

1 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 1

Chinese music.

Plucked strings, a bamboo flute - delicate; serene.

A woman's hand. She pours green tea from a Chinese tea set.

The woman is SOO LIN YAO. Pale, young, beautiful - a fragile little doll. Her security badge says 'BRITISH MUSEUM'.

The Chinese Antiquities Room in the museum. Glass cabinets bursting with Oriental artefacts. The sun streams through the high windows.

A demonstration. SOO LIN exhibits the tea ceremony to the tourists that pass by. People chatter and take photographs.

SOO LIN

The great artisans say - the more  
the tea pot is used, the more  
beautiful it becomes.

(Pours the tea)

The pot is seasoned by repeatedly  
pouring tea over the surface.

Wipes the surface of the clay. It gleams.

SOO LIN

The deposit left on the clay  
creates this beautiful patina, over  
time. Some pots - the clay has been  
burnished by tea made over four  
hundred years ago.

A party of school children watching her. She offers the cup to a BOY. He takes it nervously and sips.

SOO LIN

You drink from the pot that served  
Tan Lun himself. Great General of  
the Ming Dynasty.

2 INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY 2

The day ending.

POV security camera. Tourists flock towards the exit.

ANDY GALBRAITH. Museum staff - mid 20s. An archeology graduate. Sexy in a geeky way.

ANDY watches SOO LIN meticulously pack away her tea set. He is enchanted by this exquisite but remote girl. Clumsily he tries to flirt.

ANDY

Four hundred years old. And they're letting you use it to make yourself a cuppa.

SOO LIN

Some things aren't supposed to sit behind glass. They're made to be touched - to be handled.

She turns. He is looking straight at her.

ANDY

(Softly)

Some things.

Embarrassed, she looks away.

SOO LIN

These pots need attention. The clay is cracking.

ANDY

I can't see how a tiny splash of tea is gonna help.

SOO LIN

Sometimes you have to look hard at something - to see its value.

She holds up the pot. It shines in the light.

SOO LIN

See. This one shines a little brighter.

Why won't she look at him? She only has eyes for the artefacts; caresses them gently.

ANDY

I don't suppose... I mean, er... I don't suppose you want to have a drink, perhaps. Not tea! I mean a pub. With me. Tonight. Um.

SOO LIN smiles softly.

SOO LIN

You wouldn't like me all that much.

ANDY

Couldn't I, maybe, decide that for myself?

SOO LIN  
(Shakes her head, sadly)  
I can't. I'm sorry. Please stop  
asking.

CUT TO:

Clang! Museum doors are shut and bolted.

Clang! The upper galleries are locked tight.

Electrical switches. A security man flicks them off one by one. Lights go out through the upper floors.

3      INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DUSK      3

SOO LIN alone in the gallery.

Stoneware busts of Emperors and Guardians stare down.

In the gallery's centre is a mannequin - an Empress in black and gold dragon robes. Silently she dominates the room.

On an adjacent wall - chiselled into the stone - are the names of all the museum's benefactors... People who have given money to the Chinese Exhibition. (Titled people and corporate donations).

SOO LIN opens the glass cabinet to replace the tea pot...

There are five pots in a row. A label reads 'ZISHA CEREMONIAL TEA POTS. HANG ZHOU c1640'.

Gingerly she rests the pot on its little stand, locks the cabinet and trots away with the tray.

4      INT. MUSUEM - STORE ROOM. DUSK      4

Blackness. A door opens. A crack of light.

Twisted human shapes - limbs and torsos - broken statues.

SOO LIN enters, switches on the light. A store room - where the antiquities are kept prior to restoration.

Egyptian and Hellenic figures, wrapped in cloth and bound with cord. No windows.

SOO LIN trots over to a tall Chinese cabinet and tidies away the tea cloth and the tray.

Bang! A footfall from the shadows make her turn.

She looks round - noone. Just row after row of faceless antiquities, all bound.





ELECTRONIC VOICE  
Please place your items in the bag  
provided.

JUMP CUT TO:

8                    INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY                    8

SHERLOCK in the flat.

He is locked in hand to hand combat with a six-foot SIKH  
WARRIOR in a turban and full traditional battle dress.

The SIKH WARRIOR lunges at him with a lethal-looking blade.

SHERLOCK jumps back to avoid the blow.

JUMP CUT TO:

9                    INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. DAY                    9

JOHN in Tesco.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
Item not scanned. Please try again.  
(He does. But no good)  
Item not scanned.

The voice is rather too loud. JOHN suddenly self-conscious.

JOHN  
You think maybe you could keep your  
voice down?

JUMP CUT TO:

10                   INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY                    10

The SIKH WARRIOR kicks out and knocks SHERLOCK back on to the  
table.

SHERLOCK rolls away just in time before the knife lands -  
gashing MRS. HUDSON'S finest teak.

JUMP CUT TO:

11                   INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. DAY                    11

JOHN plugs his card in and types the PIN number.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
(Very loud)  
Card not authorised. Please seek  
alternative methods of payment.

Everyone in the queue behind sighs.

JUMP CUT TO:

12      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      12

SHERLOCK and the SIKH WARRIOR rolling around the carpet aiming bitter blows.

JUMP CUT TO:

13      INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. DAY      13

JOHN rummaging for change.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
Card not authorised.

JOHN  
(Finally losing it)  
Yeah. I've got it. Alright!

JUMP CUT TO:

14      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      14

SHERLOCK dodges another thrust from the SIKH WARRIOR.

He tries a variation on the old 'Watch Out!' routine: he points into the corner of the room and pulls a face.

SHERLOCK  
Hey.

The SIKH WARRIOR falls for it; turns round to look. SHERLOCK brings his fist up and lands a punch that knocks his assailant out.

The man collapses in the armchair.

15      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      15

JOHN enters, clearly hassled by his shopping experience.

SHERLOCK sits in the armchair, reading. Doesn't look up.

The place is back to 'normal'. No evidence that any fight has happened.

SHERLOCK  
You took your time.

JOHN  
Er ... I didn't get the shopping.

SHERLOCK  
What? Why not?

JOHN  
I had a row in the shop. With the  
chip and pin machine.

SHERLOCK  
You had a row with a machine?

JOHN  
Well, sort of. It sat there and I  
shouted abuse. Have you got cash?

SHERLOCK  
(Nods at the table)  
Take my card.

JOHN digs in SHERLOCK'S wallet and finds his debit card.

JOHN  
You could always go yourself, you  
know. You've been sitting there all  
morning - you haven't moved since I  
went out.

SHERLOCK totally blanks him.

JOHN  
What happened about that case you  
were offered? The Jaria diamond.

SHERLOCK spies the SIKH'S blade on the carpet.

SHERLOCK  
Not interested. I sent them a  
message.

SHERLOCK kicks the blade under the sofa.

JOHN spots the scratch on the table - rubs it - tuts to  
himself as he goes out of the door.

15A      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

15A

Five minutes later -

JOHN enters again, laden with groceries. He dumps the bags on  
the counter with a bang.



JOHN

And you couldn't be bothered to get up.

SHERLOCK can't even be bothered to answer.

JOHN

It's password protected.

SHERLOCK

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

JOHN

You guessed my password!?

SHERLOCK

There are forty-three.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Types of password. That people like you commonly use.

JOHN

What does that mean? 'People like me'.

SHERLOCK

Ordinary.

JOHN

Stupid. Better change it.

SHERLOCK

There's no point.

JOHN

No. I suppose.

SHERLOCK clicking on JOHN'S Blog page...

SHERLOCK

I see you've started a blog...

JOHN

(Suddenly wary)  
You... you read it?

SHERLOCK

'Imperious'. Not a word I've ever been called before.

JOHN  
I said some nice stuff about you  
too... I said you knew some good  
restaurants.

SHERLOCK  
'Pompous' has a 'U' in it.

JOHN  
Right. Thank you.

JOHN snatches the computer away and snaps it shut.

CUT TO:

JOHN collapses in the chair and examines today's mail. Plenty  
of bills.

JOHN  
I need to get a job.

SHERLOCK  
Oh. Dull!

JOHN  
Yeah. But necessary. If we want to  
eat actual food this month.

He thumbs through a whole stack of red bills, discards them.

JOHN  
(This is difficult to say)  
If you could see your way to  
lending me some...  
(Beat. No response)  
Sherlock? Did you hear what I said?

SHERLOCK jumps up.

SHERLOCK  
I need go to the bank.

16      EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY      16

JOHN and SHERLOCK on a busy London street.

There, in front of them, are the spires of the City of  
London...

The Gherkin and Tower 42. The biggest banks in the land.

17      EXT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY      17

On the corner of Bishopsgate...

A gigantic cathedral of steel and glass - the most high-tech, swanky new building in the city. SHERLOCK and JOHN enter.

A gleaming sign reads: 'SHAD SANDERSON'. Investment Bank.



A PA appears at the door.

SEB  
Need something? Coffee? Water?  
No?  
(To his PA)  
We're all sorted here thanks.

They sit.

SHERLOCK  
You're doing well. Spending lots  
of time abroad.

SEB  
Well, some...

SHERLOCK  
(Studies him carefully)  
Flying all the way round the  
world. Twice a month!

SEB smiles - he remembers this from the old days.

SEB  
You're doing that thing.  
(To John)  
We were at Uni together, and this  
guy here - he had this trick he  
used to do.

SHERLOCK  
It's not a trick.

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

JOHN  
Yes, I've seen him do it.

SEB  
Put the wind up everyone. We  
hated him.

JOHN quietly delighted with this.

SEB  
(Amused)  
You'd come to breakfast in the  
formal hall and this freak - he  
would know who you'd been  
shagging the previous night.

SHERLOCK  
I simply observed.

SEB

(Laughs)

Go on. Enlighten me. 'Two trips a month, flying all round the world'. You're quite right. But how could you tell?

SHERLOCK opens his mouth to speak, but ...

SEB

Gonna tell 'em there's a stain on my tie - from a type of ketchup you can only buy in Manhattan?

SHERLOCK

No. I ...

SEB

Or maybe it's the mud on my shoes ...

SHERLOCK

I was chatting to your Secretary outside. She told me.

SEBASTIAN'S arrogant smile fades.

SEB

I'm glad you could make it over. We've had a break in.

20

INT. SHAD SANDERSON - TRADING FLOOR. DAY

20

Across the busy trading floor.

Telephones buzz and squawk boxes chatter. Each trader has a personalised name plate.

Metal signs suspended from the ceiling delineate the trading groups - Sterling; Dollars; Yen.

They reach a darkened corner office with a glass front.

SEB

Sir William's Office. The bank's former chairman. His room has been left here - like a sort of memorial...

An electronic key pad on the door. SEB opens it with a swipe card.

SEB

Someone broke in here late last night.

JOHN

What did they steal?

SEB

Nothing. They just left a little  
message.

21      INT. SHAD SANDERSON - SIR WILLIAM'S OFFICE. DAY      21

Flicks on the lights.

Inside... An air of sterility. Noone comes in here any more.

An old a leather-top desk - blotter, pen, brass lamp. The man who sat here has passed away - but the place has been left, like a museum.

A gilt-framed oil painting: a portrait of a grim-faced banker.

The plaque reads: 'SIR WILLIAM SHAD. 1944-2009. CHAIRMAN.'

But the picture has been vandalised...

Someone has drawn a thick line across Sir William's eyes using bright yellow aerosol. The paint has dripped leaving a row of yellow tentacles.

On the wall below the artist has left his tag. An illegible scrawl.

22                    INT. SHAD SANDERSON - SEB'S OFFICE. DAY                    22

SEB, SHERLOCK and JOHN watching CCTV footage.

The footage shows the office late last night. A still frame every 60 seconds. It lurches from one grainy shot to the next - the portrait just visible in the gloom.

Then, miraculously, the paint suddenly appears. SEB freezes the picture: '11.34pm'.

He flicks back to the previous still: '11.33pm'. No paint.

Forward again. '11.34pm'. Paint.

SEB

Sixty seconds apart. So someone came up here in the middle of the night, splashed paint around - then left within a minute.

SHERLOCK

How many ways into that office?

SEB

That's where this gets really interesting.

23                    INT. SHAD SANDERSON - RECEPTION DESK. DAY                    23

Reception. A computer screen.

SEB

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

SHERLOCK studies the digital display - lines and lines of recorded times.

SHERLOCK  
That door didn't open last night?

SEB  
(Shakes his head)  
There's a hole in our security.  
Find it and we'll pay you. Five figures.

Reaches into his pocket, brandishes a cheque.

JOHN clearly impressed by the amount - SHERLOCK not.

SEB  
This is only an advance. Tell me how he got in - there's a bigger one on its way.

SHERLOCK  
I don't need incentives, Sebastian.

SHERLOCK will not even look at it - breezes off to begin work. SEB about to put the cheque away.

JOHN  
He's kidding you, obviously. Shall I look after that for him...?

Tentatively takes the cheque.

24                    INT. SHAD SANDERSON - SIR WILLIAM'S OFFICE. DAY                    24

Click. A camera on a mobile phone. SHERLOCK photographs the vandalised portrait.

Click. Photographs the tag on the adjacent wall.

SHERLOCK explores Sir William's office. There is access out onto a tiny private balcony/terrace. Five floors up - a vertiginous drop.

25                    INT. SHAD SANDERSON - TRADING FLOOR/HONG KONG OFFICE. DAY      25

SHERLOCK is dancing...

Moving around the trading floor, dodging and weaving in and out of the pillars. People stop work and stare.

He appears to be studying the graffiti from all sorts of different angles.

He darts into the office next door to the Sir William's. A sign outside it: 'HONG KONG DESK HEAD'.

The walls are glass. He turns - there is a full, plain view of the painted graffiti from in here.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

The New York market is opening...  
The New York market is now  
opening...

The LONDON clock goes from 12.59 to 13.00. A bell rings.

26      INT. SHAD SANDERSON - ELEVATOR. DAY      26

SHERLOCK and JOHN descend in the glass lift.

JOHN

'Two trips around the world this month.' You didn't ask his Secretary. You said that just to irritate him.

A shared smile.

JOHN

How did you...?

SHERLOCK

Did you look at his watch?

JOHN

His watch?

SHERLOCK

The hands on his watch were correct but the date was wrong.

Whoosh! Back to the previous scene - SEB'S office - the detail of his wrist watch.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

It actually said the day before yesterday. He crossed the date line twice, and didn't alter his watch.

