

SHERLOCK

Season 4 – all episodes – speaker and spoken words only

Page Index

<u>Episode</u>	<u>Page</u>
The Six Thatchers	1
The Lying Detective	25
The Final Problem	50

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 aliiiiive! ♪
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 WELSBOROUGHES: ... 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: 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-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?
 GOLD TEETH MAN: 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 *unacceptable* 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. 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. Drearciff 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?

JOHN: 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, The 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 ...

EURUS: ... brother ...

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?

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.