A junkie who solves crimes to get high ... and the doctor who never came home from the war. Well, you listen to me: who you really are, it doesn’t matter. It’s all about the legend, the stories, the adventures. There is a last refuge for the desperate, the unloved, the persecuted. There is a final court of appeal for *everyone*. When life gets too strange, too impossible ... too frightening, there is always one last hope. When all else fails ... there are two men sitting arguing in a scruffy flat ...

SHERLOCK: Oh, there’s Daddy!

MARY: ... like they’ve always been there ... and they always will. The best and wisest men I have ever known. My Baker Street boys. Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.