Back to the lift.

JOHN

Within a month? How d'you know that part?

SHERLOCK

New Rolex. Only came out in February.

The lift reaches the bottom and opens.

27      EXT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY      27

SHERLOCK and JOHN exit the building.

JOHN

You think we should sniff around here a bit longer?

SHERLOCK

Got everything I need to know  
already, thanks.

SHERLOCK strides off up the street. JOHN scuttling after.

SHERLOCK

That graffiti is a message, John.  
For someone at the bank - working  
on the trading floor. We find the  
intended recipient and...

JOHN

He'll to lead us to the person who  
sent it.

SHERLOCK

Obvious.

JOHN

Three hundred people up there. Who  
was it meant for?

SHERLOCK

Pillars.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

The pillars. And the screens.

And whoosh! We're on the trading floor - SHERLOCK dancing  
between the pillars, looking for a clear view.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

Very few places where you could see  
the graffiti. That narrows the  
field considerably.

Back on the street.

SHERLOCK

And of course - the message was  
left at 11.34 last night. That  
tells us a lot.

JOHN

Does it?

SHERLOCK

Traders come to work at all hours.  
Some people trade with Hong Kong in  
the middle of the night.

Whoosh! The time zone clocks, changing in unison.

Whoosh! The suspended metal signs - Sterling; Dollars; Yen.

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

That message was intended for  
someone who came in at midnight.

Focus on the sign: 'HONG KONG DESK HEAD'.

SHERLOCK standing in the glass-walled office next door to Sir  
William's. A clear view of the graffiti.

Back on the street.

SHERLOCK reaches into his jacket. He has stolen the name sign  
off the desk: 'VAN COON'.

SHERLOCK

Not many Van Coon's in the phone  
book.

They hail a cab and climb in.

28      EXT. EDDIE'S FLAT. DAY      28

Establishing shot.

29      EXT. EDDIE'S FLAT. DAY      29

EDDIE VAN COON'S apartment block. A set of buzzers outside,  
labelled with the names of the tenants. EDDIE VAN COON lived  
on the sixth floor.

SHERLOCK rings. No answer. Rings again. Still no answer.

JOHN

What are we gonna do now, then? Sit  
here and wait for him to come back?

SHERLOCK checks the buzzers. The one directly above EDDIE'S -  
seventh floor - is labelled 'WINTLE'.

The label is brand new.

SHERLOCK

Just moved in.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

Floor above. New label.

JOHN observes the pristine label on the buzzer.

JOHN

Could have just replaced it.

SHERLOCK  
Noone ever does that.

He rings the buzzer - seventh floor.

A WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

WOMAN  
(O.S.)  
Hello?

SHERLOCK  
(Speaking into the buzzer)  
Hi. I live in the flat just below  
you. I don't think we've met.

WOMAN  
(O.S.)  
No. Well - I've just moved in.

SHERLOCK casts a victorious glance at JOHN.

SHERLOCK  
I've actually locked my keys in my  
flat.

WOMAN  
You want me to buzz you in?

SHERLOCK  
I want to use your balcony.

WOMAN  
What?

30      EXT. WOMAN'S FLAT - BALCONY. DAY

30

SHERLOCK is on the WOMAN'S 7th floor balcony - he climbs over  
the edge so he can lower himself down on to VAN COON'S.

He slips and almost plummets to his death. The WOMAN gasps,  
but he carries on with an elegant smile and lowers himself  
down.

VAN COON'S patio door slides open when he pushes it.



SHERLOCK

We don't know that it was suicide.

JOHN

Come on! His door was locked from the inside. You had to climb across the balcony...

SHERLOCK observes the dead man's suitcase.

It is stuffed full of underwear and socks but there is a hole in the middle - a large impression left in all the clothes.

Something else was packed in there. A long cylindrical shape.

SHERLOCK

Been away. Three days, judging by the laundry. Look - something was packed tightly inside this case.

JOHN

Thanks - I'll take your word for it.

SHERLOCK

What's the matter?

JOHN

I'm not desperate to root around some bloke's dirty underwear.

SHERLOCK studies the corpse.

SHERLOCK

Those symbols at the bank - that graffiti. Why was it put there?

JOHN

You think it was some sort of code?

SHERLOCK

Obviously. But I'm saying why paint it? Why not use email if you want to make contact? Or the phone?

It takes JOHN a moment. Then...

JOHN

Maybe he wasn't answering...

SHERLOCK

Good. You follow.

JOHN

No.

SHERLOCK

What sort of message would everyone try to avoid?

There is something in the dead man's mouth.

SHERLOCK puts on his gloves and delicately pokes inside...

SHERLOCK

What about this morning? Those letters you were looking at.

JOHN

Bills!?

SHERLOCK

Yes. He was being threatened.

JOHN

Not by the gas board.

From the dead man's mouth SHERLOCK retrieves...

A small screwed up ball of black paper - moist with saliva. He stretches it open - it's simply blank.

Just that moment a police Inspector enters - DI DIMMOCK. A newly promoted graduate. Small, fresh-faced.

SHERLOCK

Ah, Sergeant... We haven't met.

DIMMOCK

(Without joy)

I know who you are. And I'd prefer it if you didn't tamper with any of the evidence.

SHERLOCK puts the soggy ball of black paper into an evidence bag and hands it over.

SHERLOCK

I phoned Lestrade. Is he on his way...?

DIMMOCK

He's busy. *I'm* in charge. And it's not Sergeant. It's Detective Inspector. Dimmock.

Sweeps out again. SHERLOCK and JOHN follow him.

33

INT. EDDIE'S FLAT - LOUNGE . DAY

33

As they sweep through the door into the lounge.

DIMMOCK

We're obviously looking at a suicide.

JOHN

It does seem the only explanation of the facts.

SHERLOCK

Wrong. It's one *possible* explanation of *some* of the facts. You've got a solution that you like... but you're just choosing to ignore anything you see that doesn't comply with it.

DIMMOCK

Like?

SHERLOCK

The wound is on the right side of his head.

DIMMOCK

And?

SHERLOCK

Van Coon was left-handed.

Mimes shooting himself in the right temple with his left hand.

SHERLOCK

Requires a bit of contortion.

DIMMOCK

Left-handed?

SHERLOCK

I'm amazed you didn't notice. All you have to do is look around this flat...

And Whoosh!

SHERLOCK

(V.O.)

...tea stains from the bottom of mugs, where he's been resting them on the arm of that chair. The *left* arm... Pad and paper on the *left* side of his phone, means he could hold it in his right hand and take messages with his left... All his expensive, favourite suits on the left side of his wardrobe, because he'd open the *left*-hand door...

Back to the flat.

SHERLOCK  
Want me to go on?

JOHN sensing DIMMOCK'S irritation.

JOHN  
Er, no. I think you've covered it.

SHERLOCK  
I might as well actually. There's only one left on the list.

And Whoosh!

SHERLOCK (V.O.)  
The butter knife on the kitchen surface has butter on the right side of the blade because he used it with his left. Unlikely that a left-handed man would shoot himself in the right side of the head. Conclusion: someone broke in and murdered him. Only explanation of *all* of the facts.

DIMMOCK  
But the gun...

SHERLOCK  
He was waiting for the killer. He'd been threatened.

DIMMOCK  
What?

JOHN  
Today at the bank. A sort of a warning.

SHERLOCK  
He fired when his attacker came in.

DIMMOCK  
And the bullet...?

SHERLOCK  
Went out the window.

DIMMOCK observes - the other officers are gossiping about SHERLOCK; smirking.

DIMMOCK  
Oh, come on! What are the chances of that?

SHERLOCK

Wait for the pathologist's report.  
The bullet in his brain wasn't  
fired from his gun, I guarantee.

DIMMOCK

But if his door was locked from  
the inside... how did the killer  
get in?

SHERLOCK

Good. You're finally asking the  
right questions.

And SHERLOCK is off.

34

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

34

SEB is entertaining clients - the end of a long lunch. They  
roar heartily at his jokes.

A stylish classical building (probably an old converted bank  
in the city).

SHERLOCK and JOHN stride over to the table.

SHERLOCK

It was a threat. That's what the  
graffiti meant.

The table silenced by this odd intrusion.

SEB

I'm kind of in a meeting. Can you  
make an appointment with my  
secretary?

SHERLOCK sits, helps himself to someone's glass of water.

SHERLOCK

I don't think this can wait, Seb.  
Sorry. One of your traders -  
someone in your office was killed.

SEB

What!?

JOHN

Van Coon. The police are at his  
flat.

SEB

Killed?

SHERLOCK

(With a mouthful)

Sorry to interfere with everyone's digestion. Still want me to make an appointment? OK. Would maybe nine o'clock at Scotland Yard suit?

And embarrassed hush.

35

INT. RESTAURANT - TOILET. DAY

35

SHERLOCK, SEB and JOHN in the restaurant toilet.

SEB splashes water on his face - stares at the mirror.

SEB

Harrow. Oxford. Very bright guy. Worked in Asia for a while so...

JOHN

You gave him the Hong Kong accounts.

SEB

Lost five mil in a single morning. Made it all back a week later. Had nerves of steel, Eddie did.

JOHN

Who'd want to kill him?

SEB

We all makes enemies.

JOHN

You don't all end up with a bullet through your temple.

SEB

Not usually.

SEB'S mobile buzzes - a text message. He is rather relieved by the contents.

SEB

My Chairman. The police have been on to him. Apparently *they're* telling him it was suicide.

SHERLOCK

They've got it wrong. He was murdered, Sebastian.

SEB

I'm afraid they don't see it that way. And neither does my boss.

SHERLOCK

Seb...

SEB

I hired you to do a job - don't get side-tracked.

And he exits.

JOHN

I thought bankers were all supposed to be heartless bastards.

36      INT. A DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT      36

Two pale hands. A woman's hands.

She opens a white box - inside a bundle of tissue paper.

Unwraps the bundle - inside a ream of paper. Black paper.

She takes one sheet and begins to fold it up... Precise, meticulous folds...

37      EXT. LUKIS' FLAT - STREET. NIGHT      37

A man in a wild panic - runs across a busy London street at night. Cars swerve to avoid him - beeping.

He's BRIAN LUKIS. Scruffy, unshaven, 40's. Anorak and jeans.

38      EXT. LUKIS' FLAT. NIGHT      38

LUKIS arrives at a front door and jams his key in the lock - a converted Victorian house. Four floors. Peeling paint.

Slams the door behind him.

39      INT. LUKIS' FLAT - STAIRCASE. NIGHT      39

LUKIS running up the stairs - desperate, terrified.

Opens the door to his top-floor flat.

40      INT. LUKIS' FLAT. NIGHT      40

Inside - an untidy studio flat - high ceilings, a skylight.

Bookshelves crammed with books, piles of paper stuffed in every crevice.

LUKIS bolts the door behind him - a dead bolt top and bottom and a chain.





45      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

45

SHERLOCK has printed off his photos of the graffiti - the blindfold and the tag. He's stuck them to the mirror above the fireplace.

He sprawls in the armchair and stares at them in a trance - hoping their meaning will suddenly leap out at him.

Door slams. JOHN back from interview - pink and cheerful.

SHERLOCK  
I said could you pass me a pen?

JOHN  
(Taken aback)  
What? When?

SHERLOCK  
About an hour ago.

JOHN  
Didn't notice I'd gone out, then?

JOHN'S good mood will not be shattered. He tosses SHERLOCK a pen.

JOHN  
I went to see about a job at that surgery.

SHERLOCK  
How was it?

JOHN  
Great. She's great.

SHERLOCK  
Who?

JOHN  
The job.

SHERLOCK  
'She'?

JOHN  
It.

SHERLOCK  
Here. Have a look.

SHERLOCK points to the open laptop - the webpage is a news story - TIMESONLINE.

JOHN

(Reads)

'The intruder who can walk through walls'.

SHERLOCK

Happened last night. Journalist shot dead in his apartment. Door locked. Windows bolted from the inside. Exactly the same as Van Coon.

JOHN

God. You think...?

SHERLOCK

He's killed another one.

46      INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

46

Police office - open plan. A sea of paperwork blown by whirring fans.

DIMMOCK at his tiny desk. SHERLOCK uses his computer to find the TIMESONLINE headline.

SHERLOCK

Brian Lukis. Journalist. Freelance. Murdered in his flat. The door locked from the inside.

JOHN

You've got admit it's similar. Both men killed by someone who can walk through solid walls!

DIMMOCK suspects all the other police are looking, smirking, gossiping - won't budge.

SHERLOCK

Inspector? Do you seriously believe that Eddie Van Coon was just another city suicide?

(No response)

You checked with ballistics, I suppose?

(Dimmock nods)

And? The shot that killed him wasn't from *his own* gun.

DIMMOCK

No.

SHERLOCK

No. So. This investigation might move a bit quicker if you took my word as gospel.

DIMMOCK can't believe the arrogance - looks at JOHN.

JOHN

He makes everyone feel like that.

SHERLOCK

I've just handed you a murder enquiry. We might have a serial killer. Five minutes in that flat.

47      INT. LUKIS' FLAT. DAY

47

Earl's Court. BRIAN LUKIS' flat. Dusty, dirty chaos. Police tape across the door.

There are mountains of books - some travel books - time spent in south-east Asia. Tucked beside them is an A to Z of London.

In the corner of the room - an open suitcase - empty. Unzipped - recently used.

JOHN casts an eye over the dead man's desk... Pages and pages of handwritten notes. Books on South-East Asian politics.

LUKIS was clearly researching an article.

SHERLOCK looks out of the window.

SHERLOCK

Fourth floor. That's why they think they're safe. Put the chain on the door, bolt it shut. They think they're impregnable.

He tries the windows - all bolted shut; looks up at the skylight.

SHERLOCK

They never consider for a moment - there's another way in here.

DIMMOCK

I don't understand.

SHERLOCK sees a broom.

He grabs a table, balances a chair on it and climbs up on the structure, broom in hand.

DIMMOCK

What are you doing?

SHERLOCK

We're dealing with a killer who can climb.

DIMMOCK

What?!

SHERLOCK

He can cling to walls like an insect. That's how he gets in.

Balancing on the chair atop the table - he lifts the broom up high and nudges the skylight. It opens.

SHERLOCK

He climbed up the side of this building, ran across the roof and dropped in through the skylight.

DIMMOCK

You're not serious?

