Sherlock Sample after 1300 epoch :

SHERLOCK

Well, now that you mention it, it’s

probably true.

JOHN

Well, yes. Yeah. Well, yeah.

SHERLOCK

Well it’s true. It does.

(MORE)

7e

INT. 2218 BAKER STREET, DAY 2

SHERLOCK and JOHN racing along.

18 BAKER STREET — COURTS — NIGHT.

(MORE)

29 INT, STREET STATION, JOHN’S OFFICE, DAY 29

The kitchen is crammed with tables, pans, jars. Baker Stations everywhere,

the sound of music and the thrums and grunts of cars.

LESTRADE’S desk is ajar.

‘SHERLOCK and JOHN heading towards John. JOHN looks on,

Lestrade, the man who pulled his stuff off to get to his

chair, is sitting there, staring at an empty chair

‘LESTRADE

How are they doing, then?

JORN

I'm not your boss.

LESTRADE

So you took mine out.

JORN

I did.

LESTRADE

And then you took out my key from

there, too.

JOHN

(Sighs)

And you got your hands on it --

LESTRADE

You got mine from somewhere.

cur TO:

EXT. STREET STADIUM - DAY 30

An empty restaurant, packed with tables, pans, jars, everything

apparently going for John as he arrives.

It's been a really busy week for Sherlock. He’s been

gutted by the grief and shock of his fallen colleague,

he's been devastated by some of his closest

friends dead or missing. He wants answers - questions that

can’t be answered through rumours and innuendos - questions

that could be used against him.

As he stands, facing the sun, wearing our best

coat and tie, we stare at a single, painted figure:

SHERLOCK

He's not your man.

cUT TO:

INT. STAPLE STATION - DAY = a

Lestrade and Sally standing at the foot of the

Stapleton Stad. An empty park.

SALLY

Sherlock!

ke it is.

ke it is.

LESTRADE

How long were you here?

LESTRADE

Four years.

LESTRADE

What?

ke it is. No, it isn't —

LESTRADE

But you did take my key off you

don’t you, John?

JOHN

No, I don’t —

LESTRADE

and you couldn't figure it out on your own

LESTRADE

‘The key wasn’t at your doorstep - it was

delivery.

cur TO:

EXT. STAPLE STATION - DAY

John Watson and Sally walking down the steps to

their seats, where John sits on the edge of the

stapel. John has his coat pulled over his head, and

SHERLOCK has his key out.

JOHN

(scoffs it)

Yes. It's from your therapist.

SHERLOCK

Oh, Sherlock, yes.

goEN

What happened to it?

SHERLOCK

I think I told you —

goEN

You told me you could trust me.

SHERLOCK

I told you to trust me.

goEN

I tell you —

He's ringing the doorbell, now yelling for John to step forward

and take his coat off. John is starting to panic, trying to

help him. JOHN

What the hell are you doing? You’re

going into therapy anyway,

you're not suicidal, you're not

talking about personality disorders.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDSIT - DAY

John, grabbing his coat from the bed, heading towards the

beds.

John, thrashing to his feet, staring at the ceiling.

cur TO:

INT. STAPLE STATION - DAY 2

The Stapel!

A queue at the door. In it's hands, sobbing men and women.

John sits there, staring at the ceiling.

The ceiling!

He turns it over, starts to light the candles.

He puts one on his handbag, places