Whoosh! We're in EDDIE'S flat, looking at the vertiginous drop from the balcony.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Scaled a sixth floor balcony in Docklands to kill Van Coon.

DIMMOCK (V.O.)

(Scathing)

Hold on...

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Of course he got into the bank the same way...

Whoosh! We're in the bank, the private terrace of SIR WILLIAM'S office.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Across the window ledge and on to the terrace.

Back to the flat. SHERLOCK jumps down from the table and chair.

SHERLOCK

We have to find out what connects these two men.

Thumbs through the books on the desk. The top one is marked with the words 'WEST KENSINGTON LIBRARY', a stamped date and a little crest.

JOHN stares at the detritus on the floor.

Sees a small scrunched up ball of black paper - trodden into the carpet. It has been meticulously folded up.

48      EXT. LIBRARY. DAY      48  
Establishing shot.

49      INT. LIBRARY. DAY      49  
Inside the library, a LIBRARIAN pushing books through the electronic scanning device.  
Each of them marked with the little crest.

CUT TO:

JOHN and SHERLOCK, zig zag through row after row of books.

SHERLOCK has the book he took from LUKIS'S desk - South-East Asian politics.

SHERLOCK

Lukis was working here. The date stamped in this book is the same day he died.

The books are on sliding racks. One rack is labelled 'POLITICAL SCIENCE - SOUTH EAST ASIA'. The serial number on the book matches the numbers on this rack.

JOHN tugs it and it slides out - examines the spines. He freezes.

JOHN

Sherlock.

Scrawled across the book spines are two massive graffiti symbols written in bright yellow aerosol.

Same as at the bank - a horizontal line and a scrawled tag.

50      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      50  
SHERLOCK has photographed the new graffiti (from the library) and stuck it to the mirror.

He stares hard at four yellow symbols: two from the bank and two from the library. Same pattern.

SHERLOCK

So. The killer goes to the bank - leaves the threatening cipher for Van Coon. Van Coon panics, goes back to his flat and locks himself inside. Just hours later... he dies.

JOHN

The killer finds Lukis at the library, he writes the cipher on the books where the guy will see it. Lukis goes home...

SHERLOCK

... and that night he dies too.

Beat. They stare at the display - four yellow images.

JOHN

Why did they die, Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

Only the cipher can tell us.

51                    EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - THE LUCKY CAT. DAY                    51

ANDY GALBRAITH in his coat, ringing on a door bell.

No response. Tries again. The name on the doorbell says 'SOO LIN YAO'.

There is a new phone book on the doorstep - recently delivered but not collected.

ANDY finds an old envelope in his pocket, scribbles a short message and stuffs it through the letter box.

The camera pulls out.

SOO LIN'S flat is in London's Chinatown, above a shop - an old Chinese emporium: 'THE LUCKY CAT'.

52                    EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. DAY                    52

SHERLOCK and JOHN crossing Trafalgar Square.

SHERLOCK is on a roll...

SHERLOCK

The world runs on codes and ciphers, John... that million pound security system at the bank... the pin machine you took exception to... cryptography inhabits our every waking moment...

JOHN

Yes. OK. But...

SHERLOCK

But it's all computer generated. Electronic codes - electronic ciphering methods.  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

This is different: it's an ancient device. Modern code-breaking methods can't unravel it.

JOHN

Where we headed?

SHERLOCK

I need some advice.

JOHN

What? Sorry?

SHERLOCK

You heard me perfectly. I'm not saying it again.

JOHN

(A broad smile)

You need advice.

SHERLOCK

On painting. Yes. I need to talk to an expert.

They make for the National Gallery. But then SHERLOCK cuts down a side alley.

JOHN

Where... where are you going?  
Sherlock?

53

EXT. GRAFFITI ALLEY. DAY

53

The back of the National Gallery - an alleyway.

RAZ is a nineteen year-old skateboard punk: hoody, baseball cap and over-sized jeans. He has a kit bag at his feet and an aerosol can in hand.

He sprays a stencil on to the rear wall of the gallery - a policeman with a pig's face.

RAZ knows SHERLOCK is there without even turning.

RAZ

Part of my new exhibition.

SHERLOCK

Interesting.

RAZ

I call it 'Urbanbloodlustfrenzy.'

JOHN

Mm. Catchy.

RAZ

I've got two minutes before a Community Support Officer comes round that corner. Can we maybe talk whilst I'm working?

SHERLOCK offers him the phone. RAZ hands the spray can to JOHN so he can look.

Flicks through the photographs. The images from the bank and the library.

SHERLOCK

Know the author?

RAZ

I know the paint. Looks like Michigan, hardcore propellant. I'd say zinc.

SHERLOCK

And what about the symbols? Do you recognise them?

RAZ

It's not a tag. I'm not even sure it's a proper language.

SHERLOCK

Two men have been murdered, Raz. Deciphering this - it's the key to finding who killed them.

RAZ

This is all you got? Not much to go on.

SHERLOCK

You think you could help out?

RAZ

I can ask around.

SHERLOCK

Someone must recognise it.

Two COMMUNITY SUPPORT OFFICERS appear around the corner.

OFFICER

Oi.

JOHN forgets he is holding the paint can.

The OFFICERS come running. RAZ surreptitiously kicks the kit bag along the floor. It is now at JOHN'S feet.

OFFICER

(To John)

What the hell do you think you're doing? This gallery is a listed public building.

The OFFICER sees the fresh art - the pig-faced policeman.

JOHN

Oh no, that wasn't me who painted it. I was just... Just holding this for...

JOHN turns to...

RAZ and SHERLOCK have both run away.

The OFFICER opens the kit bag. Inside is a whole stash of paint.

OFFICER

Bit of an enthusiast, are we?

54      INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. DAY

54

Staff Office. ANDY remonstrating with the MUSEUM DIRECTOR.

ANDY

She was right in the middle of an important piece of restoration. Why would she suddenly resign?

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

'Family problems'. She said so in her letter.

ANDY

She doesn't have a family. She came to this country on her own...

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

(Exasperated)

Andy...

ANDY

Those teapots - those ceramics - they've become her obsession. She's been working on restoring them for weeks. I can't believe she would just abandon them.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Perhaps she was getting a bit of unwanted attention.

Stares meaningfully. The rebuke is clear.

ANDY looks up - a few of the staff glance at him and then glance away. People have been gossiping.

55      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

55

SHERLOCK has made a **collage** - pages and pages printed off the internet - **language systems and archaic symbols.**

Egyptian hieroglyphics; the Greek alphabet; Hebrew letters; Arabic letters; Chinese words...

He's stuck them all around the edge of the mirror.... Trying to find a match for the strange yellow squiggle.

Nothing fits. The scribbled tag is too messy - it defies interpretation.

JOHN opens the door, quietly furious. SHERLOCK has his head in a book of runes.

SHERLOCK  
(Without looking up)  
You've been a while.

JOHN  
Yeah, well you know how it is...  
Custody Sergeants don't like to be hurried, do they? Just formalities.  
Finger prints; a charge sheet. And I'll have to be in Magistrates Court on Tuesday...

SHERLOCK  
(Not interested)  
What?

JOHN  
Me, Sherlock. In court on Tuesday.  
They're giving me an ASBO. Criminal damage.

SHERLOCK  
(Still not listening)  
Good. Fine.

JOHN  
You want to tell your little pal:  
he's welcome to go and own up,  
anytime...

SHERLOCK  
This symbol - I still can't place it. I want you to go to the police station. Ask about the journalist...

JOHN is trying to take off his coat - SHERLOCK won't let him.

SHERLOCK

All his personal effects will be impounded. Get hold of a diary - or something that will tell us his movements...

Instead he pushes him out of the door.

56      EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      56

JOHN and SHERLOCK coming out the front door - JOHN still only half-wearing his coat.

SHERLOCK

I'll go and see Van Coon's PA... If we can retrace their steps - somewhere they're going to coincide.

SHERLOCK runs off up the street. JOHN is left alone. Sighs. Acquiesces. Hails a cab.

The cab draws up. He climbs in then glances round... someone is on the pavement opposite, watching him.

We only get the tiniest glimpse - a fleeting image as the cab races away. A WOMAN dressed all in black?

She holds up her phone - is she photographing JOHN?

The cab pulls away.

57      INT. SHAD SANDERSON - EDDIE'S OFFICE. DAY      57

SHERLOCK in VAN COON'S office.

EDDIE'S desk is as sparse as his flat - no personal items. Just a few magazines.

And a London A to Z.

EDDIE'S PA, AMANDA is with him - her hair fastened back with a little green hair pin.

She leans over and punches passwords into EDDIE'S computer. His calendar pops up.

A note in it says 'DALIAN' - a trip lasting three days.

AMANDA

Flew back from Dalian, Friday. Looks like he had back to back meetings with the sales team.

She presses 'Print' - prints out a copy of the diary for SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK stares at it.

SHERLOCK

What about the day he died? Can you tell me where he was?

AMANDA

Sorry. There's a bit of a gap.

On the computer screen - a large blank space in an otherwise crowded diary.

And then her face lights up - an idea!

AMANDA

I've got all his receipts!

58      INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

58

The police station. DIMMOCK rooting through a file of evidence.

DIMMOCK

Your friend...

JOHN

Hey - whatever you say - I'm a hundred per cent behind you.

DIMMOCK

He's an arrogant sod.

JOHN

(Genuinely surprised)

Oh. That was mild. People say a lot worse than that.

DIMMOCK offers JOHN an item - a pocket diary.

DIMMOCK

This is what you wanted, isn't it?  
The journalist's diary.

JOHN takes it - a fat personal organiser - opens it. Tucked inside is an aeroplane ticket.

We see the airport name printed: 'DALIAN'.

59      INT. SHAD SANDERSON - AMANDA'S DESK. DAY

59

SHERLOCK and AMANDA.

EDDIE'S receipts for the week are spread across her desk. Taxis; meals; buses; trains.

SHERLOCK stares - trying to get a sense of the man's life. Posh restaurants - countless expensive bar bills - new suits.

SHERLOCK

What sort of boss was he, Amanda?  
Appreciative?

AMANDA

(A wry smile)

Er... no. I don't think that's the  
word I would use. The only things  
that Eddie appreciated had a big  
price tag.

There is hand-cream on her desk.

SHERLOCK

Like that hand cream. He bought  
that for you, didn't he?

AMANDA utterly disconcerted by this.

SHERLOCK shuffles the receipts around like a card game -  
trying to get them in order.

AMANDA brushes hair from her eyes - pins it back again.

SHERLOCK

Look there. He took a cab from home  
the day he died. Eighteen pounds  
fifty.

AMANDA

That would get him into the office.

SHERLOCK

It wasn't rush hour. Check the  
time. Mid morning. Eighteen would  
get him as far as...

AMANDA

(Recalls)

The West End! I remember him  
saying.

*FLASHBACK -*

*EDDIE VAN COON climbs out of a cab in Central London.*

The bank. SHERLOCK finds a train ticket amongst the receipts.  
Checks the dates.

SHERLOCK

Underground.  
(Reads the small print)  
Printed at one. In Piccadilly.

AMANDA

So he took a tube back to the  
office.

Beat. They ponder.

AMANDA

Why would he take a cab into town -  
and then the tube back?

SHERLOCK

He was delivering something heavy.

FLASHBACK -

*The TAXI DRIVER taking a suitcase out of the back of his cab.  
EDDIE VAN COON pays him and wheels the case away.*

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

Don't want to lug a package up the  
escalators.

AMANDA (V.O.)

'Delivering'?

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

To somewhere near Piccadilly  
station. Left his package and  
walked back to the tube.

SHERLOCK spots something. He picks up a receipt from the pile  
- a sandwich shop.

SHERLOCK

Hang on. Look at this one. He  
stopped on his way. He got peckish.

60      EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE. DAY

60

A road sign. 'SHAFTESBURY AVENUE'.

SHERLOCK outside the sandwich shop. Checks VAN COON'S receipt  
- matches the name.

SHERLOCK

So. Bought your lunch. En route to  
the station. Where were you headed  
*from*? Where did the cab drop you  
off?

Turns 180 degrees and walks away from Piccadilly.

He is so busy looking at the shops on this street he collides  
with someone on the pavement.

It's JOHN, coming in the opposite direction.

SHERLOCK

(Excited)

Van Coon brought a package here the  
day he died.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Whatever was hidden inside that suitcase. I've managed to piece together his movements using scraps of information...

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

... credit card bills and receipts. He flew back from China and came here.

JOHN

Sherlock...

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in this street. Somewhere close. I don't know where.

JOHN

(Points)

That shop over there.

SHERLOCK

How can you tell?

JOHN holds up the journalist's diary

JOHN

Lukis' diary. He was here. He wrote down the address.

SHERLOCK

Oh.

JOHN rather pleased with himself at having found the answer so easily.

They cross the street to the shop...

61      EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - LUCKY CAT. DAY

61

An old Chinese Emporium - THE LUCKY CAT.

The golden cat in the window waves at SHERLOCK and JOHN.

Classical ceramic figures on display. Paper lanterns, Chinese fans and sashes are strung around the door. They go in...

62      INT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - THE LUCKY CAT. DAY

62

Inside the shop... Tiny, dingy, dirty. A fluorescent glow.

A layer of dust over everything. Noone has bought anything here for years...

No till - just an old metal cash box, a few coins in the bottom. No notes.

A CHINESE SHOPKEEPER (old lady in dark glasses) sits on a stool behind the counter. The radio plays a Chinese news station.

On the shelves... Row after row of statuettes - Buddhas and geishas and classical warriors - cheap stoneware with green and ochre glaze.

Incense burning. A dish of oranges (also covered in dust). An altar with miniature figures - Gods and Guardians.

Everywhere there are lucky Chinese cats with waving paws - moving in hypnotic unison. All the items are labelled with prices in Chinese.

SHERLOCK lifts a small stone figurine - exposes a small square in the thick layer of dust.

The SHOPKEEPER decides that JOHN is an eager customer.

CHINESE SHOPKEEPER  
You want Lucky Cat...?

JOHN  
Er, no thanks. No.

She lifts a lucky cat from the shelf.

CHINESE SHOPKEEPER  
Ten pound. Ten pound. I think your wife she will like.

And then something catches JOHN'S eye. And SHERLOCK'S too.

JOHN  
Sherlock, look... On the label there...

SHERLOCK  
I see it.

He's staring at the prices scrawled on the little tickets.

JOHN  
The symbol. Look. It's exactly the same as the cipher...

A handwritten price tag - the symbol on it is identical to the 'tag' found at the library and the bank.

63

EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE/CHINATOWN. DAY

63

Outside the shop. Chinatown. The Chinese gate.

Row after row of restaurants - the Golden Pagoda, Plum Valley, the Crispy Duck. Market stalls selling vegetables - a man trims bok choy with a machete.

A girl working in a Chinese herbalist throws a bucket of water out on to the pavement and starts to sweep.

JOHN and SHERLOCK peruse the shop windows - the same symbols appear again and again: price tags at the deli; the blackboard outside the grocers...

Numbers numbers numbers...

Everywhere Chinese numbers. All similar to the tag.

SHERLOCK slaps his head - how did he miss this!?

SHERLOCK

It's an ancient number system -  
Hang Zhou. These days only street  
traders use it.

The Chinese grocer also displays the prices in 'regular' numerals, so JOHN and SHERLOCK can translate on the spot...

They examine his price tags - find a match.

SHERLOCK

They were numbers! Written on the  
wall at the bank and at the  
library! Numbers in an ancient  
Chinese dialect!

JOHN

It's a '15'. Look. Just here! What  
we thought was the artist's tag -  
it's a number '15'.

SHERLOCK

And the blindfold. The horizontal  
line. It's a number as well. It's  
the Chinese number '1', John!

JOHN

We've found it.

The CHINESE GROCER appears from his shop door - angry that they're swapping all the labels from his food. Grabs them back.

In the melee JOHN glances up - something familiar catches his eye...

A WOMAN: black sunglasses; black headscarf; black coat.  
Taking a photograph with her mobile?

A double-take. But she has gone.

64      INT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - CAFE. DAY

64

Across the road from THE LUCKY CAT - a dingy cafe. Plastic chairs. The steam from a coffee machine.

SHERLOCK scribbles '1' and '15' on the back of a serviette.

JOHN

Two men travel back from China.  
They both come straight to the  
Lucky Cat Emporium. What did they  
see?

SHERLOCK

It's not what they saw. It's what  
they brought with them in those  
suitcases.

JOHN follows his line of reasoning perfectly.

JOHN

You don't mean duty free.

The WAITER brings food - a sausage sandwich for JOHN. They wait for him to go.

SHERLOCK

Think about what Sebastian told us.  
About Van Coon; about how he kept  
afloat in the market.

JOHN

(Remembers)  
Lost five million...

SHERLOCK

Made it back a week later. This is  
how he made such easy money...

JOHN follows his line of reasoning perfectly.

JOHN

He was a smuggler.

*FLASHBACK -*

*VAN COON wheels his suitcase into the LUCKY CAT EMPORIUM.*

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

A guy like him - he would have been  
perfect. A businessman, taking  
regular trips to Asia.

*FLASHBACK -*

*LUKIS does the same - takes his suitcase inside. We see him open it... tantalisingly...*

SHERLOCK (V.O.)

And Lukis too - a journalist,  
writing about China. They smuggled  
something out. The Lucky Cat was  
the drop off.

*We can almost glimpse what's inside the suitcase... but  
then...*

Cut back to the cafe.

JOHN

Why did they die? It doesn't make  
sense... If they both turned up at  
the shop and delivered the goods...  
why would someone threaten them and  
kill them *after* the event? *After*  
they'd finished the job?

Silence. SHERLOCK ponders.

SHERLOCK

What if one of them was light-  
fingered?

JOHN

How d'you mean?

SHERLOCK

One of them stole something -  
something from the hoard.

JOHN

(Realises, gets excited)  
The killer doesn't know which one  
of them took it! So he threatens  
them both.

But SHERLOCK is no longer listening. He is staring out of the  
window across the street.

SHERLOCK

Remind me: when was the last time  
it rained?

65      EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - THE LUCKY CAT. DAY

65

SHERLOCK and JOHN outside THE LUCKY CAT. SHERLOCK examines  
the door to the flat above.

We have seen the door before. The bell says 'SOO LIN YAO'.

A telephone directory on the doorstep, still in its little  
plastic bag. The bag torn at the corner.

The directory is standing on end, leaning against the door...  
if someone had opened the door it would have moved.

SHERLOCK rips the bag open - the pages are swollen with rain water.

SHERLOCK  
That's been on the step since  
Monday.

SHERLOCK rings. No response.

SHERLOCK  
Noone's been in this flat for at  
least three days.

SHERLOCK darts down the side of the building - a side alley -  
JOHN scuttling after.

JOHN  
They're away on holiday. So what?

SHERLOCK  
Do you leave your windows open when  
you go away?

Looks up. The window of the flat is gaping wide. There is  
scaffolding at the back of the flats.

SHERLOCK jumps up on a dustbin, hauling himself up on the  
scaffolding.

Reaches the windows of the first floor flat. One of them is  
wide open. He jumps inside.

JOHN  
(Hisses)  
Sherlock!

66 INT/EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - SOO LIN'S FLAT. DAY

66

SHERLOCK lands inside.

On the window ledge is a vase. He almost knocks it over -  
just manages to catch it.

A fastidiously clean little studio flat. Good taste, but no  
money to indulge it.

Everywhere there are feminine touches - dried flowers,  
embroidered cushions. A Chinese screen.

But the place is cold - noone has been here for days.

Washing up drained dry on the draining board. One cup, one  
plate, one bowl, one pair of chopsticks. The washing machine  
light says 'End'. SHERLOCK opens it. The washing is damp and  
it smells.

In the corner is a clothes horse hung with laundry - all of  
it bone dry. The flowers in the vase are sagging. He opens  
the fridge and sniffs the milk - gone sour.

The doorbell rings again. JOHN is outside the front again. He shouts through the letterbox.

JOHN (O.S.)  
You think maybe you could let me in  
this time?

SHERLOCK ignores JOHN. Goes to the mantelpiece.

An old photo of a Chinese baby girl and baby boy hugging each other... There are fingerprints on the glossy surface.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Oh for heaven's sake. Can you not  
keep doing this, please?

SHERLOCK turns back to the window.

A small puddle of water on the floor beside it.

SHERLOCK  
(Shouting downstairs)  
I'm not the first.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
Someone else has been here. Someone  
broke into this flat.

Touches the puddle of water.

SHERLOCK  
He knocked that vase, just like I  
did.

He starts to hunt around eagerly on the carpet - looking for depressions in the pile. Finds the hazy impressions of shoes.

SHERLOCK  
Size eleven. He was tall. But not  
heavy.

He follows the footprints to the mantelpiece. Looks back at the photo - the fingerprints on it. The intruder held it.

SHERLOCK  
Long, thin fingers. Our acrobat.

JOHN (O.S.)  
What are you saying?

Looks back at the window.

SHERLOCK  
Why didn't he close it when he  
left?  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)  
(Slaps his head)  
Stupid. Stupid. It's obvious!  
Because he's still in here.

Looks at the Chinese screen. The only place the intruder can be.

SHERLOCK tugs it quickly to one side. Noone there. Just a pile of cuddly toys.

But...

Look behind you, Sherlock! A shadow moving out from behind the clothes horse - the mountain of laundry.

Someone slips a piece of the laundry around his neck and pulls hard - drags him to the carpet, strangling him...

It's ZHI ZHU - the spider.

SHERLOCK tears at the cloth. It bites into his neck. His legs flailing all the time.

CUT TO:

JOHN on the pavement outside the front door.

JOHN  
Any time you want to include me -  
that would be great.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK is still clutching at his throat...

He peers through half-closed eyes but ZHI ZHU is just a blurred silhouette.

SHERLOCK  
(Half-strangled)  
John... John...

CUT TO:

Pavement.

JOHN  
I'm obviously wasting my breath.

Shouts through the letterbox - a bad impression of SHERLOCK.

JOHN  
'I'm Sherlock, and I always work  
alone because no one else can  
compete with my massive intellect!'

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK inside, tries to reply - can't speak.

Tighter and tighter the cord is pulled.

And then, just as SHERLOCK is about to black out the assailant mysteriously lets go...

His assailant pushes something into SHERLOCK'S top pocket and scurries away through the open window.

SHERLOCK is too weak to pursue.

He glances up to see a shadowy figure leaping through the frame.

Why didn't he kill him? He coughs - regains his breath...

Reaches in his pocket, finds a tiny black flower made of folded paper.

67      EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - SOO LIN'S FLAT. DAY

67

JOHN on the pavement.

The door opens suddenly. SHERLOCK is very hoarse.

SHERLOCK

The milk's out of date. And the washing - it's started to smell. Someone left here in a hurry. Three days ago.

JOHN

Someone?

SHERLOCK points to the name on the bell.

SHERLOCK

Soo Lin Yao. We need to find her.

JOHN

How exactly?

SHERLOCK

Start with this.

He has picked a note up off the doormat.

It is the note that ANDY GALBRAITH pushed through the door: 'SOO LIN. PLEASE RING ME, TELL ME YOU'RE OK. ANDY.'

SHERLOCK turns the paper over - an old envelope. It says NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES MUSEUM.

Off they go - to the museum.

As an aside -

JOHN

You sound croaky. Are you getting a cold?

SHERLOCK

It's nothing.

68      INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY

68

Museum. Chinese Antiquities Room. JOHN and SHERLOCK with ANDY GALBRAITH.

SHERLOCK

When was the last time you saw her?

ANDY

Three days ago. Here, at the  
museum. This morning - they told me  
she'd resigned. Just like that.  
Left her work unfinished.

Beat. SHERLOCK looks around him -

The Empress' mannequin; the Jade exhibition; the wall of Benefactors' names.

SHERLOCK

What was the last thing she did -  
on her final afternoon?

69      INT. MUSEUM - STORE ROOM. DAY

69

Blackness. And then a crack of light. ANDY opens the door.

Broken antiquities. Limbs and torsos.

Switches on the main light. Statues wrapped in dust sheets.  
ANDY points to the Chinese cabinet in the corner.

ANDY

There. She does this demonstration  
for the tourists - a tea ceremony.  
She'd have packed her things away  
and put them there.

One of the statues is untied - SHERLOCK sees the rope coiled  
on the floor and the dust cover removed.

He strides over to the statue.

POV SHERLOCK. A Greek marble - no head.

Written on the body of the statue - in yellow paint... the  
same Chinese death cipher.

70      EXT. MUSEUM. NIGHT

70

Coming out of the museum...

SHERLOCK

We have to get to Soo Lin Yao...

JOHN

If she's still alive! That cipher -  
it means he's planning to kill her  
next.

SHERLOCK

That's why I found him in that flat  
- he was waiting for her.

A voice behind.

RAZ

Sherlock!

They turn. RAZ is there - dirty hoody and trainers.

JOHN  
Well, look who it is...

RAZ  
I've found something you'll like.

71                    EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE. NIGHT                    71

SHERLOCK, JOHN and RAZ on the South Bank. Twinkling lights reflect in the Thames.

JOHN  
Tuesday morning. All you've got to do is turn up and say the bag was yours.

SHERLOCK  
Can we forget about your court date?

72                    EXT. SOUTH BANK. NIGHT                    72

On the river bank - watching them cross the bridge...

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. Just tiny glimpses - details - lips - hands - reflections in her glasses.

73                    EXT. SOUTH BANK. NIGHT                    73

They arrive on the South Bank. Underneath the Hayward gallery. The walls are thick with graffiti - street art from hundreds of different authors.

SHERLOCK stares at the myriad colours.

SHERLOCK  
If you wanted to hide a tree then the best place to do it is a forest, wouldn't you say? People would just walk past it, not knowing - not able to decipher the message.

RAZ  
There.

Raz points. Someone has painted a huge tag.

Underneath... remnants of the yellow zinc paint - just a few tantalising splashes left exposed.

SHERLOCK  
They've been here. The exact same paint. John, go up on to the railway line.  
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

Look for that same colour. If we're going to decipher this language we're going to need more evidence.

JOHN

Where are you gonna g...?

Turns to RAZ - but the lad has gone again.

JOHN

Could have predicted that.

SHERLOCK skips away. JOHN left alone.

74

EXT. SOUTH BANK. NIGHT

74

SHERLOCK on the railway line, running south. He shines his torch about.

Lying in the gutter is an empty aerosol can, bright yellow drips around the nozzle.

Picks it up. Sniffs the paint.

CUT TO:

JOHN exploring the railway tracks to the north. There are a few homeless people on cardboard beds.

JOHN picks his way past them in the gloom, trying not to look awkward.

JOHN

Er... 'Scuse, can I squeeze past you?

A HOMELESS GUY grunts - looks threatening.

HOMELESS GUY

This is my place.

JOHN

I just want to look at that wall... Can you move a little bit?

HOMELESS GUY

Five pound.

JOHN

What?

HOMELESS GUY

You want me to move. Five pound.

JOHN

OK.

JOHN digs into his pocket.

HOMELESS GUY

Ten.

JOHN

What happened to five?

HOMELESS GUY

Too quick to say 'Yes'.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK continues south. The moon illuminates graffiti - grey in the light.

He reaches an area that is thick with fly-posters - gigs and club events.

POV the wall. SHERLOCK stares hard - one of the posters has caught his eye.

He tears at the bottom. A small shred of it comes away.

CUT TO:

JOHN uses his phone to illuminate the area. And then he sees it!

A tiny drip of the yellow paint on the railway line - a thin line, like a trail of bread crumbs.

JOHN makes his way along the tracks. The line snakes away into the dark.

He turns a corner and his eyes light up. Bingo!

Illuminated only by the dull bulb of a street-lamp... the wall here is thick with ciphers: **eighteen of the yellow symbols, grouped in nine pairs.**

He studies them closely - runs his hand over them all - like mystic ancient runes... Chinese numbers.

He gets out his phone to phone SHERLOCK. No reception in the no man's land of the railway tracks.

JOHN

Dammit.

CUT TO:

South. SHERLOCK searching.

And then he hears a shout. He looks north along the tracks. JOHN is running.

JOHN  
(Shouts)  
Sherlock! Sherlock! I found it.

75      EXT. SOUTH BANK. NIGHT

75

A blank wall. Painted black.

JOHN (O.S.)  
I don't understand. It was here.

The camera pans out. JOHN has brought SHERLOCK back to the place where he found the eighteen symbols.

Now the wall is blank. Painted over?

JOHN  
Twenty minutes ago. I saw it. A whole load of graffiti.

Reaches out. The wall is wet. Black paint.

SHERLOCK  
Someone didn't want me to see it.

Grabs JOHN by the head - planting both his hands on his friend's skull.

JOHN  
Hey - Sherlock! What you doing?

SHERLOCK  
Shush, John. I need you to concentrate. Shut your eyes!

JOHN  
What? What for? What you doing?

He clamps JOHN'S arms to his sides - spins round with him, trying to induce a trance-like state.

SHERLOCK  
I need you to maximise your visual memory. Try to picture it. Picture what you saw. Can you remember it?

JOHN  
Sure. Yeah.

SHERLOCK  
You can remember the pattern?

JOHN  
Yes, definitely.

SHERLOCK  
How much can you remember?

JOHN  
Look, don't worry...

SHERLOCK  
Because the average visual memory  
is only sixty-two per cent  
accurate.

JOHN  
Oh, well I remember all of it.

SHERLOCK  
Really?

JOHN  
At least I will if I can get to my  
pockets. I took a photograph.

SHERLOCK lets go. JOHN pulls his phone out.  
Shows a picture to SHERLOCK. The new cipher.

76      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

76

Early morning. Dawn peeping through the curtains.

SHERLOCK stares at the collage on the wall - a print out of  
the eighteen Chinese symbols now has pride of place.

He has scribbled the number translation underneath each - '3'  
and '19', '12' and '43' etc...

SHERLOCK  
Always in pairs, John. Look.

JOHN  
(Barely conscious)  
Mm?

SHERLOCK  
Every number comes with a  
partner...

JOHN  
God, I need to sleep.

SHERLOCK  
Why paint it next to the tracks?

JOHN  
No idea..

SHERLOCK  
Thousands of people pass by there  
every day...

JOHN

Just twenty minutes...

SHERLOCK

Of course! He wants information. He's contacting all his people in the underworld. Whatever was stolen - he wants it back. And it's somewhere here - in code. We can't crack this without Soo Lin Yao.

77      EXT/INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY

77

The facade of the museum.

CUT TO:

JOHN and SHERLOCK with ANDY.

SHERLOCK

Two men died after visiting China... The killer left them messages - written in the Hang Zhou numerals.

JOHN

Soo Lin Yao is in danger. That cipher... it was just the same pattern as the others. He means to kill her as well.

ANDY

I've tried everywhere. Her friends; her colleagues. I don't know where she's gone. She could be a thousand miles away.

SHERLOCK isn't listening. He's staring into the distance.

JOHN

What's the matter, Sherlock? What are you looking at?

SHERLOCK

Tell me more about those tea pots, in that case.

He is staring at the Zisha pots in their glass case.

CUT TO:

ANDY opens the cabinet.

ANDY

Those pots were her obsession. They need urgent work. If they dry out the clay can start to crumble. Apparently you have to keep making tea in them.

SHERLOCK

Last time we came here - only one of those pots was shining.

Two of the tea pots are now gleaming - newly seasoned.

78      INT. MUSEUM - SECURITY DESK. DAY

78

The security desk. The GUARD hands ANDY a complete written log - who's been in and out of the staff entrance.

ANDY

I mean, I know it's antiquated. But everyone who comes in here has to enter their name. She hasn't been back to the museum. Look at the log!

Beat. SHERLOCK looks about him - the museum is a warren of doors and cupboards and electrical access tunnels.

JUMP CUT from one door to another...

From one gallery to another...

From one wire-mesh panel to another...

This whole museum is a maze of entrances and exits...

SHERLOCK

Maybe she never went away.

79      INT. MUSEUM. NIGHT

79

The galleries are dark. Statues in the moonlight.

Silence. And then a scratching noise - an electrical access panel pushed out of its place.

Two pale hands grasp the metal grille and lower it to the floor.

A woman squeezes out from the tunnel. Her feet pad on the marble floors.

She enters the Chinese Antiquities Room. The Empress mannequin stares into the shadows.

The woman takes out a bunch of keys and goes to the case containing the Zisha. Opens it and lifts down a third pot ready for restoration.

80      INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

80

The woman sits at her desk in the restoration room. She has a small brass kettle of hot water and some green tea leaves.

We see the detail of her desk - catalogues and papers. Books about ceramics and antiquities.

And an A to Z of London.

Carefully she takes the Zisha pot and brews the tea - sprinkling the leaves and delicately pouring in water.

She sloshes the tea around inside - coating the pot with the glaze. A voice startles her.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
Fancy a biscuit with it?

She turns, drops the pot in surprise - it nearly rolls off the desk.

It's SHERLOCK. He rescues the pot.

SHERLOCK  
Centuries old. Don't want to break it.

And he turns on the light. For the first time we see her face - SOO LIN.

81      INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

81

SHERLOCK and JOHN with SOO LIN. She is nervous, agitated.

SOO LIN  
You saw the cipher? You know that he is coming for me.

SHERLOCK  
You've been clever. So far you've managed to avoid him.

SOO LIN  
I had to finish. To finish this work. But it is only a matter of time. I know he will find me.

SHERLOCK  
Who is he? You've met him before?

SOO LIN

(Nods)

When I was a girl, living back in  
China. I recognise his...  
'signature'.

SHERLOCK

The cipher?

SOO LIN

Only he would do this. Zhi Zhu.

JOHN

What?

SHERLOCK

It means 'The spider'.

CUT TO:

SOO LIN unlacing her shoe. She takes off her sock, lifts her foot.

There, on her heel, is a small circular tattoo - a black lotus flower inscribed in a circle.

SOO LIN

You know this mark?

SHERLOCK

It's the mark of a Tong.

JOHN quizzical.

SHERLOCK

An ancient crime syndicate. Based in China.

SOO LIN

Every foot soldier bears the mark - every one who hauls for them.

JOHN

Hauls? You mean... you were a smuggler?

SOO LIN

I was fifteen, living back in China, in the Yellow Dragon City. My parents were dead. I had no livelihood. No way to survive day to day, except to work for the bosses.

SHERLOCK

Who are they?

SOO LIN

They are called the 'Black Lotus'. They smuggle alcohol - cheap cigarettes. No one thinks of searching the pockets of a school girl.

(MORE)

SOO LIN (cont'd)

By the time I was sixteen I was taking thousands of pounds worth of drugs across the border into Hong Kong. I'm not proud. I'm ashamed of how I lived. But I managed to get out. I managed to leave that life behind me. I came to England - studied; night school. They gave me a job here. Everything was good. A new life.

SHERLOCK

And then he caught up with you?

SOO LIN

Yes. I hoped after five years... maybe they would have forgotten me. But they never really let you leave. A small community like ours - they are never very far away. He came to my flat three days ago. He asked me to help him - to track down something that was stolen.

JOHN

You've no idea what it was?

SOO LIN

(Shakes her head)  
I refused to help.

SHERLOCK

So he sent you the cipher as a punishment.

Beat. She nods gravely.

SOO LIN

He is ruthless. A fanatic. He would strike down anyone. Even family - if they betrayed him.

JOHN

You knew him well? When you were living back in China?

SOO LIN

Oh yes. He is my brother.

82

INT/EXT. MUSEUM. NIGHT

82

JOHN and SHERLOCK with SOO LIN - we glimpse them from up above - through the patterned glass roof.

Is someone watching from up there?

83

INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT  
SHERLOCK, SOO LIN, JOHN.

83

SOO LIN

Our parents died in the demonstrations. 1989. I was four years old. Liang a little older. Two orphans. We had no choice. We could work for the Black Lotus or starve on the streets like beggars. My brother has become their puppet - in the power of the one they call Shan - Black Lotus General. I turned him away. He said I had betrayed him. Next day I came to work and the cipher was waiting.

SHERLOCK reaches into his jacket pocket and produces print outs - the ciphers from the bank, the library and the railway.

SHERLOCK

Can you decipher this?

SOO LIN

They're numbers.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

SOO LIN

Here. The line. Drawn across the man's eyes. This is a Chinese number '1'.

SHERLOCK

And this? '15'?

SOO LIN

Yes.

SHERLOCK

So. '1' and '15'. What's the code?

SOO LIN

All the smugglers know it. It's based upon a book...

The lights go out.

Someone has thrown all the electrical switches. They look around in horror - no one visible. Just shadows.

And then the sound begins - A distant drum beat. A Chinese Dagu drum.

SOO LIN

He's here. Zhi Zhu. He has found me.

JOHN pulls SOO LIN down on to the floor. SHERLOCK jumps to his feet and sprints towards the sound.

JOHN  
Sherlock, wait!

84      INT. MUSEUM - ATRIUM/GALLERIES. NIGHT

84

SHERLOCK runs out into the main atrium. Everywhere dark. Only the sound of the drum.

Moonlight pours through the glass roof throwing webbed shadows on to the floor.

He stares up at the towering marble walls and the grand circular staircase.

Gunshot!

Someone firing from an upper balcony. He dives behind the marble railing.

CUT TO:

JOHN hears the shot, whispers to SOO LIN.

JOHN  
I've got to go and help him. Bolt  
the door after me.

And he scampers away.

CUT TO:

The main atrium. The sound of the drum.

SHERLOCK lying on his stomach in the darkness. Peers over the railing - a second shot rings out.

Looks at the wall behind him. No bullet hole. Where did the bullet hit?

JOHN sprints into the atrium.

A third shot sounds. SHERLOCK seizes his chance, jumps up and ascends the central staircase.

Bang! Bang! He can hear softly running feet ahead of him.

JOHN darts up the opposite staircase.

CUT TO:

Galleries go whizzing past - Egyptian, Babylonian. He arrives in the 'ANTHROPOLOGY' gallery.

More gunshots. He ducks and dives between the artefacts.  
Finds a hiding place behind a display of skulls.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

SHERLOCK

That skull is two hundred thousand  
years old. Have a bit of respect  
for archeology!

Then suddenly the bullets stop.

SHERLOCK

Thank you.

Silence. Cautiously SHERLOCK peers out. The killer has gone.

He examines the display. Not a single bullet hole in it? What  
are the chances of that?

He realises that the drum has stopped beating.

CUT TO:

JOHN in a different gallery - searches amongst the shadows.

No drum any more.

And then it dawns on him...

JOHN

Oh, my God.

He darts back the way he came.

85      INT. MUSEUM - RESTORATION ROOM. NIGHT

85

SOO LIN in the darkened office. She crawls out from under a  
desk.

The paper on her desk is being blown about by a gentle  
breeze... she realises that someone has opened a window in  
this room.

She stands abruptly and turns.

ZHI ZHU is right behind her.

We see him - a long thin face and a tall wiry body - gaunt  
and angular. Skin a ghastly grey in the moonlight.

He's dressed all in black and wears bulbous sunglasses that  
give him an insect-like appearance in the gloom.

SOO LIN

(Breathless, terrified)  
Pin yin. Liang. Liang. Qing!

She stretches out a trembling hand to touch his face.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK running back through the galleries. A shot rings out.

CUT TO:

JOHN running back through the main atrium. He hears it too.

Runs at lighting speed back to the staff office - the place is still dark.

He stops dead in his tracks. We do not see much - just a dead hand poking out from behind the desk.

And a black paper lotus flower resting in her palm.

We do not need to see more. JOHN'S face says everything.

The little Zisha pot has rolled on to the floor and smashed.

86      INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

86

DIMMOCK, SHERLOCK, JOHN.

SHERLOCK fired up after his encounter at the museum - JOHN angry and bewildered.

JOHN

How many murders is it going to take before you start believing this maniac is out there? A young girl was gunned down tonight - three victims in three days. You're supposed to be finding him...

SHERLOCK raises a hand to stop him ranting - JOHN'S emotional tirade is not helping.

SHERLOCK

Brian Lukis and Eddie Van Coon were working for a gang of international smugglers. A gang called 'The Black Lotus'. Operating right here in London. Under your nose.

DIMMOCK

Can you prove that?

The light in SHERLOCK'S eyes says he can.

87      INT. HOSPITAL - CANTEEN. NIGHT

87

Hospital canteen.

MOLLY HOOPER on a break - clipboard and lab coat.

She queues at the self-service cafe with a plastic tray.  
SHERLOCK joins the queue behind her.

SHERLOCK

What are you thinking? The pork or  
the pasta?

MISS HOOPER

(Pleasant)

Oh. It's you.

SHERLOCK

This place is never going to  
trouble Egon Ronay. Probably ought  
to stick with the pasta - don't  
want to do roast pork. Not if  
you're slicing up human cadavers.

MISS HOOPER

Er... what are you having?

SHERLOCK

Don't do food when I'm working.  
Makes you tired, when you digest.

MISS HOOPER

Oh, right. You're working here  
tonight?

SHERLOCK

Got some bodies I need to examine.

MISS HOOPER

Some?

SHERLOCK

Eddie Van Coon and Brian Lukis.

She recognises the names; checks her clipboard.

MISS HOOPER

Er... They're on my list.

(Reads)

I did the post-mortems.

SHERLOCK

Could you wheel them out again?

MISS HOOPER

Well, the paperwork's already gone  
in...

She dithers - ought to say 'no' - wants to say 'yes' because  
it's him.

SHERLOCK decides to apply a little pressure.

SHERLOCK  
You've changed your hair.

MISS HOOPER  
What?

SHERLOCK  
The style. You used to part it in  
the middle.

MISS HOOPER  
Oh. Yes. Well.

SHERLOCK  
Suits you better this way.

And he's got her.

88      INT. HOSPITAL - MORTUARY. NIGHT

88

The mortuary. SHERLOCK, JOHN, DIMMOCK and MISS HOOPER.

SHERLOCK  
We're just interested in the feet.

MISS HOOPER  
The feet?

SHERLOCK  
Do you mind if we just take a look  
at them?

MISS HOOPER unzips the body bag. LUKIS has the Black Lotus  
tattoo on his heel.

SHERLOCK  
Now Van Coon.

CUT TO:

Another slab, takes off the cloth. VAN COON lies underneath.  
Same routine - same tattoo on the heel.

SHERLOCK turns to DIMMOCK - a victorious smile.

DIMMOCK  
So?

SHERLOCK  
So either these two men happened to  
visit the same Chinese tattoo  
parlour. Or I'm telling the truth.

DIMMOCK  
(Sighs)  
What do you want?

SHERLOCK  
I want every book from Lukis'  
apartment. And Van Coon's.

DIMMOCK  
Their books?

89      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

89

SHERLOCK and JOHN arrive home - walk through the door -  
collapse.

JOHN visibly shaken by the death of SOO LIN; flops down in a  
chair.

SHERLOCK  
It's not just a criminal network -  
it's a cult. Her brother's been  
corrupted by one of its leaders.

JOHN  
Soo Lin said the name...

SHERLOCK  
Yes. 'Shan'. 'General Shan'. In  
Chinese it means 'The mountain'.

JOHN flops down in the chair - despondent.

JOHN  
We're still no closer to finding  
them...

SHERLOCK

Wrong! We know almost all there is to know. She gave us most of the missing pieces...

*FLASHBACK.*

SOO LIN

He asked me to help him track down something that was stolen.

Baker Street.

SHERLOCK

Why would he go and see his sister? Why would he need her expertise?

JOHN

She worked at the museum.

SHERLOCK

Exactly.

JOHN

An expert in antiquities....  
(And then it dawns)  
Ah. Of course. I see.

SHERLOCK

Valuable antiquities, John. Ancient relics of China, purchased on the black market. China's home to a thousand treasures - hidden after Mau's revolution.

JOHN

The Black Lotus is selling them.

He grabs JOHN'S laptop. This time JOHN does not protest.

CUT TO:

Image on a computer screen. A logo - 'CRISPIAN'S AUCTIONEERS. 1750-2010'.

JUMP CUT through a series of pictures - valuable antiquities up for auction.

SHERLOCK pauses on anything oriental - screens; ceramics.

Settles on a picture - two Ming Vases. We have seen the picture before - the MUSEUM DIRECTOR showed it to ANDY.

Their shape is unusual. The exact same impression that was in VAN COON'S suitcase.

SHERLOCK

Check the dates. Look. Arrived from China a week ago. Anonymous. The vendor doesn't give his name. Two undiscovered treasures from the East.

JOHN

One in Lukis' suitcase and one in Van Coon's.

*FLASHBACK.*

*SHERLOCK studying the suitcase in VAN COON's apartment -*

*The impression left in the clothes is the same size and shape as the Ming Vase.*

Baker Street.

Their eyes meet. They know they have found the answer.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK continues to surf the net - Chinese antiquities sold at auction.

He's making a hand-written list of objects... Anything brought into the country by an anonymous vendor.

Writing the date next to each one.

Focus tight on the words on the screen:

**'Source: Anonymous'**

**'Source: Anonymous'**

**'Source: Anonymous'**

SHERLOCK

Here's another one. A month ago. Chinese ceramic statue. Sold for four hundred thousand.

Surfing again - more Chinese antiquities...

JOHN

(Surfs)

Look. A month before that. Chinese painting. Half a Million.

SHERLOCK

All of them from an anonymous source.

(Turns to John)

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (cont'd)

They're stealing them back in China  
and - one by one - they're feeding  
them into Britain.

JOHN is flicking through BRIAN LUKIS' pocket diary and the  
print-out of EDDIE VAN COON'S computer diary.

He circles some of the dates in fluorescent pen and writes  
them on a second list.

He compares his list to SHERLOCK'S...

The dates the Chinese items were sold at auction... compared  
to the dates that VAN COON or LUKIS went to China.

They tally precisely - same pattern on the page.

JOHN

Every single auction coincides with  
Eddie or Brian Lukis travelling to  
China.

SHERLOCK

So, if one of those men was greedy,  
when they were in China - if they  
stole something ...

JOHN

That's why he's come.

A knock. It's MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

Are we collecting for charity,  
Sherlock?

SHERLOCK

What?

MRS. HUDSON

A young man's outside with a crate  
of books.

90      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

90

The Baker Street flat filled with boxes and boxes of books.  
Everywhere they are piled high!

A couple of CONSTABLES are bringing in more.

Some boxes are labelled VAN COON, some are labelled LUKIS.  
SHERLOCK and JOHN sit amidst a huge stack of them.

SHERLOCK

So. The numbers - they're  
references.

JOHN

To books?

SHERLOCK

To specific pages. And specific words on those pages.

JOHN

Right. So... '15' and '1'... That means...

SHERLOCK

You turn to page fifteen and it's the first word that you read.

JOHN

OK. So? What's the message?

SHERLOCK

Depends on the book. It would never be the same book twice. That's the cunning of a book code.

Stares at the burgeoning piles.

SHERLOCK

It's got to be something they both own.

JOHN

(Dry)

OK, fine. Well this shouldn't take too long, should it?

JOHN starts to make a painstaking list of all the books and then attempts to cross-reference them.

DIMMOCK enters next - he's carrying a stack of papers sealed in an evidence bag.

The bag has a white label stuck over the seal - 'POLICE EVIDENCE'.

DIMMOCK

We found these. At the museum. Is this your writing?

Puts them under SHERLOCK'S nose. It's the pages of scribbled ciphers that he asked her to translate.

JOHN

We hoped maybe she could decipher it.

Neither SHERLOCK nor JOHN examine it.

SHERLOCK grabs the bundle of evidence and slings it on his desk - amidst the jumble.

DIMMOCK hovers for a moment - trying to see what they are doing. He wants to be part of the gang now.

DIMMOCK

Anything else I can do?  
(Pause. No response)  
To assist you, I mean.

SHERLOCK  
(Without looking up)  
Some silence would be marvellous.

DIMMOCK slopes out. Not one of the gang.

CUT TO:

JOHN locating identical pairs of books and handing them to  
SHERLOCK: two copies of every best seller.

SHERLOCK takes the first pair - two copies of a trashy  
thriller - something that everyone owns.

He opens one and examines it.

Page 15. First word.

'is'

No use.

JUMP CUT through a series of attempts to match the numbers to  
words in different books. Always the fifteenth page and the  
first word written there.

Nothing significant. The word is always something innocuous  
like 'and' or 'the'.

Or occasionally something saucy like 'bum'.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK  
The thing about a book code - it  
has to be a book that *all* of the  
gang members own. And one that they  
all have access to...

JOHN

Can't run around town with the works of Shakespeare in your pocket.

An alarm clock rings. They have worked through the night.

91      INT. GP'S SURGERY - RECEPTION/JOHN'S ROOM. DAY      91

The Doctor's Surgery.

SARAH has finished her morning appointments. She walks into Reception. There is a huge queue of patients.

Goes over to the RECEPTIONIST.

SARAH

What's going on?

RECEPTIONIST

That locum you hired. He hasn't buzzed the intercom for ages.

SARAH

Let me go and have a word.

Knocks on a door. No answer.

SARAH

John?

A little light snoring.

SARAH

John?

In she goes. JOHN is asleep, leaning on his fists.

92      INT. GP'S SURGERY - RECEPTION. DAY      92

SARAH'S in Reception, filing a stack of notes.

JOHN appears from his shift, bleary-eyed. The waiting room is empty.

JOHN

Looks like I'm done. Thought I had more to see.

SARAH

I did one or two of yours.

JOHN

One or two?

SARAH  
Well, maybe five or six.

JOHN  
I'm sorry. Not very professional.

SARAH  
(Affectionate)  
No. Not very.

JOHN  
Bit of a late one.

SARAH  
Ah. OK.

He drifts away. She can't hide her curiosity - calls after him.

SARAH  
What were you doing? Keep you up so late?

JOHN  
Er... I was attending a sort of... a book... event.

SARAH  
She likes books, does she? Your girlfriend.

JOHN  
(Reading things perfectly)  
It wasn't a date.

SARAH  
Good.  
(Breath. Realises her admission)  
I mean...

JOHN  
And I don't have one tonight.

A little smile.

93      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY

93

SHERLOCK still flicking through book after book - he can't find the one that unlocks the code.

SHERLOCK  
A book that everyone would own...

Goes to his own bookshelves.

Takes down all the classic books and examines them one by one to see if they unlock the code.

JUMP CUT through another series of attempts:

The Bible;

The OED;

Dan Brown;

Nigella Lawson;

Jamie Oliver.

No result.

CUT TO:

JOHN enters - suited and booted. In a bit of a panic.

SHERLOCK

I need to get some air to the brain. We're going out tonight.

JOHN

Actually - I've got a date.

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

It's where two people who like each other go out and have fun.

SHERLOCK

That's what I was suggesting.

JOHN

No it wasn't.

(Breath)

At least I hope not...

SHERLOCK finds his wallet.

SHERLOCK

Where you taking her?

JOHN

Cinema.

SHERLOCK

Hardly original. What about this?

He digs into his wallet - takes out a scrap of paper.

It is the tiny shred of a poster that he peeled off the wall from the railway arches.

SHERLOCK

In London for one night only.

JOHN

Thanks, but I don't come to you for dating advice.

JOHN looks at the paper - no picture. Just a scrap that says 'CIRCUS' and has the box office phone number.

94

EXT. THEATRE. NIGHT

94

JOHN and SARAH hurry along an East End Street.

SARAH

It's years since anyone took me to the circus.

JOHN

A friend recommended it to me. *He* phoned up.

SARAH

Is it a touring company or something?

JOHN

I don't know much about it.

They turn the corner. SARAH sees the venue.

SARAH

I think it's probably from China.

POV SARAH and JOHN. They have come to a theatre.

The front facade is decorated in a hundred Chinese lanterns. There is a poster: 'The Yellow Dragon Circus'.

The same poster that SHERLOCK saw - the bottom corner of it matches his tiny scrap.

JOHN looks entirely suspicious.

95

INT. THEATRE - FOYER. NIGHT

95

JOHN and SARAH in the box office queue.

JOHN

I've got two reserved for tonight.

BOX OFFICE MANAGER

What name is it?

JOHN

Er... Holmes.

BOX OFFICE MANAGER

Actually, I have three in that name.

Hands him an envelope with the name 'SHERLOCK HOLMES' on it.

JOHN

Oh, no. I think that's an error. He booked two.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

And then I phoned back and got one for me as well.

JOHN doesn't need to turn around to know his date has been crashed.

SARAH turns and sees SHERLOCK behind them in the queue.

SHERLOCK  
I'm Sherlock.

96

INT. THEATRE - FOYER. NIGHT

96

SHERLOCK and JOHN arguing outside the ladies' loo.

JOHN  
You couldn't let me have one night off?

SHERLOCK  
The Yellow Dragon Circus! One day they're in London. It fits. The Tong sent an assassin to England...

JOHN  
Dressed up as a tight rope walker! Come on, Sherlock. Behave!

SHERLOCK  
A killer who can climb! Who can shin up a rope! Where else would you find that level of dexterity? Exit visas are scarce in China. They'd need some reason to get out of the country, wouldn't they? I just need to have a little look round the place...

JOHN  
Fine. You go ahead. I'll take Sarah off for a pint.

SHERLOCK  
I need your help.

JOHN  
Look, I do have one or two other things on my mind this evening.

SHERLOCK  
Like what?

Beat. JOHN disbelieving.

JOHN  
You *are* kidding?

SHERLOCK

What's so important?

JOHN

Sherlock - I'm right in the middle  
of a date. You want me to accost  
some killer whilst I'm trying to...

SHERLOCK

What?

JOHN

(Can't think of a delicate  
word, so...)  
Whilst I'm trying to get off with  
Sarah!

SARAH comes out of the toilet. JOHN forces a smile.

JOHN

Ready?

97      INT. THEATRE - AUDITORIUM. NIGHT

97

No seats in the derelict music hall. The audience stands in the empty space. A ring of candles.

In the centre is a tall tripod covered with a black cloth.

A female performer enters, dressed in the make up and robes of the Chinese opera (rouged face and gold head-dress).

A drummer bangs out a monotonous beat on the Dagu drum. A sound that is eerily familiar.

Same drum they heard at the museum... Same drum VAN COON and LUKIS both heard...

The OPERA SINGER pulls off the cloth. Balanced on the tripod is an evil-looking ballista - an ancient Chinese crossbow.

At one end is the long metal shaft, ready to fire. At the other end hangs a metal bowl on a chain, dangling from the trigger.

A big crash from the drummer.

From her robes the OPERA SINGER produces a lethal-looking crossbow bolt. She puts it in the ballista mechanism and cocks the spring.

A wooden plank (cut into the shape of a man) is strapped to the apron of the stage. The ballista points straight at its imaginary heart.

The OPERA SINGER raises her hands for silence. Hush. Then drum roll.

She extracts a white feather from her head-dress. Gently she drops the feather into the metal bowl.

The mechanism is so sensitive that the weight of the feather pulls the trigger down and releases the spring.

The deadly dart fires straight into the plank. Gasps. Music.

The OPERA SINGER retrieves the dart from the plank and replaces it in the ballista.

A masked warrior (WARLORD) enters, dressed all in black - short and muscular.

JOHN

I think I know what's coming.

He stands against the plank. The OPERA SINGER ties him with thick cords so he is unable to move.

SARAH

Dear God. What are they going to do now?

SHERLOCK

Ancient Chinese escapology act. The crossbow is on a delicate spring. The warrior has to escape his bonds before it fires.

JOHN

Well, that sounds like ideal entertainment for a Friday night.

Crash! SARAH jumps again and clutches JOHN for comfort.

The ballista spring is pulled back. Then...

A long golden rope is lowered from the ceiling. Attached to the bottom end is a sandbag.

The rope runs up and over a beam. Attached to the end in the roof is a metal weight, shaped like a teardrop.

SHERLOCK

They split the sandbag so the sand pours out. The weight is gradually lowered on to the bowl. Classic Chinese circus act.

JOHN

I would have been happy with a bit of juggling and a couple of clowns.

Crash on the drums. SARAH hugs tighter to JOHN.

JOHN

(Under his breath)  
Then again...

The masked warrior is in place, strapped to the plank.

The OPERA SINGER takes out a knife; cuts a gash in the sandbag. The sand starts to pour out.

Slowly, slowly it rises to the ceiling, spinning all the while. On the other end of the rope the metal weight is gradually lowered towards the waiting bowl.

The drummer begins his crescendo.

The warrior in black struggles in his bonds. The cords that bind him do not seem to budge. SARAH is terrified and JOHN is visibly tense.



His movements are swift and effortless. He climbs thirty feet in the air and winds himself into the silken banner.

Then, using fluid and balletic movements, he gently abseils down the silken train and hovers just above the heads of the audience.

Focus on SARAH'S face. She is entranced.

Focus on JOHN'S face, troubled.

SARAH  
(Awed whisper)  
Were you expecting anything like  
this?

JOHN  
Actually yes.

100 INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE. NIGHT

100

SHERLOCK peers through a crack in the curtain and witnesses the human spider act.

SHERLOCK  
Well, well.

Footsteps. Someone is coming - the OPERA SINGER, leaving the stage.

SHERLOCK darts back along the narrow wing space and into the deserted dressing room area.

He bobs down low behind a hamper, waiting for the footsteps to die. And then he sees it!

A small black kit bag lying on the floor. There are tiny dabs of yellow paint on the handle.

He unzips it and reaches inside. And he retrieves... an aerosol can!

The footsteps have gone. SHERLOCK jumps to his feet and sprays the can at the mirror.

It's yellow paint.

SHERLOCK  
Found you.

He makes for the door, glancing at the mannequin - the green robes and the WARLORD head-dress.

Is something different? Has the mannequin changed from when he clapped eyes on it three minutes ago?

He scans the figure from head to toe. Did it have hands?

And were those hands carrying a sword?

He gazes at the face, nose to nose. And then the face opens its mouth and screams. A full-throated war-cry.

Someone is wearing the WARLORD costume now.

And he attacks SHERLOCK, brandishing the sword.

CUT TO:

JOHN and SARAH stare in wonder at ZHI ZHU as he effortlessly scales the huge skein of silk.

The accompanying music plays at full volume, masking any sound from...

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK and the CHINESE WARLORD are locked in hand to hand combat. The man is squat and bulky but immensely strong.

The WARLORD lands one blow after another, SHERLOCK narrowly managing to dodge them and to keep his footing.

He tries the 'Watch Out' routine (since it worked so well on the SIKH). He points into the corner.

SHERLOCK

Hey.

This time the trick fails miserably - the CHINESE WARLORD just punches him in the gob.

He grabs the paint can and uses it as a weapon - spraying it into the WARLORD'S eyes.

The WARLORD swings his razor sword at SHERLOCK'S head. SHERLOCK ducks and the sword embeds itself in the plaster wall.

SHERLOCK seizes the moment. He dashes at his assailant with a mighty force.

Together they go crashing through the door, straight through the blacks and into the auditorium space.

The crowd are momentarily stunned: a Chinese WARLORD wrestling on the floor with SHERLOCK HOLMES.

SHERLOCK

John!

JOHN dives on him. The audience scatter, screaming, running for the Exit signs.

The WARLORD lands a punch on JOHN - sending him careering into a curtain.

He tears it down and it lands with a cloud of dust.

Candles are extinguished. Everywhere darker now.

In the gloom ZHI ZHU scuttles down his silken skein and disappears into the shadows.

The WARLORD advances on SHERLOCK and lands another punch. SARAH seizes the wooden plank.

She brings it crashing down on the head of the WARLORD. She runs over to rescue JOHN from the dusty chaos.

SHERLOCK rips a shoe from the WARLORD. He gazes there at a tattoo on the man's heel. The Black Lotus.

But the WARLORD is not concussed - merely stunned. He kicks out at SHERLOCK and staggers to his feet; dizzy; still brandishing a sword.

From the wings the OPERA SINGER appears - something in her hand. She points it at JOHN. He flinches - instinctively thinking it's a gun.

But it's not. It's a mobile phone.

She photographs him and smiles.

JOHN knows he has seen her before - the WOMAN IN BLACK.

The WARLORD is still advancing, half-concussed, but flailing with his sword. JOHN knows it's time to retreat. He grabs SARAH by the wrist.

JOHN  
Hope you enjoyed your evening.

SARAH  
Just another date.

JOHN  
Damn. And I wanted to make it memorable.

And with SHERLOCK they run off into the dark.

101 INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

101

SHERLOCK and JOHN reporting to DI DIMMOCK. SARAH with them - they have come straight from the theatre.

DIMMOCK  
I sent a couple of cars. The old music hall is totally deserted.

SHERLOCK

Look... I saw the mark at the theatre. The tattoo we saw on the bodies. The mark of the Tong.

JOHN

They were part of a smuggling operation. One of them stole something - when he was in China. Something valuable.

SHERLOCK

These circus performers - they were gang members, sent here to get it back.

DIMMOCK

Get what back?

JOHN

We don't know that.

DIMMOCK

You don't know?

DIMMOCK leans back, sighs.

DIMMOCK

Mr. Holmes - I've done everything you asked. Lestrade - he seems to think your advice is worth something... I gave the order for a raid. Please tell me I'll have something to show for it. Other than a massive bill for overtime.

Silence. There is nothing SHERLOCK can say to mollify him.

102

INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

102

JOHN and SHERLOCK arrive home. SARAH still with them.

JOHN

They'll be back in China by tomorrow.

SHERLOCK

They won't leave. Not without finding what they came for. We need to find a hideout - a rendezvous.

He stares at the eighteen symbols on the display.

SHERLOCK

Somewhere in this message - it must tell us.

Beat. JOHN and SHERLOCK staring at the wall display - SARAH shuffles awkwardly.

SARAH

Well. I think maybe I should leave  
you to it.

The next two lines spoken simultaneously:



SARAH

What are these squiggles?

SHERLOCK

They're numbers. Written in an  
ancient Chinese dialect.

SARAH  
(Gently teasing)  
Of course. Yes. Should have known  
that.

MRS. HUDSON breezes into the flat and straight into the  
kitchen - she has a tea towel covered with a tray.

She finds JOHN.

MRS. HUDSON  
(Whispers)  
I've done punch. And there's a bowl  
of nibbles.

JOHN  
Mrs. Hudson - you're a saint.

MRS. HUDSON  
If it was Monday I'd have been to  
the supermarket.

CUT TO:

Lounge. SARAH picks up some of the pages from the heap - the  
ones that were sealed in an evidence bag.

Pulls off the label, opens the bag and studies them.

SARAH  
So - these numbers. It's a cipher.

SHERLOCK  
Exactly.

SARAH  
And each pair of numbers is a word.

SHERLOCK is interested in SARAH for the very first time -  
turns.

SHERLOCK  
How did you know?

SARAH  
Two words are translated here.

She shows him the page she was looking at - the pages that  
DIMMOCK brought back from the library in the evidence bag.

There is a print-out of eighteen symbols grouped in nine  
pairs.

Sure enough - the first two number pairs have words written  
underneath.

SHERLOCK  
How did you do that?

SARAH

I didn't. It was already written.

JOHN appears with the tray of nibbles. MRS. HUDSON makes herself scarce.

SHERLOCK  
John, look. Soo Lin - at the museum  
- she started to translate the code  
for us. We didn't see it.

Reads the two words she has translated.

**'Nine'**

**'Mill'**

SHERLOCK  
'Nine Mill...?'

JOHN  
Maybe it means 'million'.

SHERLOCK  
'Nine million quid...' For what? We  
need the end of the sentence.

SHERLOCK rushes to the door.

JOHN  
Where you going?

SHERLOCK  
To the Museum. The Restoration  
Office - we must have been staring  
at it.

JOHN  
What?

SHERLOCK  
The book, John - the book. The key  
to cracking the cipher! Soo Lin  
used it to do this. Whilst you and  
I were running round the galleries  
she started to translate the code.  
That book is in her office!

And he bolts out of the door.

103      EXT. STREET. NIGHT

103

SHERLOCK runs out on to the street to hail a cab. No luck.

He collides with two German tourists, their heads buried in  
an A to Z of London.

The books falls to the gutter and they rail at him in German.

SHERLOCK

Sorry. Sorry.

He shoves the book back in their hands. Then stops on the street corner.

Beat. His mind races.

He looks across the street. Two Japanese tourists are opposite - one of them has an A to Z tucked in his back pocket.

Whoosh! SHERLOCK is staring at the books on EDDIE VAN COON'S shelf.

There is a London A to Z nestling beside the phone.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! In LUKIS' flat.

A London A to Z on the shelf.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! Sitting at VAN COON'S desk on the trading floor.

A London A to Z resting there on the top.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK on the street.

SHERLOCK  
Everyone carries it. No one would  
think twice if they saw it. It's...  
invisible.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! The restoration room at the museum.

The London A to Z is right beside SOO LIN whilst SHERLOCK and JOHN are talking to her.

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK chases down the German couple. The man has tucked the A to Z in his coat pocket. SHERLOCK yanks it out.

SHERLOCK  
Just a second.

They rail at him a second time.

104      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT  
JOHN and SARAH.

104

SARAH

No, it's fine. A quiet night in is really just what the Doctor ordered. I mean - I love going out and wrestling with Chinese gangsters. But a girl can get too much.

JOHN

Do you want take out?

He takes a menu off the wall.

105

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

105

SHERLOCK on the street, thumbing through the A TO Z.

SHERLOCK

(Under his breath)

Page fifteen. Entry one. Page fifteen entry one.

He reads the A to Z index. Page 15. Entry number 1.

**'Deadman's Lane'.**

SHERLOCK stares at it.

**'Dead man'.**

CUT TO:

Whoosh! Staring at the wall in the banker's office with the sprayed graffiti.

'15' and '1'. The tag and the blind banker.

CUT TO:

Whoosh! The library. '15' and '1' sprayed on the spines of the books.

SHERLOCK on the street.

SHERLOCK

'Dead man'. You were threatening to kill them. That's the first cipher.

He tugs the papers from his pocket - the eighteen symbols from the railway. Gets out a pen - falls to the pavement to write.

He starts thumbing through the index, translating each pair of numbers - writing them down.

Each number pair refers to a street...

**'Nine Elms Lane'    'Mill Hill'    'Fore Street'**  
**'Jade close'    'Pin street'**  
**'Dragon Road' 'Den Close' 'Black Acre Close'**  
**'Tramway Avenue'**

Focus on SHERLOCK, frowning.

**'Nine Mill Fore Jade Pin. Dragon Den Black Tramway'**

SHERLOCK  
'Nine mill for jade pin. Dragon den  
black tramway'.

Focus tight on:

**'Jade Pin'.**

And then on:

**'Tramway'.**

106      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

106

The doorbell goes.

JOHN  
Blimey that was fast. I'll just  
pop down.

SARAH  
You want me to lay the table?

They both look at the table, filled with SHERLOCK'S  
clutter.

JOHN  
Eat off trays?

SARAH  
Yep.

107      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT

107

JOHN bundles down the stairs and opens then door to the  
Chinese take-away guy.

JOHN  
Sorry to keep you. How much do  
you want?

He digs in his wallet.

We cannot see the man's face - he is immersed in shadow. It is ZHI ZHU.

ZHI ZHU  
Do you have it?

JOHN  
What?

ZHI ZHU  
Do you have the treasure?

JOHN  
I don't understand...

JOHN realises, but it's already too late.

ZHI ZHU pulls a revolver and smacks it across JOHN'S face, sending him crashing to the floor.

108      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT      108

SHERLOCK'S empty flat. Focus on two trays laid with plates and cutlery.

SHERLOCK arrives home. The door bangs offstage. He shouts up the stairs.

SHERLOCK  
(O.S.)  
John, I've got it. The key to the cipher. The book. It's the London A to Z, that's what they're using...

Bursts into the flat. The lights are on. JOHN and SARAH are nowhere to be seen.

What is there instead makes SHERLOCK pale with shock.

Sprayed on the windows are two Chinese numerals - in yellow aerosol. A death cipher.

109      INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT      109

JOHN wakes up from his concussion. He's slumped in a chair, temple bleeding.

SARAH beside him. They are both tied down. She is gagged but we can hear her softly crying.

It's a dark cavernous room, illuminated only by a ring of candles. JOHN can just make out some long metal grooves in the floor - old tram tracks. The ceiling drips water.

Three other people present - three members of the Black Lotus. Two men and a woman.

The woman stands in the middle. Dressed in a her long black coat and her dark glasses. The OPERA SINGER.

She is flanked by her two thugs in black suits.

There is the short, squat, muscular one - the WARLORD. And on the other side - tall and wiry with jagged limbs and pointed features - the climbing killer. ZHI ZHU.

The OPERA SINGER snaps JOHN with her mobile phone.

THE OPERA SINGER  
(Quiet and cool)  
A book is like a magic garden,  
carried in your pocket.

JOHN quizzical.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Chinese proverb, Mr. Holmes.

JOHN  
I'm not actually...  
(Still delirious)  
I'm not Sherlock Holmes.

THE OPERA SINGER  
(Smiles, she doesn't  
believe him)  
Forgive me if I do not take your  
word for it.

Walks over to him - softly, slowly - yanks the wallet out of his pocket.

She opens it and rifles around inside.

Finally produces - a bank card.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Debit card. Name of S. Holmes.

JOHN  
Ah. That's not actually mine. He  
leant that to me...

She rifles around again. Produces - a cheque.

THE OPERA SINGER  
And a cheque for five thousand  
pounds. Made out in the name of Mr.  
Sherlock Holmes.

JOHN  
(Weakly)  
He asked me to look after that for  
him...

She produces - an envelope with the old ticket stubs from the  
theatre. The name 'SHERLOCK HOLMES' is on the front.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Tickets. From the theatre.  
Collected by you. Name of Holmes.

JOHN  
Yes. OK. I realise how this looks,  
but honestly, I'm not...

THE OPERA SINGER  
We heard it from your own mouth.

Beat. JOHN confused - bewildered.

THE OPERA SINGER  
'I am Sherlock Holmes and I always  
work alone...'

*FLASHBACK.*

*JOHN shouting through the letterbox at SOO LIN'S flat.*

JOHN  
... because noone else can compete  
with my massive intellect.'

Back to the hideout.

JOHN smiles weakly - he knows nothing he can say will  
convince her that he isn't SHERLOCK.

JOHN  
Ah. Did I really say that?  
(Breath. She smiles)  
I s'pose there's no point in  
persuading you I was doing an  
impressions...

She produces a small revolver and presses it to JOHN'S  
temple. He squirms.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Sherlock Holmes - you're my pin-up.  
Did you know?

Holds up her phone - shows him the photos she has taken -  
dozens and dozens of photos of JOHN.

## THE OPERA SINGER

Your friend John writes a fascinating blog - I read it every day. I've made an intricate study of you. But you - you know nothing about your most devoted fan.

(MORE)

THE OPERA SINGER (cont'd)  
(Breath)  
I am Shan.

Beat. JOHN stares at the diminutive woman.

JOHN  
(Surprised, bewildered)  
You're Shan? 'The mountain'?

THE OPERA SINGER  
(A silvery laugh)  
Shan is two words in Chinese. It  
also means 'The elegant'.

Surfs the internet on her phone.

THE OPERA SINGER  
'There is no puzzle, no enigma that  
my friend Sherlock cannot solve'.  
Let us put it to the test.

She cocks the trigger.

THE OPERA SINGER  
(Light, gentle)  
Three times we've tried to kill you  
and your companion: the flat in  
Chinatown; the museum; tonight at  
the theatre. What does it tell you  
when an assassin cannot shoot  
straight?

She pulls the trigger. The barrel is empty. JOHN sighs with relief.

THE OPERA SINGER  
It tells you they're not really  
trying.

110      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT      110

SHERLOCK rummaging through his bookshelves - finds a big OS map of London - spreads it on the table.

SHERLOCK  
(Urgent)  
Tramway... tramway....

111      INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT      111

THE OPERA SINGER with her gun in JOHN'S face.

## THE OPERA SINGER

Blank bullets. Fired at the museum.  
And the fight in Soo Lin's flat -  
your companion was allowed to go  
free. If we wanted to kill you Mr.  
Holmes we'd have done it by now. We  
just wanted to make you  
inquisitive.

(Brandishing the gun)

Nothing like firing a gun at  
someone - to make them think  
they're on the trail of something  
special. We haven't found what we  
seek, but no matter. Now we have  
our own sniffer dog. Sherlock  
Holmes.

She sniffs at him gently.

## THE OPERA SINGER

The rat who gnaws at the tail of  
the cat only invites destruction.

## JOHN

Proverb?

## THE OPERA SINGER

(Beat. Her smile  
diminishing)

Do you have it?

## JOHN

I... what?

## THE OPERA SINGER

The treasure.

## JOHN

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

## THE OPERA SINGER

(Affable and polite)

I would prefer to make certain.

She shines a torch into the gloom. They are in an enormous  
tunnel - it stretches away into the darkness.

JOHN can see a familiar shape in the foreground - a cloth  
draped over a frame.

The WARLORD pulls away the cloth. Underneath is the Chinese  
ballista.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Everything in the west has its  
price.

ZHI ZHU drags SARAH'S chair so she is directly in the path of  
the bolt. The legs of her chair make a shrieking noise from  
the weight.

THE OPERA SINGER  
So. The price for her life.  
Information.

Leans very close to him

THE OPERA SINGER  
Where's the hairpin?

112      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. NIGHT      112

SHERLOCK perusing the map - finds what he is looking for.  
Draws a circle around it.

'Tramway'.

113      INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT      113

A rope slung over a metal beam.

One end of the rope has a sandbag attached. The other end has  
the teardrop weight swinging from it.

The OPERA SINGER brandishes a knife. The blade glints in  
the candle flame. JOHN writhes around helpless. ZHI ZHU  
watches, expressionless.

We have seen the act before. We know how it ends. The bolt  
will go straight into SARAH'S heart.

She screams with horror, but it is stifled by the gag.

THE OPERA SINGER  
The Empress' pin.

JOHN  
What?

THE OPERA SINGER  
Valued at nine million sterling. We  
already had a buyer in the west.  
And then one of our people was  
greedy. He took it. Brought it back  
to London. And you, Mr. Holmes, you  
have been searching...

JOHN

Please, please. You have to  
believe me.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
I'm not Sherlock Holmes. And I  
haven't found what you're looking  
for.

She decides to try a new tack - turns to address an imaginary crowd.

THE OPERA SINGER  
(Mock theatricality)  
I need a volunteer from the  
audience.

JOHN  
Please...

She points at SARAH - bound and gagged.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Ah, thank you lady. Yes, I think  
you'll do very nicely.

Slash! The OPERA SINGER slashes the sandbag. Sand pours out on to the old tram tracks.

114      SCENE DELETED      114

Scene deleted

115      INT. HIDEOUT. NIGHT      115

SARAH struggles in her bonds as the sandbag loses its contents and rapidly ascends, spiralling to the ceiling.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Ladies and gentleman, from the  
distant moonlit shores of NW1 we  
present, for your pleasure,  
Sherlock Holmes' pretty companion -  
in a death-defying act.

JOHN  
Please...

The OPERA SINGER takes something from her pocket - a piece of origami - a small black lotus flower.

She places the little paper flower on SARAH'S lap.

THE OPERA SINGER  
You've seen the act before. How  
dull for you. You know how it ends.

JOHN  
I'm not Holmes.

THE OPERA SINGER  
I don't believe you!

A warmly familiar voice.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)  
You should, you know.

They turn. SHERLOCK has found them.

SHERLOCK  
Sherlock Holmes is a great deal more pompous. With a 'U'. And a great deal more... what was the word, John?

JOHN  
Late.

SHERLOCK swings a length of metal piping and knocks the WARLORD out cold. He rushes forward to save SARAH but...

THE OPERA SINGER raises her gun and points it at him - SHERLOCK stops in his tracks.

The sandbag is still rising to the ceiling... There is hardly any time.

SHERLOCK  
(Looking at the gun)  
That's a semi-automatic. You fire it - the bullet will travel at a thousand metres per second.

THE OPERA SINGER  
Well?

SHERLOCK  
Well, these walls have a radius of curvature of nearly four metres. If you miss then the bullet will ricochet.

(The Opera singer falters)  
Who knows where? You could hit anyone. The bullet could bounce around the tunnel and hit you.

THE OPERA SINGER  
I have no intention of missing.

SHERLOCK  
Still. I'd take those glasses off. Can't shoot straight in the dark...

And he lashes out and kicks over the burning brazier. The flames are immediately extinguished.

SHERLOCK dives into the shadows - behind the oil drum.

The OPERA SINGER fires and misses.

The bullet ricochets around the tunnel, narrowly missing JOHN.

Everywhere very dark now - just the meagre glow from the candles.

ZHI ZHU running at SHERLOCK in the shadows. He reaches into his pocket - pulls out a long skein of silk - lassoes it over SHERLOCK'S neck with expert precision.

He drags SHERLOCK up towards him - spins more and more silk around him and tugs it tight - the spider spinning a web around his victim - choking him.

SARAH writhing and squealing in her bonds. The weight has almost fallen; the ballista about to fire.

JOHN deliberately topples his chair over and, using scrabbling motions, drags himself towards the loaded ballista.

The OPERA SINGER holds up the gun but she cannot squeeze the trigger for fear of hitting her henchman.

SHERLOCK being choked to death in the folds of silk. ZHI ZHU pulling hard. They are locked together in a silk cocoon...

JOHN finally crawls to the ballista, still strapped to the chair, and lamely attempts to kick it over.



DIMMOCK  
I go where you point me.

SHERLOCK  
Exactly.

And they go. More and more police are arriving all the while.

117      INT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      117

SHERLOCK and JOHN at the dining table, staring at the decoded message.

'Nine Mill Fore Jade Pin. Dragon Den Black Tramway'.

JOHN  
'Nine Mill...'

SHERLOCK  
'Million'.

JOHN  
Yes. 'Million'. 'Nine million for Jade Pin. Dragon Den Black Tramway'.

SHERLOCK  
An instruction - to all of their operatives in London. A message - what they were trying to reclaim.

JOHN  
A jade pin?

SHERLOCK  
Worth nine million pounds. Bring it to the tramway - their London hideout.

JOHN  
But... a hairpin. Worth nine million pounds!

SHERLOCK  
Apparently.

JOHN  
Why so much?

SHERLOCK  
Depends who owned it.

118      EXT. SHAD SANDERSON. DAY      118

JOHN and SHERLOCK in the city - headed for SHADS bank.

SHERLOCK

Two operatives - based in London.  
They travelled over to Dalian to  
smuggle those vases. And then one  
of them helped himself to  
something. A little hairpin.

JOHN

(Incredulous)  
Worth nine million pounds,  
apparently.

SHERLOCK

Eddie Van Coon was the thief. He  
stole the treasure when he was over  
in China.

JOHN

How d'you know it was Van Coon not  
Lukis? Even the killer didn't know  
that.

Reaches the doors of the bank.

SHERLOCK

Because of the soap.

He spins the revolving door and leaves JOHN on the pavement,  
baffled.

119 INT. SHAD SANDERSON - AMANDA'S DESK. DAY

119

AMANDA at her desk on the trading floor - putting on hand  
lotion. Her mobile rings. She answers.

AMANDA

(On phone)  
Amanda?

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

(On phone)  
He gave you a present.

AMANDA

Oh, hello.

SHERLOCK (O.S.)

(On phone)  
When he came back from China. A  
little gift.

AMANDA

How did you know that?

This time the voice is just behind her.

SHERLOCK

You weren't just his PA, were you?

She turns. SHERLOCK is there - speaking to her simultaneously on the phone.

AMANDA

Someone's been gossiping.

SHERLOCK

No.

AMANDA

Then I don't understand...

SHERLOCK

Hand soap. In his flat. With moisturiser. Three hundred millilitres. Almost finished the bottle.

AMANDA

Sorry?

SHERLOCK

I don't think Eddie Van Coon was the sort of chap who would buy himself scented hand soap. Not unless he had a lady coming over. Same brand as that hand cream on your desk there.

AMANDA

I... Look... it wasn't serious between us. It was over in a flash. It couldn't last. He was my boss after all...

SHERLOCK

What happened? Why did you end it?

AMANDA shrugs - SHERLOCK is right.

AMANDA

I thought... he was taking me for granted. He didn't appreciate me. (Sighs. Finally admits...) Stood me up once too often. We'd plan to go away for a weekend and then suddenly he'd leave. Fly off to China at a moment's notice.

SHERLOCK

But he brought you back a present from abroad. To say 'Sorry'.

SHERLOCK holds out his hand.

SHERLOCK

Could I just have a look at it?

Beat. She reaches into her hair and takes out the Jade hair pin he gave her; places it in SHERLOCK'S open hand.

It is old - intricately carved. And tiny.

AMANDA

Said he bought it in a street market.

SHERLOCK

Ah, no. I don't think that's true. I think he pinched it.

AMANDA

(Half laugh)  
That's Eddie.

SHERLOCK

I don't think he even knew it's value. Just thought that it would suit you.

AMANDA

Oh... How much is it worth?

Out on SHERLOCK smiling.

120      INT. SHAD SANDERSON - SEB'S OFFICE. DAY      120

JOHN with SEB. SEB handing him the second cheque for their services.

SEB

He really climbed up on to balcony?

JOHN

Nail a plank across the window and all your problems are over.

Through the glass wall we can see AMANDA with SHERLOCK.

She jumps up in the air and shrieks - total shock and panic. He has just told her how much it's worth.

121      INT. MUSEUM - ANTIQUITIES ROOM. DAY      121

Chinese Antiquities Room. The mannequin of the Empress in gold and black.

The MUSEUM DIRECTOR, SHERLOCK and JOHN stare at her.

The mannequin's costume has been fashioned to resemble her exactly as she was at her wedding - a thousand years ago.

The mannequin wears a plastic green reproduction hair pin as part of the ensemble.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Empress Wu Zetian. Only woman to rule Imperial China. This costume is a mock-up of course. She lived fourteen hundred years ago. Nothing of hers has survived.

SHERLOCK

You're sure about that?

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

You hear rumours. The Chinese are always uncovering new artefacts. Anything of hers would be worth... millions.

SHERLOCK produces the pin.

SHERLOCK

I wonder - could you find a place for this, somewhere in the display?

Out on the MUSEUM DIRECTOR, eyes wide.

She looks at the pin and immediately knows its true value.

122

INT. MUSEUM - ATRIUM/ENTRANCE. DAY

122

SHERLOCK and JOHN leaving. ANDY waiting for them by the exit.

ANDY

Almost the last thing she said to me... you have to look hard at something to see its value. I knew she was a sweet girl. But truly - I never knew how brave she was as well.

JOHN smiles sadly. Walks past. And then comes back.

JOHN

That list of benefactors - on the gallery wall. What sort of donation would I need?

He hands ANDY the envelope from SEB.

ANDY opens it. His eyes widen.

ANDY

This would certainly cover it. What name?

JOHN

Three words.

ANDY  
Of course. 'Holmes and Watson'.

JOHN  
No. No.

123      INT. MUSEUM. DAY      123

Close-up of the wall of Benefactors.

"With grateful thanks for valuable donations to the National Antiquities Museum..."

A sculptor is chiselling a new name into the list. 'SOO LIN YA...'

124      EXT. 221B BAKER STREET. DAY      124

SHERLOCK and JOHN having breakfast. Reading the papers - the jade hairpin is the headline.

JOHN  
Over a thousand years old. And it's sitting on her bedside table every night.

SHERLOCK  
He didn't know it's value; didn't know why they were chasing him.

JOHN  
Should have just bought her a lucky cat.

SHERLOCK silent - almost sad.

JOHN  
You mind, don't you?

SHERLOCK  
What?

JOHN  
She escaped. General Shan. Not enough that we got her two henchmen.

SHERLOCK  
It must be a vast network, John. Thousands of operatives. You and I - we barely scratched the surface.

JOHN  
You cracked the code though, Sherlock.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)

Maybe Dimmock can track them all down. Now that he knows it.

SHERLOCK

I cracked the code, yes. All the smugglers have to do is to pick up another book.

JOHN glances through the window - across the street. A young oriental teenager is spraying graffiti on a wall.

125

INT. A DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT

125

A table and chair. Grimy windows.

The OPERA SINGER sits at the table. A laptop in front of her.

It's the first time we've ever seen her full face - without opera make-up or glasses.

She is talking into her computer webcam - Skype.

We see her image on the screen but her correspondent's window simply says 'NO IMAGE AVAILABLE'.

THE OPERA SINGER

Without you - without your assistance - we would not have found passage into London. You have my thanks.

The man on the screen types his replies.

The words appear on her computer - his username at the start of each line...

His username is simply 'M'.

**'M\_ GRATITUDE IS MEANINGLESS.'**

**'M\_ IT IS ONLY THE EXPECTATION OF FURTHER FAVOURS'.**

Pause. The cursor hangs there on the screen - blinking.

THE OPERA SINGER

We did not anticipate... we did not know this man would come. This Sherlock Holmes. And now you're safety is compromised.

The reply is typed on screen:

**'M\_ THEY CANNOT TRACE THIS BACK TO ME.'**

THE OPERA SINGER

I will not reveal your identity...'

Typed on screen:

**'M\_ I AM CERTAIN.'**

A little red dot appears on the wall behind her - a laser.

It travels slowly across the room towards her - lands on her forehead.

Black out.

END OF EPISODE  
TWO